

### Not a Miracle But Medical Science

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited,  
Toronto, Ont.  
Gentlemen:—  
“Some time ago I began to lose flesh and failed every day until I had to quit work. My physicians and all my friends said I had contracted consumption. I failed from 165 pounds down to 119. I was advised to go to the Rockies or to the coast. I went to both places under heavy expense. I continued to fail, and was advised by the doctors to come home as nothing more could be done for me. Hope seemed to have left me.  
“I tried Psychine and since starting its use I have gained from 119 to 141 pounds. I have used \$10.00 worth of the medicine. I am a well man and I cannot say too much in praise of Psychine. The strongest recommendation would be weak in view of the fact that I believe it has saved my life. It is without doubt the best remedy for run-down conditions and weak lungs.  
“I sincerely hope and trust that you will continue your good work of saving run down people and consumptive from the grave. Wishing you and Psychine continued success, I remain, one of Psychine's best friends.”  
ALEX. McCAE,  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.  
Almost every mail brings us letters like the above. Psychine will repeat this record in every case. It is the greatest medicine known. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

### JOURNEY'S END.

(By FORBES DWIGHT)

The mad gallop up the bridge path ended at the bridge across the little pond. The girl drew rein close to the stone parapet, and, calming her restive steed, whose every nerve seemed aquiver with excitement of the wild dash, sat quietly on the saddle staring with pensive eyes at the unruffled water below.  
Dean ranged his own horse beside the girl's, smiling as he watched the glowing color in her cheeks. All about them the trees flaunted the gorgeous tints of late autumn—scarlet, ochre and more subdued shades blended into a splendid, far-reaching vista. The crisp, clear air stirred the blood like wine.  
The girl laughed, a trifle uneasily.  
“We shouldn't be doing such things,” she said severely.  
“Of course not,” said Dean with a chuckle. “We should have maintained a staid pace. We should have contented ourselves at the most with a measured trot. It's tremendously wicked the way we smash all the conventions of this park. We'll have a mounted officer on our trail yet. Pleasant prospect, that. A glorious gallop all the same, wasn't it? And well worth the risk of incurring the displeasure of the law.”  
“Yes, it was glorious,” the girl admitted.  
“Still, we shouldn't do it.”  
“That's where half the run comes in,” said he. “Hang their old park, and its rules! Do they think we'll limit ourselves to a funeral pace such a day as this and with such a pair of steppers?”  
“We really ought to,” said she.  
Dean laughed. It was a pleasant, almost boyish laugh. His big shoulders were squared defiantly.  
“The things one ought to do are generally unpleasant,” he observed. “Come on, we'll let them out once more.”  
The girl shook her head.  
“No; oh, no,” she demurred.  
“Afraid?” he questioned.  
She nodded.  
“Of the rules they are pleased to hamper us with in this two-by-four plot of grass?”  
“No, not of that,” she replied. “Afraid of you, I think.”  
“Of me? Oh, shaw!”  
Again his laugh rang out, but the girl turned to him with a sudden seriousness.  
“You make me rather afraid of you at times,” she said. “You tempt me to do reckless things. I don't know why it should be so, but it is, I would never in the world have thought of riding here with any one else as I have with you now; and the strange part of it all is that I enjoy it so immensely.”  
“Enjoy what?”  
“Doing the reckless things you inspire.”  
Dean leaned toward her quickly.  
“I wish it were so,” he declared. “I wish I really might inspire you to reckless deeds, I wish I might—”  
“Now, please,” the girl begged with heightening color.  
“Oh, all right,” said he good naturedly. “I know the subject is tabooed. I'll observe the conventions you've imposed upon me and keep my tongue to the funeral pace.”  
He sat for a time staring silently into the water. At last he straightened himself in the saddle.  
“I'd like another gallop,” he remarked. “A wilder one, a madder one, I'd like to get out of this little old park, and go somewhere where there's a level stretch of road and no hampering rules of pace.”  
A light came into the girl's eyes. She threw back her head and gathered up the reins.

