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Perhaps this case may be similar to yours
J. Wesley Tully (Box 873), Selma, Cal., writes:
Gentlemen—"It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you a testimonial, if by its reaching some sufferer your medicines will do much for him as they have for me. At the age of fourteen I was troubled a great deal with malaria and biliousness, accompanied with the worst sort of large boils. I was persuaded by my parents, who have always been strong believers in Dr. Pierce's remedies, to try the Golden Medical Discovery. I took one bottle and the boils all disappeared, but I did not stop at one bottle, I took three and the malaria all left me and I have had no more boils to this day, thanks to the Golden Medical Discovery for my relief.
"Following an operation for appendicitis two years ago I was troubled very much with constipation and I have been trying Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pills and they have rid me of the troublesome gas and have aided me in conquering the whole trouble; thanks again for the Pills and for the advice I have obtained from the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." Send only 21 cents for this 100 page book.

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Daughters of the Empire
Tecumseh Chapter held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. W. J. Thompson, Simcoe street, on January 5th. Mrs. E. D. Swift assisting hostess. The Regent presided. There were 17 members and 5 visitors present. The roll call was well responded to by quotations on the new year. An appeal has been made by the London Municipal Chapter for aid in making socks, mitts, hands and scarfs for the boys of our vicinity who are leaving with the second contingent. A sum of money was granted to buy yarn for the making of these articles, also a sum of money to be handed over to a committee appointed for buying material to make garments for the Belgian women and children. The program, which was excellent, opened with the singing of "O Canada"; two violin solos by Mr. D. Swift, accompanied by Mr. C. Potter, Jr.; piano, Mr. C. Potter; piano duet, Miss Smith and

Mrs. Connolly; instrumental, Miss Smith; a solo by Mrs. de Gex. The paper for the day on the New Year by Winifred Swift. Mrs. Thompson read a short sketch from a magazine of Madame Innes-Taylor's work for the Belgians; a reading by Miss McCaw on the French appreciation of the British soldiers; a short reading on the New Year by Marjory Swift. This concluded a well-rendered program which was much appreciated by the ladies. Tea was served in the dining room and the singing of the National Anthem brought the meeting to a close. Next place of meeting Mrs. N. B. Howden, Mrs. Shirley assisting hostess. Election of officers for 1915.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead. m

Dad's Dope (Vancouver Sun.)

In dogology, aeroplanes would be regarded as Skye terriers.

Turkeys sold for 8 cents a pound in Texas Christmas. It's a long way to Texas and Christmas is over anyway.

As far as known, none of the belligerent powers have placed New Year's resolutions on the contraband list.

Amateur society nurses are said to be so indulgent with the wounded in the military hospitals that the Tommies are becoming careless about exposing themselves to bullets.

Seattle Germans, who contemplate an invasion of British Columbia, will find the roads much rockier and more dangerous than the highways that lead to Dublin.

A man named Horseshadish is a candidate for mayor in an Ohio town. With boiled beef as a side partner he ought to be able to reduce the high cost of living.

Nothing has been heard of that fine old German militarist, General von Kinck, of late. Clucking hens are noted for being the publicity agents of the barnyards.

UNDER A VOLCANO

A Town That Lives In Perennial Dread of Extinction.

COLIMA'S CRATER IN ACTION.

It's a Solemn Spectacle For the Dwellers In the Shadow of the Gloomy Peak When "Old Faithful" Explodes, as It Does Regularly Once a Year.

It is singular how indifferent to a persistently threatened danger human beings can become, even when the danger is of a deadly nature and may imperil their very lives. Harry H. Dunn, in the Montreal Herald and Star, tells of a case in which a whole townful of people lie under the constant threat of extinction by a volcano.

The roof of the little boxlike hotel in Colima, capital of the state of Colima, in Mexico, was freshly drenched with water in a vain effort to fight off some of September's heat. I think there were eighteen of us gathered there in the cool, gray night. The almost silent town lay like a black and white checkerboard at our feet.

Twenty miles away, across a valley still green with the rains of summer, rose a conical mountain, almost solitary. Even by night it looked sinister; by day it was terrible, with its barren, lava coated sides, its gas exuding cone shrouded even by the vultures which haunted mountain and plain. It was the volcano of Colima, the "Old Faithful" of craters, which explodes regularly once a year—and it was almost due for an exhibition.

"He should begin soon," droned the hotel keeper. "Maybe today, maybe tomorrow, maybe not for a week, but it is the middle of September, and it is his time."

The old man had scarcely finished when a bubble, black as night, crowded itself out of the broken end of the mountain, which we knew was a pot of molten stone, twenty miles away. The bubble, so dark that we could see it plainly, swelled like a growing puffball and then, pushed out from below, rose like a giant umbrella, with incredible speed, into the sky. Behind it came a straight tubular column of smoke, such smoke as that of which the bubble was made, black and thick and ominous.

Up, up, up, rose the bubble, riding, it seemed, on the column below it. It appeared to hang like a huge blanket a thousand feet in the heavens; then slowly, like some great octopus feeling its way along the bed of the sea, the bubble flattened and began to spread out. Probably it moved miles every minute, but it was far away and so monstrous that we could not judge it by ordinary standards.

It seemed that the town below us heaved a long sigh. The thing for which its ten or twelve thousand inhabitants had been waiting was about to happen. The mighty drama was about to be enacted before their eyes, as it was before the Spanish conquistadores set foot on Mexican soil. Yet to them the spectacle was ever exciting, for its end might be death, might be destruction of their town, as it had been the destruction of the many smaller towns clustered more closely round the skirts of the gloomy peak.

