

## DON'T LET THAT COUGH ROB YOU OF SLEEP

You probably know all too well how it goes. Just as you doze off, the tickling starts in your throat. A gentle cough, still asleep. A harder cough, and then another. First thing you know, you're wide awake, coughing your head off.

A few nights of that and you're so worn out and weakened that the cough takes a tight grip on you.

But why endure it?  
Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne will soothe that expiring tickling, loosen the phlegm and cure the inflammation of the mucous membrane. It not only stops the cough quickly, allowing you to get sound, refreshing sleep, but it goes to the root of the trouble and drives out the cold completely. Children willingly take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, because it tastes so good. Your Druggist has it or can quickly get it for you in 25c. and 50c. bottles. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

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## Curing Meat—Dried Beef—A Substitute For A Smoke House

I have been asked by Women's Institutes as well as individual ladies to give something on curing meats. There is nothing much tastier in the meat line than a pickled tongue or good corned beef. Just a word about boiling a tongue. Let it gently boil from four to five hours and remain in the liquid until nearly cold. Then skin it and remove the bones. Curl it up in a bowl, place a saucer on top and a heavy weight. When cold the tongue will turn out and may be sliced in nice round circles.

A good sized piece of meat may be bought advantageously and corned, after cutting off a portion to be used in its fresh state. The rump is best to corn. Beef tongue, fresh ham, veal, or mutton are excellent when corned.

A pickle for corning meat in small quantities is made as follows: Four pounds of coarse salt, eight quarts of water, two pounds of brown sugar, one ounce of saltpeter; stir until salt and sugar are dissolved, then boil and skim, letting the mixture become cold before pouring over the meat. Turn the meat in the pickle every day for a week, which will give it a fine color and flavor. During the summer this pickle may be boiled over with an addition of one cup of salt and one cup of brown sugar to one quart of water, when it will keep sweet for several weeks. A plate or clean flat stone must be used to keep the meat beneath the pickle.

A large beef tongue will have to be kept in the pickle fourteen days before it is ready for use.

Dried beef.—Select a round of beef and divide in two parts through the middle, rejecting the bone. For twelve pounds of meat allow one-half pound of fine salt, one-quarter ounce of pulverized saltpeter, and one-half pound of brown sugar. Rub this mixture into the meat every morning until it is all used up. At the end of this time hang up in the smoke-house for two weeks to dry. An excess of smoke will ruin the flavor.

Few people have a smoke-house, and this method will be found a very good substitute. Drive nails around the top of a tight barrel, fill an iron pan or pail half full of ashes, build a fire on top of these. Hang the meat by a stout twine on the nails, place a board over the top of the barrel, and cover tightly with an old blanket. This method has been tried in the back yard of a city residence and found practical for smoking two hams, two pieces of beef, and two sausages.

If two or three families will club together and buy their meat wholesale at one of the packing houses, they will find that their meat bills will be about one-third what it usually costs.

## Straight Talk On Danger of Colds

Let your cold gain headway and you can't keep it from running into Catarrh.

Catarrh never stays in the same place—it travels down into the lungs, then it's too late!

Drive colds and catarrh right out of your system while you have the chance.

Easily done by inhaling Catarrh-ozone, which instantly reaches the true source of the trouble, gets right where the living germs of catarrh are working.

## Catarrh-ozone

A Convenient Inhaler Treatment is the Proper Remedy to Cure.

You see, Catarrh-ozone is simply healing balsams and rich, pure essences, and is able to patch up the sore spots and remove that tender, sensitive feeling from the nose and throat.

Hawking and spitting cease, because the discharge is cured. The nostrils are cleared, headache is relieved, breath is purified. Every trace of catarrh, bronchial and throat weakness is permanently cured.

Two months' treatment, large size, price \$1, and guaranteed. Small size 50c. All reliable dealers, or the Catarrh-ozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

## HOW HE WON PEGGY

By Ernest Macgee

From outside the block of flats there came the throbbing and grunting of a taxi, but Harry Martin had settled himself to spend a lonely evening, and did not dream that the noise heralded a visitor. He was mistaken, however, and a few minutes later the visitor arrived, in the person of Mr. Jack Palmer.

"Glad I got you in," he started. "I hear you're clearing out to-morrow—going down to a place in Cornwall called Halesworth, and that you're to be there for a week or a fortnight. That's so, isn't it?"

