

Preacher's Opinions

Rev. P. K. McRae, Forks Baddeck, C. B.: "I always count it a pleasure to recommend the Dr. Slocum Remedies to my parishioners. I believe there is nothing better for throat and lung troubles or weakness or run-down system. For speaker's sore throat I have found Psychine very beneficial."

Rev. W. H. Stevens, Paisley, Ont.: "Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

Rev. R. M. Browne, Amherst Head, N.S.: "I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

Rev. Chas. Stirling, Bath, N.B.: "I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvelous. I have visited people who state that they never used its equal. I strongly recommend it."

Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Markdale, Ont.: "I have taken two bottles of Psychine and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it about restored to its normal condition. I find my work very much less taxing. I believe Psychine is all claimed for it."

These are earnest preachers of the gospel of Psychine. They know whereof they speak. Psychine cures all throat, lung and stomach troubles. It is a great voice strengthener, acting directly on the vocal, respiratory and digestive organs, thus specially adapted to public speakers. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto.

HER BIRTHDAY GIFT.

(By Troy Allison.)

The rarely used doorbell rang out an unexpected rusty summons and Mrs. Jordan engaged in putting the breakfast biscuits into the oven, tilted the pan in her excitement, until the carefully cut forms slid down to one end of the pan, an avalanche of dough.

"Marietta, go answer that bell." She thought Marietta had not noticed the episode of the biscuits and she would not for worlds have the girl think there was a vulnerable spot in her stoicism, or that she owned curiosity. "If it's a woman don't let her in, for there ain't a woman round here that hasn't sense enough to know better'n to call before breakfast."

Marietta, without waiting for the end of the monologue had opened the door.

"Here's a parcel for you," said the man from the station, grinning and pointing to the small boy on the doorstep. "He's labelled to Mrs. Jordan all right."

The girl stared at the small figure in astonishment. "I'm Ned, and I'm a birthday present to grandma and I'm hungry," he said, with no recognition of the need of pauses or punctuation, raising very blue eyes to meet hers earnestly.

"I guess he'll have to come in," said the girl in bewilderment. "I don't know anything about him, but maybe Aunt Ann does."

Mrs. Jordan, waiting in the kitchen door gave a gasp of terror when she saw the small face under the leather sailor cap. "Bobbie!" she whispered faintly.

"No; I'm not named Bobbie, I'm Neddie, grandma." The small hands clung around her waist. "Papa said you would love me and be awfully glad to see me."

She sat down by the kitchen table and took the child in her lap. It was the first time she had ever been called grandmother, and she had never known there was a child.

When Robert Jordan went to the city six years ago to study bookkeeping, and during the first year married one of the chorus girls belonging to the "Froth, and Foam Extravaganza," his mother's Methodist principles had refused to acknowledge that she had any longer a son. His letters, unanswered, finally stopped altogether. There had been no word from him direct or indirect, until this small boy with the eyes and mouth of her own little Bobbie called her grandmother.

"I never saw you before at all," he said, softly patting her cheeks with the cold little hands from which he had removed the mittens, "but papa said you would love me dearly, and that every time you made cookies you would make me a large cake shaped like a doggie with currants for its eyes. Will you grandmother, please?"

Mrs. Jordan trembled from head to foot at the vision of another little boy long ago watching her put the currants in for eyes. She could fancy his childish voice saying, "Mind, mudder, don't make him cross-eyed."

"Where is your papa?" she asked, unbuttoning the child's overcoat mechanically.

"Papa's gone away. He said he was going to stay with mamma—and that I was to be your little boy. He sent you a birthday letter in my overcoat pocket. You do want me for your little boy, don't you?"

His childish mouth quivered apprehensively at her continued silence.

She left the letter unopened, while she hugged him suddenly to her breast.

"Yes, I want you for my little boy. I have wanted a little boy for years and years—so terribly long," she said, crushing the words against his short, curly hair.

"Marietta, take the child upstairs and wash his face and hands before breakfast. He's all covered with train dust," she said,

suddenly becoming conscious that the young girl had been standing silent in the kitchen door.

