

WINTER TIME

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed, A frosty, fiery sleepy-head; Blinks but an hour or two; and then, A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies, At morning in the dark I rise; And shivering in my nakedness, By the cold candle, batho and dress.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap Me in my comforter and cap; The cold wind burns my face and blows, The frosty pepper up my nose.

Close by the jolly fire I sit To warm my frozen bones a bit; Or, with a reindeer sled, explore The colder countries round the door.

Black are my steps on silver sod; Thick blows my frosty breath abroad; And tree and house, and hill and lake, Are frosted like a wedding cake. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Case of Revenge

(By Ellis Schreiber.)

"You hard hearted brute! May the day come when I shall see you half dead with thirst, your tongue cleaving to the roof of your mouth — that I may have the satisfaction of refusing you the draught of water for which you will long, and long in vain!" This cruel wish came from the lips of a cavalry officer, whose countenance was aflame with rage. He addressed a big, ungainly private who stood at a short distance off, with an ugly scowl on his rough features. It was indeed a cruel wish, the cruelty of which those only can appreciate who know by experience the agony caused by thirst. The man who uttered it knew what thirst was; in fact, he was suffering from it at the time. The day before he had taken part in one of the first battles of the South African war, which proved so disastrous to the British arms, owing to the ignorance of the officers concerning the nature of the country and the tactics of the enemy. Now, on the day after the battle, the officer in question was ordered to carry some important dispatches to the colonel in command of another division of the army, and this he had to do with the greatest possible speed. His own horse had been killed on the previous day and walked quite lame, so that another had to be brought. It proved to be a restive, vicious beast. Many precious minutes were lost before it could be got to stand still for the officer to mount, and when at last the rider was in the saddle, it reared and plunged, so that he could hardly keep his seat, until presently it started off at a rattling pace. "I might have got on fairly well," the officer said, when narrating his story, "had it not been that the road was blocked with vehicles of all kinds—ordnance carriages, ambulances, carts conveying fugitives, my untractable steed shying at every unaccustomed object in the most provoking manner. When at last I got clear of these obstacles I met a whole company of artillery, so that everything combined to impede my progress, although the despatches being urgent, I was bound to press onward with all expedition. The heat of the day, moreover, was intense; the scorching rays of an African sun beat down on me pitilessly. I was enveloped in a cloud of dust; my throat was dry, my lips were parched, my pocket flask was empty.

"Presently, to my delight, when I had left the more frequented road behind, I descried at a short distance from the wayside a party of soldiers resting beside a spring in the shade of a group of trees. A welcome sight indeed for a thirsty man; but on my attempting to leave the road and ride up to the spot to obtain a refreshing draught, my horse became so unmanageable that I was compelled to dismount. The private leader of the soldiers, who made merry, over what they designated my clever feats of horsemanship, added to the irritation I felt at the obstinacy of the animal. However, I controlled my temper, and, unbuckling my flask, I called to the soldier who was nearest to me, saying: 'Comrade, be so good as to fill this flask for me.' The fellow did not stir; he only regarded me with a sullen, sinister expression, answering as he turned on his heel: 'Go and fill it yourself!' "It was then that, beside myself with anger, I uttered that unchristian wish, and putting spurs to my horse, galloped off at a desperate pace, heedless of the soldiers who shouted at me to stop. A little further on I came across a compassionate Kaffir, who, when I made my want known to him, gave me and my horse a draught of deliciously cool water. In my gratitude I bestowed a sovereign on the man; and, after a few minutes' rest, went on my way, reflecting within myself that a savage possessed a kinder heart than a Christian and my own fellow-countryman. The features of the barbarian who had refused me the proverbial cup of cold water were deeply imprinted on my memory. I shall know that fellow again wherever I see him," I said; and I swore that I would not rest until I found him and revenged myself on him for his brutal behavior. This was no idle threat. For eighteen months I kept my resolution in mind, but neither on the battlefield nor in the hospitals did I meet with my enemy. At last the looked-for opportunity for vengeance arrived.

"In the early part of the present year I was wounded, and conveyed to the hospital at Pietermaritzburg. My wound was not dangerous, but it was a long time healing, and I was told that for some weeks I should be unfit for active service. So I employed myself in assisting the nurses as well as I could in their work of tending the sick and wounded, whose sufferings,

Croup and Whooping Cough

Claim Scores of Thousands of Young Lives Every Year— Lives That Could as Well be Saved.

