

Get SCOTT'S Emulsion

When you go to a drug store and ask for Scott's Emulsion you know what you want; the man knows you ought to have it. Don't be surprised, though, if you are offered something else. Wines, cordials, extracts, etc., of cod liver oil are plentiful but don't imagine you are getting cod liver oil when you take them. Every year for thirty years we've been increasing the sales of Scott's Emulsion. Why? Because it has always been better than any substitute for it.

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and \$1.00. All druggists

A HUMAN DOCUMENT.

Life Story of a Man who was a Tramp and Became a Millionaire.

Railway officials frequently hear remarkable stories of life and adventure as they come into contact with all classes and conditions of men.

A well known publisher in Chicago, who is probably worth a million dollars, told a C. P. R. official the other day, the following story:—

A young man named Brown (only Brown is not his name) left college many years ago and rushed off to Nevada at the time of the silver fever there. The thing fizzled out; the young man was too proud to tell his father of his failure; and he started to walk east. He soon became red in the face from exposure; his hair and beard grew; his clothes became torn ragged and dusty; the dogs, with that unerring instinct for respectability, leaped at the Bohemian; and the farmers refused him food. He ate from what the fields afforded, slept out at night, and herded with the tramps. He learned the language of the latter, and began to find, with a sort of horror, that he might learn to like this nomadic life. He tried to get work, but the farmers would not let him even talk to them. One day he came across a great building which was in the course of erection. This proved to be an asylum. He asked the foreman for a job. The latter looked at him in disgust and turned away. A sub-foreman remarked that they wanted a man to run up the ladder with pots of boiling tar to put on the roof. Would the tramp take such a job. Brown said 'thanks,' and looked longingly at the eating quarters.

'Go in and get a square meal,' said the sub-foreman, with rough kindness.

Brown ate reverently, and then, with glee in his heart, and the hope of rehabilitation, got hold of a pot of boiling tar and ascended the ladder with it. He was so happy in the thought of a square meal and in the security of employment, after the hardships he had suffered, that he pulled the rope with all his might. The pot of tar hit the cross beam, where the man was standing to receive it, and by a tragical stroke of fate, the contents fell upon a couple of mules which were passing beneath. The mules screamed in anguish, with a cry like human creatures in mortal agony, and then dashed madly over the place, knocking down tents, rushing through the eating quarters, and generally producing chaos. Brown rushed down the ladder and made off at the top of his speed to the open country, in the hot crowd of workmen following in his pursuit. At college he had been a sprinter, and this fact stood him in good stead for had he been caught he would have fared badly.

This was his only chance, as it appeared, and he had lost it. Despair was taking hold of him. He tramped on until he came to a large field, in which he saw a crowd of people. He learned that sports were going forward. He saw by the bills that there was to be a hundred yards' dash for twenty dollars in gold. He thought that if he had a dollar in the world this would be chance number two. He went up to a happy young couple on the stand, and explained his situation and his intention. The young man told him to get out; the young woman rose, put her hand in her pocket, and said she would give Brown a dollar. Her companion, not to be outdone by a girl, handed Brown a dollar himself. When Brown presented his entrance fee, the officials demurred at allowing him to run, when one of the authorities said that the tramp would be the success of the day from the spectacular point of view. Brown toed the mark, the pistol cracked, and the competitors started. Brown said afterwards that he was running that day, not for sport or pride, but for his very life. He

felt that if he did not win that twenty dollars he would be lost forever.

The crowd cheered and jeered; they laughed at the tatters flying in the wind—and which threatened to part company with his body. But Brown was a sprinter, and the hundred yards' dash was his own. He won easily and got the prize. He went back to the young couple and offered the dollar he had received. They refused to take it. Brown bought a suit of clothes, and in the next town became a book canvasser. He was an educated man; he proved to be a success; he was given, in due course, an interest in the business of the firm, of which, in later years, he became a partner, and is now credited with a fortune of over a million dollars.

The story came out through a reference to the fascination of the tramp life. Reference was made to Robert Louis Stevenson and Walt Whitman, who lived and loved the gypsy life, which recalled to the fine, middle-aged gentleman his own life story.

