

Salvation Army Praise

"I feel it my duty to testify to the benefit I have received from the use of Psychine. While travelling in New Ontario conducting special meetings I contracted a very bad cold, which gradually developed into Bronchitis of the worst form. I was advised to try Psychine, which I did, and after using but a few bottles I was completely restored to health. I recommend this wonderful remedy to sufferers from Bronchitis and other troubles."

Later: "I wish to add that my voice, since using Psychine, is stronger and has much more carrying power than it had before I had bronchitis, and the vocal chords do not tire with speaking."

P. TILLER, Capt. Salv'n. Army. Ann St., Toronto, Aug. 13, 1907.

Throat, lung and stomach troubles cured by Psychine; also incipient consumption. All druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

ON THE COASTER SPECIAL.

BY TAYLOR WHITE.

"Do you think King can keep this pace all the way to town?" asked Joyce, anxiously.

Dick Torrington's chin squared itself as he looked at the sturdy black flying over the hard-packed snow.

"If King doesn't keep going," he said with an uneasy laugh, "you'll keep on being Joyce Warning and not Joyce Torrington. I've timed it so as to just make the train. If we miss that your father will be after us in no time at all."

Joyce shivered at the suggestion. For years she had lived in dread of the stern old man who, since his wife's death, had looked on life with hatred. When Joyce had come her gentle mother had slowly faded away, and Hiram Waring, blaming the innocent child for the death of the woman he loved so passionately, had never shown her the affection that was her heritage.

As a child her innocent transgressions were punished with an unjust severity and when Dick Torrington had asked her father for her hand he had been driven from the home for no other apparent reason than Mr. Waring's hatred of Joyce. The father would not give his consent to a marriage because it would make her happy and thereafter he watched her more closely than ever.

But Dick Torrington was not of the sort to take his unjust dismissal without an effort to win the woman he loved, and the elopement was the result.

Busby was the terminal station of a branch line on which the single train made two trips daily each way. Hank Carew took a pride in the punctuality with which the road was run, and it was certain that the morning train would leave exactly at half-past nine.

By planning the elopement so as to reach the station just as the train started, Dick was assured that there could be no successful pursuit. King could cover the ground faster than Waring's double team, even should the latter be already hitched.

The start of the elopement had been successfully accomplished, and now King was flying over the road toward the town, while Hiram Waring still puttered about the barn in blissful ignorance. Presently, however, he would come into the house and then, perhaps, he would realize what was up. Meanwhile they would have made the train and presently they would be across the state line, where licenses were not necessary. The laws of their own state required residence before a license could be issued, and as town clerk, Joyce's father was charged with the issuance of licenses.

All would have gone well if a small boy had not thrown a snowball at Dick.

The well packed ball of snow missed Dick but struck King a smart blow in the ribs. The high-spirited horse was unused to such treatment and bolted down the road with Dick frantically sawing at the reins.

"It's all right," he shouted; "it will help us make time. It will be easy if I can stop him before we reach the Hill."

Joyce's face blanched. The Hill (always spelled with a capital) was a steep descent of nearly a mile, with one ugly turn. If King should bolt down the hill there was little chance that Dick would be able to guide him around the curve and they would be thrown down the side.

"You will stop him before then," she said confidently, but the corners of her mouth were drawn and her lips were white. She knew King and realized how little chance there was even while she sought to comfort Dick with her confidence.

It was a little more than a mile to the top of the Hill and Dick fought the horse every inch of the way. He had called to Joyce to kneel in the bottom of the cutter, and just as they reached the descent he pulled King's head to one side and guided the crazed animal into a tree.

Dick shot over the side of the cutter as they struck, but he was on his feet in an instant to hold the horse. There was no need for that. King lay still on the sparkling snow with his head twisted oddly to one side and for a moment Dick gazed sadly upon his favorite.

Joyce, he had seen, was unharmed. Her position and the thick robes had saved her

from worse than a shaking up and she had regained the seat.

"Poor old King," she cried as she saw with relief that Dick was unhurt. "I could kill that little Edwards boy."

"Never mind the Edwards boy," said Dick briskly. "What we have to think about is the train. We never can walk that hill in time to make the train. Have you nerve enough to coast it in the cutter?"

