

The Children's Page

LAST PLAY OF THE DAY.

The clock strikes, time for bed, I'm afraid, we may say: Bears in corner—there—see, Don't let them run at me.

What's that shines in the room? 'Tis the man in the moon. He is laughing, mean tease, 'Cause I shake at my knees.

Why don't you come and play? Said bright moon to wee May. Won't you hide and then seek And be sure not to peek?

How can I play with you, Up in heav'n, far and blue, Without wings? I can't fly—Oh, I'm 'fraid, want to cry.

'Moonbeams thus vanish fears, So be good and no tears, Through me come on that cloud—Land of Nod calls out loud.

Crescent starry ladder swings And to clouds we may bring. Then hides her out of sight, Luna searches through the night.

Oh, I see, there you peep; Now you're blind, closed eyes keep. Peepers tight in sweet dreams, Wee May plays with moonbeams.—Lala Hall.

A THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

Take what you have of prosperity, No matter how little it be; Raised with the leaven of thankful-ness, 'Twill increase to full three times three.

Then put in some hospitality, And a quantity of good will; A goodly portion of cheerfulness Gives a pleasanter flavor still.

And sweeten it well with charity—Be sure and use plenty of that; For, lacking this one ingredient, The whole will be tasteless and flat.

And spice it with fun and merriment, And with many a timely jest; For, lacking this one ingredient, The whole will be tasteless and flat.

When served with a sauce of kind-ness, 'Tis a pudding fit for a king. For it cannot be bought or paid for, It is far too precious a thing.—Kate M. Post, in Boston Cooking School.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WORDS

Do you know, little maid, when you open your mouth, That away to the east, to the west, north and south, On the wings of the wind, just like bees or like birds, Fly the tone of your voice and the sound of your words?

Do you know, little maid, that your mouth is the door, All the words you will say, all you have said before, Are imprisoned with? Some are sweet, pleasant words, Which, when they get out, will sing like the birds.

There are others so cross that they no one can please, And, when they get out, will sting like the bees. Watch them close, little maid! When cross words stir about, Shut the door right up tight, and don't let them get out.

An elephant which fell through a bridge in India was driven over the same road thirty years later, and refused to cross at the same spot, and had to be driven twenty miles to a fording place.

HOW PETER GOT A PLACE.

"Mother, here's an advertisement that looks as though it would just suit," said Peter, coming in with his broom on his shoulder. He had been sweeping the pavement for Miss Patience Weeks, who, by way of compensation, allowed him to look at the advertising columns every morning.

"What is it, dear?" asked his mother, beginning to pour out his coffee at the little round table in the corner of the bright, clean kitchen.

"I'll read it to you," said Peter. The advertisement ran as follows: "Wanted: A good, smart boy, who is willing to run errands, and who is not afraid of work. At the Old Book-store, corner Pennari and Leech streets."

"Yes, that sounds well. But by the time you get there, Peter," said his mother, "I am afraid the place may be given to some one else. It is a good distance from here."

The meal over, he started for the store, and had gone about half way, when he saw a boy on a bicycle, a few feet ahead of him, run into a dog and throw the animal over. The bicycle suffered an injury also; a tire was punctured badly, making progress slow. Peter lingered a few moments to see if the dog was badly hurt. It was a pretty little fox terrier; and, as he lifted it from the ground, it looked beseechingly into his face, with short yelps of pain.

Peter glanced around, but saw no one to whom the dog seemed to belong. The boy examined it, and found that one of its forepaws was injured. He did not know what to do. He could not bear to leave it in the street, and while he was considering the little creature nestled down contentedly in his arms, occasionally uttering a man, but on the whole appearing to feel rather comfortable.

Peter was obliged to accelerate his pace, and soon came up to the other boy, now making but slow progress on his bicycle.

"Hello!" he called out, as Peter passed him. "That's the dog that ran into me, isn't it?"

"That's the dog you ran over," said Peter, and passed on.

"Is it yours?" shouted the boy. Peter shook his head. The boy turned down a side street, and Peter lost sight of him. But when he reached the old bookstore he found him seated, with three or four others, on a bench inside the door. A little man with blue spectacles was talking to them. Peter felt that he had but a slight chance among so many; but joined the group, not forgetting to remove his cap, which none of the others had done. Before entering, Peter had taken the precaution of placing the dog under a box which stood in the vestibule. As he entered the old man was saying to the boy with the bicycle:

"I guess you'll do. You have a bicycle, and you can run errands more quickly. You'll have to carry home books, you know. Come in the morning."