It is a serious question with every mother as to how she can best combat croup, whooping cough, bronchitis and similar ailments, which are sure to suddenly attack the little ones at times least expected. The hollow, croupy cough comes with frightful foreboding as it arouses the mother from sleep. She realizes the hopelessness of battling with a disease which often defies the most skilful physicians.

In croup above all other diseases prompt action is of the greatest importance imaginable. With Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand any mother can effect almost instant relief when the children are struggling frantically for breath. By sheer force of merit it has won its way to popularity and is known throughout this continent as the most effective treatment for throat and lung troubles that science has ever devised.



GROUP.

Mr. W. McCre, 48 Wight Avenue Toronto, Ont., states: "There is no remedy in my opinion that can act more promptly than Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It cured my son of croup absolutely in one night. We gave him a dose when he was black in the face with choking. It gave him instant relief. During the night he took several doses, and in the morning woke up bright, perfectly well and cheerful. I must say it is a wonderful medicine."

WHOOPIING COUGH.

Mr. E. Hill, 664 Broad Street Toronto, states: "My two children had whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other medicine."

BRONCHITIS.

Mr. A. Wingfield, 21 Garden Avenue Toronto, states: "My two children had bronchitis and were decidedly croupy. Two bottles of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine put them to rights again, and that quickly."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

Is the most necessary preparation that can be kept in any house. For children and grown people alike it affords the most thorough and prompt relief for all affections of the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. 25 cts. a bottle, family size, containing three times as much, 60 cts., at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, 25 Cents a Box, with improved blower free.

He then gave me some little valuables among his belongings to be kept to me; afterward he asked to see the chaplain and received the last sacraments. Before I left him, at the close of our conversation, he asked me "if there was not some passage in Holy Scripture about a cup of cold water."

"Pray do not say anything more about that!" I cried. "You pain me." "Ah," he rejoined, in a low tone, "you little know what an act of charity that was on your part to give me that drink of water." "He did not refer again to the subject; but on the following morning he spoke about religion, expressing his trust in the mercy of God and his hope of eternal salvation. Then he said: 'I feel as if I were at home, a little child again. My good mother always made me say a prayer when I went to bed; I shall say a prayer now for I am tired and should like to go to sleep.' His eyes closed and I saw his lips move. Bending over him, I caught the words: 'O God, God, pray for me now and at the hour of my death!' He drew a deep breath and then without a struggle passed from time into eternity.

THE LITTLE LINNET OF BOE

(By Seumas MacManus) Re-published by Request.

When I was young my life was glad as Murlo's crooning stream. Each moment was a sparkling joy and every day a dream. Oh, many and many an hour I sat, while yet the sun was low, And listened to the linnet, green, that waked the woods of Boe.

"I declare, Lon, that horse would make a first-rate match for yours, wouldn't it?" Mr. Henderson, the village storekeeper, stepped out upon the platform of his store and laid a friendly hand on the shoulder of his young assistant, Alonso Sawyer.

"Lon," as he was universally called, was a great lover of horses. His father and grandfather had been so before him — and he had local reputation for his knowledge of horse-flesh and horse nature. Some months previously Lon had bought a fine sorrel "Morgan" horse, which fully realized his ideal of equine beauty, soundness and speed, and his great desire since then had been to find a suitable mate for his pet so that he might hold the reins over as fine a span as ever pounded the hard slate roads of Leicester county. Lon started, as if waking from a spell of an overpowering fascination, when Mr. Henderson touched him on the shoulder. A stranger had driven up to the porch of the hotel, which immediately adjoined the village store and was waiting for the proprietor to come out. The stranger's horse was an exact counterpart of Lon's own — a shapely, glossy sorrel, with arching neck, small, well-set head and the delicate, clean-cut limbs of a "sweeder." No wonder the boy was fascinated. He could hardly trust his senses. It almost seemed as if his strong desire must have taken the form of a waking dream. "Why, it seems to me you look kind of dazed," laughed Mr. Henderson. "Come, wake up and see if you can't buy that horse before the man drives off. If you and your sorrel both lived to be a hundred you'd never find such a match as that again."

and as for his single fault, why, for one who knew the real cause of cribbling, that wasn't so bad. The young horse lover chuckled to himself as he returned to his duties at the store but suddenly the smile died from his lips and he looked sober again. He had never yet cheated in any business transaction. He had vowed in his heart that he never would. Now, he asked himself, would it be cheating to take the advantage naturally coming to him from a superior knowledge of horseflesh? What is knowledge for, except to give us an advantage in life? A subtle temptation, truly, and yet the boy unceasingly recognized that it was a temptation, a solvation to wrong.

