Indispensable in Winter.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough.

All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce num—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts, bottle.

Proper Breathing. According to a lecturer on health, people that breathe through the mouth, habitually neglecting the nose, the proper channel for the air supply. "have short upper lips, flat cheeks, ir-regular and decayed teeth, pigeon regular and decayed teeth, pigeon chests, pointed chins and pointed or apturned noses"—a dreadful list of dire penalties, in truth, fearful enough to convert us all in a moment, yet greatly exaggerated, of course. Howusually never heeding as we pass by, it is decidedly injurious to breathe through the mouth. Moreover, if we stop to consider a bit, we shall be able to see for ourselves several common reasons that ought to make us supply our lungs with air through the nose. Taken in by way of the mouth, the air reaches the lungs by a much shorter route and without the beneficial warming and cleansing process so well afforded by the longer nasal passage. In winter especially should we take care to breathe only through the nose, thus lessening greatly our chances of taking deep seated colds. It is merely a matter of habit and simply a ques-

Love Potions Love potions as used by the peasants of lower Austria and Syria are gen-erally taken by the person who wishes to be loved. The common habit is to consume minute portions of white senic, which will in a few weeks dewelop a thin, pale girl into a plump, rosy cheeked beauty. Great care has to be exercised in taking the arsenic or death results, and when the habit is once formed it usually lasts for life, since the body becomes uncomfortable and even diseased, showing all the symptoms of arsenic poisoning, if the

tion of trying after all.

habit is broken off.

Some of the eastern nations use love potions differently. If a girl loves a man and he seems cold, she contrives to give him a drink of hasheesh, obtained from Indian hemp. The man's brain becomes fogged, and he is ready to believe anything that is suggested to him. The girl suggests to him that she is beautiful and thus compels him to regard her unlovely features as she

The Human Electric Battery. The superstition that human beings should sleep with their heads to the north is believed by the French to have for its foundation a scientific fact. They affirm that each human system is in itself an electric battery, the head being one of the electrodes, the feet the other. Their proof was discovered from experiments which the Academy of Sciences was allowed to make on the body of a man who was guillotined. This was taken the instant it fell and placed upon a pivot free to move as it might. The head part, after a little wacillation, turned to the north, and the body then remained stationary. It ened half way round by one of the professors, and again the head end of the trunk moved slowly to the cardinal point due north, the same results being repeated until the final arrestation of organic movement.

The Tobacconist's Effigy.

One of the most peculiar things in the whole history of signs is the fact that while all other shopkeepers were patronizing the embryo painters the tobacconist always called upon the woodcarver on the continent as As long ago as Elizabeth's reign the wooden image of the black boy was the favorite sign of the tobacco dealers. Later the cusfigure of Sir Walter Raleigh. In Holhand, for some strange reason, the to-bacconists adopted the dairymaid as their sign, with the motto, "Consolation for sucklings." The Indian, naturally enough, has always been the predominant sign in this country, although once in awhite a reversion to type crops out with the ancient black

The Great Jenner. An Englishman had occasion to go often to an eminent physician and said to Jeames, "You will be tired of open-ing the door for me." "Not at all, sir." was the gracious reply; "you are but #

bunit in the hocean." Another Jeames was accustomed to say during his master's occasional abes: "You had better try hopposite. There's a very respectable man hop-posite as we often sends to when Sir William is habsent. His name is Jenmer."-London Mail.

A dollar bill has an average life of about fifteen months. Two dollar bills, not being quite so actively used, last average two years before it is worn out and the government is called upon to replace it. Ten dollar bills last about three years and twenty dollar bills more than four years.—Youth's Com-

A lost fortune grows in proportion to the passage of time.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS. Colors Are Burned In-Artists and Craftsmen Combine In the Produc-

tion of Intricate Mosaic.

tion of Intricate Mosaic.

To use the term stained glass is really to employ a misnomer. In the whole art of preparing colored windows one stain alone is used—a transparent yellow deduced from silver. Three varieties of glass meet the requirements of the designer.

The first is known as pot-metal—glass that is colored while in a state of fusion, and in which the coloring matter forms an integral part; secondly, the "flashed" glass, which has a thin film of a powerful color spread over a paler shade; and, thirdly, the yellow or stained glass.

The modifications in the direction of shading are made with a grey or a brownish tint; those of color are got by adding the flesh tint to white glass, the yellow stain to blue producing green.

