

A Few Minutes' Reflection and Recreation.

Lands mortgaged may return, but honesty once pawned is never redeemed.—Middleton.

How truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!—Washington Irving.

How an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.—Thackeray.

Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.—Ruskin.

Consideration is the soil in which wisdom may be expected to grow, and strength be given to every upspringing plant of duty.—Emerson.

All the while that thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble distraction and inconveniences of life, but not the sweet and true use of it.—Fuller.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how wonderful is man!—Young.

Whatever you try to do in life, try with all your heart to do well; whatever you devote yourself to, devote yourself to completely, in great aims.

AROUND THE LAMP.

Be not content; contentment means inaction:
The world's best progress springs from man's unrest.
Satiety is twin to satisfaction—
The growing soul aches in its upward quest.

The splendid discontent of God
With chaos made the world.
Set suns in place and filled all space
With stars that shone and whirled.

A TIME OF PREPARATION.
Day by day things are passing; one by one our friends are vanishing. A thousand vicissitudes impress upon our minds the inexorable truth uttered thousands of years ago by the honored patriarch, and reiterated down the centuries. "We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as well as our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding;" plainly teaching that this world is simply a place of temporary sojourn, and a passage to the next. They journey on day by day in anticipation of their heavenly home. They set their affections and center their hopes there. Their destinations are the onward, and their aspirations to the immeasurable altitude where God dwells. Thus, as time bears them onward, it bears them upward. They are preparing for the holy festivities of that bright world, and are advancing toward them.

AN ESSAY OF S'S.
Such strange sorts of souls are on the sphere,
Some social, some silent, some stern and severe.
Some smiling so sweetly, some sober and staid,
Some stay in the sunshine, and some in the shade.
Some stooping, some straight, some slender, some stout,
Some starving in silence, some suppling with about.
Some sorry and sighing, and some singing song,
Some saucy and scolding, some shiftless, some shrewd.
Some sincere and steadfast, submissive, some sly,
The stylish, the simple, the slow, the sedate,
Speculators and swindlers and statesmen in state,
The sculptor and salesman, the savage, the sage,
The saint and the sinner, the speaker on stage,
Segar smokers, swearers, sots, sailors at sea,
The spreader of scandal, smooth slanderers,
Some seamstresses, some at the spindle and spool,
Soothsayers and stewards, and scholars at school,
Sectarians and surgeons, and shepherds of sheep,
Surveyors, shoemakers, and sluggards in sleep,
Some slaves and some soldiers, some scoundrels and scamps,
Some scribbles of stanzas for sake of the stamps.

DON'T TALK TOO MUCH.
There was an amusing instance at a north country police court of a case with which one may get into trouble by having too much to say.
One dark night a rent collector had been waylaid, and robbed of a bag containing a goodly sum of money.
Ultimately a young fellow was arrested and charged with the crime. He stoutly maintained his innocence, and was endeavoring to set up an alibi.
Despite the efforts of his counsel to keep him quiet, the prisoner continually interrupted while the prosecutor was giving evidence. In the end he interrupted once too often.
"How much do you say there was in the bag?" the prosecutor was asked.
"I'm not quite sure," was the reply; "but I should say there would be over seventeen pounds."
"That's another lie," blurted out the prisoner, excitedly. "There wasn't sixteen!"
It is scarcely to be wondered at that the verdict went against him.

LIFE NEVER A JEST.
The playful fancy of a moment may innocently be expressed by the passing word, but he can hardly have learned the preciousness of life, who passes days in the elaboration of a jest. And as to what regards the delineation of human character, the nature of all noble art is to epitomize and embrace so much at once. That its subject can never be altogether ludicrous, it must possess all the solemnity of the whole, not the brightness of the partial truth; for all truth that makes us smile is partial. The novelist amuses us by his relation of a particular incident, but the painter cannot sit any one of his characters before us without giving some glimpse of its

and small be thoroughly in earnest.—Dickens.

All that has made England famous, all that has made England wealthy, has been the work of minorities, some times very small ones.—Sir Henry Maine.

