

DOCTORS USING PATENT MEDICINES

The Honest Physician is Anxious to Cure and Uses the Best Available Remedies.

(From Toronto Mail and Empire.)

The discussion of the Bill now before the Dominion Parliament for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of patent or proprietary medicines is one of the utmost importance, and is receiving a great deal of attention, not only by the proprietary medicine manufacturers, but also by the retail and wholesale druggists. Every manufacturer of reliable and high-class remedies welcomes the Bill as a step in the right direction. The discussion has brought out the fact that the best physicians in Canada and on the continent approve of and prescribe Psychine in cases of the most difficult character. In a recent instance of very serious throat and lung trouble, the patient had been using Psychine. Two leading United States specialists were consulted, in addition to two eminent Canadian physicians. Upon learning what the patient was using, a sample of Psychine was taken and analyzed, with the result that the physicians advised its continuance. They prescribed no other medicine but Psychine, with the result that the patient has fully recovered, and is a splendid walking and talking advertisement for the wonderful curative power of a remedy that will "stand up" before the keenest professional criticism and analysis. As a builder up of the system and restoring all wasted conditions, Psychine has no equal, and the best and most earnest physicians recognize this fact. "At the age of 25, my lungs were in a terrible state. I had la grippe the year before; it settled on my lungs, and I kept steadily growing worse till I got down so low I was in bed for six weeks. I had a consultation of doctors, and they said they could do nothing more for me. Then I started to use Psychine. I took the medicine for more than a year. It certainly did wonders for me. I am now as strong as I was before my sickness."

"Morpeth, Ont."

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THE J.B. ARMS & SONS CO. LIMITED
GUELPH CANADA



Bob, Son of Battle.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

(Serial rights secured by "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine.")

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

The little man straightened himself. His face was tense as though strung up to a high resolve. All the passion had fled from it, all the bitterness was gone; and left behind was a strange, ennobling earnestness. Standing there in the silence of that great hall, with every eye upon him, he looked like some prisoner at the bar about to plead for his life.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I've bin among ye noo a score years, and I can truly say there's not a man in this room I can ca' 'Friend.'" He looked along the ranks of upturned faces. "Ay, David, I see ye, and you, Mr. Hornbut, and you, Mr. Sylvester—ilka one o' you, and not one as'd back me like a comrade gin a trouble came upon me." There was no rebuke in the grave little voice—it merely stated a hard fact.

"There's I doot no one among ye but has some one—friend or blood—wham he can turn to when things are sair wi' him. I've no one."

"I hear alane my lade o' care—"

alane wi' Wullie, who stands to me, blaw or snaw, rain or shine. And whiles I'm feared he'll be took from me." He spoke this last half to himself, a grieved, puzzled expression on his face, as though lately he had dreamed some ill dream.

"Forbye Wullie, I've no friend on God's earth. And, mind ye, a bad man often mak's a good friend—but ye've never given me the chance. It's a sair thing that, gentlemen, to ha' to fight the battle o' life alane: no one to pat ye on the back, no one to say 'Weel done.' It hardly gies a man a chance. For gin he does try and yet fails, men never mind the tryin', they only mark the failin'."

"I dinna blame ye. There's somethin' bred in me, it seems, as sets iver yone agin me. It's the same wi' Wullie and the tykes—they're doon on him same as men are on me. I suppose we was made so. Sin' I was a lad it's aye bin the same. From school days I've had iver yone agin me."

"In ma life I've had three friends. Ma mither—and she went; then ma wife"—he gave a great swallow—"and she's awa'; and I may say they're the only two human bein's as ha' lived on God's earth in ma time that iver tried to bear wi' me;—and Wullie. A man's mither—a man's wife—a man's dog! it's often a' he has in this world; and the more he prizes them the more like they are to be took from him." The little earnest voice shook, and the dim eyes puckered and filled.

"Sin' I've bin among ye—twenty-odd years—can any man here mind speakin' any word that wasna ill to me?" He paused; there was no reply.

"I'll tell ye. All the time I've lived here I've had one kindly word spoke to me, and that a fortnight ago, and not by a man then—by her ladyship, God bless her!" He glanced up into the gallery. There was no one visible there; but a curtain at one end shook as though it were sobbing.

"Weel, I'm thinkin' we'll be gainin' in a wee while noo, Wullie and me, alane and thegither, as we've aye done. And it's time we went. Ye've had enough o' us, and it's no for me to blame ye. And when I'm gone what'll ye say o' me?" "He was a drunkard," I am. "He was a sinner," I am. "He was ilka thing he shouldna be," I am. "We're glad he's gone." That's what ye'll say o' me. And it's but ma deserts."

