

**Hay's Hair Health**

NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR AND BEAUTY.

No matter how old and faded your hair looks, or how long you have been gray, it will work wonders for you, keep you looking young, promote a luxuriant growth of healthy hair, stop its falling out and positively remove dandruff.

Will not soil skin or linen. Will set injure your hair. Is Not a Dye.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES \$1.00 and 50c. Bottles at all Druggists. Write Hay's Hair Health Co., New York, U.S.A.

Jas. B. McLeod, Agent.

**HEALTHY CHILDREN**

**Psychine Made Her A Robust Child**

It is not necessary for us to speak any words of our own, for the facts given below are strong enough to convince the most skeptical as to PSYCHINE's power to restore health. Mr. John Sykes, of Victoria Harbor, says: "When Nellie was about 4 years of age, she had wasted away so much that she looked like a little skeleton. The doctor treated her for 2 or 3 months, but the child got worse, and the doctor said he could do nothing more. We called to another doctor who told us every thing had been done, and that the child could not get better. We decided to take the little thing to a Montreal doctor, who said her lungs were filled with pus and that she would have to undergo an operation if we would save her life. The next day he came down from Montreal and operated upon her, but the operation was a failure, as he was unable to get any pus from the lungs. We were disappointed, and fully thought little Nellie was not going to get better, but it was cruel to let her suffer so. At this time we heard what a wonderful medicine PSYCHINE was for the lungs. We had been reading some of the advertisements in the papers of people who had been cured through PSYCHINE. We thought it would suit our little girl, and decided to give it a trial. This we did, and after Nellie had taken the first bottle she was an improvement. Gradually the little girl began to fill out, and by the time she had used four bottles, she was quite well. That was two years ago, and she is as well and robust to-day as the other children. We have a great deal to be thankful for. We finally believe that little Nellie would never have lived if we had not heard of PSYCHINE. We shall be pleased to answer enquiries at any time."

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers. 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

**PSYCHINE**  
(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

**STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS**

**Nothing Like Maypole Soap**

—the Home-Dye that cleans while it gives fast, beautiful shades—quickly, easily, surely.

Keeps the hands white—the kettles clean.

Colours, 10c. Black, 15c. All dealers—or send 10c. for full-size cake (mention colour)—for black, send 15c. and free book on How to Dye.

F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

**\$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men --- Free**

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back, brought on by excessive, unnatural dieting, or the illness of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or expense—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and vitality, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it. This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest, safest combination for the cure of debilitated manhood and vigor failure ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful, useless, medicine, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, speedily, safely, and surely, and at the same time, and quietly, just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2081 Lake Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$5.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

**ELECTRO PLATING**

Partridge & Sons have put in a plant for all kinds of Plating. We are now prepared to do your Silverware.

Cable or write. Crescent Wire and Iron Works

**THE NEW ERA WAITING**

TALE BY E. SPEIGHT, PROFESSOR IN A JAPANESE COLLEGE.

Hope and Ambition Created in the Heart of a Poor Youth—His Last Round as a Milk Boy—The Professor Went With Him on His Trip.

Kanagawa, Japan. As I stole out of the gates of the compound, a blinding flash of lightning over Vladivostok way spread along the horizon and filled me with awe. It was not yet four of a winter's morning, and the stars were cold. I stumbled down the steep brookside to the frozen ricefields, and made for a cluster of bamboos in which nestled a Japanese village with Polynesian roofs and a haunted shrine. One long building was dimly lighted. I called: "Aratama San!"

A burly figure moves silently out of the blackness and greets me, grasping my hand firmly. He is young and sturdy, with a bull neck and high cheekbones; his face suggests the tenacity of the negro and the dignity of the Mongol, but there is a strange gentleness in his manner and speech. He leads me into a building where two haggard youths clad only in shirt-like garments are attending to a furnace. There are tiny bottles of milk everywhere, a thousand of them in sight, and they are taking turn to be boiled by steam. Aratama gives some orders in another and deeper voice, and brings me fire in a brazier. Then I visit the cattle stalls until he is ready for me. Seventy cows are happily munching in chorus; some of them have their calves with them, and the homely sight takes away the weird feeling of being in a remote region of the Far East.

