

Permanent Results

"I had been suffering for over two months with an obstinate cough, as had also my little girl. We tried several remedies common to any drug store without obtaining any apparent relief, in fact we were growing worse. I got a bottle of Coltsfoote Expectorant from my druggist and inside of two days the cough was stopped, and the results so permanent and rapid that we decided to keep it in our home continually.

ROBERT PALEN.

C. A. R. Station, Ottawa.

Coltsfoote Expectorant is recognized the world over as the best prescription ever used by the medical profession for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis and Tightness of the Chest. Children like it. To introduce it into every home we will send a free sample to every person sending their name and address to Dr. T. A. Spocum, Limited, Toronto. Sold by all up-to-date druggists at 25c. Send for Free Sample To-day.

Signs Of Rain.

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spangels sleep,
And spiders from the cobweb creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky;
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! How the chairs and tables crack;
Old Betty's joints are on the rack,
Loud quacks the ducks, the peacocks cry;
The distant hills are looking night,
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
Thru the clear stream the fishes rise
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glowworms numerous and bright
Illumed the dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed;
Tho June, the air is cold and chill,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill,
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And headlong downward seem to fall
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.
—From an Irish Reader of 1840.

The Pathetic Sequel to a Tragedy of the Alps.

Many years ago I read a pathetic story, which is constantly recalled to mind as the duties of this compilation compel me to read the records of past years and reperuse the long closed letters of my beloved and live over again the happy days when we were all in all to each other. I do not remember all the details of the incident which so impressed me, but the chief facts were these:
A married couple were crossing one of the great glaciers of the Alpine regions when a fatal accident occurred. The husband fell down one of the huge glaciers. The rope broke, and the depth of the chasm was so great that no help could be rendered, nor could the body be recovered. Over the wife's anguish at her loss we must draw the veil of silence. Forty years afterward saw her, with the guide who had accompanied them at the time of the accident, staying at the nearest hotel at the foot of the glacier, waiting for the sea of ice to give up its dead, for by the well known law of glacier progression the form of her long lost husband might be expected to appear, expelled from the mouth of the torrent about that date. Patiently and with unflinching constancy they watched and waited, and their hopes were at last rewarded.
One day the body was released from its prison of ice, and the wife looked again upon the features of him who had been so long parted from her. But the pathos of the story lay in the fact that she was an old woman, while the newly rescued body was

that of quite a young and robust man, so faithfully had the crystal casket preserved the jewel which it held so long. The forty years had left no wrinkles on that marble brow. Times withering fingers could not touch him in that tomb, and so for a few brief moments the aged lady saw the husband of her youth as he was in the days which were gone forever.

J. Pierpont Morgan.

J. Pierpont Morgan, a working day is said to be from 10 till 3. Whenever the weather permits—that is, from early spring until late autumn—he spends his nights on board his yacht Corsair, and occasionally holds meetings there while steaming down the Sound or elsewhere, says The New York Times. In mild weather he lives entirely on the yacht, and goes on board every afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. He always has some friends on board, for he likes people, and even his committee meetings assume a social aspect.

The yacht lies off the 23rd street landing as a rule, or sometimes in the North River, and starts off immediately for Great Neck or some other cool, inviting place. As they steam down the Sound cocktails are served, and when they have anchored later dinner begins—a very elaborate meal always. In the evening Mr. Morgan plays the solitaire known as "Miss Milligan," and the moment he has finished it is an unwritten law that everyone must immediately go to bed.

From this it will be seen that at least part of the day of the great financial king is hardly strenuous. However, once in a while all that is altered.

In the crisis of the coal strike Mr. Steele, Mr. Baer and Mr. Morgan met on the Corsair at 5 o'clock unknown to anyone. The boat started for Glen Cove, and the usual programme of cocktails, dinner, and polite talk ensued. But after dinner the three financiers retired to a portion of the boat removed from the others on board, and there settled one of the gravest of situations over their cigars.

Mr. Morgan is always up first of all his guests, and eats a six-course breakfast with appetite. At 9.30 o'clock the yacht drops anchor once more at Twenty-third street, and the financier is met with a coupe drawn by a single horse, and driven by an ancient driver; then, accompanied by a special detail of police, he repairs to his office.

The imperial coloring of this programme is curiously at variance with the iron-grey toiling dry of some of our hard-working prominent men.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer, can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, run-down nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user; that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels, and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air-fies up the liver, stagnates the kidneys and oftentimes weakens the Heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by all dealers.

Congratulations.

In a small town of Western Ontario there lived a widower who for many years was regarded as one of that class whose heart is buried in the dear wife's grave. But this gentleman, who was a vivacious young thing aged seventy, finally decided to wed a charming brunette about forty odd years younger than himself and wrote announcing his betrothal to his son George. The latter vouchsafed no reply to this burst of confidence but the preparations for the wedding went on merrily.

The happy day arrived and, after the ceremony and the Mendelssohn, came the breakfast, to which half the town had been invited for the widower was a prominent manufacturer, a church trustee and a member of Parliament. The chicken salad had been consumed, the ice cream had disappeared and congratulatory speeches were being made when a telegram was handed to the blushing bridegroom. He promptly passed it to the clergyman with a request that it be read aloud. The latter, who was decidedly absent minded, fumbled for his eye-glasses, then read aloud in sonorous voice:

"There's no fool like an old fool."

George.

A Desperate Chance.

Amos Chapman was fifteen years in Government employ as a scout on the plains. During his life of constant peril and exposure, writes Mr. Randall Parish, in "The Great Plains," one of his most heroic deeds was performed while he was bearing despatches for General Miles from his camp on McClellan Creek to Camp Supply, Indian Territory. The despatch party consisted of six men. Early in the morning, after a hard night's ride, they were suddenly attacked near the Washita River by a band of over a hundred Kiowa and Comanche warriors, Captain Dodge thus describes what followed:

The first intimation of the presence of Indians was a volley which wounded every man of the party. In an instant the Indians appeared on all sides.

Dismounting and abandoning their horses,

the brave band of whites moved together for a hundred yards to a buffalo wallow, a shallow natural depression in the prairie.

Chapman and Dixon, being but slightly wounded, worked hard and fast to deepen the depression and as soon as it was sufficiently deep to afford some cover, it was occupied, and the work continued from within.

Smith had fallen from his horse at the first fire, and was supposed to be dead. Chapman said, "Now, boys, keep those infernal redskins off me, and I will run down and pick up Smith, and bring him back before they can get him."

Laying down his rifle, he sprang out of the wallow, ran with all speed to Smith, seized and attempted to shoulder him.

"I lay down," said Chapman, "and got his chest across my back and his chest across my back and his arms around my neck, and then got up with him. It was as much as I could do to stagger under him, for he couldn't help himself a bit. By the time I had twenty or thirty yards, about fifteen Indians came for me at full speed on their ponies."

The boys in the buffalo wallow opened on the Indians, and Amos ran for it.

"When I was within about twenty yards of the wallow," he continued, "a little old scoundrel whom I had fed fifty times rode almost on to me and fired. I fell with Smith on top of me, but I didn't feel pain, I thought I had stepped in a hole.

"The Indians couldn't stay around there a minute. The boys kept it red-hot; so I jumped up, picked up Smith, and got safe into the wallow.

"Amos," said Dixon, "you are badly hurt."

"No, I am not," said I.

"Why, look at your leg," and sure enough the leg was shot off just above the ankle joint, and I had been walking on the bone and dragging the foot behind me, and in the excitement I never knew it, nor have I ever had any pain in my leg to this day."

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