NELSON AND THE COXSWAIN.

Cause of His Popularity With the Sailors.

Just before the battle of Trafalgar a mail was sent from the English fleet to England, and word was passed that it might be the last chance to write before the expected engagement. The letters had been collected from the ships, the letter bags were on the vessel which was to take them, and she had got some distance on her way, under full sail, when Lord Nelson saw a midshipman approach and speak to Pasco the signal officer. Then Nelson showed the side of his nature which so often won the sailors' hearts.

Pasco uttered an exclamation of disgust and stamped his foot in evident vexation. The admiral called him and asked what was the matter. "Nothing which need trouble your lordship," was the reply.

"You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson. "What was it?"

"Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most active of the petty officers. "We have not a better man on the Victory, and the message which put me out was this: I was told he was so busy receiving and getting oil his mail bags that he forgot to put his own letter to his wife into one of them; and he has just discovered it in his pocket."

"Hoist a signal to bring her back!" was Nelson's instant command. "Who knows that he may not fall in action to-morrow? His letter shall go with the rest."

The despatch-vessel was brought back for that alone. Captain Mahan tells this story on the authority of the son of Lieutenant Pasco, who used to say that the sailors idolized Nelson. Evidently it was with reason.

The largest estate in Austria belongs to Prince Schwarzenburg, and covers 510,000 acres. 63 Bohemian nobles hold estates of over 12,000 acres each.

The small boy has been warned by his nurse as to the awful result of biting his nails. "If you bite your nails," she said, "you will swell out like an air balloon and burst." The

---

An ordinary piano contains a mile of piano wire.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont . . . 25c
Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c
Large Liquid and Powder 75c

25c.

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

THE STRONGEST ANIMALS.

The strongest animals exist entirely on vegetable food. It is the ferocity of the lion rather than his strength that makes him formidable. An elephant is a match for several lions, and is a vegetarian. The animals with most speed and endurance—the horse, the reindeer, and the antelope—are all vegetarians.

The Dear Child—"Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back?" Mrs. Bloom—"Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so?" The Dear Child—"I thought you were. I heard mamma say you were at Loggerheads with your husband for over a week."

Small boy believed, took heed, and didn't bite his nails any more. The small boy went to a children's poetry where he stood and gazed at the hostess for some minutes in silence. Then he spoke: "You bite your nails," he said.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

SEA-COAST LINES.

Great Britain has a longer sea-coast line than any other nation in Europe. It measures 2,755 miles, with Italy second, 2,472 miles. Russia ranks third and France fourth.

For Over Sixty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, it soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

The value of haddock landed on English coasts is usually 64,000,000 greater than that of herrings, and constitutes one-third of the value of all the fish annually taken.

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agent's interviews, from well known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO

"Would you rather have something else than a piece of cake," asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie, who had run an errand for her. "Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly. "I would rather have two pieces."

NEW YORK CENTRAL AND HUDSON RIVER. R. R.

The great four track trunk line and the only railroad with a depot in New York City. A through train between Buffalo and New York every hour; also to Boston. This is the line of the famous Empire State Express, the fastest regular long distance train in the world.

The New York Central enters all the principal cities in New York State and the New England States. Through sleeping and parlor cars on all through trains. See that your tickets read by the New York Central.

Doctor—"You seem to have lost all zest for life, my dear sir. You must rouse yourself and take more interest in your business." Patient—"Good gracious, doctor. I'm a money-lender!"

Monkey Brand cleans and brightens everything, but won't wash clothes.

Mrs. Rangle—I've advertised for a servant for a whole week with no result." Mrs. Cumso—"Well, I advertised for a good-looking lady help and had thirty-four to select from the first day."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

She—"Music hath charms, you know." He—"Yes; I'll bring a brass band with me next time I call." "Couldn't you make it a gold band with a solitaire in it?"

