

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a Cold. Cure the Cold and the Cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out Cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the Cold won't come back is to use

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Imitation Milk.

Something new in the way of milk has, says Saturday Evening Post, recently been introduced in Germany. It is an artificial product, not even of animal origin, being composed of a mixture of glucose syrup and oil of sesame, to which albumen is added to give the requisite emulsifying effect.

Cow's milk, of course, is an emulsion—the term meaning simply that the particles of fat are held in suspension, distributed through the fluid. As for sesame, it is a grain, better known in Europe than in this country. We are acquainted with it, indeed, chiefly as the magic word with which Ali Baba, in the Arabian Nights, compelled the door of the robbers' caves to open. It is rich in oil, which, extracted by pressure, takes the place of the butter-fat in the artificial milk described.

This imitation milk is sold in a concentrated form—a thick liquid of light yellow color, which is described as sweetish and of an agreeable nutlike flavor. It is used by bakers, being reduced to the proper consistency by mixing it with nine times its bulk of water. Though analysis shows that it has much less food value than cow's milk—its percentage of sugar and albuminoids being low, and the important mineral salts entirely absent—it seems to serve just as well for flavoring. Its employment cannot be detected even by an expert chemist, and it possesses the great advantage of cheapness.

Thoughts.

It is not accident that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry. To the feeble, the sluggish and the purposeless, the happiest accidents will avail nothing—they pass them by, seeing no meaning in them. But it is astonishing how much can be accomplished if we are prompt to seize and improve the opportunities for action and effort which are constantly presenting themselves. Watt taught himself chemistry and mechanics while working at his trade of a mathematical instrument-maker, at the same time that he was learning German from a Swiss dyer. Stephenson taught himself arithmetic and mensuration while working as an engine-man during the night shifts; and when he could snatch a few moments in the intervals allowed for meals during the day he worked his sums with a bit of chalk upon the sides of the colliery waggons. Dalton's in-

dustry was the habit of his life. He began from his boyhood, for he taught a little village school when he was only about twelve years old, keeping the school in winter and working upon his father's farm in summer. He would sometimes urge himself and companions to study by the stimulus of a bet, though bred a Quaker; and on one occasion, by his satisfactory solution of a problem, he won as much as enabled him to buy a winter's store of candles. He continued his meteorological observations until a day or two before he died—having made and recorded upward of 200,000 in the course of his life.

Losses Due to Neglect.

Prof. Oscar Erf, of the Kansas State Dairy School, says:

Two years ago the dairy and animal husbandry department of the Kansas experiment station undertook to determine the loss that could be attributed to neglect by not sheltering the cow. The relation of the comfort of the cow and the cash received for her products is one that every dairyman should study. Enough good food and pure water, shelter from heat in summer and storms in winter, kind treatment, are just the conditions man demands for his own comfort and just what is due to every animal from every owner, from an economical standpoint.

On several occasions some of the cows were exposed to a temperature ranging from 18 to 50 degrees, for several days at a time. A previous record was taken of the cows to get their approximate average daily production when kept in a comfortable stable. The milk was weighed, the test was taken, the amount of food and the weight of the animal were determined. The experiment indicated a loss of twelve per cent. on the quantity of milk and eleven per cent. on butter fat. The animals were fed three pounds more of the grain ration, but their weight was approximately the same. The loss, including feed, amounted to \$0.047 per cow per day. There were 52 days when the thermometer registered 32 degrees or below. Accordingly, the total loss for the year, per cow, is \$2.44, or \$48.80 on a herd of twenty cows. This represents eight per cent. interest on a \$620 cow stable of twenty-cow capacity. This past winter, during the coldest spell, when the temperature reached a point of twenty degrees below zero cows stabled in a well-constructed stable and properly bedded decreased 8.9 per cent. from their normal milk flow. No cows were kept outside during this cold weather, but judging from the result obtained in the stable where the temperature was never lower than 28 degrees during this time, it seemed entirely impracticable to expose a milk cow to such extreme temperatures and storms.

Keen Scent.

Mrs. Jones was in the habit of giving Henry a large piece of chocolate-cake whenever he came to see her; but one day, when she was expecting company, she left the cake uncut and did not offer him any.

For a time Henry waited, and then remarked, "Mrs. Jones, it seems to me I smell chocolate-cake!"

Mrs. Jones laughed, and going to the cupboard cut him a tiny slice. "That's all there is for you today, Henry," she declared, as she returned with it.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jones," said the child, politely disappointed, and then added with a great sigh, "Seems strange that I could smell so small a piece."

for the outfit."

He answered it at once in this wise: "Dear John. What is the study?"

To the query came this rejoinder: "Dear Father. It is golf."

Accordance.

He who with bold and skilful hand sweeps o'er

The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
Though on his ear falls out a thunderous roar,—

In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm, and hymn

True to the changeless laws of harmony,
So he who on these changing chords of life
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score

Of truth, and love and duty, evermore,
Knows, too, that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

Anna C. L. Botta.

Old Friend Returns.

(St. Stephen Courier.)

N. W. Brown, inspector of schools and a graduate of U. N. B. arrived at Milltown, Saturday evening from the northern parishes of this county, remaining over Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Heaton.

Mr. Brown was formerly principal of the Milltown schools and was deservedly esteemed as a great worker and a practical, painstaking instructor. During his regime he set out about two hundred trees on the several school grounds. Accompanied by Mr. Graham of the school board, he made a tour of inspection of the different grounds. Mr. Brown expressed great satisfaction when he found the trees had thrived so well, hardly believing they were the same trees he had planted eighteen years ago. They also visited the different departments of the high school, including the manual training department which has been added since he taught here. In this parish and all over the county his host of friends are greatly pleased at his recent appointment as inspector. Mr. Brown left Monday morning to resume his duties.

