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Established 1876.
Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis,
Cough, Crip, Asthma, Diphtheria.
Cresoline is a boon to Asthmatics.
Cresoline is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the active principle of the medicinal value with every breath, gives relief and constant treatment. There is a constant, steady, or sufficient in an chronic condition, but foundation relief from cough or asthma, and relief from the throat.
This medicine is sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.
A Vapo-Cresoline bottle of 100 drops, 10¢. A bottle of 50 drops, 5¢. A bottle of 25 drops, 2.5¢. A bottle of 10 drops, 1.0¢. A bottle of 5 drops, 0.5¢. A bottle of 2 drops, 0.25¢. A bottle of 1 drop, 0.125¢.
Cures Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Crip, Asthma, Diphtheria.

Fannery—Phwat's the use o' choppin down a tree?
Finnegan (resting on his ax)—Pawy not?
Fannery—Shure, ye'll only have to chop it up agin.

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Weary of Life
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A Pitiable Wreck!

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And Strengthened.

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"I felt blue and depressed, took no real comfort out of life."

"Dragging weakness and lack of spirit seemed to be killing me."

"How I wished for strength!"

"Kind Providence brought Ferrozone to my notice and I commenced to take it. The change was wonderful. I picked up every day. Strength developed, appetite increased. I grew cheerful and strong. Ferrozone made me feel like a woman. My cure is complete, and I recommend it as an unsurpassed."

The one medicine that's sure to lift you from a weak, miserable condition is Ferrozone. 50¢ per box, or six for \$2.50 at all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hamilton, Ont., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

A little girl the daughter of a minister, was up later than usual one night, and for the first time in her life was present at family prayers. During the reading of the Bible she was very quiet, but when her father knelt down to pray she went up to him, and, touching him on the shoulder, said: "Pa I don't like to play at this game."

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GURE SICK HEADACHE.

JOURNALIST TOILS IN LUMBER CAMP AND THEN RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES.

Standard's Commissioner Praises the Sobriety and Industry of the Lumbermen—Says Immigrants Should be Prepared to Take Things as They Are

(London, Eng., Standard, March 17)

I am still working at the lumber camp of which I treated in my last letter. There are about thirty men in this camp, a third of whom are French Canadians, who speak no English. It is surprising how tenaciously the inhabitants of French descent cling to their own tongue. All are as lively a set of men, physically, as one could wish to see; and courteous and kindly both to each other and to a stranger. Indeed, their standard of manners and of speech is higher than that of men of the laboring classes of England, or, if that is too sweeping a generalisation, of my fellow passengers on the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer. I have been in the woods and in camp with them for the better part of a week, and have scarcely heard an oath of deeper quality than a damn.

The arrival of a stranger, with presumably, some little knowledge of the world's latest affairs, was not unwelcome to men who had been out of touch with civilization for four months, and I had many conversations with them. With one exception—that of a quick witted Bristol man—they were all Canadian born; and if they were a fair average sample of the native population, I should judge that Canada is breeding a race of men of a sane mental and moral, as well as sound physical stock. Will it be believed that Yes Sir, and No Sir are common forms of speech among them? A man here is Sir to his fellow-laborers—not a 'bloke,' a 'cove,' or an 'ole cock,' or such like vulgarisms.

Courtesy of speech, gentleness in the modulation of the voice, seems to be habitual to the Canadian woodsman. The men respect themselves and each other. They work willingly; the foreman have no need to drive them—would not, apparently, be able to do so if they wished. They work and live together like brothers, and in camp here I have been in the company of gentlemen. Their very speech is that of educated men; pointed, reasonably exact and free from obscenities and senseless exuberances. The maritime provinces, I believe spend a large proportion of their revenue on their schools. Better evidence of the excellence of the system of elementary education in New Brunswick and Quebec could not have been furnished than the conservation of these forest workers. Not only did it show a fair knowledge of the world's affairs—it was wondrously rich in woodland lore and in the bird and animal life of hillside, lake and river—but it also revealed a capacity for independent thought a sure grip of an idea, insight, and the qualities which are usually associated with highly-trained minds.

Perhaps, during these long Canadian winters men reflect more than in temperate lands. Not unfrequently a deeper note was suggested. Indeed, take them all around, they were men of superior stamp—certainly above the majority of those in the "steerage" of the Lake Manitoba. What is the explanation? In the French Canadian it may be sought in their devotion to their church; in the men of Scotch descent—of whom there are several—in that ingrained piety and belief in moral excellence, which, in the eighteenth century at any rate, when much emigration from Scotland took place, was the distinguishing feature of the Scotch character.