Don't Let Your Ambition Cool.

The idea seems to be pretty general that ambition is born in us, that we have little or nothing to do with its acquisition or cultivation, and that we cannot modify, enlarge, stimulate or improve it to any great extent. A study of life does not confirm this idea; that the ambition is cultivatable quality, capable of being moulded or destroyed according as we will, is demonstrated every day in the lives of those about us. We see people in whom the spark of ambition is kindled suddenly by the reading of a book, the hearing of a lecture or the speaking of a kindly word by a friend or teacher, and, on the other hand, we see those who allow their ambition slowly to die out for want of fuel.

The death of ambition is one of the tragedies of life. When a young man feels his ambition begin to fade there is trouble somewhere. Either he is in the wrong environment and his faculties protest against what he is trying to do, or some vicious habit is draining his energy, or his health is poor, or he is being led into dissipation by bad companions. A youth whose ambition begins to wane is not in a normal condition. When he is not stimulated by a noble purpose, and filled with a desire to become a strong man among men, there is something wrong somewhere.—'Success.'

Housecleaning Hints.

Keep all pieces of clean tissue paper, no matter how crinkled, to polish mirrors and windows.

Turpentine sprinkled among clothes or put about a closet will prevent moths abiding as well as exterminate cockroaches.

Clean the keys of the piano with a soft cloth dampened with alcohol and wipe quickly with a clean, dry cloth.

Take a day to overhaul the door and window screens, if they are not cleaned and mended when put away last fall.

A large packing box having the cover hinged for a lid that will fit closely, provides a desirable chest for winter clothing, if carefully lined with tar paper throughout.

Bagdad portieres unless cleaned in gasoline should be ripped apart when washed. Soap should not be rubbed on them and the strips should be washed separately, quickly rinsed and dried.

Brass on bedsteads should be rubbed every day with a soft cloth, and when discolored a little sweet oil rubbed in thoroughly with a finishing polish by chamois. Ordinary brass polish will destroy the lacquer finish put on to prevent the brass from tarnishing.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS SICK?

Let your morning urine stand for 24 hours in a glass or vessel, and then if it is milky or cloudy, or contains a reddish brick-dust sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If the kidneys are well they filter just so much blood, but if they are sick or weak from any cause, they leave the poison in the blood, and this poison affects the entire system.

It is natural to pass urine three times a day, but many who regard themselves as healthy are obliged to pass water six to ten times daily and are obliged to get up frequently during the night. They have sick kidneys and bladder and don't know it. Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills cure Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder diseases, and make new, rich blood.

We will send you a generous sample post paid free, together with our large book on the above mentioned diseases. Address, W. F. Smith Co., 185 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS
A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER ILLS.
AT ALL DEALERS 25 CENTS.
A CURE AT THE PEOPLES PRICE.

We Paid \$100,000

For Liquozone, Yet We Give You a 50c. Bottle Free.

We paid \$100,000 for the American rights to Liquozone; the highest price ever paid for similar rights on any scientific discovery. We did this after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, in this country and others. We cured all kinds of germ diseases with it—thousands of the most difficult cases obtainable. We proved that in germ troubles it always accomplishes what medicine cannot do. Now we ask you to try it—try it at our expense. Test it as we did; see what it does. Then you will use it always, as we do, and as millions of others do. You will use it, not only to get well, but to keep well. And it will save nearly all of your sickness.

Kills Inside Germs.

Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

The result is a liquid that does what oxygen does. It is a nerve food and blood food—the most helpful thing in the world to you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing, purifying. Yet it is a germicide so certain that we publish on every bottle an offer of \$1,000 for a disease germ that it cannot kill.

The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetal matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that we have spent over one million dollars to supply the first bottle free to each sick one we learned of.

Germ Diseases.

These are the known germ diseases. All that medicine can do for these troubles is to help Nature overcome the germs, and such results are indirect and uncertain. Liquozone attacks the germs, wherever they are. And when the germs which cause a disease are destroyed, the disease must end, and forever. That is inevitable.

