London Advertiser.

TWO EDITIONS DAILY - WEEKLY.
TELEPHONE CALLS.

Business Office 107
Job Department 175
Editorial Department 134

London, Thursday, September 1.

The Governor-General.

The rumor that the Duke of Marlborough is slated for the Governor-Generalship of Canada has led to a newspaper discussion of the nature of that office. From a purely political standpoint the post must tend to diminish in importance. It called for a high order of statesmanship before responsible government was firmly established, and Canada and the empire owe much to some of the men, notably Lord Elgin, who exercised a power and influence which are not permitted to their successors. The time was when one political party regarded the Governor-General as its natural ally and when more than one incumbent of the office fell in with this view, to the great detriment of the highest interests of the country. Sir Edmund Head, who conspired against the Brown-Dorion administration, and condoned the double shuffle, was the last governor of this type. In the years immediately before and after confederation, the country profited greatly by the presence of two such able men as Lord Monck and Lord Dufferin. Lord Monck played an important part in shaping the national project. Readers of Pope's biography of Sir John Macdonald are told that the Governor-General reproached members of the cabinet for personal habits which retarded legislation, and that he threatened to lay down office unless they showed more energy in pushing the confederation plans. Lord Dufferin profoundly influenced public opinion by his brilliant and tactful speeches, and carried himself unimpeachably through the crisis of the Pacific Scandal.

But since the country has become thoroughly experienced in the working of responsible government under the federal system, the Governor-General has dwindled almost to a cipher politically. There is nothing in the office to attract an ambitious public man. It calls for no shining qualities—only a fair amount of discretion. A show of urbanity, more or less social ostentation, a smooth co-operation with the Government of the day, and the avoidance of controversial topics, will make a successful Governor-General. He can add luster to the office, however, by his personal gifts, especially by the gift of graceful speech, and by displaying an interest in the various activities of the country, outside the sphere of politics. He can give an impulse to art, science, philanthropy, and moral and intellectual movements, and stimulate public interest in a good cause. As the symbol of British connection and the unity of the empire, the post will always maintain an honor and dignity, although it has ceased to have an active function in our constitutional system.

Ontario as a Summer Resort.

The people of Ontario are only beginning to realize the enormous asset which the Province possesses in its holiday resorts. The back country is a network of lakes, studded with island gems and set in a picturesque land of rock and trees. The beauty of the scenery, the pure dry air of a higher altitude, and the abundance of fresh water for bathing, boating and drinking purposes, make this lake country one of the finest pleasure grounds in the world. The world is fast discovering it. Many thousands from all parts of the United States flock to Muskoka, the Georgian Bay and the other northern lake districts, and an increasing number of British tourists, who say that Ontario rivals Norway in attractiveness. Railway and steamboat facilities have been so pefected that these resorts are within a day's reach of the neighboring states and of nearly every point in the Province.

The stream of American tourist travel to Canada has risen greatly in recent years, and will continue to grow, as people will naturally seek the cooler northern air in the summer months. Happily there is no danger of over-crowding, as the expanse of lake country in this Province alone is illimitable, and new district are being constantly opened up by the enterprise of the railways, in response to the demand. All this means a great source of revenue to Ontario, and will spread a favorable knowledge of Canada in the United States, which will make for friendlier relations.

An Example of Candor.

Mr. Kendry, Conservative M. P. for West Peterboro, is president and managing director of the Auburn woolen mills of Peterboro, and he wants the duty raised against his British competitors. Mr. Kenry, unlike many of his class, makes no hypocritical pretense of favoring a policy of imperial preferential trade. In an interview he said he "wished it distinctly understood that he was opposed to the preferential policy advanced by Mr. Chamberlain in every particular." He (Mr. Kendry) said that as he understood it, the policy was, briefly, that "the manufacturing should be done in England and that Canada should grow the wheat."