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

At a banquet given recently in Paris by a French countess the guests received a most astounding surprise. In the centre of the table was what appeared to be a huge pile of roses, and just before soup was served the roses parted, disclosing a large birdcage. This suddenly opened, revealing a beautiful young lady adorned with wings. She remained in her strange position during the dinner, and introduced each new dish by singing a couplet.

550,000 seals is the average annual catch for the world. 460,000 of these come from the North American seas, 80,000 from North European.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Indian tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

He—"I am really surprised at Dr. White, after being our family doctor for years, and treating me for all sorts of things, and to think of all the money we've paid him, too!"

She—"What has he done?" He—"He wouldn't pass me for the life insurance company!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Physician (severely)—"I have no hesitation in saying, sir, that your wife's nervous fits are occasioned by your staying out so late every night." Witherby—"Good gracious, doctor, I didn't know she was suffering from an incurable disease!"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Mabel—"That's what I get for giving my maid my cast-off Worth gowns." Constance—"What's happened?" Mabel (bursting into tears) —"That rich old moneybags caught her in a dark corner and proposed to her, and she accepted him."

Advice to Bachelors—Failing to get the girl you want, you may as well be wedded to

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA. I can't refuse you, and may be had at all grocers. Lead Packets.

$2.25 CASH will buy a box of SWEET SONORA ORANGES, or if you take 5 boxes we will make the price $2.10 per box. (Sizes 200 or 176)

THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited, TORONTO.

Consignments of Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Beans, Honey, Apples solicited.

THE HEALTHIEST RACE.

The Swedish census shows the lowest death rate ever recorded by a civilized nation. During the last decade it has been 16.49 per 1,000. Norway comes next, with 16.9, then England, with 18.8. Thus the Scandinavians are now the healthiest race in the world.

Stop the Cough and Work off the Cold.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

100 cod-livers yield one gallon of oil.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The longest canal-tunnel in the world is on the Chesapeake and Ohio River, a cut of 4 miles in length through the Allegheny Mountains.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

He—"What is your idea of cold comfort?" She—"Ice cream."

W P C. 1112

THE MOST POPULAR DENTIFRICE.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Preserves the teeth. Sweetens the breath. Strengthens the gums

WOOD'S PHOTO ENGRAVING
H. H. LONG & SONS, Co.
TO-DAY STREET TORONTO

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

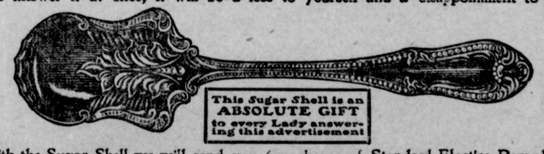
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER.

DEAR MADAM

Send us your name and address on the below request, and we will take pleasure in sending you *free of any charge* this SOLID ARIZONA SILVER SUGAR SHELL. You don't have to buy anything. The gift is unconditional. It is a bid for your everlasting friendship and good will, and if you do not read this advertisement through and answer it at once, it will be a loss to yourself and a disappointment to us.



This Sugar Shell is an ABSOLUTE GIFT to every Lady answering this advertisement

With the Sugar Shell we will send you 6 packages of Standard Electine Remedies, which we wish you to sell, if you can, at 25 cents each. Then return our money, and we will give you *absolutely free* a Butter Knife and Pickle Fork, same pattern as your Sugar Shell, and also a Set of 6 Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons. If you fail to sell our Medicines, return them to us and retain the Sugar Shell as a gift, it being *free* in any event. Our Solid Arizona Silver Premiums are fast superseding Sterling Silver for Tableware. They always look as well, and wear better; they are the same beautiful metal all the way through and are guaranteed for 50 years. There is nothing else like them except Sterling Silver, and nothing "just as good." Now, please don't throw this paper down and say to yourself, "I'll write to those Electine people to-morrow." This is not an opportunity to put off and forget. Just sign and return the attached request *to-day*, that is all you have to do. The Sugar Shell and Medicines will then be promptly mailed, postpaid. Remember, even if you fail to sell our Goods, you at least have *an Elegant Sugar Shell, worth 75 cents, for simply making the effort.*

Sincerely yours,

REQUEST FOR SUGAR SHELL AND MEDICINES.

