

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

WHEN HE LIKES TO WORK.

I hate to work in winter time,
I'm much too warm then.
I'd rather sit around the fire,
With poker, dog and stout.
I hate to work in winter time,
When panes are coated thick with rime.
I do not like to work in spring,
Because I'm languid then.
That tired feeling chains me down,
And chains me down again.
I do not like to work in spring,
Because because of everything.
In summer time I do not like
To do a stroke of work,
I'd rather take a nap and seek
The pools where catfish lurk.
In summer time I do not like
To work, I'd rather go on strike.
I do not like to work in fall,
Because the golden day
Is beckoning me with dog and gun
To chase dull cats away.
I do not like to work in fall,
I do not like to work at all.

W. W. A.

EMPEROR AND BARBER.

Emperor William of Germany has
taught his barber a lesson. Very
punctual himself, the emperor insists
that his servants shall also be punctual.
His barber was almost always a
few minutes late when the time came
for shaving him, he presented him-
self with a gold chronometer and urged
him to make good use of it.
Much to his surprise the barber con-
tinued to be a few minutes late, and
most every morning, and, after wait-
ing in vain for some signs of improve-
ment, the emperor said to him the
other day:
"Have you still the chronometer
which I gave you?"
"Yes, your majesty, here it is," re-
plied the barber, taking it from his
pocket.
"Give it to me," said the emperor.
"It is evidently of no use to you, and
you can have this one instead."
With these words he placed the
handsome gold chronometer on his
dressing table and handed to the
amazed barber a nickel-plated watch
worth about a dollar.

THE WOZZY AMATEUR AND HOW THEY
STRANG HIM.

A Bill Clerk in a Grocery House
once took part in a production by
Home Talent. Everyone who bought
a Ticket had a Friend in the Cast.
The Bill Clerk was a Glisten, but most
of the People were wedged in and had
to stick. His Acting was very bad.
When they gave him a Call,
he did not know that they were kid-
ding him. After the Show they came
around and panned him. The Paper
gave him a Notice better than Co-
quelin ever got. He had himself pho-
tographed in Costume and began to
groove a Marguerite Curl in the middle
of his Forehead and keep one Hand
inside of his Coat. The Mantle of
Edwin Booth had fallen on him, but
it did not reach to the Smack. Back.
All his Acting was a Chance,
and he would make Ots Skinner look
like a Side Order of Something. He
read the Dramatic Papers, and unless
he was choked off he arose at Even-
ing and Recited. Then all the
Girls told him he had Wonderful Tal-
ent, and after he went away they
said he was the jakes piece of Punk
they ever saw.
The Bill Clerk began to write Let-
ters of Congratulation to himself and
use Powder on his Face. He forsook
the low-down Grocery Trade and de-
cided to go on the stage. He changed
his name from Wesley Fink to Or-
monde Dupont and had "Theater"
painted on his Trunk. After that, all
he needed, in order to be an Ac-tor,
was an Engagement. He packed up
and headed for the Rialto, with all
the Photographs of himself and the
Notice from the many Trade and
Managers and Agents turned him
down and waved him away and kept
him sitting in Waiting Rooms for
hours at a time, but they could not
trick Ormonde back to the "rained
Fruit Business. He was going to Act,
whether or no.
So, finally, he signed with a Com-
pany presenting a Problem Play en-

titled "A Wet Dog." In the First Act
he played the part of a Man who
brought in the Trunk. In the Second
Act he had to walk right into the
Glare of the Footlights and ask, "Did
you Ring?" In the Third Act he was
number four from the Right End. And
now all his old Friends in the Gro-
cery Trade can say that they knew
some one who is really on the Stage.
Moral: A Word of Encouragement
at the right Moment often determines
a Career.—George Ade.

SAYS MR. SOURDOP.

"Yes, it's mostly bill and coo during
the honeymoon, growled Mr. Sour-
drop, helping himself to the best piece
of chicken, "but after that I've no-
ticed that it is pretty nearly all bill."
Whereupon the young drygoods
clerk was seen to look thoughtfully in
the direction of the school teacher.—
Baltimore American.

'OL' NUTMEG'S SAYINGS.

Talk is so cheap nowadays that
most ev'rybody is tryin' tew run
away from it.
The feller who starts out afoot tew
lick ev'rybody gen'ly winds up by
takin' a free ride with the amberyne
man.

