

The Chatsworth Banner

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EDITORIAL

Have you noticed, in spite of all the little spits of disagreement here and there, the increasing tendency towards unity that there seems to be all over the world?

Take the news of the last two months: "More than 500 prominent people gathered in the Reichstag at Berlin on Oct. 15, to hear the Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald speak, and warmly applauded him in many parts of his speech, whose subject was International Peace."

Again "Dr. C. C. Wu, special envoy from the Nationalist Government of China to the United States, gave a brilliant address in Toronto on 'What China expects to do, and what China expects from the rest of the world.' Many prominent Toronto men were at the banquet at which he was the speaker for the evening."

Turning to labor, in the cities, we find attempts everywhere to bring about better relations between employer and employees. At the big Trade Union Congress held in Swansea, Wales, early in September, after six hours' debate an overwhelming vote was cast in favor of "Mondism."

There is a wonderful organization called the Students' Christian Union. It is made up chiefly of University students, and they hold annually a world-convention to which delegates go from all countries. A few years ago it was in Toronto. A Hindu spoke, a Japanese, a Chinese, a Hollander, a German, etc. After it a delegate from the Western University exclaimed enthusiastically "You should have heard those foreigners! We were proud to be associated with them. And the German was given splendid applause" (It was shortly after the war.) "I tell you we were all willing to come together."

And that, in fact, is the meaning of the organization. Understanding of unity. Who can overestimate the result, some day, of such training, of the bright, cultured minds of those young people? Surely it begins to seem as if Tennyson's dream may some day come true: "Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, And the battle-flags were furled, In the Parliament of man, The Federation of the world."

Again take the facts: At the Church Congress of the Anglican Church, held recently at Cheltenham, England, the subject of reunion of all the Christian Churches was actually debated, and, for the first time, Anglicans, Nonconformists, representatives of the Greek Orthodox, German Lutheran, and Lutheran Church of Sweden, sat in the same hall and took part in the discussions. At Cologne a short time before, Dr. Lynch, a Roman Catholic, declared, "Should there ever be an attack by Paganism on Christianity, you would quickly see how united we are, for even Protestants and Catholics would forget their differences before the common enemy." In Toronto on Oct. 17, the Women's Church Committee of the League of Nations Society met to discuss means of gaining co-operation of women's organizations for a mass meeting to be held on Nov. 1st, and to be addressed by Hon. Mr. Martin, Father Murray, and Rabbi Sachaj and the committee received

an invitation to be guests of the Jewish members in the University Synagogue on Armistice Day. Co-operation—unky. And what a coming together of the Churches! Time was when not one of them would touch another, so far as coming together was concerned, with the tip of a little finger. It looks as though the world were coming to see, as Dr. Major expressed it at the Cheltenham conference, that "The decisive mark of a Christian is not orthodoxy or his denomination, but that he is a good man."

During that month, also, it was arranged at Geneva that there will be a World Religious Peace Conference in 1930, probably in India, the object of which will be "to rouse and direct the religious impulses of humanity against war, and to devise means by which men of all religions may co-operate to remove existing obstacles to peace and secure international justice and goodwill." When the Churches so unite, something will be accomplished; but it is safe to say that the effect will be as marked on the Churches themselves as on the nations which they aim to draw together.

The same spirit is evident in the business world—co-operation, unity. Of course, in the ranks of business, this usually means a banding together for profit to the class so handed—or, at least, to secure its rights. But as far as it goes, there is a banding together—unity. And he, said at that time; but the fact remains that a Briton spoke in Berlin, on International Peace!

Writing in "Nation and Athenaeum" says: "The pool's emphasis on the non-material side is incessant and utterly sincere. Men and women will drive for miles on a winter's night, when the thermometer is 30 or 40 degrees below zero, to assist at a meeting by which personally they will benefit nothing. . . . Quoting properly the word 'religion' can be applied to the atmosphere which is uniting the Canadian West to-day in its new co-operative endeavor."

Turning to labor, in the cities, we find attempts everywhere to bring about better relations between employer and employees. At the big Trade Union Congress held in Swansea, Wales, early in September, after six hours' debate an overwhelming vote was cast in favor of "Mondism."—Sir Alfred Mond's plan for the co-operation of capital and labor. Perhaps such votes are not wholly altruistic. Each side is thinking how such a move will benefit itself. But the co-operative idea is there all the same—the trend all along the line for coming together.

