The Care of The Feet

When if the feet are lame, sore and tender, or there are corns and bunions, work is wearisome and pleasure impossible, soak the feet well in warm water and apply

Kendrick's Liniment

morning and evening. Kendrick's cures Chilblains and itching feet.

Poetry.

MANHOOD'S ESTATE*

(By Robert J. C. Stead.)

Youth must lean on the mother's arm
and obey the mother's will:
But manhood faces the world alone,
And bends its ways till they fit his own:
Yet manhood honors his mother's
name and loves his mother still.

Some said—but they spoke in ignorance,
and in words of little weight—
"The child must be a child until he
reach a man's estate;
But when ambition flaunts before, and
duty lags behind,
Maternal regulation he will scatter to
the wind."

But the mother smiled at the foolish
speech, for she knew that her
child was true;
And she said, "The things that I wish
of him are the things that my
son will do;
I pronounce his absolute liberty, I remove my slightest ban,
And I give him the keys of a continent, with the bidding, 'Be a
man!'"

Youth must lean on the mother's arm
and obey the mother's will:
But manhood faces the world alone:
And bends its ways till they fit his
own:
Yet manhood honors his mother's
name and loves his mother still.

*Suggested by the transference of British Fortresses in Canada to Canadian garrisons, July 1st, 1905, and originally published in The Canadian Magazine, July, 1905.

Selected Story.

THE STINGINESS OF GRACE

"Who would ever have dreamed she was so stingy? Of course the more money you have in this world the more you want. She don't look like a girl who thought of nothing but money. Miserly people are supposed to have steely gray eyes and sharp chins, and she has the softest brown eyes and a dimple in her chin."

"Who has 'em?" asked Tom Bliss, rolling over languidly in his steamer chair.

"I was talking of Grace Patterson."

"Has she dimples and brown eyes?" asked Tom innocently.

His sister flung him a scornful glance.

"You ought to know. You have been hanging around her ever since you came down."

"Well, a fellow's got to do something when he's on his vacation," said Tom easily. "You can't expect him to turn woman hater when he's the only man to twoscore of pretty women."

"That's just why I'm complaining. With so many pretty girls here I don't see why you should devote yourself to one."

Margaret Bliss would have objected to any woman her brother might have selected as the object of his attentions. Her love for the six-footed bachelor, oldest of her brothers, was distinctly selfish, and she was glad the occasion had arisen

had risen to prove Miss Patterson far from perfect. Tom lighted a fresh cigarette, and the hand which tossed away the match patted his sister's head in patronizing fashion.

"And how has your ladyship been offended?"

"You know Jim Green, the man who has been on the beach boat two seasons, died last night. All the boarders knew him, and of course we looked right into the matter and found out that he left his family almost penniless, so we were going to give a fair for their benefit. We asked Miss Patterson to make something for it, and she said she was too busy; then we asked her to preside at one of the tables or to raffle off the embroidered sofa cushion Mrs. Marshall is going to donate, and she said she didn't believe in raffles."

"My opinion of Miss Patterson improves," said the aggravating Tom. "Many a time and oft have I been at your fairs and raffles."

Margaret rose angrily.

"I might have known she was making some sort of a grand stand play. That sort of girl only cares to please the men."

Tom leaned back in his chair and smoked dreamily. He had rather enjoyed Miss Patterson's society, because she knew enough to steer a boat and not screech when it shipped water. Now he felt a curious desire to know her better. A girl with tender brown eyes and a dimple in her chin rarely held decided opinions on such grave matters as hotel benefits and raffles. But she was not in sight at the present moment. Then he recalled that his stationery needed replenishing, and he started for the village store. It was a cheap imitation of the city department store, and he was passing the dress goods counter on his way to the stationery department he heard a familiar voice say:

"Is that the best quality of nun's veiling you have?"

"It's enough better than anything she's been used to having," said the middle aged woman behind the counter.

Tom Bliss stopped short, an amused smile on his lips, for he could see that Miss Patterson was flushing indignantly at the woman's rudeness.

"Mrs. Green may not be able to buy another black dress soon, and I want to select something that will wear well and not turn rusty."

Tom woke up. "Green, Green!" Why, that was the name of the man who had handled the life saving boat. Why was Grace Patterson shopping for his widow? He drew closer.

"I think the henrietta cloth is better. You can give me ten yards of that and three yards of crape; also four yards of that lusterless black ribbon."

