



CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assuimulating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Hutchins*
NEW YORK
At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Hutchins

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GENUINE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

From a Medico's Note Book--The Diary of Shirley Crichton, M.D.,

An Interesting Series of Stories Published in Canada for the First Time

THE POISONING OF MRS. RONALDSON

A few months prior to my qualifying I was attending a special course of lectures on toxicology. A college acquaintance of mine, Rogerson, was also a member of the class, and we always contrived to sit next to one another. In the course of the lecture one forenoon Rogerson, indicating a person sitting at the far-away end of the bench in front, asked if I knew him. I looked at the person referred to, and after waiting a moment or two to get a glance at his face I was rewarded by him turning round to look at a chart at the back of the class to which the lecturer had incidentally referred. I studied the features during the short time they were turned in my direction, but could not recollect having seen the person before, and said so to Rogerson.

"You haven't?" he said with some surprise. "Why he is the greatest crank on this branch I ever came in contact with. Phaedon is his name--I'll introduce you outside, if I can get hold of him," and then our surroundings preventing any conversation, we gave our attention to the lecturer once more.

On leaving the hall at the close of the lecture we noticed Phaedon about a dozen yards in front of us. In a short time we were alongside him, and Rogerson introduced me. Phaedon gave me a steady look for a moment or two, and then extending a bony hand, said, "Ah, pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Crichton."

The man was of medium height, rather slim in build, pale complexion, and thin, black, rather unkempt hair. He was clean shaven, which showed up a rather firm lip line, hardly reconcilable with an otherwise somewhat strained and nervous countenance. His eyes, too, denoted the enthusiast in some direction.

We strolled along to a neighboring restaurant to have some lunch together, before going up to another lecture in the afternoon. During the meal Phaedon talked incessantly. His whole mind seemed to be centred on the discovery of new or the modification of old poisons, and he showed an intimate knowledge of many powerful drugs, which the profession at that time were rather chary of using. He was also possessed of some very fixed notions regarding the effects of certain drugs on different temperaments.

"He's a peculiar soul," said Rogerson, when Phaedon left us. "It is my opinion that he will kill himself with overstudy. He is not a healthy enthusiast--he's an out and out fanatic on the subject."

And I felt I had to agree with him. "You know," he pursued, "not so very long ago in the laboratory they had to use the pump, and I understand they had no little difficulty in pulling him round. In order to exert the effects of a certain drug he

body of Mrs. Ronaldson. By her side knelt her husband, and as I saw him I recalled the remark he had made earlier in the evening.

It was not long before I found to my unpleasant surprise that Mrs. Ronaldson had been poisoned, and I was every moment becoming convinced that the poison from the effects of which she was suffering was strychnine. Whether self-administered or otherwise I could not then say. I despatched one of the gentlemen to rouse the nearest chemist and get a few articles necessary for the treatment of the case, and then I requested the numerous guests who had gathered in the room to retire and leave me with the patient, who was becoming worse every moment.

Just as the last person was leaving the room I was aware of someone entering hurriedly, and on looking round beheld with no little astonishment Phaedon. He wore evening dress, and was evidently a guest, like myself, although I had not discovered his presence until that moment.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he enquired.

The stress of the case prevented me from doing more than hastily remarking the surprise I felt at seeing him so unexpectedly, and by this time he was quick to note the symptoms of the patient. In a moment or two he looked up.

"Strychnine?" he queried.

I nodded.

"Yes, undoubtedly," he said, in a decided tone.

The convulsions were becoming more and more severe after each interval of relapse, the hands were clenched, and the contraction of the facial muscles, together with the rigidity of countenance and staring eyes, made altogether a very painful sight to witness, especially for anyone outside the profession. Therefore I prevailed upon Mr. Ronaldson to leave the room, assuring him that everything our knowledge and experience could accomplish would be done to save his wife, although even as I spoke I had grave doubts as to this possibility. In a commendably short space of time the chemist arrived, and we at once put the patient under chloroform, and then commenced to fight with death in earnest. Phaedon worked with a cold, unnatural enthusiasm; once or twice I observed his hand shake, but beyond that his nerves seemed under perfect control. Everything our combined intellects could suggest was tried, but without success, and about half-past one the patient slipped from our hands. When Phaedon recognized this he looked first at the lifeless features and then at me in a way I did not understand, and running his fingers through his hair gave vent to a muttered something, which, at the time, I took to be nothing more than the disappointment of losing the patient.

I noticed that Mrs. Ronaldson's program still hung from her wrist, so I removed it and placed it in my coat pocket. What prompted me to do so I cannot tell.