All along the line! Even straws show the way the wind is blowing. The Amsterdam Olympic games bring sportsmen of all the nations of the world together. . . . An "International Day" is held at the big Toronto Exhibition, with 20 Toronto airplanes circling in welcome about the visiting pursuit squadron from Selfridge Field, Detroit; and the Detroit men are entertained by the C.N.E. Board of Directors. . . . A Chair of United States History is this year established at Queen's, with John Perry Britton of Leland-Stanford University, Cal., as the first lecturer. . . . Three hundred boys from the United States are sent on a "good-will tour" to Denmark and Sweden.

So the story goes. It is in the air—co-operation, unity, the international mind. And the people of the world must be the bigger and the better for it.

FOR TIRED SLEEPLESS NERVES USE Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Armchair

The Old Parsonage

Dear Friends:

As I write it is ten o'clock in the morning, and the rain is drip, dripping before me. What a summer of rain this has been! What weepy part of space have we got into? It always seems such a strange thing, does it not? that our whole solar system—the sun and all the planets revolving about it, including our earth—are whirling through endless space, astronomers tell us following the constellation Lyra, which ever keeps in the lead. And not only our solar system, but also all the other astronomical systems tell us also that the so-called "fixed stars" are suns, with their own planets revolving about them.

People used to be conceited enough to think that our earth was the only planet inhabited; but probably no one thinks that now. Numbers of the other stars that we see twinkling of a bright night, must also be inhabited. Perhaps the "people", or beings, do not look like us at all. Perhaps they do. Perhaps they are far in advance of us, knowing things of which we have no idea. It does not stand to reason that our little wee, tiny earth should have the highest type of beings in the universe,—our tiny earth,—for if it were possible for us to be away out in space we should see earth as one of the smallest of the planets.

Do we pass on to any of them when we die? What a mystery it all is! What?—What?—What?—So we keep asking questions, and there is no one to answer. So we just have to wait. Maybe sometime we shall know. But the things men have discovered about the stars are really not so very incomprehensible, (even though we cannot grasp the distance) although one marvels at the observation and thinking power of the men who found out things in the first place. I heard a lecture in London a few years ago, given by Prof. Kingston of the Western University, who is still there. He had a sort of moving-picture arrangement, showing the sun with the various planets of its system revolving about it; and really his explanations were so clear and simple that we could all understand. I wish he could come here sometime, so that you could all hear him. Perhaps sometime in the future we can manage to have some of these University Extension lectures come to us. Professor Kingston's lecture was most interesting,—one of the things one remembers.

But there, there! I got up this morning with a fixed determination to write about the peculiarities of hens,—and here I have landed among the stars! And it all came of passing a remark about the weepy weather. We were sympathizing with the farmers this morning. It seems as if they will have to take in beans and mangelis all clabbered with mud; and what a disagreeable job that is! If only the good fates would send us a few days of Indian summer soon!

I wish every last one of you could have heard the lectures given by Mr. and Mrs. Stobbe, in the United Church, a week or so ago. As you already know, they have come direct from interior Africa, after spending a time as missionaries among the natives there. Mrs. Stobbe is the daughter of Mrs. B. Howell, of Owen Sound, who was formerly Miss Ethel Howell, of Sydenham, near Heath Head,—so some of you may have a personal interest.

I remember how we marvelled a few years ago when we heard that "Ethel Howell's" daughter had gone off, all by herself, to that far-away land. But there was a very kind fate in store for the young girl. She not only found her work, but her husband and home.

The other night she looked very happy and bright as she took up the curio that had brought with them; one after another, and explained them. First a tiff of cotton from the Stobbe's own little plantation; and then strips of cloth woven by her natives. One was surprised to know that away in there the people could weave such beautiful cloth, strong and durable too. There was a sort of upper garment, blue worked with white, that was quite amazing. I just ached to have it for a pull-over. It really was just about the cut of our own pull-overs,—and so interesting besides. Indeed the natives there seem to have quite a strong sense of the artistic in color. There wasn't a garish thing in the whole collection. Some dressed leather bags trimmed with fringed leather were a very pretty shade of red, almost "Indian" red. And there was a bracelet made of very tiny white beads, beautifully woven, with a design in color that was repeated all around, and was very pretty.