Mr. Kendry is a prominent figure in the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, which has been cabling its sympathy to Mr. Chamberlain. Yet we fancy the sentiment expressed by the Peterboro man is closer to the convictions of his brother manufacturers than are the resolutions they have been passing. It would conduce to a better understanding between the mother country and Canada if those who hold Mr. Kendry's views would be as frank in making them known. We have the spectacle of the leader of the Opposition, which is tied hand and foot to the Manufacturers' Association, taking the ground that the Canadian Parliament should declare for Mr. Chamberlain's policy, when he must know that Mr. Kendry's opinion is secretly shared by those who control the policy of the Conservative party. They would, if they had the power, exclude from this country all British products which compete with the products of Canadian industry.

While Mr. Chamberlain may be under no illusions many who are supporting him have Mr. Kendry's conception of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, namely, that it will give the colonial markets to British industry, and that the chief function of the colonies will be the raising of foodstuffs and raw materials. It is better that they should be undeceived soon than late. In pulling the wool over their eyes the Canadian Dingleyites are storing up trouble for the empire. This false friendship will be exposed if Mr. Chamberlain ever reaches the stage at which he will be empowered to negotiate with this country. He may find that the securing of his mandate from the British people to enter into preferential relations with the colonies was easier than carrying it into effect.

Two Kinds of Rays.

[Boston Herald.]

"The dim religious rays," which the poet speaks of as stealing through the stained glass windows of the great church are not in it with the big, distinct religious "raise" of $45,214 which Rev. Dr. Simpson, the famous Christian Missionary Alliance exhorter of New York, secured by his vigorous denunciation of selfishness at the Old Orchard camp ground last Sunday.

His Lacks.

[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"Don't you think he lacks aplomb?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"Well," replied her hostess, "I don't know, but at dinner the other night it did seem to me as though he couldn't get enough peaches."

As It Affected Him.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"I saw Henpeck today and he said he was so homesick."

"Why, he's at home, isn't he?"

"Yes, that's what he meant."

My Malady.

(London Punch.)

I am not feeling very well today;
I know not what the malady may be;
Less than a week ago I felt as gay
And active as a grig.

But I am sad; I get no rest at night;
I tremble at the buzzing of a gnat;
I do not take my meals with appetite;
My heart goes pit-a-pat.

My vigor—and my sprightliness—have flown;
The social qualities my friends enjoyed
Have left me; I desire to be alone,
And not to be annoyed.

I know there's nothing wrong with limb or lung
Or liver, as the flippant might suppose
(Rejoice, all you that love me, for my tongue
Is like a red, red, rose).

But there's a something—though I can't say what—
That burrows—though I couldn't tell you where;
Nor could I even stroke th' affected spot,
And say, "The pain is there."

This is not one of those established ills
Which of their nature leave an outward sign;
It does not make one pale about the gills,
This malady of mine.

"It is the little rift within the lute";
Some fatal, undiscoverable germ
That by-and-bye will make the music mute
And drag me to the Worm.

And am I then beyond all human cure?
And will the grim old Gardener come and pluck
My flower of beauty, just when it's mature?
Really, it's shocking luck!

No, no, a thousand times no! Pale phantoms, hence!
Away with morbid thoughts and empty sham!
I am in love! Away with vain pretense!
Yes, by the gods, I am!

'Tis Love that weaves this enervating spell;
Love whose familiar darts have laid me low;
It always used to make me feel unwell;
As if I didn't know.

And yet, how softly through my being steal
The dolorous joys of Love's delicious pain,
How innocent, how young it makes one feel
To be in love again!

Bite on, dear Germ. For though the heart be sad,
Seeing that thou, and thou alone, canst win me
Back to youth's sweet fancies, why I'm glad
To think I've got it in me!

Tabloid Philosophy.

[Philadelphia Record.]

If you would flatter a man, ask his advice.

The thief who robs a shoe store is one sort of free-booter.

The fellow who pries into other people's affairs is never prized.

The fellow who loses his temper doesn't have to advertise for it.

High ideals don't amount to much unless we try to live up to them.

