

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
 is now a summer as well as a winter remedy. It has the same invigorating and strength-producing effect in summer as in winter. Try it in a little cold milk or water.  
**ALL DRUGGISTS**

**TOMMYS METHODS IN INDIA**

A Flag and a Soldier.

(Harold Begbie, in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London)

Lucknow.

There is a certain city in India where you may see beautiful buildings, handsome and picturesque people, bazaars crowded with enchantment, and such a pageant of vehicles as represents the road of history from Jehu to Rolls-Royce, and such a pageant of costumes as represents the garment of time from Joseph to Peter Robinson; and still the most beautiful and beguiling and eloquent thing in all this city of dazzling bewitchment is a simple flag.

No man, whatever his nationality, can view that flag without respect; and no Englishman and no Scot, whatever their temperaments, can behold it without emotion. It hangs from a staff on the battered and broken tower of the most gracious ruins I have yet seen—bullet-pecked ruins of a narrow red brick, gaping arches of grey, and tall window-spaces shattered by musket and cannon: ruins which are overgrown with green creepers, and whose lower arches trail masses of yellow flowers; ruins which stand on a gentle slope, surrounded by a great sweep of lawn and almost hidden by the slumberous leafage of innumerable trees and flowering shrubs; ruins which face a quiet river and confront in tranquil beauty and majestic serenity the clamor and the pride and the living energy of the city of Lucknow.

**THE SPIRIT OF A NATION**

When I first approached this historic Residency it was an early morning bright with the beauty of day and soft with the tenderness of night. The grass was drenched with a thick dew; the air was insidious with fragrance and healthful with cold; birds were singing from tree and bush whose outermost leaves showed not a tremor of movement; here was the dusk and coolness of slumbering shadows, and there the vivid and scintillating brightness of sunreflect

**CURES CATARRH**

Stomach dosing was found ineffective, and the principle of inhalation was finally perfected. Even the Romans and Ancient Greeks used it, but not in the scientific manner that the physician prescribes to-day. The most wonderful results have been secured with a new treatment known as "Catarrhozone," which sends germ-destroying vapors directly into the air passages of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs.

**Rich, Pure Essences are Breathed Right to the Spots that are Sick. Cure Follows.**

Catarrh proves especially good in those chronic cases where mucus drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhaler are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes, the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhozone act as magic.

Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhozone at work, you can be sure of quick and lasting cure for nose colds, catarrh, weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's sore throat.

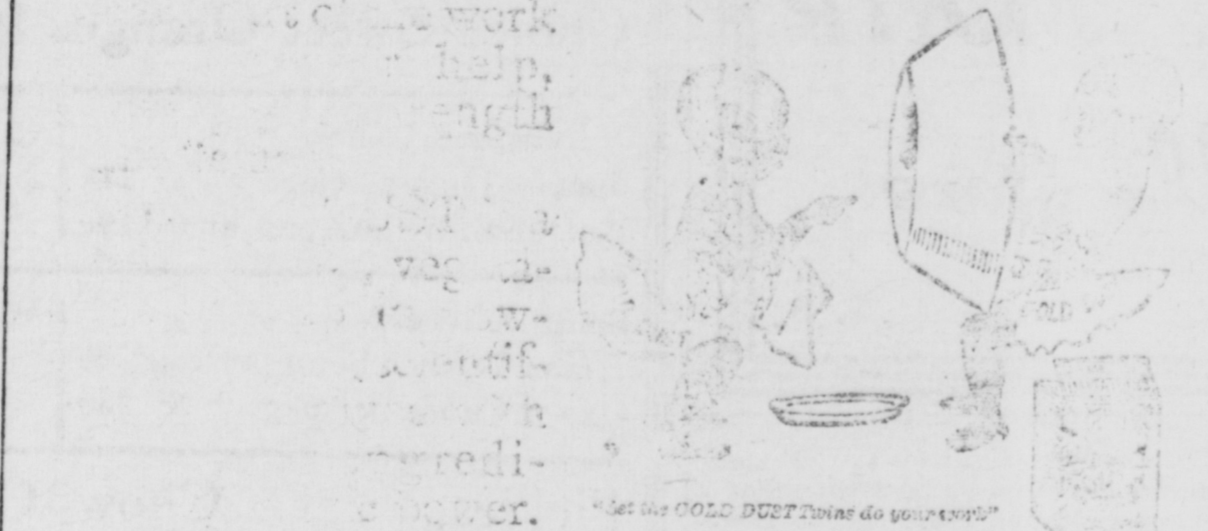
**Catarrhozone**

Beware of imitations. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, and \$1, the latter being guaranteed. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail from the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

