

# Tuberculosis

Plenty of fresh air, sleeping out-doors and a plain, nourishing diet are all good and helpful, but the most important of all is

## Scott's Emulsion

It is the standard treatment prescribed by physicians all over the world for this dread disease. It is the ideal food-medicine to heal the lungs and build up the wasting body.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 30c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE  
126 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from last week.)

## When the Minister Came to Tea

By Harriett Pauline Fenton

In C E World

'Everything's about ready and the children are cleaned up.'

Mrs Sanderson allowed herself to be led to the foot of the back stairs, where she stood leaning against the door-jamb disconsolately.

'Lucy Dean is about your size,' she began. 'Can't you borrow a waist from her?' she added hesitatingly.

'Mother!'

After she had bundled her parent upstairs Ellen returned to the kitchen where she rolled up her sleeves, and enveloped herself in an old blue check apron. Next she brought from the laundry closet a pail, scrubbing-brush, cloth and soap. A minute later she was down on her knees, vigorously applying the soap suds to the brown oilcloth about her.

'What a fuss all for a minister!' she thought to herself contemptuously. 'I wish people around this town would hurry up and find out that because a man belongs to the clergy it does not follow that he is an archangel.' She laughed gaily. Just then her soliloquy was interrupted by a rap at the door.

'Come in,' called out the young lady cheerfully. When neighbors ran in on one another in the little village, knocking was hardly considered necessary. Mary Ellen did not bother to change her position as she knelt, back to the door. The screen door opened and

## GREW THINNER EVERY DAY

Appetite was Poor, Dizzy, Faint, Weak, Continuous, Cruel Backache.

Another Case in which Dr. Hamilton's Pills Saved a Life that Physicians Despaired Of.

What a pitiful sight it is to see a handsome, able man being gradually robbed of good looks, health, and ability to work. Such cases are frequent—the one here described being that of E. P. Lascelles, a well-known printer's supply man, residing in Hamilton. "About six months ago I began to notice a worn, tired feeling coming over me. I was unable to shake it off. It was not the fatigue that follows hard work—it was sort of an unaccountable laziness that assailed me. I was anxious to work, but didn't have the energy. Something was dragging me down, robbing me of my health and spirits. I got tired of taking prescriptions that did me no good and used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their action soon proved to me that I was suffering from a terribly congested liver and acute indigestion. Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought back my appetite, cured the heavy pain in my side and back, gave me a new grip on life. I gained in weight and now I am stronger, look better, work better than ever before I was taken sick."

If you want to get back the vigor and spirit of youth, if you want the sparkle of robust health on your cheeks—use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. They cleanse, purify, tone, strengthen—make the sick well. Give this grand medicine a faithful trial, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

shut hesitatingly; and Ellen looking under her right arm to survey the newcomer saw something that made the pink flush her cheeks. It was no thing more or less than a pair of well polished black shoes protruding from two immaculately creased gray trousers legs. She waited for the stranger to speak.

'Er-ar,' came a faint burr from the door.

'Well, what is it?' snapped Ellen. She gave the cloth an impatient flip. It struck the wet cake of soap which promptly took a slide in the very direction it shouldn't have. The next minute she saw a hand grasp it gingerly. Then three bold strides were taken toward her.

'Miss Mary Ellen Sanderson, allow me to make you a present of—'

Mary Ellen was on her feet in a minute.

'Richard Hilton how in the world did you get here?' Her embarrassment of a few minutes previous disappeared as she gazed at the good-natured freckled face before her. She calmly wiped her wet hands on her apron, while the Rev Richard Hilton, dropping the greasy cake, dabbed his dry on a silk pocket-handkerchief.

'I'm one of the archangels you were speaking of,' he answered mischievously; 'so perhaps I swooped down here rather suddenly.' Then he laughed at the amazement depicted on her face.

'You don't mean to say you are a minister—the new minister here?'

'Minister I am called,' he answered a little gravely as he thought of his responsibility. 'You see I decided last fall on this profession and they let me preach in a place like this after the first year in the theological school. But let me help you work while I tell you about it. Let's renew the old camp rule, 'All pitch in and help.''

There's a mop over in that closet laughed Ellen, pointing to an old fashioned cubby hole.