The man in the moon, at any rate, does his best to make light of things.

The chronic borrower discovers that the closer a man is the harder it is to touch him.

Actions speak louder than words, but the clothes of some men are louder than either.

Putting Them Off the Scent.

[Pick-Me-Up.]

Bride—George, dear, when we reach our destination let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly-married.

George—All right, Maud; you can carry this portmanteau.

The Lost Chord.

(Liverpool Porcupine.)

Seated one day at the organ,
I was anxious and ill at ease,
For I found upon inspection
There were several missing keys;
I knew not what I was playing,
(Tho' 'twas hymn two hundred and ten),
But it made a row like a starving cow,
When it came to the grand "Amen!"

I sought to discover the meaning
Of a sound so wild and weird;
I crept inside on hands and knees.
And found just what I feared.
The "Flute" and the "Vox Humana"
Were mute and declined to sing,
The reeds, alack! showed many a crack,
And I tied them up with a string.

The bellows I neatly mended
With the blower's trouser brace,
I managed well to secure the swell
With a stamp and an old bootlace.
But I'd made my efforts vainly,
I lost my temper then,
And said a word which the parson heard—
It didn't sound like "Amen!"

Cheap.

[Philadelphia Press.]

"I notice," said the stranger, "that you use a metal tray instead of a basket to take up the collection in your church. What is it, sterling or silver-plate?"

"Well," said the minister, "judging from the contributions it seems to be a nickel-plate."

True Wisdom.

[True Wisdom.]

But what are past or future joys?
The present is our own!
And he is wise who best employs
The passing hour alone.

When Betty Sweeps.

[Youth's Companion.]

When Betty sweeps the nursery
It is a woeful sight to see
The landmarks of our pleasant room
Wrecked by her devastating broom.
It's straightened up, but I'd prefer
To have it somewhat crookeder.
Why, all the world seems upside down!
The lady doll from Paris town
Lies in the middle of the zoo
Beside the bear and kangaroo,
And somehow books get stowed away
In stalls where horses ought to stay.
And toys climb up upon the shelves,
Where we can't reach them by ourselves.
While often to the rubbish heap
Go things we'd greatly like to keep,
For though you might not find them rare,
To us they're very hard to spare.

Last week we lost the spears and swords
That Betty used to call "old boards."
But then she does not care to fence
And never dreamed of tournaments.
And once some worms we meant to prize
Until they turned to butterflies,
And once we lost Aladdin's lamp,
The tent, where Indian-like, we camp,
Before that broom so quickly falls,
Smooth folded into mother's shawls.
Our castles tumble in, and where
The ocean used to roll a chair
Rocks safe. Oh, such a sadness creeps
Into my heart when Betty sweeps!

Enough Said.

[Harper's Weekly.]

First Passenger (promenading on the deck of a liner in midocean, to second passenger, leaning disconsolately against the rail)—Have you dined?

Second Passenger (dejectedly)—On the contrary.

Useful Automobiles.

[Nebraska State Journal.]

In rural England the automobile has outrun the trolley in opening up to travel districts that have heretofore had little connection with the outside world. The large auto busses are able to make twenty-five miles an hour, and they succeed in winning a profitable patronage even in regions that cannot support either steam or electric railroads. It is unnecessary to add that nothing of this kind can be expected in the United States until the roads more nearly approach the European standard.

My Courtin'.

(W. E. French, in New York Tribune.)

Whin Nora an' me was a-walkin'
Lasht night by the light o' the moon,
'Twas ownly in proverbs she'd answer—
But I'm thinkin' I'm her gossoon.

Sez I, "May I love ye, dear Nora?"
Me heart, just listen, stud still;
Thin I heard her, the rogue, say, "Why, Paddy,
I hear 'Iv'ry Jack has his Jill.'"

Sez I, "May I howld ye, mavourneen?"
An' I sthole me ar-rm 'round her waist,
She whispered, with blushes entrancin',
"Faith, 'Iv'ry man to his taste.'"