A stained-glass window is an elaborate mosaic rather than a picture. The artist paints a little on glass, and for

ate mosaic rather than a picture. The artist paints a little on glass, and for the most part with glass.

The work from the first has been in the hands of craftsmen rather than artists. It has never reached the high state of perfection which, from its unrivalled power of color, might by this time have left nothing to be wished for.

The artist has produced his water-color sketch. It is enlarged in pencil

The artist has produced his watercolor sketch. It is enlarged in pencil
outlined on heavy Manilla paper.
From this a kind of map is made. The
various parts are cut out by shears
with double edges. In this the object
is to cut away the exact breadth of
paper that will compensate for the
thickness of the leads which will presently be used to join each piece together.

gether. Then to the glazier. The pattern is laid upon the glass. The various colors—red, blue, green or purple—are cut with a little diamond wheel. From the glazier back to the studio.

Now the painter sets to work on the figures and animals, and other portions of the design which call for special treatment, painting the leading lines with a solid opaque enamel. These metallic colors are now burned in—an operation requiring the utmost care and judgment.

Wax is now used to fix the pieces together temporarily on an easel of

Wax is now used to fix the pieces together temporarily on an easel of glass and the painter slightly shades his outlines. Two or three more firings are necessary during the process. The painting finished, the mosaic goes back once more to the glazier's bench, and lead is substituted for the wax. There is to the observer one per-

and lead is substituted for the wax. There is to the observer one perplexing element in the appearance of a stained-glass window, accidental leads. The network of metal not only follows the outline of the faces, of drapery, but the outline of the faces, hands, and feet, and the folds and twists of drapery, but must needs go across the design. This is done to lend additional elasticity and strength. Finally, a stiff cement or putty is rubbed into the leaf of the leads, and the exquisite mosaic is complete.

CANADIAN IN CABINET.

Chances of Thomas J. Macnamara, M.P., LL.D., In British Politics.

M.P., LL.D., In British Politics.

It is possible that a second Canadian will be added to the membership of the Campbell-Bannerman Government, in the person of Dr. Macnamara. We must not be too proud of the part Canada is taking in the Government of the Empire, for although Lord Elgin and Dr. Macnamara are glad to own Canada as their place of birth, both were taken back to the motherland at a very early age and



THOMAS J. MACNAMARA, M.P., LL.D. grew up there. Lord Elgin is a Canadian because his father was Governor-General almost sixty years ago. Dr. Macnamara is a Canadian because his father, a soldier of the 47th Foot, was ordered out to Canada on military duty. The coming Minister was born in Montreal in 1861, but was educated at Exeter, England, and as a teacher and writer on educational subjects holds a very high place in Great Britain. He has been editor of The Schoolmaster since 1892, and a member of Parliament since 1990.

Parliament since 1892, and a member of Parliament since 1890.

He took the leading place in the last debate in the Commons on the educational bill, and strongly denounced the Lords.

THE SLOW TURTLE

Waiter, it is fu'ly half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup. Yes, sah But you know that turtles am mighty slow, sah.

Trust not your enemies; there are no faithful enemies.

Live and let live is a good maxim, but live and help live is better.

In the pursuit of wealth—wealth will forgive my mother if she seemed wind.

In the pursuit of wealth—wealth will forgive my mother if she seemed to doubtyou."

DARREL of THE **BLESSED ISLES**

By IRVING BACHELLER. Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," Etc.

Copyright, 1908, by Lothrop Publishing Co.

"Well, in a couple of days the widow got a telegraph message from her un-

cle, an' what do you suppose it said?"
The sister Serene covered her face and began to quiver. The other two were leaning toward her, smiling, their mouths open.

"What was it?" said the sister Lize. 'Kicked him downstairs,'" the narrator quoted.

"Y!" the two whispered.
"Good enough for him." It was the verdict of the little shopkeeper, sharply spoken, as she went on with her

"So I say," this from the other three, who were now quite serious. "He'd better not come back here," said the sister Lize.

"He never will probably." "Who employed the widow?"
"Nobody knows," said the sister Serene. "Before she left town she had a check cashed, an' it come from Riley

Brooke. Some think Martha Vaughn herself knows all about it. Sh-h-h! There goes Sidney Trove."
"Ain't he splendid looking?" Ruth Tole had opened the door, and

they were now observing the street and those who were passing in it.
"One of these days there'll be some tall lovemaking up there at the Widow Vaughn's," said Lize. ow Vaughn's," said Lize.
"Like to be behind the door."

