

SCOTTISH  
SYMPATHY

An Impressive Scene at the Funeral of Dr. Stewart, of Nether Lochaber.

Mourners United the Gaelic and Saxon Tongues at the Solemn Occasion.

The following account of the impressive scenes in connection with the funeral of the late Dr. Stewart, of Nether Lochaber, is clipped from a recent issue of the Oban Times, Scotland. It is reproduced in The Planet at the request of a Harwich clansman.

Lochaber, Jan. 21, 1901.

This has been a sorrowful day in our lives, a day to date events from the day of "Nether's" funeral. Through the rain and wind, and against a pitiless, cold, wintry day, we had to pass the way of "Nether's" funeral. To pay our last respects to Lochaber's darling—known to many, but loved by all—the inimitable "Nether." By no other name could he be made to speak of him. Alike in Gaelic speech and Saxon tongue it was "Nether," and today it fell tenderly from many lips. The outlook was dreary and depressing as we struggled on. The ferries were tedious and not without danger. Nothing but the grim determination to put a worthy finish to a worthy life record made us persevere. The Lochaber hills were weeping as the Lochaber wives were too. Just the other day—the day he died—we had bright winter sunshine, clear skies, bracing air, and a promise of spring abroad; the very weather he delighted in, and the sunshine he so much loved. We looked across the Oich as it nestled so cozily in the sun, and we felt it hard to believe that it also held Death. Then, when we went across the bridge, beside the dead we did not wish the sunshine kept away. He looked so happy. He seemed bathed in some shimmering light. Death was really fair to look upon. We were as the sleep after victory. We trod lightly lest we might awaken him. Out in the sunshine again we turned our eyes to the great Glencoe hills, and then to the snow-clad peaks "standing like surprised priests at the altar of Nature." And as we gazed, we felt it was no wonder that "Nether" died. They were things deep and sweet to him. They were to him the shadows of those "everlasting hills from whence cometh our help," and ever and anon they lifted up his thoughts to God.

But to-day these hills have mantled their heads and veiled their faces, for they refuse to look upon that sad and strange procession that slowly creeps from Manse to Church, and the lament that waits for the "passing" of Nether makes them weep.

THE ASSEMBLING.

But we must not linger. Group after group of stalwart men and lads converged from all sides down to the little Manse by Loch Linnhe's shores. They had their own business, but they came to see Nether. They had come from Lochaber, and Brae Lochaber, and Nether Lochaber; from Ardour and Duror and Appin; from Brae Lochaber and Glencoe, and Glenlivet, as well as the great cities in the south. Gentle and simple alike laid aside business and labor for this occasion. Not a bow was drawn, not a word spoken, not a quarrel of Ballachulish; they were closed, for not a workman would absent himself from "Nether's" funeral. Yet so difficult was the crossing of the ferry, that many were quite unable to get across in time to join the procession, and had regretfully to return home.

THE SCENE AT THE MANSE.

Around the modest Manse the mourners thronged as the hour of noon drew near. Relieving the sombre black of mourning attire were the bright scarlet tufts of the Balmuccia, which had mustered in full strength as an escort to the cortege, under Sergeant Major Campbell. These lined the walk and road, and at the last stages of the journey carried the bier to the church. A little apart stood the six pipers whose plaintive music was so unique and pleasing a feature in the ceremony. In the Manse a simple service was conducted. The Rev. Robert Crawford, who is senior member of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and the valued friend of the family, had charge of all the devotional exercises. In the Manse service he was assisted by the Rev. John MacCall, First Church minister of Lochaber, long a near neighbor and much esteemed, who offered up a touching prayer in Gaelic. A short portion of Scripture having been read by the Rev. D. Cameron, Rector of St. John's-Balachulish, the Rev. Canon MacCall, of Fort William, engaged in prayer in prayer in English, and thereafter the procession was formed.

THE PROCESSION.

