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THE CRAVING FOR NARCOTICS. INCREASE OF DRUG DISSIPATION.

Morphine, Cocaine and Kindred Habits in London and Paris.

The two greatest evils of modern times, viewed from their effects upon moral and physical man, are the morphine and cocaine habits. Indulgence in these drugs is not confined to the lower and more vicious classes; indeed, they are the bane of the intelligent and so-called upper circles of society. The men and women who seek solace for their ills in opium or stimulating drugs are often people of high social standing. For the most part they keep their views from the public knowledge, and it often happens that the public first learns of their addiction to the drug habit by the announcement of their death from an overdose of morphine taken to relieve pain.

The morphine habit has of late become a fashionable fad in some circles of London society, and "morning tea parties" are all the rage. They are especially popular among a certain class of the women who make some pretensions to social prominence. As a supposed cure for the "blues," a never-failing panacea for every form of depression, morphine, one of the most deadly of drugs, is unfortunately in vogue, particularly by leaps and bounds. The parties in which this dangerous poison figure so prominently have only lately come into fashion—they originated in Paris, by-the-by—but the amount of injury and misery that they are responsible for is already beyond all reckoning.

What Happens is This:
A number of ladies who, owing to the similarity of their individual tastes and weaknesses, are in sympathy with each other, form themselves into what may be termed a morphine club. They meet at about 4 o'clock every afternoon, ostensibly to enjoy nothing more harmful than tea, the members providing the ghastly entertainment in their own persons. Tea is certainly consumed, but only to avoid suspicion on the part of the domestics, for as the repast progresses the hostess produces a vial of morphine, and the appearance of this little instrument, which has been eagerly waited for by the whole company, is the signal for the guests to lay bare their arms. They do so hurriedly enough, anxious not to lose a moment, so intense is the craving to put themselves under the influence of the poison. The hostess then goes the round of her visitors, giving each an injection.

Very frequently a guest is not satisfied with one injection. She has accustomed herself to the drug and a small amount has no appreciable effect on her. She cries for three injections. She then gets them if her hostess is devoid of sense, which she generally is, and thus drives another nail into her coffin. The women who resort to this habit, however, belong to that numerous body who, bereft of self-control and fever-brained to a degree, cannot live without excitement and who thirst for new sensations. They attend the morphine tea parties as if driven to do so, foolishly think—melancholy. With- out the morphine tea-party they would not care to exist. Life to them is an insufferable bore.

In a very short time the poison does its work. The woman who was depressed and dull when she entered the room is full of life and gaiety, she talks wildly, even brilliantly, her eyes are bright, her cheeks but a moment before ghastly white, are flushed, her whole countenance is animated.

Pay the Price of Death.
But what a price she pays for this change! Submitting herself to the influence of morphine, in these parties, as she does every day, the drug when administered in fairly large quantities quickly loses the desired effect and the wretched being must have more. Three injections once a day are not enough for her; she injects the fluid more than the sight of evening. To get the poison she will sacrifice everything—her dearest possessions, her money, her jewels, her all, in fact. The result is disastrous. The poison obtains a complete mastery over her, and she more resist it than she can fly to the moon.

The inevitable consequence is that she dies an early death, wrecked both in mind and body. Nothing more frightful than the sight of one of these women when she is denied her favorite drug. Filled with despair, she is capable if not watch- ing of destroying herself at any moment. In her rage she will tear her hair and scream as no madman could scream.

Needless to remark these parties are conducted with the greatest secrecy. The servants are sent out of the room, the doors are closed and the masters of the house have no knowledge of what is going on. The irritability of his wife, brought about by the fatal drug—for the exhilaration occasioned by morphine is invariably followed by the most awful depression. He sets down to "nerves." He would do well to get home early one day. Not that he would gain much by so doing, however, for the morphine mania, as a rule, carries a little spry on the person, enclosed in a leather case, these syringes are very dainty articles.

Unfortunately morphine is not difficult to buy. If one chemist will not sell sufficient to meet the requirements of his customer an adequate supply can be had by visiting half a dozen druggists. But not a little of the morphine that is used by the morphine maniac is brought privately from abroad.