I had noticed Aratama the first day I entered his class, and had marked him as a rough customer. He looked like a fighting man full of despair. But I was deceived. There was a natural refinement about him, and he was grateful for the least attention. At the first sign of restlessness in the class he was the first to call his comrades to order. He seemed to be alone, holding aloof from his classmates. But his work in English was earnest, more promising than his place near the bottom would denote. The class is one of the better ones of first-year students of law, and the men hail from all parts of Japan. One day in winter I happened to look down as I was lecturing and caught sight of something full of meaning. Aratama had slipped off his boots, and what boots they were! Mere brickbats. It was easier without their, for his swollen feet were bare. That day I first divined the poverty of my pupils.

The next time I noticed him was a bitter day of driving snow. The wind came howling across from Siberia and set the city a-shivering. Gardens were straw-decked, and all men wore mufflers. He had on an old military coat, with the hood over his head. When he saw me coming along the deserted street he slipped off the hood in salute, nor would he replace it until we had walked far. I was well clad and set my course for the parade ground, the most exposed spot in the city. At every corner I expected him to leave me, but he held alongside. I asked about his home.

"I have not been to my native place for three years. I am the youngest of eight, sir, and my parents are very poor."

He laughed, though somewhat sadly. I spoke of great Englishmen who had risen from hovels. He laughed again. "Ah, no, no, sir!" There was deep meaning in his accents. He knew that no one could be so poor as he was.

"What are you going to be after you leave the university?" I asked.

"I will be a statesman, sir."

We reached the wide renpeijo, where companies of recruits snowballed each other under their kindly officers. He plodded through the wet snow in his pitiful boots, which were now sodden beyond recognition.

"Do you take exercise every afternoon?" I asked.

"I have to work for my living, sir. I am a gynaecist: what do you call it? A milkboy. It is difficult for study. I am drowsy, it is tired to work."

I remembered that once he started in class as if just awake. Even yet I did not realize the truth. We reached a turning. "Good-bye, sir," he said, bowing low.

The next day he came to see me, shy but courteous, and full of strange Buddhist lore. As a result of that visit I was here among the patient cows. He broke in upon my reverie. "I am now ready to start, sir. A crate of the warm bottles was put into a covered handcart. He lighted a paper lantern, explaining its Chinese lettering to me, and then backed between the shafts. He had on his great-coat, but neither cap nor shoes. As we crossed the courtyard I heard his bare feet crunching the ice of the pools. Every few seconds the north-western sky burst into electric flame.

"Have you had breakfast?" I asked.

"Breakfast and dinner are equal." He laughed again.

"You eat nothing until noon?"

"No, sir."

I had filled my pockets with oranges fresh from the tree and shelled walnuts. We shared, and as he ate I drew the cart. Its inside rattled as we crossed the little bridges. We were soon in the darkest of bamboo-fenced lanes. I held the metal ends of the shafts. They were cold, and the frost almost split my knuckles.

This began the strangest and most devious of wanderings in a city which is itself a labyrinth. Once every two minutes we turned a right angle. I knew some of those alleys by day, but now I was lost. Everything took unnatural form; the night air rustled with the sound of the shallow mountain river on whose bank that suburb stood, and those eerie flashes from a storm on the Japan Sea started us anon. No soul was abroad, but we heard the sleepers behind their paper walls. Ill-clad kurumaya-jiriksha men—coughed in their dim stalls, waiting for the telephone summons.

