



That hacking cough continues
Because your system is exhausted and
your powers of resistance weakened.
Take *Scott's Emulsion*.
It builds up and strengthens your entire system.
It contains Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites so
prepared that it is easy to take and easy to digest.
ALL DRUGGISTS: 50c. AND \$1.00

'The Morning Tub.'

(Correspondence London Daily News.)

A few years ago a sister of mine called to see an old lady who lived in a little cottage in Lincolnshire, and in course of conversation happened to mention that she had a cold sponge-down every morning.

"Law, miss!" said the old lady, "and does your mother know?"

"Yes, certainly; and she quite approves."

"Well said the old lady, 'a washes mi face ivvery daay, an' a washes mi neck once a week, but a've niver bin washed all ower since a was a babby.'"

This good lady lived to the old age of ninety-three.

Almost Broke

a Blood Vessel

CURE WAS AFFECTED BY DR.
CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED
AND TURPENTINE.

The necessity of a treatment for coughs and colds being in every home is not confined to the curing of such, but as a preventive of serious results. The accompanying testimonial tells how a girl almost ruptured a blood vessel by strenuous coughing. This could have been avoided by taking Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in time. This preparation acts upon the irritated, inflamed and diseased surfaces of the throat, larynx, bronchia and lungs. It instantly soothes, heals, and promptly cures conditions which, if permitted to develop, are sure to result in lasting misery and death. It is worse than false economy to spare the price of timely treatment and afterwards spend your time, money and waning strength in righting the serious stages of lung diseases, whether these be asthma, bronchitis, or consumption.

Mrs. Herman W. Sargent, Dunkin, Brome Co., Que., writes: "My little girl was taken with a very bad cold, became hot and feverish and coughed so hard we were afraid she would break a blood vessel. For two weeks I doctored her without any improvement, and as we were greatly alarmed we got a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Before the bottle was finished she was entirely cured and we were very thankful for it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine not only heals and soothes the bronchial tubes and lungs, but also effectually clears the air passages by its powers to loosen and throw off the sticky mucous secretion called phlegm. Devoid of opiates and injurious substances, it is the ideal treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and all ailments of the throat and lungs.

Children like it, and, being composed of simple vegetable ingredients, it is suitable for their use. 25 cents a bottle at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every bottle. Write for Dr. Chase's 1608 Calendar Almanac.

Cheerful Thoughts of Springtime.

Out upon the pessimist! Let us believe that this glorious weather has come to stay, and let us gather while we may all the inspiration afforded by this advance springtide. Renovate your lungs with the balmy zephyr and cast out of your mind the probable April days when you'll have to keep your mouth shut to keep out the pneumonia germs. Take a gentle delight in watching the little trees and plants of your garden stealthily budding one by one, and reserve a tender solicitude for the upshooting of each little blade of grass that essays out into the world thru the medium of your front yard, anathematizing each nefarious passerby who steps from the pavement upon your land and, ruthlessly forgetful of Byron's appeal for the flowers and growing things—

"But springs as to preclude his care

And sweetly woos him—but to spare," treads upon and destroys forever those blades of grass you have so anxiously watched from the vantage ground of your porch.

Resurrect your spade and rake and to work. Lay in a stock of seeds and get out of the attic any old clothes that have survived the rummage sales. Discount doctors' bills and dyspepsia and make your garden, but save a little money for the possible second planting. We do not want to be pessimistic, either, but on second thought keep your weather eye open and don't let the cellar get entirely clear of coal or to be too optimistic with those screen doors. Still enjoy yourself all that you may: steal what hours are possible to a hammock in the garden or on the porch and walk always on the porch and walk always on the sunny side of the street, because the pessimists may be right after all.—Toronto World.

Bringing up Baby in Window Box.

(Boston Advertiser.)

There is a very charming old lady, one of the "really grandmother kind," whom I know who has just returned to Boston from a visit to her daughter in New York, and to hear her tell of her daughter's four months' old "window box baby" (her own word for him), is interesting, to say the very least.

The occasion for her visit, aside from her anxiety to see her first grandson, was to take care of that very small person while his mother, who was obliged to go to Philadelphia, was away.

The daughter is the wife of a physician, a specialist in infantile diseases, and the doctor is a "great believer" in the theory that a baby can not have too much fresh air.

The mothers of all his baby patients are advised by him to keep their little ones out of doors every possible moment, summer and winter, and the fact that his own first baby arrived in the winter did not prevent him from carrying out his ideas for its physical development.

"When I arrived at my daughter's New York home, which by the way is on the eighth story of an apartment house," said the grandmother, "naturally I refused to even take off my bonnet until I had seen the baby."

"You can imagine my feeling when I was led to a window which opened on a court closed on three sides, and my daughter proudly threw open the sash. There in a polished brown box securely fastened to the walls of the house lay that blessed baby. He had on a little knit cap and was covered with eiderdown comforters and was sound asleep. The box was so very high. Just think, eight stories."

"Of course he couldn't fall because there were straps on the box, and he was too little anyhow to move much about; but it was bitterly cold, and I told Nell what I thought of such a performance."