In the privacy of my own room in the early morning as I was retiring to bed for a few hours' rest, I thought over the tragic event of the evening, and wondered what could possibly have prompted Mrs. Ronaldson to take her own life, for this was the general opinion regarding the matter. I could not understand it; she was so light-hearted when I had spoken to her less than an hour previous to the sad occurrence. Just then I recalled the remark made by Rogerson that afternoon we had been in Phaedon's company, namely, "If he gets experimenting on other people in the same way he qualifies--well, I'm afraid the death-rattle will go up."

Later in the program I had the pleasure of a waltz with Mrs. Ronaldson, and she was evidently enjoying the evening. As we sat conversing at the close of the item we were joined by her husband. All at once, after a short pause, he said abruptly, "Well, the evening so far has proved itself an unqualified success, but I have an uncomfortable feeling that something is going to happen."

I was rather surprised at the remark, as the speaker was not by any means of a morbid nature, and I mentally put it down to a temporary hysterical liver.

"Oh, Harry, how can you?" said Mrs. Ronaldson, with a pleasant laugh. "If you feel in a melancholy mood yourself there is no reason why you should infect others."

The orchestra struck up the introduction to the next item, and Mrs. Ronaldson's partner approached to claim her, while Ronaldson and I went off on a similar quest. Thus we separated.

About twelve o'clock, as the dancers were gliding dreamily through one of the best waltzes of the evening, there was a sudden interruption. Some unpleasant news had evidently got abroad judging by the look of enquiry with which the guests turned to one another. The next moment someone hurried up to me, and grasping my arm exclaimed:

"Your services are required, doctor. Mr. Ronaldson has been taken suddenly ill."

I followed the speaker quickly across the polished floor to the small ante-room, and on entering I found a crowd of guests gathered round a couch on which lay the prostrate

body of Mrs. Ronaldson. By her side knelt her husband, and as I saw him I recalled the remark he had made earlier in the evening.

It was not long before I found to my unpleasant surprise that Mrs. Ronaldson had been poisoned, and I was every moment becoming convinced that the poison from the effects of which she was suffering was strychnine. Whether self-administered or otherwise I could not then say. I despatched one of the gentlemen to rouse the nearest chemist and get a few articles necessary for the treatment of the case, and then I requested the numerous guests who had gathered in the room to retire and leave me with the patient, who was becoming worse every moment.

Just as the last person was leaving the room I was aware of someone entering hurriedly, and on looking round beheld with no little astonishment Phaedon. He wore evening dress, and was evidently a guest, like myself, although I had not discovered his presence until that moment.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he enquired.

The stress of the case prevented me from doing more than hastily remarking the surprise I felt at seeing him so unexpectedly, and by this time he was quick to note the symptoms of the patient. In a moment or two he looked up.

"Strychnine?" he queried.

I nodded.

"Yes, undoubtedly," he said, in a decided tone.

The convulsions were becoming more and more severe after each interval of relapse, the hands were clenched, and the contraction of the facial muscles, together with the rigidity of countenance and staring eyes, made altogether a very painful sight to witness, especially for anyone outside the profession. Therefore I prevailed upon Mr. Ronaldson to leave the room, assuring him that everything our knowledge and experience could accomplish would be done to save his wife, although even as I spoke I had grave doubts as to this possibility. In a commendably short space of time the chemist arrived, and we at once put the patient under chloroform, and then commenced to fight with death in earnest. Phaedon worked with a cold, unnatural enthusiasm; once or twice I observed his hand shake, but beyond that his nerves seemed under perfect control. Everything our combined intellects could suggest was tried, but without success, and about half-past one the patient slipped from our hands. When Phaedon recognized this he looked first at the lifeless features and then at me in a way I did not understand, and running his fingers through his hair gave vent to a muttered something, which, at the time, I took to be nothing more than the disappointment of losing the patient.

I noticed that Mrs. Ronaldson's program still hung from her wrist, so I removed it and placed it in my coat pocket. What prompted me to do so I cannot tell.

In the privacy of my own room in the early morning as I was retiring to bed for a few hours' rest, I thought over the tragic event of the evening, and wondered what could possibly have prompted Mrs. Ronaldson to take her own life, for this was the general opinion regarding the matter. I could not understand it; she was so light-hearted when I had spoken to her less than an hour previous to the sad occurrence. Just then I recalled the remark made by Rogerson that afternoon we had been in Phaedon's company, namely, "If he gets experimenting on other people in the same way he qualifies--well, I'm afraid the death-rattle will go up."

Later in the program I had the pleasure of a waltz with Mrs. Ronaldson, and she was evidently enjoying the evening. As we sat conversing at the close of the item we were joined by her husband. All at once, after a short pause, he said abruptly, "Well, the evening so far has proved itself an unqualified success, but I have an uncomfortable feeling that something is going to happen."