Some women cling to their own homes like the honeysuckle over the door, yet like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles, and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart.—Sir Humphry Davy.

He who would keep his heart pure and holy must plant a sentinel at every avenue by which sin may find access there, guarding against none more than the little sins, as they are called.—Thomas Guthrie.

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool; avoid him."

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple; teach him."

"He who knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep; awake him." "He who knows and knows that he knows, is a wise man; follow him."—From the Arabian Proverbs.

whole career. That of which the historian informs us in successive pages, is the tale of a life. It is the task of the painter to inform us at once. Writing upon the canvas, he does not merely the expression of a moment, but the history of the life, and the history of a life can never be a jest.—John Ruskin.

AN UNEXPECTED RESULT.
An amusing episode occurred at a political meeting during the general election. After hearing the speeches of the candidate and his supporters an aged Conservative mounted the platform and caused some mystery by dramatically holding aloft a walnut, when he proceeded to say:
"This is a political walnut. The rough shell represents the radicals; the next, the thin, bitter skin, is the Liberals, and the kernel represents the good Conservatives."

A man in the audience cried out:
"Now crack it!"
The Tory did so, when, lo and behold! the kernel was rotten! The admixture of laughter and chagrin that followed may be imagined.

HOW MR. CRAWFORD WRITES HIS NOVELS.

Few authors are so prolific as F. Marion Crawford, and still fewer do half so much preliminary work in the writing of their books—which makes the first fact more remarkable. He showed recently a list of the material he had collected for his next historical romance, the scene of which will be laid in Florence. There were whole volumes of closely written notes, giving the histories and genealogies of the great families living in that city during the times of which he will treat; there were numerous copies of old maps of the city, showing the roads and locating the important palaces and public buildings as they then existed; there were records of those days, and even photographs of some of the paintings which have a place in Florentine annals. In addition to this Mr. Crawford said he had collected and read 50 books, many of them old, and which were written during the period or about it. "And I am not done yet," he added, smiling. It is to be wondered if some of the popular historical romances of late have sprung from the pen of a man who has done so much time and research to the historical side of his stories! And this man has published two books within a year, and in addition to the works mentioned in this and the preceding paragraphs is also engaged upon an exhaustive history of Venice and doing other things besides!

THE THINGS THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY.

A college president said in an address: "College professors are miserably paid. The full professor in a New York State college gets, on an average a salary equal to that of a railroad engineer, and an assistant professor the same as a fireman, while an instructor is equally rewarded with a brakeman."

Measured in dollars and cents this is probably true, but what does it prove? Supposing that the railroad men should receive more than a college instructor (the president of a railroad usually receives more than the president of a college), has anything yet been proved? The question, why a young man should go to college, gave two reasons; first, that a young man should have a higher aim in life than mere money-getting; second, that a man should try to make the most of himself. Two somewhat similar reasons might be given in reply to the question, why a man should teach in college. Only in this case the teacher is trying to make the most, not of himself, but of his students. American colleges are not money-making institutions. Every college in the country puts more money into the student than he pays in tuition fees and college expenses. The professor who quietly declines the offer of a larger salary in some other institution and continues to teach in his alma mater, must find the greatest enjoyment in his love for his work and the affection of his students. For obvious reasons the financial side must, to some extent, be considered, but a worse thing could hardly befall the colleges than that men should seek professorships for the salaries alone. The professor in the chair after the minister in the pulpit, who are there solely for the purpose of making money, have mistaken their calling.—James Melvin Lee.

A SUPERNUMARY.
Some of the richest and most staggering remarks addressed to his reverence are those which are spoken with very good intention, but which are capable of a double application; as when a somewhat consequential minister belonging to the Methodist body got "one for himself" from a

simple old lady on whom he had called. "I am not one of the regular ministers," he explained. "I am one whom they call a 'supernumary.' But possibly you do not know what that means. 'Oh, yes, I do,' was the reply. 'It means one more than is wanted.'"

THE CAUSE OF THE CROWD.