Cocaine injection is not the only nor the most popular form of narcotism. In great districts other drug habits are general, even among the poorest. You can get drunk on ether for a trifling cost, and you can be drunk and sober again several times in a day. In the Fen country in Ireland opium taking is common among the agricultural population.

Sunday School.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. 1. JANUARY 5, 1902.

The Promise of Power.—Acts. 1:1-14.
Commentary. 1. The former teacher.—The gospel of Luke. Luke was also the author of the Acts. O Theophilus—Nothing is known of this person, but he was no doubt a person of high rank and perhaps a Roman officer who had been converted to Christianity. Began.—The gospel is not a history of all that Jesus did, but only an account of the foundations which He laid on which the church should afterwards be built.—Cam. Bible. To do and teach.—A very important statement, dividing the work of Christ into two great branches, the one embracing His work on earth, the other His subsequent work from heaven; the one in His own person, the other by His spirit.

2. Until the fortieth day after His resurrection. Through the Holy Ghost—God gave not the Spirit by measure unto Him. John 14:17. Jesus, who was anointed with the Holy Ghost (Luke iv., Matt. xii.), in the power of the Holy Ghost gave commandments to the apostles to be His witnesses.—Lange. Apostles.—The twelve generally called disciples in the gospels are in the Acts spoken of as apostles, or "those sent forth."

3. Passion.—Sufferings on the cross. Infallible promise.—The single Greek word, translated "infallible proofs," denotes the strongest proofs of which a subject is capable, an irresistible proof.—Schaff. Forty days.—At different times during a period of forty days, the kingdom of God—this expression has several significations, but here, as in Mark 1:14, it includes the whole Christ- ingdom, its message, progress, and economy.

4. Assembled.—Them.—Probably on ascension day. Commanded them.—The last commandment given by the Lord to the apostles directed them to await the gift of the Holy Ghost until they should be gathered together in Jerusalem.—The coming of the Spirit was solemnly promised to the church at the Mount of Olives. See Luke xiv., 30. Do not think at this time, etc. (R. V.)—Is this the hour when the Roman yoke is to be broken from our necks and the kingdom of the Messiah established?

5. John.—The Baptist, the forerunner of Christ. With water.—John's baptism was a baptism unto repentance; 2. type of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. John pointed to Christ, who should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Shall be baptized.—This was the promise of the Father, it could not fail. The Holy Ghost.—The Holy Spirit was about to be given them in greater fullness than ever before. At this time their hearts would be cleansed from all unrighteousness.—The Mount of Olives. See Luke xiv., 30. Do not think at this time, etc. (R. V.)—Is this the hour when the Roman yoke is to be broken from our necks and the kingdom of the Messiah established?

7. Not for you to know.—Christ constantly avoided giving His disciples a direct answer to questions which could only satisfy their curiosity and not their faith. In His own power, He could not fail. The word rendered power here is the same as the one so rendered in the next verse. It should be noted that Jesus did not disapprove of the question, "asked in verse 6, but as Lange says, "asked in verse 7, by clearing that the Father had fixed the time."

8. Shall receive power.—The energy of the Holy Spirit was to be given to them. It was not the power of logic or eloquence, but the power of a living union with a living God. "This power has its source outside the church and human life altogether. It is to be received as a gift; not generated from within; not attained by straining present powers or by increasing present capacity."—Biblical Illustrator. Is come upon you.—The Holy Spirit gives, 1. Knowledge and understanding. 2. Faith. 3. Holiness. 4. A spirit of prayer. 5. Zeal. 6. Steadfastness. 7. Zeal. 8. Shyness. They shall not merely bear witness, but be witnesses in their own persons.—Lange. They were to be witnesses to a crucified, a risen and a coming Christ.

9. While they beheld.—The disciples did not see Him rise out of the grave, because His resurrection could be easily proved by their seeing Him afterwards; but they saw Him return to heaven, and some were witnesses of other way to prove it. A cloud.—Perhaps it was like the fiery, cloudy pillar, the symbol of God, that led the Israelites through the wilderness; or Elijah's storm chariot, or the bright cloud of glory that overshadowed Him on the Mount of Transfiguration.