Some of the things, of course, were very amusing to us Westerners. For instance the comb, which was like a handle with a three pronged toothed fork at each end. When Mrs. Stobbe explained it, its reason was apparent. The natives there wear their hair in tiny braids all over their heads, and the prongs

were for picking out the braids. . . . Then there were horns with which to give expression to the musical abilities of the land, rather annoying, as Mrs. Stobbe said, when the "blowers" came along through the "bush" tooting them, when she was trying to put the baby to sleep.

The boys and girls of the Y.P.S. shouted with laughter when she described the costume of a native galant going out to see his "best girl"—a loin cloth, heaps of bracelets and strings of beads, and a huge quiver dangling with ornaments of fringe and tassels, which she held up, declaring it to be the crowning touch of his attire. A quite beautiful Mohammedan robe of very fine white material, plentifully embroidered with green, also caused much amusement when the pocket was displayed, a huge affair spread half way across the front. If "Sambro" ever saw one of those robes how covetous he would be! Green, by the way, was the color chosen by the "prophet" Mohammed, as his emblematic color.

Mr. Stobbe, who followed Mrs. Stobbe in speaking, continued the story, told more of the work at the station, of the medicine men of the tribes, their huts, etc. Also he said some sentences in the language of three tribes, to show the great difference in dialect. The difference in expression was very marked; especially in the language of "one tribe, which seems to go tooting up and down as though the talk were imitating a whistle of some kind—a very musical," as Mr. Stobbe remarked with a smile.

Finally Mr. and Mrs. Stobbe sang a Christian hymn which, apparently, the natives have composed and set to a weird sort of tune of their own.

When the evening was over one had the feeling that these native people away over in Africa are just great children, feeling their way slowly, and with the help of the missionaries, towards a higher life; and it seemed as though their best self-expression, so far, is finding it self through their fingers, in the things they make. One felt how hard it must be for the missionaries to find their exact level—the things they can grasp. Indeed, when talking afterwards, Mrs. Stobbe remarked how discouraging to her it sometimes was to talk for a long time to people apparently listening with the greatest interest, and then to be asked, as soon as she stopped, some question about her dress, or something of the kind.

These brave and consecrated young people are going back in the Spring. Chatsworth will be interested in them henceforth, and will follow their work with interest.

A man who lives in this vicinity asked me last week, if I would write a series of articles about the lives of eminent people. I shall be delighted to, just as soon as I can gather the material. It's a bit difficult when one is miles away from a good reference library. It means reading one book, perhaps two or three, taking notes, putting the whole thing together to form a readable "story". But it's the sort of thing I love to do, and I shall begin at once, if possible to collect material. I mention this here to show that I am very much pleased when readers of The Banner suggest things they would like to read about. Of course I may not always be able to supply them!

SOME MORE "EARLIANA"

By the way, the ancient history of Chatsworth seems to be about exhausted—unless, someone will be good enough to tell me some more of it. But I am wondering if it would not be possible to get "stories" of the early days of Massie, Williamsford, Arnott, Keward, Desboro, Spiny Valley—any of the places about. I do not know the names of the people who know things to tell about these places, but shall be glad to have a talk with any of them who will let me know, or who will drop in at the Old Parsonage.

There are just a few more things that I know of the early days of this vicinity. I have been thinking of the difference between "then" and now. Our mother remembers "people coming to Chatsworth in ox-waggons, over roads that were "corduroy" in all the swamps—roads over which, long limousins whizz in all directions. A "dirt" road ran through the village, and it was a great event when two or three coal-oil street lamps were set up to light the board sidewalk, one of them in front of Foster's store.

Before even the corduroy was run, and when many of the people still had not even a wagon, it was common for the men to set off to the mill with a sack of grain on their shoulders, to have it ground into flour. Good wholesome flour it was, too, not refined to death to make it white, as our flour is to-day. Our mother says the first mill she remembers was the one at Rocky Sauguen, and she remembers hearing about "Tommy Mitchell" (grandfather of the present family) carrying a sack of wheat all the way there. Later Inglis mill and the mill at Massie (called for the "Maesie" family, who owned the mill) were established, and it was a little easier then for the people to get their flour.