Left alone, she looked at the letter long and silently. The years rolled back—she seemed to feel with all the intensity of her young motherhood. She realized that the letter must tell her that her son was dead, yet the child, her child, seemed miraculously restored to her.

Bringing her glasses from a corner of the dining room mantel she opened the letter.

"I shall not live to see your birthday, mother, but little Ned will be with you—and you can't help loving him. His mother has been dead a year. The doctor says he will see that the boy gets to you safely—and, mother—if you will only love him and forget these last few years—"

The woman leaned her head on the table, and deep sobs convulsed her.

Marietta, coming down stairs with an immaculate little boy by the hand, saw through the front window someone who caused her to run hastily to the door.

"Come to the steps a minute, John," she called softly. "I was afraid I wouldn't get the chance to see you today. I've determined to say 'yes,' even if Aunt Ann doesn't give her consent. She seems to have a horror of people getting married. It's getting unbearable. I wanted her to say I might marry you—but I'll do it, anyway."

John Terry's strong hand closed on hers convulsively.

"Will you wear a veil and carry a big bouquet?" eagerly asked the child, overlooked by them both.

The man laughed good-naturedly.

"Hello, youngster, where did you come from? Yes, she can have the veil and bouquet, and maybe there will be a long train that you can walk behind and carry just like the picture of the princess and her little page. But who on earth are you, and when did you strike this town?"

"I'm Ned Jordan, and my papa's name is Robert Jordan, and I've come to stay with grandma, and I hope you are well," the child answered with a polite timidity that caused him to rush through his explanations and wind up for lack of breath.

Terry gazed at the girl meaningly.

"So? The old lady has relented at last, has she?"

"I don't think it's that," the girl answered softly. "I think Cousin Robert is—dead. She seemed wonderfully affected—and more gentle than I have ever known her."

"Marietta!" Mrs. Jordan's voice called from the dining room. "Is that John Terry? Tell him to come in and have breakfast with us. It's awfully lucky to have a man caller on your birthday. I'm forty-nine years young," she added with a laugh that held a sob. "And I'm going to start in the fifties right. You might as well let John come on in. I'll bet he'll spend most of the year with you, anyhow."

Terry, laughing, took the girl's arm and led her to the dining room.

"She's going to be married and I'm going to carry her train for her, grandma," said the child excitedly.

"All right, Bobbie; come sit in this chair by grandma and let those two people who are so much in love with each other sit by each other."

The child climbed into the chair and looked at her reproachfully. "I should think if I was your own little boy you wouldn't forget my name," he said.

"Yes, Bobbie, dear—I mean Neddie," she said. "Bow your head now while John asks a blessing on my birthday gift."

Piles are easily and quickly checked with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. To prove it I will mail a small trial box as a convincing test. Simply address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. I surely would not send it free unless I was certain that Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment would stand the test. Remember it is made expressly and alone for swollen, painful, bleeding or itching piles, either external or internal. Large jar 50c. Sold by All Dealers.

Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the nonconformist ministry and to wear no sacerdotal garb. And he announced this intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my fellow Christians." The comma made him the laughing stock of the university and the joy of all the picture shops, whose show windows were flooded with illustrations of the Rev. X. Y. Z. distinguishing himself from his fellow-Christians.

"How did Harry enjoy his trip abroad?"

"Very much; he looks happy, and has gained 115 pounds."

"One hundred and fifteen pounds?"

"Yes, and she's an heiress."—Brooklyn Life.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE...

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Pearl of the Pacific.

(Baltimore American.)

For the past nine years I have made my home in the Hawaiian Islands," said William Alanson Bryan, president of the Pacific Scientific Institution of Honolulu, at the Rennert. Mr. Bryan is a scientist whose pet ambition is to add to the store of human knowledge by a thorough exploration of the Islands of the Pacific, many of which have never been visited by a white man. In a pleasant chat about affairs in our island territory, he said:

"There is a peculiar charm about life in Hawaii, and once a man comes under its spell he never cares to live anywhere else. It is not the climate entirely, although that is near perfection; it is not the superb scenery, that is not equalled on the globe, nor is it solely due to the kindly intercourse and hospitality of the inhabitants. All these are factors in imparting an individuality to a land that has unflinching charm."