The pipers led the way with the touching strains of "Chia till mi tuille." After them came relays of Lochaber men, Ballachulish men, and Stewart clansmen, ready to take their turn under the bier. The coffin, which was of polished oak, was carried shoulder high by the men. On it lay the LL. D. hood and the College trencher. The chief mourners were Mr. K. M. Stewart, the son, and Mr. William Bain, the son-in-law, and the four grandsons—Masters Alexander, David and Duncan Stewart, and William Bain. Then followed the Presbytery of Aberdeen, represented by the Revs. Messrs. Crawford, McRae, Ardour, and G. McLean, Fort William. Other clergymen present were the Rev. James MacDougall, of Duror; Rev. D. MacFarlane, Glenlivet; Rev. Canon MacCall, Rev. Canon MacKenzie, Duror; Rev. D. Cameron, Ballochulish; Rev. John MacCall, Rev. Duncan MacNaughton, Roy Bridge; Rev. J. R. Vincent, St. Bride's; and Rev. Alex. MacInnes, St. Mary's, Glenlivet. Then came leading Highland gentlemen, such as Lochiel, Stewart of Achnacoe, Captain Drummond, of Ballochulish; Mr. Haldane, of At-

shellach, and others. Here followed the representatives of various public bodies. The Clan Stewart Society had sent the Rev. John Stewart, from Glasgow. The Town Council of Fort William had sent Provost Young, Baines N. B. MacKenzie, and John Cameron, and Councillors MacColl, D. Cameron, and John MacPhoe. The Kirk-Sessions of Lochaber, Ardour, Kilmallie, Fort William, Glenlivet, and Duror, were also largely represented. There were also representatives on behalf of Mrs. Stuart of Dalness, Mrs. MacLean of Ardour, and Mrs. Cameron Lucy of Callart. The general body of the public followed six abreast and in the rear were many private carriages. It is estimated that nearly eight hundred persons took their place in the procession, which moved with slow and reverent steps to the Parish Church. Many affecting scenes were witnessed on the way. The women and children lined the banks along the road and weeping was unrestrained. How often they had seen "Nether" go that road before, and now that his last journey had come, hearts were full to overflowing. The music was particularly plaintive. The "Flowers of the Forest," and "Lord Lovat's Lament," were borne on the wind with thrilling cadences. Strong men bowed their heads, and the feelings of all were deeply touched. Just as the cortege reached the church the gloomy clouds lifted, the sky cleared, and the Glenlivet peaks passed into view with startling vividness. It was one of those sudden changes so common among the mountains, but it seemed as if they wished to catch a last glimpse of him who loved them and knew them ere he passed from their sight. As the gates of the church grounds were entered once again was "Chia till mi tuille" softly played, and then we passed into the church.

THE SERVICE.

Here the service was more elaborate than in the Manse, and was entirely in Gaelic to be in keeping with the ministry now so worthily finished. The Rev. R. Crawford again presided. Upon the Communion table, covered with its white Communion cloth, was the bier laid, and as many of the procession as could find room went reverently seated. A large number of parishioners had already been waiting in the church for the service. This was begun by singing a part of the 46th Psalm, a favorite of his own, and as the familiar and majestic words—

Se Dia a' tearmann duin gu beachd

Ar spionnadh e'n ar treis

were caught up by the audience, it was felt that pent-up feelings were finding needed outlet. The Old Testament portion was read by the Rev. R. Crawford. The New Testament portion by the Rev. Duncan MacRae of Ardour. Again a portion of the 163rd Psalm, "Nether's" favorite, was sung. They were things deep and sweet to him. They were to him the shadows of those "everlasting hills from whence cometh our help," and ever and anon they lifted up his thoughts to God.

But to-day these hills have mantled their heads and veiled their faces, for they refuse to look upon that sad and strange procession that slowly creeps from Manse to Church, and the lament that waits for the "passing" of Nether makes them weep.

THE ASSEMBLING.

But we must not linger. Group after group of stalwart men and lads converged from all sides down to the little Manse by Loch Linnhe's shores. They had their own business, but they came to see Nether. They had come from Lochaber, and Brae Lochaber, and Nether Lochaber; from Ardour and Duror and Appin; from Brae Lochaber and Glencoe, and Glenlivet, as well as the great cities in the south. Gentle and simple alike laid aside business and labor for this occasion. Not a bow was drawn, not a word spoken, not a quarrel of Ballachulish; they were closed, for not a workman would absent himself from "Nether's" funeral. Yet so difficult was the crossing of the ferry, that many were quite unable to get across in time to join the procession, and had regretfully to return home.