It is an unpleasant fact, no doubt,
but it is nevertheless the most
people look bigger at a distance.
Trottin' yeww hoss ag'in yeww neigh-
bor's when cummin' hum from meet-
in' may be a quick way to git hum,
but it's a slow way uv gettin' to
heaven.

A mighty easy way to git threw this
world is by bein' kerried, but it makes
us more helpless when we attempt
'climb uv intew the next one.

It's strange what a diff'rent effect
water hez on some boys at diff'rent
times uv the year. The boy who in
summer wants tew go in swimmin'
six times a day becuz he's so dirty is
apt few make the biggest fuss when
his mother appears with a wash cloth
in winter.

HOW POPULAR SONGS OF TODAY SELL
COMPARED WITH OLD TIMES.

Time was when the United States
of America had few great writers of
books, fewer playwrights, and hardly
any composers of music. For
several decades Stephen C. Foster
and Louis M. Gottschalk seemed the
only two Americans who were orig-
inal enough to be sponsors for a class
musical distinct by itself, and as
composers their work was individual
enough to bear a character distinct-
ively their own.

"Of late, however, a class of writ-
ers has arisen whose works place
American music on a level with that
of some of the best recent English,
French and German composers, and
whether the universal distribution of
music among the masses or the de-
mand for good music has caused it,
the fact remains that the tremendous
sales of popular songs have lately
been recorded by publishers, both for
the ephemeral and trashy stuff of the
day and for the standard and more
classic compositions.

About thirty years ago the most
popular songs in America were "Cap-
tain Jinks," "Up in a Balloon," Birds,
and "Down in a Coal Mine." Subse-
quently "Shoo, Fly," "Come, Emma,
Come," "Molly Darling," "Whoa Emma,
Johnny Morgan," and a little later,
"The Mulligan Guards" were every-
where. Then came "Little Annie
Rooney," "Comrades," "Daisy Bell,"
and others.

"In those days if a song sold to the
extent of fifty thousand or one hun-
dred thousand copies it was consid-
ered a success. Today unless a song
reaches to something like half a mil-
lion copies it can hardly be consid-
ered popular, and many songs have
of late run into the million and over.
"This statement is applicable to the
panicky ephemeral rubbish which in-
variably crops up each season, is
whistled and hummed all over the
country, and then receives its natural
and well-deserved quietus. It is, how-
ever, an encouraging augury to mu-

sicians and music lovers when the
public takes hold of good music, and
of late music in a sense popular, but
which is always likely to command a
sale of its own, still proves as the
case of songs such as "Annie Laurie,"
Home, Sweet Home," "When Other
Lips and Other Hearts," Kathleen
Mavourneen," etc., that the public
prefers the good to the cheap, the
good to the trash.

"Papa Haydn once said that he
would rather have written 'Robin
Adair' than his great masterpiece,
"The Creation," and, whereas a song
such as Adams' "Holy City," which
was originally published in 1892, has
within its limited time probably out-
stripped in popularity any other song
published within the last ten years
and it is reported that the author (Mr.
Maybrick) has received in royalties
almost \$100,000, and whereas the late
Sir Arthur Sullivan is said to have

received almost the same amount for
royalties on sales of "The Lost Chord"
in England alone, it is seldom songs
of this grade strike the popular fancy.
It augurs well, I think, and is a mat-
ter of congratulation that as we ad-
vance in other respects the taste of
good music keeps pace with the times,
and that a demand exists for a better
class of musical compositions than ex-
isted twenty or thirty years ago."

JONATHAN TO JOHN.

Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces are
more kind to John Bull than you
might imagine, for, according to the
British records, they pay him about
five and a half million dollars annual-
ly as an income tax. All whose in-
comes are under \$800 a year are not
asked to pay.

QUEEN AT HOME!

Her Life at Sandringham as Princess of Wales—Has
Simple Tastes and Fond of Pets—Her Kindness to
Tenants—Stories of Tennyson and Beacons-
field—Routine of Entertainments.

[New York Sun.]

Details of the home life of Queen
Alexandra are being confided to the
world just now by one Sarah Tooley.
When the Queen's loyal friend takes
pen in hand to write things about the
royal family he dips it in honey. No
mere ink will do for that sacred sub-
ject. "The King can do no wrong,"
is a rule which is sometimes allowed
to have exceptions, but when it comes
to Queen Alexandra the British Isles
display a unanimity of admiration
which is lovely to behold.

