

# Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."  
J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: No. 1, enough for an ordinary cold; No. 2, just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; No. 3, most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.  
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

## New Year's on the Old Plantation

CHRISTMAS was never celebrated to any great extent in the south back in the good old days "befoh de wah." New Year's day took its place among the masters, and the prolonged, rollicking "co'n shuckin'" supplied the slaves of Kentucky and Missouri especially with all the jollity they desired. It was an institution peculiar to the south, peculiar not in being confined to those sections, but peculiar in the manner in which it was conducted, for husking bees have been known in New England since the mind of man remembers and Indian corn has been gathered.

When a "co'n shuckin'" was decided upon notices were sent out to the slaves of all adjoining plantations stating that on a certain night Judge S. or Squire B. would give a corn shuckin' of so many thousand bushels and that all colored people, male and female, were invited to attend. Great preparations were made by "ole massa" and "ole missus" for this event, for, while they expected a good night's work in the shape of wagon loads of yellow corn, pleasure was to be the main part of the programme.

Supper was always provided on a large scale and generally consisted of two or three roasted pigs, turkeys and chickens, with side dishes of vegetables, in equal proportion. Bushels of sweet potatoes were baked, boiled and fried, and hundreds of rich, golden pumpkin pies were turned out of the ovens, done to a mouth watering brown.

A band of musicians was engaged, for no "co'n shuckin'" would be complete without it. On those nights negroes worked not happily save to the twanging of the banjo and wailing of the fiddle.

A corn shuckin' always lasted three nights continuously on one plantation, and then the negroes moved on to the next, where three more were devoted to the corn of the owner, and so on until all the maize of the neighborhood had been husked.

About twilight the darkies began to arrive from all over the country, the "boys" clad in their suits of jeans, with that pride of the darky's heart, his "long tailed clawhammer blue." Every negro who made pretensions to being "anybody" possessed one in more

## Blacksmith's Backache.

Swinging heavy hammers, frequent stooping, shoeing horses, getting a wrench once in a while from a refractory horse, bending at all sorts of odd jobs that the average blacksmith does—any wonder that in time the strongest man begins to find his back give out and his kidneys trouble him. The progress of medical science has produced nothing that is a greater boon to the blacksmiths throughout this country than Dr. Picher's Backache Kidney Tablets. They get at the origin of the backache in the kidneys and make a thorough and radical cure.

### THE RESULT OF A STRAIN.

A Soper, Blacksmith, John Street South, Aylmer, states his case as follows: "A blacksmith's work is always hard and mine is no exception. I strained my back some time ago, and the trouble settled in the small of my back and kidneys, laying me up. I have been subject in times past to an attack of backache, and took different kidney pills, but got little relief after long use. This time I got a bottle of Dr. Picher's Backache Kidney Tablets and they stopped the attack in a hurry. They acted far differently and away quicker than anything I ever took. I am pleased with them, and consider them satisfactory in every way."  
Price 50c a box, at all druggists or by mail, The Dr. Zela Picher Co., Toronto.

of less condition of wear. The female portion of the gathering was coquettishly dressed in lincey



THE NEGROES WORKED HAPPILY TO THE MUSIC OF BANJO AND FIDDLE.

woolsey frocks, with their heads tied up in flaming red bandanna handkerchiefs, the redder the better, and with a white handkerchief crossed upon their breasts.

They came in groups, and each party of huskers from a neighboring plantation was announced long before it arrived by the well known tunes prevalent in those days floating down the road and over the fields as the happy boys and women hastened to the gathering. A favorite tune was this:

Yes, we's gwine to de shuckin',  
Yes, we's gwine to de shuckin',  
We's gwine to de shuckin' of de co'n,  
An' we'll be dar in de mo'nin',  
An' we'll be dar in de mo'nin',  
We'll be dar in de mo'nin', shuah as yo's bo'n.

As soon as the darkies were all assembled the oldest slave present went to "ole massa" and begged a piece of silver money. This was always expected, and a plantation owner would as soon have thought of having a "shuckin'" without corn as to be unprepared to produce the bit of silver on the first evening.

Taking this piece of silver, the ancient darky returned to the field and there performed a ceremony the exact meaning of which has not come down to us. Whetting his jackknife upon the silver, he solemnly pronounced an invocation for a bountiful crop of corn the following year. And it is doubtful if the "ole massa" would have been any more willing to allow the husking to proceed without this kindly prayer than would his white haired servant, who by its means thus once a year stood in the attitude of high priest to the family he served.

After the preliminary prayer the "twelve wise men" were chosen, and their first duty was to select two of the brawniest negroes in the company, who, when called out, with much pride at their distinction, indulged in a good humored contest of strength, which was known as "rassin' to de captin'." The victor became the master of ceremonies, and upon him devolved the duty of seeing that no one shirked in work or entertainment.

The matter of the captaincy being decided, the "twelve wise men" chose four big fellows, who formed a "pack saddle" by crossing their hands and the captain was elevated upon it and carried half a dozen times around the heaps of corn, while the darkies sang this melody or something akin to it:

When our days am done  
Don't we darlies hab a time?  
When our days am done  
Don't we darlies cut a shine?