We had milk for fifty houses, and the round takes three hours. On weekdays Aratama finishes at seven, leaves his cart somewhere, washes his feet in a brook, puts on cap and boots, and get in an hour's study before school begins at eight. Finishing at two or three, he pulls home the cart and washes hot

the all the afternoon. Infinite trouble these customers are. Every morning they find a wee bottle—five of them go to a quart—hanging on a hook or hidden by the gate, but little they know of the man who serves them. To deliver the last-half-pint we walked two miles through the business quarter of the city. I dug it out of Aratama that he has also to find the customers for his master, and that he has been keeping himself alive in this way for three years without a day's break. Once a month he collects the money, and his takings are \$20. Of this he receives a small percentage as wages, out of which he must pay the school five shillings a month. What he lives on is a mystery. As we turned homewards a faint light made the eastern stars pale.

"What do you call that in England?" he asked. "We say Higashi-gashiramo."

"The day breaks," I reply.

This was Aratama's last round as a milk-boy. The new era is waiting for such as he.

**How Britain Got Into Debt.**

The Lloyd-George programme of public finance, whose promulgation a year ago precipitated the most remarkable fiscal controversy in the history of modern England, was the logical outcome of a situation long in process of development. Speaking broadly, it was during England's twenty-two-year contest with France that the nation was started upon the career of indebtedness, public expenditure, and augmented taxation. The struggle with the French was easily the costliest of all modern wars. Upon it Great Britain expended £31,500,000 (\$415,500,000)—very much more than the aggregate outlay of the nation upon all other wars in which it had a part since the times of Oliver Cromwell. The consequence was threefold. The national debt, which in 1792 stood at £237,000,000, was augmented by £622,000,000. In the second place, there was a great leap upward in ordinary, recurring expenditures. After 1815 the army and navy called for an outlay of from three to four times the amounts allocated to these services in Pitt's frugal budgets prior to the war; while the annual interest charge upon the debt had come to be £12,000,000, or upwards of twice the total public expenditure for all purposes in 1792. A third consequence was the piling up of taxation beyond all precedent, so that a yield of £19,260,000 in 1792 had been raised, by 1815, to £74,500,000. And although after the restoration of peace there was some remission of taxation, so that by 1818 the yield had been reduced to £59,500,000, far the larger part of the burden imposed by the costs of the French wars has been carried by the taxpayers of the realm from that day. But for interest charges imposed by Camperdown and Trafalgar and Waterloo, Mr. Lloyd-George would have had ample means a year ago for the paying of pensions to the aged and the building of new Dreadnoughts without the necessity of additional taxation.

**A Quaint Old Breton Village.**

Change seldom visits a Breton village. Its sentiment is of the past, and its people are rooted to their customs as firmly as their oaks to the soil. Their houses of solid masonry appear to belong to the ground, sombre in color as though blackened by the ages and immovable to the end of time. The hotel at the head of the Place bespoke a certain ordered decorousness not to be trifled with, but the old inn at the foot was Bohemia itself. Dogs occupied equal room with the proper guests. In the rangey kitchen, the time-darkened fireplace was framed in a blazonment of brass and copper utensils, which, blinked, flashed, glowed, according to the ever-changing humor of the light. Flanking the fireplace were two great Breton beds, one richly carved, into which, at some mysterious hour crept, as into a ship's berth, the mistress and her maids, to dream behind their latched doors as in the days when each man shut himself from nocturnal prowlers behind such bars. The dining-room just beyond was patrolled from ceiling to wainscot with the work of many men. It would seem that most of the painters of the world had at some time journeyed to Pont-Aven! Here manners were of the easiest, and after dinner, at which the artists elbowed the collectors of taxes and the little notary, the air would grow heavy with a fog of tobacco fumes, but crackling with quip and repartee.

**Campaign Against White Plague.**

The latest and the most helpful note sounded in the civilized world's campaign against the White Plague is the education of American school-children to avoid tuberculosis, asserts the Woman's Home Companion. The campaign itself may be described as a dual movement. On the one hand, are arrayed notification, registration and segregation of those tainted with tuberculosis; and on the other, education and prevention for the untainted. The greatest of these is the education of the rising generation, who, through this means, may live to see tuberculosis stamped out of all civilized countries. So, while municipal governments and private charities are weeding out cases which would spread the disease, supplying outdoor sanatoria for the curable and refuges for the incurable, half a dozen powerful agencies are pushing the sane and sensible campaign of education among school-children, with a view to eliminating the disease entirely in the generations to come.