But not only the men had long tramps through "the bush" carrying heavy weights. The women also did

their share. I remember that the late Mrs. Chambers told me that once she and a neighbor woman, on the second concession of Holland, walked all the way to Owen Sound with caskets of butter, in the spring, when some snow was still on the ground. When they reached Morden's creek, they sat down and took off their shoes, waded through the icy water, put them on again and continued their journey.

Mr. John Dillane told me, not long ago, that when Mr. George Deavitt came up here to settle his (Mr. Dillane's) father came at the same time. They brought with them cows, maybe a couple of pigs, and some sheep, driving along all the way from the "old settlement", (Gwillimbury and district) in their waggons, and herding the animals along the rough roads and trails. After they got here, in some way the sheep got away. There were no telephones in those days. Not even close neighbors—great wedges of forest between the farms. There was nothing for it but to set out and hunt, one way and another. Presently sheep tracks were found,—but the sheep themselves were caught up, beyond the Sauguen. Evidently they were homelick, and had set off, as best they knew, for home.

I have not heard whether there were people living here when, postage on letters had to be paid for when they arrived; but I have heard the story told in Southern Ontario. "The glacially disappointed" when, sometimes, there was no money to pay the dues on the letters from "home"—the Old Country—and the postman took them away again, riding on his horse! One can scarcely imagine a disappointment greater than that, even though there were marks on the envelope, as there sometimes were, to signify "all well" or something of the kind. There were times, too, when wolves were about, and pigs and other animals, so precious then,—were killed by them. And when "the man" was a little later than usual in coming home, there was always terror of "the wolves". I remember hearing my grandfather tell of hiding behind stumps in the field where now is Will Wilson's orchard, and shooting from there at the marauders. Also he used to tell how a man, Dick Doves (who often figured in his stories) was once, followed by two wolves. He (Doves) was carrying a bag filled with loaves of bread at the time; and he ran and dropped them one by one behind him. The wolves, suspicious ever, stopped each time to examine the bread, perhaps eat it—I don't know about that; but anyhow when the loaves were exhausted, Dick shinned up a tree and had to stay there over night.

An revoir for this time.

TO THINK ABOUT

"We are making to-day the memory of to-morrow."—Joachim Miller.

THINGS TO EAT

Sauerkraut It is a good idea to make some sauerkraut. In the first place there is no waste of the cabbage; most of the leaves that would otherwise dry up in the cellar are used. In the second place, sauerkraut is a very wholesome food. It is said to be the "best" doctors have given it. In the third place, it is not hard to make, and, once made, it is always ready. It will keep in any old place that is cold,—is not even harmed much, in the opinion of many, by freezing.

To make it: Trim off the rough outer leaves of the cabbage, and wash the heads well. Drain them, then slice fine with a sharp knife. Chopping in a wooden bowl will help to make the kraut finer. Place cabbage leaves in the bottom of a keg or crock, put in about three inches of the cabbage and pound down. Then sprinkle lightly with salt—just enough to flavor nicely; then keep on putting in layers of cabbage, pounding and sprinkling with salt, until the vessel is full. Cover with cabbage leaves, then with a white cloth. Put on a plate or round board, and a weight, and let ferment in a fairly warm place. Very soon a liquid will be seen covering the cabbage. Keep the vessel closely covered, and if the liquid should evaporate, pour in a little salty water. Always liquid should cover the cabbage. Leave for a month or six weeks, but remove the cloth and seal it every week; also put on fresh cabbage leaves, and skim off any bits of scum that may appear. When the kraut is made slightly before using, if you like it hot. The taste for sauerkraut is acquired, like that for olives. People who do not care for it at first often become very fond of it later.

Vegetable Marrow Marmalade 2 lemons, 2 oz. ginger root (bruised), 2 lemons, 2 oz. marrow root (bruised). Slice the marrow, pare and take out seedy part. Cut in cubes and soak 24 hours in the water; then boil for one hour. Weigh and add pound for pound of sugar. Tie the ginger in a thin bag and add. Also add the lemon. Juice and peel which has been cut very thin. Simmer all until very thick, remove the ginger, pack in jars and when cold cover with melted paraffine. If you prefer you may drain off the juice and boil it down

for half an hour before adding the marrow. This hurries the making. It preferred leave out the lemon, and add canned pineapple.