He kept turning the matter over in his mind until it was time to close the store for the evening. Then, before he went to supper he dropped in at the hotel. The stranger was waiting for him, and they sat down in a corner of the public room to discuss the matter which was just then uppermost in the minds of both. "My name is Hackett, John Hackett," began the stranger, "and the landlord tells me that yours is Alonso Sawyer, Lon for short, which I prefer. Now, Lon, I don't want to make any false representations or statements, even in a horse trade. Those who know me call me call me a square man, and I want to live up to that reputation everywhere and under all circumstances. They tell me you are an honest boy as ever was made, so I hope if we come to any kind of business deal it will not be a case of Greek meeting Greek. Now, Lon, you know and I know that my horse would be a valuable animal if it weren't for that unfortunate habit of cribbling. But having that habit, which I suppose is incurable, he is worth only a comparatively small sum. I wouldn't think of selling him if he weren't a cribber, that's sure. But I want a perfectly sound horse, and if you are willing to take this one, knowing his fault, and give me eighty-five dollars for him, it's a trade. What do you say?"

Lon flushed and paled. A strange prickling sensation ran over his whole body and his brain seemed whirling like a toy windmill. He knew that by a simple operation, which any ordinary veterinarian could perform — an operation as familiar as A, B, C to himself and to his father and grandfather before him — the most obstinately cribbing horse could be cured of his fault and made perfectly sound. He knew that if Mr. Hackett's horse should be so treated he would be as sound as his own and worth every cent of the two hundred and fifty dollars which he had paid for his own. Here was a dazzling chance to take advantage of another's ignorance and get just the horse he wanted for the merest song.

Lon started up in great agitation and walked to the window. Through the dusk he could see the spire of the village church, pure white against the darkening sky and the first twinkling stars. Alas! that his soul should be shaken to its foundations by the most servile and meanest of temptations. In an instant he whirled about and came back to Mr. Hackett. "Mr. Hackett," he cried, "I want you to know that I can cure your horse of cribbing in twenty minutes, so that he will never do it again. The only reason why he gnaws the manger or any wood that he can get at is because his teeth are too long. They force his jaws apart and make them ache. He gnaws to try to wear them down, and, of course, the gnawing and pulling make him swallow wind, and in time he bloats and gets out of condition. That is all that ails any cribbing horse. Now, I can take a little veterinary saw and cut your horse's teeth to the right length and he will be cured—I know it. I was tempted to keep this knowledge back and so cheat you and get your horse for a song. But, thank God, I've been kept from doing such a wrong. Now, you say you'd like to keep your horse, if only he were sound. I can make him sound if you'll stop over a day. If I don't succeed, or if I injure him in any way, I'll buy him of you and give you a hundred dollars for him."

There was a strange glimmering light in Mr. Hackett's eyes as he put out his large, firm hand and folded Lon's in a cordial grasp that lasted fully a minute. Then he said: "Lon, my boy, I'm glad for what you tell me about the horse, but I'm more glad for what you say about yourself. I'll stop over, as you say, Good night!" Lon's little veterinary saw worked the cure which he claimed it would. The sorrel horse seemed to understand what was being done for him, too, for he kept perfectly still during the operation. After two days' test, during which the horse did no more cribbing, Mr. Hackett walked into the store and laid one hundred and sixty-five dollars in bills on the counter before Lon. "That's for the operation," he said.

"But I never charge more than ten dollars," protested Lon. "Well, young man," replied Mr. Hackett, "it's my right, I suppose, to pay what I please, and I please to pay one hundred and sixty-five dollars. Now, you can either keep the money or put eighty-five dollars with it and buy my horse. There are the only two alternatives; understand that."

This explains how Alonso Sawyer happens to be driving the finest span of sorrels in Leicester county. Mr. Hackett has not lost track of him, either. Strictly honest business men, with large commercial interests to manage, do not discover sound intelligence in a young man and then forget it. There is a well-remembered incident of a young man who had been springing down to the city in the

OSHAWA MIRACLE INVESTIGATED

A Sworn Statement of Facts Almost Beyond Belief

The Toronto Mail and Empire sends a Reporter to Oshawa. His enquiries result in a Compelling Verification of Original Story.

