A VICTIM OF ASTHMA

HAD NOT SLEPT IN BED FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Seemed Doomed to Torture and Continual Misery—Father, Grandfather and Great Grandfather Had Died from the Trouble—Release Comes in Old Age—The Cure Looked Upon as a Miracle.

From the Whitby Chronicle.

For years stories of famous cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have appeared in the Chronicle. During this time we have been casting about for a local case of such a nature as to leave no doubt of the efficiency of these pills. We have found several, but in each case it proved to be a sensitive body who could not bear to have his or her name and disease made public. Recently, however, a most striking case came to our ears.

Mr. Solomon Thompson lives on a beautiful farm on the west shore of Mud Lake in Carden township, North Victoria. He has resided there for forty years, being the first settler around the lake. He was reeve of Carden and Dalton townships thirty-five years ago, before the counties of Peterboro and Victoria were separated, and he used to attend the counties' council at Peterboro. Mr. Thompson has been a victim of asthma for forty years or more. However we will let him tell his own story on that head.

On October 15th, 1896, we took a trip to Mud Lake to visit the haunts long familiar to us, and made it a duty and found it a pleasure to call upon Mr. Thompson and learn from seeing him and hearing his account of it how he had been cured. For twenty-five years we had known him as a gasping, suffering asthmatic, the worst we ever knew who managed to live at all. We often wondered how he lived from day to day. On calling he met us with a cheerful aspect and without displaying a trace of his old trouble. Being at once ushered into his house, we naturally made it our first business to enquire if it were all true about the benefits he had received from using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "Beyond doubt," said he. "How long have you used them, and how many boxes have you used?" he was asked. "I started a year ago, and took eight boxes." We next asked him if he felt that the cure was permanent. "Well" said he, "I have not taken any of the pills for three or four months. Still I am not entirely satisfied yet. You see my father, grandfather and great-grandfather died of asthma. My people all take it sooner or later and it always ends their days. I have lost three brothers from the fatal thing. Knowing my family history it is hard for me to gain faith, but I can tell you for nearly thirty years I never slept in bed until I took Pink Pills. As you must have known, I always slept sitting in the chair you now occupy. I had a sling from that hook in the ceiling and always sat with my head resting in it while I slept. I now retire to my bed when the other members of my family do." "How old are you, Mr. Thompson?" "Seventy-six," was the reply, "and I feel younger than I did thirty years ago, I was troubled a great deal with rheumatism and other miseries, probably nervous troubles arising from want of sleep, but nearly all the rheumatism is gone with the asthma."

During the conversation Mrs. Thompson, a hale old lady, the mother of thirteen children came in and after listening to her husband's recital of these matters, she took up the theme. "I never expected that anything could cure Solomon," said she. "We were always trying to find something which would give him relief, so that he would be able to sleep at nights, but nothing ever seemed to make much difference. At first he took one of the the pills after each meal, but after a time he increased the dose to two. We noticed he was greatly improved after taking two boxes and began to have hopes. Later on when we saw beyond doubt that he was better, I recommended the pills to a niece of mine, Miss Day, whose blood had apparently turned into water and who had run down in health and spirits so bad that she did not care to live. Why, she got as yellow as saffron, and looked as if she would not live a week. You would hardly believe it," said Mrs. Thompson, "but that girl was the healthiest and handsomest girl in the neighborhood before three months had passed, and all from taking Pink Pills." Mrs. Thompson was called from the room at this juncture to attend to some household duties, and Mr. Thompson resumed the subject of his marvellous cure. "You have no idea," said he, "what it is to go through twenty-five years without a good night's sleep without pain. I can find no words to make plain to you the contrast between the comforts I now enjoy and the awful life I had for so long. I had a big family of months to feed and had to work when at times I felt more like lying down to die. I would come in at night completely fuckered out, but even that was no guarantee of rest. Then was no rest for me. I seemed doomed to torture and continual misery. When my folks urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I thought it would be useless, but I had to do something or die soon, and here I am as right as a fiddle." The old gentleman shook his head to add emphasis to his last sentence, and looked like a man who felt joyful over a renewed lease of life, with all his old miseries removed.