Electine Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Ship immediately, by mail, *1 Solid Arizona Silver Sugar Shell* and Six 25-cent Packages of Electine Remedies. I agree to make an earnest effort to sell the Medicines, and return you the money, with the understanding that I am to receive for this service a *Butter Knife* and *Pickle Fork*, same pattern as *Sugar Shell*, and also *Six Full-Size Solid Arizona Silver Teaspoons*. If I fail to sell the Medicine, I will return it to you within 30 days, and retain the *Sugar Shell* as a gift from you.

NAME.....
(Write Name Plainly, "Mrs." or "Miss")
ADDRESS.....
.....
13 PLEASE WRITE VERY "VERY" PLAINLY

ELECTINE MEDICINE CO., Limited, TORONTO, Ontario

The Red Witch

Or The Wooing Of Constantia.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was Stronge. Barry hailed him with a delight that was rather malignant.

"Thrice welcome!" he cried buoyantly. "You shall be umpire between us two." Featherston made a movement as if to check him, but Barry waved him off. "Here is Featherston—"

"I beg—" began Featherston indignantly.

"—And here am I, both bent on paying our homage at Miss Constantia's feet. There is a hitch, however, in the programme. We each regard the other as so fascinating that we dread to resign the first move. Come, help us out of our difficulty, Stronge, we look to you to solve the problem."

Stronge changed color perceptibly, and for the instant felt that speech would be a trouble to him. He felt he should rather have given way to laughter than to this strange sensation of angry pain that seemed to numb his very heart-strings, when he compelled himself to recognize the fact that not one but three suitors were on their way to Constantia. Once again in spite of all discouragement, he had started forth to endeavor grace—more, perhaps with a desire to put even a fuller stop to the written page, than from any hope of gain. And now, here was Featherston bound on the same errand—Featherston, who had been her first fancy, and though he had sinned yet what is there that a woman will not forgive to the man she loves? He felt suddenly that he was tired, and that he was growing old.

"Here lies the gist of the whole thing," cried Barry, breaking into the awkward silence. "We both desire to try our fate with the woman we love, and, unfortunately, have chosen the same day for the trial. Who shall give precedence to the other? That is the question. It is a comedy, almost a farce—it may rise to a tragedy!" He laughed lightly, but with meaning. "Come, advise us, Stronge."

"It is impossible that I should judge between you," he said coldly. "This is a very unseemly dispute," he said. "Give it up, it is unworthy of you."

"Give it up! Give it up to him! Not if I gained the world by it," said Barry. "I have pledged myself to it now, and I'll carry it through whatever the end may be."

It was evident to Stronge that the wild, fierce blood in him had broken loose; his eyes flashed, there was a cruel sense of enjoyment in his excitement.

"He is so sure, so certain, let him give me a chance."

"You are nothing to me," said Featherston haughtily. "My word pledged to myself, is much. I have arranged to see Miss MacGillicuddy to-day, and such as you shall not deter me."

"Fshaw! We all know what that means," said Barry contemptuously. "Well, look here, you spoke of an arrangement a while since; I give in to that. Let's toss for it."

Featherston was silent for a while. The proposal, made as it was, had an element of hope in it. Some spirit whispered to him that surely he would be the victor in this game of chance, and to win would be to rid himself of this troublesome brute forever.

As for this game of chance, why should he hesitate about it? Luck was on his side beyond doubt—he knew, he felt it. Should he accede to Barry's wild proposition it would be to his rival's downfall, not to his. A sense of exultation fired his breast. His heart rose within him. But true to his role of good young man, he pretended a mild horror of such a scandalous procedure as tossing on a public road.

