

Scott's Emulsion strengthens enfeebled nursing mothers by increasing their flesh and nerve force.



It provides baby with the necessary fat and mineral food for healthy growth.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

The Right of Free Speech.

The right of free speech does not involve a right to incite men to crime. It gives Iago no right to kindle the flame of jealousy in Othello's breast; none to Antony to stir the Roman mob to "burn—fire—kill—slay." There is no law in the statute-book which a citizen may not endeavor to persuade his fellow citizens to repeal; there is none which he may lawfully endeavor to persuade them to violate. The anti-imperialist may argue that all expenditure for a navy is not only useless but pernicious; but no one may incite his neighbor to scuttle a warship. The Quakers may argue that all war is wrong and that the army should be abolished; but no one may incite his neighbor to blow up an armory or assassinate a general. The anarchist may argue that there should be no police to enforce the laws and no laws to be enforced, but he may not persuade his fellows to bomb-throwing. In short all appeals to the reason, however unreasonable, are to be allowed; but not all appeals to the passions. So long as a speaker is endeavoring to induce men by peaceable means to change the law, he is exercising the right of free speech, however radical or even revolutionary the proposed change may be. But he is not exercising that right when he is appealing to the prejudices, exciting the passions and inflaming the animosities of his auditors that he may incite them to violate the law.—The Outlook.

To Build Up After Grip.

There is no restorative treatment comparable to Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Few, if any, diseases so quickly and thoroughly exhaust the human strength and vitality as the grip and pneumonia. A few days sickness and then weeks or even months are required to get back the old vigor.

But by means of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food to sharpen the appetite and to supply in condensed and easily assimilated form the elements which go to form rich, red blood you can hasten recovery and restoration to a remarkable degree.

Without such assistance many drag out a miserable existence of weakness only to become victims to some dreadful disease.

When the blood is thin and weak and the nervous system exhausted, no matter from what cause, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food can be positively relied upon to gradually and naturally build up the system.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmansou, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box.

Inspection of Moving Picture Machines.

While on the subject of building regulations something may be said about a bill which has been introduced in the Ontario Legislature, and which will probably commend itself to the public who patronize moving picture shows. A few weeks ago the press reported accidents resulting from ignition of the films used in such machines and causing a panic among the audience. Experience indicates that their is little danger of such an accident if the machines are in proper order, and are intelligently managed. The danger lies in careless handling, and in permitting the machines to get out of order. Acting on the belief that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, a bill has been introduced which provides for the inspection of all such machines by the police, before they can be used in public buildings.

Fireproof construction of buildings has gone a long way towards making theatre audiences feel more comfortable and free from the dangers which beset a crowd closely assembled in a large hall. But with so inflammable and explosive a material as a gelatine film passing rapidly through a machine, which when out of order is liable to cause friction and result in an explosion, all the fireproofing in the world will be useless in preventing a great disaster some day when the proper circumstances combine unexpectedly to bring it about. As a means of reducing the insurance risk on public buildings, the measure now introduced will be commendable, and as a means of preventing possible disaster, it is a necessity to have effective supervision exercised over so fertile a source of danger. Now is the time to see to it, not later on, when we have learned wisdom by sad experience.—Contract Record.

Plowing on the Farm.

Sod makes the best plowed ground for a fellow to worship, says a nature lover in a contemporary paper. Take an old field that has not been plowed for several years, one that has been a pasture for some time. If a few briars have grown up in it, all the better. Briar roots make the sweetest music in the world as the plow splits through them.

Follow the plow as it sings its song through the sod and listen to the voice of the rending roots. Music? Why, there isn't anything else that approaches it. The screaming of the harness, the groaning of the earth as it is torn open, the clink of chains, the thud with which the long strip of earth twirls over on its back—where are you going to hear such music as that anywhere else but on the farm?

Bottom land looks pretty when it is plowed. Shiny and slick, if it was a little too damp when plowed. If it was in corn last year, the ragged stalks that are crushed under the horses' feet make a pleasant sound, and the low places where the water stood and the mud dried smooth, for all the world like a plate of chocolate fudge, may be inspiring. But for all-around pleasure, for the opera of the farm, take an old pasture.

