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Toronto, Ont.

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ALEX. McEAE,
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AUDREY'S KNIGHT.

EPES W. SARGENT.

Across the snow-clad fields the enchanted castle was brilliantly lighted and Audrey Sheldon, scanning with longing eyes the wintry wastes, sighed as she tried to picture the comfort hidden behind the grey walls.

It was not really a castle, nor yet enchanted, but it had pleased Major Kirkwood to have his home a copy of a castle on the Rhine which he had seen on one of his summer trips, and Audrey's imagination supplied the rest.

The major was a bachelor and seldom entertained on a large scale, but every night the lights flashed across the glittering snow and Audrey loved to stand by the window and imagine that there lived the knight who some day would come to rescue her from the ogre as represented by Mrs. Thompson-Terhune, the major's niece and neighbor.

It was only two years since Audrey herself had been a social queen of a small domain, but something had gone wrong in her father's bank. She never understood what it was, but his personal fortune had gone to sustain the wrecked credit of the institution, and the treachery of some of the directors, combined with the wreck of his fortune, had sent Henry Sheldon to his grave.

Audrey had faced the situation bravely and for the two years since her father's death she had been governess to the two Thompson-Terhune girls at a salary so absurdly small that Mrs. Thompson-Terhune lived in daily dread that some one might discover how small was the sum paid and coax the girl away.

Audrey turned away from the window and wearily sat down at the desk to correct the girls' exercises. It was a severely plain apartment, for Mrs. Thompson-Terhune was an ambitious climber whose aims were far in excess of the income she enjoyed, and her money was spent only where it would show.

A few railroad maps were the only wall decorations of the schoolroom, and three hard wooden chairs, a shabby desk too old for office use, a folding bed and a wardrobe completed the furnishing. It was at once the schoolroom and Audrey's apartment.

Patiently the girl worked at her task while she thought bitterly of the gayety downstairs where preparations were being made for a dinner party in honor of Major Kirkwood's birthday.

Long after the usual hour, the housekeeper would send up a trayful of broken meats and leavings of the feast, and she would eat it on the top of the desk that also served as a bureau and dressing table. She thought of the time when she would have been one of the guests, and her dainty head fell forward on the arms that were flung upon the desk.

The nervous closing of a door roused her, and she sprang to her feet to face Mrs. Thompson-Terhune.

"You must help me out, Miss Sheldon," she said abruptly. "I am in a most terrible plight. That horrid Martha Homer and her crowd are not coming over. That leaves just thirteen at table, and Major Kirkwood is so horribly superstitious. You simply must pretend to be one of the guests. No one around here knows you, and it will be all right."

"But I have nothing to wear except the most simple frocks," said Audrey. "I sold my evening gowns, you know, to get money for the purchase of things I really needed."

"I have some things that may fit. We are almost of a size. Maria shall help you. Come with me." The hostess turned abruptly and led the way to her own apartment. She was accustomed to implicit obedience from her employees, and Audrey knew better than to object.

She smiled to herself as the deft French

maid helped her into a gown of gray. Audrey was a favorite with the servants, and, with loving care Marie pinned and draped until she was satisfied with the result.

Audrey was just in time to descend the stairs and receive with Mrs. Thompson-Terhune the first of the guest. With the strange feeling that it was all a part of the enchantment, she moved through the rooms, chatting with the guests until dinner was announced.

Mrs. Thompson-Terhune counted much upon her prospects from the major. He was still hale and hearty, but she lived in pleasurable anticipation of his unexpected taking off, and she sadly needed the money that would come to her at his death.

His word was law with her, and when he insisted that Audrey be placed next to him at table, the hostess promptly changed the seating arrangements, even while she planned that Audrey should be dismissed the next day with salary in lieu of a notice.

Audrey, all unconscious of the anxieties of her hostess, enjoyed herself to the full, and enjoyment transformed the little face that had become so wan and somber in the last few months.

Knowing how anxious Mrs. Thompson-Terhune was that her guest of honor might enjoy himself, Audrey exerted herself to be entertaining with such good success that the major insisted that Audrey should be brought over to the castle for luncheon some day before her return to town.

"Miss Sheldon, unfortunately, is returning to town tomorrow," said Mrs. Thompson-Terhune acidly, as she gave the signal to the ladies to rise in order to terminate the argument.

The men were not long in joining the ladies, and the major made straight for Audrey's side, nor would he be dislodged until the party broke up.