When Mrs Sanderson, stiffly erect in her best mohair, opened the kitchen door to see that everything for supper was ready, she came upon a scene which nearly took her breath away. Mary Ellen with rumpled hair, water soaked apron, and rolled up sleeves was calmly scrubbing one corner of the kitchen floor. That was no more than she expected. But over in the opposite corner, with his coat off and his trousers turned up, the Rev Richard Hilton was applying the sopping mop with vigor.

It required a great deal of explanation to make things clear in Mrs Sanderson's mind.

That the minister had come to the side door by mistake was plain enough, but not until she had apologized shamefacedly for the appearance of Mary Ellen (who evidently was not at all concerned about it) did she understand that the conventionality of dress was not a sensitive point with ex-campers, and that a man could be just as much a minister with out a frock coat and a grave mien as with those accessories.

It was a merry party that gathered around the Sanderson table that night. Pa Sanderson, who had escaped the tortures of a high collar and the uncomfortableness of a Sunday suit, beamed upon the young clergyman. The boys, though they thought longingly of the promised strawberry shortcake, reflected that there had not been time to cram them full of table manners: so they pronounced him bully on the spot. As for Mrs Sanderson, she felt that the last quiver of disappointment had vanished when the minister remarked as he took his third helping of sponge-cake, that he had never felt more at home in all his life. Then it was that she noticed with pride how

## Do not use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene with GOLD DUST

GOLD DUST has all desirable cleansing qualities in perfectly harmless and lasting form.

The GOLD DUST 'washes' need no outside help. No matter what you wish to clean—dishes, clothes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, refrigerator, bath room or what not, GOLD DUST alone will do all the work—and do it better than anything else.

More than that, GOLD DUST will do all the hard part of the work without your help, saving your strength and temper.

GOLD DUST is a good, honest, vegetable oil soap in powdered form—scientifically combined with purifying ingredients of magic power.



"Let the GOLD DUST 'wash' do your work"

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

young and girlish Ellen looked in the hastily donned gymnasium blouse.

After the minister had, gone much later than, Elder Pierce's hour for departure and Mary Ellen was putting the boys to bed. Mrs Sanderson joined her husband on the old fashioned porch.

Well, she began suggestively, as she took her place in the low rocker by his side.

Amos thumped the front legs of his chair down.

That young preacher's all right. Hes the very man we need, and he's got backbone enough to make that church move, he said mixedly.

There was a silence, while each seem to read the others thoughts. Suddenly Mrs Sanderson leaned over, and placed her hand on her husband's shoulder. She looked around nervously before she spoke in an anxious whisper.

Amos, do you think Mary Ellen has a show? she asked hesitatingly. Her husband looked quickly at her and laughed.

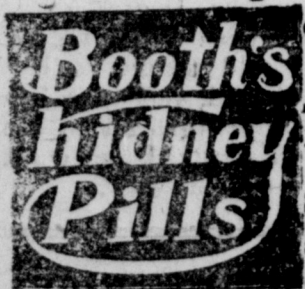
Show! he exclaimed amusedly. It seems to me that she's the hull show.

## Women Suffer

More Than Men

Women have more than their share of the aches and pains that afflict humanity. They must "keep up," in spite of constantly aching backs or headaches, dizzy spells etc. Miss Edward Calwood of 123 S Har old Street Fort William, Ont., says,

"I suffered with dull, miserable pains, soreness across my back and in my sides for months. They would catch me so badly at times that I could scarcely move around. I would have dizzy spells and altogether felt generally run down. After using a number of remedies without finding relief, I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and found them an excellent remedy. They not only relieved me of the miserable pains and soreness in my back but cured me of my kidney trouble."



All druggists and dealers 50c box or postpaid from the R T Booth Co, Fort Erie Ont. If you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Could we say more? Sold and guaranteed by E W Mair.

**Shiloh's Cure**  
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents

## LOOSE ME APRIL

Loose me, April, set me free,  
Soul and step, to comrade thee!  
Bid you maple's quivering fire  
Touch the ash of old desire  
Into leaping flame again,  
Coursing through each stinging vein  
Loose me, April! I would speed  
Blithely where thy footsteps lead;  
Chase the butterflies that pass,  
Golden shuttles through the grass;  
Race the ripples as they run,  
Like the brown Arabs in the sun;  
Clamber where the dogwoods blow,  
Twinkling galaxies of snow;  
Or, all breathless, unaware,  
Pierce the moss-hung boudoir, where  
Beauty, by a ferny pool,  
Braids her tresses, dusky-Rool,  
—HILTON R GREER in April Lippincott's