“So would I,” she declared a trifle breathlessly.  
Dean swung about to face her. There was a quiet smile on his lips.  
“Come, then,” he said simply.  
“We really shouldn't,” she objected.  
“Come,” he repeated.  
“I'm afraid of you when you speak in that fashion.”  
“Come.”  
He turned the horse from the bridge and headed for the gate at the further side of the park. The girl followed silently.  
“Where are you going?” she asked as he turned through the gate and made for the road that led into the country.  
“To a place where we can let them out to our hearts' content,” said he.  
Up the road through the afternoon sunshine they went at a sober pace, but once the city was fairly behind them, Dean quickened the pace. Faster they went and faster until they were teaming along at a mad gallop. Across level stretches and over low hills they speed. The two horses had caught the spirit of the gallop and tore along at their best pace. The girl's cheek was glowing and Dean's eyes sparkled with the excitement of it.  
They paused finally at the crest of a hill. Far behind them lay the city, its position outlined against the sky by a smudge of blue smoke. Ahead of them lay a ragged line of hills, behind which glowed a sky red with the embers of the sunset.  
“Well, that was a ride,” said Dean turning to the girl.  
“Wasn't it!” she cried. “But we must be turning back. See the sun has set. It will be quite dark if we don't hurry.”  
“I wish I might inspire you with a thorough recklessness,” he said.  
“You have,” she said breathlessly.  
“Then let's go just one more mile,” he urged.  
She hesitated.  
“Come,” she cried at last.  
Down the hill they thundered, across a bridge that spanned a little brook, and up the rise on the other side. Again they drew rein. The gorgeous twilight colors were fading. Below them lay a little village, its lights already beginning to twinkle in the gloom.  
“Enough recklessness?” said he. Never! This is just the beginning.”  
“Now I'm afraid of you again,” said she.  
“Oh, no, you're not afraid of me,” he said, with a strange gentleness. “You're afraid of a few old, time-worn conventions. You're afraid of all those plans that have been made for your future—afraid to answer your own heart and go against them. You are afraid of yourself—that you may some time do as you want and thwart your mother's scheming for you. But you're not afraid of me.”  
She began to tremble.  
“We must go back,” she cried.  
“Look,” said he. “Do you see that spire with the cross on it? Well, beside that spire is a little rectory, and in the rectory is a gentle old clergyman. He's watching this road down the hill even now, Dorothy, he's expecting us.”  
“Oh,” she cried, turning her face away.  
“Shall we disappoint him?” he asked.  
There was a long pause; then without looking at him the girl started her horse down the hill. At the foot of it she stopped and resolutely faced Dean. Her cheeks were burning, but her eyes never faltered.  
“I am afraid of you,” she said, “because you will always have your way with me. You will rule me as you like, do with me as you please, even as you have done this afternoon. Yes, I am very much afraid of you—but—but—take me to your gentle old clergyman, I am happy, even in my fear.”

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.

### Story of The Wedding.

(Kansas City Journal.)  
A political correspondent of a Western Kansas paper was recently asked to report a wedding which was to occur in the town in which he happened to be that night. Here is the report the editor of the paper got: “Amid scenes of splendour and sounds of sweet concord I suppose that's the way to start out! Victoria the beautiful daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Merrill (may the Lord forgive me!) was married to Mr. Edward Post. Promptly at eight o'clock the bride, wore clothes, and there were rose and music and things to eat; but I don't know where to put them in.) The bride's father is a prominent ranchman and the bridegroom is a decent young chap, which I suppose should go in somewhere. Please don't ask me to write up any more weddings.”  
You must originate and you must sympathize you must possess, at the same time, the habit of communicating and the habit of listening. The union is rather rare, but irresistible. —Beaconsfield.

### The Price of Glory.

The Japanese are paying for the glory of being a “world power.” They are paying in taxation, as one of their journals points out to them. In summarizing its statements it may be said: “The Toyo Keizai of Tokio has been demonstrating to its readers the fact that the Japanese are today the most heavily taxed people in the world. The estimated expenditure for the current fiscal year is 616,000,000 yen, which means an annual expenditure of 12 65 yen per capita, or, according to this journal, an average annual burden on the head of every family amounting to one-fifth of his average income. A comparison of 20 per cent. in Japan is made with England, 8.9; France, 12.2; Germany, 7.9; America, 3.2; Italy, 20.3; Austria, 20.6; and in these other countries it is shown that the earning capacity of each family head is from three to five times greater. The Toyo Keizai points out, further, that in Great Britain, with ten times the trade of Japan, total taxation is only 150 per cent. more; in France, where the trade is seven times greater, taxation is only 200 per cent. more.” Persons who have studied the situation think that the effects of this taxation are not felt so much now as they will be, because at present there is a little forced prosperity due to Japan's loan policy, but it is believed that the real pinch will come when the balances of Japan's foreign loans, now kept abroad, have been exhausted.

### Ask us to Print it.

To relieve the worst forms of Rheumatism, take a teaspoonful of the following mixture after each meal and at bedtime:  
Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.  
These harmless ingredients can be obtained from our home druggists, and are easily mixed by shaking them well in a bottle. Relief is generally felt from the first few doses.  
This prescription, states a well known authority in a Cleveland morning paper, forces the clogged-up, inactive kidneys to filter and strain from the blood the poisonous waste matter and uric acid, which causes Rheumatism.  
As Rheumatism is not only the most painful and torturous disease, but dangerous to life, this simple recipe will no doubt be greatly valued by many sufferers here at home, who should at once prepare the mixture to get this relief.  
It is said that a person who would take this prescription regularly, a dose or two daily, or even a few times a week, would never have serious Kidney or Urinary disorders or Rheumatism.  
Cut this out and preserve it. Good Rheumatism prescriptions which really relieve are scarce, indeed, and when you need it, you want it badly. Our druggists here say they will either supply these ingredients or make the mixture ready to take, if any of our readers so prefer.

