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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Poetry.

Santa Claus' Petition.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMAN.

HOLIDAY COUNTRY, Dec., 1888.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I write in great haste just to say,
I've met with an accident coming this way.
As Christmas is near, and I've so much to do,
I really must beg a slight favor of you;
And, unless I mistake, the small folks of this nation
Will spare poor old Santa great mortification
By setting about with their might and their main
To see that the accident's righted again.
You know, I suppose, that the distance is great
I travel each year; and for fear I'll be late,
I whip up my reindeer, and make each good steed
Go prancing along at the top of his speed.
This year my big sleigh was as full as't could hold;
I wrapped me up warm—for the weather was cold—
And started once more on my gay Christmas tour
With lightest of hearts, you may be very sure.
Hi! how the bells jingled and mingled in tune!
I bowed to the stars and I winked at the moon.
I found myself crossing the great open sea,
With dolphins and merchildren gazing at me
I bent a bit over the side of my sleigh
To wave them a hand, when—ah, me! lackaday!—
A stocking crammed full to the very small toe
Fell over the back to the sea down below,
And there the merchildren made merry ado
With toys I had meant for some dear one of you.
So this is my accident, and I would ask—
I know you won't deem it a troublesome task—
That if you should see some poor child with no toys
Upon Christmas morning, dear girls and dear boys,
You'll know the fat stocking he was to have had
Is deep in the sea, and poor Santa is sad,
And see that the accident's righted, because
'Twill be a *great* favor to

Yours, SANTA CLAUS.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Discovery.

When the world's first great westward voyager
Sailed out in faith to this new continent,
Whither he felt all his life-currents stir,
Though knowing not unto what place he went,
One day, no land in sight, his grating keel
Reported shoals; the unconscious vessel slid
Across, nor heard the grinding sands reveal
The secret of the coast beyond them hid.
He drifted past, though wait of leaf and bird,
Floating and fluttering balm him stay;
Vague invitations everywhere he heard;
By hope's own dazzling glamour led astray
He landed on an island's rim, nor guessed
How nearly he had won his larger quest.

Alas! the dumb, inscrutable human sea
That will not tell us of the shores we seek!
Its jealous waves, in moaning mockery,
But just returned from pressing a blue cheek
Against fresh roses blown for us, unseen,
In our own realm, that never will be ours.
Though through the starry dusk all night we lean,
And unaware, breath balsam from the flowers
And feel its soft mists wrapping us around,
And hear far, wave-tossed voices whispering
From some dim bourne beyond the horizon's bound—
Heart's kindred starving for the love we bring,
As we for theirs—an unreaped harvest-field:
Our treasure just within our reach—concealed!
And yet, Columbus, this New World is thine!
Thy claim was in thy forward-reaching soul,
An inner, prescient right; thou did'st divine
Wonders that veiled the hemisphere should unroll
At last, from out the blue blank of the sea:
And whatsoever foot might tread this shore,
Clear was thy title of discovery,
Whose thought outsailed thy ships so long before.
That which we recognize and seek is ours:
Approaching unperceived, related souls
Stir irresistibly our noblest powers;
Up toward our own the tide of being rolls:
And shall it not be joy, the voyage done,
To know the continent and island one?

—*Lucy Larcom in Harper's.*

Select Literature.

In War Time.

ADVENTURES OF A DEAF AND DUMB SPY.

The following narrative is told by a Federal soldier who, during the great war between the North and the South in the United States, entered the Confederate lines, pretending to be a deaf and dumb pedlar, in order to find out whether a certain position was strongly fortified or not:—

As soon as I got within the lines I encountered a party of cavalrymen. I was in citizen's clothes, and had a pack on my back. The troop was commanded by a lieutenant, and he queried to me—

'Who are you and where are you going?'

Here was the first test. Every one had his eye upon me. It was a compliment to me that one of the men called out before I had made a sign—

'Dog gone him; he's a dummy. He's got a face like a washboard!'