"Hilda Durrant is staying there. I heard that yesterday in a round-about way. And that's why I've come to warn you. You remember her, of course? At least, you've heard of her from me. She's the world's star flirt—an exquisite face, a charming manner, a clever brain—and no heart. "What? Oh, yes, I see! I do thank you then. I am to beware of Miss Durrant. Right, Jack. But, after all, I'm sort of case-hardened. It would take a pretty smart flirt to get me to the sentimental point."

"Exactly, and that's the second reason for my coming here. I want to have the girl punished—I want her to be taught that she can be fooled just as she can fool. Two years ago I was a victim of hers—and she only smiled. Well, I've recovered, but I haven't forgotten, and I want her to be shown that every man isn't a confounded idiot where she's concerned."

When Harry had been settled at the Cliff Hotel for a little more than half an hour, he noticed a girl coming slowly up the drive and when she drew near enough for him to see her clearly, he knew quite well that she must be that flirt for whom he had a rod in pickle. He was cautious, however, and, just for safety's sake, turned to the hotel bookkeeper, near whose office he was standing, and said, "You see that lady coming toward the hotel? I wonder if you can tell me what her name is?" And the bookkeeper, cloaking with tact an acute curiosity, answered: "Her name is Miss Durrant, sir. She has been with us for nearly a month."

The girl came nearer, nearer yet, and at last—still moving with graceful slowness, entered through the wide doorway. In passing Harry, she glanced at him with a half-smile, and then, evidently noticing that he was a stranger, averted her eyes, and walked on towards the wide staircase.

That night at dinner he contrived with an adroitness which surprised even himself, to make the first friendly advances to her, and these advances were met most graciously, but with a shyness which was in Harry's eyes the hall-mark of superb acting. And how wonderful she was!—and how those eyes disturbed him!

It was to make love to her with just as little waste of time as possible, and, even now confident in his own strength, he set himself to the task.

Apparently, too, he was vastly successful, for the acquaintanceship formed at dinner that night ripened and changed for something deeper in the days that followed.

At the end of the third day, Harry told himself that everything was going magnificently, and that—curious as it might seem—he had evidently made at least a slight impression on the flirts' heart; at the end of the fourth day he felt less sure of himself, and of the ultimate success of his scheme; at the end of the fifth he called himself a fool and maligned Jack Palmer; at the end of the sixth, he made up his mind that he must bring the crisis on at once; and at the end of the seventh, he knew that he would never bring on the crisis at all—that the crisis had come of its own accord, and was of a very different nature from that which he had expected.

And on the evening of the eighth day he told himself that he was the biggest idiot in England; that he was quite hopelessly in love, and that—this was the worst thing of all—he must speak of his love. Must speak of his love, and be smiled at kindly, and told that he was behaving and speaking rather absurdly. He knew quite well that he should pack up his things and leave the hotel—but he could not.

Harry had spoken of love to women many times before, and indeed was supposed by his friends to be rather an adept at the game. But he floundered; he spoke in broken sentences—he called himself an ass, and called the girl an angel—working up at last to the point where he offered himself, and everything that he possessed, and saying that if she had no love for him, then he had no love for life.

Harry had stood a pace back from her—grown suddenly chill at the thought of the gentle chiding which would reward his outburst, but this chiding did not come. Instead she gave what sounded like a poorly crushed sob, and took a step towards him falteringly.

"Oh!" she managed. "Oh, yes! I—I feel like that, too."

Half an hour later Harry mentioned Jack Palmer—he felt that the time had come for that.

"You knew him didn't you?" he asked. "I think he told me that he was rather friendly with you once."

"No," she said, "I never knew him—but I've heard of him, of course. You see I was at school in Germany

when he used to come to our house. It was Hilda he must have meant—my sister, you know. And," she laughed a little here, "that reminds me—you don't even know my first name yet. I do hope you won't think it's too frivolous—it's Peggy."

