THE A THE SECOND SECTION OF THE SECOND SECTION ASSESSMENT ASSESSME

# The Rose and Lily Dagger

A TALE OF WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S PERFIDY & & &

"No, he will not ask me again," quis was proceeding thitler, when she said, and she was forcing herself to tell him all that occurred on the bridge, when the major started to his feet.

"No, he will not ask me again," quis was proceeding thitler, when suddenly a soft breath of music came floating downwards, and filled the started to his feet.

"You don't mean to say that you ere harsh to him, Elaine? Good eavens! Such an offer! Such a match! You needn't have offended the private approach to the picture him. I"—he put his hat straight gallery, at the end of which were with his usual carefulness—"I placed his own apartments—and wouldn't have heaven. wouldn't have had it happen for the world. Look here; I'm going down to the club,"

It softly on his arm. "Papa!" He looked down at her with an

evasive, troubled look on his hand-some, selfish face.

"Paga, it would be no use. Do not,

He colored. Don't do what? It's all very well, by dear, but I can't afford to lose friend like Sherwin. Why"—his face reddened-"he's-he's been awfully

useful to me. She understood, and her hand droned. Her face dropped too, and she id the shame burning in it with hands. Do not," she said again. "It would

be no use. I-I could never, never marry him, dear." the major had gone, and she heard his step, unusually hurried and heavy, as he passed through the room to the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

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The marquis remained for some minutes in the attitude in which Elaine had seen him, then, without a glance even up the hill, walked slowly toward the house.

The grounds were of extreme beauty, and as carefully kept up as if their lordly owner spent most of

their lordly owner spent most of his time at the Castle, instead of few days now and again. The grass of the lawns was like vel-et; there was not a weed on the smooth gravel paths. Here and there, as he neared the house, a statue of snowy marble gleamed whitely in the twilight, made dusky by the trees. At the further end of the grounds there opened out a wide extense of park detted here wide expanse of park, dotted here and there by noble trees, under

and there by noble trees, under which the deer flitted like shadows. Presently he passed round one of the bends in the winding path, and came in sight of the house, looming ghost-like against the background elms and firs. As he did so, the ight figure of a woman came own the path toward him. He did not see her, for he was walking along slowly and thoughtfully, his bent on the ground, but she saw him, and quick as thought slip-ped aside into the shadows of the

had a dark silk shawl or scarf thrown over her head, which, as the night was warm, must have been more for concealment than warmth, and from under the dark folds her face shone almost white. Her hair was red, and her eyes, as they watched the approaching marquis with feline keenness, took to themselves a greenish hue. It was the young lady whom Bridget had declared she could not bear, Miss Inchley, the housekeep-

niece. The marquis passed her unsuspectingly, and avoiding the front of the house—along which stretched a wide white terrace, broken in the centre

The base of the tower was not of the marquis was too familiar with the place to need a light, and, ascending a short flight of steps, passed into a semi-circular hall. It was not quite dark here, for a glimmer (of light issued from an opening at the end of which was the great central hall; and the marting the great central hall; and the great centra

He stopped and listened with down-cast head for a minute, then turned to a rather narrow stairway—it was

wouldn't have had it happen for the world. Look here; I'm going hown to the club,"

As he did so the music sounded nearer. It proceeded from an Elaine put out her hand, and laid organ under a lafge oriel window. The thick pile of the carpet which covered the floor of the gallery deadened the marquis' footsteps, and he went up to the organ, and stood leaning against it and looking down at the player.

He was a young man, with a thin, emaciated face, which, like his body, emaciated face, which, like his body, seemed worn by bain and suffering; but. pale and wan as it was, the face was beautiful in its expression of peaceful calm, as if patience had set her seal upon his brow, and smoothed with pitying hand the tender, quivering lips. The hair, black as night, fell back from the white forehead in thick long curls that swept the thin cheeks and increased the pallor of the face.