The gentle, condemning voice ceased, and began again.

"That's what I am. Gin things had been differ, aiblins I'd ha' bin differ. D'ye ken Robbie Burns? That's a man I've read, and read, and read. D'ye ken why I love him as some o' you do yer Bibles? Because there's a humanity about him. A man as'd tryin' to had up, see owin' an' aye tryin' to doon the next; doin' all dees and aye givin' em undone—just a plain honest man a sinner. And that's why I'm takin' a kinder for us as is like him, than for the tool. It's

what he wrote—after ain o' his tumbles, I'm thinkin'—that I was goin' to tell ye:

"Then gently scan yer brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

the doctrine o' Charity. Gie him his chance, says Robbie, though he be a sinner. Mony a mon'd be differ, mony bad'd be gude, gin they had but their chance. Gie 'em their chance, says he; and I'm wi' him. As 'tis, ye see me here—a bad man wi' still a streak o' good in him. Gin I'd had ma chance, aiblins 'twad be—a good man wi' just a spice o' the devil in him. A' the differ' betune what is and what might ha' bin."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Devil's Bowl.

He sat down. In the great hall there was silence, save for a tiny sound from the gallery like a sob suppressed.

The squire rose hurriedly and left the room.

After him, one by one, trailed the tenants.

At length, two only remained—M'Adam, sitting solitary with a long array of empty chairs on either hand; and, at the far end of the table, Parson Leggy, stern, upright, motionless.

When the last man had left the room the parson rose, and with lips tight-set strode across the silent hall.

"M'Adam," he said rapidly and almost roughly. "I've listened to what ye've said, as I think we all have, with a sore heart. You hit hard—but I think you were right. And if I've not done my duty by you as I ought—and I fear I've not—it's now my duty as God's minister to be the first to say I'm sorry." And it was evident from his face what an effort the words cost him.

The little man tilted back his chair, and raised his head.

It was the old M'Adam who looked up. The thin lips were curled; a grin was crawling across the mocking face; and he wagged his head gently, as he looked at the speaker through the slits of his half-closed eyes.

"Mr. Hornbut, I believe ye thoct me in earnest, 'deed and I do!" He leaned back in his chair and laughed softly. "Ye swallered it all down like best butter. Dear, dear! to think o' that!" Then, stretching forward: "Mr. Hornbut, I was playin' wi' ye."

The parson's face, as he listened, was ugly to watch. He shot out a hand and grabbed the scoffer by his coat; then dropped it again and turned abruptly away.

As he passed through the door a little sneering voice called after him:

"Mr. Hornbut, I ask ye hoo you, a minister o' the Church of England, can reconcile it to yer conscience to think—though it be but for a minute—that there can be any good in a man and him no churchgoer? Sir, ye're a heretic—not to say a heathen!" He sniggered to himself, and his hand crept to a half-emptied wine decanter.

An hour later, James Moore, his business with the squire completed, passed through the hall on his way out. Its only occupant was now M'Adam, and the Master walked straight up to his enemy.

"M'Adam," he said gruffly, holding out a sinewy hand. "I'd like to say—"

The little man knocked aside the token of friendship.

"Na, na. No cant, if ye please, James Moore. That'll aiblins go doon wi' the parsons, but not wi' me. I ken you and you ken me, and all the whitewash i' th' world'll no deceive us."

The Master turned away, and his face was hard as the nether millstone. But the little man pursued him.

"I was nigh forgettin'," he said. "I've a surprise for ye, James Moore. But I hear it's yer birthday on Sunday, and I'll keep it till then—he! he!"

"Ye'll see me before Saturday, M'Adam," the other answered. "On Saturday, as I told ye, I'm comin' to see if ye've done yer duty."

Whether ye come, James Moore, is your business. Whether ye'll iver go, once there, I'll mak' mine. I've warned ye twice noo—and the little man laughed that harsh, cackling laugh of his.

(To be continued.)

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

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MAMMOTH Bronze Turkeys—Toms, 25 to 30 pounds. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. G. E. Dixon, Arva, Ont.

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MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS—1 have a few choice M. B. toms, weighing 27 lbs. each, left, and a few heavyweight pullets. They are sired by my prizewinning imported toms. Pairs and trios mated not akin. W. E. Wright, Glanworth, Ont.

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