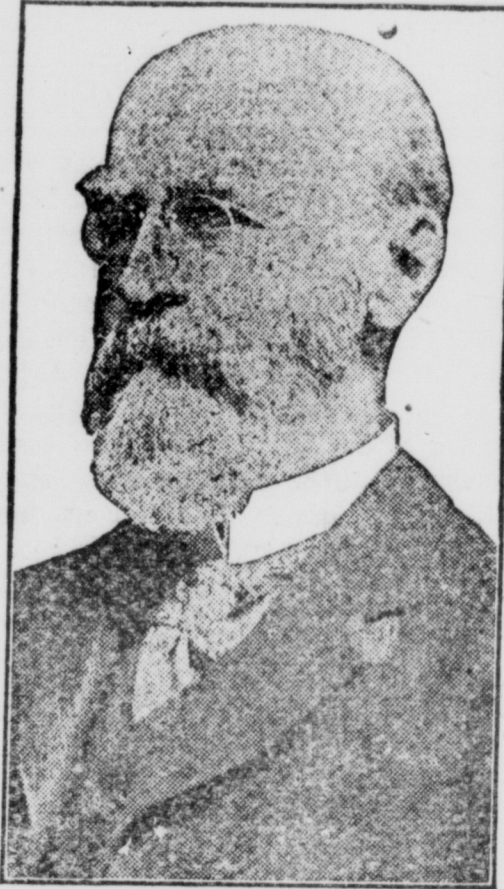
"Peggy," he said, his words coming with difficulty, "is the name I like best in all the world. And—so you're Peggy? Well, Peggy, that—that's fine."

It was not until after the marriage that he explained things.

## WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

### A FEARLESS NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.

The name of the Montreal 'Witness' has long been synonymous with purity and independence in journalism. Established in 1860 by the late John Dougall it is still conducted on the principles laid down by its founder, by his son Mr. John Redpath Dougall, M.A., the present editor and proprietor. The aim of the Dougalls, father and son, has been to issue a clean, readable newspaper which no head of a household need fear to place in the hands of his or her children. Everything calculated to diminish respect for the nobler and better things of life and anything likely to have in itself a tendency, even though remote, to undermine good morals is vigorously excluded from the columns of the 'Witness'. Mr. Dougall claims for his paper absolute independence of all classes, creeds and parties, and makes no secret of his intention to comment, adversely if need be, on anything affecting the community at large, or any considerable section of it, which he does not think is going to make for the moral or material well-being of the people. This is the unalterable policy of the 'Witness' even though the proposal adversely commented on may emanate from a



Mr. JOHN R. DOUGALL, M.A.

party to which it has given a general support. The independence and fearlessness of the 'Witness' has almost passed into a proverb and even those who are opposed to the policy advocated by the paper are generally ready to admit that it is advocating the genuine opinion of its proprietor. There is no lack of pluck or consistency on the part of the 'Witness' in fighting for any cause which Mr. Dougall considers to be just.

Mr. Dougall was born at Montreal in 1841 and has been connected with the 'Witness' since its establishment, when as a boy he assisted his father in producing the paper. He was educated at Montreal High School and at McGill University, being a graduate of the latter. He has taken a life-

## Family Physician Said Incurable

He was Cured Completely by Dr. Hamilton's Pills

## A Terrible Experience with Indigestion.

Another example of the marvelous merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills comes from Kingston, where Mrs. E. V. Horton was snatched from the grave and restored to sound health by this wonderful medicine.

"Three weeks ago I was taken suddenly ill. My head throbbed and ached and I became so dizzy that I had to go to bed. There was a terrible feeling of weight and fullness in my left side, and all the region of my stomach and liver was sore even to touch. I was in a terrible state—had no appetite, in fact I was afraid to eat because of the suffering I had to endure after meals. I got so bilious and had such pains across my eyes that I could scarcely see. My doctor said I had incurable indigestion."

"As a last hope I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills, I saw clearly they were doing me good and continued the treatment. My appetite and strength gradually returned—my color improved and day by day the stomach and liver derangements were less troublesome. All symptoms of biliousness and indigestion have now passed away. I am cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

The same medicine that so wonderfully cured Mrs. Horton will cure anyone else of biliousness, constipation, indigestion, headache, poor color, and stomach trouble. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills—10-day—refuse any substitute, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from The Catarrh-ozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

## DON'T TRY TO SAVE MONEY BY

buying low grade coffee. An extra half cent or cent a day will buy

## Seal Brand

and you will know the exquisite flavor of the finest coffee obtainable.

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AND TWO  
POUND CANS  
ONLY

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SANBORN  
MONTREAL

long and prominent interest in temperance and in social and moral reform work and is honorary president of the Dominion Alliance and president of the Boy's Home and Boy's Farm, Montreal.

### Mr. JAMES MUIR.

Mr. James Muir, of Ottawa, sometimes referred to as Ottawa's greatest



Mr. JAMES MUIR,

Ottawa's Greatest Newspaper Correspondent.

newspaper correspondent, is one of the best known writers in the Dominion. He is the author of many interesting and life-like word paintings of leading Canadian public men, with most of whom he has come into intimate contact through his work as parliamentary reporter. Mr. Muir has made for himself a special place in Canadian Journalism and is ranked as one of our best writers of articles on current topics, especially of a political nature.