After congratulating our old friend on his divorce from the hereditary destroyer of his kindred, we drove away. At many places in the neighborhood we opened discussion upon the case and found that all regarded it as a marvellous cure. Where the Thompson family are known, no person would have believed for a moment that anything but death would relieve him from the grip of asthma. Every word that is written here can be verified by writing Mr. Solomon Thompson, Dalrymple post office, and an intimate acquaintance of twenty-five years enables the writer to vouch for the facts narrated above, and for the veracity of Mr. Thompson in any statement he may make.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

AGRICULTURAL

WINTER WORK, THEN AND NOW.

It is interesting to compare the winter work of the farmer of a generation ago and the farmer of the present. The former is still with us, and a few that worked two generations ago. The habits of the days of their prime still stay with them to a certain extent, although changes in many instances have crowded out much that used to be a part of their lives.

Then much of their work, as we now view it, was a work of distruction and waste. While under the circumstances it was necessary to destroy the heavy forests, yet much was destroyed that might better have been saved. The practice and struggle was to clear more land, and this was the work for the winter. The first cleared was farmed till it was necessary to have new land to produce profitable crops.

The idea predominated then, as now, that profitable farming consisted in the large area, cultivated. The original fertility of the soil engendered the belief that it would never lose its fertility, and working under this belief caused endless prodigality and extravagance, that is hard to overcome and start farming in the lines that look toward improvement.

The old-time farmer put in the winter in the clearing, making rails, cutting wood and clearing the land of brush, stumps and logs. The more fencing he could build, the more timber out of the way; the greater the quantity of wood that could be used in the fireplaces of the house, the greater decrease of the forest. Much of the time then, in severe winter weather, was spent in replenishing the fires, and in reveries over those fires as the sap from the wood sissled and evaporated. What a mingling of the past and present, when the old of the past who still linger with us warm themselves by the heat of the modern fires!

These modern fires, should, and do, stamp on our minds the change that has come to the times and farming. No longer must the farmer occupy so much time and muscle in replenishing them. The time should be consumed in other work, if the farmer would thrive. The old-time way of toasting shins by the winter fires has, or should have, disappeared with the forests. The time has passed for the farmer to imitate many of the wild beasts of the forests, by hibernating six months in the year. We reverence those who are gone, and are still going, for what they have done for us in opening up and rendering the country habitable. While we must admit that much they did was but to let loose the virgin fertility of the soil without a sufficient compensation, yet we must acknowledge that to them came the hardest part. We can restore fertility more easily than we could remove the forests, even with the improved facilities now in use for handling timber.

The question is now, not how to bring more land under cultivation, but how to recover and restore the fertility of what we have. The winter was formerly spent in clearing the land of timber. Now it should be used as far as practicable, in putting it in better shape for cultivation and in improving the condition of the soil. The winter is looked on by many farmers as a season of rest, or as a time to loiter, and not as a time to rush work as is done in the summer. It is no doubt, this habit holding with many that is the cause of much poor farming and dissatisfaction among farmers. Diligence prperly applied tendeth to riches, idleness to poverty.

The land will not produce as formerly, unless by intelligent care it is made to do it. Much of this can be bestowed on it in winter in the work accomplished in that direction. When the land was cleared of timber, but little if any effort was made to rid it of other obstructions, such as stumps and stones. Many of these are yet found in cultivated fields, and the best time to remove them is in the winter when the weather favors. It is much more pleasant doing such work then than in the spring, when "spring fever" seriously afflicts us.

Instead of the live-stock browsing in the wood lot and timber as formerly, the farmer should be diligent and careful in feeding them, thereby making it possible to add to the fertility of the land. This work should take the place of clearing the land of timber. This care and feeding of animals should be continuous and furnish steady winter work.

The farmer who is disposed and anxious to make the most of his opportunities can be diligently as work during the winter as well as in summer. No other business plant is expected to lie idle four to six months in the year and yield the owner a profit, unless the plant is controlled by a trust that gets its profit by forcing misfortune on its patrons. It is a well-assured fact that the farmer cannot come under the control of any trust, but that he must earn his livelihood along legitimate lines; that he must keep his plant constantly in operation. If he has the wisdom to make the changes of season and the elements of nature play constantly into his hand, so much the better; and in proportion to his ability in this direction will be his reward.