"I'd risk anything rather than return home," cried Joyce. "I never will let father catch us."

"Then here goes," cried Dick gayly, as he pulled the cutter back into the road and caught up one of the broken shafts. "It's been a long time since I went bobbing, but I think I can make it."

He gave Joyce the shafts to hold and pushed the cutter over the brow of the hill, climbing in over the back when he had it started.

Once back in the cutter, he took the shafts and improvised a steering rudder. The body-work afforded him leverage and Dick laughed as the sleigh began to gain speed.

For the first half mile the road was straight and little steering was necessary. Then ahead loomed the turn and Dick's face turned grave as he dug the shafts into the road.

Slowly the sleigh responded to the pressure and in another instant they had swung around the curve as neatly as a champion coaster on his low pointer, and they were again on the straight and headed for the station.

Hank Carew had just backed his engine down from the house and a white plume of steam rose from the dome as the engineer waited for the minute hand of the clock to touch the bottom of the dial.

The runaways were still a quarter of a mile from the station when the cutter slowed up, but they had gained more than a minute in their swift descent and they did not have to run.

As they came up to the station platform the little knots of loungers gathered about them. Rapidly Dick explained the reason for the coast and the listeners cheered as they heard the tale. For years they had grumbled at the way Waring treated Joyce and they were glad that at last she was released from her father's hard reign.

"Here comes your dad now," piped a shrill voice, and with one accord they turned to see the familiar Waring team tearing over the brow of the hill.

Carew glanced at the steam gauge and the clock, then he leaned out of the window.

"All aboard that's going," he called in a stentorian voice. "We've changed the schedule to day. The 9 30 is going out at 9 28."

Another instant and the train was rattling down the road toward the state line, and Hiram Waring came dashing up to the platform to be greeted by ironical cheers.

"The train went ahead of time," he sputtered. "I shall report this to the officials."

"Your wrong, squire," drawled Ned Burns, who posed as a wag. "That ain't the regular train, that's the Coaster Special. Makes close connection with the Cutter Express from up your way."

The laugh which followed showed Waring that the sympathy was all with the runaways. He was to be a candidate for the county treasurer in the fall. It would not do to turn his townspeople against him. As he headed the horses for home he half turned in his seat.

"When that Coaster Special completes the round trip," he shouted out, you might tell Dick Torrington to come out to my place. I ain't going to kill the fatted calf, but there's a turkey I was saving up for Christmas. I guess that'll do as well."

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.

Cheese Balls.

Cheese balls are always tasty with the salad. To make them rub a package of cream cheese to a cream and flavor it with a few drops of onion juice and the juice of half a lemon. The butter paddies are convenient in shaping the balls, but they can be moulded in the hands. A nut meat on the side of each adds another flavor, and improves the appearance. Or minced nuts may be mixed with the cheese.

"I am not like the Italian Admiral Liberti," said Marconic. "Liberti," he went on, had won many battles and great renown, and at a ball given in his honor one lady said to another:

"But how frightfully fat our dear Admiral is getting."

"Yes," said the second lady. "Isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."—Washington Star.

Prue—Would you marry an extravagant man?

Dolly—That would depend, dear, on how long he had been extravagant.—Harper's Weekly.

Who Pays For Your Advertising?

Who pays the cost of advertising? At first sight this question looks easy. One is apt to say off-hand that the advertiser pays it. But upon closer investigation, it becomes apparent that an advertiser, who advertises properly, gets back all money he spends in advertising, and a good deal more—else what would be the use of his advertising?

The purchaser doesn't pay it, because he gets the goods as cheaply from an advertising firm as he could from a non-advertising firm. In many cases he buys cheaper. Then who pays the cost of advertising?

The non-advertiser does! By the lack of enterprise in bringing his goods before the attention of the public he loses customers, who buy from advertising people. The profits which are lost by non-advertisers find their way into the coffers of those who do advertise.

As an example: If \$20 spent in advertising brings you in \$30 additional profit, your advertising is paid for and you are \$10 in pocket.—From The Bookseller and Stationer, February, 1907.

A Unique Trimming.