"I wouldn't," said the sister Serene. "No, you wouldn't!" "I'd rather be up next to the young man." A merry laugh and then a sigh

from Lize, who looked a bit dreamy. CHAPTER XXXIII.

ROVE had come to Hillsborough that very hour he passed the Golden Spool. In him a touch of dignity had sobered the careless eye of youth. He was indeed a comely young man, his attire fash-ionable, his form erect. Soon he was on the familiar road to Robin's Inn In the air was an odor of the harrowed earth, and up in the hills a shout of greeting came out of field or garden as Trove went by. It was a walk to remember, and when he had come near the far side of Pleasant valley see Polly waving her hand to him at the edge of the maple grove.

"Supper is waiting," said she merrily as she came to meet him. "There's blueberries and biscuit and lots of nice

"I'm hungry," said he. "But first, dear, let us enjoy love and kisses."

Then by the lonely road he held her close to him, and each could feel the heartbeat of the other, and for quite a moment speech would have been most idle and inadequate.

"Now the promise, Polly," said he con. "I go not another step until I have your promise to be my wife."

do not think I'd let one treat me that way unless I expected to marry him, do you?" said Polly as she fussed with a ribbon bow, her face red with blushes. "You've mussed me all

"I'm to be a teacher in the big school, and if you were willing we could be married soon."

"Oh, dear!" said she, sighing and looking up at him with a smile. "I'm too happy to think," Then followed another moment of silence, in which the little god, if he were near them,

must have smiled.
"Won't you name the day now?" he "Oh, let's keep that for the next

chapter," said she. "Don't you know supper is waiting?" 's all like those tales 'to be continued in our next," he answered, with

Then they walked slowly up the long hill arm in arm. "How very grand you look!" said she proudly. "Did you see the govern-

"Yes, but he can do nothing now. It's the only cloud in the sky."
"Dear old man!" said Polly. "We'll

find a way to help him.' "But he wouldn't thank us for helpthere's the truth of it," said Trove quickly. "He's happy and content. Here is a letter that came today:

Here is a letter that came today:

"Dear Sidney—Think of all I have said to thee, an', if ye remember well, boy, it will bear thee up. Were I indeed, as ye believe, drinking the cup o' bitterness for thy sake, know ye not the law will make it sweet for me? After all I have said to thee, are ye not prepared? Is my work wasted? Is the seed fallen upon the rocks? And, if ye hold to thy view, consider—would ye rob the dark world o' the light o' sacrifice? 'Nay,' ye will answer. Then I say, 'If ye would give me peace, go to thy work, boy, and cease to waste thyself with worry and foolish wandering.'

"Somehow it puts me to shame." said Trove as he put the letter in his pocket. "I'm so far beneath him. I shall obey and go to work and pray for the speedy coming of God's jus-

"It's the only thing to do," said she. "Sidney, I hope now I have a right to sk if you know who is your father?" "I believe him to be dead." "Dead!" There was a note of sur-

prise in the word. "I know not even his name." "I forgive all," said the young man. it was hard to believe me in-

"And impossible to believe you guilty. She was only waiting for more

The willow and her two boys came out to meet them.
"Mother, behold this big man! He is to be my husband." The girl looked up

at him proudly.
"And my son?" said Mrs. Vanghn, with a smile, as she kissed him. "You've

"Oh, I didn't intend to give up so soon," said Polly, "but—but the supper would have been ruined." "It's now on the table," said Mrs.

"I've news for you," said Polly as they were sitting down. "Tunk has re-

"He must have been busy," said Trove, "and he's ruined his epitaph." "His epitaph?" "Yes; that one Darrel wrote for him: 'Here lies Tunk. O grave, where is thy

"Tunk has one merit. He never de-ceived any one but himself," said the

"Horses have run away with him," Trove continued. "His character is like



"Mother, behold this big man!"

broken buggy, and his imaginationthat's the unbroken colt. Every dey for a long time the colt has run away with the wagon, tipping it over and dragging it in the ditch until every bolt is loose and every spoke rattling and every wheel awry."
"He walks better and complai:

less," the widow answered. "Often he stands very straight and

walks like you," said Polly, laughing.
"He thinks you are the only great man," so spoke the widow. "Gone from one illusion to another."