According to Mrs. Tooley, Queen
Alexandra does not believe in a mad
rush to keep up with the latest fash-
ion. She does not go in for the
Whenever she is not eternally remodel-
ing, redecorating, refurbishing, re-
everything. She applies Polonius'
advice to her personal belongings and
her friends. When she travels she
sticks to old friends. When she trav-
els there is a whole collection of ob-
jects which travel along with her, and
most of them have some tender asso-
ciation in her memory.

She has quantities of flowers, ferns
and palms in her rooms. So, at least,
says Mrs. Tooley, and it is quite be-
lievable. The same lady is authority
for the fact that the Queen "loves to
have evidence of life around her."
"For many years," she says, "Cockie,
a famous parrot, had his cage in her
dressing room, until his conversation
became so noisy that he had to be
banished. A soft white dove, with
ruby eyes, would perch on his mis-
tress' shoulder, while several doves
have passed lives of luxury upon silk-
en cushions in her majesty's rooms.

Today the reigning pets are a white
and black Japanese spaniel and a
quaint little Chinese dog. They travel
with the Queen wherever she goes."
The real home life of the Queen has
been passed chiefly at Sandringham
House, which is a new house, built
no longer ago than 1890. As Princess
of Wales she spent more than half of
each year there. It is a model est-
ate, with picturesque cottages for the
work people, a gem of a dairy; in
fact, all the modern improvements of
big estates. The principal entrance is
by the beautiful Norwich gates, a
wedding gift from the city of Non-
wich.

The park contains 300 acres, with a
winding lake overlooked from the
house by a sunny terrace. The rail-
road is two and a half miles distant,
and the accommodating railway com-
pany has put up a station there, with
special waiting rooms for the San-
dringham folks.

There is an ivy-covered technical
school for girls in the village hard by.
Queen Alexandra founded it for
teaching the girls on the estate how

to spin, weave and sew. Evidently
the Queen believes in the force of ex-
ample for she has her own spinning
wheel and hand loom, which she oc-
casionally uses.

There is a school for boys, too,
where they are taught wood carving
and cabinet making and fitted for sit-
uations in towns. There are the
Queen's stables where, according to
the Queen's own story, the "favor-
ite hacks and carriage horses lead a
luxurious existence in spotless stables,
lined with white tiles." The Queen's
stables are neat. Mrs. Tooley neglected
to be precise on this point. Also at hand
are kitchen gardens and forcing
houses, covering four acres.

It is a pity that the description
makes one think of poor Marie An-
toinette. Her thatched larder at the
Petit Trianon wasn't much like Queen
Alexandra's, but it was a model in its
day, and great ladies dabbled about in
it then, though more gayly perhaps
than the sober English damsel of to-
day. "Opposite is the Queen's model dairy
with a dainty tea room entered from
a lovely little garden. When the dairy
was first started the Queen took an
active interest in its management and
introduced the Danish method of
butter making. In the time of the
late dairy woman, Mrs. Barker, the
princess and her young daughter often
appointments are dainty and beauti-
ful, with the blue tiles, brought by the
King from India, and the silver cup-
pans lined with excited china, fixed
on a marble counter.

"Around the walls are models in
marble, terra cotta, silver and wood
baster, of the prize and silver bred on
the estate. The tea room is a dainty
room, literally filled with presents
from the Queen's family and friends,
noticeable among them being the set
of the Queen's own china, presented by
the Queen. Each piece being painted
with a view from the neighborhood of
Balmoral."

There is a clubhouse erected by the
King for the use of the men working
on the estate. Mrs. Tooley says that
there are stringent rules in the club
against drinking and gambling. Quite
so, as the English people say.

The old church at the next wee vil-
lage was unfit for worship, so the
King had an iron one built for the
people. Mrs. Tooley says that the
benefit of the beneficent doings of
their majesties, but an iron church!
One has to repeat firmly that the
King can do no wrong, otherwise the
Queen would be excused for saying
Sandringham is not a show house
like some of the famous old country
houses. According to Mrs. Tooley,

the description seems to be a purely
personal habitation filled with family
portraits, souvenirs of loved ones and
models of pet animals deceased. The
drawing-room overlooks the terrace,
and the Queen's boudoir is above with
the same outlook. One of the King's
rooms is furnished with things from
his cabin on the Serapis, the ship on
which he went to India.