### A Syndicated Lady.

(Chicago Tribune.)  
The Census Taker—“Your name, mum?”  
“I don't know.”  
“Beg pardon, mum?”  
“I've been divorced. At present my name is Mrs. Jones in this state: In several states it is Miss Smith, my maiden name, and in three states it is Mrs. Brown, my first husband's name.”  
“This is your residence, mum?”  
“I eat and sleep here, but I have a trunk in a neighboring state, where I am getting a divorce from my present husband.”  
“Then you're married at present?”  
“I'm married in Texas, New York and Massachusetts, divorced in South Dakota, Missouri, Alaska, Oklahoma and California; a bigamist in three others, and a single woman in eight others.”

### The Day's Little Story.

“I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown,” said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter Mary.  
“Mr. Brown hanged himself in their attic last night.”  
“Oh mother, don't go. You know you always say the wrong thing.”  
“Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject.”  
Mrs. Jackson went on her visit of condolence.  
“We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?” she said.  
“Yes,” replied the widow. “I haven't been able to get the week's wash dried.”  
“Oh,” said Mrs. Jackson, “I shouldn't think you could have any trouble. You have such a fine attic to hang things in.”  
He was a very small caddie, but he had a true and thorough appreciation of the importance of the science of golf, and he did not attempt to conceal his extreme contempt for the old white-haired professor whose clubs he carried, and who was, indeed, a sad duffer at the sport. “Do you know my boy,” said a looker-on, that is Professor—, and he is the most wonderful Sanscrit scholar we have? thoughtfully, “but ye ken, a mon wants a heid for golf.”

## Moir's Chocolates

Are an added charm to the pleasure of attending the opera.  
Their delightful deliciousness keeps one in rare good humor, so that the clever dialogue and catchy songs are heartily appreciated and the parts that drag, if any, are readily overlooked.  
When you buy Moir's Chocolates, note the fineness and smoothness of the pure, rich chocolate coating and the rare delicacy of the widely varied centers.  
Taste them once and you'll always specify Moir's.

MOIRS, Limited  
HALIFAX, N.S.

## PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 63c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

### DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The longer I live the more deeply am I convinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and powerful, the great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination—a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world; and no two-legged creature can become a man without it.—Buxton.

The great difference between the temptations of those who are entirely sanctified and those who are not, is that the temptation coming into contact with the latter, often stirs the sediment of corruption, while, accustoming with equal violence the former, it meets with uniform resistance, and leaves no trace behind, but an increase of moral power and the fruits of a new triumph.—Dr. George Peck.

“Hell Gate Rock” was blown to atoms and out of the way, by a touch of an electric button. With as much ease and speed God can blow any hell gate rock out of his way, and your way, and everybody's way.”

The more thou frequentest thy closet, the more thou wilt like it; the less thou comest thereto, the more thou wilt loathe it.—Thomas a Kempis.

“When Satan does not tempt men it is because they are running after him.”

At the opening of the New Opera House an interesting musical event will take place particulars of which will be given later.

### 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.

## Canadian Pacific Railway

Effective October 13th, 1907.

(Trains daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.)

### DEPARTURES.

(QUEEN STREET STATION.)

6.45 A MIXED—For Houlton, McAdam Jet, St. John and points East; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland and Boston etc.; Pullman Parlor Car McAdam Jet to Boston; Palace Sleeper, McAdam Jet to Halifax. Dining Car, McAdam Jet to Truro.

8.20 A MIXED—For Arnostook Junction, and M intermediate points.

12.15 A EXPRESS—For all points North; M Presque Isle, Edmundston, River du Loup and Quebec.

1.36 P MIXED—For Perth, Junction Plaster M Rock, and intermediate points.

4.50 P MIXED—For Fredericton, etc., via Gibson Branch.

5.42 P EXPRESS—For Houlton, St. Stephen, M St. Andrews after July 1st, Fredericton, St. John, and East; Vanceboro, Sherbrooke, Montreal, and all points West, and Northwest, and on Pacific Coast, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Palace Sleepers, McAdam Junction to Montreal; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to Boston; Pullman Parlor Car, McAdam to St. John.

### ARRIVALS.

11.41 A. M.—EXPRESS—From St. John and East St. Stephen, (St. Andrews after July 1st), Boston Montreal and West.

12.15 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, etc. via Gibson Branch.

12.55 P. M.—MIXED—From Perth Junction and Plaster Rock.

5.42 P. M.—EXPRESS—From Fort Fairfield, Caribou, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston and Rivere du Loup.

6.30 P. M.—MIXED—From Arnostook Junction.

11.05 P. M.—MIXED—From Fredericton, St. John and East; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

W. M. STITT, G. P. A., Montreal.  
W. B. HOWARD D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John

## 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.