

The Liniment that is 101 Years Old

Quick relief for
hurts, aches and pains.
Every household should keep
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**JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE
LINIMENT**

For over 100 years it has had no equal.
Use inwardly for Colds, Bowel
Disorders, Cholera Morbus, etc.
25c and 50c Bottles
L. S. JOHNSON & CO.
Boston, Mass.

**Parsons
Pills
Tone
the
System
and
Regulate
the Bowels**

A "HOLY SMELL" THAT PAID CASH

Stagnant Pool that Changed to
Sweet Perfume, Was Paying
Hoax Until Discovery of
Empty Scent Bottles.

One of the most extraordinary religious hoaxes ever recorded even in India has just occurred in the northern part of Calcutta. A pool of stagnant water formed from the accumulation of sewage from roadside drains suddenly began, according to the local inhabitants, to emit a sweet perfume which had a lovely lemon flavour. Many people came, smelt, and were conquered, and the rumour spread that the pool was holy and that a new goddess would soon rise from its waters to redeem the world. The pool became a place of pilgrimage. Diseased people bathed in it and drank of it, and those of uneasy conscience washed away their sins in it. The water was carried away in jugs, phials, and bottles, and a brisk trade sprang up under the aegis of an astute young Bengalee in selling the "holy water" in all parts of the city at as much as \$2 a phial. News of the holy perfume came to the ears of Messrs. Bose and Co., scent manufacturers, who took a professional interest in the matter and sent a connoisseur to investigate. His nose immediately provided him with a clue to the mysterious disappearance of several cases of essential oils belonging to Messrs. Bose. The police examined the pool and found that several broken bottles of the oils had been thrown into it. This was the explanation of the holy smell. The young Bengalee and a carter, suspected of having stolen the oils, suddenly vanished but were found and arrested later. Reports are awaited, adds the Calcutta "Englishman," of the effect of the "holy water" upon the sick and the sinners who drank of it.

SENATOR DAVIS

Senator Thomas Osborne Davis though he has for many years been a prominent figure in the life of the West, is a native of Quebec province, having been born at Sherrington in 1856. He was educated privately and when yet little more than a boy went westward, taking up his residence at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. Here he soon came to the front as a public man and was elected a town councillor and afterwards, successively, mayor, president of the Board of Trade, and Chairman of the School Board. At the general election of 1896 when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had represented Saskatchewan in the House of Commons, resigned that seat to contest Quebec East, Mr. Davis was elected in his stead. The next general election, that of 1900, witnessed his re-election, and the following year saw him appointed Whip for the West. In September 1904, he was appointed to the Senate of Canada.

A Mother's Breakdown

Her Health so Shattered Her
Children were taken from Her.

It is a sad story, one that is not often heard nowadays, that is told in the following letter by Mrs. Marion R. Charlotte, written from her home in Pittsburgh: "For about five years I suffered from a complication of disorders, the origin of which my doctor was unable to discover. It was undoubtedly owing to imperfect action of the liver and stomach. I am sure of this, because there was a continual weight and painful fullness in my right side, and scarcely anything I ate was digested. I also suffered agony with hemorrhoids. A succession of sleepless nights, cruel pains in my side and back, combined with the terrible state of my nerves, made me wish for death. I could do no housework, my sisters took my small children, and I despaired of ever getting on my feet again.

"One memorable day a neighbor brought me a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which had cured her of troubles similar to mine. To my astonishment, I felt better next day. Gradually, all my pains disappeared. I put on flesh, looked healthy, had lots of spirit, and a desire to work. Dr. Hamilton's Pills cured me, and I know they will work marvels for every woman that uses them."

The one safe, dependable medicine for men and women in poor health is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—refuse any substitute. At all dealers, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1. By mail from the Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

CAN BE NO MORE "DODO"

Now No Raw Material from Which
Nature Can Produce Another
Supply of What has been
Termed "A Joke in
Feathers."

One of Nature's worst mistakes was the dodo; but two others, equally bad, were a huge, nameless bird which once existed on the Island of Reunion, and the gigantic, flightless pigeon of the Island of Rodriguez, known as the "sofitaire." All three are extinct, as was inevitable, because, in their evolution, Nature had had no forethought of the appearance of man upon the scene—a creature who can cross the sea without wings—with his weakness for killing everything which cannot escape from him.