I was rather surprised at the remark, as the speaker was not by any means of a morbid nature, and I mentally put it down to a temporary hysterical liver.

"Oh, Harry, how can you?" said Mrs. Ronaldson, with a pleasant laugh. "If you feel in a melancholy mood yourself there is no reason why you should infect others."

The orchestra struck up the introduction to the next item, and Mrs. Ronaldson's partner approached to claim her, while Ronaldson and I went off on a similar quest. Thus we separated.

About twelve o'clock, as the dancers were gliding dreamily through one of the best waltzes of the evening, there was a sudden interruption. Some unpleasant news had evidently got abroad judging by the look of enquiry with which the guests turned to one another. The next moment someone hurried up to me, and grasping my arm exclaimed:

"Your services are required, doctor. Mr. Ronaldson has been taken suddenly ill."

I followed the speaker quickly across the polished floor to the small ante-room, and on entering I found a crowd of guests gathered round a couch on which lay the prostrate

Later in the day I looked at the programme I had removed from Mrs. Ronaldson's wrist, and on it I found Phaedon's initials scribbled opposite a dance, about four previous to the one in which the poor lady was taken ill. Therefore I felt justified in concluding that he must have taken this opportunity of obtaining some refreshment and poisoning it before presenting it to her. Evidently he found in her a temperament which he considered suitable on which to experiment with the secret drug he had used with such disastrous results, and could not resist the temptation.

Another Case In Point

Canada has no very great criminal population, but it is large enough and it is growing, and British judges who seek to keep down the prison population of the Old Country by suggesting the emigration of prisoners to Canada might well be made the subject of representations to the British government from Ottawa. The London Canadian Gazette cites what it describes as "another case of undesirable immigration to Canada, under the auspices of a British judge," quoting the following from the Daily Mail of February 12:

"Central Criminal Court, before Judge Rowlatt, K. C.--William Frederick Jones, alias De Vere, aged twenty, and George Wilson, twenty-five, were indicted for coming from Messrs. Vander and Hodges, of Bond street, and asked that certain articles be sent on. In a number of cases the swindle was successful, but eventually Messrs. Blankenslee sent to Messrs. Vander and Hodges for a confirmatory message, and discovered that the telephone messages were frauds.

"Jones' mother, with tears in her eyes, appealed to the judge on behalf of her son, saying, pathetically, 'I do want to save him. Give him another chance.'

"On the understanding that the young man went to Canada, the judge bound him over to come up for judgment if called upon."

"Judge Rowlatt," the Canadian Gazette says, "had no right to be an assenting party to any arrangement of the kind, Canada residents being made the recipient of tainted immigration, and should be supported in this resentment by English judges and magistrates."

It is well to temper justice with mercy. Judge Rowlatt's willingness to hear the mother's plea and give her son another chance may have been commendable enough. But the man with an alias, convicted in England, should be given another chance in England, not in Canada. One criminal more or less, here or there, may make little difference. The instance referred to, however, is by no means solitary. Other judges have complacently assumed, and acted upon their assumption, that Canada must take any criminal or winking who, in their wisdom is not good enough for England but may do very well for "the Colonies." It is about time the British government requested such judges to affect the virtue of discriminating common sense if they have it not.

Canadian Inquiry into Life Companies

Ottawa, Mar. 1.--The minister of finance, who is still confined to his house as a consequence of his recent accident, has made an important announcement on the subject of life insurance. Mr. Fielding stated that the officials of his department have been following closely the inquiries that have been going on in the United States into the operations of American companies which have just been brought to a conclusion, with the object of profiting by the experience of the States in amendments which it is proposed to make to the insurance act of Canada. The inspection of the Canadian companies during the current year by the superintendent of insurance and his officials has been a very rigid one.

The information thus made available might be sufficient to enable the minister to prepare the necessary insurance legislation for the coming session. Nevertheless, he is of the opinion that in view of the widespread interest in the subject, it is desirable that before legislation is submitted to parliament there should be a more general investigation which should be of an open and public character, so that

A Few Drops



of
Kendricks Liniment

to the sore throat or swollen tonsils, or any swelling, lameness or painful part, convince you of its power to relieve promptly.

Kendricks Is King.

At all dealers.
THE BAIRD CO. LIMITED, Proprietors.

opportunity may be afforded for an inquiry into any matters in which policy-holders may be interested.

It is not to be assumed that there are any irregularities in connection with insurance in Canada, but it is thought that in view of the unwarranted naturally created by investigations in the States the public would like to be assured that the insurance system of the Dominion is sound and that if there are any defects they may be promptly remedied by legislation. The minister believes that such an investigation may be made by a commission of competent gentlemen. Gentlemen have been chosen to be named as commissioners, but as their appointments have not at this moment been officially made Mr. Fielding declined few days, however, the commission to make known their names. Within a week an inquiry will be held.