"Well, mother," she said, "just think, baby has never been ill a day since he was born."

"Well," I replied, "you had not either when you were four months old, but I did not keep you in a window box or cold storage or anything like that."

"Of course it wasn't my baby—only in a way—and the doctor let me rock it and hold its bottle when it was brought in to be fed, which I could see was quite a concession."

"I was glad when night time came. Then baby was brought in, and slept in a room with five windows wide open until daylight, when he was put back in his window box."

"When Nell went to Philadelphia she left me written directions as to just what to do for the baby, and when to do it. Now, I had fully made up my mind that as soon as she was gone that child was going to cease being a new-fangled infant, and stay in the house and be a nice old-fashioned baby."

"I soon discovered that Nell would hear of such a plan at once, for she has many friends who were interested in her little fresh air son, and it was not at all unusual for them to bring their acquaintances to view him. Some of these friends had apartments which faced those of my daughter across the court of the apartment house, and of course they would know if baby were not in his box. But I got around that difficulty. I just bundled up a dummy baby and very once in a while I would appear at the window and take it in and out of the box. All the time my grandson was in the warm sitting room."

"I just cuddled him to my heart's content and I swore and tipped the maid to secrecy."

"When my daughter returned baby was in the window box. I hated to put him back there. The first thing she said was: Doesn't he look well, mother? You surely must believe in the doctor's theory now."

"It was a temptation to tell her what I had done, but I did not. Some day I am going to, though."

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A Good Complexion.

The secret of a good complexion, says Harper's Bazaar for April, lies in perfect health, cleanliness and a serene spirit, or at least a good imitation of one. If the serenity is not there, perfect self-control will answer the same purpose.

There are many serious diseases of the skin, troubles that baffle even the greatest specialists. These must, of course, be diagnosed and treated by a physician. More frequently a blotchy or muddy skin indicates a rundown nervous or physical condition. Some one organ, or possibly more, is not doing its duty, and the system is being poisoned. Nature is trying to throw some of the poison off through the skin, and there we have our unmistakable warning of internal trouble. It may indicate indigestion, poor circulation, over strained nerves, numberless different conditions. The skin is extremely sensitive, and responds quickly to both normal and abnormal conditions of the system. When the color is unnatural and a breaking out threatens to go on indefinitely, refusing to yield to simple external remedies, it is time to either institute for oneself needed reforms in diet and living, or to seek the advice of a physician. A yellow skin should make one suspect at once a torpid liver, a grey skin poor circulation and many other troubles. A twitching face shows only too plainly that the nervous system needs building up. Signs of discontent, gloom and bad temper indulged in without restraint also become fixed in a comparatively short time, and wrinkles and furrows tell this story also.

Remember that when the Stomach nerves fail or weaken, Dyspepsia or Indigestion must always follow. But, strengthen these same weak inside nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and then see how quickly health will again return. Weak Heart and Kidney nerves can also be strengthened with the Restorative, where Heart pains, palpitation, or Kidney weakness is found. Don't drug the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is wrong. Go to the cause of these ailments. Strengthen these weak inside nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and get well. A simple, single test will surely tell. Sold by all dealers.

Trespassing

Inventive genius seldom achieves success at the first attempt. A half grown boy in Pennsylvania, who had devoted his leisure hours for many months in making a milking machine of his own devising, at last completed it to his satisfaction and resolved to make a trial of it. Without a word to anyone he carried his machine down from the attic, where he had wrought patiently day after day to bring it to perfection, and took it out into the barnyard where old Cherry, the family cow, stood placidly chewing her cud, with her big, luscious calf playing round her.

A few minutes later his mother saw him trying to re-enter the house unseen. He was covered with dirt from head to foot and in a state of demoralization generally. In his hand he was carrying something that looked like a toy battleship.

"For mercy's sake, Jud," she exclaimed, "what have you been doing?"

"I've been trying my milking machine on the cow," he said.

"Your milking machine? Good land! Did the cow do all that to you?"

"No," answered Jud. "Old Cherry would have stood for it all right. It was the calf that—er—kind o' seemed to object to the machine."—Youth's Companion.

No Honing— No Grinding

You know from daily experience, at home or in the barber shop, that the question is—"Why doesn't a razor hold its edge uniformly from heel to head without honing and grinding?" Whether it is a safety, with the certain tax of new blades, or the ordinary open-bladed razor does not alter the question. You want the comfort and satisfaction of a clean, smooth shave every morning with the confident knowledge that your razor will be ready for instant use the next time needed.

The Carbo Magnetic razor is the only razor **unconditionally guaranteed** to do this. Thirty years of study on the razor situation has perfected a new secret process of **ELECTRIC TEMPERING** that positively merges every particle of carbon (the life of steel) into the metal—giving a diamond-like hardness uniformly throughout the blade—something absolutely impossible with fire tempered steel—used in making all other razors.

But test this razor in your own home—or if you prefer, have your barber use it on you. Give us your name, or call and see the "Carbo Magnetic" razor, and we will state our proposition for testing these razors **without obligation on your part to purchase**, together with our free booklet "Hints on Shaving." This book illustrates the correct razor position for shaving every part of the face.

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