"Wh..t? Here!" he said, in a tone of pious alarm. "Consider—"

"The lilies of virtue," put in Barry with a peculiar smile, finishing a suppositious sentence for him. "If it offends your tender morals," he said to sin before the world, by all means let us wink at your doing it in secret. The leafy recesses of your own woods hold out to us a helping hand, let us enter them and there perpetrate the deed of darkness."

"So be it," said Featherston calmly. He was determined he would not be offended by anything this man could say. A stile led from the road into this part of the wood that was quite close to the grounds of The Cottage, and he stepped lightly over it to the grass beyond. Barry, while following him, looked back at Stronge.

"You will come, too," he said.

"No; there is really no necessity," Stronge was beginning when Featherston interrupted him.

"Every necessity," he said strongly, with an insulting glance at Barry, "there should be a third person to see fair play." In reality he was afraid to go with Barry alone into the silent wood.

"You mean that for me," said Barry softly.

"For you," returned Featherston.

"Other matters press just now," said the Limerick man ever so sweetly, "but I shall break every bone in your body for that speech some day."

He smiled genially and led the way into the wood.

Featherston followed, and so did Stronge, who somehow misliked that smile. He hated Featherston and liked Barry, so he went after the two to protect the latter, though, in truth, the former had more fleed of his assistance.

They all walked on in the dead silence until they came to a little grass dell hedged in by rhododendrons, very near the spot where Constantia had heard of Lord Varley's perfidy.

Here Barry came to a full stop.

"As Stronge is present to see fair play," he said, looking full at Featherston, who paled beneath the irony of his eye, "and lest I should have sharpers' coins in my pocket, I suggest that he should be the one to toss for us. Agreed? Now then, Stronge."

Stronge slowly and very unwillingly drew a florin from his pocket and flung it into the air. There was a moment's suspense, then they saw that Featherston had won the toss.

He stood back a little from the other two, and glanced at them curiously. His eyes brightened; his whole face became transformed; he drew himself into a rather triumphant attitude. Yes, he was in luck, assuredly; he had not been mistaken when he thought that he should win. The happy victory was the beginning of the end; success would surely crown his every deed to-day.

He secured the florin that had done him so good a service, and held out another to Stronge.

"With your permission I shall keep this one," he said, "as a memento of this happy hour—as a sort of trophy, you will understand. It is I feel assured, the harbinger of future joy."

"Hope, they say, wins half a battle," said Stronge, coldly if courteously. He would have liked Barry to win, though he honestly believed, now that he was in his clearest moments, that to neither of them would Constantia confide the precious treasure of herself. He was about to say something farther when a slight rustling behind the shrubs on their right hand caught their ears.

A footfall could be distinctly heard. Featherston and Barry glanced curiously in its direction. But Stronge grew pale. He knew!

Another second, and Constantia stepped quickly into the light.

Barry burst out laughing. Here was a situation with a vengeance! There was nothing infectious about his laughter, however; it was suggestive of rather malicious amusement and struck Stronge unpleasantly as being singularly out of place. But Barry saw only Constantia and a chance of revenge on Featherston.

"Ah! You, Constantia!" he cried gayly. He moved quickly towards her with something in his air that convinced Stronge he was wholly reckless now, and that, to interfere, would be but to make bad worse. "You have come in a happy hour! See, here is Featherston flying on the wings of love to lay his name and fortune at your feet."

"Are you mad!" exclaimed Stronge roughly throwing out his arm to force the other backwards. "What folly is this? Have you no respect for her or for yourself?"

Constantia had stopped short; she did not look frightened, only a little troubled, a little vexed.

"What is it?" she asked, looking slowly from one to the other. After a while she grasped all the meaning of the scene, or at least nearly all, and she grew rather white. Upon Stronge her glance lingered longest.

