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CURRENT TOPICS.

The preaching of the gospel of fresh air as a panacea for 90 per cent. of the superficial ills to which humanity falls victim continues a serious and helpful habit with those who have proved its efficacy. Still, the majority of people read the advice of authorities on the subject, admit the logic of their conclusions, determine to heed the list of "don'ts" included, and immediately thereafter revert to their old bad habits.

In a recent issue of a contemporary appears an article sardonically headed "Colds and How to Catch Them," written by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, and illustrated suggestively with views of a monkey in the throes of an attack of the grip and a parrot enjoying the relief and discomfort of a racking sneeze. In these pictures the artist has cleverly caught the spirit of Dr. Hutchinson's between-the-line criticism of the public intelligence. The physician plainly intimates that he believes any person who permits himself to become a prey to the grip falls thereby to establish a denial of his simian ancestry, while those who wearily confess a weakness of the kind are as certainly emulating the dress of the imitative parrot.

According to Dr. Hutchinson an epidemic of grip is an artificial creation and "catching cold" is supremely foolish. He would have us understand that our systems, while the happy hunting grounds of swarms of savage bacilli are provided by nature with a mighty force of defenders, a guard of protective substances in the blood known to their professional acquaintances as "antibodies." Upon the invading germs the antibodies make constant war, and the work of the former to harm us depends upon the strength and fighting quality of the latter to keep them in subjection and put them to rout.

Now, the anti-bodies feed on fresh air and grow strong and vigorous on cold baths. Exercise of the body in the open puts them in the pink of condition, but they weaken and finally fade away once we try to coddle them. Steam heat and chest protectors are their sworn foes, and so it happens that when the first chill days of fall appear and we begin cultivating the hissing radiator and the snug but insular living room we are killing our friends the antibodies, and helping the bacilli on to a sweeping victory.

We do not "catch cold" by sitting in drafts but by avoiding them. It does not follow that because the air of the sleeping room is kept cold by the absence of heat that it is also kept pure, and the more clothing we pile on our bodies the more sensitive we make them. In a word, this authority again sounds the warning that fresh air and plenty of it, pure water and plenty of that, used externally and internally, open windows, open lungs, and open pores—with these things sensibly considered the anti-bodies will do the rest and there will be no more colds or epidemics of influenza.

THE DOCTOR'S EXPECTATIONS.

"I'm glad to find you so much better, old man. Does the doctor expect you to be out soon?"

"I think he expects me to be out on the amount of his bill. He sent it in."

NOT AGE, BUT WISDOM.

He—Young girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older they want to marry a man with money.

She—You're wrong. They don't grow older; they merely grow wiser.

If a man is afraid to lie outright he begins by saying "They say."

Failure is the only thing that any man can achieve without effort.

Even some thirsty men are not anxious for an opportunity to line up in front of the bar of justice.

Woman (discovering a burglar in the act of opening a bank safe)—"Hold on! What are you doing there? Burglar—Don't make such a row, old man. I only want to see if my deposit is all right. Nobody can trust his banker now-a-days."

Crabfowler—"While your wife is away in the country why do you always send her such small sums at a time? Crabshaw—"If I didn't she might use the money to come home unexpectedly."

"How do you account for the fact," asked the doctor, "as shown by actual investigation, that thirty-two out of every hundred criminals in the country are left-handed?" "That's easily accounted for," said the professor. "The other thirty-eight are right-handed."

Young Man—"What do you think of Brown?" Indignant Old Gentleman—"Brown, sir, he is one of those people that smack you on the back before your face and hit you in the eye behind your back. Ugh!"

ON THE FARM.

THE FEEDING OF FARM ANIMALS.