He made no sign of consciousness as

He made no sign of consciousness as

He made no sign of consciousness as the marquis approached, and the soft grey eyes which had been fixed upon the window did not turn or waver. He had not heard the marquis, and he had not seen him. For he was blind. The long, thin flugers touched the keys softly, caressingly, for a few minutes longer, and the music continued to float like a cloud of sound through the magnificent gallery; but bresently the marquis sighed, and in an instant the supple fingers stiffened into motionlessness, and, with fened into motionlessness, and, with-out turning his head, the player said:

"Nairne!"
It was only a single word, but the tone in which it was uttered spoke volumes. There was the humility of gratitude, the warmth of love, the tenderness of sympathy.

"Yes, it's I, Luigi," said the marquis. "Your ears are quick."

"And yet I did not hear you come in." said the player in a slow, low voice, like that of one more necustomed to silence than speech. 'Nairno!'

"It was only when I heard you

"I didn't speak," said the marquis with th a half smile.
You signed," said the other quick-

ly, though softly, "and that is enough for me. Shall I leave off playing?"
"No," said the marquis; "go on,

What is it?"
Luigi shrugged his shoulders.
"A nothing," he said gently, he said gently, and began to play again.

The marquis remained motionless for a minute or two, then he began to walk to and fro, and this time Luigi heard his steps, and stopped stopped.

playing. What is the matter, Nairne?" he

asked. The marquis pulled up short be-side him, and laughed grimly. "Nothing more than usual," he said. "One of my black fits; that is all."

"That is all!" echoed Luigi, with "That is all!" echoed Luigh, with a solt lenthening of the words rather than a sigh. "What is it? Can you tell me? Ah. I am always forgetting our bargain—my promise."

"Bargain! promise?" repeated

white terrace, broken in the centre by the steps leading to the front hall—made his way to a small tower at the side. He stepped at a door wreathed in ivy, and, taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it. If he had reached the door a minute or two earlier he would have met Miss finchley emerging from it, notwithstanding that the entrance was supposed to be reserved exclusively for the marquis, who imagined that he alone held the key.

The base of the tower was not of treat extent, and was unlighted; but the marquis was too familiar with the place to need a light, and, ascending a short flight of steps, passed into a semi-circular hall. It was not quite dark here, for a gettimmer tof light issued from an extended and pressed down a soft chord.

"Bargain! promise?" repeated the marquis4

The other nodded and pressed down a soft chord.

"Yes. You may have forgottea—lt would be like you. Nairue!—but I have not. I remember, always; and often the remembrance keeps me silent when I know by the tone of your when I know by the tone of your after than addressing another—"as I was playing just now before you came in, I was thinking of that day you found me. I was seeing, plainer than I ever seen anything, or shall ever seen anything or shall ever seen anything and resignation—"the

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was ill of the fever, did they not, Nairne? None of us like to use the true word, starvation. It is such an ugly word, is it not? But it was that of which I was dying. And then you came, I heard your step on the stair, and I thought it was that of the landlord—the landlord who had given me notice that marning to new my me notice that morning to pay

He stopped a moment, in which the narquis said quietly: "That will do, Luigi." But the other went on, still as if

to himself:
"I think Death must have been sorely disappointed. It was such a near thing, was it not? But you are so strong, Nairne. Even Death must own itself vanquished by that iron will of yours, and you snatched me out of his clutches. I thought me out of his clutches. I thought at the time that it was scarcely worth the trouble. I should still think so, but that I hug the fancy to me that my poor music sometimes pleases—soothes you; and it is all have, Nairne, with which to express my gratitude and love for the man who saved my life, and—ah, yes, made it worth living. So you were not satisfied with snatching me from death. Most men would have been; but not you, not you, Nairne. You knew that eyes death would have been. knew that even death would have been kinder than the existence I had been leading, and you made the life that had been a hell a para-

"Tut!" said the marquis. "I got an organist—a musician—on and easy terms, you mean."
Luigi smiled.
"Yes, that is the way you put it

when the world asks you wonder-ingly why you hamper yourself with the poor blind Italian, who should have been satisfied with being saved from starvation, and not repaid his rom starvation, and not reposition of sentiactor, so poorly by hanging on to him for the rest of his life! That the part it, is it not? is the way you put it, is it not? And it is like you. And the world is deceived. Ah. Nairne, the world is deceived. Ah. Nairne, the world is blinder even than Luigi Zanti. Poor

world."