10. Were looking (R. V.)—Wondering what it all meant. Two men.—Angels in the form of men. White apparel.—See Matt. xxviii., 3. Their garments were an emblem of purity. 11. Shall so come.—The second or final coming. This will not be "obscure" like His first coming, but "He will come in power and glory, in the clouds, with His holy angels with Him."—Matt. xxiii., 30-41; xvi., 27. 12. Olivet.—Frequently called the Mount of Olives. Sabbath day's journey.—About three-fourths of an English mile. 13. Come in.—That is, into the city from the country. Into the upper chamber (R. V.)—Probably the paraverse feast.—Cam. Bible. Where abode.—Where they were abiding. "This does not mean that this was their permanent habitation, but they remained there for the descent of the Holy Spirit."—Barnes. 14. Continued.—During the ten days they waited. With one accord.—With one mind. There were no schisms, no divided interests, no di-

cordant purposes.—Barnes. Steadfastly in earnest and persistent. With the women.—This probably refers to the women who followed him from Galilee, but it may mean merely that women were present. Mary.—This is the last mention in Scripture of the mother of Jesus. His brethren.—The brethren of Jesus, but now they believe in Him and are present at the Pentecostal outpouring.

TEACHINGS.—Christ's work is finished, but he is still our Teacher. There is great power in an earnest testimony. The gospel is adapted to the needs of all mankind. PRACTICAL SURVEY. Man is naturally a materialist. His physical nature is more prominent, and seems more important than either his intellectual or spiritual nature. In fact, in early childhood his physical wants are his whole life. Before there is a ray of spiritual life and before there is a consciousness that could be called a well-defined thought, his physical faculties are in full command. The things that are felt, tasted and seen constitute his existence. God created man this way. Because of this fact, and because God's work is always in perfect harmony with His will, as well as with Himself, the revelation of God made to us in the Bible must at first be strongly along materialist lines. Therefore in the Old Testament God is continually showing Himself by His works.

In the revelation of Jesus Christ as the Son of God there is a grand forward movement to spiritualize the material, or rather to bring in prominence the spiritual which so long had been hidden. This could not be done all at once, nor could it be done too forcibly, for that would have prevented its being received. Before the conception, birth, life, work and death of Jesus are a strange yet natural and logical combination of the material and the spiritual. He was conceived by the Holy Spirit, but born of a woman. The material, or rather to bring in prominence the spiritual which so long had been hidden. This could not be done all at once, nor could it be done too forcibly, for that would have prevented its being received. Before the conception, birth, life, work and death of Jesus are a strange yet natural and logical combination of the material and the spiritual. He was conceived by the Holy Spirit, but born of a woman.

The promise of power was there- fore purely spiritual, regardless of all warnings. His disciples expected temporal power. They could not divest their minds of the thought that this promise of power must mean the re-establisment of the kingdom of Israel. He said the world could not receive and could not even know or see this spirit of truth. Yet all this, they must now emphatically accept, that purity pre- cedes power, and that the Holy Spirit coming upon them and abiding with them overwhelms and even obliterates the necessity of temporal power.

A Musical Masterpiece. Our Jane has always had the craze to play as Paderewski and Liszt. And that she has acquired his ways we've evidence bombastical. For our piano wildly quakes with daily epileptic shakes. The while she throats hoarsey takes Her exercise gymnastical. No sooner doth she get her pose Than she each trained extensor throws. Upon the keys with blows on blows Surprisingly herculean. She pivots here, she pivots there, Lands knockout punches everywhere, Till tonic forces fill the air. 'Tis to the vaults cerulean. Crescendos or decrescendos chase The wretched whither I followed her. "Noo, Jean, get me the stove-blackin' an' brush an' I'll hae this stove blacked an' set up in the kitchen in a jiffy," says Dougal, delfly rowin' up his shirt sleeves. "Dougal McCallum," an' cried in alarm, "I dinna want ye tae dae ony sic wark. Whie wad ony o' the neebors think tae see ye at sic a job?"