Formerly there used to be three balls
at Sandringham every winter for the
tenantry and servants, but these func-
tions came to an end with the death
of the Duke of Clarence. The Queen's
birthday, Dec. 1, is celebrated by a
tea party to the 500 school children
on the estate. On this occasion the
Queen and her daughters wait upon
the children and play games with
them. At Christmas there is a gor-
geous tree, 30 feet high, with presents
for everybody, and on the King's
birthday there is a dinner to the la-
dies.

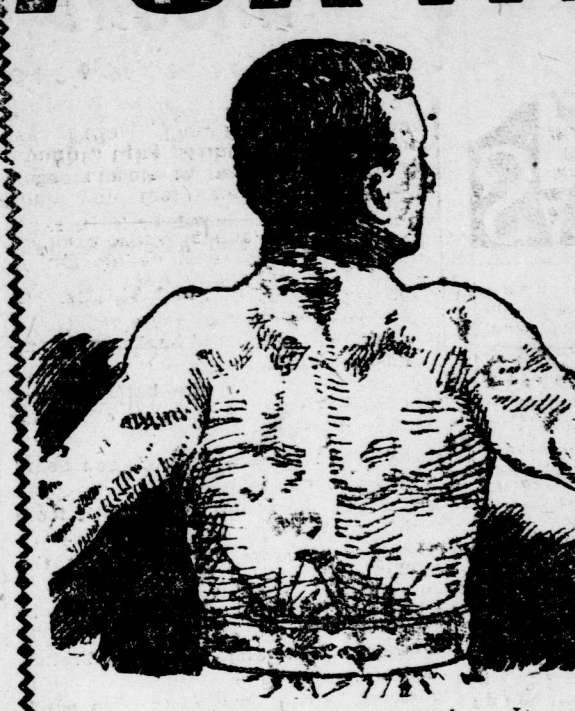
This anniversary comes on Nov. 9,
and there is always a shooting party,
with luncheon served in a tent, and
all the guests of the house come to-
gether. Of course, there is the in-
evitable 5 o'clock tea, which the Queen
herself pours. Dinner is at 8 o'clock.
Every day who has stayed at San-
dringham says Mrs. Tooley, pro-
nounces it the pleasantest and most
homely of country houses. The Queen
personally visits the rooms of her
guests to see that nothing is wanting.
At least she did so when she was
Princess of Wales.

For years it was a family custom to
walk around the estate on Sunday af-
ternoons. The Queen petted her horses
and fed them carrots and other equine
dainties. Then the family party went
to the keeper's house. The head-keeper's wife
always had two dainty baskets ready,
filled with pieces of bread. The Queen
put on a large white apron, opened the
kitchen doors and distributed the con-
tents of said dainty baskets. And the
authority adds that while the dogs
would not touch bread when offered by a
mere keeper, they will scrupulously
devour every crumb coming from the
hands of their mistress.

After the dog episode the family
party goes to the pheasantry, the ban-
tam rearing ground, the dove house
and so on, winding up at the dairy tea
room for the indispensable 5 o'clock
Annapolis bread. There is a story of
days gone by when Mrs. Tooley told
to illustrate the Queen's ready sym-
pathy for the poor. One day she was cut-
ting, or trying to cut a refractory
dinner roll, but the act, difficult enough
anyway, was further aggravated by his
turning to make a snooty remark to
the Princess of Wales, who sat be-
side him. The knife slipped and he cut
his finger. The princess instantly
voted herself to giving first aid to the
injured by binding up the statesman's
wound. During the process he bowed
and said:

"When I asked for bread they gave

FOR WEAK MEN



This is to Weak Men, Rheumatics,
Dyspeptics, Men With Lame Backs,
Weak Kidneys, Lost Vitality, Varicocoele,
Sciatica, Constipation, Wasting of Vital
Strength, "Come and Go" Pains, and to
Women With the Weaknesses Peculiar
to Their Sex.