In the previous discussions at the convention, no point had been more strongly put forward than the value and importance of the various breeds of live stock to the Maritime farmer, for they not only provided a sure source of revenue, but would yield that revenue at little expense to the fertility of the farm. says Prof. M. Cumming, before the New Brunswick Farmers' and Dairymen's convention. A feeding steer would have in his voidings 90 per cent. of the fertility which was in food. A dairy cow giving an average flow of milk would leave 75 per cent., or, if her product is fed on the farm, there need not be a loss of more than 5 or 10 per cent. of the fertility contained in the food she was given. If it was important to keep live stock—or, rather, to have live stock keep the farmer—it was much more important that this live stock should be of the best quality, for everyone knew that there was stock that would pay a profit, and stock that would not. The problem for the progressive farmer of the present day is to get as many of the first kind as possible, and as few of the other kind. In doing this, one had to depend upon breeding, selecting and feeding, of which three operations the speaker scarcely knew what one was the most important. All eyes necessary, but he was inclined to believe that, in this Province, at any rate, feeding was even more neglected than breeding. It was a curious trait in human nature that a man who could summon up courage to buy first-class stock at high prices, would begrudge these animals every extra crum of food they might consume. Such a course never paid.

The real value of an animal consisted in the amount of food it could consume to advantage over and above the amount necessary to maintain the vital functions. In the College herd, the most profitable cow was the heaviest-feeding one. Such a view did not, however, suit the ideas of many farmers. One day the speaker was showing a farmer the College herd, and pointed out a cow that was giving 15,000 pounds of milk annually, and which was costing about \$80 a year for feed. The visitor considered this an outrageous amount, compared with the \$20 his own cows cost him; but when it was pointed out to him that the cow was giving a great return for the \$80 she was costing as 2 1/2% of his cows, costing \$125 for feed, were doing, he began to appreciate the value of profitable stock rather more than he had previously.

There had been a discussion at the convention on beef cattle, and incidentally, as to whether there was more profit in that branch of farming than in dairying. Some time ago the students of the College were arguing the same question, and those who favored beef production did so for the following reasons: (1) less labor; (2) less skilled labor; (3) more could be kept with the same amount of labor because coarse products were consumed; and more manure produced; (4) more holidays and Sundays less fixings; (5) required less capital in buildings and equipment; (6) their manure was more valuable; (7) less trouble with "blanks," and (8) help out the man of mature years who is resting on his oars, and is satisfied to keep up his farm with a fair income.

Those in favor of dairying claim that that industry (1) presents many instances of much more individual profit, even making full allowance for labor; (2) they gave his revenue regularly, thus helping out the man of limited capital; (3) it affords a better chance to keep skilled labor at a profit the year round; (4) it gives a man a better chance to keep pigs and poultry, etc., at a profit; (5) when only butter is sold, the manorial product is fully equal to that of beef cattle; (6) in beef production there was trouble, as evidenced by the markets in competing with Western beef, but dairying afforded a better chance, even if the cost of production were higher and the products of a perishable nature; (7) it affords a better opportunity.

If those arguments were solid, then the best farming outlook was along the dairy line, but there are whole sections, and parts, perhaps of every section, where beef-raising ought to be and can be carried on at a profit. A good deal had been said that day about the dual-purpose cow. For his (the speaker's) part, if he were a beef farmer, he would own beef cows capable of giving a good flow of milk, but would call them good milking beef cattle. If he were a dairymen he would keep that sort of cow as far away from his farm as possible. Then, as to feeds. The Maritime Provinces were essentially adapted to the raising of hay, green f-toler and roots, but, with some exceptions, they did not produce grain as cheaply as places further west, and the farmer ought so to arrange his farm as to get the greatest profit from those products.

With regard to hay, if they were to grow it at all, it would certainly be more profitable to grow only the best quality. Whether for dairy or beef cattle, clover hay was much the most efficient, and would help to save the grain bill, at less expense to the fertility of the soil. In roots, these Provinces easily excel the West. They form a most cheap and desirable feed for fattening cattle and also inducing a good milk-flow. With roots, it was possible to use cheaper and coarser feed, and they ministered to the health of all stock. The quantity to be fed varied, of course, with the animal. In some cases, one or even two bushels per cow would not be too much, but about 40 pounds a day would be found an economical amount. Too much could not be said as to the value of forage crops. Peas and oats mixed were particularly valuable, and perhaps more easily grown in some parts than corn. If cows are milking, their use will maintain a milk flow, and, if dry, they would produce food, and were most valuable for beef cattle and sheep.

