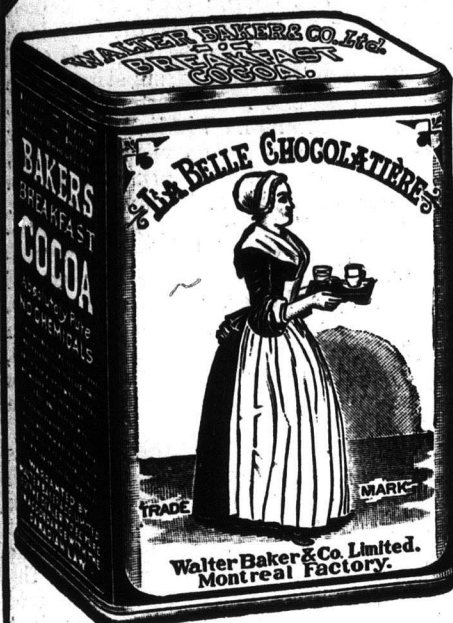


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WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(à la Quina du Pérou)

"A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world."
Locke.

OPTIMISM!

The Result of a Sound Mind
in a Sound Body

Wilson's Invalids' Port Wine, a big bracing tonic, will renew your flagging optimism because it clears away yesterday's cobwebs from the brain, conquers nerve exhaustion, corrects and strengthens weak digestion and assimilation, and permanently energizes and invigorates the flaccid muscles. Doctors know!

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ASK YOUR DOCTOR
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

acter, for he was perforce carpenter and blacksmith and shoemaker and tailor if need be rolled in one.

Let us draw back the curtains of Time and peep into a pioneer log home. The rough-walled retreat is but rudely furnished and its floor is carpeted with skins or rag-carpets. A ladder leads to the attic, where any number of men-folk can be stowed away at night-time. The hearthstone is the altar of the home, and seated in a semi-circle around it are its priestesses. Busy, busy, always busy are the women-folk, amid a buzz of talk that mingles with the hum of the distaff or the song of the spinning-wheel.

There sits Grandmother in front of the deeply recessed fireplace which glows cheerily red from the giant back log that required the strength of a horse to draw it to the cabin door. A benediction is in Grandmother's placid face, an inspiration in her smile, and evident peace of heart under her quaint starched cap. Stirring tales the dear old mother can tell—of the flight of her Loyalist family from the New England home to the shores of Quinte, involving hardships that show what stuff Grandmother was made of! Tales too of the trials of the first days in the new land, when a fresh start in life had to be made.

There too sits the dear Mother in homespun, and even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing, so Mother, by the loadstone of love, attracts her brood to her skirts. All the bonny children are early taught to work. That

Pewter plates, mugs and spoons are in a military line. Spoons of wood, too, and forks of iron and buck-andled knives that saw action three times a day. And there is a contrivance for cutting loaf sugar in the days when it was sold in large chunks.

All these utensils and many more are dignified by a place on the shelf. Above hang hand-made lanterns. Old guns that invariably iced—and killed. Powder horns, discolored with years of use. A tin dinner horn of prodigious length that has called many a laborer from the stump-strewn fields to his meals. Axe heads, a score of them it seems, and the oldest boy over in the corner, whittling something, can sink the biggest axe of the lot up to its hilt in a soft elm or maple at one blow, for those were the days of muscle—applied muscle.

The apple-parer and bone gouge for coring the apples bring up visions of the days of the social bee—apple bees, husking bees, quilting bees, logging and clearing and barn raising bees—all of them times of social gaiety, especially when the wandering fiddler could be waylaid for the events. Good old-fashioned fun did our grandfolds get out of life on these great occasions, even though the wag-at-the-wall clock solemnly ticked its disapproval.

The bushy-browed settler bends to stir up the slumbering fire with the long-handled poker, for a fierce heat is radiated from the deep bed of embers, and as the eye follows his movements it



Curtain Falls. Got its name from an Indian story which stated there was a passage way behind the Falls by which the river could be crossed dryshod. According to the Indians' notion every fall had a recess at the back, in which the Spirit of the Falls lived. The higher the Falls the bigger the recess and the greater the Spirit tossed up the turbulent water. On line Canadian Northern Railway.

we can see as we gaze into the interior, to spin and sew if they be girls; to fashion tools and implements if they be boys. To the right is a group of daughters, breaking, seutching and spinning flax from which will come the table linen and wearing apparel that will last a lifetime. Sewing and knitting machines are unknown, but Nature's deft hands are the implement that produce the best of goods. So work away the lassies.

What a wonder-palace the log-ribbed room is! Who would ever dream that such an inventory of articles could be crowded in the little apartment! On the fireplace shelf are the heirlooms in crockery, travelled crockery mind you, for it has seen foreign lands and crossed the Atlantic in a clipper ship and afterwards heard the cannon of a Revolution. The light of the burning logs is added to by the tallow dips and the candles, and there, sure enough, is the candle box and the candle mould. The gourd dipper hangs from its nail, and the skimmer for use in the sugaring off is its neighbor. They have often worked together in the maple woods. Shining warming pans speak of warm feet. Waffle irons too, and I'll warrant the waffles tasted as good as the word suggests. And by the same token, I'll wager the handmade tooth puller gave as much pain as its black outline and size indicate. Strong enough it appears to pull the molar of a mastodon.

Ah, what is this? Shocking, shocking, —a toddy ladle, as brazen in its boldness as the capacious punch bowl itself!

catches sight of the world of pots and pans and kettles that swing from the great cranes. If we are patient we will later have a glimpse of the sacred hour of cooking in the old log cabin palace of peace; we will see, too, how the mothers of the former time did without new fangled cooking stoves and gas ranges and patent ovens and cook books and ready-to-be-eaten mysteries. In this old bake kettle is being placed a big batch of dough, and kettle and contents are then buried in the red-hot ashes, and covered, lid and all, with the glowing embers.

What stores of goodies issue from the hearth! Cookies—what a world of meaning the word still holds! Cakes, corn and wheat and honey and pound cakes. Pies, deep, luscious, abiding! Pasties, meat pasties at that, the receipt for which came from Devon. And the pasties have the finest of browned juice on the curled-up edges of the paste. Honey in the comb. That implies bees and bee-keeping, and the blowing of horns and pounding of tin cans to keep the bees from going away when swarming. But there are more good things in this ancient menu, such as apple tarts and apple sauce, and dried-apple dishes in galore; pease puddings, sourkrout, ginger bread, fat fowl roasted on the turning spits, meats fried in the long-handled pans to a cheerful tune from the spluttering gravy, like unto the succulent sound that Tiny Tim must have heard when the pudding sang in its kettle on that mythical Christmas of long ago.

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"Then I recommended it to a friend on Victoria Avenue. She had a baby 6 months old that was not thriving a bit. She put the baby on Neave's Food and at the end of three months, the baby was twice the size."

I have never seen two bigger, stronger boys than mine for their ages and we owe it all to Neave's Food. I have the utmost faith in Neave's Food."

Mothers and prospective mothers may obtain a free tin of Neave's Food and a valuable book "Hints About Baby" by writing Edwin Utley, 14 Front Street East, Toronto, who is the Canadian agent. (Mention this paper.) For sale by all druggists. 24A



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