Thousands of young, middle-aged and old men
suffering from want of strength and vigor, induced by
a variety of causes, such as fast living, dissipation,
overwork, mental anxiety, brain fog, etc., who might
quickly regain full possession of mental and physical
powers by using

Dr. McLaughlin's
Electric Belt

It does wonders in a few applications. It arouses all
the dormant energies, develops muscular and nerve
life, and restores the feeling of youth, courage and
vigor. It makes men over again. It makes perfect men of the puniest, weakest specimens of "half-
men." Give me one of those unfortunates with swollen and distorted joints. Give me a man with
pains in his back, in his shoulders, hips and chest. I will pour the oil of life into his joints, warm them
up, start the life blood circulating and remove his pains in a few days. My Belt will cure him and fill
him full of life and courage and make him glad with the sunshine of youth. And it never burns or
blisters. Any man or woman who will secure me can have my Belt and

PAY WHEN CURED

And in case it fails it will not cost you a cent. I know what my Belt has done and is doing to-day.
Every town and hamlet is shouting its praise.

CAUTION. Beware of concerns offering a thin piece of felt as a substitute for my cushion elec-
trodes. These cheap coverings are used only to disguise their bare-metal, blistering
electrodes. They have to be soaked in water, which quickly dries and leaves them without current. My
cushion electrodes are my exclusive invention and cannot be imitated.
If you have one of these old-style, blistering belts I will take it in exchange for one of mine. I do this, not
that the old belt is of any use, for it is not, but to establish the value of my goods with people who have been
misled by the false claims of concerns selling a cheap, worthless article.

NOTE.—If you are tired of treatments that fail, I want you to study my plan, and when you see how
simple it is, come and try it.

Write for Book. If you can't call at my office write for my beautiful book, which describes
my method and gives prices. All letters are given prompt attention.
Statement blanks will be sent you, upon receipt of your symptoms I will advise you fully whether belts
will cure you and the cost. I will hold your letters sacredly confidential.

Office Hours 9 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. **DR. M. G. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto.**

Solitude.

me a stone, but I had a princess to
bind my wounds.

Another story was about Tennyson,
who had written an ode at the time of
the princess' arrival in England. The
ode left nothing to be desired in the
way of praise and comparison. It was
several years before the princess met
Tennyson and then, wanting to be gra-
cious, and having forgotten just what
the ode had been, she asked him to
read it to her. The poet started
in all right, but, as he waded deeper
and deeper through the honeyed verses
and the praise and the praise went
from a murmur to a roar and ended
with a burst of laughter.

Countless stories are told of the kind-
ness and thoughtfulness of Queen Al-
exandra. Charity begins at home, and
it is worth noticing that the Sandring-
ham people adore their mistress, who is
also their Queen. At one little cottage
a woman says:

"Yes, I've been able to get about all
winter and as soon as the Queen heads
I was too ill to attend to myself. She
has been here four months and her majesty
has been several times to see me."
The only child of the keeper of the
kennels was lying at the point of death,
but the man seemed to be cheered by a
telegram from the Queen and her sym-
telling of her anxiety and her sympathy.

"The Queen thought a lot of our lit-
tle girl," he said, and, somewhat to
Queen has that rare gift of making
everybody feel that she thinks a lot of
them. Mrs. Tooley visited a neighbor-
ing hospital one day and found the
place bubbling with excitement because
the Queen had just been there in her
motor car.

"It was most specially to see me,
ma'am, that the Queen came," remark-
ed an old woman who had burned her
face by accidentally setting fire to her
cap. "You see, I've been gatekeeper
for years at one of the lodges and
the Queen came to see me. When I
stood up respectfully-like, she'd say:
"Now sit down and tell me how
you're all getting on."

"And she'd bring the dear children
with her. Poor Prince Eddy! He was
never far from her side; and Prince
George would be running all 'round my
place asking about everything. My
dear, when their majesties came, and
accident happened when their majes-
ties were much engaged in London,
but when the Queen came to Sand-
ringham she said, 'I can't leave with-
out seeing granny,' and she brought
me a basket of fruit and flowers, and
boxes of chocolates to the other pa-
tients. She went round all the wards,
but, of course, ma'am, it was most
especially to see me, she came."

There is another hospital nearby,
which was opened in 1877 in
thanksgiving for the recovery of the
Prince of Wales. The Queen recently
gave some new beds to the hospital,
and she went on one of the beds to see if
the mattresses and springs were all right.
Most of the patients were taking the
air at the time of the royal call, but
when they came in and found out what
had happened, they got what consola-
tion they could by taking turns roll-
ing on the bed where she had lain. Mrs.
Tooley very pertinently wonders
whether the spring mattress is still
in good condition after that test.