I wrote on my tablet—

'What do you want?'

The lieutenant wrote in reply—

'Who are you and where are you going to?'

I gave my name as George Byles, and stated that I was a Confederate pedlar. The officer asked for my pass, and I told him that it had been taken from me three days before by some Yankee raiders who had captured me and turned me loose.

He gave me the order to ride on. I could see an encampment down the road, and any attempt to flank it would create suspicion. It was well that I went ahead, for one of the cavalrymen followed me right back to the sentinel on the outskirts of the camp. When the sentinel stopped me I handed him my name and occupation, and in a few minutes I was in the presence of the officer of the guard. I was escorted to the quarters of the officer of the day, and here came a test, made so carelessly that if I had not had all my wits about me I should have been lost. As we reached the quarters the escort said—

'Here is a deaf and dumb man who has no pass. Captain Parsher ordered him here from the guard tent.'

'All right,' replied the officer, who was not even looking at us; and then, as the escort started off, he half turned to me and said—

'Stand aside for a few moments, and I will attend to your case.'

His tone was careless and his order so natural that I caught my muscles moving to obey. Had I picked up a foot I should have given myself away. As I did not move, he presently turned to me and began to inquire about me. I gave him the details, and as he were passing the tablet back and forth a captain came. The officer of the day said to him—

'We have captured a dummy. It is mighty queer that he should take to peddling among the soldiers, but they are a queer lot. He says he had a pass from Polk, but that the Yanks gobbled it when they captured him the other day. Do you see that blood spot on his left cuff?'

I was looking the officer full in the face as he spoke. I felt that he would try some trick, but he did it so neatly that he almost caught me. I winked, but I did not drop my eyes.

He then took the tablet and wrote that I might circulate about the camp until guard mount, and then report to the new officer of the day.

I got some breakfast, sold out about half my goods, and when I reported and asked that I might pass, no objection was made. The soldiers accepted me for what I claimed to be, and, while my condition excited the sympathies of some, others were inclined to ridicule and joke. While I knelt in a group a joker held a pistol close to my ear and fired it off. I heard the click of the hammer, and was, therefore, prepared for the report. I found the gap covered by a weak body, and I got through them without trouble, though my goods were now all gone, and I had to claim that I was on my way to Dalton after a new stock. I was arrested after entering the gap.

There were several officers in the general's tent when I was taken in and reported on, and the facts in my case had no sooner been announced than one of them, who was a surgeon, held a whispered conversation with the general, and I suspected a plot to test me. My suspicions were soon proved correct. The escort had retired, and left me standing in front of the entrance. The whispered consultation lasted about five minutes, and then the general casually remarked to me—

'Take a seat and I will hear you.'

The surgeon was looking me full in the face, and had I made the slightest move he must have detected it.

'Sit down!' commanded the general, in a louder voice.

I was looking at his [illegible] swinging on the tent pole, and I [illegible] my eyes till he wheeled round [illegible] chair and beckoned me to approach. I handed him my tablet and pencil, and he asked why I had not a pass and where I wanted to go. I explained about the pass as before, and told him I wanted to go to Dalton, or Rome and secure more goods. The general would have been quite satisfied, but the surgeon was a keen reader of human nature, and he was convinced that I was in disguise. I heard him whisper his suspicions to others. I had no fear of any of the rest, but I realized that it would take all my nerve and tact to hold out against the surgeon. Some of the tests he at once put me to may seem trifles to the reader until he can put himself in the position I now occupied. He rose up suddenly, crossed over to me, and slapping me on the shoulder, he exclaimed:

'Let me see your tongue!'

I had my teeth hard shut, or my jaws would have opened at the command.

'Straighten up!' was the next command.

I was humped over, and the words went through me like a bullet. I did not move, however. The surgeon was nettled. He looked at me fixedly for a long half minute, and then said to his comrades—

'He claims to have lost his pass. I want to ask him for more details. What was the date?'