"All right, sir!" replied the boy. The others stayed not upon the order of their going, but sidled out one by one, evidently disappointed. Peter was about to do likewise, when the old man suddenly turned and asked:

"Was that a dog crying, boy? Did you hear it?"

"Yes, sir," rejoined Peter. "Where is it?"

"Just outside—under that box. It was hurt, and—"

"He!" he laughed the successful one. "You see, I was goin' along pretty fast, and my machine ran into the cur. This fellow picked it up and carried it in his arms like a baby. I didn't know he was comin' here, though. He's a regular sissy boy, that fellow is; you can tell by his pink cheeks and curly hair."

The bookseller growled and looked sharply over his spectacles at his new assistant.

"Your dog?" he inquired of Peter. "No, sir," was the reply.

"Yours?" he asked, turning to the other boy. "No, sir-ee. I ain't got no use for dogs at any time. And I'd like to smash that one, he made me puncture my tire. There was a sharp stone, and—"

"You don't like dogs, eh?" said the old man. "Most boys do like them."

"Yes, I like 'em with tin cans tied to their tails. That's lots of fun. Well, I'll be along in the morning."

"Wait a moment boy!" said the old man. "Perhaps I'd better consider this matter a little longer. I'm fond of dogs myself. I'd like to see the creature. Fetch him in."

Peter hastened to the door, and returned with the dog in his arms. It held up a limp paw, moaned once or twice, blinked saucily, Peter thought, at the bookseller, and then hid its face against his coat sleeve under the reproachful glance and admonitory finger of the old man, shaking slowly up and down, as he laid his other hand on the dog's back.

Peter thought the situation a little strange, while the old man said: "So he's not your dog?"

"No, sir," answered Peter. "Ever seen him before?"

"Never." "What do you propose to do with him?"

"He didn't seem to have any owner, so I thought I'd take him home to my mother. She's awfully good at curing things. I wondered if his leg was broken."

"And when he got well? What would you do then?"

"I guess I'd love him." "Would that be honest?"

"I think it would," said Peter. "It would be better to hunt up his owner in the neighborhood where you found him. He's a pure fox terrier—a valuable little dog."

"Is he?" answered Peter. "I think he's mighty cute, but I didn't know he was valuable."

"You might advertise for the owner," suggested the old man.

"Oh, no! I don't think I ought to do that," replied Peter at once. "If he is valuable, or if his owner wants him, he will do that himself."

"You're not so slow," remarked the old man, with a broad smile, "and your position is well taken. I think I'll keep him myself—if he will stay with me," he added.

"But," began Peter, "that wouldn't be right either."

"Yes, it would," rejoined the old man, "because he's my dog."

"Your dog?" exclaimed Peter, clasping the animal a little more closely, while the other boy burst into a loud laugh.

"You're a pair of blokes!" he cried impudently.

The old man turned upon him. "You may go!" he said, angrily. "And go at once, and don't come back! Do you hear?"

The boy slunk away. The old man again addressed himself to Peter. "It is my dog," he said, "I'll show you. Pinkie! Pinkie!" he called, and the dog, lifting its head from Peter's jacket, looked shamefacedly into his master's eyes. Seeing a welcome there, he sprang suddenly from Peter's arms into those of the old bookseller.

"Now do you believe he belongs to me?" inquired the old man, laying his wrinkled cheek on the head of the little truant. "Do you like books, boy?"

"Very much, sir," replied Peter. "There are plenty of them here."

"There are second-hand, principally," said the man, "but interesting most of them, and valuable many of them. I know you like dogs. I have two passions in life—books and dogs. I think we shall get on together. You may come to-morrow. I will pay you four dollars a week. The bicycle doesn't cut much figure, when all is said, I guess I can rent one, if we need it, until I see how you do. I'll nurse up Pinkie. His foot is not broken; he'll be all right in a day or two. Come in to-morrow."

"Thank you, sir!" replied Peter. "I'll be sure to come."