Pumpkin Marmalade Two lbs. pumpkin, sliced and pared; 1 1/2 lbs. sugar, 1/2 lb. butter, juice and grated rind of 3 lemons. Steam pumpkin until soft (or bake it in the shell and scrape out the pulp), mash, add sugar and lemon, simmer until thick, stirring very often. Seal.

Gingered Pumpkin 5 lbs. pumpkin cut in bits, 5 lbs. sugar, mix and let stand 24 hours. Put on stove with 3/4 lb. root ginger and 6 lemons cut fine. Simmer until clear, then take out the pumpkin, boil the syrup until thick and pour over pumpkin.

Hallow'en

—Hallow'en, the time of pranks, possibly the gayest time of the whole year among those who celebrate it.—And yet Hallow'en points back to a mystic past, when certain rites were carried through to fend against evil spirits, who, for that one night in the whole year were believed to be unbound, with all the powers of darkness, and permitted to roam at will until the crowing of the cock at coming dawn. Witches, and imps, elfin lights and will-o'-the-wisps, were supposed to be out in full force, and, since all sorts of mischief was expected, superstitious people were at pains to "put their possessions out of harm's way."

In the very first place Hallow'en was a religious festival in various countries. The Romans then had a feast to Pomona, goddess of fruits, and the gods of Britain held a festival to the sun god, as a thanksgiving for the harvest. After the Romans came to England, the two feasts became confused, and when Britain was Christianized, the feast became consecrated to All Saints,—the departed,—and October 31st became known as All Saints' Day, and the evening as All Hallow's even, or finally Hallow'en. Out of all ideas that the spirits of the departed were permitted to revisit this earth on that night, grew the rather debased idea which held it as a night of ghosts, witches, and all manner of imps.

In "Faust", Goethe's great poem in which Doctor Faust sells his soul to the Devil (Mephistopheles) in return for renewed youth, there is a description of "Walpurgis Night", which corresponds to our Hallow'en. In it even the lizards, mice and salamanders are made to take part in the revels, and the wind which blow at hurricane rate, Mephisto and Faust talk together, and Faust, a little terrified, comments on the weird lights he sees glimmering through the darkness. Mephisto replies: Lord Mammon for this feast his pigs

With lavish splendor lights, Do mark?

Thought happy to have seen it! Hark! The hoisterous crew swift to the banquet, rallies.

Faust: How through the air the wind eddies, how and hisses, And with what buffets beats upon my shoulders!

Mephistopheles: Clasp thou the cliff's old ribs! Climb to the boulders!

Else will it hurt these headlong into the deep abyss! The night is thick with rack, Hark how the groaning woods crack!

Startled, flutters up the solemn Owl, and splinters column on column In the evergreen halls, and ever The branches crackle and shiver. The stems make a mighty moaning. The roots are gaping and groaning. And all crash down in a hideous tangle.

One on another, and choke and strangle With their wrack the wild abysses. And through them howls and hisses The storm-wind. Hearest thou voice o'er us?

Far and near that sing in chorals All the magic-mountain along. Wildly streams the wizard-song. The witches and warlocks sing, and mark the sarcasms!

Warlocks: Like the house-bound snail we crawl, Far ahead are the women gh. When to the Devil's house we speed, By a thousand steps the women lead. Second semi-chorus of Warlocks: Such nice distinction we may make. A thousand steps doth woman take. But hurry as she hurry can. With a single bound o'er takes the man.

So the wild songs go on until, last even Mephisto exclaims: They thrust and throng, they snarl and clatter. They whirl and whistle, stream and chatter. They glitter, splutter, stink and buzz. The very air to hags doth turn! Keep close, or we are parted. Here, Doctor, seize my mantle now and come!

One bound will take us out of this hurly-burly. So the two leave and go on to the Brucken, meeting many foil spirits on the way, and there is conversation that mingles philosophy and satire. But one must read the whole

to get the full swing and meaning of it. "Faust," by the way, has been set to music, and is one of the grand operas of which the public never tires. Needless to say, grand opera requires artists of double grandeur for they must be able to act as well as to sing.