Asthma
Abscess—Anemia
Bronchitis
Blood Poison
Bright's Disease
Bowel Troubles
Coughs—Colds
Consumption
Colic—Croup
Constipation
Cararrh—Cancer
Dysentery—Diarrhea
Dandruff—Dropsy
Dyspepsia
Eczema—Erysipelas
Hay Fever—Influenza
Kidney Diseases
La Grippe
Leucorrhea
Liver Troubles
Malaria—Neuralgia
Many Heart Troubles
Piles—Pneumonia
Pleurisy—Quinsy
Rheumatism
Scrofula—Syphilis
Skin Diseases
Stomach Troubles
Throat Troubles
Tuberculosis

Fever—Gall Stones
Gout—Gonorrhea
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Wounds—Ulcers
All diseases that begin with fever, inflammation—all catarrhs—all conditions—all the results of impure or poisoned blood.
In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a tonic, accomplishing what no drugs can do.

50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and we will pay the druggist ourselves for it. This is our free gift, made to convince you; to show you what Liquozone is, and what it can do. In justice to yourself, please, accept it to-day, for it places you under no obligation whatever.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON
for this offer may not appear again. Fill out the blanks and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 55-56 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....
I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c. bottle free I will take it.

1 2 3 4

B A Give full address—write plainly.

Any physician or hospital not using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.

A Word to the Farmers.

We wish to draw your attention to a new line of goods we are introducing. This line of goods is new to the farmers in this section of the country, but in the United States and Upper Canada it has been used by the farmers very extensively, and has given the very best results.

This line consists of:—

COWS' RELIEF.

The great twelve hours' cure for udder troubles. It is the original specific for all troubles of the cow's udder and teats.

COW TONE.

The only scientific, constitutional disinfectant and milk producer that acts as a destroyer of germs by constitutional process and acts harmoniously upon the food elements and digestive organs to convert the largest possible proportion of foodstuffs into milk.

ARABIAN SCRATCHES AND GALL CURE.

As the name signifies, is a very superior article for all kinds of soreness and skin diseases of the horse.

CALVES CORDIAL

Is a scientific combination of ingredients for the cure of scours in cows and calves caused by the unnatural condition of the stomach and bowels.

COMMON SENSE CALF FEEDER

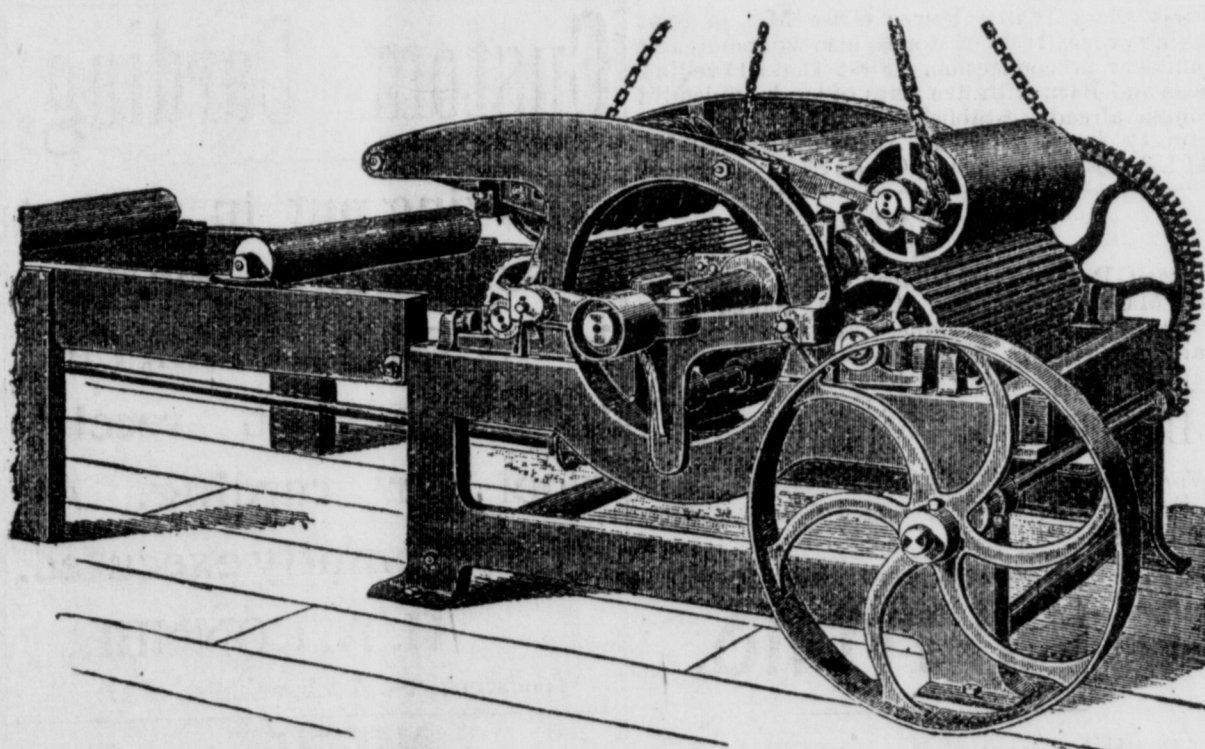
Is a combination of scientific principles and practical ideas in the rearing of better calves at less cost with less vexation.