THE SCENE AT THE MANSE.

Around the modest Manse the mourners thronged as the hour of noon drew near. Relieving the sombre black of mourning attire were the bright scarlet tufts of the Balmuccia, which had mustered in full strength as an escort to the cortege, under Sergeant Major Campbell. These lined the walk and road, and at the last stages of the journey carried the bier to the church. A little apart stood the six pipers whose plaintive music was so unique and pleasing a feature in the ceremony. In the Manse a simple service was conducted. The Rev. Robert Crawford, who is senior member of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and the valued friend of the family, had charge of all the devotional exercises. In the Manse service he was assisted by the Rev. John MacCall, First Church minister of Lochaber, long a near neighbor and much esteemed, who offered up a touching prayer in Gaelic. A short portion of Scripture having been read by the Rev. D. Cameron, Rector of St. John's-Balachulish, the Rev. Canon MacCall, of Fort William, engaged in prayer in prayer in English, and thereafter the procession was formed.

THE PROCESSION.

The pipers led the way with the touching strains of "Chia till mi tuille." After them came relays of Lochaber men, Ballachulish men, and Stewart clansmen, ready to take their turn under the bier. The coffin, which was of polished oak, was carried shoulder high by the men. On it lay the LL. D. hood and the College trencher. The chief mourners were Mr. K. M. Stewart, the son, and Mr. William Bain, the son-in-law, and the four grandsons—Masters Alexander, David and Duncan Stewart, and William Bain. Then followed the Presbytery of Aberdeen, represented by the Revs. Messrs. Crawford, McRae, Ardour, and G. McLean, Fort William. Other clergymen present were the Rev. James MacDougall, of Duror; Rev. D. MacFarlane, Glenlivet; Rev. Canon MacCall, Rev. Canon MacKenzie, Duror; Rev. D. Cameron, Ballochulish; Rev. John MacCall, Rev. Duncan MacNaughton, Roy Bridge; Rev. J. R. Vincent, St. Bride's; and Rev. Alex. MacInnes, St. Mary's, Glenlivet. Then came leading Highland gentlemen, such as Lochiel, Stewart of Achnacoe, Captain Drummond, of Ballochulish; Mr. Haldane, of At-

THE PROCESSION.

The pipers led the way with the touching strains of "Chia till mi tuille." After them came relays of Lochaber men, Ballachulish men, and Stewart clansmen, ready to take their turn under the bier. The coffin, which was of polished oak, was carried shoulder high by the men. On it lay the LL. D. hood and the College trencher. The chief mourners were Mr. K. M. Stewart, the son, and Mr. William Bain, the son-in-law, and the four grandsons—Masters Alexander, David and Duncan Stewart, and William Bain. Then followed the Presbytery of Aberdeen, represented by the Revs. Messrs. Crawford, McRae, Ardour, and G. McLean, Fort William. Other clergymen present were the Rev. James MacDougall, of Duror; Rev. D. MacFarlane, Glenlivet; Rev. Canon MacCall, Rev. Canon MacKenzie, Duror; Rev. D. Cameron, Ballochulish; Rev. John MacCall, Rev. Duncan MacNaughton, Roy Bridge; Rev. J. R. Vincent, St. Bride's; and Rev. Alex. MacInnes, St. Mary's, Glenlivet. Then came leading Highland gentlemen, such as Lochiel, Stewart of Achnacoe, Captain Drummond, of Ballochulish; Mr. Haldane, of At-

THE PROCESSION.

The pipers led the way with the touching strains of "Chia till mi tuille." After them came relays of Lochaber men, Ballachulish men, and Stewart clansmen, ready to take their turn under the bier. The coffin, which was of polished oak, was carried shoulder high by the men. On it lay the LL. D. hood and the College trencher. The chief mourners were Mr. K. M. Stewart, the son, and Mr. William Bain, the son-in-law, and the four grandsons—Masters Alexander, David and Duncan Stewart, and William Bain. Then followed the Presbytery of Aberdeen, represented by the Revs. Messrs. Crawford, McRae, Ardour, and G. McLean, Fort William. Other clergymen present were the Rev. James MacDougall, of Duror; Rev. D. MacFarlane, Glenlivet; Rev. Canon MacCall, Rev. Canon MacKenzie, Duror; Rev. D. Cameron, Ballochulish; Rev. John MacCall, Rev. Duncan MacNaughton, Roy Bridge; Rev. J. R. Vincent, St. Bride's; and Rev. Alex. MacInnes, St. Mary's, Glenlivet. Then came leading Highland gentlemen, such as Lochiel, Stewart of Achnacoe, Captain Drummond, of Ballochulish; Mr. Haldane, of At-