Sez I, "Do ye love me, ye angel?
I've loved ye since ye was a kid."
Her eyes in the moonlight grew tender;
She sighed, "'Love, like smoke, can't be hid.'"

Sez I, "May I kiss ye, acushla?"
The cunnin', perverse little elf;
She smiles an' sez, "'God helps him, laddie,
'Who is afther helpin' himself.'"

Sez I, "Lay yer head on me shoulder,"
(Swate lips! Faith, I'd hardly begun),
Sez she, "Thim owld proverbs is wisdom;
Sure 'Two heads is betther than one.'"

Sez I, "Will ye marry me, darlin'?"
God bless her! I knew what she mint:
"Ah, lover," sez she, "I'll be spachless;
For 'Silence,' dear lad, 'gives consint.'"

BITTEN ON THE TONGUE

Performer Attacked by Rattlesnake Dies in Few Hours.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Tuesday morning Prof. Alfred Thurston, a snake performer, was bitten on the tongue by a rattlesnake he was handling at the New York House.

At first he deemed the wound trivial and only used a little whisky. Feeling ill he retired to his room, but as his tongue, face and head began to swell he hastened to police headquarters, where the police surgeon, Chapin, recognized his condition as exceedingly serious and sent him to the Memorial Hospital. During the afternoon he became unconscious and died at 5:30 o'clock. The snake was not one of his own, but was owned by the proprietor of the hotel.

Thurston came from New York and went by the name of Cato.

WANTED FINGER SENT

To Man Who Swore He'd Place Wedding Ring on It.

New York, Sept. 1.—"To he who buries me: I have an enemy who lives at 6,887 East Main street, Columbus, Ohio. He was a suitor for my hand in my girlhood days and swore a solemn oath that he would place a wedding ring on the fourth finger of my left hand. I married another, and now that my husband is dead and my friends all gone I would not have my former lover go back on his oath, if he is living I wish an investigation to be made. His name is Carl Neuning, er, of 6,887 East Main street, Columbus, Ohio.

"I have no more to live for, and I will make this strange request, that the forth finger of my left hand be cut off and sent to the man whose name I have given."

This is the letter discovered in the sleeping room of Mrs. Laura Renoss, 70 years old, whose body was found yesterday hanging in the attic of her home at 79 Thorne street, in Jersey City. In the confusion following the discovery of the woman's suicide the letter was overlooked, when the undertaker who had charge of the body found it.

The undertaker immediately made preparations to carry out the request, but he was stopped by Coroner Brackner.

"But it was the wish of Mrs. Renoss," he expostulated.

The matter was finally settled by the woman's son, who refused to permit the body to be mutilated in any way, and it will be buried with none of the fingers missing.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small, and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

LEOPOLD AND ROOSEVELT

Former Wants President to Help Stop Far East War.

New York, Sept. 1. — G. Francotte, special envoy from the King of Belgium, arrived here on the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm II., and is going to Oyster Bay to ask President Roosevelt to use his influence toward stopping the Japanese-Russian war.

The minister is one of 37 delegates from Belgium, who arrived in the ship to attend the International Peace Congress to be held in St. Louis Sept. 7.

M. Francotte, who wears many decorations, including the Knight of the Order of Leopold, the highest honor in the gift of Belgium, was asked if he was specially instructed to seek Mr. Roosevelt's aid. He said that he was, and added:

"King Leopold is of the opinion that President Roosevelt, above any other magistrate, is able to return Japan and Russia to a peace basis. Our King is very much interested in the subject of universal peace and the settlement of delicate questions by arbitration. His Majesty's interests has been more fully aroused since Mr. Carnegie offered to give a $2,500,000 temple of peace. Leopold thinks it is worth while addressing the other leading governments on the subject.

"I do not know what the outcome of my conference with Mr. Roosevelt will be, but I hope that he will ask Secretary Hay to take up the matter and suggest that in future the powers send delegates to meet onve every few years on common peace grounds. At all events, even if Mr. Roosevelt declines to interfere in the Russian-Japanese strife, I hope that he will make some suggestions that will enable the countries throughout the world to meet on a more peaceful footing."