And the dodo, it must be admitted, invited killing. It was the autocrat of the Island of Mauritius, rather larger than a swan, with remarkably plump and heavy body, wings which were of no more use than feathered epaulettes, a huge hooked beak, short thick legs, and an absurd tuft of curly feathers for a tail. To sailors from Northern lands, accustomed to such birds as sparrows and rooks, this preposterous, waddling monster seemed a practical joke dressed up in feathers.

The fare of sailors in those days was hard and stale and salt. So, though the dodo may not have been particularly good eating, who could help—in those days, two hundred years ago—walking after it and hitting it on the head with a stick?

Away up in the North, nature had produced, side by side, races of hungry, clever men, struggling against difficulties for bare existence, and races of swift and active birds, cunning to dodge a missile or avoid a trap. Away down in the soft and sunny South she had, at the same time, in the absence of man, allowed the birds to fall into easy habits. The dodo, with his huge, hooked beak, would have made short work of a wandering bird of prey. So he grew heavy and slow and fat. He never had occasion to fly, so his wings and tail dwindled to mere ornamental appendages.

There were doubtless many smaller, less conspicuous creatures, equally interesting in their way, which have totally disappeared, and left no trace of their existence behind.

That is the worst of Nature's mistakes; they are irreparable. By degrees, so slow that within the period covered by human history no appreciable change has been recorded in any wild creature, she builds up her species to suit their surroundings, until, after thousands of years, she produces, from the same stock which has provided our sparrows and crows, a huge, heavy-footed bird, that strolls about its island in the Pacific, monarch of all it surveys. Then, in a single day, as it were, another of Nature's creatures, developed on different lines elsewhere, appears upon the scene and wipes the dodo of a million years out of existence.

There is no hope whatever that Nature will ever be able to make another dodo, even if man could afford to leave Mauritius uninhabited for a million years in order to give her a free hand with the experiment. The original pigeon-like bird, bigger than a swan, and smaller than a crow, from which the dodo was evolved, no longer exists; so Nature would not have the raw material to work upon.

THE LIE NAILED DOWN

J. M. Barrie, who celebrated his 51st birthday a few days ago, is a direct contradiction to the absurd theory that Scotsmen are humorless. Once the leading actor who was playing in one of his plays fell ill. The recurrence meant a chance for his understudy, who, not being particularly gifted with a sense of modesty, sent a few dozen telegrams to dramatic critics and others solemnly informing them that he would be taking the "star" part that evening. One telegram went to Mr. Barrie. He sent this answer:

"Thanks for your warning."
In connection with the Scotsman's proverbial love of argument, he tells a delicious story. An old fellow lay very near to death, and his friends suggested sending for the minister. But the old chap did not want a spiritual comforter. The friends said they would sing a hymn. The dying man did not want hymns. "A'm wanting neither hymns nor minister," quoth he; "I want to argue."

Another yarn Mr. Barrie tells is about a friend of his who once had the misfortune to sit at a performance of "The Little Minister" behind a lady with a large hat. Requested politely to remove it, the lady stubbornly refused. But the man was anxious to see the play. Presently he leaned forward again. "Madam," he said, gravely, "if you won't remove your hat, would you mind folding up your ears?"

VALUE OF NIAGARA FRUIT TREES

Estimate of the Capital Investment
Represented by the Fruit Industry
of the Niagara Section.

It has been estimated that the farms of the Niagara district of Western Ontario represent an investment of more than \$1,000 per acre. Such a statement seems at first sight rather surprising, but a careful examination of the facts of the case gives ample warrant for its truth. Let us take up a typical unit, a ten acre fruit farm, assuming that there is, besides, half an acre for the house and buildings.

First of all, 1,750 trees will be needed to plant it; these may be averaged at 25c apiece, and if the average be a few cents too high let it be taken as including currants, berries, etc. This makes \$437.50. If the trees were all peach, it would cost less, if cherries more; usually a mixed orchard is required by the soil.

Having got the trees, capital must be expended for several years without return before the trees begin to bear. Peaches bear at the fourth year, sweet cherries not till the eighth. Plums and other fruits in between. In the meantime crops can be grown between the trees. But in the first place, the whole surface cannot thus be used, not over half and generally only one-third, and in the second place, by so doing the trees will be very markedly kept back in their growth. We thus have from three to five acres of interim crops to help pay expenses. Hay and horse feed are dear in this part of the country; spraying and manuring cannot be left out.