## THE DISTRICT.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

Corn still comes in at the warehouse about the farm, and have to put two spans of horses to their loads.

C. Forbes spent Sunday with friends in Chatham.

James Hamilton was in Detroit on Tuesday.

W. Hamlin, of Detroit, was a guest of G. Reaume and family this week.

Chas. Forbes speaks of going to Nebraska this spring.

The drainage pumps are working this week.

DOVER CENTRE.

Elmer Asher left for Calgary yesterday.

Ed. Fleming will remove to his farm in a few days. He will carry with him the best wishes of numerous friends.

Miss Elizabeth Windover, of Dresden, is the guest of Mrs. T. Asher.

The Foresters have appointed A. S. Huff and B. Rankin to look up a site for their new brick hall.

M. Rankin, the black sugar camp, is running full blast.

A. S. Huff has given the interior of his store a thorough overhauling and repainting, and the shelves are filled with the seasonable goods. Come and see them.

Rev. Mr. McLintock has resigned his charge, to take effect about June 1st.

TUPPERVILLE.

Report of S. S. No. 10.—Names arranged in order of merit:

Class IV.—Fred Pardo, Luther Thorpe, John Thorpe, Percy Carter.

Class III.—Myrtle Carter, Laurence McDonald, Eva Haggerty, William Glasford, Annie Glasford, Annie McDonald.

Class II.—Eliot Thorpe, Cardiner Adams, Levi Thorpe, David Adams, Clarence Haggerty, James Evans.

Class I.—Eric Vandusen, Roland Cartwright, William Travis, James Starks, Joseph Stevens, Mary Travis, Roy Baker, Archie Johnson.

M. FERGUSON, Teacher.

TILBURY.

March 29.—One of the horses employed on the M. C. R. grading died in March 29th yesterday morning and other in dying.

The work on which they are employed, severe on horse flesh.

Mr. and Mrs. Cartier returned to the lighthouse this week.

Richard Wilson, of the Tilbury flax mill, was in Tilbury yesterday.

Miss Jessie, Wilson is seriously ill with pneumonia.

H. Hallwood is attending grand jury at Chatham's court house.

The new books for the public library have been shipped.

Mrs. Aureole King, of Tilbury East, received a cheque yesterday for \$2,000 in settlement of her husband's debt at the M. C. R. crossing here.

DRESDEN.

March 28.—Miss Margaret Huff returned home last night after visiting friends in the Maple City.

Miss Ada Whitehead will hold her millinery opening on April 2nd. Don't fail to attend.

The burl upon the great company was very intense. There was an unwillingness to move, and when the Rev. John Stewart spoke about the message he had brought from the Clan Stewart Society, he was heard with close attention. But neither he nor any man could say more than "We will strongly feel, his own well-remembered quotation alone could express our feelings:—"A great heart is lost to the Highlands—a great soul is lost to the big sea."

If human sympathy and its various touching expressions could help to staunch the grief in the Manse, of Lochaber, then the grief was freely and without stint. From all parts of the Kingdom they flowed in, and there are more yet to come when the news of the death of "Nether" is so costly and delicate there were many specimens. Of inquiries and condolences there is a daily flowing tide. We have referred to the uniqueness of bagpipe music at the funeral of a clergyman, but it was only fitting when we recall the music that was in man himself, was his own wish and its fulfillment was simple task. Lord Archibald Campbell, his staunch friend and intimate, begged to be allowed to send the first pipe of the day—John MacCall of Olan Dunn staffage as heartily sent his, and Mrs. Lucy of Callart sent hers. Ballochulish and Duror promptly found the other three, and so his was a Highland funeral in language, sentiment, sympathy, and song. We know that "Nether" would not like it otherwise, and we feel he sleeps the sounder for it. Seventy-three years is beyond the allotted span, and perhaps in Stevenson's epitaph we may find the echo of "Nether's" too.