Very many startling stories of wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills have been published in these columns, and in other newspapers all over the country from time to time. Every case has been so well authenticated as to leave little room for doubt, and yet the statements made and the cures reported, have, in many cases, been so nearly miraculous as to be almost beyond belief. Recently, The Mail and Empire of Toronto, and other papers, published a despatch from Oshawa, in which it was said that a mechanic in the Oshawa Mallesbarre Iron Works, had been cured of paralysis by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and that, after he had been absolutely helpless for four months and had been given up by the physicians at the Hospital in Toronto.

This was too much for many people to believe, and numerous demands were made on the paper in question for a verification of correctness. One correspondent signing himself "Medicus" in a letter to The Mail and Empire emphatically disputed the possibility of such a cure. To get at the real facts a reporter was sent to Oshawa, and the result was a complete and very satisfactory confirmation of the original despatch. To put the matter absolutely beyond question, the following sworn statement was secured:

THE STATEMENT OF MR. BROWN. In the fall of 1897 I was taken ill with what most of the doctors called paralysis, and others nervous prostration. It commenced with a stiffness and soreness in the calves of my legs and gradually increased till I could not move either my arms or legs, having lost all power in them. I did not have raised my arms to my head to save my life. For over four months I could not stand or walk alone a single step. I doctored with all the local doctors and then with a Bowmanville doctor. Each one gave me some different medicine, but the more I took the worse I got.

At last the Bowmanville doctor told me that nothing could be done for me unless I went to the hospital in Toronto where they might perhaps have some later treatment for paralysis which would fit my case. I went there toward the end of January, 1898, and remained under treatment in that institution for a little over four weeks. All was in vain, I got worse. Twelve doctors told me I could not recover, and that nothing could be done for me, so as I was getting worn every day, and there was no hope of their being able to help me in the least, I was removed to my home here. I was like a baby, unable to move.

As this extremity someone advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, and my wife bought a box. We had not the slightest idea that they would help me, but like a drowning man I grasped at every straw. After I had used the first box, the numbness began to leave my finger tips, and I felt a little better, and kept on using the pills. By two months' time I could walk a little, and shortly afterward was able to go short distances without assistance. The first time I went down town, one of the doctors who had given me up saw me across the street, and not being able to believe his eyes, went to my brother Robert, and asked: "Is that your brother Joe?" Robert told him that it was I, and he said in astonishment: "Well, I never expected to see him around again."

I used, altogether, twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the first of May, I was able to start to work again in the shop here, and I have never been sick or off work a day since and that is over three and a half years ago. I am glad of the opportunity to make this statement, for I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to work to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. (Signed), JOSEPH BROWN, SWORN CONFIRMATION. CANADA: I JOSEPH BROWN, Province of Ontario, of the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, do hereby certify that the above statement, signed by me, is absolutely true, and I make this solemn declaration, believing it to be true, and knowing that it is so by the oath and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893. (Signed), JOSEPH BROWN, Declared before me at the Town of Oshawa, in the County of Ontario, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1909. J. F. GRIERSON, a Notary Public.

CONSUMPTION Prevented and Cured.

Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferings of this kind. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a run-down system.

FREE.

Do you cough? Do your lungs pain you? Do your throat ache and inflame? Do you spit up phlegm? Do your head ache? Is your appetite bad? Are your lungs delicate? Are you losing flesh? Are you pale and thin? Do you lack stamina? These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption. Consumption, the bane of those who have been brought up in the old-fashioned belief that this disease was hereditary, that it was fatal, that some could recover who were once firmly clasped in its relentless grip. But now known to be curable, made so by the discoveries of that man whose name has been given to this new system of treatment. Now known to be preventable and curable by following and practicing his teachings. The new system of treatment will cure you of consumption and of all diseases which can be traced back to weak lungs as a foundation. It is not a drug system, but a system of germ destruction and body building. Not a stop-work, but a wide out of the old rule. The new system is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders connected therewith. Free to all. Write for a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once with complete directions for use. The new system is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders connected therewith. Free to all. Write for a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once with complete directions for use. The new system is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders connected therewith. Free to all. Write for a FREE TRIAL TREATMENT and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once with complete directions for use.