Stubble fields are tolerably nice when plowed, too. Earth's nearly always soft in them. Lots of dead straw beaten to the ground by the rains, and the beveled ends of the stems that have stood all winter in little furrows, like a fellow's eyebrows, are pleasing to the eye as the plow buries them under the crumbling earth. But stubble fields are not in it with old pastures.

There's too much grating on rocky hillsides. If all of the stones are small; if it is gravelly-like, it may sound all right and look nice enough, only the land will not hold together in a long strip, but rocky hillsides can't compare with old pastures, where the sheep's been and the cows have tramped 'er down hard and firm—a field that lies tolerably level, or at least just rolling enough for a fellow to keep his eye upon an elevation he hopes to reach by the time the supper bell rings.

There's where you are going to find the most music—in the old pasture that is being plowed up. There's where you are going to see the prettiest pictures, and the strangest bugs uncovered by the plowshare. There's where you are most likely to see a mouse's home destroyed—recalling Bobbie Burns and what he said about a little mouse one day when he plowed up its nest.

Shut up all winter in a little room, breathing the noxious gases of a city, tired and worn with the struggle of commerce and of trade—get out into the country this very month and ask some honest farmer to permit you to follow him across the fields. Listen to the music of the plow; scent the odor from the earth fresh rent; solve if you can the mysteries of the growing things that have died that other things may live; talk to this farmer and learn, and then, if he will permit you—and he will—go home and eat dinner with him. If you are not re-created; if you do not return to the city a better man than you left it; if you do not think less of yourself and more of the man who lives upon the farm, then you are incurable.—Toronto World.

An Unfailing Sign.

A lady who was perfectly well, but fancied she was suffering from fever, called on an old and experienced physician to consult him. She described her symptoms at some length, and he listened patiently. At last he said:—"I think I understand your case, madam. Sit perfectly still a few moments and let me look at you."

She complied, and he eyed her attentively for nearly a minute, glancing at his watch once or twice in the meantime.

"There is nothing the matter with you madam," he said. "You haven't the slightest indication of fever. Your heart beat is perfectly normal."

"Why, how do you know, doctor?" she asked in surprise. "You didn't feel my pulse."

"I didn't need to," he answered. "I counted the vibrations of the ostrich feather on your hat." And he bowed her out.—Youth's Companion.

PILES

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 6c. at all dealers or Edmansou, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

To the Student Body.

(New York World.)

By gum! You chaps are going some, Ain't you? You seem to think That brains are on the blink And brute force Is a collage course, With you to say Which way The course shall take In order to make Students out of stuff That looks p. d. rough To people who know A Gentleman Show When they see it. What? Aw, come off the spot! It's a good thing For youth to have its fling; To blow off its surplus spirits, To rip up the night or day, To butt into regulations In any old boyish way; To whoop and yell And to raise—well, To raise turnips—but say, There's a limit to being gay. You represent a greater thing Than merely being young; You're nothing but the spigot now, Some day you'll be the bung; Then, When you're men, You'll show your education; The world will see the stuff That's got the proper polish on Or still is in the rough. You've got a lot to learn besides Your kid curriculum, For common sense is bound to put Your ethics on the bum. Say, Student Body, in the scrap For knowledge or for pelf The mollicoddle is the sort That can't control itself. Bresh, if you will, the college rules That serve to hedge you in, And when you're stung don't say a word, But take your medicine. See?

—W. J. LAMPTON.

On reaching a certain spot the driver turned round on his seat and observed to the passengers:

"From this point the road is only accessible to mules and donkeys; I must, therefore, ask the gentlemen to get out and proceed on foot."—The Catholic News.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?"

"No, mamma; I ast Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it for candy, an' he gave me permission."—Denver News.

Children Enjoy It

"I have used Coltsfoot Eucalypti with the greatest satisfaction with my children. It is a wonderful cure for colds and sore throat. I believe it saved the life of my little son, who was very sick from a protracted cold on his lungs."

MRS. ANNIE BRAMBLER, Orangeville, March 15, 1907.

"I am greatly pleased with the good results we got from Coltsfoot Eucalypti. I get great comfort with it for my children."

MRS. WALTER HAMMOND, 171 Argyle St., Toronto.

Coltsfoot Eucalypti is the greatest home prescription for all throat and chest troubles in the world. No home should be one hour without it. You can have free sample by sending name to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., Toronto. All good druggists keep it. Price, 25c. Send for Free Sample To-day.



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