"You see," said the old bookseller, as he accompanied the boy to the door. "I'm very fond of fox terriers especially. They're the most intelligent animals you ever saw; affectionate, too, and very companionable; but they have the bad habit of running away for days at a time. I never saw one that didn't. They always turn up again though, unless they're run over and killed, as Pinkie might have been this morning; or stolen, as no doubt he will be some day, for he is always following cus-

tomers. However, now that he will have a young companion, one that he likes besides—for I can see he likes you—perhaps he may be satisfied with those little bouts without going so far afield. I really believe—what is your name, my boy?"

"Peter, sir—Peter Smith," answered the boy.

"I really believe, Peter, that he gets lost; that he does not willfully remain away. I have great hopes of him from this time forward. Peter, I feel almost certain he will stay at home, now that you are coming. What do you think?"

"I'll do all I can to keep him here, and see that he doesn't run too far away," said Peter. "And I'm very much obliged for the place."

"It was the dog that did it. Thank the dog," replied the bookseller. "I expect you at half-past seven in the morning. You will have to sweep the shop and dust the books, and learn to wait on customers a little when I am absent. If you love books as you say you do you will soon learn your duties in that line. I'm sure we shall get on, Peter—I'm sure we shall get on. And now I'll have to put some witch-hazel on Finkie's foot, before customers begin to make their appearance. Good-morning, Peter—good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" responded Peter, blithely, as the heavy door swung behind him. And, thanking his good fortune, he hastened home to tell his mother the welcome news that he had not only found a place, a master, and a playmate, but that all three were just as he would have chosen them, if it had been given him to choose.—Ave Maria.

PRINCE AND THE DOVE POLLY.

And who is Prince? Prince is a large black and white dog of the shepherd strain, with a fine, handsome face, and as good a disposition as dog or man ever had. And Polly is a beautiful white dove, with the pinkest toes and feet, bright eyes and a pretty arching neck. It is of these two that I write a true story, every word of it, and Prince and Polly can be seen any day, just as I describe them, at the farmhouse of Mr. Cary Carpenter in Bolton, Connecticut.

About a year ago Polly for the first time came to the place from no one knows where, but evidently she liked her new home, and instead of going off for a mate as doves are wont to do, she soon began to show an unusual interest in Prince, and made him her companion and friend.

In the early spring of one morning I was approaching the farmhouse, but some distance away, in the edge of the woods, I found Prince on the top of a rail fence sniffing up a hollow apple tree where squirrels had passed the winter, and there not two feet from him was Polly keeping watch over the proceedings. Later I often saw that when Prince attended his master in excursions across the fields or to the neighbors, Polly invariably went along, flying this way and that, and alighting at the end on building or fence, but always near her companion Prince. Each morning when the door of the house is opened Polly is there to make her daily visit, and if Prince, as sometimes happens, is lying across the threshold, she hops upon his back and rests awhile before entering.

A little while since, Mr. Carpenter called his wife to the door to see a pretty picture, for there was Prince half lying down, in the attitude called couching, and Polly between his fore paws and nestling under his shaggy breast.

Strangest of all is their way of showing affection for each other. Sometimes when Prince is stretched upon the ground and trying to sleep, Polly will walk round him, stopping every second to peck his tail or his foot, and when this has been repeated a few times, Prince lifts his head, opens his big mouth and takes Polly into it, and yet so gently that he does not ruffle a feather, and Polly does not exhibit the slightest fear.

When I see the perfect confidence that Polly has in Prince I think that if all children were good not only to the doves but to all the birds, perhaps some time their fear would be outgrown, and they would come to us for food or kindness and be more than they are to-day our intimate and loving companions.

WISDOM OF AN ANCIENT CALLING.

"Make Jim stop bothering me, mamma. I can't read my story!"

"Aw, Bess is awful cranky!" "I do wish you'd try to agree, children. You'll drive me crazy to-day!" Mrs. Roberts sighed into the darned-basket.

The two boys playing checkers on the window-seat began to dispute now. The young mother looked up with a feeble smile as her mother-in-law entered.

Mrs. Roberts senior appeared quite unaware of existing "atmospheric" conditions. Presently she took something from the mantel, then seated herself near the grate.

"Isn't it a bit chilly here, my dear?" she inquired of the younger lady.

"Jimmy, run and get grandma the white shawl on—"

"No, deary," interrupted the older lady, briskly, "let's light this wood in the grate. Jimmy, come strike this match, will you?"

Jimmy moved with alacrity, and a fire soon blazed and crackled gayly. The little fellow stretched himself on the rug and looked dreamily into the blaze, while the two ladies began to chat comfortably over their work.