UPS AND DOWNS



Life has lots of ups and downs. So says Mother dear; Lots of smiles and lots of frowns; Lots of hope and fear.

The Haunted House

NE BIT thing about Skinny is his "rightfulness." Fact is, he can work out as many schemes in a minute as all the rest of the "Bloody Robbers" can in an hour. That's one reason why them "Bloody Pirates"—who ain't much account, anyway—never gets ahead of us.

"Course, when the time came to 'nitilate' Jim Crawford into the 'Robbers,' it was Skinny who persuaded what Bill Kane calls the ways an' means. We'd saved the initiation until after Washington's Birthday, yuh know, so's not to have all our fun come in a lump. 'Fellers,' says Skinny, 'let's blind-fold Jim an' after it's dark take 'im out to the old haunted house, near Gorman's. Jim's scared to death of that old house. He told me he once knew a feller who'd seen a spook there, an' that he wouldn't go in for his life.' 'Folks do say there's ghostesses and other awful things,' chimed in Pete Hamilton, 'but you can bet yer life Jim'll let us know mighty quick if there is, for he's a really-keen spook and a things. Maybe, though, he'll be too scared to teller,' laughed Jack Warner.

So, when the clock struck the initiation, we led poor, wonderin' Joe out to the edge of town. Here we blind-folded Jim, fore we went the rest of the way. The old house is on a bluff overlooking the creek, and about a quarter of a mile from Gorman's farm. Some of Gorman's folks lived in it long ago, but it's been empty for nigh on to fifty years—that is, empty 'cept for rats an' mice an' squirrels an' snakes an' toads an' wasps an' most every other kind of pest. We'd never done more than peek through a broken shutter, but we could see that much even then.

On we went with Jim, not one of us sayin' a single word. His legs began to shake an' an' more. Whatever was goin' to happen to him he wanted to cover up just as soon as possible. At last, though, we reached the house. An' some of the other fellers were as trembly as Jim when an' ol' owl hooted from the house, as though darin' us to come in. They got more and more scared, too, so that the upshot of the matter was that me an' Skinny had to do the whole thing ourselves. We'd already tied Jim's hands behind him, so we had a lot of trouble lettin' him through the broken window. Pete Hamilton then handed us a lighted candle.

"Josh, you ought to uv seen them rats an' things out a fuss! I tell yuh, Skinny, I'd I'd been afeared of nigh on to fifty years—that is, empty 'cept for rats an' mice an' squirrels an' snakes an' toads an' wasps an' most every other kind of pest. We'd never done more than peek through a broken shutter, but we could see that much even then. On we went with Jim, not one of us sayin' a single word. His legs began to shake an' an' more. Whatever was goin' to happen to him he wanted to cover up just as soon as possible. At last, though, we reached the house. An' some of the other fellers were as trembly as Jim when an' ol' owl hooted from the house, as though darin' us to come in. They got more and more scared, too, so that the upshot of the matter was that me an' Skinny had to do the whole thing ourselves. We'd already tied Jim's hands behind him, so we had a lot of trouble lettin' him through the broken window. Pete Hamilton then handed us a lighted candle.

But if they were scared, what must Jim uv felt like! Fore we even took him in he was so frightened with the fellers a-whisperin' that he could hardly walk. An' the owls an' rats an' bats had been a-way the rest of his nerves. We all waited silent-like. I guess

OUT OF IT. The departing servant—Could you give me a character, madam? Madam—I'm sorry, but I haven't one to spare.

YOUNG FOLKS

HIS CARNIVAL.

Little David Baker's father was going to Montreal to the carnival, and Davis wished that he might go, too. He had heard such wonderful stories about the ice palace and the tobogganing.