We would like the farmers to give these goods a trial, and if not satisfactory money will be refunded.

Write us for circulars.

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON.

IMPROVED GANG EDGER.



This machine has been designed to meet the requirements of all saw mills, whether for use in portable or stationery mills.

The machine will take saws up to 20 inch diameter.

Weight when ready for shipment, 3,000 pounds.

For further particulars apply to

Small & Fisher Company, Limited,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

New Way of Quieting Horses.

An interesting story comes from Leseur, Minn., in regard to a wonderful invention for stopping runaway horses. It is the invention of Prof. Treadwell Merritt, and it consists of a spring gun which is fastened to the front part of a wagon or buggy, in easy reach of the hand, and in case the horse or horses start to run, the gun is seized, drawn from its water and dust proof holder, and, pointing it at the runaway animal, or animals, the driver discharges rapidly from the gun a number of pointed darts which prick the skin of the horses and instantly paralyze their muscles with a drug that acts very quickly, but not at all permanently, and does not injure the horses at all.

The exhibition given by the professor was very interesting. He borrowed a vicious runaway horse from Peter Wedgewood and hitched it to a buggy, and then, seating himself in the buggy, with a gun in place, he whipped the horse into a run on Main street and then threw the lines out on the ground. The horse is a large, powerful animal, and ran with terrific speed for a hundred feet or more. Then the professor reached forward, took up the gun and shot two of the little darts into the horse which staggered forward a few steps and then stopped, standing upright but with muscles relaxed and head drooping. It was about 10 minutes before he recovered, and then he was as wild and vicious as ever.

Brevity.

Spartan brevity has not perished from the earth. Sometimes it is found in primitive perfection in the by-roads of western Massachusetts. This story illustrates it.

Two farmers were in the habit of meeting twice a week on a Hampshire county turnpike. One morning the following conversation took place:—

"Mornin'."
"Mornin'."
"Thet hoss o' yours that was 'zooty, what did ye give him?"
"Turpentine."
"Mornin'."
"Mornin'."

A week later the same two met on the same road. The dialogue was as follows:—
"Mornin'."
"Mornin'."

"Give my hoss turpentine sams ez you given yours. Killed him."
"Killed mine, too."
"Mornin'."
"Mornin'."

Our Own Dictionary.

WORK (AS worry - - k), v. i. l. To labor, to hustle, to slave, to hold a job for which wages are paid.

I've WORKED eight hours this day.

And I think I've earned my pay.

—Byron, Childs Harold.

2. To maintain a position for which a salary is accepted.

The editor WORKS very hard.

—Grimm's Fairy Tales.

WORK, v. t. To harnswoggle, to horse a man, as of David Harum, to sell a piece of old stock, etc.

Now, by'r Lady, how this Cassie WORK'D. The sapient men she came in contact with.—Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Ohio, Act 1.

WORK, n. 1. A magnum opus, a peach-erino, a gazelle.

Lillian Russell is a fine piece of WORK.

2. A masterpiece of literature, music or art.—Proverbs, xxii.

Dickens' WORKS, \$2 98