Presently Bess brought her book and sat on the floor, leaning against grandma's knee; she began to tell her fairy story in an undertone to Jimmy.

The checker players moved nearer, laughing over their adjusted "score."

Some time later, the four children having departed in happy mood to play "show," in the attic, the two ladies sat together in delightful silence, broken presently by the young-

er. "Mother, couldn't you arrange somehow to stay another month?"

Mrs. Roberts senior was the subject of some contention among her daughters-in-law. Each one wanted her all the time. She could scarcely snatch out a few weeks to spend in her own home.

"You have such an influence over the children! Why, before you came down this afternoon they were like so many bears. What did you do?"

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

is the Most Delicious and refreshing Tea in the world. Perhaps you were shopping or calling to-day and went home tired out. Do you know that a cup of "SALADA" would have completely refreshed you? There is nothing quite as good as "SALADA" when one is weary, either in mind or body.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c Per Lb. AT ALL GROCERS'

"Oh!"—Mrs. Roberts' senior laughed—"I started the fire."

"What do you mean, mother?"

"Well, when my seven boys got a bit quarrelsome I often used to light a fire. It has a wonderful effect sometimes. There's something about an open fire that suggests friendliness and peace and love—home, in short. I'd dislike to try to raise a family without a fireplace."

"What a beautiful idea!" said the daughter, musingly. "I'll remember that."

After a thoughtful pause young Mrs. Roberts spoke again: "You have such wonderful ideas, mother. You know so many nice ideas, mother. You know so many nice ways. You ought to publish your ideas."

"Oh, deary, no! that wouldn't do." She laughed. "The business of being mothers is very old, you see, and every old craft has its secrets."

"But people—other mothers should know," said the young mother, earnestly.

"Oh, some things must be handed down from individual to individual," said the older mother, comfortably, "when the young mothers are ready to receive them."

"Ah," said young Mrs. Roberts, thoughtfully, gazing into the fire, "I understand."—Youth's Companion.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

ALLEY DOG'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

There is no doubt about it—Tatters understood perfectly well that it was Thanksgiving Day. For not even an alley dog, who knew nothing about the joys of home life, the Halloween candy pull, the birthday cake with candles, the Christmas stocking, bubbling over with toys, could possibly mistake the delicious fragrance drifting out of the alley. A Thanksgiving turkey was roasting in every kitchen oven.

Perhaps, though, as he trotted up and down, the tantalizing odor in his nostrils, Tatters wondered just a little what he had to be thankful for.

Born in a tanyard, from sorrowful puppy days he had been a waif upon the streets, a cold area, a draughty, vestibule his only shelter from a wintry storm; meagre scraps from ash and garbage barrels his only food.

The past month "times" had been unusually hard, and Tatters was unusually hungry. Besides, he had cut his foot on a ragged piece of ice, and although it had healed his whole leg was stiff.

Something cold and wet stung his forehead. He lifted brown eyes sorrowfully and scrutinized the white flakes scurrying through the air. A blizzard was approaching, and never before had the sharp wind so pierced to his marrow—probably, he argued, because now in his half-starved condition his bones were so near the surface.

He sat down a shivering moment and tried to work out the puzzle tangled in his brain. For an hour he had been chasing; the wonderful fragrance that had set at thrills up and down his spinal cord, yet seemed no nearer the goal of his desire. How was it possible for a little alley dog to catch a turkey roasting inside a house shut up tight?

As if in answer to his questioning thought, a Spitz dog, warm and prosperously robust in his thick white furs, passed Tatters with a scornful sniff, ran up a flight of stairs, scratched peremptorily on a closed door, at the same time giving three quick, sharp barks. Instantly the door was opened, and with a matter-of-course air, the Spitz disappeared into a room thick with the most delightful greasy smoke.

Tatters' heart beat wildly. After all it was so simple and easy! Trembling in every limb, he climbed the flight of steps nearest him. Strong whiffs of roasting turkey stole out through crack and keyhole, and the starving little dog became so excited that when he stood on his hind legs he knocked his forepaws kept slipping down the door panel instead of boldly scratching, while the three quick, sharp barks planned fizzled out in a yelp with a comical catch in the middle.

The door swung open, however, as promptly as the Spitz's, and he

stood triumphant on the top step, enveloped by fumes of the long-steamed turkey.