He touched the keys, and flooded the gallery with a sound of gentle derision and pity.

"But the bargain—the promise," he went on. "You forget. It was that I should never trouble you. Whatever I heard, whatever I say—with these fingers of mine, which seem to have eyes sometimes!—I was to ask no questions. mine, which seem to have eyes sometimes!—I was to ask no questions. And so, though I hear you sigh, I must be silent, Nairne; must be silent, though I'd give—" He laughed softly, with self-seorn. "Why, what thave I to give? My life? That is yours already! But I'd give it over and over again to lift the burden, whatever it may be from those whatever it may be, from those strong shoulders, from that kind heart of yours, Nairne?"

The marguis looked down at the pale, upturned face with a frown "Luigi," he said, as if by some impulse, "did you ever see-" He stop-

#### CROSS BABIES

Some babies appear always ugly tempered. It can't be all original sin either, not in your baby anyway. Your baby is not a cross baby for nothing. He is cross because he is uncomfortable. A difference like magic is effected by Baby's Own Tablets. They do immediate and permanent good; they cannot possibly to any herm. No trouble; no spilling; no difficulty getting them into laby's mouth; for very young infants they can be crumbled to a powder or given in water. They are eweet and children like them. No owest and children like them. No mother has ever used Baby's Own Tablets without finding that they do good for children of all ages, Mrs. M. Watters, Sheenboro, Que, says: "I have used many medicines for lit-tle ones but have never found anything equal to Baby's Own Tablets. simply would not be without the true house, and I strongly reconcerd them to all other mothers. Baby's Own Tablets cure all the mother of little mothers and a strong would not be without them ouse, and I strongly recom-

minor aliments of little ones, and you have a positive guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all druggists or mailed post paid at 25 cents a box by writing diet to the Dr. Williams' Co., Brockville, Ont.

ped and bit his lip at his slip of the tongue; but the other smiled.
"Go on; see what?"
"I meant that picture of Murillo's

in the Vatican; I mean the girl with the lilies ?"

ly. "They call it 'The Lily and the Lilies." "I know," said the blind man soft-

"Yes, that is it; and yet it's a bad name for tt. There is so much of the rose and the passion flower in her. I saw her this evening, Luigi; here in the park. Her eyes looked at me as they look out of the picture; shy, yet brave, sweet eyes, with the innocent wonder of a girl, the half-conscious witchery of woman, in

"A goung English girl?" said the blind man musingly. "So beautiful?" The marquis laughed grimly. "Beautiful? I hate the word. It

means just nothing; a doll's face and a simper. I tell you this girl—" He stopped with compressed lips, as if he repented what he had said.

"And you saw her for the first time, and here?" said Luigi, with intense yet unobtrusive interest and eagerness. "And it is her beauty, her witchery, that makes you sad, is that so?" He smiled. "Perhaps it is the sigh that preludes the smile." "Pertir but your and the makes that comes before joy; the sigh that preludes the smile." the sadness that comes the sigh that preludes the smile. "Pretty, but vague," said the mar-mis grimly. "You mean—what do

The blind man touched the keys caressingly, and a love lyric began to throb round and about them. "They say, Nairne," he said, "that for every soul born into the world some other is sent to mate with it.
Perhaps—don't be angry —you have
met your other soul here, and tonight?
The marguis from the soul have

The marquis frowned, and thrust-ing his hands into his pockets said sternly:

To be Continued)

Not in His Line.