Her volleying soniferous. —From the Boston Courier. A Modest Request. The school gardens which were established in connection with Nelson Street Boarding Schools at Norwich, have been worked with much enthusiasm by the boys, and a London Daily Mail. During the year over £9 worth of produce was sold, and the boy gardeners made a profit of £2 11s. At the annual prize-giving the statement was made that "Norwich stood first for successful school gardens."

"I'm sorry I took the horse," said the culprit, "but let's compromise this matter. If there's any hanging to be done, let me do it." "Suicide?" queried the leader of the vigilantes. "Oh, no. Suppose you allow me to hang my head with shame, and let it go that way."

Jimmie's Query. "All of you who never told a lie raise your hands," asked the teacher of a class of boys. "Please, ma'am," piped little Jimmie, "is it a lie if nobody finds it out?"—Ohio State Journal.

HOW DOUGAL HELPED AT PITTIN' UP THE PIPES.

Dougal McCallum, a four-foot connection o' ma Sandy's, is here the noo frae Glasca da a veesit tae us. He's unco weel aff—a lot o' property and plenty o' siller besides—bit he shows his gran' guid Scotch sense, an' disnae look o' act as if he were the great Mogul sent intae the warl' tae set it in order. Na, that's no' his w'y. He's an auld bachelor, inclined tae be a wee eccentric, bit unco haundy roon' a hoose, as I found out by experience.

Sandy wis awa' on Buffalo on business when Dougal arrived; see I had tae be bath hoas and hostess in Sandy's absence. We got along fine, and he wis unco guid tae the bairns, an' awfu' taen up wi' them. Weel, as the cauld days were settin' in, I thoct it aboot time tae move the stove oot o' the wudshed intae the kitchen; bit I didnae see hoo I cul get it dune, for Angus, ooc lired up, wis a wee thing aff the hook, an' had gaen hame for a week, an' every ane else wis busy. "O, wow! bit it's cauld in the kitchen," says Nellie, my bit servant lassie, as she dumped the coffee-pot down on the cricket at the side o' ma plate. [Nelly n'er laid down onything gently, tho' I had tried tae break her o' the habit.] "Ay, it's gey cauld oot there, Nelly; we'll hae tae get the stove moved, an' hoo I'll manage it I dinna ken, for there's no' a man I can get tae help for praise or p'y, ma lassie," said I.

"Hoo's! Jean (Dougal aye ca'd me Jean) dinna borrow ony trouble aboot it, an' I can dae maist onything about a hoose, an' I'm thinkin' that job'll no' malar me. But it seems tae me that ane o' the inventive chiefs might invent some kind o' apparatus for movin' stoves an' 'Jain' stovepipes. I wad save an' awfu' sicht tae feel, an' he'd be an everlastin' benefactor tae his bretheren." (Dougal is a strang Methodist, an' aye talked o' the men folks as "bretheren.") "Whit dae ye think, Jean?"

"It wad be an' awfu' guid thing tae hae," says I, "an' we'd feel like shakin' han's wi' him." "That's sae, Jean, an' I'd gie a fifty dollar bill when he de'd tae help tae crack a monument, tellin' hoo clever he wis, an' whit an amount o' swearin' he prevented in his day an' generation." "Oo, ay, Dougal, bit wad it no' be a better plan tae drop him a line while he wis leavin', an' tell him whit a help he'd been tae ma minkin'?" I dinna think he'd feel sae smert by whit he cul appreciate a bit wurd o' praise.

"Ay, Jean, that's sae; an' it might encourage him tae think o' some ither w'y tae help his bretheren." "Weel, Dougal, it wad be a better w'y tian tae wait till he wis deider than scaat, an' then set up a big monument over his remains, tellin' o' his ingeniosness an' helpfu' qualities in helpin' tae ma folk's wark easier for them. Mebbe while he wis leavin' nabeuddy ever told him that he'd helped ony o' his fellow crafters or did onything tae be thanked for."