Back to our cabin we will go,  
Back in the early mo'n,  
But we'll be here in de ob'nin',  
To do de shuckin' ob de co'n.

Then the corn shuckin' proper began. Stacks of fuel had been placed at intervals of a few yards near the corn, and after they had been lighted, under the supervision of the "twelve wise men," the fun began. As the corn was husked it was thrown into piles and would be hauled away in the morning. Twelve workers were selected for each heap of unhusked corn, and, as back in New England, the red ear was eagerly sought for, but with a different purpose. When a man got it he shied it at a big nigger's head, and if he hit the mark the unfortunate darky would not "marry for ten years." If by shrewd dodging he missed it his happiness would be crowned within the year. If a dusky belle secured a red ear she had the option of choosing a sweetheart from any of the darkies around the corn pile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

They Originated in Japan, Where They Are Now Obsolete.

In Japan originated the art of making and the custom of exchanging New Year cards. Today both are as obsolete in the Flowery Kingdom as is the New Year's calling in the United States. More charming art, more delightful custom, are not numbered among the good things that have passed away to suffer in their time, let us hope, a happy revival. For more than a hundred years the designing and coloring of New Year cards occupied the attention of the foremost draftsmen and wood engravers

## Don't Chide the Children.



Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

### DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then all trouble is at an end. Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother, living at 499 Gray St., says: "My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last February I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

ers of Japan. They were made at the command of the noblemen of the emperor's court. In size they were from six to eight inches, and each was inscribed with a poetic sentiment dictated by the noble giving the order. They were printed from five or six blocks, each color requiring, as in modern color printing, a separate block. The blocks were the property of the noble, who retained or destroyed them at will. No reprints for another were ever permitted. A nobleman's New Year card was like his coat of arms or his sword. The surimono, as Japan's New Year cards were called, were designed specially to please some lady-love.—New York Press.

### NEW YEAR'S IN OMAR'S DAY

It Was Celebrated in the Springtime Nine Centuries Ago.

Now the new year reviving old desires, The thoughtful soul to solitude retires; Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears Today of past regret and future fears.

So sang old Omar, the Persian poet, nine centuries ago, and we of today can but echo his thoughts at this New Year's season of resolution and festivity, though kingdoms have risen and fallen, old nations have decayed and new ones sprung up and we live in a country where sentiments of freedom and justice abound, for the human emotions remain much the same whatever the time or clime in which we live, whatever the religious influences which govern us. Of course in the time of Omar in most countries the new year was celebrated in March, that being the beginning of the vernal equinox, and as it is the season when everything in nature is given new birth the ancients probably for this reason considered it a suitable time to begin their year also. Christianity, however, made a distinct break, and finally in the sixteenth century Jan. 1 was settled on by common consent in all continental countries.

### Those New Year Resolutions.

Every 1st of January that we arrive at is an imaginary milestone in the turnpike track of human life, at once a resting place for thought and meditation and a starting point for fresh



Don't forget the old man with the fish on his back. For nearly thirty years he has been traveling around the world, and is still traveling, bringing health and comfort wherever he goes.

To the consumptive he brings the strength and flesh he so much needs.

To all weak and sickly children he gives rich and strengthening food.

To thin and pale persons he gives new firm flesh and rich red blood.

Children who first saw the old man with the fish are now grown up and have children of their own.

He stands for Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil—a delightful food and a natural tonic for children, for old folks and for all who need flesh and strength.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

exertion in the performance of our journey.

The man who does not at least propose to himself to be better this year than he was last must be either very good or very bad indeed.

And only to propose to be better is something. If nothing else it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the first step toward amendment.

But, in fact, to propose to oneself to do well is in some sort to do well positively, for there is no such thing as a stationary point in human endeavors. He who is not worse today than he was yesterday is better, and he who is not better is worse.—Charles Lamb.

### Her New Year's Gift.

Luella Gladys Rosamond Ophelia Phyllis May sweetly resolved to make folks glad Upon the New Year's day. A basket filled with dainties rare With her own hands she bore And left it without word or sign Before a poor friend's door. "It did not even bear my name, For that, in full, you see, Would quite eclipse the gift itself," She murmured modestly. —Joe Cary.

### SCRUGGS' SIEGE OF NECKTIEPHOID

THOMAS SCRUGGS, on Christmas day, Got packages galore, Until he wondered if there could By chance be any more.

He opened each one when it came And slowly grew enraged, And not a package held a thing That his great wrath assuaged.

For each one, be it long or short Or slim or thick and fat, Contained, in varied shape and form, A gaudy new cravat.



"TIS EVER THUS!"

"'Tis ever thus!" moaned Thomas Scruggs: "In every Christmas wreck I am the sufferer who gets It always in the neck."

The ties were green and red and brown And black and pink and blue, With stripes and dots and funny lines Of truly awful hue.