He turned and put this question to me, and had I not been looking ahead for it or something of the kind my mouth would have got away with me. His failure provoked another laugh, and I wrote on the tablet—

'What does the officer say? Does he believe I am a deserter?'

'He says you are deceiving us.'

'I find it hard enough now, without being looked upon with ridicule or supicion,' I wrote and the general nodded his head to me, and said to the surgeon—

'I won't keep him longer than noon tomorrow.'

The guard was called, and I was removed to the guard-house. It held a prisoner, and I had no doubt that he had been placed there for a purpose. As soon as the door had been shut behind me, he came forward, took my hand and said—

'Ah! they've got you, too! Both of us must die together!'

I signed him that I was a deaf mute, but he replied—

'Come; no nonsense with me. I know you and you will soon know me. I have seen you at Sherman's headquarters a dozen times. I am Jack Ross, a Union spy. I was arrested here a week ago, tried by court-martial, found guilty, and to-morrow I am to be hung.'

He worked me every way he could think of to trap me, but after a couple of hours he gave it up as a bad job. I did not go to sleep that night, suspecting the surgeon would play me some trick, and about midnight he came softly in with a couple of soldiers, and, at a sign, the men screamed in my ears. I did not move. Then a musket was discharged over my body, and the surgon called out—

'You careless beggar, you have shot him.'

I did not think so, and I did not 'awake' until they pulled at me. Next morning the pretended spy was taken out. After breakfast, as I sat with my back to the door, it was softly opened, and I heard the click! click! of the hammer of a revolver. It made my flesh creep, but I did not turn. At noon I was returned to the general's tent. He was alone, and he wrote on the tablet that I was free to go, and that he would give me a pass. As he said this he handed me a paper, but ten seconds later, quietly remarked—

'See if I've signed my name to it.'

That was not the last test. He conducted me to the door of the tent, waved me past the sentinel, and observed—

'Turn to the left to avoid the ditch.'

I turned to the right, and, after getting a dinner, set out to the south. I do not think I was followed or further suspected.

Christmas Decorations.

HOW THEY CAN BE MADE AT VERY LITTLE COST.

Besides the regular wreaths and clusters of evergreen in the body of a church, beautiful effects can be produced at the altar and font with simple devices.

Very distinct and perfect outlines in lettering can be obtained from ivy leaves, and when completed the motto or monogram may be made to look as if frosted. This is done by brushing the leaves over with mucilage, and then dusting them over with glass powder, which can be obtained for a trifle at any glass works. The glitter and sparkle give a brillancy that does not seem all artificial.

Ferns can also be used to great advantage in church decoration, and quantities of them should be gathered in the autumn, and kept fresh in the cellar by being packed in barrels, with a layer of earth and a layer of ferns alternately. The evergreen kind is found all winter, but a heavy fall of snow near Christmas will effectually hide them from view.

The small ferns, or leaflets of the larger ones, make pretty letters, borders and other designs, while the long, light-looking fronds hanging over the edge of the font have a very good effect. A little country church, with scanty means of decoration, had its one point of color in the font, which, in addition to a frieze of ferns, was filled up with a mound, from the centre of which rose a Latin cross with gleams of scarlet through a misty gray. The cross had a foundation of wood, and this was first wound about with scarlet worsted braid and then draped with the soft gray Florida moss, which one of the members had donated. As the front itself was of gray stone, the entire arrangement was very pretty and harmonious. The proper Christmas flowers are white and red roses, or white and red chrysanthemums; the large white chrysanthemums are very pure looking, and appropriate for church decorations, and when red roses are to be had they will mingle very harmoniously. If neither roses nor chrysanthemums are available, ever-lasting flowers will answer the purpose, and as these, although dry, are natural products, they do not seem out of place in a church. The small, compact flower known to country people as whiteweed, or life-everlasting, is very pretty in crosses, stars or letters, especially on a scarlet or crimson ground, or relieved with a little of either color.

