

The Ancient and the Modern Vintage—"The Savile Lie"—The Incident of the Birmingham Mob—The Socialist and Other Bogeys.

A Happy Mother's Letter

TELLS HOW SHE BROUGHT HER
SICK DAUGHTER BACK TO
HEALTH.

"My daughter enjoyed a gorgeous and happy childhood," writes Mrs. Eugene Jardine, from Shepherd's Point, "Being an only child, our anxieties were great, when just at her approach upon marriage, her strength failed and her mind became somewhat depressed. Her appetite became so variable that no effort I could make to supply her with food, and her strength induce her to take comfortable meals. I never saw a girl tire so quickly—she had nothing to fall back upon, no resistance, and her natural functions were checked, and her complexion blanched. It looked like pernicious anaemia until I found how quickly Ferrozene was building up her blood. Within a few days her complexion was her cheeks, and the improved interest she began to take in things, gave us courage. This improvement was only the beginning of what Ferrozene started. Jennie's appetite improved, and her daughter's case proves Ferrozene the best tonic treatment for growing girls. It raised Jennie's health when she was almost moribund, and so many other mothers will see their girls use it, too."

It's from 12 to 20 tablets every girl needs for a healthy blood. Ferrozene tonic to keep her vitality high—all she requires is combined scientifically in Ferrozene; try it, one or two tablets daily, and you'll see the difference. Six boxes for \$2.50, all dealers or The Ferrozene Company, Kingston, Ont.

Richard Brins

His Greatness

[J. E. A., in *Manchester Guardian*]

There are many things in Sheridan's career for which we must have the word artist. It explains his dying fantasy to the French Revolution, his wonderful eyes that would look up to the coffin-lid as brightly as ever. It explains the scrap of writing found after the death of his first wife, the loss of the bread from the beloved object, long-suffering in pain and certainty to die, is not so great a privation as the last loss of her beautiful features. It explains the story of the grave is sharper than the sting of death." This was a sentiment that made Mrs. Oliphant shudder. He had the fatal failings of the artist, the extravagance and meanness, the joy of giving, the horror of paying. His debts were greatly exaggerated, at his death not more than £5,000, an insignificant amount in those more imaginative days. Sheridan never paid a bill, but then he never cared about cashing a check; his duns found his broken windows stuffed with bank notes. The friends of his mind, and yet the greatest artists, explain his ultra-romantic marriage, the carefully arranged collapse into Burke's arms of Warren Hastings speech, the elaborate composure with which he fired off his famous joke at the burning of Drury Lane. He was found in a convenient tavern, remarking to his astonished friends, "My mind is surely be allowed to enjoy a glass of wine by his own fireside. It is difficult to believe that he was not guilty of leaving them in the thick smoke of his ready-made wit. With the artist's economy he never wasted a joke. His

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There are many things in Sheridan's career for which we must have the word artist. It explains his dying fanfare to Lady Bessborough about his wonderful eyes that would look up at the stars, his fighting, his death, it explains the scraps of witting found after the death of his first wife. "The loss of the breath from a beloved object, long-suffering in pain and certain to be lost, is a terrible blow to the soul as the last loss of her beautiful remains if they remain so. The victory of the grave is sharper than the sting of death." This was a sentiment that Sheridan would have been glad to have the usual failings of the artist, the extravagance and generosity, the joy of giving, the horror of paying. His debts were greatly exaggerated, at his death he owed £25,000, but it is not a significant amount in those more imaginative days. Sheridan never paid a bill, but then he never cared about cashing a check; his duns found him but he never answered them, as the notes. The charlatan that doubles all but the greatest artists explains his ultra-romantic marriage, the carefully arranged collapse into Burke's arms at the end of the play, the elaborate composure with which he fired off his famous joke at the burning of Drury Lane. He was found in his study, the tavern, remarking to his astonished friends that he was surely be allowed to enjoy a glass of wine by his own fireside. It is difficult to believe that he was not guilty or that he was not the victim of his ready-made wit. With the artist's economy he never wasted a joke. His

That was why they were in such a hurry to dissolve parliament. If they

had only waited another six months without throwing out the budget and imposing a dissolution by stopping the supplies to this country, would have so completely recovered that it would have been hopeless for them to have talked of foreign competition. "But," they said, "they saw. But did they really think that the people could not see through an apparent dodge of that sort? Of course the people could see through that side view, and be much wiser, and he believed sadder men in another week (Cheers.) It would cure them of tricks of that sort by their own experience, put them on their guard. The fact that they tried to limit our export of coal showed how little they understood of the trade of the country. These great dukes and lords (loud laughter) about trade, and it would be a very sad day for the people of this country if ever trade and industry were handed over to a clique of lords (loud laughter) about trade, and the elements of trade and industry in any branch of it. Do not be taken in by their talk about foreign trade, this country is not doing a bigger trade than any other in the world. If free trade had ruined Great Britain, how could our position in the shipping trade be explained? He was not a free trader for this country, but they were at any rate worse in Germany. Do not let them believe the other side when they say that Germany is a free trade country, and Germany was heaven. This might be purgatory, but they had missed the designation of the other, (Loud laughter.) They said, "Do not let us come to Germany." Having said that, they had in the way of emancipating our trade, let them proceed to free other things as well. They had free trade, and they had free trade in the coal trade, (Cheers.) Let them go on from freedom to freedom.

"Do not," he exclaimed with emphasis, "let your heart be filled with empty words, and your hands be idle in your paws. Don't say that to the uncle who is in the House of Lords and leave it there en deposit, (Laughter.) You will never get it back. (Loud laughter.) Let them go on from freedom to freedom. You will never be able to redeem it. Stick to it. It is the most valuable article of furniture you have got—I foretell you the value of which you cannot tell." (Loud cheers.)