When he cried a little about it, grandmother said, "Why would you like to go? You think up something that would be much nicer. They decided to have a carnival of their own."

Billy and Davie, after much considering, began preparations. There were two great watering-tubs in the yard, where the horses were watered. It was cold weather, and at night they were frozen over an inch or two in thickness, and through the day, too, if they were not disturbed. Then Billy got two or three empty grain-boxes,—big, shallow ones,—and after banking snow round them to keep them from leaking, he pumped them full of water and let them freeze over. These ice-cakes Billy carefully removed as often as he could get them frozen, and within three days, by constant watching, he had a great many, as clear as crystal. Then he and Davie marked off a square on the snow, drove down pairs of tall stakes at the corners, and as many along the sides as were needed.

The great ice-cakes were then dropped into place between the stakes, forming transparent walls. On the top of the walls single sticks were laid, and more ice-cakes laid over them for a roof. This was the "palace."

At an early stage in the proceedings, Davie had written this invitation to the boys of the neighborhood, leaving one at each door:

Boo For Davie Bakers carnival bring yere bowguns Thursdy Nite

The fall before had been election year, and in the storeroom, there was a whole boxful of wax candles left over from "illuminations." Mama gave Davie these.

Billy made a cross and tacked rows of candles to it, and set it up on the roof of the palace; candles ran all along the four corners and down the corners. Two big piles of dry branches from the woods were heaped up at a little distance on each side, and a long pole with candles attached ran from one to the other, suspended from high stakes.

It was a very still night. As soon as it was dark the boys came all bundled up, and the fun began. Billy first lighted lanterns and set them inside the palace; then he lighted all the candles, and last the bonfires.

How they flared and twinkled and glittered! Great clouds of sparks from the bonfires went sailing up almost out of sight, and such shouting and whooping and dancing was never seen nor heard.

For an hour the children coasted down the hill near by, and ran races on their snow-shoes; then Davie's mother grounded the horn, and they all flopped into the dining-room, where there were great plates of apples and buns and snowy corn-cakes. They all thought the "carnival" just splendid, and declared that they would have one every year.

But a very little thing came near spoiling it all. The boys had come armed with bowguns and bows and arrows, and even pop-guns of all descriptions, much to Davie's amazement. "Bow-guns!" he cried, in disgust. "I said 'boggins!' Terribboggins!"

But one of the boys fished his note up from the depths of his pocket, with a handful of acorn shells and gingerbread crumbs. That quenched Davie's spirit at once, and he stoutly resolved that he would learn to spell better before another year.—Youth's Companion.

Few people are as smart as they think other people think they are. There is always a good-paying job on tap for the man who can deliver the goods. Be kind to your friends, be agreeable to your neighbors and beware of your enemies. It's a wise father who uses grammar that is satisfactory to his 16-year-old daughter. Marriage is like a porous plaster; it's easier to get next to it than it is to get away from it. Even with his experience a self-made man sometimes finds it difficult to make true friends.

HEALTH

TUBERCULOUS MENINGITIS.

This form of chronic brain fever, is one which affects children mainly, although adults do not always escape. The most frequent age is about two years. Nearly half of all the cases occur near the period of first dentition. The disease is due to a deposit of tubercles in the pia mater—the inner of the membranes covering the brain. This is accompanied by more or less inflammation and softening of the brain end by an increase in the amount of cerebrospinal fluid.

Tuberculosis of other parts, as the lungs or joints, is very common, but the meningeal affection may exist alone. The disease may begin gradually or abruptly. The gradual is most common. For a longer or shorter period the child is noticed to be ill. It is dull, often peevish, sleeps poorly, sometimes crying out shrilly in sleep or grinding his teeth; the appetite is poor, vomiting is not infrequent, constipation is the rule, and the breath is generally bad.

In older children headache is usually complained of, and the speech is affected, being slow and halting, sometimes with disarrangement of the order of the words in a sentence, or the substitution of meaningless words. When the disease is fully developed, all these symptoms become intensified.