"What is his status in this com munity, if I may ask?"
"He ain't got none that I ever heard on. He run a grocery for a while down to the Corners, but if he ever had any status there 'twa'nt kept out in sight where anybody could see it." SIGNS OF SPRING

It is a season When Most People Fee Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out

The spring season affects the health of almost everyone—of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions. Fickle appetite, sallow cheeks and lacklustre eyes are other signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone—young and old—need a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medical science has discovered is Dr. Williams' Plnk Pills. These pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, rich, red blood. That's why they give you a healthy appetite and cure all blood and nerve diseases—anaemia, skin diseases ervsipelas: rheumatism, nen-

neattny appetite and cure all blood and nerve diseases—anaemia, skin diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neu-raigia, palpitation of the heart, and a score of other troubles caused by bad blood and bad blood alone. Dr. Williams Pink Pills will give you new blood, new Are, new energy— you cannot do better than start, taking them to-day.

taking them to-day.

Mr. Jos. Poirier, M. P. P., Grand
Anse, N. B., says: "Both my wife
and daughter have been greatly
benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,

My daughter was in very poor health, pale, thin and apparently bloodless, but through the use of the pills she has regained her health and is again able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine when the blood is near? Substitutes when the blood is poor." Substitutes are sometimes offered, but they never cure. If you can't get the genuine pills from your dealer, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at '50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

# とうらうらうらうろん Agricultural College for the Northwest Territories

らしいいいいい The difficulties that beset new settlers in the Northwest Territor. ies in the matter of adapting their ways to local agricultural conditions will shortly be overcome by the establishment, at Regina, by private intervention, of an agricultural college and experiment sta-tion. The necessary funds have been provided to ensure the work for a couple of years, and an efficient staff is being engaged to cover a series of three months' course the seven main branches of practical agriculture, under the managing directorship of W. H. Coard, LL.D., of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. The fee for the of Agriculture. The fee for the short course will be \$10, and Dr. Coard will leave Ottawa for the west on the 22nd of March to "spy out the land" and arrange for the

commencement of active educational operations. The staff will comprise professors of agriculture, chemistry, veterin-ary science, dalrying, korticulture and natural history and anatomy; a lecturer of Domestic Science and

cookery, and a bursar and librarian.

Dr. Coard will hold the professorship of agriculture and the lectureship of entomology; and the name of the other professors and lecture. or the other professors and lectur-ers will be announced during Dr. Coard's visit to the west. The syl-labus will be issued shortly and the short course will present excep-tional opportunities. tional opportunities tional opportunities to farmers sons, as well as new settlers, to receive an agricultural training of a practical character. The college is being established under substantial patronage, and, while not being inaugurated by either Federal or Provincial Legislatures, will receive the educational support of both.

Onion Cures.

The idea of an onion cure may not strike the fancy of the aesthetic; There are three kinds of doses in

and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with finely-chopped raw onions, seasoned with sait and pepper, makes the second meal on the schedule. For supper, the onions may be fried as for breakfast, and eaten with a

chop and a baked potato.

The strange efficacy of onions is well known to the singers of Italy and Spain, who eat them every day to improve the quality of their voices

to improve the quality of their voices and keep them smooth.

Onion plasters are prescribed to break up hard coughs. They are made of fried onions placed between two pieces of old muslin. The plaster is kept quite hot until the patient is snugly in bed, when it is placed on the chest, to stay over night. night.

Onion syrup is a dose that can be bought of any druggist, and is claimed by some to be unequaled as a cure for a bad cold in the chest. All this is probably quite true. For to be done up with onions, both inside and out, would be enough, certainly, to chase out any self-respecting cold.

A Word of Caution. "Yes, doctor, I want to see you. It's about my wife. She's got something in her throat that hurts her just as soon as she gets to talking. She's coming over to see you her-self. And you'll be very careful, won't

you?"
"About removing it?"
"No. About not removing it."
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A funny girl is never so popular as a funny man.—Detroit Journal.

#### ••••••• HOW RAT-CATCHERS

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### DO THEIR WORK.

It is the city rat-catcher, and he is calling to his little brown beasts. They know his whistle, from Charing Cross to Bishopsgate Without. It is the whistle of death. As he passes along the highways of the city the rate of the restaurants, the rate of the warehouses, the rate of rate of the warehouses, the rate of the factories, the rate of the shops hear the death whistle calling them. It has called away their mothers, Their fathers have followed it. Their their fathers have followed it. Their brothers and sisters were enticed by it. Their wives and their sweethearts and their children could not resist it. That weird, wailing whistle is the breath of death, and the world of rats who raven on the refuse of the city know the piping of the niner.

world of rais who raven on the refuse of the city know the piping
of the piper.