Once, at the Rotunda, in Liverpool, the chair was taken by a member of the town council of that great city. There was a very large attendance. In fact, the hall was crowded in every part. To give the people time to settle down in their seats the chairman and I sat on the platform for a couple of minutes. I looked at the audience, and said to the town councillor, "What beautiful house! what a crowd!" "Yes," he whispered to me with a wink of satisfaction, "they knew I was going to take the chair." He was in earnest. I was sorry I had spoken. On another occasion I was asked to give a lecture for the benefit of a public library. That night was a very stormy one; snow, sleet, wind, everything bad was turned on. I thought that the poor library would not make much money out of me that night. To my great gratification, when I arrived at the hall I found there a very good house, and, being introduced to the president, I said to him: "I am agreeably surprised. I was afraid the weather would kill us. It is very gratifying to find such a good house on such a night as this, isn't it?" "Oh! my dear sir," he replied, "I am not at all surprised. The public library is very popular." I have been very careful ever since.—Max O'Reil.

THE WISH OF LORD NELSON.

The famous picture of the "Death of Nelson" is closely connected with an anecdote of the great admiral. Just before he went to sea for the last time he was present at a dinner, during which he sat between the artist and Sir William Hamilton. Nelson was expressing to Hamilton his regret that he had not in his youth acquired some taste for art and some discrimination in judging it. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a shop where the 'Death of Nelson' is hanging without being stopped by it." West made some gracious answer to the compliment, and Nelson went on: "Why have you painted no more like it?" "Because, my lord," West replied, "there are no more subjects." "Ah," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that." "But my lord," continued West, "I am afraid your interpretation will yet furnish me with another such scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you?" said Nelson—"will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!" A few days later he sailed; his strangely expressed aspiration was realized, and the scene lives upon canvas.

HOW THE FUED COMMENCED.

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Darley to her husband, when he arrived home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted." "By whom?" "By your mother." "My mother, Molly? Nonsense, dear! She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away." "But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Molly; "and it was done in a letter from Somerset." "Show it to me." "I'll tell you all about it. A letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it." "Of course," said Mr. Darley, drily. "It was written to you all the way through; you understand that; but where does the insult to me come in?" "In the postscript. When I read along to that it said: 'Dear Molly, Don't fail to give this letter to Harry; I want him to have it.' It's a shameful insult, and I'll never speak to her again!"

RULES FOR SUCCESS IN LIFE.

The following 16 rules are kept printed on a card by a member of one of the oldest mercantile concerns in New York city, and, with other good literature and much fatherly advice, are handed to young men of his acquaintance from time to time and otherwise distributed where they will do good. It is safe to say that the success of the establishment referred to has been built up along the lines indicated by these rules. We commend them to the attention of our readers:

1. Keep good company or none. Never be idle.
2. If your hands are not usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.
3. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
4. When you speak to a person look him in the face.
5. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.
6. Good character is above all things else.
7. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income.
8. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper.
9. Never play at any game of chance.
10. Earn money before you spend it.
11. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.
12. Never borrow unless you can possibly avoid it.
13. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.
14. Be just before you are generous.
15. Be temperate in all things.
16. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

THE LIMITATIONS OF SPECIALISM.

Specialization in every line of ability is becoming an increasingly characteristic of the day that there are departments of endeavor in which the worker has arrayed against him the entire weight of public influence whenever he is tempted to follow freely the inner promptings of his talent, and to try experiments, to feel his way along new openings. An actor who makes a success of one order of characterizations is debared from essaying another, and a different order. A writer who triumphs in one "field" must live in that field thenceforward. This is no unimportant thing, and it deserves to be considered more carefully than we are wont to do. It is not that specialization keeps contemporary men of

first-rate powers from the all-round development which was possible to the great men of the Renaissance. A great painter today must be content to be a great painter only, he cannot be a sculptor and a poet as well. This may be accepted. The matter, rather, to be regretted is that modern specialism stands often in the way of the unfolding and perfecting of talent even within the limits of the one chosen calling.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