The roofs filled with people. Here and there a woman screamed; many, both men and women, prayed; querulous cries and questions from children rose on the night air, and the bells in the churches began to ring, slowly at first and then more rapidly, as the fire god began to play about the crest of Colima.

Like a waterspout on the crest of a lofty roller at sea, the smoke column and its spreading top rested for a moment on the volcano and then, with a thunderous outrush of air, which must have been heard for at least a hundred miles, vanished into thin air. A column of fire took their place.

No ordinary fire was this. No flame ever kindled by human hands burned so white as that tower of luminous bits of lava and sand and stone and superheated gases that shot upward from the mouth of the crater.

I gazed at it spellbound as the light of day spread round all over the valley and the city. A constant roar came from the volcano, a roar so insistent, so monotonous, that I could not hear what the old hotel keeper who stood at my elbow was saying. I bent my ear to him and heard: "Not so bad as last year. Mayhap we shall not be harmed."

Too Modest.

Sir W. S. Gilbert's own story of his first experience as a playwright is instructive. He took his maiden attempt to a manager, who read it carefully and offered to accept it. "Now," said he to the overjoyed dramatist, "what do you expect me to pay you for this?" The young author, not liking to be too forward, modestly suggested 30 guineas. The manager immediately wrote out a check for the desired amount and, presenting it to Gilbert, said: "Young man, let me give you a

word of advice. Never sell so good a play for such a small amount again.

A Curious Trial.
The records of Kirby Matzenel, a child in Yorkshire, England, mention a curious trial which took place in the church in the seventeenth century. A woman was tried for stealing a skull out of the churchyard. Her defense was that she took the skull to put under the pillow of a sleepless friend as a charm to make her sleep. She was reprimanded and ordered to put the skull back.

Gain has oft with treacherous notes led men to ruin.—Sophocles.

TO USE SURPLUS POTASH.

Chemists Report That Crops Are In No Immediate Danger.

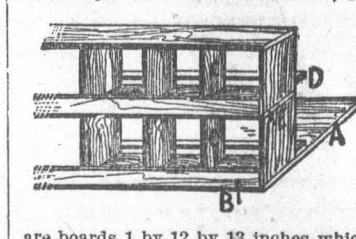
Because of the action of the German government in prohibiting the exportation of concentrated potash salts reports have been made indicating that farmers were becoming alarmed over the consequences of a possible restriction in the supply of commercial fertilizers. Manufacturing chemists say, however, that there is no danger of a failure of a reasonable crop production on this account.

One of these chemists has given his views as follows:
Potash is one of the three elements most essential to plant growth. Practically all soils suitable for farming contain potash in available and also in unavailable form. As plant life takes potash only to the extent of its needs, if there is any excess in the soil it will remain until used, as potash does not leach out of the ground. Fortunately many farmers have been using potash in increased amounts each year, so that the soil is better supplied with available potash than was the case a few years ago, and there probably remains in the soil a supply which has not been assimilated.

The problem of the individual farmer is to conserve his potash, which can be done in the following way: Green manuring or turning under a cover crop, dressing heavily with barnyard manure, balancing chicken manure with nitrate of soda and acid phosphate, saving wood ashes to mix with nitrate of soda and acid phosphate and rendering inert soil potash available.
Nitrate of soda will do more than any other agent to render soil potash available. The potash that can be made available in the soil is usually in the form of hydrated silicate of potash and alumina. The nitrogen in nitrate of soda, having been assimilated by the plants, leaves a residue of soda which acts on the hydrated silicate of potash and alumina and renders the potash available.
As the amount of potash which can be made available in any soil is quite limited, the process of freeing it is only a temporary measure to meet an emergency, and it must eventually be replaced. Every 100 pounds of nitrate of soda will split off fifty to fifty-five pounds of actual potash and assure successful crops for a time where no additional potash is used.

Handy Section Nests.

The sketch shows a plan for hens' nests which I find very easy to clean, says William C. Albright in the Farm and Fireside. Just lift each section off and sweep the top of the section below. There is no bottom to clean. The top of the lower section serves as the bottom of the one above, but is not attached to it.
A is a platform thirty inches wide and as long as desired; B is a 1 by 4 inch strip to hold the nest material; CC are boards 1 by 12 by 13 inches which are partitions between nests; D is a 1 by 4 for hens to walk on to get in upper section; E is a 1 by 12 inch board, the top of the first section.
The bottom section is suspended by wires so that it hangs about two feet from the floor, and the platform, A, is placed against the wall. A burlap curtain is hung over the front of the nests to darken them, but can be pushed aside when you wish to gather the eggs.

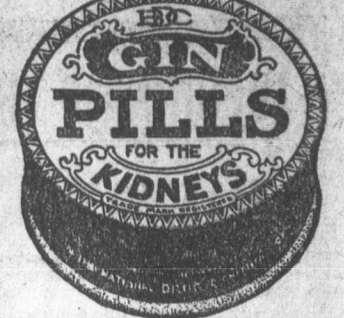


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Roots For Feed.

Roots are excellent feed for dairy cows and are especially desirable for the fall and early winter, as they are palatable, easy to digest and stimulate the flow of milk. Less grain is required while roots are being fed. The change from roots to more grain should be made gradually, adding grain at the rate of one pound for ten pounds of roots withdrawn.



If the urine is hot and scalding—is too free or too scanty—or shows brick dust deposits or mucus—get Gin Pills today and cure yourself of Kidney and Bladder troubles. "Made in Canada". 50c. box, 6 for \$2.50. Free treatment if you write National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 270

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