How's This?

We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Lazy Lascars.

To just how fine a point laziness or imperturbability may be carried was illustrated to the passengers on a Staten Island ferry boat the other day by three Lascars, who were a part of the crew of an English tramp steamer that was lying at anchor near the edge of the ship channel between the Statute of Liberty and Robbins Reef Light. The three men were on a plank that was swung down on the side of the vessel, and they were supposed to be painting the hull with that brilliant red color that always seems to be so necessary a part of the appearance of all tramps of the sea. But they weren't really working. They were just loafing, squatted down on their heels, watching the ferry-boat as it swept toward their craft. The big boat sent a swell out from each side of it, and just as it came up to the tramp the pilot had to check the speed of the boat, owing to a tow that was crossing its course. The waves rolled on toward the side of the tramp, however, and just before the first one reached the plank the three Lascars rose to their feet and stood erect until the last wave had washed over the plank on which they were standing. Then, as one man, they squatted on their heels again.—Pittsburg 'Despatch.'

Cat Ate Cucumbers.

A cat that ate cucumbers and squashes has just been dispatched in the town of Wells and so far as known there is not another like in York county. The animal has been living on Elm Farm, which is owned by Mrs. Vesta E. Hammond, and for some time the people living on the place have been troubled by some animal eating into the cucumbers that were left and the squashes were faring about as badly. It was a long time before it was discovered what was doing the work. The cucumbers and squashes were harvested and it was thought that they would be all right in the barn. One day Charles Graves, the hired man, went into the barn rather quickly and there found the cat eating away on a ripe cucumber. She had already put one of the squashes out of business so far as its being made into pies was concerned.—Kennebec Journal.

Sir Oliver Lodge on Education.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the principal of Birmingham University, in an address at Smethwick, said that the education of youths was a very vital question. It was madness to let youths run wild and consume their whole time in unintelligent and unskilled work for the sake of wages. The education of the sons of rich people was sometimes for the sake of trivial scholarships; the education of the children of

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There's Warmth,
There's Fit,
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BALMAIN BROS., Connell St., Woodstock

the poor was constantly ruined for the sake of trivial wages. The country paid heavily in untrained and undisciplined young men and women for the paltry outcome of their cheap labor. These spurious economies were really the worst extravagance.

A Comprehensive Job.

The ambitious young metropolis in the far Southwest already boasted of a college and a public library. A wide-awake young man entered the library one evening, and said to the librarian, "I should like the privilege of looking over some of your elementary works on astronomy, geology, botany, metaphysics and commercial law."

"All at once?"
"Yes, sir, if you please."
"We close at half past nine o'clock."
"That will give me time enough."
"Pardon me for asking you," said the librarian, "but why do you wish to see so many books of that kind in one evening?"
"Well," answered the young man, after a moment's hesitation, "I am connected with the new college. I have found, since arriving in town an hour ago, that I am professor of astronomy, geology, botany, metaphysics and commercial law. Recitations begin tomorrow, and I want to 'make good,' at least on the rudiments. The college library is not open at this hour. That is why I came here."

Feeling Overcrowded.

It was doubtless Mrs. Howe's sympathetic nature, to which she constantly referred, that made her carry so many burdens which did not belong to her. Her sufferings were many, but the statement of them often roused her family to mirth.

"How's your head this morning, my dear?" inquired Mr. Howe one morning, in a properly solicitous tone.
"It's no better," came in a hollow voice from behind the teapot. "It won't be any better while I can't get Cousin John's lung and Mary's china and mother's eyes and Harriet's wisdom teeth out of it for one minute."

Tam's Tip.

Tammie Tomson was the 'ne'er-do-weel' of a Scottish village. He had been frequently convicted of poaching and other offenses, and

had paid the penalty in prison. Unwilling to work, he persistently tried all sorts of plans and pleas for extracting money from his townspeople. One day he met the parish minister.

"Mr. B.," Tam began, insinuatingly, "I've some information to gie ye the day that might turn out very usefu' tae ye. But I maun hae half a crown for what I'm gaun tae tell ye—it's worth it a', I assure ye; it might come in rael handy to ye some day."

"Tam, I'm hurrying to a funeral. I have no time to stop and listen to your story."

"On, but, sir, ye'll be sorry if ye dinna get this hint frae me!"

"Tam, I must go on and keep my appointment, but there's a shilling for you; let me proceed."

"Minister, I'll tell ye for the shilling this time," said Tam, in excess of gratitude. "It'll no tak ye a minute to hear it. It's this: If ye're pit in the jail, try and get the second cell on the left han'. Its by far the maist comfortable ane o' them a'."

'No News to Speak Of.'

The correspondent of the 'Adams Enterprise' sends in these items:

'Major Williams had his left leg cut off in a sawmill.'

'Our new preacher had his house burned down yesterday.'

'A circus mule kicked one of our leading citizens on Saturday evening last.'

'The new coroner was run over by a railway train Wednesday.'

'I will close now, as there really is no news to speak of.'—Atlanta 'Constitution.'

A Conservative Position.

An applicant for the post of mistress in a country school was asked, says a writer in the Rural World, what her position was with regard to the whipping of children.

She replied, "My usual position is on a chair with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward."

Teacher—(sternly)—What were you laughing at, Robert?

Bobby—I wasn't laughin', ma'am. My complexion puckered, that's all.



Most people know that if they have been sick they need *Scott's Emulsion* to bring back health and strength.

But the strongest point about *Scott's Emulsion* is that you don't have to be sick to get results from it.

It keeps up the athlete's strength, puts fat on thin people, makes a fretful baby happy, brings color to a pale girl's cheeks, and prevents coughs, colds and consumption.

Food in concentrated form for sick and well, young and old, rich and poor.

And it contains no drugs and no alcohol.

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