"Come, Featherston, why don't you speak?" said Barry with a sneer. His face was colorless as Constantia's, his nostrils dilated. Passion had full sway over him. "Take heart, man! So sure as you are of a good reception, why need you hesitate to declare yourself. Come, as you have already told us the game is in your own hands. You have but to open your lips."

There was something very akin to murder in Featherston's eye, as Barry finished. His breath came quickly. He was evidently about to take some step, when Constantia's voice broke in clear and distinct. She took no notice of either Stronge or Featherston.

"Garrett," she said in a low tone and very gently, "go home!"

There was something so calm, so dignified, yet so strong in the fresh young voice, and in the slight girlish figure now drawn up to its fullest height, that Barry was sobered by it.

"As you will," he said, and bowing profoundly, he turned and left the spot.

"Is this thing true?" said Constantia then, flashing a curious glance at Featherston, whose demeanor was anything but easy.

"That I am indeed here to-day as a suitor for your hand—yes. You must pardon me the coarseness of my approach. It was, as you know, thrust upon me. I would willingly have come on bended knee to sue for the one thing than can alone make my happiness."

Stronge made a movement as if to leave them; but Constantia put up her hand, and by a slight gesture checked him. "Stay," she said, rather imperiously, lifting to his, two frequent eyes almost with scorn; since you have been at the trouble of bringing Mr. Featherston here, I will ask you to remain a moment that you may take him back again."

Something in her tone struck like a chill on Featherston's heart. He looked up quickly and marked the coldness, the unrelenting of her eyes. Yes, the old wound was open, no doubt; she thought of that hour on the terrace at Ballymore; yet despair was far from him even now; he assured himself, that if time were given him, he could combat successfully the damning memory.

"Grant me five minutes alone," he asked boldly.

"Not one," returned she softly. And then: "Do not make the thing harder for yourself," she said, with cold kindliness. "Do not descend to entreaty—it is useless."

"Am I to understand that you decline my proposal?" demanded he, as one might who finds it impossible to believe the evidence of his own ears.

"Oh, I hope you will not misunderstand that," returned she gently.

"Constantia—think!" cried he, making a last violent effort. "If I have—offended you—still, you do not know all about it. I could, if you gave me an opportunity, explain it away. And is it nothing to you how I have loved you."

"Spare yourself and me, then, any further pain." She drew back with a soft gesture meant as a farewell, but he still lingered. "Oh, go!" she said.

There was a suspicion of contempt in her voice, as these two last words left her lips; and, roused by it, he turned aside, and, like a beaten hound, left her presence. He who had come to confer an honor on her, as he insolently deemed it, now crept from her sight, stricken, crushed by the weight of her scorn.

A heavy sigh broke from her. It was a last tribute to a first illusion. She moved her head restlessly, and so came face to face with Stronge, who, obedient to her commands, had remained upon the spot, but at so great a distance that what she and Featherston had said to each other was unheard by him. He was now gazing earnestly at her, and met the frown with which she greeted him with extreme fortitude. She had started violently indeed, on first meeting his eyes, as one might who had been suddenly awakened from some painful dream; but she had recovered herself quickly.

"Did you come here to advocate his virtues?" she asked slowly.

She hardly noticed that he did not answer her. Her voice quivered with ill-suppressed emotion, and a sense of loss, of injury, and then died away altogether. That this man, Who so lately had been himself at her feet, should come here coldly today to say a kindly word for another suitor, was very bitter to her. Was all his boasted devotion, then, worth just so much that he could fling it aside and forget it so entirely that it cost him nothing to bring to her another aspirant for that hand he had once coveted so fiercely? And yet, of all others, she had believed that he—

The scorn died out of her eyes, and a little mist rose and blotted him for a moment from her sight. She was dismayed, astounded at the rush of feeling that threatened to overpower her. Was it disappointment, or grief, or despair? She felt suddenly dead cold as it were, and by an heroic determination only, kept herself from openly shivering.

To be Continued.

EPILEPSY CURABLE.

A DISEASE THAT HAS LONG BAFFLED MEDICAL SKILL.