As the last carriage rolled away Audrey turned to her employer with eyes that danced. "It was such fun to masquerade," she cried with a little laugh. "I wonder what the major would say could he know that my return to town in the morning was merely a change to the nursery governess."

"You will go up to town in the morning," was the quiet response. "I will pay you a month's salary instead of the usual notice. I cannot have my darling children in the charge of a person who so shamelessly pursues a rich man."

The unexpectedness of the dismissal was such a shock that Audrey was too dazed to argue against the charge. She had nowhere to go and the pitifully small sum she would receive would not last more than two weeks. The happy light gone from her eyes, she groped her way to her room, scarcely seeing through the tears.

There was no relenting the next morning, and with her few belongings packed in the tiny trunk, she was driven to the station for the early train. To her surprise the major was impatiently pacing the platform in the rear of the diminutive depot. He hurried forward to assist her to alight, but Audrey shrank from him.

"I thought you were going to town on this train," he cried exultantly. "I'm going, too. Didn't Isabel come to see you off?"

"It was all a mistake," said Audrey, trying to speak bravely. "It was because of your aversion to thirteen at table that I was called upon. I was Mrs. Thompson-Terhune's governess."

"Was? he echoed. "So that's the trouble, is it? I guess I do not need more ample explanation. My dear, my niece's fears are well founded," he continued bluntly. "I did fall in love with you. That's why I am here this morning to ask if I may call upon you in town."

"I don't even know where I am going," demurred Audrey.

"I do," said the major, with decision. "You are going to be the guest of my partner's wife until you find a new place—or find that after all an old man may still be worthy of love. Do you think that will be so hard?"

"Not so very," confessed the girl shyly, and in her heart she knew that already this kindly old man had won her affections. She had not thought of his money, but it was inexpressibly pleasant to be looked after instead of looking after others, and as the train sped along the side of the river Audrey knew that it would not be long before she would come back again to be chaperone of the castle of her valiant knight.

I wish that I might talk with all sick ones about the actual cause of Stomach, Heart, and Kidney ailments. To explain in person how weak Stomach nerves leads to Stomach weakness, I am sure would interest all. And it is the same with weak Hearts or weak Kidneys. This is why my prescription—Dr. Shoop's Restorative—so promptly reaches ailments of the Stomach, Heart, and Kidneys. It is wrong to drug the Stomach or stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. These weak inside nerves simply need more strength. My Restorative is the only prescription made expressly for these nerves. Next to seeing you personally, will be to mail you free, my new booklet entitled, "What To Do." I will also send samples of my Restorative as well. Write for the book today. It will surely interest you. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 8, Racine, Wis.—Sold by all dealers.

Kipling's Rebuke to Graf.

When visiting Canada Rudyard Kipling made an address to the students of McGill University in Montreal, which revealed him as the laureate of energetic and sound com-

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mon-sense. What he said offers several thoughts for meditation. Such talk from such a man goes straight home to the defect of modern life. He told the students that when they entered into life they would confront a conspiracy, organized and powerful, which will try to make you believe that "the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake." This organized conspiracy is formed by what Kipling calls "smart" men. The men to whom this idea does not appeal are not regarded as "smart," but stupid and ordinary fellows who are not keeping up with the times.

It is the man who is not amassing wealth for wealth's sake, Kipling cites, whose little finger will be thicker than your loins, whether you meet him on the farm, in a village or in the legislature.

The condemnation of the ruling passion for wealth for wealth's sake comes as a mighty rebuke to modern graft the world over. While you are using your left hand to acquire wealth, use your right hand for your proper work in life. Such is the gospel of Kipling. What better message could there be for the "smart" men of this generation? It is high time that we rid business and society of the "smart" fellows who juggle and jostle, who do clever things in the name of diplomacy, and perform wonders in finance in the name of business.

If the colleges can do something towards saving the country from an annual dose of collegiate "smartness" they will serve their day and generation. It is the duty of all good citizens to show their disapproval of the conspiracy of smart men who are practising and preaching the doctrine that "the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake."

This idea is perilously near the truth—so near that most people not only believe but practise it. It is the faith of the marketplace, and rules for the most part, the entire world of business. It destroys the best instincts of humanity and corrupts the noblest principles of legitimate trade.

The man who believes the other thing—that the world is not governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake, and who has one arm free to exercise it in behalf of the greater things of life, saves himself and saves the world. "The chief cure for the depressions, despondencies and doubts of youth, which have their root in the egotism of human nature, is to lose yourself in some issue not your own, in another man's trouble or another man's joy."