HEIR TO EARL MISSING

Brandon Man With $500,000 Coming to Him Cannot Be Found.

Brandon, Aug. 31.—This afternoon the clothes, with $3 and a watch, belonging to Albert W. Walker, a man employed as ledgerkeeper in Hanbury's mill, were found on the banks of the Assinaboine River, just north of the mill. Walker had left a note at his boarding house saying: "I have gone swimming, 5:07 p.m." He was an Englishman with a college education, and enjoyed a substantial remittance from England. A few days ago he received a letter from some English solicitors, saying he was the legal Earl Fitzwilliam and heir to large estates in England, yielding an income of about $500,000 per annum. He had spoken to his fellow-employes about this. He came to Canada about four years ago, and has been doing odd jobs since then. Later he was promoted to ledgerkeeper. There had been over sixty years of litigation in connection with his title, but it is said to be at last clear and legally settled. Search has been made for his body, and is still proceeding, but the impression is gaining ground that he has not been drowned, but that he wished to leave the city quietly.

The peerage records no vacant Earldom of Fitzwilliam.

HELD LIMITED TRAIN

Held While the Conductor Thrashed a Disturber.

Elkhart, Ind., Sept. 1.—The fast New York-Chicago Lake Shore Limited was held at Kendallville while Conductor H. L. Wishart thrashed a man, who later gave the name of Frank Elpert. Wishart ordered Elpert from between the mail cars and a fight ensued.

Passengers encouraged Wishart, who needed no assistance. As the train departed Elpert hurled stones at it, several of them striking the mail car. He delegates to meet once every few years arrested here for jumping on trains. He paid a $13 fine, and was arrested for assaulting a United States mail car. He will be turned over to the federal authorities.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

This Special Sale of Household Linens is a bargain chance that economic shoppers should take advantage of at once.

You Will Need More Linen for Fair Time.

As the time for the Fair is near at hand, with consequent need of more Table Linens, Towels and Toweling, Quilts and Bedspreads, all hotelkeepers, restaurant owners and others are especially asked to come and secure some of our bargains.

Values Are Here Both in Quality and Price.

Tablings.

Unbleached Tablings—Special Values.

	Regular price.	Sale price.
60 inches wide	40c	29c
66 inches wide	45c	33c
72 inches wide	50c	40c

Bleached Tabling—

66 inches, all linen, regular	65c	50c
72 inches, all linen, regular	90c	75c

Towels and Toweling.

Hemmed Huck Towels, at doz	$1.25
Fringed, large size, 22x43, at doz	$1.50
Roller Crash Toweling, yard	6c to 12c
Brown Crash, yard	8c to 12½c
Glass Cloth, plain and check	5c to 12½c
Glass Cloths, each	10c to 12½c

70c Quilts for 50c.

CANADIAN QUILTS, 10-4 size, good quality, suitable for single beds; regular price 70c, on sale at 50c

MARSEILLES QUILTS, 11-4 size, special values, regular $3.25 ones for ... $2.50
$3.75 ones for ... $3.00

12-4 size, finest satin finished, extra bargains; regular $3.75 Quilts for ... $3.00
$4.25 ones for ... $3.50

ENGLISH QUILTS, fringed English Quilts for brass bedsteads, 11-4, at $1.35

12-4, Special Scotch Knitted Cotton, regular $3.75 for ... $2.75
$4.00 Quilts for ... $3.00
13-4 size, $4.00 Quilts for ... $3.00
$4.50 Quilts for ... $3.50

"What We Advertise Is So."

Kingsmill's

Special Sale of Household Linens.

NOT SO YOUNG AS PICTURE

Girl Came to Wed, But Refused To Be an Old Man's Darling.