"In Hawaii we have the greatest mixture of races, and yet there is no friction or prejudice based on race. The individual stands on his own merit. Chinamen and Englishmen, Japanese, Kanakas, Germans and Americans will sit down to a banquet together, and nobody is at a discount because of his racial origin. This is true as a general proposition, but, of course, the white man is not as a rule intermarried either with the Orientals or the handsome and captivating native women. The others cross freely, and, curiously enough, the offspring of a Chinaman and a Kanaka girl is a happy result of intermingled blood, the little halfbreed having its mother's beauty and sunny nature and its father's steadiness and thrift."

"The native Hawaiians are a vanishing race there being only about 30,000 left. They seem to realize their melancholy situation, and their general attitude is of discouragement, as though it were useless to strive against destiny. It is very pathetic, but I see no remedy. Civilization has been their mortal foe."

Few Here Know This.

When an eminent authority announced in the Scranton (Pa.) Times that he had found a new way to treat that dread American disease, Rheumatism, with just common, every day drugs found in any drug store, the physicians were slow indeed to attach much importance to his claims. This was only a few months ago. To-day nearly every newspaper in the country, even the metropolitan dailies, is announcing it and the splendid results achieved. It is so simple that any one can prepare it at home at small cost. It is made up as follows: Get from any good prescription pharmacy Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime. These are all simple ingredients, making an absolutely harmless home remedy at little cost.

Rheumatism, as every one knows, is a symptom of deranged kidneys. It is a condition produced by the failure of the kidneys to properly filter or strain from the blood the uric acid and other matter which, if not eradicated, either in the urine or through the skin pores, remains in the blood, decomposes and forms about the untold suffering and deformity of rheumatism.

This prescription is said to be a splendid healing, cleansing and invigorating tonic to the kidneys, and gives almost immediate relief in all forms of bladder and urinary troubles and backache. He also warns people in a leading New York paper against the discriminate use of many patent medicines.

A Candid Opinion.

"People don't sing any more," says Mme. Marchesi, the celebrated cultivator of voices, as reported in the New York Times: "they scream. There are three principal reasons for this, all of them pedagogical."

"In the first place, women have no business studying singing with men, and vice versa."

"Secondly, 'finished' pupils are turned out altogether too soon. I don't allow any of my pupils to inflict themselves upon the public unless they have studied with me two years."

"Thirdly, modern singing teachers utterly fail to understand that the feminine voice has three distinct registers, which should be scientifically welded together before they are used. It is common nowadays to hear a singer begin 'trilling' after one year's study. She should not be permitted to do that before six or eight years. I myself studied with Garcia four years before venturing before the public."

"The world is too full of 'methods.' Everybody's 'method' is right so long as he teaches it."

He Knew.

A youthful witness appeared before a British judge who is an ardent golfer. His lordship, fixing his eye on the boy, inquired: "My boy, do you know the nature of an oath?"

The reply was somewhat disconcerting: "Yes, my lord. I am your lordship's caddie."

In Time of Peace

prepare for war. In time of health keep the resistant powers of your body unimpaired. This is the surest defence against disease. An occasional cup of "BOVRIL" supplies that extra strength and nourishment which everyone needs to escape the ills which are so prevalent at this season.



MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

Suggest a Tele-a-Tele

The young man, who desires a quiet tête-à-tête with a particularly charming person of the opposite sex, should accept this gentle hint and take along a box of Moir's chocolates when he calls. We will wager his lady friend will readily discover a secluded corner wherein they can exchange confidences and enjoy the incomparable deliciousness of these pure, wholesome bonbons.

The only regret that accompanies a box of Moir's Chocolates occurs when the last one has vanished. Every ingredient the purest and best. Every bonbon the highest quality. Every box spiced with the charm of wide variety.

MOIRS, Limited, Halifax, N. S.

NOTICE.