There is no escaping it. He knows
all their haunts. He has routed them
down by the river in the warehouses
that hide the wharves. He has followed them into the great hotels
on the embankment, where the best
chefs of Europe cater for them. He
has tracked them into the drain
pipes of the business places of the
city princes. He has whistled their
friends away from the basements of
the shops in the Strand. His whistle
has been heard in every court and
alley round Cheapside.

And he knows their little ways
They cannot deceive him. He knows
how fast they breed. A litter of five
at three months old. A litter of sixteen when they are full grown, and

teen when they are full grown, and fresh families eight times a year. Fattening on the food refuse of London, they would breed a population that would eat up the city were it not for that terrible piper and his whistle

whistle. He comes to-night. He knocks at the little side door of a great and famous restaurant. It is opened silently, and now his whistle stops, and he steps noiselessly into the spacious room which still smells of the day's dinner. It is pitch dark; but out of one of those white-covered bundles he pulls a bull's-eye lantern, which he fastens to his belt, Then he slips off the white cloths. Then he slips off the white cloths Then he slips off the white cloths, revealing two great cages and a roll of netting. Across doors and passages he pins these nets, and then, gazing about the room with the glaring eyeball of the lantern, waits sliently and motionless, with the white hazel rod dipped towards the floor. Hark! What is that? The patter of tiny feet at the far end of the room. Then a little shrill squeak, followed by silence. For ten seconds nothing stirs. Then the patter of

nothing stirs. Then the patter o feet begins again softly at first, but followed by a scurrying and a hurry-ing. Louder and louder grows the noise. There is a scrambling and a noise. There is a scramoling and a jumping tumbling, a bumping and a jumping with boards creaking and furniture rocking, pots langling, and pans banging, and there is a whispering and a muttering, a snapping and yapping, and squeaking and shriek-

Then the bull's eye flashes round the room, shedding its rays upon a mass of struggling, wriggling creatures.

Rats! Out of every corner and
Rats! have swarm noisily, hungrily,

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, Grave old plodders, gay young frisk-

ers, Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, Families by tens and dozens."

Ugh! A horrid, creepy, crawly Ugh! A horrld, creepy, crawly, sight. The ground heaves with them. Their panting breath fills the room with a gasping, gurgling noise. Their obscene, vermin-tortured bodies exhale a sickening, stifling stench. The beady eyes of this squirming mass of hairy flesh gleam wildly, forecomply.

mass of hairy flesh gleam wildly, feverishly, feroclously.

They are starving. All day long they have hidden in their holes, sniffing with the exquisite agony of hungry smell those luscious meats which gray smell those luscious meats which bowever, the experience of those who have tried it is that it works wonders in restoring a cold-racked system to its normal state again, says the Minneapolis Times.

There are three kinds of doses in the state of the coldent of the go to feed the greedy human crea-

But now, ah—the time has come. The refuse of the restaurant still smells good, and though there is not enough for all it is worth the fight-

enough for all it is worth the fighting for.

And now begins such a rushing and pushing, such a biting and scratching, such a tumbling and worrying, such a yelping and squeaking, that it might be a body of demons let loose in this London shop.

Suddenly, there is a new, strange noise. A whistle rings through the room—a wild, walling whistle, followed by a strange.

owed by a strange, throbbing

It is the rat-catcher, and the little It is the rat-catcher, and the little brown heasts are struck with the panic of death. Screeching and scratching, they stamped towards the doors and passages, but only to hurl themselves against the piper's nets, into which they tumble headlong, unable to get out again. In twos and sixes and dozens and scores the rats scamper into the trap. And the man with the hazel wand, suddenly striring from his stillness, darts round the room, whipping the rats out of corners and from behind pots, and away from the walls, driving out of corners and from behind pots, and away from the walls, driving them towards his nets, with that shrill whistle and that strange, beast-like cry.