To Americans it is almost a surprise
that the Prince and Princess of Wales
have had any home life at all. Ac-
cording to the papers they seemed
generally to be engaged in a mad round
of laying corner-stones, opening hos-
pitals, visiting asylums and similar
doings. That this is not without
foundation is shown by the following
extracts from the papers, according to
Mrs. Tooley, from the court journal:

July 6.—Visit to St. Saviour's Church
for Deaf and Dumb.
July 7.—Opening of new wing of
French Hospital, also Fete Francaise
on behalf of French benevolent insti-
tutions.
July 8.—Laying of foundation stone
of new building for Royal Hospital for
Incurables.

July 9.—Visit to Royal Normal Col-
lege for the Blind.
This doesn't sound gay nor calculat-
ed to make one pine to be a royal prin-
cess. In fact it sounds very much
as if the Queen is a very busy woman,
and a hard-working one, too.

When you feel weak, run-down,
nervous, unable to Muburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills. They'll built up your
energy.

The Invalid's Delicate Stomach
Always Tolerates
Malt Breakfast Food

The great virtues of Malt Breakfast
Food, as well as its tonic and correct-
ing influence on the organs of digestion,
are well known to the physicians, and
those interested in pure food products,
Invalids and dyspeptics who cannot
tolerate oatmeal and other grain foods,
find that Malt Breakfast Food is
eaten and easily retained on the
weak stomach. The invalid is pleased
to note after a few meals of Malt Break-
fast Food that every function of the
fast Food is energized and invigorated.
Malt Breakfast Food stands unqualed
as a builder and strengthener of the
weak and delicate. Many of Can-
ada's ablest medical men are now
regularly prescribing Malt Breakfast
Food for invalids and convalescents.
It is the only breakfast food that pro-
duces muscle, tissue and solid flesh.
Your Grocer will recommend it.

The woman as porter and guard al-
ready is known in French railways,
but now a German railroad has em-
ployed a larger field to women, and is em-
ploying them as booking clerks, tele-
graph operators, and in other posts.

Loss of appetite is an ailment that in-
duces others, which are worse—Hood's
Sarsaparilla cures them all.

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Invalids and dyspeptics who cannot
tolerate oatmeal and other grain foods,
find that Malt Breakfast Food is
eaten and easily retained on the
weak stomach. The invalid is pleased
to note after a few meals of Malt Break-
fast Food that every function of the
fast Food is energized and invigorated.
Malt Breakfast Food stands unqualed
as a builder and strengthener of the
weak and delicate. Many of Can-
ada's ablest medical men are now
regularly prescribing Malt Breakfast
Food for invalids and convalescents.
It is the only breakfast food that pro-
duces muscle, tissue and solid flesh.
Your Grocer will recommend it.

The woman as porter and guard al-
ready is known in French railways,
but now a German railroad has em-
ployed a larger field to women, and is em-
ploying them as booking clerks, tele-
graph operators, and in other posts.

Loss of appetite is an ailment that in-
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Is Your Child in Danger?

Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Severe Chest
Colds are Threatening.

It is the old story of wet feet, exposure to cold and dampness and
chilled bodies. Towards night the hoarseness comes and the hollow,
croupy or tight chest cough. Then mother's anxiety, for she knows the
danger and the suddenness with which the little ones are sometimes
snatched away. When you think of the thousands of
times that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine
has saved the lives of the little ones it is scarcely
to be wondered at that mothers look upon it with con-
fidence and satisfaction.



Mr. Peter Sides, 539 Clinton street,
Toronto, states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup
of Linseed and Turpentine is, in my
opinion, a splendid remedy for children,
being at once soothing and easy to
take. It cured my two-year-old girl of
a bad cold and croupy cough. It was
no trouble to get her to take it, and
the relief was remarkably quick."

Mr. D. Graham, 45 Callendar street,
Toronto, states:—"My boy, aged six
years, was developing all the symp-
toms of pneumonia, when we com-
menced giving him this valuable rem-
edy. It very quickly checked the ad-
vance of disease, and in a few days
he was as well as ever and at school
again."

Dr.