She turned suddenly, almost bumping into Tom.

"Won't you let me help?" he said, with a note in his voice that she did not recognize.

"No, thank you," she said, blushing prettily under his earnest gaze. "I think we have everything." He noticed that "we" and liked it.

"But the children," he urged—"oughtn't they to have something; say, little black frocks?"

"No, there would be no time to make them. The funeral is tomorrow, you know. Besides, they're such babies to wear black."

"It would please the mother," he urged, possessed of a sudden madness to share in the shopping expedition.

Miss Patterson's eyes smiled frankly into his.

"Well, if you are so determined, we might get some ready made white dresses for the children with black ribbons and sashes. It may be a great comfort to Mrs. Green to feel that she and the family are so neatly garbed for the funeral."

"Just so," said Tom, pulling out his wallet.

The next fifteen minutes were busy one for Grace Patterson. She had considerable difficulty in steering him away from lace trimmed lawn frocks to some simple little piques. Tom picked up the bundles as if he were proud of them.

"What next?" he said cheerfully.

"I must leave this package at the dressmaker's, and then—well, there's really nothing else you can do, thank you."

"You are going to see Mrs. Green? Well, I'm going too."

From the dressmaker's they walked down the beach road to the humble house of mourning. Excited voices welcomed them. Frowsy neighbors were gathered on the front porch. Mrs. Green was bordering on hysteria. Tom watched in interested fashion while Grace brought order out of chaos.

One by one the useful neighbors took their departure. The children were coaxed in the shadow of an upturned boat to play store with real cookies and raisins which Grace produced from the depths of her Boston bag, and Mrs. Green, comforted with a bandage around her aching head and many kind words, was induced to lie down. Then Grace picked up the baby and carried him around to the shady side of the house. Tom followed, dragging a big rocking chair in which he insisted she should sit, while he sprawled in the sand at her feet. In the little room whose shutters were closed just behind them lay the man who had risked his life that they might make merry in the water. A sorrow that was not personal fell upon them, and the man lay quite still looking out across the dancing water and thinking of many things.

Suddenly above his head sounded the soft, melting "coo" of a baby's voice. Without shifting his position, lest he should break the charm, Tom took in the picture. The laughing eyes of the girl were liquid and tender as she watched the baby on her knees. The dimples had disappeared and the lips were curved in a curious sweetness. This was not the girl who had been such a jolly good comrade on fishing and sailing jaunts. This was the woman he had been looking for all these years. And to think that he had not recognized her at once!

Her slender white hand was so close to his that he could hardly keep from clasping it. He pulled himself together and asked in a voice that sounded rather harsh by reason of his effort at self control:

"If you do all this, why won't you help with the benefit up at the hotel?"

Grace started. She had been wondering whether the little mite in her lap would some day grow up and fight against the sea for human lives.

"Oh, they're such silly things, you know! Everybody hates you for asking them to pay two or three times what a thing's worth, and by the time you have paid all the expenses the beneficiary doesn't get very much; besides it would be two weeks before the thing came off and Mrs. Green needed the clothes and the money now. I suppose a great many people think it's very queer, but my father has always insisted on my keeping inside my allowance, and—well—I couldn't help the benefit and help Mrs. Green today." She was floundering along, almost blindly under the fierce light that glowed in Tom's eyes. "And so—and so—"

Tom had utterly forgotten what she was talking about. Her hand was caressing the baby's face. The man rose on one knee and drew her hand away from the chubby cheek, holding it firmly in his own.

"Grace, dear, I'm not half good enough for you, but do you think you could love me just a little?"

She looked at him tenderly. "I think I could love you a great deal." And the baby "cooed" and dimpled as he looked at the two head so close together above his own.

THE above picture of the man and fish is the trade-mark of Scott's Emulsion, and is the synonym for strength and purity. It is sold in almost all the civilized countries of the globe.

If the cod fish became extinct it would be a world-wide calamity, because the oil that comes from its liver surpasses all other fats in nourishing and life-giving properties. Thirty years ago the proprietors of Scott's Emulsion found a way of preparing cod liver oil so that everyone can take it and get the full value of the oil without the objectionable taste. Scott's Emulsion is the best thing in the world for weak, backward children, thin, delicate people, and all conditions of wasting and lost strength.