The one preventive of tuberculosis is right living. The place to teach right living is in the schools. Millions of children are well worth saving physically as well as mentally. And if twenty-five million children in America of this generation are taught how not to have tuberculosis, the disease will not exist for the next generation.

The greatest artists have devoted their genius to the drawing of cartoons for tapestry. The celebrated series of the "Acts of the Apostles," by Raphael, hangs in the galleries of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Charles I. bought them for England, acting on the advice of Rubens, a hundred years after Raphael's death. Tapestries worked in Brussels from these cartoons hang in the Vatican, and other sets can be seen in Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna. Rubens and his compatriot Vandyck also made cartoons for the tapestry works, which were established at Mortlake by James I. and flourished for a century. Several lovely tapestries are also to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The largest pin factory is at Birmingham, England. It turns out 37,000,000 pins every day.

**THE POWER OF KINDNESS.**

A Name Who Won Name For Justice and Humanity to Indians.

William Penn, founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, was distinguished for justice and humanity in treating with the Indians whose territory he meant to occupy. After his first purchase he wished to obtain another portion of their lands, and offered to buy it. It was agreed that in exchange for a certain quantity of goods, Penn should have as much land as a young Englishman could walk around in a day. After the land had been measured in this primitive manner, the Indians were greatly dissatisfied, for the youth had walked much faster and farther than they had expected. They said to Penn: "The walker cheated us." "How can that be?" said Penn. "Did not you yourselves choose to have the land measured in this way?" "True," replied the Indians; "but white brother make a big walk." Some of the colonists insisted that the Indians should be compelled to abide by the bargain. "Compelled!" exclaimed Penn; "how can you compel them without bloodshed?" Then turning to the Indians, he said: "Well, brothers, if we have given you too little for the land, how much more will satisfy you?" They asked for additional cloth and fishhooks, which being cheerfully given, they retired perfectly satisfied. The governor, looking round on his friends, exclaimed: "Oh, how cheap and powerful a thing is kindness! Some of you spoke of compelling these poor creatures to abide by their bargain; I have compelled them—but by another and mightier power than that of the sword—the power of kindness." Penn's justice and kindness did not pass unrewarded. The red men became the warm friends of the white stranger, and towards him and his followers they buried the war-hatchet. And when the colony of Pennsylvania was pressed for provisions during a time of scarcity, the Indians cheerfully came forward with the product of their hunting.

**Would Be Fine Site.**



Serious proposals are being made for the provision of a royal residence in Wales; and a group of Welsh nobles are intent on securing Penrhyn Castle, Bangor, as the home of the heir to the throne. This castle, of the stately rather than picturesque style of an earlier palace, belonging to Roderick the Great, who filled a place in history during part of the eighth century. The present structure, which is Norman, and castellated, is one hundred years old, and cost a million pounds sterling to build. Some of its apartments are in superb style of ornamentation, the ebony robor especially being one of the most beautiful in Europe. Since the death of the late Lord Penrhyn the castle has been more frequently open to visitors, and its antiquarian and art collections make it of great interest.

**New York's Strong Call.**

In Westminster Presbyterian church, Detroit, Rev. Charles Stelzle, of New York, spoke on "Labor and the Church." The great mass of indifferent ones are those whose interest in life has been destroyed by long hours of labor; by back-breaking toil, who are going through life, not living, but existing, like animals," said the preacher. "Preach hell fire to these? What they need is coaching to enable them to get out of the hell in which they are now living. Many would gladly welcome death to get rid of their burden, and would take their own lives if it were not for their obligations to others. Men of the church have the power to crush out the modern social evils that are weighing and breaking the hearts of laboring poor. If they are not crushed out, it means that the men of the church have failed in their responsibility."