"The nerve of him!" The shrill voice of the woman in the doorway sent a quiver through Tatters' whole body as he timidly tried to wag his tail. "An old alley dog scratching at the door as if he belonged here! Begone with you!"

A sharp pain caught poor little Tatters' ribs as he was kicked down the steps, while the opened door that had promised an entrance into fairyland shut with an angry bang.

For a long time Tatters lay in a huddled heap on the hard, cold sidewalk, pitifully whimpering like a hurt child stifling a sob. Then he struggled to his feet, and, in spite of his dizzy weakness and the throbbing ache in his side, bravely hopped up the alley.

But he had lost all hope. Thanksgiving turkeys would not be intended for little alley dogs. The wind was rising, the snowflakes eddying down faster and faster. He would find some corner into which he could crawl and die undisturbed.

Suddenly he came to a halt. Could he believe his eyes! He blinked away a blurring snowflake. It was not a delusion or a dream. A few feet away a back door stood open upon the alley.

Weakness, pain, despair were lost in a leap of joyful surprise, and the next ecstatic moment Tatters was entering a beautiful warm kitchen.

The room was empty, but upon a table, as if a little alley dog were an expected guest, stood a tin plate piled with bones that absolutely dripped the delicious turkey fragrance.

The stiff leg and aching side forgotten, Tatters circled round and round on his hind feet, strenuously reaching the air in a vain effort to reach the bones. Then he made a marvelous discovery. Close to the table was a chair. He jumped upon it and in a flash snatched a magnificent drumstick with luscious morsels of rich meat still clinging to the bone.

Alas! The plate was so near the edge of the table that Tatters' awkward haste turned it over and the tin clattered on the floor as though a burglar alarm was going off.

An inside door flung open into the kitchen and the whole room seemed to swarm with yelling, chasing boys. Tatters dropped his treasure and ran, but escape to the street was already cut off, and the only possible hiding place the dark "cave" under the kitchen stove.

As he crouched, panic-stricken, beneath it he heard a sweet flute-like voice silence the boisterous clamor that had so terrified him.

"For the land of love, boys," it gently questioned, "what is all this hubbub about?"

"The outside door couldn't have been latched, Grandma," explained Tom, "and the wind blew it open."

"And—and an alley dog walked straight in," excitedly continued Arthur.

"He upset the plate of turkey bones from the table, Grandma," Paul flourished a poker. "He's hiding under the stove, but I'll have him out in a jiffy."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," protested the sweet flute-like voice, and the end of the poker, that had almost touched Tatters' nose, was hastily withdrawn.

Then the floor under the stove shook as Grandma impulsively went down on her knees, and the trembling Tatters saw peering at him the loveliest face into which he had ever looked, for the lips had a tender smile, and the bright eyes shone with love for all the world, including even a poor little alley dog.

"Doggie, doggie," said the sweet flute-like voice. "Did those naughty boys scare him most to death?"

"But, Grandma, they protested in chorus, 'he was stealing a bone.'"

"The little fellow didn't know any better. Why, the poor critter looks most starved. Quick, Tom, bring out the mashed potato dish. Arthur, get the turkey gravy—carry it straight, now! And, Paul, you gather up the scattered bones so he can have one for dessert."

When all was ready—a bountiful supply of the potatoes swimming in gravy on the tin plate, and beside it a newspaper "napkin" bearing a turkey wing—they gradually coaxed Tatters out to his Thanksgiving turkey dinner and as they stood back in a "tip-toe," whispering group, watching the starved little alley dog eat, Grandma's eyes filled with tears.

"Land of love," she murmured. "I ain't got the heart to turn the critter out on this blessed holiday. I reckon we can manage to keep him till to-morrow."

The three boys grinned from ear to ear, for they knew that the little alley dog had found a home in which he would be loved and petted until the day of his death.

And Tatters, as he paused to catch his breath after a rapturous lick of turkey gravy, shyly but deliberately wagged his tail.—Standard-Union.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It moved ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

When things are at their worst Is the time to smile, Any heart can be comforted When life looks worth while; Put the girl whose cheerful face Meets the hardest day, Finds the sunshine in the end, Finds the joyous way.

On January 9th, 1889, Alexander von Pauchin skated a mile in 2 minutes 58 2-5 seconds at Amsterdam.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold. Price 25 Cents.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes:— "I had a very severe attack of sore throat and