"Ye kerriek, Jean; ye kerriek," says Dougal, glein' the table a thump wi' his nieve, then picked up the cream pitcher an' pour'd an ocean o' cream intae his coffee cup, deap o' deap, in a meditative wud. "Ye'd thin' nae a' time tae gie a bit wurd o' appreciation an' encouragement?" "It's a' the time we're shair o'," says I. "Ah, ha," says Dougal, as he feenishes o' his coffee, an' started oot tae the wudshed, where I followed him. "Noo, Jean, get me the stove-blackin' an' brush an' I'll hae this stove blacked an' set up in the kitchen in a jiffy," says Dougal, delfly rowin' up his shirt sleeves.

"Dougal McCallum," an' cried in alarm, "I dinna want ye tae dae ony sic wark. Whie wad ony o' the neebors think tae see ye at sic a job?" "Ye'er fash yer heid wi' what they'd think, Jean; I'll dae sic please, an' hoo hae ma bretheren an' gae wa' aboot yer business an' I'll atten' tae this thing."

"Weel, he had his ain w'y. I ken'd by experience there wis nae use airin' the stove, an' I started up stairs tae mak' the beds an' redid a wee. I had hardly been up there hauf an' oor when Dougal cried, "Jean, Jean, Jist come doun here a meenit an' see gin this stove's blacked a' richt." I hurried doun, an' oh! mighty whit a sicht! There stood Dougal in the wudshed, blackin' brush in hand, the stove shinin' in the middle o' the flair, wi' aboot hauf an' iach o' blackin' in o' the boards an' roon' aboot it. "Eh! Dougal, that 'll dae nicely," says I, pretendin' no' tae see whaur he'd upset the saucer o' blackin' an' had delftit it up wi' the brush. "Well then, Jean, jist len' a wee bit han' an' we'll hae this stove up afore ye can say 'Jack Robinson.'" "Sae steer up the stove wis set up, an' the first twa lengths o' pipe put on."

"Jist hand on there a meenit, Jean," says Dougal, in a rale mellow voice, as he startit upstairs tae fasten the pipes in the chimney hole. There wis an' awfu' pushin' an' thumpin' gaed on up there for the next ten meenits. "Hoo are ye gettin' on up there?" I cried, as I heard some awfu' gruntin' an' mutterin' oomla' doun the pipe. "A' richt, Jean," says he; an' I heaved a sigh o' relief. "Jist ye hand on there another meenit an' we'll be through wi' this business." "Yes, Dougal, I'm haudin'," says I; an' jist then Dougal gie'd the elbow pipe a tremendous thump, sae as tae fasten it in the chimney w'y, whan aff busted the twa pipes I wis haudin'.

"Whit's the matter doun there?" he askit, sen'in' his voice doun the receiver. "O, naething much; the pipes here ha'e ony slipt aff," says I, in a caam voice. "Doun stairs cam' Dougal, twa steps at a time. "Gee whit taker! wis there ever sic messerle country truck as stove pipes?" says he, takin' aff his auld felt hat an' scartin' his heid as if he'd tak' lika hair out by the roots. Jist as he clappit his hat on his heid again there wis an' unco crash upstairs, an' Dougal set aff up the stairs again tae fin' the hale range o' pipes lyin' on the flair. Then I heard a kin' o' skufflin' gaun on, an' I hurried upstairs tae see whit it wis. There wis Dougal kicken' his Jerry hat roon' an' roon', an' delftin' the sweat aff his face wi' his sooty han's. My! hoo he did leuk!

"Whit there wisnae a stove pipe in the hale United States o' America," says he. "Whit wad ye hae inteed?" says I, in a low, saft voice, for I saw Dougal wis a wee wrought up. "A fireplace, wi' a guid backlog. They're healthier an' no' sae mony cankerous pipe, an' Dougal, says he, pickin' up his hat a' battert an' torn, an' throwin' it oot the open windae. Efter that he seemed tae feel better.