SMALL & FISHER LIMITED

We wish to inform you that the above Corporation has been reorganized with entirely new management, and that any orders entrusted to us will have prompt and careful attention.

With strict attention to business and ample capital, we confidently solicit a share of your business.

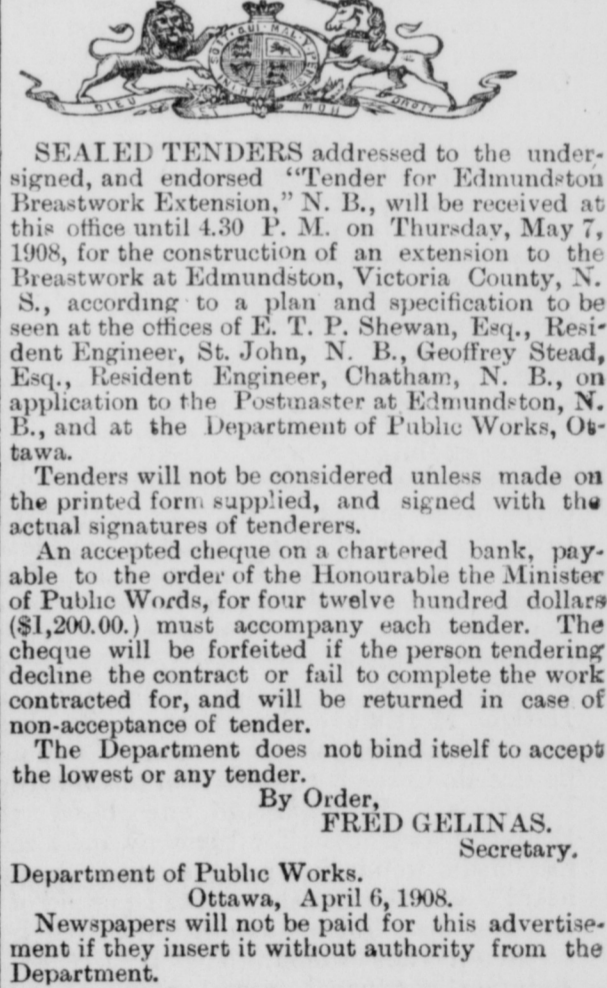
We make a specialty of Stoves, Furnaces, Heavy Waggon, Patent Mangle and Agricultural Implements.

Comical enough to the observer it seems nowadays to run across the family conducted on the plan of long ago, where the girls must give account of their evenings to their fathers, and be in at 10 o'clock unless on special occasions; where visitors are strictly inspected and all young men passed on by papa, who monopolizes their conversation when he does allow them to come, and never dreams but that they have called to enjoy his experienced view of life. Yet the girls brought up in such houses are often the most charming, fresh and dewy-like flowers in sheltered spots, and with such graces as modesty and deference in perfection, while fully sharing the merriment and high spirits of other young things. Of course they do not see the point of papa's foibles—probably he does not always himself—and his departure from his post for a week on business is the signal for a delicious outburst into the freedom of other girls, abetted by sympathetic mamma. It is sometimes a wonder how these carefully policed daughters get married at all; but somehow a lot of them do, and the men they marry are usually amongst the distinctly desirables.

Have you ever almost run into some one on the street, and then dodged from side to side for a half a minute, vainly endeavoring to pass while the other person, by some strange fatality blocked your every move by trying to pass you in the same way?

Such was the recent experience of a young man in Portland Me. He and a strange young woman had been going through this performance for several seconds, when his unwilling vis-a-vis staggered him by saying:

"Well, hurry up! Which is it to be—a waltz or a two-step?"—Woman's Home Companion.



WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Edmundston Breastwork Extension," N. B., will be received at this office until 4.30 P. M. on Thursday, May 7, 1908, for the construction of an extension to the Breastwork at Edmundston, Victoria County, N. S., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewan, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., Geoffrey Stead, Esq., Resident Engineer, Chatham, N. B., on application to the Postmaster at Edmundston, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for four twelve hundred dollars (\$1,200.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, April 6, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



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