Children of normal parents are born neither selfish nor unselfish. The ability for good or evil lies latent at first, but develops and extends, like blood-circulation, wherever channels are provided. With the first hour of motherhood begins a mother's responsibility. She has not to gain her influence; it is hers as soon as the child is hers. But she has to maintain, develop and constantly increase it by making her own life, in every important particular, the model of what she would have her life to be. Love compels love; truth compels truth; nobility compels nobility. Love your children and they will love you in spite of all your shortcomings; keep faith with them and they will keep faith with you; treat them courteously and they will be courteous; maintain high ideals and they will follow them; make them the center of your

life and they will make you the center of their lives. This is not easy. If there be a vocation which makes greater demands upon heart, soul, intellect and physique than this common vocation of motherhood I do not know what it is. Earth's greatest rulers, legislators and philanthropists have been they who have reared her generations from the cradle to maturity, and then sat back among the fire-side shadows with folded hands, while their children praised them in the gates. It is certainly a grand calling. There is none other like it. But as the reward is great, so also is the danger great.—Cor.

ON HIS DIGNITY.

"I get queer answers sometimes," said a business man who advertises a great deal, "when I ask my customers, as I frequently do, what publication they saw my advertisement in. As a rule they reply courteously, but once in a while a man takes the question as an affront. One pompous old fellow told me it was none of my business. A languid young man referred me to his valet. But I was most taken aback by a plainly-dressed customer, to whom I said: 'In what paper, may I ask, did you see my advertisement?' 'In all of them, sir,' he replied indignantly. 'Did you think from my appearance that I read only one paper?'"

ON THE FARM.

DEFINITION OF TERMS.

There are a few terms in connection with dairying, the elucidation of which would make the matter in dairy journals more intelligible to the general reader. We refer to the words "protein," "carbohydrates," "fat." They are the open sesame to all that lies between the cover of the largest book on feeding, so far as its practical application is concerned.

Take the first term, protein; a somewhat strange word, and as not being of English origin, slow to be grasped by the farmer, but in spite of that it has come to stay, because, like many other words of foreign origin, it enables us to express in one word what otherwise would take many. So the sooner we make this word part of ourselves, the better. If we want to put the word to more common use we can call it "the builder."

All the bones and tissues of an animal contain protein; all the fluids are largely made up of it; the hide, hair, horns and hoofs contain it in large quantities. The blood is a solution of nearly pure protein in water; milk contains over three pounds to the hundred, and, in fact, there is nothing in the animal body that does not contain protein in some form or other. As to what ever size, color or shape, are classed as wood, so the protein in whatever shape it is found in the body, is still protein, although it may be colored red as in blood, or white as in casein, or yellow as in the yolk of an egg. For his convenience, or other reason, give different names to different forms of it, still so far as the practical man is concerned, we can leave such chemical questions to the chemist, and use the word protein—the builder.

After the chemist has hunted out and labeled the different protein compounds in a feed, he finds another class of compounds, and for want of a better word, and because, as in the first case, he wants to pack a lot of explanations into a little space, he calls these bodies carbohydrates. To say why that word was selected requires too much time, a large number of words, but little satisfaction at the end. It will come close enough to it to say that all sugars and starches are carbohydrates. How many farmers there are who do not know the difference between the starches, and the slight differences that exist between the different varieties are of no interest to any one but the chemist, for the cow all varieties are alike, if she only gets enough.

If we want to use a more common term, we can call carbohydrates fat-formers, because the formation of fat in the body is one of their chief uses. We can also call them heat producers, because the changes which take place in the body (by oxidation) produce heat and serve to keep the animal warm. Unlike the protein bodies, they cannot make muscle, nerve, horn nor hair; they only serve to make fat and act as fuel, and as such are most important.

In the body of a living animal there is always going on slow fire, very slow in comparison with a true fire, but none the less a source of heat and for this fire the carbohydrates are the fuel. As in the case of protein, unless we supply enough of it the work stops, and the profit also.