Mr. M. A. Gauthier, of Buckingham, Gives His Experience for the Benefit of Other Sufferers from This Terrible Malady.

From the Post, Buckingham, Que.

We venture to say that in our town of 3,000 inhabitants few business men are better known than Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and hustling butcher of Main street. He wasn't, however, as energetic or as hustling a couple of years ago as he is to-day, and for a good reason—he wasn't well. Having gone into business ere reaching his majority his desire to succeed was such that he heed was paid to keeping the body in the state of health necessary to stand a strain, and in consequence of the extra demands upon his system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy or falling sickness resulted, and these lapses into unconsciousness becoming alarmingly frequent he consulted physicians and took some remedies, but without beneficial results. Finally seeing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for falling sickness he decided to give them a trial. As to the result the Post cannot do better than give Mr. Gauthier's story in his own words: "Yes," said Mr. Gauthier, "for nearly four years I suffered from epilepsy or falling fits, which took me without warning and usually in most inconvenient places. I was just twenty-four years of age, and I think I started business too young and the fear of failing spurred me to greater efforts perhaps than was good for my constitution, and the consequence was that I became subject to these attacks which came without any warning whatsoever, leaving me terribly sick and weak after they had passed. I got to dread their recurrence very much I consulted doctors and took their remedies to no purpose, the fits still troubled me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and determined to try them. I did so, and the medicine helped me so much that I got more and kept on taking them, until to-day I am as well, yes better, than I ever was, and am not troubled at all by epilepsy or the fear of the fits seizing me again. Thinking there may be others similarly afflicted, I give my story to the Post; it may perhaps lead them to give this great medicine a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood and gives tone to the nerves, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, heart troubles anaemia, etc. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of so many women a constant misery. They are sold in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Can be procured from druggists or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE BRIDE'S DILEMMA.

At a small country church a newly-married couple were just receiving some advice from the elderly vicar as to how they were to conduct themselves and so always live happily.

"You must never both get cross at once; it is the husband's duty to protect his wife whenever an occasion arises, and his wife must love, honor, and obey her husband, and follow him wherever he goes."

"But, sir——" pleaded the young bride.

"I haven't finished yet," remarked the clergyman, annoyed at the interruption.

"She must——"

"But, please, sir," in desperation, "can't you alter that last part? My husband is going to be a postman!"

The English Lord Chief Justice and the Irish Chancery Lord Chancellor both get the same salary—£8,000. The Scotch Lord Justice General gets £5,000 only.

BRONCHITIS---A Serious Disease.

Becomes Chronic and Returns Year by Year or Develops Into Bronchial Pneumonia, Croupous Bronchitis, Asthma or Consumption.

The real dangers of bronchitis are sometimes overlooked. It is too serious a disease to trifle with, and for that reason everybody should be familiar with the symptoms

Children are most liable to contract bronchitis, and, if neglected, it becomes chronic, and returns year after year, until it wears the patient out or develops into some deadly lung disease.

The approach of bronchitis is marked by chills and fever, nasal or throat catarrh, quick pulse, loss of appetite and feelings of fatigue and languor.

Bronchitis is also known by pain in the upper part of the chest, which is aggravated by deep breathing or coughing, until it seems to burn and tear the delicate linings of the bronchial tubes.

The cough is dry and harsh, and is accompanied by expectoration of a frothy nature, which gradually increases; is very stringy and tenacious and is frequently streaked with blood.

There is pain, not unlike rheumatism, in limbs, joints and body, constipation and extreme depression and weakness. In some people, the exhaustion amounts almost to nervous collapse, delirium follows, and in young children convulsions may follow.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is, we believe, the most effective treatment for bronchitis that money will buy. This fact has been proven time and time again in many thousands of cases.

It is the most effective remedy for bronchitis, because it is far-reaching in its effects on the whole system, not merely relieving the cough, but actually and thoroughly curing the disease. It loosens the cough, frees the chest of tightness and pain, aids expectoration and permanently cures.