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Did he grave and let me lie,  
Glad did I live, and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.  
This be the verse you frame for me—  
Here he lies where he longed to be;  
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

I cured a horse of the mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.

I cured a horse badly torn by a pitch fork with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

EDWARD LINLIFE.

St. Peter's, B. C.

I cured a horse of bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.

THOMAS W. PAYNE.

Bathurst, N. B.

It is easy to bid the Devil be your guest, but difficult to get rid of him.

Got Corns

Foolish to keep them if you have! No foot in corn, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extract raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick crop by raising it—druggists sell it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

—Humors feed on humors—the sooner you get rid of them the better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

—Alex. Sharpe was found guilty at the Peterboro Assizes of manslaughter in connection with the shooting of Wm. Hoyle.

CONSUMPTION  
CAN BE CURED

By Condensed Oxygen—Remarkable Recovery of George Young, for Five Years in the Employ of Kilgour Bros.

HE WAS SICK TWO YEARS—FIVE PHYSICIANS GAVE HIM UP TO DIE

Solemn Declarations Bearing on the Case Made by Francis Young, P. M., Mrs. Young, and Several Prominent Residents at Roach's Point.

George Young is a son of the Postmaster of Roach's Point, Francis Young, Esq. Some two years ago, while in the employ of Kilgour Bros., paper box manufacturers, Toronto, he was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Herbert Bruce of Toronto. He completely recovered from the operation, but his vitality was very low, and he finally contracted consumption. His physician advised him to give up his position, and he returned home. For a year and a half he battled bravely with the deadly disease, and his fond parents did everything in their power to get him cured. He started the new condensed oxygen treatment in the fall of 1909, and from the very first began to get well.

Edwards or solemn declarations were recently made out to substantiate the statement made by Mr. Young.

George Young's Solemn Declaration.

Dominion of Canada, Province of Ontario, to wit:

In the matter of the cure of George Young of Roach's Point, Ontario.

I, George Young, of the Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York, gentleman,

Do solemnly declare that

(1) I reside at Roach's Point in the said Township of North Gwillimbury, and am of the age of twenty-four years.

(2) During the year of 1898 and for about four years previous I was employed by Messrs. Kilgour Brothers, paper manufacturers, of Toronto.

(3) In the fall of 1898 I was attacked with appendicitis and underwent an operation at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto for the same.

(4) Some time after the said operation I resumed my work at Messrs. Kilgour's, but my health began to decline, and about the middle of March, 1899, under advice of my physician, who informed me that I had lung trouble, I resigned my position and went to my father's residence at Roach's Point.

(5) From the last mentioned date to the present, I have continued to reside there, and up to November last, although enjoying the benefit of treatment from different physicians, and having taken almost every known remedy for lung trouble, among others, cod liver oil, both inwardly and by outward application, and also creosote to the extent of one hundred and eight drops in twenty-four hours, my health continued to gradually grow worse. I lost in weight, and my cough grew very distressing in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Owing to the severity of my cough and growing weakness, I gradually became unable to get my sleep, and the expectation of my recovery was at an end. I was forced to keep a receptacle on both sides of my bed. I was almost on the verge of giving up all hope, my strength was gone, my weight was very profuse, and I was almost on the verge of death.

(6) After commencing the use of Ozone my son quit all other medicines, and I do not hesitate to say that my son's life today is due to the use of Ozone.

(7) I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

ELIZABETH YOUNG.

Declared before me at Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York, this 4th day of January, A.D. 1901.

T. W. W. EVANS, Notary Public for Ontario.

Mrs. Young's Declaration.

Dominion of Canada, Province of Ontario, to wit:

In the matter of the cure of George Young.

I, Elizabeth Young, of the Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York,

Do solemnly declare that

(1) I am the mother of George Young.

(2) That my said son came home from Toronto in the spring of 1899, having been directed by his physician to quit work, owing to the state of his lungs.

(3) For a period of a year and a half the health of my said son continued to grow worse, and the physician said to me, "He can't get better, and he is slowly dying."