## FRENCH RED TAPE.

A few days ago an old woman of 80 living in a village some 20 miles from Paris, became a widow. Among her husband's papers she found a Post Office saving bank book, showing a balance of 2 francs (one and sixpence). She went to the Post Office and asked for the money. Have you paid the taxes on your inheritance? she was asked and on her replying No, was told to go to a town three miles off where she would have to pay them. On arrival there she was sent back to her own village to fetch her husband's death certificate. She was given this trudged back again to the other town, and was given a paper, for which she had to pay fourpence—three pence for the 15 percent tax on the one and six pence left her husband, one penny for the stamp. She then walked the three miles back to her village (making 12 miles in all) found the Post Office closed, and next morning she was given the one-and-sixpence which her husband had left.—Paris Correspondent, London Express.

## A DAILY THOUGHT.

"A song of sunshine through the rain,  
Of spring across the snow,  
A balm to heal the heart of pain,  
A peace surpassing woe,  
Lift up your heads ye sorrowing ones  
and be ye glad of heart,  
For Calvary and Easter day.  
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day  
Were just one day apart."

Ernest Pilgrim: 'Please send a large bunch of red roses to this address and charge it to me.'

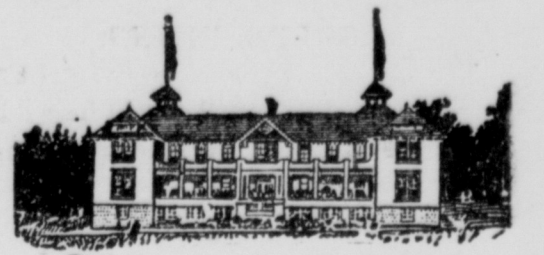
Clerk: 'Yes, sir, and your name?'

Ernest Pilgrim: 'O, never mind the name; she'll understand.'—Harvard Lampoon.

To take out dye stains from the hands, use corn meal pumice stone, or fine sand, or a little chloride of lime in water. Many stains can be removed with vinegar or lemon juice

## Would You Provide for the Care of Canada's Needy Consumptives?

THEN SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE  
**MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES**



MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES. MAIN BUILDING FOR PATIENTS.

A national institution that accepts patients from all parts of Canada. Here is one of hundreds of letters being received daily:—

John D. McNaughton, New Lis-keard, Ont.: A young man not belonging here, and suffering from, it is believed, consumption, is being kept by one of the hotels here. He has no means and has been refused admission to our hospital. The conditions where he is offer him no chance. Could he be admitted to your Free Hospital for Consumptives? If not, could you inform me where he can be sent, and what steps are necessary to secure prompt admittance?

NOT A SINGLE PATIENT HAS EVER BEEN REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL BECAUSE OF HIS OR HER INABILITY TO PAY.

Since the hospital was opened in April, 1902, one thousand five hundred and twenty-four patients have been treated in this one institution, representing people from every province in the Dominion.

For the week ending November 20th, 1903, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a copper for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.90 a week. No one pays more than \$4.90.

Suitable cases are admitted promptly on completion of application papers.

## A GRATEFUL PATIENT

Norah P. Canham: Enclosed you will find receipt for my ticket from Gravenhurst, hoping that you will be able to oblige me with the fare. I was at your Sanatorium ten months, and I was sent away from there as an apparent cure. I am now working in the city, and I am feeling fine. I was most thankful for the care I got from the doctors and staff, and I must say that I spent the time of my life while I was there.



TAKING THE CURE IN WINTER AT MUSKOKA FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Muskoka Free Hospital for Consumptives is dependent on the good-will and gifts of the Canadian public. Money is urgently needed at the present time to make it possible to care for the large and increasing number of patients that are entering the institution.

## Will you help?

Where greater urgency?

Truly, Canada's greatest charity.

Contributions may be sent to W. J. Gage, Esq., 84 Spadina Ave., or J. S. Robertson, Sec'y-Treas. Nation's Sanitarium Association, 417 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

## THE WIFE'S WORK

The man who makes his wife get up in the morning to start the fires at last saved enough money to buy an automobile. One day while going up a hill the machine stopped.

"You'll have to get out and push, Fannie," he said, because I've got to stay here and guide it.

—April Lippincotts

Miss Dinningham—Mamma, do you think papa knows Harold is going to call for me in his aeroplane?

Mamma—Oh, I think so, dear. He's been hanging around the skylight with a club all afternoon.—Chicago News.