Read the Vedic literature of Hinduism and you admire it—in spots; read the Buddhist sacred writings, and you find admirable precepts; read the Confucian classics and you receive worthy suggestions for conduct. Read the Bible and you find life. Beyond all other literature, and in an utterly unique manner, the Scriptures somehow impart life. They start new spirit-impulses. They make over character. So we find that Bible-reading nations represent unquestionably the highest attainment yet of civilization.

Comets have been regarded with terror and with welcome in the popular mind. The appearance of Halley's comet, 1456, just as the Turks had become masters of Constantinople and threatened an advance into Europe, was regarded by Christendom with a superstitious dread, and to the Ave Maria was added the prayer: "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet." At Constantinople the occurrence of a lunar eclipse at the same time increased the portentousness of the skies.

Birmingham, Ala., affords an illustration of the results of prohibition. Three years ago the city had two hundred saloons. When local option was in Jefferson county, Birmingham became dry. It was a bad season in trade, with strikes and a panic; yet capital invested in Birmingham increased from \$13,500,000 to \$17,000,000 in a year; crime decreased 50 per cent; there was a decrease of 172 in the number of violent deaths and a decrease of 4,500 in the arrests.

The variation of Napoleon's signature according to his moods has been interestingly portrayed by facilities in March Popular Mechanics. The difference between the ordinary signature written after the victory at Austerlitz and the blotted scrawl after the defeat of Leipzig is very striking. One of the most remarkable sights in America is the attendance of Mothers with children in their arms in the Philadelphia night schools.

**ARCHDEACON'S ATTITUDE.**

The Ethical Side of Liquor Indulgence—Made a Battery of Attack.

The British mail brought reports of a sermon given in Manchester by the Archdeacon of London, Dr. Sinclair, in which a very generous construction was put upon the ethical side of liquor indulgence. At once the newspapers made him the battery of attack, inflamed by a report that the Archdeacon held brewery stock, of face value of \$100,000. The Archdeacon has written to the press this statement:

"I do not often trouble the newspapers with correspondence, but a contracted report of a sermon sometimes fails to do strict justice to what was said. The greater part of my sermon at Manchester was directed to the difference between right and wrong, and I urged the members of the trade who were before me to cultivate honesty, sincerity, and truthfulness, and to avoid covetousness, anger, revenge, and hatred. I asked them, in their dealings with their fellow men, to consider the gravity of leading others 'into sin,' as is the case of so much wrongdoing; an evil emphasized by our Lord's tremendous denunciation, which gives the ideal for the production of children from all wrong: 'Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me,' etc. I warned them that 'many working men and women spend more than they should in indulgence in drink, a fact which I had deplored in many a sermon for temperance, though that cause was undoubtedly gaining strength through education, a result which I, who had been throughout my life a strong advocate in its favor, rejoiced to see. I reminded them that it is from the heart that come those tainted issues which defile human nature. At the same time I could not join in the wholesale condemnation of a trade which, as absolutely demanded by the vast majority of the people, needed improvement rather than forcible suppression. I said that while the abuse of alcoholic beverages was condemned in Scripture as we should wish it to be, the legitimate use was nowhere discouraged. My allusion to the example of Christ was not in the least as to the conduct of public-houses, but as to the fact that neither by precept nor practice did He judge the habits of His countrymen; by His contrast of His own custom with that of St. John Baptist the Nazirite, and in other ways. He showed that He ate and drank whatever was put before Him, like anybody else. Strange, and I must add unscriptural, arguments are used to minimize or get rid of the miracle of Cana in Galilee; all I ask is that candid persons should look facts in the face. I sympathize in the highest degree with every abstainer who is added to the roll; all that I plead is that they should not judge others, lest they, too, should be judged. My attention has been called to a statement with regard to certain shares in my possession. But for a considerable time past my agents have had instructions to dispose of this property."

**A Japanese View of License.**

An officer from Japan, visiting America, while looking about a big city, saw a man stop a milk wagon. "Is he going to arrest the man?" he asked.

"No," was the answer; "he must see that the milk sold is pure, with no water or chalk mixed with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?"