(4) I persevered, using one remedy after another, and every means and medicine which could be suggested was referred to, but without avail, and he grew weaker and worse. He was unable to sleep at nights without being propped up in bed, and then only for a very short period at a time. His cough became very distressing, and the expectation of his recovery was at an end.

(5) Very shortly after beginning the use of Ozone he began to improve. He recovered his appetite, and became able to sleep. His strength came to him, and to-day he is enjoying splendid health.

(6) After commencing the use of Ozone my son quit all other medicines, and I do not hesitate to say that my son's life today is due to the use of Ozone.

(7) I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

FRANCIS YOUNG.

Declared before me at Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York, this 4th day of January, A.D. 1901.

T. W. W. EVANS, Notary Public for Ontario.

Francis Young, P. M., Makes Statement.

Dominion of Canada, Province of Ontario, to wit:

In the matter of the cure of George Young.

I, Francis Young, of the Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York, postmaster,

Do solemnly declare that

(1) I have resided at Roach's Point for a period of twenty-seven years, and have been postmaster there for nine years.

(2) My son, George Young, was employed with Messrs. Kilgour Brothers, for a number of years, and in the spring of 1899 came home from Toronto, having been advised by his physician to leave off working, owing to the condition of his lungs.

(3) Every known remedy was used by my son, but without permanent relief, and we finally came to the conclusion that it was only a matter of time, and abandoned all hope.

(4) However, he began using Ozone, and I do not hesitate to say it is to this he owes his life. His improvement has been rapid and permanent, and he is now in splendid health, sleeping and eating as well as before.

(5) To me it seems nothing short of a miracle to find my son alive and well to-day.

(6) I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

FRANCIS YOUNG.

Declared before me at Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York, this 4th day of January, A.D. 1901.

T. W. W. EVANS, Notary Public for Ontario.

George Young of Roach's Point as He is Today.

operation at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto for the same.

(4) Some time after the said operation I resumed my work at Messrs. Kilgour's, but my health began to decline, and about the middle of March, 1899, under advice of my physician, who informed me that I had lung trouble, I resigned my position and went to my father's residence at Roach's Point.

(5) From the last mentioned date to the present, I have continued to reside there, and up to November last, although enjoying the benefit of treatment from different physicians, and having taken almost every known remedy for lung trouble, among others, cod liver oil, both inwardly and by outward application, and also creosote to the extent of one hundred and eight drops in twenty-four hours, my health continued to gradually grow worse. I lost in weight, and my cough grew very distressing in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Owing to the severity of my cough and growing weakness, I gradually became unable to get my sleep, and the expectation of my recovery was at an end. I was forced to keep a receptacle on both sides of my bed. I was almost on the verge of giving up all hope, my strength was gone, my weight was very profuse, and I was almost on the verge of death.

(6) After commencing the use of Ozone my son quit all other medicines, and I do not hesitate to say that my son's life today is due to the use of Ozone.

(7) I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath, and by virtue of the Canada Evidence Act, 1893.

ELIZABETH YOUNG.

Declared before me at Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York, this 4th day of January, A.D. 1901.

T. W. W. EVANS, Notary Public for Ontario.

Mrs. Young's Declaration.

Dominion of Canada, Province of Ontario, to wit:

In the matter of the cure of George Young.

I, Elizabeth Young, of the Township of North Gwillimbury, in the County of York,

Do solemnly declare that

(1) I am the mother of George Young.

(2) That my said son came home from Toronto in the spring of 1899, having been directed by his physician to quit work, owing to the state of his lungs.

(3) For a period of a year and a half the health of my said son continued to grow worse, and the physician said to me, "He can't get better, and he is slowly dying."

(4) I persevered, using one remedy after another, and every means and medicine which could be suggested was referred to, but without avail, and he grew weaker and worse. He was unable to sleep at nights without being propped up in bed, and then only for a very short period at a time. His cough became very distressing, and the expectation of his recovery was at an end.

(5) Very shortly after beginning the use of Ozone he began to improve. He recovered his appetite, and became able to sleep. His strength came to him, and to-day he is enjoying splendid health.

(6) After commencing the use of Ozone my son quit all other medicines, and I