"I do not understand you," said Pol-

"Now, we heard of the shot and ron-how you came by them and how one night you threw them into the river at Hillsborough. That led perhaps to most of your trouble. I'd like to know what moral law you broke when you flung them into the river." "A great law," Trove answered, "but one hard to phrase."

"Suppose you try." "The innocent shall have no fear," "Until then I had kept the commandment."

There was a little time of silence. "If you watch a coward you'll see most unhappy creature." It was Trove who spoke. "Darrel said once, 'A coward is the prey of all evil and the mark of thunderbolts." "I'll not admit you're a coward,"

were the words of Polly. "Well," said he, rising, "I had fear of only one thing—that I should lose

Reaching home next day, Trove found that Allen had sold Phyllis. The mare had been shipped away.

"She brought a thousand dollars," said his foster father, "and I'll divide

the profit with you."

It was a June day, and Trove was at Robin's Inn. A little before noon Polly and he and the two boys started for meadows in Pleasant valley, crossed a great pasture and came under the for-est roof. As they came to Brier road the boys found a nest of hornets. It hung on a bough above the roadway. Soon, Paul had flung a stone that broke the nest open. Hornets began to buzz around them, and all ran for refuge to a thicket of young firs. In a moment they could hear a horse coming at a slow trot. Trove peered through the bushes. He could see Ezra Tower, that man of scornful piety, on a white horse. Trove shouted a warning, but with no effect. Suddenly Tower broke his long silence, and the horse began

"He did speak to the hornets," said "Swore, too," said Paul.

Near sunset they came into Brier Dale. Mary Allen met them at the

"Mother, here is my future wife," said Trove proudly. Then ruddy lips of youth touched the faded cheek of the good woman.
"We shall be married in September,"

said Trove, tossing his hat in the air. "We're going to have a grand time and, mind you, mother, no more hard work for you."

> CHAPTER XXXIV. ID ye hear the cock crow? By

the beard of my father, I'd forgotten you and myself and everything but the story. It's near morning, and I've a weary tongue, Another log and one more pipe. Then, sir, I'll let you go. I'm near the end.
"Let me see. It's a winter day in New York city after four years. The

streets are crowded. Here are men and women, but I see only the horses. You know, sir, how I love them. Well, here is a big stable. A tall man has halted by its open door and addressed the manager.

the manager.

"I learn that you have a bay mare with starred face and a white stocking.' It is Trove who speaks.

'Yes. There she is coming yonder.' "The mare is a rack of bones, limping, weary, sore. But see her foot lift! You can't kill the pride of the Barbary. the falters. Her driver lashes her over the head. Trove is running toward her. He climbs a front wheel, and down comes the driver. In a minute Trove has her by the bit. He calls her by name-Phyllis! The slim ears begin to move. She nickers. God, sir, she is trying to see him. One eye is bleeding. the other blind. His arms go round her neck, sir, and he hides his face in her mane. That mare you ride-she is the granddaughter of Phyllis. I'd as soon think of selling my wife. Really, sir, Darrel was right. God'll mind the look of your horses."

So spake an old man sitting in the firelight.

"Trove went home with the mare." he continued. "She recovered the sight of one eye and had a box stall and the brook pasture—you know, that one by the beech grove. He got home the day before Christmas. Polly met him at the depot, a charming lady, sir, and a child of three was with her, a little girl, dark eyes and flaxen curly hair. You remember Beryl? Eyes like her

"I was there at the depot that day. Well, it looked as if they were still in their honeymoon.

"'Dear little wife!' said Trove as he kissed Polly. Then he took the child in his arms, and I went to dinner with them. They lived half a mile or so out of Hillsborough.

''Hello!' said Trove as we entered. 'Here's a merry Christmas!' "Polly had trimmed the house. There against the wall was a tapering fir tree, hung with tinsel and popcorn. All around the room were green branches of holly and hemlock. 'I'm glad you found Phyllis,' said

'Poor Phyllis!' he answered. 'They broke her down with hard work and sold her. She'll be here tomorrow.'