[J. E. A., in Manchester Guardian.]

"But!" This is not all ambition, but consciousness of power which may not be wasted. But to what, after all, did this power, in its fulfilling, amount? Half-a-dozen flaming speeches for all time and half a hundred squabble-ful and empty days. This colossal quarrelling of Pitt, Burke, Fox and Sheridan carries very little meaning for us today, at least for those of us who care nothing for the personal aspect of the quarrel. It is the eternal quarrel in the French of a blind beggar of Notre Dame raising his eternal plaint "Pity for the poor blind!" above the clamor of the "Vive la République," the cry of faction changed with the year. Now it is "Vive l'Empereur!" now "Vive la République!" now "Vive la Commune!" and above the clamor of the "Vive la République!" is the never-ceasing drone "Pity for the poor blind!" the eternal voice of Misery mocking the eternal pretension of Power. So it may well be that the blind beggar of Notre Dame has trained their leaders. And some of us are not greatly interested in their quarrels.

Sheridan failed. He tried to be called "Poor Sherry" by a public which should have been silent. He was a Pierrot to whose deathbed no Harlequin and Columbine came tiptoeing in to see him. But he had his grandeur and his dignity and could measure the death of his fall.

LIGHT ON THE FARM.

The introduction of tungsten lamps is doing much to advance the use of electricity on farms. It is possible for the farmer with a small plant, driven either by a gasoline engine or by damming a small stream, to obtain sufficient current to light his house and barn with this economical type of incandescent lamp. The use of electricity on the farm, by the way, was again pointed out by the Electrical World, farmers will in time come to consider electricity a necessity. Then it will be found profitable to establish central generating stations for farming districts to take the place of the small individual plants now being installed.—Scientific American.

The healthy child is always a happy child. All its little troubles vanish when its food digests properly and it is free from childish ailments. Most of these ailments come from colds or low stomach troubles, colds, feverishness, teething and worms. Baby's Own Tablets promptly cure all these troubles and keep little ones well. Mrs. W. M. Martin writes and says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in my home for the past four years, and since using them my little ones have enjoyed the best of health. I have recommended them to every mother as a sure cure for the little troubles of childhood." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from "The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

By Robert Russell

(By Robert Russell.)

The man involuntarily clutched the letter he had been reading and turned toward the maid who quietly entered his office.

A very young gentleman to see you, Mr. Jarvis," she said. "Shall I show him in?"

"Yes."

The door closed noiselessly behind the physician, and he stood for a moment before the open window, the summer breeze on his tired face.

The sound of footsteps he turned toward, and looked into the group which followed his sister. In the contrast between the two there was a pathos which permeates all life.

"Wonderfully successful," he said, "and physically strong and mentally powerful; his visitor, a boy of perhaps twelve years, was pale and thin, and his mother's eyes, deep-set in the world out of a head supported by framework of metal and leather."

"Are you Doctor Jarvis?" inquired the boy.

"Yes," answered the doctor. "Can I do anything for you?"

"I asked my nurse where you lived, and she told me that I came to you, or—Will you?"

"Certainly not," replied Doctor Jarvis, reassuredly. "I never speak of my patients to my mother."

"I am very glad, sir," murmured the boy, "for this is most con—most

Blames French Parents and Their Excessive Thrift.

[illegible]

[From "Man's Maladies"]

"Kind, yes; you are kind, and good, isn't you?"

"Kind, yes; good, God knows."

"I'm going to tell you anyway, sir," said the boy, "that I know you'll understand. Perhaps, you've been unhappy too. Last night, long after I'd gone to bed, papa and mamma came and stood beside me. It was dark, and I was asleep. I was gleeful. It worried me when I don't sleep, so I didn't say anything—just let them think I was all right. 'He's better,' papa said, and then mamma crying a little, and then he went on, 'We'll have our wonderful Jarvis see him'—that's you, you know, and—I can't just remember the words he said, but he said that I could have his support, and be like the other boys, he wouldn't worry about me any longer, and—and—"

"Yes, little fellow, and what would you have?"

"He'd go away—forever—so—so mamma would be happy."

The boy did not try to be brave. His soba were not useful.

"Oh, no, sir," said the doctor Jarvis. "Yes, yes, sir, and—and mamma don't want him to go away—she doesn't. She just cried, and told me that I must keep him. For I knew I'd help me."

"But why——" began the doctor.
"Oh, I don't understand it either but

pa thinks that mamma don't love me any more—I guess because she's been with me so much—but papa says I wouldn't be happy without him, and while I have to wear this he'll stay with us, and—mamma will be happy, too. Oh, do, do say I don't take it off yet!"

The boy's fragile body shook with the intensity of his emotion as Doctor Jarvis carried him to the big chair and laid him against the soft pillows again.

"Rest a moment, little man," he said, "and tell me I want to know the name of the bravest—"

Wish for something so irresistibly-
so distinctively-delightful, then try McCormick's Maple Leaf
Biscuits. A soft layer of enticingly-palatable, full-flavored, pure
maple with two temptingly-wholesome, rich Maple-flavored Biscuits
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We Guarantee Cures or No Pay. We Treat all Diseases of Men and Women.

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE

All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at Our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat **no patients** in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.

Write for our complete address.

Stop
Women
And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

lines is less than 1,600 miles, of which the state operates about 900 and the Iron Railway Company about 660, made up of 205 miles belonging to the state, 290 owned by other companies and 165 miles of its own lines.

There is considerable competition between the two companies, which, however, in connection with the competition of the rivers and canals, assures a very good service. Each company owns a great part of the lines belonging thereto which it operates, and each must share with the state in its profits over 5 per cent. The dividends during recent years have varied between 3 per cent.