If it is expected that the inquiry will be completed before the session of parliament is far advanced and that parliament will thus be placed in a good position before the close of the coming session to meet whatever legislation may be deemed necessary for the protection of the public interests.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY



THE SETTING HEN--Her failures have discouraged many a poultry raiser.

You can make money raising chicks in the right way--lots of it.

No one doubts that there is money in raising chickens with a good incubator and brooder. Users of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder have all made money. If you still cling to the old idea that you can successfully run a poultry business and make money right from the start, you are like to reason with you.

In the first place, we can prove to you that your actual cash loss in eggs, which the 20 hens disposed of, without any previous experience in hatching and brooding, will be enough to pay for a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. Five or six hatches, to say nothing whatever of the large and better results obtained by the use of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

If you allow a hen to set, you lose at least eight weeks of laying three weeks hatching and seven weeks brooding. Let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching, while the hen goes on laying.

Our No. 3 Incubator will hatch as many eggs as twenty hens, and do it better. Now, here is a question in arithmetic--

If you keep 20 hens from laying for 7 weeks, how much cash do you lose? If each hen would have laid 1 dozen eggs, and eggs are worth 15 cents per dozen? \$20.00.

Therefore, when the Chatham Incubator is hatching the number of eggs that twenty hens would hatch, it is really earning in cash for you \$20.00 besides producing for your profit chicks by the whole, and being ready to do the same thing over again the moment each hatch is over.

Don't you think, therefore, that it pays to keep the hens laying and let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching?

There are many other reasons why the Chatham Incubator and Brooder outclasses the set hen.

The hen sets when she is ready. The Chatham Incubator is always ready. By planning to take off a hatch at the right time, you may have plenty of buyers to sell your broilers as soon and prices at the top notch. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to buyers just when every other hen's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so good.

The hen is a careless mother, often leaving her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where they are liable to get lost.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a sturdy mother and never loses a chick, and is not infested with lice.

Altogether, there is no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatcher and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We are making a very special offer, which it will pay you to investigate.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has created a New Era in Poultry Raising.

The setting Hen as a Hatcher has been proven a Commercial Failure.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has always proved a Money Maker.

A Light, Pleasant and Profitable Business for Women

Many women are today making an income by living and putting by money every month raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator.

Any woman with a little leisure time at her disposal, and without any previous experience or without a cent of cash, begin the poultry business and make money right from the start.

Perhaps you have a friend who is doing so. If you can give us the names of many who started with much misgiving only to be surprised by the ease and rapidity with which the profits came to them.

Of course, success depends on getting a right start. You must begin right. You can never make any considerable money as a poultry raiser with hens as hatchers. You must have a good incubator and brooder, but this means in the ordinary way an investment which, perhaps you are not prepared to make just now, and this is just where our special offer comes in.

If you are in earnest, we will set you up in the poultry business without a cent of cash down. If we were not sure that the Chatham Incubator and Brooder is the best and that with it and a reasonable amount of effort on your part you are sure to make money, we would not make the special offer below.

WE WILL SHIP NOW TO YOUR STATION FREIGHT PREPAID

A CHATHAM INCUBATOR and BROODER

You Pay us no Cash Till After 1906 Harvest

Small Premises Sufficient For Poultry Raising.

Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town, or even with a fair sized stable or shed and a small rear side porch only.

But to make money quickly, you must get away from the old idea of trying to do business with setting hens as hatchers. You must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. It is pleased and surprised to get over 20 per cent, and the chickens are all well and healthy. A chick could operate machine successfully. J.A. DAV, Bath, Wash. D.C.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham, Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH.

IS THIS FAIR?

We know there is money in raising chickens. We know the Chatham Incubator and Brooder has no equal. We know that with any reasonable effort on your part, you cannot but make money out of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We know that we made a similar offer last year and that in every case the payments were met cheerfully and promptly, and that in many cases money was accompanied by letters expressing satisfaction.

Therefore, we have no hesitation in making this proposition to every honest, earnest man or woman who wishes to add to their yearly profits with a small expenditure of time and money.

This really means that we will set you up in the poultry business so that you can make money right from the start, without asking for a single cent from you until after 1906 harvest.

If we know of a fairer offer, we would make it. Write us a post card with your name and address, and we will send you full particulars, as well as our beautifully illustrated book, "How to make money out of chicks." Write to Chatham, Canada.

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited, Dept. No. 279, CHATHAM, CANADA

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.