After the carbohydrates are disposed of, the chemist finds more or less fat, the amount varying according to the food, from a small amount to 40 per cent. To a certain extent fat is of secondary importance. It is not so absolutely necessary as the first two bodies, yet a fair proportion is necessary in every ration. All animals must receive protein, carbohydrates, fat; all foods must and do contain them in different proportions, and the farmer requires to know and understand these things, simply and without such knowledge he is working in the dark. He knows not whether he is producing milk profitably or at a loss, or, if losing, where and how to remedy the trouble. No man ever succeeded in the long run by ignorance, and a refusal to know and use the tools of his trade will eventually be his own punishment.

CARE OF THE BULL.

Never ill-use a bull if there should exist the remote chance that you may meet that bull while at liberty. Depend upon it, even if months or years have passed reprisals will follow. There is no animal more sensitive or unable to kindness than a bull, no animal with a longer memory. Many of the attacks of bulls on their attendants are the direct result of brutality on the part of the man at some time or other. In all probability the animal cannot retaliate at the time, but he bides his time, and when it comes has no mercy.

THE BEE HIVE.

Many people have an idea that the queen bee is a sort of ruler over all the domestic economy of the hive, and that she directs the storing of the honey and the time of swarming, but she does neither. The queen bee, though the most important in the hive, as being the mo-

ther the servant of all the rest, and dependent upon them. She cannot feed herself or even digest her own food. The worker bees must digest her food, and convey it to her in their mouths, as the pigeon does for the squab, from the egg to the day of her death. They do this, that she may continue in her work of reproduction by laying sometimes twice her own weight of eggs in a day. The eggs may vary in number from 1,500 to 3,500 in a day, and to produce but the smaller number, but with a full honey flow they increase her feed and force her to lay as many as she possibly can. It virtually rests with them as to the number she shall produce, and thus it is that feeding the bees early in the spring will stimulate the rapid filling of brood comb and a full colony in about 24 days from the time the feeding begins.

FOOD FOR HENS.

Oats and wheat bran with green food in the shape of cabbages or roots are good feed for the hens, especially if the grain has been well scalded, but they are not nutritious enough to be a complete diet for hens that are laying eggs. In fact, they cannot keep themselves in good condition upon such a ration, and certainly will have no surplus to devote to the production of eggs. The corn which the egg is made. There should be corn or corn meal, wheat and meat in some form to supply nutritive elements. To be too lean for the hen to produce profitably, and to lay eggs the corn and meat were given without the lighter grains. In the latter case there might be hopes of their working some of the fat off by consuming it in furnishing heat for their systems in cold weather. The skillful poultry feeder is he who can so combine all these foods as to supply the wants and waste of the body, and also that which is needed for egg production in winter.

MAKING MAPLE SYRUP AND SUGAR.

Much injury is often inflicted on trees by excessive tapping and various ill-practices in connection with the operation. As a guard against such practices, the following rules will be of service:

1. Use nothing larger than a three-quarter inch auger or bit—one-half to five-eighths is best. 2. Do not tap any tree until you try to find a well on all sides. 3. Select the thickest part of the tree that is farthest away from an old orifice or tapping hole. 4. Never put more than one spur in a tree that is less than one foot in diameter. 5. Do not, as a rule, tap trees more than once in a season; but they may be freshened once after a long, hard freeze during sugar season. 6. Never leave spouts in trees a single day after they are dried up.

Buckets and Tubs—No person can make the best sugar by using foul-smelling buckets and tubs, and we must have clean tubs and buckets, and the latter part of the season, and it will not be an easy task to get the sap out again.

Some farmers use wooden tubs painted inside and out, and think them preferable to tin, as they do not warm the sap as much on a sunny day as tin does, and will therefore keep the sap sweet longer; but the fact is, one should not allow the sap to stand in a tub longer than he can help, and the best way to get the sap out of a tin tub whenever it is warm enough to run, it gives the tin tubs an advantage in this respect.