White cotton batting, if used in a dark church, or when the effect has to be seen at a distance, makes very ornamental lettering. The letter or device is cut from thick white paper, and an even piece of the cotton batting is then pasted over it. When quite stiff and dry the wool is cut to the exact shape of the paper on cardboard, taking care to make the angles sharp and the edges straight and even.

The effect of rich gold embroidery can be produced by covering a shape of cardboard with the coarsest straw used for making bonnets. It should be sewed around the outside edges first to secure a correct outline. The remainder is then filled in by degrees, so that the middle row has a raised appearance. Rice work, when well done, is like carved ivory. The foundation of substantial cardboard is first tacked in place, and then covered with a coating of thick, warm paste. The rice grains are dropped on this, and arranged so as to lie closely and regularly together. When stiff and dry the ornamentation is complete.

In the Christmas home dressing, many devices can be employed that would scarcely be suitable for a church, and ferns are particularly desirable here as a background, and foil to autumn leaves. Sprays and branches of bright-tinted leaves, mixed with long fern, have a beautiful effect in corners or over pictures; and in the former case tall vases are sometimes placed on the floor and filled with leaves, ferns and grasses, so arranged, with stout wires, as to nearly reach the ceiling.

Single leaves with Florida moss are very decorative as a frieze. Get up on a step-ladder and make an irregular frieze of moss all around the room. Take ferns of all tints and make large round bunches. Put these at pretty regular spaces. Then take a spool of cotton and single leaves and ferns and fasten them into long garlands, with a slipknot around each stem. Do not join them closely or regularly. Have some a few inches apart, and select leaves and ferns of all kinds, shapes and tints. Then mount the ladder again and hang your garlands. If this is done artistically, it will look like a drift of falling leaves, for the white thread of course would not show, and the leaves will look as though floating in midair. If you have muslin or lace curtains, fasten small branches of light leaves as a fern downward on one curtain. This arrangement is prettiest in a room where there are no pictures.

Fan-like bunches of large dark green ferns flat upon the wall behind a parian statuette will throw out the latter to great advantage, proving even a better background than velvet or plush. Artificial berries, especially gilded ones, are not to be despised, the latter giving a look of richness. Very pretty white berries can be made by wetting any dry berries, then dipping in flowers. Brilliant scarlet berries are made by dipping in melted sealing-wax.—*Ex.*

A very pretty and artistic cross can be made of ivy leaves mixed with berries of the Mountain Ash, Dogwood or Euonymus. Ears of wheat or oats can be worked in with good results, especially if they are first dipped into a solution of alum, strong enough to leave a deposit of crystals on them. One of the most charming crosses I ever saw used in Christmas decorations was made of Ivy leaves with a wreath of crystalized wheat and red berries thrown over its arms.

In most localities in the country, Ground Pine can be found. This is a rich green in color, and works up well in most any design. Running Pine can be gathered in long strings, and is very useful for light work where a simple tracery of green is required. Bitter sweet berries combine with it charmingly.

The everlasting flowers such as Helichrism, Xeranthemum and Gomphrena, can be bought very cheaply in natural colors, if desired for use in that condition, or they can be had in most bright colors, and in pure white, but they are really no prestier than berries, though valuable for the sake of variety.—*Eben E. Rexford in Ladies' Home Journal for December.*

Christmas Candies.

Candies are an important item in the filling of the Christmas stocking, and Santa Claus would be a niggardly fellow indeed if he failed to distribute these with his other gifts. A pleasant ending to the festivities of Christmas eve is a candy frolic, which is always in order with children. Delicious chocolate caramels are made as follows: Boil together one pint of molasses and two cups of sugar for half an hour; add half a pound of Baker's chocolate scraped fine and dissolved in a cup of hot milk. Let this stand on the back of the range until it becomes a paste before adding the other ingredient. Then add butter the size of an egg, and boil until it becomes brittle when dropped from a spoon into cold water. Pour into buttered pans, and mark into squares with the back of a knife when half cold.