THE HORSE'S FEET.

From the birth to the death of the horse, says a Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, the hoof requires attention, if it is to be kept in a healthy condition. It is before the hoof is shod that the feet are generally neglected, and the animals suffer accordingly, because they are young and immature, and the bones and other tissues are soft and could be easily distorted to suit the conditions under which they are kept. The feet of foals and growing horses should therefore have attention given to them, since neglect at that period often sows the seeds of continuous trouble. The hoofs should be kept clean by being "picked out" as often as possible, to prevent any dirt or hard substance being buried in the fissures of the feet. They should be examined from time to time, say every six or eight weeks, to detect any defects of shape that might be taking place. If the feet are not growing level and symmetrical, they should be rendered so by rasping away the horn which is not naturally worn down. If this is neglected, the animal will soon have the fetlock joint bending over towards the outside. On no pretense whatever should the front of the wall be interfered with, for the glazed coating of its surface protects the horn beneath; it should therefore be left untouched. It would be as well to disabuse people's minds of a very popular fallacy—viz.; that wet, soft ground, and even manure yards are frequently the best places to keep young horses—and some would even have the frogs and soles pared thin to allow the moisture to penetrate more easily. No greater mistake is made than that, for the preservation of the hoof depends to a great extent upon the soil the animal was reared on. The best-footed horses are bred on dry soils, and that is undoubtedly the kind of ground best adapted to the healthy growth of horn. Young horses require plenty of exercise, and unless they are allowed it, the growth of the horn, etc., is sure to be defective. Then the question rises, When ought a horse to be first shod? The answer is when the work required of the animal wears the horn away faster than it is formed or grown, or, in other words, so long as the horn of the foot can stand the wear required it will not need protecting, shoeing. Moreover, if the young horses are not shod so early they will not be worked so hard, and fewer would be ruined in their youth, as is too often the case at the present time.

MOTTLED BUTTER.

The most common cause of mottled butter is unequal distribution of the salt. If we take two lots of butter, each made in exactly the same manner, salt the one, but not the other, we shall notice in a few hours that the color of the salted butter is deeper than that of the other. Why this should be so is not exactly known, but the fact remains, and if the salt is not properly distributed in the butter, it is easy to see that that part which contains the largest quantity of salt will be deeper in color than the rest. If a sample of mottled butter is examined, and a small piece removed from the lightest colored spots, it will be found on tasting that there is no salt in it. Although unequal distribution of salt is the most frequent cause of mottled butter, it is not the only one. When milk set in shallow pans is situated so that a drying breeze blows over the pans, the cream will dry on the top. When churned, some of this cream, owing to its hardness, will not turn into butter, and will remain light colored, or the color of the cream. This will make mottled butter, or butter with white specks in it. The remedy in this case is to strain the cream before putting it into the churn. Yet another cause is omitting to stir the cream when in the cream holder. If this not done, some of the milk which is taken up with the cream settles to the bottom of the can, and if the cream is kept three or four days before churning, this milk forms a curd which is lighter colored than the butter, and when broken up forms white specks in the butter.

FARM NOTES.

Use the best seed of the best varieties.

Don't expect your trees to produce something for nothing. Feed them.

Hunt the insect eggs and nests on your trees, and destroy the source of much loss to your fruit next season.

The production and management of manure deserves as careful attention as the production of any other farm crop.

Currants and gooseberries require lots of well-rotted manure worked down in the soil around them with good cultivation.

The farmer's garden is the most profitable piece of ground on the farm, if it only produces all kinds of garden crops for the family.

Keep close watch that the mice and rabbits do not injure the trees. Keep the snow tramped around the tree and protect with lath or wire screen up as high as a rabbit can reach.

Scientists claim that the daily use of onions by children will prevent diphtheria, scarlet fever and worms. While the children may be able to stand it, the delicate aroma of the fragrant onion may be too much for bacteria and microbes.