Pain is often severe, sometimes in the head, sometimes in other parts of the body; constipation is obstinate; vomiting occasionally, although not always, occurs; the eyes are sensitive to light; the face has a vacant expression; no notice is taken of the surroundings; the patient lies on the side with the knees drawn up, and seeks only to be left alone.

Convulsions are the rule in young children. They may be confined to certain groups of muscles; to one extremity; or to the side of the face. Convulsions may involve the entire body. Following the convulsions there is usually more or less muscular rigidity, or there may be paralysis. The pulse is irregular, and as a rule slower than normal until toward the end of the disease, when it may become very rapid. The breathing is also irregular, and sighing is frequent.

Tuberculous meningitis is a very serious, usually fatal, disease, but victims sometimes recover from it under appropriate treatment, or get well spontaneously. It is quite different in nature and symptoms from cerebrospinal meningitis.—Youth's Companion.

FOR INVALIDS.

A nourishing drink for sick people is made as follows: Make a strong cup of coffee, add cream and a little more sugar than usual, and let it all come to a boil. Then pour it over a well-beaten egg in the cup in which it is to be used.

Meat Tea.—Cut a pound of lean meat into thin slices, put into a quart and a half a pint of cold water, set it over a gentle fire where it will become gradually warm. When the scum arises let it simmer gently for about an hour, then strain it through a fine sieve or rapkin, let it stand ten minutes to settle, and then pour off the clear tea. An onion and a few grains of black pepper may be added. If the meat is boiled till it is thoroughly tender you may mince it and pound it and make posset beef.

An excellent way to boil an egg so as to have it soft and fluffy, suitable for convalescents, is to cook it eight minutes. The water in the kettle must be boiling. Carefully place the egg—which previously has been dipped in warm water to remove oil, as sudden change in temperature would crack it—in the boiling water, and cover, leaving upon the hot stove to get the heat. At the end of eight minutes take egg from shell, salt and butter to taste, and you will have a soft, palatable, easily digested egg.

PA KNEW.

"Pa, what is a cold snoot?" "Something enjoyed by the plumber. Run along now."

Courtlship is expensive, marriage more so and alimony—well, that's the limit.

Never judge the kind of mother a man had by the woman who marries him.

It is easier to do a charitable act than it is to refrain from talking about it.

Timorous Tib

ALL the goats on the mountain, Tib was the most timid. He was afraid to take the smallest kind of a leap. And his mother had no end of a time teaching him to climb. Once, as he stood hesitating on a narrow ledge of the mountain, a hunter dropped a noose up to him by the horns. It was only a desperate wriggle that he managed to escape.

Another day all the little mountain goats were playing Follow Your Leader. When it came Tib's turn to stand on a tiny pinnacle on the top-most part of the mountain, his legs trembled so with fright that he fell. Down he rolled, bounding from rock to rock, till at last his horns came in contact with a telegraph wire that hung in and out about the mountain; his horns became fastened in the wire, and there he hung for nearly half a day.

No sooner did he regain the ground than he was seized by a great, big bear. Fortunately the bear was not hungry at the time. Lifting Tib above his head, he threw the poor goat with all his force against a bank of earth nearby. Tib stuck there by his horns, while the bear ambled off, promising himself a good meal in the evening. Well, it was for Tib that he managed to wriggle himself loose.

But Tib still pursued him. He was captured by a sheep herder and almost a month compelled to perform the duty of a bootjack, talking off the herder's boots with his horns. He found to his joy, that no longer did he feel afraid, so much that his strange experience done to develop his courage. Tib became a "Courageous Tib," became so daring that he was known thereafter as "Courageous Tib."

Even professional snake charmers fight shy of snakes in the grass. As soon as the average girl acquires two or three stickpins she begins to talk about her jewels.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Text: Most people know that if they have been sick they need Scott's Emulsion to bring back health and strength. But the strongest point about Scott's Emulsion is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it. It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption. Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor. And it contains no drugs and no alcohol. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.