There are other preparations of turpentine and linseed put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. To be sure you are getting the genuine see the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the box you buy. 25 cents a bottle, family size, three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ON THE FARM.

LIFE ON THE FARM.

I know from observation and experience that farm life is neither a song nor a poem, but like all other callings, has its advantages and disadvantages, successes and failures, writes a correspondent. But notwithstanding, when there is concert of action and co-operation between the farmer and his wife, a world of work and worry may be obviated, much valuable time saved, and the home made more attractive, cosy and homelike, and the happiest place on earth to the lover of nature. But by all means should the farmer and his wife recognize one great truth that time is money, and mutually aid and assist each other in keeping farming implements and household articles in some unchangeable, comfortable place where they can be had for immediate use when occasion requires, and farm life would be shorn of its greatest objections. True, it requires practice, patience and perseverance to overcome carelessness and acquire the habit of having a place for everything and everything in its proper place, but when once acquired it becomes habitual, natural and easy. It may be that I am over-sensitive about order in domestic affairs, and if so I am perfectly willing to refer the matter to all good housekeepers and progressive farmers and abide by the decision. It always makes me feel tired and discouraged to see a farmer's tools scattered from one side of the farm to the other, and household articles in every conceivable place and corner, and the man and his wife continually on the tramp, tramp, search, search for some article lost or misplaced and all the time scolding and abusing their children for being so meddlesome, when they themselves are to blame. The snug farmer and his tidy wife who have learned the value of combination and success on the farm by practising frugality and industry and keeping everything in shape, are not only a blessing to each other and their children, but to the whole community in which they reside, if for nothing more than the example they set, and the influence for good they exert over their neighbors. In many instances the contrast between the homes of the thrifty and the reverse are so striking as to remind one of the beautiful symmetrical shade trees amidst rotten trunks and wind-beaten stags. It requires a mighty faithful zealous Christian to keep cool, suppress evil thoughts and keep a civil tongue in his head when living in an old shack surrounded by dirty children, disorder and confusion. By all means let the man and his wife learn to appreciate each other's efforts in keeping order. But God pity them when they disagree and pull apart, and conclude they have no common interest in each other's welfare and wrap themselves about in mantles of selfishness and become an irritating influence to each other's property and happiness. It is simply domestic stupidity. Families who thus live will soon find dark shadows creeping into their homes growing stronger and darker day by day, until life becomes a burden and not worth the living.

DAIRY WISDOM.

No one can make good butter with bad odors in and around the creamery.

Don't attempt to make gilt-edge butter in the midst of all the cooking odors in the kitchen. You can't make butter sweet after it has become tainted.

Sunshine, good air, cleanliness and comfort are as important with the herd as feed.

Do not neglect to put on the shutters so they may be closed at night to prevent a chill in the stables in extreme weather. They can be hooked up or back during the day to let all the sun in that is possible. It is this extra care that will make dairying worth while.

It is a great mistake to keep the young animals tied up. They must have exercise or they will become crooked and deformed.

Be very careful of the fresh cows and do not let the cold wind blow on them.

Avoid all nervous excitement or there will be a loss in the milk pail.

Do not allow a cow to grow thin during the winter, for she will not produce the same milk in the spring as if she were kept in good condition.

Dairying can no longer go on a line of accident or luck. It must be on the line of progression.

The dairyman who has no love for his business, no love for his cows, no enthusiasm, will fall behind the procession and be lost in the crowd.

Keep the cows well bedded. Do not let them get blemished lying on hard floors and slipping on wet, slimy places.

Don't forget the salt. Once each week give all the animals their allowance of salt. They need it to sweeten the stomach, to stimulate digestion, etc.

The winter calf, with plenty of milk and provided with a warm corner in the barn, ought to be strong well-grown and vigorous when spring opens up, amply able to hold its own.