The old-time witches and imps, who have dwindled to the pranks of school-boys "out for a night" on Hallow'en. Just so, at Christmas is the giving of gifts to the Christ-child by the Wise Men from the East,—the symbolical, perhaps, the Gift of the Christ-child Himself to the world; while the eating of eggs at Easter is a symbolism, now almost forgotten, of the Resurrection.

It would be interesting to know how many of our customs took their rise in beliefs and ceremonies of the early ages, or are symbols of old truths, that should be remembered in connection with them.

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

Farm Stock, Implements, Etc. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd, 1928 commencing at 1.30 o'clock. JAMES ROBINSON J.R., Lot 36, Con. 8, Holland, North of Hamilton's Saw Mill, has instructed the undersigned Auctioneer to sell by public auction the following, namely: HORSES: Bay Mare, 4 years old, with foal; Driving Mare, 4 years old. CATTLE: Cow 4 years old, fresh, all at foot; Cow 3 years old, fresh, all at foot; Cow 2 years old, fresh, all at foot; Cow 1 year old, fresh, all at foot; Cow 9 years old, milkier, due May 12; Cow 7 years old, milkier, due May 28; Heifer 2 years old, due June 7; Fat Cow; 2 Calves. POULTRY: 35 Leghorn Pullets. HARNESS: Set Heavy Driving Harness; Set Single Driving Harness. IMPLEMENTS: P.C. Macey's Harris Binder; 5-foot cut; Frost & Wood Mower; Steel Land Roller; Farm Wagon; Set of Heavy Sleigh; Set Smoothing Harrows; Portable Hay Rake; Wagon Box; Hay Rack; Noise Saws; Sawblades; Chains; also a number of Household Goods.

No reserve as the Property has just his barn. TERMS: All sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit will be given on approved joint notes, six per cent. on or for cash in lieu of notes. B. H. WALDEN, Auctioneer

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

Farm Stock, Implements, Etc. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1928 commencing at 1.30 o'clock.

ALEX. C. STEWART Lot 25, Concession 14, Holland township, 3 Miles South-West of Holland Centre. has instructed the undersigned Auctioneer to sell by Public Auction the following, namely: HORSES: Bay Horses, 3 years old; Brown Horse, 7 years old, Driving Horse 11 years old. CATTLE: Roan Cow 6 years old, fresh August 19; Roan Cow 4 years old, due June 20th; Roan Cow 3 years old, due March 12th; Roan Cow 8 years old, due March 14th; Red Cow 4 years old, due March 15th; Holstein Cow 7 years old, due May 1st. IMPLEMENTS, ETC.: Macey's Harris Binder; 6-foot cut; Macey's Harris Mower; Spread; Macey's Harris Disc Drill, new; Macey's Harris Cultivator, 17 tooth; Macey's Mower; Peter Hamilton Sleigh; No. 21 Floury Plough; Peter Hamilton Bough; Endless-A-Piece Soil Plough; Wagon; Set of Sleigh Harrows; Stone Box; Wheelbarrow; Farming Mill; Bannet; Hay Rake; Scale; Carpet; Granite Saws; Retrow Chain; S-part of 10' Barrel Corn; Tabbie; Saws; also a number of Household Goods. TERMS: All sums of \$10.00 and under, cash; over that amount 10 months' credit will be given on approved joint notes bearing interest at 5 per cent. Purchasers must do well to attend this sale as everything is in splendid condition. B. H. WALDEN, Auctioneer

AUCTION SALE

OF CATTLE MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1928 commencing at 2 o'clock.

W. R. GRHAM has instructed the undersigned Auctioneer to sell by public auction of his farm HALF MILE SOUTH OF MARKDALE, 48 Yearlings and Two-Year-Olds, and three Calves. Terms: Eight months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. R. D. Carruthers and G. H. Haslam Auctioneers

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Cook's Regulating Compound A safe, reliable, restraining medicine. Sold in three sizes: Large 25¢, Medium 15¢, Small 10¢. No. 2, 43; No. 3, 50 per box. Sold by all druggists, or on receipt of price from pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO. TORONTO, ONT. (Prescribed in Windsor)

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