Give every tree that bore heavily last season a good top dressing of well rotted manure, out as far around at least as the branches extend. If the ground is in cultivation, fork this well down into the soil in next spring's cultivation.

The most important requisite to pear culture is good, well drained soil. Plant standards twenty-eight feet apart. No grain crop should be planted among the trees. Most varieties should be picked early, even before they are fully ripened. Ripen them in a cool, dark room. Plant only first-class trees. Give good cultivation. Train carefully while young.

ANOTHER BRITISH POSSESSION.

The famous Pitcairn community, which for over forty years had governed themselves by their own laws, has been finally abolished by sending the British warship Royalist to Norfolk Island with a commission from the Governor of New South Wales on board, who proceeded to install a magistrate and incorporate the island as a part of New South Wales, with laws similar to those of that colony. The population of the island on Dec. 31 was 869. There were twelve marriages, eleven deaths, and nineteen births during the year. This information does not refer to Pitcairn Island, where nearly 300 descendants of the Bounty mutineers live and govern themselves.

LONGEST RUN WITHOUT STOP.

The Cornwall Express Travels From London to Exeter Without a Pause.

The longest regular daily run made without a stop by any railway train in the world has just been placed on the schedule of the Great Western Railway, of England.

It is made between Paddington station, in London, and Exeter, a distance of 194 miles, in three hours and thirty-six minutes, by what is known as the Cornwall express. It is remarkable not so much owing to the time, as for the fact that not a stop is made from one end of the run to the other. There have been longer runs made without a stop, but they have been made by special and not regular trains. The average speed attained by the Cornwall Express when making this run is 51.7 miles an hour, although, owing to a peculiar construction of the road at Bristol, 118 miles from London, the train is obliged to slow down to a speed of ten miles an hour.

The express train is composed of six long coaches, a tender and engine. An American would call it a vestibule train, but the English prefer to call the cars "bogie clerestoried corridor coaches," bogie being a term applied to the trucks. They are fully as heavy as an ordinary drawing-room car, each one weighing about forty-seven thousand pounds, while the train without the engine and tender weighs one hundred and forty tons. The weight of the engine and tender is eighty-one tons, making the total weight of the train as it rushes along on its long run two hundred and twenty-one tons.

During the run it is necessary to take water for the engine twice. This however, does not necessitate any stop as it is taken up from a trench beside the track as the train speeds along at nearly a mile a minute.

The engine which draws this essentially "through train" is a curious-looking ponderous affair quite unlike any locomotive seen on our roads. It has on either side a single driving wheel seven feet eight inches in diameter, while what must by comparison be termed the small wheels of the engine, six in number, known as trailers, are four feet six inches in diameter.

The water tank of the engine holds thirty thousand gallons, and when running at full speed there is a steam pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch, while there is a heating surface of 1,561 square feet.

Each day the run is made, the train leaving Paddington station at 10.25 o'clock in the morning, and it never fails to roll into St. David's station, in Exeter, exactly on time. The time allowed by the schedule for this run makes no allowance for delays of any kind. Even the time lost in going over the loop around Bristol and the necessary slowing down when going through Bath is not allowed for.

CHANGE OF HEART.

Socialistic Mob—Bring him out!

Inventor, putting his head out of the window,—Goodness me! What does this mean?

Mob Spokesman—You moost die! Ve hear you invent a machine vat do de vork off von hoondret men. You dake breat out off deir mouths; you——

Inventor—This machine of mine is an attachment for breweries, and will bring beer down to one cent a glass.

Mob, wildly,—Horray!

THE VALLEY OF PAIN.

HOW ONE WOMAN MADE HER ESCAPE.

A LIFE OF TORTURE CHANGED TO A LIFE OF COMFORT AND HAPPINESS BY KOOTENAY CURE.

Of all the intense and persistent forms of pain one can scarcely conceive of anything more agonizing than Neuralgia. Its victim is one of those that draws forth our sympathy and pity as all efforts to effect a cure with the ordinary remedies signally fail to do anything more than give the merest temporary relief. Unbounded joy should fill the hearts of neuralgic sufferers at the announcement that in Kootenay the "new ingredient" is effecting miracles in the way of banishing the excruciating agony which has rendered their lives a curse, perhaps for years.