"No; but people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Passing a whiskey saloon, a man staggered out, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell to the sidewalk. "What is the matter with that man?"

"He is full of bad whiskey."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes; a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whiskey as you do the milk?" asked the Japanese. "No."

"At the markets they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthy. 'I can't understand your country,' said the Jap. 'You watch the meat and the milk, and let men sell whiskey as much as they please.'"

**We Are Never So Impartial.**

Toronto News.

A few months ago a New York Chinaman was accused of luring a Sunday school teacher to his rooms and there doing her to death. The publication of the story caused widespread indignation, and throughout the country men and newspapers rained indiscriminate denunciations upon the unprotected heads of Orientals domiciled in America. New York has again been the scene of a brutal abduction and murder of a young girl. This time the accused is a white man, but no general condemnation of the Caucasians results, nor is it demanded that all whites be expelled from this continent summarily. Our sense of justice still is tempered by the color of the offender's skin. The difficulty of harmonizing two divergent civilizations make it necessary to oppose the admission of Asiatics, but those permitted to land should be treated reasonably.

**Are Good Manners Vanishing?**

Hamilton Times.

If there is any force in the saying that "manners make the man," it must be admitted that this is a rather poor age for the manufacture of men—or women. In the education of our boys and girls the last thing that attention is given is their manners. Indeed, so full are the school curricula, so many distractions there are to home life, that too often the boys and girls are sent into the world as educated savages, knowing nothing of manners and innocent of that polish and grace, that consideration for the rights, comfort, and finer feelings of others, which contribute so much to the advancement of life.

**Avoid Fierce Sensationalism.**

The Baptist.

Rev. J. H. Jowett, in his presidential address at the opening, at Hull, of the annual Congress of the Free Church Council, speaking on the work of the ministers, said: "First of all, we must avoid a fierce sensationalism. This peril is already at our gates, in some quarters it has become an actual menace, and here and there the menace has become a destruction 'that wasteth at noonday.' There is no need to be vulgar in the attempt to be familiar. We never reach the innermost room in any man's soul by the expedients of the showman or the buffoon."

**THE QUEEN'S**

Toronto, the Queen City of Canada, has much of the beautiful. It is found in the many handsome churches, artistic public buildings, imposing offices, public drives, parks and gardens. Its government buildings are fine. Of hotels there are many; none, however, approaching the Queen's for perfect service, quiet comfort, and homelike surroundings, and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine. Its fame is far-reaching, and many members with pleasure the hours spent within its hospitable walls. The charges are based on the American and European plan, and are as follows:

\* Rooms without bath (American Plan) \$3.00 per day up; Rooms with bath (American Plan) \$3.50 per day up; Rooms (European Plan) \$1.50 per day up

**SAVED FROM AN OPERATION**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bellefleur, Que.—"Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—MRS. JERMA CHAZEL, Valleyfield, Bellefleur, Quebec.

**Another Operation Avoided.**

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—JERMA V. HENRY, R.F.D. 4.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases.

**Hunters and Trappers**

WILL GET THE Best Market Price, Honest Treatment, Correct Assortment, Quick Returns, by shipping their Raw Furs and Skins TO REVILLON FRERES ESTABLISHED 1790 the old reliable Firm of the Fur Trade. 134 and 136 McGill St. Montreal. Ask for our Free 1909/10 Price List. WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES.

**For Coughs, Colds, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, CROUP, ASTHMA, PAIN or TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST and all BRONCHIAL or LUNG TROUBLES there is nothing so equal**

**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.**

It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Windsor, Ont. writes: "I was troubled with a nasty hacking cough for the past six months and used a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am well without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pins from the top mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup." Manufactured only by The T. Millham Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**CARLING'S**  
LIQUID  
**MALT EXTRACT**

A Strengthening and Stimulating Tonic for Invalids and convalescents, indispensable for nursing mothers.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. SOLE AGENTS.

Why doesn't the interstate commerce commission go after the fishermen for reinventing?