Nice white candy is easily made thus; Take one quart of granulated sugar, one pint of water, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil like molasses candy, but do not stir. You can tell when it is done by trying it in cold water. Pull it as if it was molasses candy, have a dish near by with some vanilla in it, and work in enough to flavour as you pull it; put it in a cold room and the next day it will be found very delicious.

Candies can be easily made without boiling and by giving different flavors a great variety can be made at home cheaper than the same quantity can be bought. Making candy, too, is always great fun for an entertainment. The powdered sugar is better than the granulated for this purpose and the confectioner's, which can usually be found at a baker's, if no grocer in the place keeps it, is still better. Put the whites of two eggs into a bowl and beat them so they will not be stringy, add half a cupful of cold water and stir in sugar until the paste is stiff enough to shape with the fingers. Have a square of unsweetened chocolate melted in a cup set in a dish of hot water. Pinch out a bit of the white paste, shape it into a mouse and stick a bit of thread or twine into the paste mouse for a tail, and put him on a buttered paper on a plate or pan. With a spoon give him a coating of the chocolate. Other fancy shapes can be made if one is sufficiently skillful in forming animals or figures. Red sugar will make another color or perhaps half the sugar could be wet up with beet or currant juice instead of cold water. I have not tried this, however, and so cannot say positively. If you put part of your paste into different dishes you can make as many different flavors as you please. With English walnuts and almonds divided you can make nut creams, and a pound of dates at ten cents, will make a great quantity of cream dates. Two coffee cups of granulated sugar and one-half of a bar of chocolate will make a great quantity of chocolate drops. Boil the sugar with ½ of a cup of hot water till it candies when a bit is dropped into cold water. Take from the stove and beat till it is cool enough to handle, then shape and cover with chocolate as for the mouse.

The New Oil Cartridge.

So much enthusiasm has of late years been expended in singing the praises of dynamite cartridges, whose explosion will be warranted to tear to pieces any number of ships and men, that it is a positive relief to turn aside and say a kindly word for the gentler virtues of the new invention of the oil cartridge, which comes not to kill, but to save. The use of oil to still the fury of the most tempestuous seas has long been known, but how to get the oil just where it would breathe its reposeful spirit of benediction over the angry waves has been a problem as hard to solve as that of judiciously bringing to bear the emollient influence of the 'soft answer which turneth away the wrath of man.' Now, at last, the problem seems to be happily solved. A simple cartridge holding about two ounces of oil has been devised, which can be thrown by a small gun to any spot where it may be wanted. Suppose, for example, a steamship is heading, bows-on, into a furious gale. All she has to do is to fire at intervals from her bow a succession of these cartridges, and then, straight ahead, she has ready prepared for her a passageway of smooth water an eighth of a mile wide. Thus is the power put into the hands of every common ship captain to work over again the old Bible miracle of the passage of the Red sea by the children of Israel. On either side the raging billows, and between them a still, quiet avenue to be passed through, if not dry-shod, still with dry decks. Who, under these conditions, would not delight in witnessing a furious gale at sea, and in sounding his timbrels and singing with Miriam the song of triumph.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 60 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Drs. DeBlois & Primrose, Bridgetown, and Dr. Morse, Lawrencetown.

Ottawa, December 9.—The total cattle shipments from Montreal this season aggregate 55,900 head, an increase of forty per cent. over last year and the largest season's shipments ever made. The increase in the shipment of sheep is also large.—*Herald.*

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, *and firmly set.*"—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