We have then per annum:—
Keep of team and shoeing \$250 00
Repairs 25 00
Man 350 00
Taxes and insurances 50 00
Extra Help 50 00
Manure 50 00
Spraying 25 00
Picking, baskets, etc. 50 00
Depreciation of trees and replanting and depreciation of plant 50 00

It is assumed that there is a house for the man and farm buildings. Against this we make the very liberal assumption that the interim crops yield \$400 per annum and we arrive at a net capital expenditure of \$500 per year, or \$1,500 in three years. The interest on this will be \$80. For the succeeding three years it may safely be assumed that the farm will run behind and that at least \$400 will have to be invested. It is at the same time assumed that the owner, if in residence and working, lives like a white man.

It may then be taken that the minimum expense for buildings, wells, and fences will be \$2,000. The annual interest on which will be \$120.

The farm equipment will be:—
Two horses \$400 00
Spray machine 100 00
Tools, etc. 325 00
Harness 50 00
Buggy or light wagon 75 00

The interest on this will be \$57.
Thus we have:—
Trees, etc. \$ 438 00 \$ 78 00
Expenses 3 years, net 1,500 00 180 00
Farm plant \$ 950 00 \$171 00
Buildings, etc. 2,000 00 360 00
Interest 789 00

\$5,677 00 \$789 00
Expenses next 3 years 400 00

\$6,077 00
Or, in fact, \$607 per acre capital expended, making, with land at \$500, \$1,107 per acre capital used in creating a fruit farm.

This estimate, taken in connection with the existing acreage of the fruit farms of the district, indicates a total capitalization of about \$110,000,000.

Does Your Stomach Work Properly

There is no complaint so humiliating and tiresome as stomach complaint. The reason so many people suffer with their stomach is because they overwork it and do not give it a tonic.

Mi-o-na Tablets will tone the stomach and speedily remove the disagreeable belching (gas on the stomach) sour taste and foul breath. Dizziness, biliousness and headache all disappear when you begin to take Mi-o-na.

Mi-o-na is guaranteed by E. W. Mair who will refund your money if they fail to cure or do what we claim. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont., on receipt of price, 50c.

Good Laying Records.

A Greene County, Pa., poultryman from 12 Black Minorca hens secured 20 dozen and three eggs during March, an average of 20 1/4 eggs for each hen. Last March was an exceptionally cold and stormy one in Pennsylvania.

J. K. Adamson, of the same county, with Rose Comb White Leghorns from 45 pullets produced 952 eggs in March, an average of slightly over 21 per hen.

NO MATTER WHAT COFFEE YOU

now drink, it can't cost over a cent a day extra to drink the finest coffee in the land. This is

Seal Brand

grown from selected seed under the best agricultural conditions.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

PACKED IN ONE AND TWO POUND CANS ONLY

A CHANCE TO LOVE

By Berge Beermire

The pack train crawled upward with great labor, for the day was ending and there had been eight hours of work for the mules, with close to three hundred pounds in the packs. The beasts were carrying crude ore, in which the gold nestled, to the great crushing machine, high in the mountains of South America.

A woman rode the bell-mare. She had no saddle, but sat upon a blanket cinched about the cross old gray leader. The woman was not used to horses, but she had missed the stage.

She was looking for a man at the mines—a man who she had once loved and married. She alone had received the clue of his hiding place; and it was her purpose now to bring him back to the States, to the laws of men, and to those of God afterward.

Nat Reid had made the world call him a wolf. He had even, at the last, estranged himself from the woman who had loved him, and left her in shame and poverty. He had forged and fled to this American mining colony in the Andes. Only the woman knew where he had gone. There was a big reward for him. In the anguish and rebellion of the first hour, in the pressure of actual hunger she had taken a commission from a detective agency to bring him back.

She found a house in which there was no bar; but the bars and the gambling houses were all about. From across the street, voices reached her as she sat in her room that night. At last she heard his voice, the voice of the man she wanted.

"When we get money, we import champagne, Jim. Beer is just as good. Water is better still. What kids men are when they are left alone—babes with toys they tire of, one after another, and all futile as hell! Painted paper and stamped metal—and I lost my sweetheart and my soul to get it! You're a friend of mine, Jim Smart, and may never learn this lesson of mine. But if you ever get the one woman that Mammy Earth plucked for you, stick to her with the last clutch of your hand and the last twinkle of your brain.

The woman leaning out of the window felt his heart calling for her. She couldn't think of sleep. She was taking her bread from the law to bring him in.

When the dawn had not yet come, but the gray of it was creeping up the mountains, the game stopped across the street, and Reid and others emerged. In a parting of the group, Reid appeared to her eyes in the light of the doorway—gambler, forger, husband of her early visions. He was all that a woman could ask, just as she had seen him first—slender as a cadet, steady as a man. Smart was with him.