**Up, Naphtha, Ammonia or GOLD DUST**

Desirable cleansing and lasting form. You need no outside help. You wish to clean—dishes, pans, pots and woodwork, rooms or what not, GOLD DUST will do it better than any other.

That GOLD DUST will do all the work.



**N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY**  
 Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

ng dew; save for the quiet singing of the birds the whole park was full to the very heavens with a cloistral silence. And the lifted flag was almost still, a sleeping cloth of vivid red and deep blue, striped with narrow white, which hung motionless against the pallor of the sky, and only fluttered at the lowest corner close to the stone of the tower. No flag was ever yet more beautiful and calm: more eloquent of valor and more rebukeful to Caesarism: more glorious with a superb patriotism and more censorious of braggart self-aggrandizement. As the soul of Havelock to the soul of the music-hall Chauvinist, so is the flag at the Residency of Lucknow to the waving banner of a Mafficking boastfulness. I have seen the flag of England streaming with splendor in the winds of heaven, and I have felt, like heady wine, the invigorating spell and the masculine strong magic of that glorious blood-consecrated and sea-sanctified banner; but not until I saw it drooping against the flagstaff of the shattered Residency, so quiet and so calm and so enduring, did I feel deeply in the soul the beauty and the spirit and the nationality of its symbolism.

One saw the underground chamber where women and children, both European and native, endured the ghastly horrors of the siege: one saw the room where Lawrence was wounded to death: one saw the noble gateway under which the sweating and dust-covered saints of Havelock swung with the music of the Scottish pipes up the slow-sloping earth to the relief of the garrison; but always it was to the dangling cloth of vivid red and deep blue motionless against the morning heavens full of a spring joyfulness, that one looked for the beauty of the scene. Not with challenge did that flag stream above the green tree-tops, not with boastfulness and mockery did it tug at the staff; but like the flag laid upon the dead body of a hero it witnessed in a great quiet and a solemn glory to courage and to virtue, to endurance and to strength—to the spirit of a nation.

At the Well of Cawnpore I encountered a soldier who set my thoughts flowing in another channel. I had left my gharry at the entrance to the grounds enclosing this memorial, and had ascended the steps which raise one to the protecting screen circling the white angel whose eyes are forever bent in a divine compassion

upon the covered tragedy of the Well. A noise on my left caused me to turn, and from a little kiosk in the bushes I saw a soldier emerge, and, buttoning his scarlet tunic, move in my direction. He was a small, thick-set, sandy-haired, and freckled Yorkshireman, wearing the uniform of the Gordon Highlanders, with a single many-clasped medal on his breast. The big white helmet was too large for him; the scarlet, yellow-collared tunic was too tight for him; the tartan trousers were too long and too baggy for him; and certainly his boots were too heavy for his feet.

**THE SOLDIER'S STORY**

He came slowly and waddling across the grass, climbed the steps like a man sick of life, and with a curt nod somewhere in my direction, his collar still unfastened—began his recitation. Afterwards he opened the gate in the screen and admitted me to the interior, still reciting the awful horrors and unbearable agonies of the memorial in a voice of monotonous disgust. When he had done I said to him; Is there any opposition of unpleasantness on the part of the natives here towards the British soldiers? He gave me a look, and replied in broad Yorkshire; They know better; for the simple reason that if there was we should hammer them. He became more communicative, and presently related this story.—

I never allow no native inside this screen. Its against orders. Lots of em come here, when they have their annual or what-not, and some of em want to go inside; but I say, Where's your pass?—without a pass you stop outside; this place isn't for you; its sacred. Once a party of six arrived, I told them the story outside the screen sparing none of the details, mind you and then one of them said, Open the door and let us go in. Where's your pass? I asked. Never you mind, he answers; I'm the heir-apparent to something or other, he says; you just open the the door. I dont care, I answers, whether you've got two blooming parents; unless youve got a pass you stop where you are, With that he produces a proper pass, and right enough he was a heir-apparent and the pass admitted him and his suite of five to the Well. I looked it over, very carefully, and then I put the key in the lock, very slowly, and then I turned around and said to him Look here, are you a Christian? No, he said, I'm not. Take your boots off