New Brunswick, Sept. 1.—A gray-haired man who has been haunting the railroad station in Bound Brook for several days, glancing frequently at the photograph of a woman in his hand, attacted the attention of many persons on Sunday. Obviously he was expecting some one to arrive. His expectations were fulfilled last Sunday afternoon, when a good-looking woman of about 30 stepped off a train and inquired for George Hoagland. He was there. Mr. Hoagland recognized her from a photograph he held in his hand as the woman he was expecting, but she did not recognize him.

Then followed a little colloquy. Hoagland, who is a carpenter and 60 if a day, said that he was the man who had advertised for a wife and with whom she had been in correspondence. She in turn replied that she had expected to find a young man, but acknowledged that Hoagland's credentials seemed all right.

Hoagland proposed that they go at once to a minister, but the woman demurred. Rather than make a scene, however, she got into a carriage with him and they drove first to the home of the Rev. Mr. Robeson, pastor of the Bound Brook Methodist Church. The woman gave her name as Miss Minnie Humphries, of Lincoln, Neb., and said that she would not marry Hoagland, as he was not young enough and did not look like the photograph he had sent her.

Then the couple got in the carriage again and went to the residence of the Rev. T. C. Anderson, pastor of the Bound Brook Reformed Church. On the way Hoagland tried to persuade her to have the knot tied, but she flatly refused. They then left the second dominie's to go to the substantial little home which Hoagland owns. The woman from Nebraska refused to enter the house, and, after much parleying, went next door and told her story to Mrs. Collier, who took her in. There she remained over night deliberating as to whether to sue Hoagland for damages or to go home.

Miss Humphries said that not only did Hoagland lop a great many years off his age and send her a young man's photograph, but also called himself "Doctor." He sent her $28, which she used for her traveling expenses.

She returned yesterday to Nebraska, sadder but wiser.

Peter Hoagland, son of the aged carpenter, said that his father was at least 70 years of age and that he has been married twice and has four children. The son intimated that the matrimonial aspirations of the father had been rather trying.

SHE HAD GRIT

Woman Returns Highwayman's Fire and He Decamps.

Danbury, Conn., Sept. 1. — Mrs. F. F. Spencer, wife of a Greenwich clergyman, and daughter of Dr. Henry Hartwell, the aged New Milford physician, who was robbed of $5,000 by highwaymen two weeks ago, was the victim of a murderous assault near her home yesterday. The family received letters Monday, warning them that they would be killed if further efforts were made to capture Dr. Hartwell's assailants. Yesterday a masked man fired three shots at Mrs. Spencer as she was driving from New Milford to her home. One of the shots set her dress on fire. She returned the shots, and her assailant fled. The New Milford authorities have sent for bloodhounds to aid in tracking the men.

Pandora Range

The Broiler Door

—big enough to admit a large-sized broiler or toaster easily and just above the glowing coals—no trouble to broil steak or make toast with this door. (Ever occur to you that the most delicious steaks are the broiled ones?)

This point has been given special attention in the Pandora Range—It's an A1 broiler.

Sold by all enterprising dealers—booklet free.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

WM. STEVELY & SON, 362 Richmond Street.
J. G. PARK, 663 Dundas Street, London East.

THE FINEST SWEETS FOR DESSERT ARE

Cowan's

Queen's Dessert Chocolate,
Chocolate Cream Bars,
Chocolate Ginger,
Chocolate Wafers,
Milk Chocolate.

THEY ARE PURE AND GOOD.

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

Jonah has now been corroborated in part. A basalt stele found by Father Schell in the Archaeological Museum at Constantinople has on it an Assyrian inscription of King Nobonod, of the sixth century before Christ, telling of the destruction of Nineveh, an event hitherto found on no monument.

CUCUMBERS AND MELONS are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

The Vienna Allgemeine Zeitung says: "Japan has two extraordinary allies: Russia's ill luck is one, Russia's slovenliness is the other. It is deeply rooted in the whole Russian system. It caused Russia to be unprepared when the war began, and it is responsible for the wearing away of the Russian fleet."

WE HAVE no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.