A unique method of trimming the circular skirt is with a deep shaped band of the same material graduating from twelve inches in the centre back to six in the centre front, stitched only at the top to give the effect that it is either double or self-faced, as it may be, and the top notched three inches deep at regular intervals, the openings crossed with straps of braid or velvet joined to each side with buttons covered with the suit material.

Consistent with the change in the length of the walking skirt, more elaboration is allowed, although even at that the exclusive designs preserve a certain simplicity of outline and general effect that appropriately belongs to the type.

The return of the tailored shirt-waist—and its return is assured—bespeaks for the trotter skirt the severest simplicity, as anything else naturally would be out of keeping. Already these waists are making their appearance, of striped and plain materials, with only a few gathers at the shoulders to give the requisite fullness over the bust, or a series of stiff plaits extending in a straight line from shoulder to waist-line. They are not even allowed the fancifulness that a cross-wise cuff or shoulder strapping gives, but instead the cuff is made precisely like that on a man's shirt, and the collar, as of yore, will oftener than not be of the same material.

Waists of white linen in all degrees of fineness will be made up with fine tucks laid en masse rather than in clusters, a seemingly small point, but a suggestive one, in connection with shirt-waists. The backs are to be plain, or, if plaited, the plaits will, like those in the front, be massed in the centre and extend straight up and down, instead of slanting toward the centre of the back, as heretofore.

Stop that tickling Cough! Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure will surely stop it, and with perfect safety. It is so thoroughly harmless, that Dr. Shoop tells mother to use nothing else even with very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung healing mountainous shrub furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Demand Dr. Shoop's. Take no other. Sold by all dealers.

The Bishop of London, at a dinner in Washington, told a story as the cigars came on about one of his predecessors.

"When Dr. Creighton was Bishop of London," he said, "he rode on a train one day with a small, meek curate."

"Dr. Creighton, an ardent lover of tobacco, soon took out his cigar case, and with a smile, he said:

"'You don't mind my smoking, I suppose?'

"The meek, pale little curate bowed and answered humbly:

"'Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick.'"—New York Tribune.

A Norwegian journal tells the following story about the Crown Prince of Norway. Too much attention from those about him has made little Prince Olaf somewhat headstrong, and, like most children, inclined to be a little tyrannical toward his playfellows.

The other day he became angry with another little boy who had placed himself on a certain chair.

"You mustn't sit there," he cried. "It's my father's place."

King Haakon happened to be present, and took the offending boy on his own knee by way of consolation.

Prince Olaf was angrier than ever. "You mustn't sit there, either," he insisted. "It's mother's place."—Manchester Guardian.

His Wish.

Wife—If I don't wear something new on Easter, I won't all the rest of the year.

Husband—For heaven's sake don't then!—Puck.

Nothing Else.

Teacher—If I cut an apple into 16 part, what will each part be?

Little Annie Rooney—Teacher, pie fil'in'.—Puck.

Shoe Store Salesmen—What size would you like, madam?

Miss Larjun—I'd like a No. 2, but there's no use talking about that. You may as well show me your No. 5's.—Chicago News.

Jar of Preserves Fooled Footpads

(New York World.)

The police of Elizabeth, N. J., have not obtained any trace of the two men who late Saturday night held up the crew of a trolley car and two passengers at Elizabethport and obtained \$65 in cash and two scarf pins as booty.

The police think the highwaymen have been operating in Elizabeth for a week or more. They learned yesterday that a few hours before the hold-up of the trolley car two masked men, each having a revolver, held up a young woman and a man in the same neighborhood.

The young woman is Miss Catherine Donohue, who was going home from her father's grocery store with \$600. One of her father's employees was with her. The highwaymen ordered the two to hold up their hands, and demanding money spoke as if they knew one of them ought to have some.

Miss Donohue's companion, with apparent hesitation, drew from one of his overcoat pockets a jar of preserves done up in paper, which he was carrying home, and handed it to one of the masked men. As soon as the package was handed over the highwaymen made off and Miss Donohue reached home with her money in safety.



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Connell Street, Woodstock

"I'll give you a copper if you will tell me how it is you are losing your hair?"

"Worry."

"What do you worry about?"

"About losing my hair."—London Opinion

It is said that if an onion is cut into small pieces and placed about a room, it will absorb many disagreeable odors, including fresh paint and turpentine.