I says. What for? he asks. What for I answers. Dont you make us take our boots off before we go inside any of your oly places? Well, I says, this place is sacred, sacred to women and children, the living and the dead thrown into this Well by your chaps, and sacred to England, I says, and you dont go inside, pass or no pass, unless you take your boots off. Im telling you, I says, and you'd better do what I tell you quick.

**TOMMY AND THE NATIVES**

Well I had the pleasure of making a prince take his boots off; but that isn't quite accurate, for he made one of the suite do the dirty work for him; nevertheless, it was properly satisfactory to me to see him barefoot. Then I opened the gate, let them in, and watched em like a cat. Now it was a nasty drizzling morning, and when they came out, this heir-apparent says to me, Youre very disobliging to us, you was disobliging to the men of our lot, and not content with that, you was disobliging to our women and our children; and I says, if you hadnt been so disobliging in the year 1857 there wouldnt be no Well here now, I shouldnt be here to show it to you, and you wouldnt have got your feet wet.

He turns round as he goes away, and he says, I shall report you. I wasnt going to let him go away with it, so I calls out, You may report me to his Majesty the King of England, I says, for all the notice I shall take of it. You see, Im only temporary on this job; and though theres a chance I may get it regular, still, I was just thinking to my self, Its all right in the cold weather, but how will it be in the hot?—half-past seven to twelve and two till five-thirty? Jolly monotonous. But in any case I wasnt going to let him go away with it. Not me!

At Simla I asked an officer with opportunities for judging, whether the British soldiers—a man improved out of all knowledge in the last ten or fifteen years—employed a proper tact in his dealings with the natives. Oh, they get on famously, he replied; Tommy makes himself understood in a wonderful manner, and is a proper sahib, I assure, you both out of barracks, and in barracks. But tact. Well, I think it is the other fellow who has to be busy in that direction.

So we have the solemn beauty of the flag at Lucknow, and at Cawnpore the stubborn, honest, cheerful, and immortal Spirit.

**HAD SORE 4 YEARS**

**Zam Buk Healed It In Few Weeks**

Have you some old wound or sore which has defied all doctors' remedies? If so, yours is a case for Zam-Buk! Mr Oliver Sims, of Purvis (Man.) writes:—I had an old irritating sore on my forehead that had troubled me for four years. Zam-Buk was recommended to me and in a marvellously short time it healed the obstinate sore perfectly. You may depend upon it that after this proof of its power we will never be without a box of it.

As a rapid and certain healer of ulcers, abscesses, piles, inflamed places, cuts, burns, bruises, scalp sores, eczema, eruptions, etc., you can get nothing to equal Zam-Buk. All druggists and stores at 50 cts box or post free for price from Zam Buk Co Toronto. Try Zam Buk Soap for tender skins and babys bath. 25c tablet.

**THE CAUTIOUS TONGUE**

Singing Teacher—"Now, children, give us 'Little Drops of Water' and put some sprit in it." Principal (whispering) "Careful, sir. This is a temperance school. Say put some ginger in it."—J Collins in June Woman's Home Companion.

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

**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 Liskeard, 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, 1909, one hundred and twenty-five patients were in residence. Ninety-six of these are not paying a cent for their maintenance—absolutely free. The other twenty-nine paid from \$2.00 to \$4.00 a week. No one pays more than \$4.00. 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, Sucy-Treas., National Sanitarium Association, 10 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Did you see Casey yesterday? asked Mr Dolan.

I did, replied Mr Rafferty. Its him that was walkin up and down in front of my door manoeverin.

Manooverin, was it?

Yes, shakin his fist and makin it clear he felt able to whip somebody but bein careful not to mention any names.—Washington Star.

**AN OBSERVATION**

Birds in their little Nests agree; They'd rather not fall Out, you see.

—Harold Susman in June Woman's Home Companion.