'You saw Darrel on the way?' "Yes, and he is the same miracle of happiness. I think he will soon be free. Leblanc is there in prison, convicted of crime in Whitehall. As I expected, there is a red mark on the back of his left hand. Day after tomorrow we go again to Dannemora. Sweetheart, I

hurried home to see you. "Night came, dark and stormy, with **Sow in the west wind. They were sit-fing there by the Christmas tree, all bright with candles-Polly, Trove and the little child. They were talking of old times. They heard a rap at the door. Trove flung if open. He spoke a word of surprise. There was the old Santa Claus of Cedar hill; upon my word, sir, the very one. He entered shaking his great coat, his beard full of snow. He let down his suck there

by the lighted tree. He beckoned to the little one.

"'Go and see him. It is old Santa Claus,' said Polly, her voice trembling as she led the child. "Then quickly she took the hand of

her husband, "'He is your father,' she whispered. "A moment they stood with hearts full looking at Santa Claus and the

child. That little one had her arms about a knee and, dumb with great wonder, gazed up at him. There was a timid appeal in her sweet face. "The man did not move. He was look ing down at the child. In a moment she began to prattle and tug at him.

They saw his knees bend a bit. Ah, sir, it seemed as if the baby were pulling him down. He gently pushed the child away. They heard a little cry, a kind of a wailing 'Oh-o-o,' like that you hear in the chimney. Then, sir, down he went in his tracks, a quivering little heap, and tay there at the foot of the tree. Polly and Trove were bending him. Cap and wig had faller from his head. He was an old man.

"'Father!' Trove whispered, touching the long white hair. 'Oh, my father, speak to me! Let me—let me see your face.'

"Slowly—slowly the old man rose, Trove helping him, and put on his cap. Then, sir, he took a step back and stood straight as a king. He waved them away with his hand.

"'Nay, boy, remember,' he whispered. 'Ye were to let him pass.' And then he started for the door. "Trove went before him and stood

'Hear me, boy; 'tis better that ye let him sleep until the trumpet calls an' ye both stand with all the quick an'

"'No, I have waited long, and I love I love him,' Trove answered.

"Those fair young people knelt be-side the old man, clinging to his hands. "The good saint was crying.
"I came not here to bring shame," said he presently.

"We honor and with all our souls we love you,' Trove answered. "'Who shall stand before it?' said the old man. 'Behold-behold how love hath raised the dead!' He flung off his cap and beard.

I, Roderick Darrel, am thy father." "Now, sir, you may go. I wish ye merry Christmas!" said that old man

'If ye will have it so, know ye that

But the other tarried, thoughtfully puffing his pipe.
"And the father was not dead?" "Twas only the living death," said the old man, now lighting a lantern. You know that grave in a poem of

"It has neither sod nor stone; It has neither dust nor bone. He planned to be as one dead to the world."

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Our Mr. R. V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interests, and will be pleased to furnish you with any information you may desire. Correspondence addressed to him, in care of the Garner House, will receive careful atten-

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General Manager.

"Some child of misfortune. He was betriended, by the tinker and did errands for him."
"He took the money to Trove that

son his own with usury. Thompson was the chief creditor." With usury?" "Yes. For years it lay under the bed of Darrel. By and by he put the mon-

ey in a savings bank, all but a few dol-"And why did he wait so long before

was unable to find Thompson. And Trove, he lived to repay every creditor. Ah, sir, he was a man of a thousand."

"That's all it pretended to be," said the old man of the hills.

but did some one set him free?" to love him, like the other prisoners, and, sir, he confessed. I declare, it's daylight now, and here I am with the lantern! Goodby, and merry Christ-

THE END.

girls and those of sedentary habits. Prevention consists in maintaining correct action of the liver and bowels, which is best accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No person using this medicine need fear gallatones, nor will they ever be bilious. Sound digestion, good appetite, a clear color will evidence the health giving properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are the safest and best for general family use. Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Batternut, 25c, per

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DEBENTURES

J. BLACKLOCK, J. A. WALKER, R. C., Manager Chatham Branch

"And the other man of mystery, whe

night the latter slept in the woods?"
"And, for Darrel, returned to Thomp

returning it?" "He tried to be rid of the money, but

"That story of Darrel's in the little shop—I see—it was fact in a setting of fiction."

"One more query," said the other. He was now mounted. "I know Darrel went to prison for the sake of the boy, "His own character. Leblanc came

mas!"

THE ORIGIN OF GALL STONES. They are simply dried bile, made up of crystalline constituents of that fluid. Very common is this disease among merchants, clergymen, shop-girls and those of sedentary habits.

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