Mr. Thomas Lawson has given up the task of leading the people out of the wilderness of wicked wealth. He has been stunned by the club of the "smart" man in finance. No doubt it is easier to talk like Kipling than to work like Lawson, but, despite failures, it is worth while. Mr. Lawson should not so easily show the white feather. Reformers must believe in themselves, no matter how little faith they have in the people. The colleges must lead the way against this false gospel of wealth. The punishment of grafters will never stop grafters. The hanging of murderers will not put a stop to murders. The campaign to be waged is not to be confined to the punishment of offenders and the exposure of evil. If a country is to be saved from the despondency and dishonesty which come from the belief that "the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake," then we must teach men that this is an untruth and a fundamental economic error. If this is the spring which is sending its impure water down through all the ditches of human life, why, the spring must be pumped. Among the influential men aiming to cleanse the source of our business life stands Rudyard Kipling.

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Time. Patti Is not Afraid of Mice.

In some reminiscences of the famous "Queen of Song," Mr. C. P. Levilly, who was associated with Mme. Patti for many years, tells an interesting story of her adventure in a Philadelphia hotel with a number of mice. Patti's maid was just arranging the bed for her when out from the sheets jumped half-a-dozen mice. The diva was not frightened. Indeed, she was rather amused, and threw some sweets on the floor so that her visitors might have supper. Then she went to bed and to sleep. In the early morning she was awakened by pain in her left ear, and, putting up her left hand, she disturbed a mouse which had started biting her. For the next few days Patti's mishap, which, happily, had no serious results, was the talk of America, and she was bombarded by presents of all kinds of mouse-traps and vermin-killers.

Easy To Mix This.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription as formulated by noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here at home, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic affections with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backache, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which cause sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

Remember When Cooking.

Cut hot bread with a hot knife.
To prevent sore mouth from eating sliced pineapple do not slice the fruit with the knife it is peeled with.
If you have salted food in cooking too much add a little sugar, and vice versa.
Rub your hands with lemon juice as soon as you have finished washing dishes. Keeps them from chapping, and also keeps them white.

"Why did Napoleon hate the English?" once asked an instructor in history in a public school of Cincinnati—to which question no immediate reply was offered by any pupil.
"I'm sure somebody knows," said the teacher, hopefully, scanning the faces before her.
"I think I kin tell, mum," finally ventured a dirty-faced lad in the rear of the room.
"He hated the English because they made him live an' die all by himself on the rock of St. Helena."

Two men going along a road were arguing regarding at what age women gave up hopes of getting married, and on meeting an old woman coming trotting along with a stick they decided to ask her. Turning to her, one of them said:—

"Can you tell us what age a woman is when she gives up hope of getting married?"
She gave a smile, and with a shaky voice said: "Eh, my man, ye'll hae tae ask some woman aulder than me."

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Pain in Fishes

(Forest and Stream.)

Does a fish feel pain? I thought of this incident and of many others like it. The hungry sculpin will bite again and again. I have trolled the alluring perchbelly for a pickerel, which would grab and swallow the morsel but not quite far enough to make it cling.

Often, though I drew the pickerel to the boat's side, he escaped, to try it again. Surely no sense of pain, or only a rudimentary one, could dwell in the throat and the maw of a fish which would repeatedly strike at the bait after such an experience. Still, I had never before been absolutely sure that the repeated swallowings and tough disgorgings was performed by the same fish.

Anglers have related stories of fish breaking away with leader and hook only to be caught a few minutes later and recognized by the freshly frayed gut hanging from mouth or gill. Surely, then, a fish feel little pain.

A Cure For Shyness.

There is probably no defect which causes so much anguish of spirit and discomfort as shyness and blushing.

Shyness is often an affair of health. The nerves are out of order, and the will becomes weak. People shrink from their fellow-creatures, and are filled with an unreasoning horror of meeting or speaking to them. The best cure for this kind of shyness is fresh air, exercise, and cheerful society.

In any case the root of the matter is self-consciousness, and it is only by losing that self-possession can be gained. As long as one thinks about oneself at all one will be liable to shyness.

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of Fur and Fur Lined Coats and Jackets is too large. In order to clear it out we have reduced the prices very materially. The goods are excellent and the careful buyer will do well to look them over.

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