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Dangers of a Cold and How to Avoid Them

More fatalities have their origin in or result from a cold than from any other cause. This fact alone should make people more careful as there is no danger whatever from a cold when it is properly treated in the beginning. For many years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been recognized as the most prompt and effectual medicine in use for this disease. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by S. N. Weare.

France and Venezuela.

The new president of France on taking office finds the republic practically at war with Venezuela. Each state has ordered out of the country the representative of the other, and it is said that a French naval demonstration will take place. It seems to be hardly a convenient time for the United States to arbitrate, for she also has matters to settle with Castro. There is nothing in the Munro doctrine to forbid France bombarding towns in Venezuela. President Roosevelt is supposed to prevent Europeans from levying on American real estate and holding the same, but the doctrine does not protect personal property, secure buildings from destruction, or Venezuelan soldiers from a violent death.

A Jamaican Lady Speaks Highly of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

Mrs. Michael Hart, wife of the superintendent of Cart Service at Kingston, Jamaica, West India Islands, says that she has for some years used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, croup and whooping cough and has found it very beneficial. She has implicit confidence in it and would not be without a bottle of it in her home. Sold by S. N. Weare.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHES?

Blood Poisoning, Always!

The blood is poisoned by retained tissue waste, due to defective action of the bowels, kidneys or skin. The tissue waste, or dead cells, circulating in the blood, irritates the nerves and brain, and headaches and neuralgia are bound to arise. Headache powders and opiates of any kind do harm, by aiding the retention of the blood poison in the system. To cure headaches, purify the blood by opening the bowels, and by stimulating the kidneys and skin to increased action.

Testimonial of Mr. Bert. Corneil, Taylorville, Ont.

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"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. A short time ago I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was also poor and my stomach was bad and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I have been taken in all three boxes of "Fruit-a-tives," am exceedingly grateful to "Fruit-a-tives" for curing me and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure.

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"Fruit-a-tives" cure headaches and neuralgia because they purify the blood by their splendid action on the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, and thus remove all poisonous material from the system.

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A week's treatment will PROVE how thoroughly and quickly "Fruit-a-tives" cure.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for $2.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your druggist does not handle them.

Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

Money Matters Caused Murder.

Pembroke, N. H., Jan. 18.—While the official report of the tragedy of Wednesday, by which the lives of all of eight members of the household of Charles H. Ayer were blotted out, will not be completed probably for several days, the county authorities believe that a dispute over money matters furnished the motive for Ayer's alleged crime. The theory held by County Solicitor Thomas F. Clifford is that Ayer shot his mother-in-law, Mrs. Laura Lakeman, that his wife interfered to protect her mother, and that hoping to conceal the evidences of his act, the man in a frenzy put an end to the lives of the entire family. His own death by suicide occurred some hours later at the home of his sister, Mrs. George Bailey, in Chichester. Immediately upon the arrival of a messenger announcing the burning of his home, Ayer drew a revolver and fired a shot into his own brain.

According to the county authorities, it is known that Ayer had had trouble with his mother-in-law over the estate of her husband, the late Isaac Lakeman, who died about three years ago leaving as his principal property the homestead farm on which the tragedy occurred. As administratrix of the estate, Mrs. Lakeman had recently disposed of the farm by sale to one of her sons, Lafayette Lakeman, though the latter had not taken possession. Ayer's desire for a division of the proceeds of this sale, is said to have led to a dispute with Mrs. Lakeman and this is considered by the authorities as pointing to the motive for the alleged wholesale murder.

The discovery today of a bullet in the brain of the charred body supposed to be that of Mrs. Lakeman, shows the manner of her death, but the bodies of the other victims were so incinerated that no indication of the cause of death remains. Only three cartridges were fired from the revolver with which Ayer shot himself, so that some other weapon must have been used in carrying out a part of the murderous work. The authorities have a theory that after shooting Mrs. Lakeman, Ayer aimed a bullet at his wife, who had perhaps interfered to save her mother, that he afterwarh killed the children and set fire to the house. The theory that the mother and children were locked in the cellar and burned to death is not regarded as likely, as it is believed that some at least would have been able to make their escape by the cellar window. Mrs. Ayer was a woman of more than average strength so that there is considered to be a strong likelihood that she met her death before Ayer made his alleged attack upon his five children. No noise of revolver shooting was heard by any neighbor, so that the time the tragedy was enacted is not known. Tonight the bodies of all the victims of the tragedy rest together in the rooms of an undertaker in Concook. No arrangements have been made yet for the funeral service.

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