In all of them a key to the phenomenon is, doubtless, to be found in the fact that men here lead a free life. They are not crushed by sordid cares or debased by the en-

vironments of poverty in great cities. They live in natural conditions, amid lakes and broad rivers. Should not such circumstances result in a better type of human being than that which is born and bred, and lives from hand to mouth in, say, the noisome region—watered by the unsavory Grand Junction Canal—from Shoreditch to the Thames? They do so here, so far as my observation carries me.

I have not yet seen a drunken working man, or any kind of man, in Canada. Drunkards and their like there doubtless are, but public opinion—this laboring man's opinion—is strenuously against them. My companions in this camp have been here since mid-October. They have not seen a drop of drink since they came in, and I gather that they will not see any till they go out in April. They do their work on tea. They are naturally and habitually sober. I may of course have happened upon a quite exceptional camp—upon a group of men who are above the average in this part of the dominion. But I do not think I have.

Imagine thirty British working men, accustomed to a public house at every street corner, living in the forest for six months without a break, and with never a can of beer to be had! Not 10 per cent of our English working classes would stand the strain. Like the navies who were sent to South Africa on railway construction after the war, they would throw up the job because the beer seller had not followed them into the wilds. There lies a fundamental difference between the English and Canadian laborer. The fact may not be palatable to some of my readers; but it is one which has obtruded itself upon my observation thus far. I present it to Mr. John Burns, for use in his courageous handling of the defects of the class whose social interests he champions with so much ability and self devotion.

What chance has the ordinary immigrant in the lumbering industry of New Brunswick and Quebec? There is often, I am told, a scarcity of labor. But lumbering is an art which requires to be learned. Anyone can shovel ice into a deep rut in a haulage track; a green hand like myself could earn a subsistence at that, as is proved by the fact that I have been boarded free for four days, and should be entitled to draw \$20 (£4 3s. 4d.) if I had stayed my month. I did not stay because it was not my business to do so, but to move on for the purpose of writing articles on other phases of Canadian life; and I had not the effrontery to collect four days pay from the Messrs. Fraser, being fully conscious of my ineffectiveness as a working unit in the camp. The point I had established in practice was that even a new-comer, ignorant of the woodman's art, can win his bread at lumbering in New Brunswick and Quebec should he find himself stranded in those provinces and unable to get further west.

But felling and the handling of logs requires practice. To use an axe efficiently calls for skill and knack. The life, I should judge, is a hard one. The work begins when the stars pale in their light, and ends only when they again illumine the skies. It is continued however heavily and persistently the snow may fall, and whatever may be the leanness of temperature and the keenness of the wind; for not all the days are glorified by the sun. Yesterday was such a day, and the lofty forest hills and lake-gemmed valleys were scenes of matchless beauty—an almost silent fairy land of white and gold,

the stillness broken infrequently by the cry of the moose bird, or of the blue jay, and the short sharp song of the white-throated chickadee. But to day there is no sun and snow is falling so heavily that a towering range of hills a few miles away can hardly be discerned, while ever and anon a keen cutting wind tears through the forest, bringing down masses of snow from the tree tops and whirling it furiously about—a kindly act of nature, from the point of view of the wind life of the woodland, for while, yesterday, the forest was crossed and recrossed with tracks of hare and squirrel, fox and caribou, there is now scarcely a footprint to be seen.

Of the animals themselves, one is fortunate if one gets a glimpse of a squirrel. The others are too cunning to show themselves, though their footmarks prove that they pass over the haulage tracks at will. Nor would one fare better if one plunged into the recesses of the woodland, for the first few steps would bring one breast high in the dry snow; and it is no more possible to progress far in such conditions, even with snowshoes, than it is to cut the timber and drag out the logs! As for the moose, that animal is "yarding," away from the sound of an axe or sled bells; he travels far in winter, keeping to the area he has selected as his granary until the spring. Young spruce and snow are the only diet he needs. The caribou roams far afield for the whiffs of light green moss on which

(Continued on page 7.)

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

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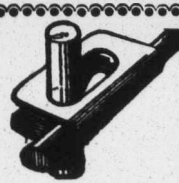
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