It is a nightmare—this tall, white-

faced man, alone in the great, dark room, flashing his lantern hither and thither, amid the squealing, squirm-ing vermin, whipping them with his white wand, and leaping and dodging as if in some devil-dance, while all the time his ear-piercing notes ring out exultantly.

out exultantly. When the dawn comes, and the thin. black-garbed man steps out, with blinking eyes, into the grey light of the streets, he walks no longer jaunt-ily, but staggers under a heavy bur-den. For the cages beneath the white cloth are filled with a writhing mass of living creatures, a solid block of rats piled upon each other's backs, and destined for salé at fourpence apiece to the dog-fanciers of Shore-ditch, where the city rat-catcher disposes of the "bag" resulting from his nightly hunting.—London Mail.

## BALD HEADS

The Pessimistic Views of an Old Tonsorial Artist.

The Old Barber was in a gloomy mood. He was talking about bald heads. "Hair may disappear altogether after a while," he said, "and in that event barbers will have less to do than they have now. It will force the barbers out of business. From the way I look at it men are largely responsible for being baldheaded. They do not take proper care of their head covering. Long hair is one of the worst things in the world. No man can keep his scalp thoroughly clean and wear long hair. If the scalp is not kept clean the hair will become unhealthy. It will finally die Besides, it requires more nourishment for a long hair than it does

for a short one.
"Men starve their hair to death Hairs must be fed and nourished like any other part of the human system. There is a quantity of oil in a little bulb at the root of each hair, and it is upon this substance that the hair feeds. The oil oozes out into the opening in the hair. I suppose the heat of the body the body forces this oily substance up through the hollow of the hair, very much like the heat of the atvery much like the heat of the atmosphere forces the fluid up in a thermometer. At any rate, it is forced up and often cozes out the end of the hair. Barbers have resorted to singeing in order to keep this oil in the hair. Singeing closes the hollow, seals it, and the oil is absorbed by the hair. If the hair is allowed to grow to any great length there is not enough oil to properly feed it. It becomes dry and finally dies. It cracks open the and finally dies. It cracks open the splits in two separate parts. This process continues until a man becomes bald, often prematurely, and he never knows just how it all

happens. "There is another thing to be considered in this connection. The ten sidered in this connection. The ten-sion of life is high now, and men are more feverish than they used to be. This condition has a serious effect on a man's hair, tending to deaden it; and it falls out. Be-tween these influences, and others which might be enumerated, bald heads have been accumulating at an There are three kinds of doses in the onion cure, or three onion cures, as you may choose to put it. One is a diet of onions. The other is onion plasters. And the third is onion syrup.

It is claimed by those who believe in the onion cure that a bad cold can be broken up if the patient will stay in doors and feed on a liberal one exclusive diet but a liberal one. For instance, an onlon cure breakfast includes a poached egg on toast, three tablespoonfuls of fried onions and a cup of coffee. Luncheon of sandwiches, made of Boston brown bread, buttered and filled with fine.

# Pains in Chest The Danger Signal

That Tells of Approaching Pneumonia or Serious Lung Trouble-Prevent Further Trouble by Using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

coughing or a long breath causes pain, or a feeling of soreness in the chest, when the linings of the throat and bronchial tubes feel raw and sore, when you feel that the cold which you expected to wear away is getting the better of you, turn to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and you will get prompt relief and cure.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad catch cold, Last winter I was so bad with a cold I could not speak above a whisper, and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully effective. It is not a mere cough mixture, but a thorough and far-reaching medicine, which acts on the whole system, and drives out disease; 25 cents a bottle; Yamily size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or being any or being the control of the coupling of the control of the control

When it hurts to cough, when lottle cured my cold, which, I beoughing or a long breath causes lieve, would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine." Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl, of three years, had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world, as her case resisted the doctors' treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the ohild began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day thankful to say is all right to-day after several weeks' sickness."

As a prompt cure for croup, bron-chitis, whooping cough, asthma and all throat and lung affections, Dr., Cinace's Syrup of Linseed and Tur-pentine is wonderfully effective. It is