At last he fretted so about The things that he fell ill, And then, to add to all his woes, There was a doctor's bill.

Today, when asked about the case, He seems to grow annoyed And answers that he suffered from A siege of necktiephoid. —Judge.

### Soldier Boys' Christmas.

"There was never any fighting on Christmas day during the civil war," said the late General Hampton when asked for some reminiscences. "It has been a long time ago, and I cannot remember much of those Christmas times. We of the army had other things to occupy our attention. But Christmas was one day on which there was no fighting. The men received messages and boxes from home, and camp life got an inspiration on that day.

"I remember that on one Christmas the ground was covered with snow. The men ranged themselves on sides like schoolboys, and a tremendous battle ensued. For a long time the contest raged. The lines charged and were broken, formed again and endeavored to execute strategic movements. Finally the sport became so exciting and so spirited that two men had their arms broken, and I had to go into the fight and declare a truce."—Washington Star.

### Christmas in Other Lands.

In Norway, where Christmas finds the land buried deep under the snow, the flocks frozen and the whole country tight in the grasp of the ice, there are many quaint and pretty Christmas customs. Perhaps the most interesting of all are the nesting and feeding of the birds. A few days before Christmas new straw and hay are put into every nest that can be found in the hollows of trees and the eaves of houses and barns, and straw is scattered about over the frozen snow to be carried away by the birds themselves. Then, in every available spot on the thatched roofs, on house tops, window sills and doorsteps, are strewn large measures of grain. It is a pretty sight to see the flocks of birds swooping down to this feast. So they feed royally during the holiday times, making up for many days of scant living, for it is hard to find anything to eat where everything is frozen so fast.

I Offer to the Sick  
**\$1 ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH OF MEDICINE FREE AS A TRIAL**

To Every Sufferer with Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Pulmonary and Bronchial Troubles

If you have any of the following symptoms it means that the germs of consumption are in your system. Accept Dr. Slocum's generous offer.

- Are your lungs weak? Do you cough? Do you have pains in the chest? Do you spit up phlegm? Is your throat sore and inflamed? Is your appetite bad? Do you have night sweats?
- Are you losing flesh? Are you pale, thin and weak? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you have hot flashes? Is there drooping in the throat? Is the nose dry and stuffy? Have you a coated tongue?

Call your disease what you will, these symptoms indicate that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous of maladies. In order to let all people know the marvellous power of his system of treatment, Dr. Slocum has decided to give free to all sufferers as a test his free trial treatment.

### ONE WEEK'S TRIAL OF DR. SLOCUM'S SYSTEM OF TREATMENT FREE

Nothing could be more reasonable, more generous than Dr. Slocum's offer.

The Slocum System of Treatment has cured thousands and tens of thousands of cases of consumption in all stages of the disease. A system of treatment that accomplishes more than any one remedy can ever accomplish. A system of complete medicinal and tonic food treatment that destroys and eliminates all tuberculosis germs and poison from the system and assists nature in building up healthy lung and body tissue, two essential functions for a permanent cure.

Accept Dr. Slocum's offer to-day and be cured at home among friends and loved ones. Simply write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, mention your druggist's name, and state your post and express offices, and you will receive the treatment promptly by express. Mention this paper.

## "Canada's Greatest Charity."



### Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives

Not a single patient has ever been refused admittance because of his or her poverty.

FROM THE YUKON  
—From Bishop of Selkirk, Caribou Crossing, Yukon: "The trifling remittance (\$10.00) herewith enclosed, is intended to express our sympathy for the sufferers in other parts rather than imply a special need for your institution here."

CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION  
—J. K. Macdonald, Esq., Managing Director Confederation Life Association, in sending cheque for \$500.00 from his Company, says: "I am pleased to be able to be the medium of helping on so good a work."

### Funds Urgently Needed

The financial reports for the year just ending show that to keep the doors of the Free Hospital for Consumptives open, maintaining the number of patients for which accommodation has been provided, not less than \$25,000 is required for the year now entered upon.

Since the Free Hospital was opened (18 months ago) 224 patients have been received. The help the institution has been to these people—all from the wage-earning and poorer ranks of life—cannot be estimated in human language.

—Edward D. Hodson, Selkirk, Ont., on leaving the Free Hospital, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of the institution from which I have received so much benefit. I can but tender my best thanks for the kindness shown."

—Minnie Linklater, Hamilton, writes: "I have spent over nine months at the Free Hospital for Consumptives. I believe I have been greatly helped, and shall never hesitate to use my influence to further that good cause."

There is no endowment, excepting the provision made by three life insurance companies for six beds for the current year. Only by the continued contributions of the Canadian public can the work be maintained.

Patients are accepted from every part of the Dominion, and there have been in residence during the past year patients from Prince Edward Island on the east to the Northwest Territories on the west.

Contributions may be sent to SIR W. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Vice-President National Sanitarium Association, or MR. W. J. GAGE, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Toronto, Can.

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Special Price This Week  
No End of Christmas Goods in our Extended Stock.  
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