"Jim," he said, in a quiet, humorous tone, which she knew as well as she knew the house of their honeymoon, "I want you to do a favor for me. There's a spring lock on the door of my room across the street. Here's the key. I have a duplicate. There'll be some stuff on the table and full directions what to do with it. I want you to follow these directions to the letter. Come back in an hour, but I won't be there."

She recalled the delights of the man in his even days. The understanding came that he had something of that feminine element of artists which needs the courage of another to tide him over his depressions of spirit. Reid, up here in the heart of the mountains, needed the hand and the broken heart of her.

The desire came for one look at her husband in the lamplight. What had the months done to his face which only a wife can read?

Reid was sitting by the open window. Upon the table under the lamp was the letter he had written; beside it, a six-shooter and a big leather pouch, stuffed with coins and currency.

"I dare not even write to her," he muttered. "A woman forgives much, but not what I have done."

She saw it all. His going away, as he had explained to Jim Smart, meant the pistol on the table. He was squaring the forgery, and felt too mean even to write her!

"There is an end, even to an angel's forgiveness," he added, in a low way, his eyes lost upon the castellated peaks. "Good old Jim will get the money to them and to her. I'm—well, I go out with the new day which I do not deserve. Whipped and lonely, I take the last trail—but with

a prayer for the lady who loved me once."

The woman, swaying in the hallway, had never seen Nat Reid with a finer face than was his now. He was restoring the money of the forgery and sending her what was left—"half as much again." He was taking his life with a bullet and a prayer for her.

"God, who loves me not, love that lady of mine," he said, with a last look at the dawn and the mountains, picking up the six-shooter.

"Nat—I have come!"
His arm, with pistol half raised, was clear against the outer light. She caught from his hand the cold metal, filled with concentrated death. Reid stepped back from her in the thick dawn dusk, no sound from his lips, as she sent the pistol flying out of the window.

"I thought it was all over, Jessie," he muttered at last, not daring yet to reach for her hand, "and that you had met me beyond the pale."

She sat by the window in full daylight, and the man was bending down to her.

"Yes, I can love you again, boy o' mine," she whispered. "And, when the express office is open, I will go and repair with money the error of that one bad day of yours. A good name again for my—"

"A good name never, Jessie. Money will not give that back, but love from you again—that is all I need. Love and your sweet, glad face."

"All I ask," she answered, "is chance to love on—and on!"

Best Position in Bed

There can be no particular rule in such a matter, says a medical expert on sleep, since everyone must take the position which is most comfortable to him, the great thing being to have the body thoroughly relaxed. Few people, however, realize that the mind is an important factor in this matter. If on waking you find you have been clenching your hand tightly, shutting your jaw rigidly or keeping the legs tense, this is a positive proof that both mind and body are tense during the day. Some effects of such unfortunate daily habits may be counteracted by thoroughly stretching the body on getting into bed. Raise first one arm then the other above the head, and while pushing and stretching them up, push downwards with the legs. Do this vigorously, for a few moments and follow it by a complete letting go or relaxation of all the muscles of the body. Turn your mind to pleasant, unexciting thoughts, repeat a few lines of verse or the like, and the effect of this will be felt on the body which will naturally assume a restful attitude. Very few people lie perfectly still all night, and it is no use trying to compel oneself to lie in a certain position. That would at once produce the tension one desires to avoid, and would be like staying awake to find out how to sleep.

SPRAINED WRIST AND ANKLE

After Being Laid Up With Great Pain for Ten Days, Relief

Was Gained Instantly

by Applying

NERVILINE

One of the most soul-distressing accidents that can befall one is a bad ankle or wrist sprain. "If I had only known of 'Nerviline' earlier, I could have saved myself an enormous amount of pain, and many agonizing nights of sleeplessness." Thus writes P. P. Quinn, a young farmer living near Brockville. "I tumbled from a hay

loft to the barn floor and sprained my right ankle and left wrist. They swelled rapidly and caused excruciating pains. It was not convenient to go to the city and the liniment in the house was useless. When I got Nerviline relief came quickly. It took down the swelling, relieved the pain, and gave me wonderful comfort.

"I can recommend Nerviline for strains, bruises, swellings, muscular pains, and sore back. I have proved it a sure cure in such cases."

Think what it might some day mean to you to have right in your home, ready for an accident or emergent sickness, a bottle or two of Nerviline. Get it to-day, 25c, or five for \$1.00, all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

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4266