Sap should be gathered and boiled as soon as possible after it has left the tree. This is one of the main points on which good or bad sugar depends, for the longer sap stands after it has been gathered, the more color will be in the sugar. Sap should be strained before it is boiled, to remove all foreign substances, and in boiling it one should make it a point to stir off quite often, as the excess boiling of the same syrup for some time will color it, and the boiling apparatus should be constructed with special reference to this idea. Sap commences to change as soon as it leaves the tree, and should therefore be worked up as soon as possible. And your motto should be in making maple syrup: 1st—cleanliness, and 2nd—to get all foreign substances out of it and to put none in, either in boiling the sap or sugaring-off. Contributor to Farmers' Advocate.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL

to

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

BAKERS' COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1826.

Branch House, 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal.

sharpened, and his horses in good condition for the work. The early bird gets the worm, and the early-sown grain generally turns out the best yield at harvest. It is well to be ready for early seeding, but not well to begin before the land is in fairly good condition.

CRUDE PETROLEUM FOR THE SAN JOSE SCALE.

Crude petroleum is a new thing; it is an exceedingly effective insecticide, and in my own hands has been entirely safe on all kinds of trees. To fruit-growers generally my advice is, use it boldly but carefully. Never treat a tree that does not need it, and never waste the oil. If you are in the least doubtful concerning the oil, or the man who is to apply it, use it in a mechanical mixture. Personally, on all trees to be treated by myself, I would apply it undiluted. The 25 per cent mixture has proved successful in so many hands that it seems almost as efficacious as the diluted oil, and I have no record of injury from such a mixture.

It must be recollected, however, that it is the oil which is the killing agent. There must be oil enough to cover every part of the tree; the water serves merely to spread the same amount of oil over a greater surface. If you spray a pint of crude oil undiluted on one tree, and two parts of a 25 per cent mechanical mixture on another of the same size, you have done exactly the same thing, and the results should be similar. If it needs a pint of oil to cover the tree well, you must put that much oil, either with or without water, otherwise you will not get the desired result. I admit that the average man can do more even work with two quarts than with one pint, and will be less likely to put on an excess.

In using the mechanical mixture, keep the pump going as steadily as possible, as at every pause there is a tendency for the oil and water to separate in the hose, in the pump and in the air chamber. Every new start is apt to be either clear oil followed by clear water, or the reverse. Hence it is better to waste a little going from tree to tree than to stop down every time and risk putting on too much oil or ineffective water.—Correspondent to Rural New Yorker.

MR. JERRY SULLIVAN

A Sarnia Man Who Has Made an Important Discovery—His Letter to the Public.

To the tens of thousands who suffer with Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, and Heartburn, the message of Mr. Jerry Sullivan will be a welcome one.

Mr. Sullivan has found a cure in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. He is anxious to help others, and writes the following letter for publication:

"For three years I have suffered with Dyspepsia and Sour Stomach. I could get nothing to help me, and I consulted some of the leading doctors. I began to fear I would never be well. 'I purchased a box of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and after I had used these, I found my trouble growing gradually less, and I continued the treatment, and am now perfectly cured. 'I want all who may be suffering as I did to know of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They are the sure cure for Dyspepsia and Sour Stomach.' Mr. Sullivan, whose home is in Sarnia, Ont., has found out the difference between a medicine that 'relieves,' and one that 'cures.' Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure, and those who are cured, stay cured."

There is no good reason why any one should suffer a moment longer with Stomach Trouble. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cured so many, that there is no room for doubt in the mind of any reasonable man or woman. They have never failed to cure all Stomach Weaknesses, when used according to directions.

ANSWERED DESCRIPTION.

"That new reporter must be a humorist."

"How so?"

"Why, when the editor told him he would expect him to furnish a double-column article, he came lugging in a barrel, and said that was the only one he could find."

COLDS

The quickest relief for a cold is by Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

You will find the edge taken off in a night; and, in three or four days, you'll be wondering whether that cold amounted to anything anyhow.

That's relief. If you tackle it quick, the relief is quick; if you wait, the relief won't come—you know how colds hang on.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Canada.