BOLD BRUIN.—From time to time we hear some pretty good yarns about the boldness of Mr. Bruin, but we are inclined to think that the following is pretty hard to beat. It is quite natural for a bear to raid a sheep herd or down a bovine in the rural districts, but when this animal, this professor of hugging, boldly walks into the centre of a thriving village of 3,000 inhabitants, he is establishing a bad precedent. This Mr. Bruin did at Acadia Iron Mines last Thursday night. His bearship travelled around Mr. G. W. Cox & Co.'s store, up to the coke ovens, apparently not in any way afraid of the light; as his tracks in the fresh snow showed he had gone quite near to them. From there he went out the curve road to the station, down upon the platform, where he sat and partook of a lunch. Then he walked up to the station and passed between it and an out building, out through the yard and into the woods. Some men gave him chase next morning, but failed to catch him. The tracks are said to have been exceedingly large.—*Colchester Sun.*

A PITIFUL STORY.—A little Lexington girl has found recently that charity has sweet rewards in gratitude. At the time of the Johnstown floods she decided to contribute a dress to the supply of clothing, which some of the town's people were collecting for the sufferers, and in its pocket placed a note requesting that the little girl who received the dress would send a reply. The answer came, and it told a pitiful story. The Johnstown girl said that she has lost thirty-two relatives in the flood. Of seven children in her immediate family four were saved. The little girl, whose house had been swept away, expressed sincere gratitude for the dress.—*Boston Journal.*

—A New York *World's* special from Baltimore says: 'The scientists connected with the John Hopkins university are engaged in investigating the peculiar power possessed by the fingers of Louis Hamburger, 21-year-old son of Philip Hamburger, a well-known merchant of this city. If the hands of the young man are touched by any polished object they hold it like a magnet. He can thus raise up a large number of pins. His index fingers possess the qualities more than the others. He also raises up a glass tube freighted with a six-pound weight. Prof. Wm. Simon has him in charge and proposes to give some scientific experiments before the John Hopkins Scientific association.'

PLASTER OF PARIS FLOORING.—Plaster of Paris can now be rendered hard enough to be used for flooring purposes by means of a process recently communicated by the French Academy of Science. The plaster is mixed with one-sixth of its weight of freshly slacked lime of good quality, and this mixture worked and applied with as little water as possible. After it has thoroughly dried it is treated with a strong solution of iron sulphate which, gradually oxidizing, leaves the floor impregnated with a yellow colored substance, which develops a fine imitation of mahogany under an application of linseed oil.

THE EYES OF SCHOOL PUPILS.—Overzealous teachers may sometimes do harm in threatening pupils with punishment if they look up from their books, says the sanitary inspector. The eye, and especially the young eye, needs a rest occasionally by diversion from near to more remote objects. At the recent international congress of hygiene, one of the speakers, Dr. Metals, in speaking of the alarming prevalence of myopia in Germany, and of its rapid increase in France, expressed the hope we shall soon see the course of studies varied and children prevented from looking too long a period at near objects.

A HORRIBLE ACCUSATION.—*Columbus, Dec. 8.*—Rev. Wm. F. Pettit, Methodist clergyman, who came here two weeks ago from Indiana, has been arrested here on the charge of poisoning his wife, who died in July last. He declares his innocence and expresses a desire for an immediate trial. He returned to Indiana without requisition papers.

RIGHTEOUS AWARD.—A poor man, British Vice Consul at San Jose, Guatemala, some 15 years ago, was one day by order of a drunken native commandant, given 100 lashes. The British Government made Guatamala pay him $500 for every lash: this began for him a fortune and he is now worth $5,000,000.

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get 'Putnam's,' and no other.

—A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says that Chas. S. Ostrom, night cashier of the Minneapolis department of the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, has been arrested suspected of having set the fire which burned the Minneapolis *Tribune* building and sacrificed seven lives to cover up defalcations in his accounts.

—A saloon can no more be run without using boys than a flouring-mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys—your boys or mine? our boys or our neighbors?—*Christian Instructor.*

Make no Delay!

Is a perfect cure for croup and colds, and I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil—one bottle of which cured me of a very bad cold. I would say to all sufferers, make no delay in using it as it gives quick relief. W. J. KENNY, Stittsville, Ont.