Mrs. William Judge, of Crumlin, P. O., in the County of Middlesex, went before C. G. Jarvis, a notary public of Ontario, and made a solemn declaration (so firmly did she believe in Kootenay) to the effect that for many years she was an intense sufferer from Neuralgia. She says that the pains in her head and neck were so severe she thought she would lose her reason.

She has taken Ryckman's Kootenay Cure and willingly testifies it has been her salvation, and believes that without it she would now be in the asylum.

This lady has had the deep shadow of suffering lifted from her life. She has been transported from the Valley of Pain to the Hill Top of Health—and all through Kootenay.

Mrs. James Kenny, of 30 York St., Hamilton, Ont., and many others testify *under oath* how they were released from suffering through the agency of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Full particulars of these cases will be mailed you by sending your address to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont.

The remedy is not dear, one bottle lasts a month.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

HEART DISEASE KILLS.

Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

MATTER OF FEELING.

Mr. Blinks—What? Thirty years old to-morrow? You told the minister who married us only two years ago that you were eighteen.

Mrs. Blinks (wearily) Well, I felt eighteen then.

10 YEARS A SUFFERER

From Kidney Disease—Gravel and Stricture—An Absolute Cure Found in South American Kidney Cure—A Remedy That Never Fails in the Most Distressing Cases.

The solid evidence of experience is behind South American Kidney Cure. Mr. Wilbur Goff, of Chippewa, Ont., is simply one of hundreds who have spoken in equally strong terms. He says: "After taking six bottles of South American Kidney Cure I am completely cured of stricture and gravel, having suffered from these complaints for over ten years. I found great relief after taking one bottle but continued the remedy until I was perfectly cured and I am now enjoying the best of health."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

JUST THE MAN FOR IT.

What made Homely so tearing mad at the bal masque last night?

They requested him to remove his mask, and he had none on.

RUBY LIPS

And a Clear Complexion, the Pride of Woman—Have You Lost These Charms Through Torpid Liver, Constipation, Biliousness or Nervousness?

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Will Restore Them to You—40 Little "Rubies" in Vial—20 Cents.

A pleasure to take them. Act like a charm. Never gripe. Pleasant laxative doses, and a certain cure.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

PRETTY MEAN.

Hello, Jim, what are you doing now?

Working for the same old farmer I worked for last year.

Doing pretty well?

No. Last year I did well enough. I got $20 a month, this year the old man played it low down on me and made me take his crop for my pay.

APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE.

A Kincardine Banker who Suffered Distressingly from Indigestion—Apparently a Hopeless Case of Stomach Trouble Until South American Nervine was Used—His Words are: "It Cured Me Absolutely."

What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincardine, Ont. "About a year ago, as a result of heavy work no doubt, I became very much troubled with indigestion; associated with it were those terribly distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language. I had tried various methods of ridding myself of the trouble, but without success, until I was influenced to use South American Nervine. The result, and I gladly say it for the benefit of others—this remedy cured me, and I never hesitate to recommend it to any person affected with any form of stomach trouble."

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

WHAT CAUSED HER WOE.

I am inexpressibly sorry, Mr. Smithers, she said, to learn that when you called the other day Tiger bit you.

Oh, that's all right, he said, with a forced effort to be cheerful.

No, it ain't, she sobbed. The dear little fellow has been ill ever since.

VICTORY FOR EAST SIMCOE.

Of One Thing Mr. W. H. Bennett, the Conservative Standard Bearer in East Simcoe, is Sure—He Suffered From Catarrhal Trouble and Found Speedy and Fixed Relief in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

In the coming by-election it will not be settled until the votes are counted, whether Mr. W. H. Bennett, who has represented the constituency with ability for years, will again be the successful candidate. One thing Mr. Bennett is perfectly certain of, whatever turn the election may take. When attending to his duties in Ottawa two sessions ago he was taken down with catarrhal trouble in the head. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and over his own signature says that it worked like a charm, and quickly removed the trouble and made him fitted for his parliamentary duties.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.