Weel, he had tae begin a' over again, an' a' awfu' time we had afore we got through. Dougal cut his thorn, skinned his knuckles, an' maist knocked his elbow oot o' jint. Eff! at last the thing wis dune, the stove wis set up, an' the pipes were wired up firm an' guid, an' Dougal wis takin' a tura in the back lot tae see if the fences were a' richt—as least he said that wis whit took him there.

THE MARKETS

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Dec. 30.—Receipts of grain were heavier at the street market to-day, 4,400 bushels offering. Prices were about steady. Oats advanced 1-2c. Wheat—Was steady, 2,000 bushels of white selling at 76 to 79c per bushel, 200 bushels of red at 78 to 78 1/2c per bushel and 800 bushels of golden at 80 1/2 to 81c per bushel. Barley—Was firmer, 2,000 bushels selling at 53 to 67c per bushel. Oats—Were firmer, 1,000 bushels selling at 46 to 47c per bushel. Rye—Was steady, 100 bushels selling at 57c per bushel. Hay—Was steady, 11 loads selling at \$11 to \$12.50 per load for timothy and \$7 to \$9 for clover and mixed hay.

Straw—Was firmer, selling at \$9 to \$9.50 per load. Wool. The general situation is practically unchanged from a week ago. There have been no further sales of wool for export to the United States. Full-wool are quiet. Piece—There is no change in the situation and prices are steady at 12c for washed and 7c for unwashed. Piled Wools.—The inquiry from the home mills is moderate and the market is steady and unchanged at 18c for extras and 15c for supers.

Toronto Live Stock Markets. Export cattle, choice, per cwt. \$1.00 to 1.25 do medium..... 3.00 to 4.25 do cows per cwt..... 4.00 to 4.25 Butcher cattle packed..... 3.00 to 4.00 do fair..... 2.50 to 3.50 do common..... 2.00 to 3.00 do cows..... 2.50 to 3.75 do bulls..... 2.50 to 3.75 Feeders, short-keep..... 2.50 to 3.75 do medium..... 2.00 to 3.00 Stockers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs..... 2.00 to 3.00 do light..... 2.00 to 3.00 Milk cows, extra..... 3.00 to 4.00 Sheep, ewes per cwt..... 2.00 to 3.25 do bucks..... 2.00 to 3.50 do calves..... 2.00 to 3.00 Lambs, per cwt..... 2.00 to 4.00 Calves, per head..... 2.00 to 10.00 Hogs, choice, per cwt..... 6.00 to 8.00 Hogs, fat, per cwt..... 6.00 to 8.00 Hogs, light, per cwt..... 6.00 to 8.00

Canadian Apples Lead. London, Dec. 30.—At Covent Garden and the other markets Canadian apples take the lead in quality, color, and quantity, and invariably bring the best prices.

IS NOT THIS STEALING? In Spite of at Least Half a Dozen Imitators, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Has More Than Three Times the Sale of Any Remedy Recommended for Throat and Lung Troubles.

Have you been imposed upon when asking for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine by being offered an imitation? Many have been, and we know of some who have changed their druggist as a result. It is not safe to deal with a druggist who offers imitations and substitutes. An honest druggist will not offend his customers by such questionable methods.

The use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has become so universal that on all sides are springing up preparations of turpentine and linseed, put up in packages similar to Dr. Chase's, with the object of making sales on the reputation of this famous remedy. Is not this dishonest? Is it not stealing, or even worse? For besides the injury done to the proprietors of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, the people are being deceived. In some cases, no doubt, even life is lost as a result.

Are you being deceived? Have you asked for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and been given an imitation or substitute? There is no doubt about the virtue of this great throat and lung remedy. It is too well known as a thorough cure for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, asthma, coughs and colds to need further words of commendation. What we want to do is to warn you against these imitations. To be certain that you are getting the genuine, be sure that Dr. Chase's portrait and signature are on the wrapper.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has reached phenomenal sales, because it cures when other remedies fail. It is far-reaching in effect, curing the cold as well as the cough, and uprooting the most serious forms of bronchitis, asthma, and similar throat and lung diseases. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. A handsome and useful Christmas present for mother or grandmother is Dr. Chase's Last and Complete Receipt Book. Illustrated folder free.