### Seeing the Remains.

New England teacher had put in a busy afternoon taking ten of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Where have you been?" asked the mother of two of the party, when they came home for dinner.

"We've been to a dead circus," was the response of one of the lads.

### SIR HUGH GRAHAM, L.L.D.

Canada is credited with production of about two hundred daily newspapers and fully a thousand weeklies, and Sir Hugh Graham ranks amongst the very few who have made an enormous fortune out of the business. Today he is busy building his pile still higher, or cutting down some of its towers, in an effort to convince his fellow countrymen that in seeking closer trade relationship with Canada, the United States is merely seeking to provide trade for its many thousands of unemployed men to the detriment of those on this side the line. Sir Hugh, who is an L.L.D. of Glasgow, Scotland, and also a Knight Bachelor of the United Kingdom, is a native of Athelston, Que., where he was born in 1848, and took on board a load of education at Huntingdon a remarkable achievement when one considers that there is no other man known who matriculated from that seat of learning. He is founder and proprietor of the Daily and Weekly Star of Montreal, and has besides found time to devote in many directions, personal, political and occasionally philanthropic. In this latter connection he initiated a Fresh Air Fund in Montreal, single handedly suppressed the smallpox epidemic in 1885; insured for \$1,000 each man of the first Canadian contingent that went to South Africa, and organized a Children's Patriotic Fund for families of British Soldiers. It was not, however, as recognition of these that he was knighted by King Edward in 1898, but for some political deal in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Montreal La Presse, David Russell, and some others had a hand.

### Football Forecasts

New football, with forward passes and restrictions, have knocked all forecasts galley west. The small school of huskies is as likely to win as the big brother with an enrollment of thousands. Brains and speed offset beef and brawn and an educated toe in the backfield discounts weight in the line.

The coach with two good ends and a punter can develop a high class eleven. The balance of the team will come along as a matter of evolution.



### Brave and Brainy

The Girl:—"The man I marry must be brave and brainy."

The Man:—"I am both. Remember when we were out sailing the boat upset and I saved your life."

The Girl:—"But that was not brainy."

The Man:—"Yes it was. I upset the boat purposely."

### THE WORST OF SUPPOSING

"Listen to me," said the cross-examining counsel. "You must answer my questions definitely. I don't want to now what you supposed. I supposed I had my purse in my pocket when I left home this morning, but, as a matter of fact, I left it on the dressing-table. Now, sir, get on with your evidence."

The case proceeded without further trouble, but when the lawyer arrived home that evening he got a nasty shock, for his wife said:

"You must have wanted your purse very badly to send three men one after the other for it."

"What?" roared the barrister. "Did you give it to anybody?"

"Of course I did, I gave it to the first man who called. He told me exactly where you had left it."

### HER WISDOM TEETH

"I shall be awfully stupid now," exclaimed a wife who had returned from a visit to her dentist.

"Why so, my dear?" queried her husband.

"Because I have had all my wisdom teeth pulled out," replied the lady.

"Oh, my love, the idea that wisdom teeth have anything to do with wisdom is a foolish one! If you were to have every tooth in your head drawn it couldn't make you any stupider, you know!"

Curtain!

## INVALUABLE TO EVERY FARMER

Its Wonderful Power in Curing Sick Cattle and Colicky Horses Makes "Nerviline" Worth Its Weight in Gold.

The stockman or farmer that doesn't know of the thousand and one uses of "Nerviline" around the stable has a great deal to learn. "Why, I wouldn't think of locking my stable door at night without knowing I had a supply of 'Nerviline' on hand. I always get a dozen bottles at a time from my druggist. To cure colic, indigestion, and bad stomach in a horse or cow there is no remedy on earth in the same class as 'Nerviline.' Last summer I had a \$250 horse that got the scours, and I would have lost him if I hadn't been able to give him Nerviline. I poured a full bottle of Nerviline in a pint of water down his throat and saved his life. I know of neighbors who have saved many heads of valuable stock stricken with colic, just by using Nerviline. It is equally good as a rub-on liniment, and I know from my experience that for man or beast, internally or externally, 'Nerviline' is worth a dollar a drop.—James E. McCullough, Stock Breeder, etc."

### Nerviline Cures Colicky Horses

You will not regret using Nerviline—but see you get it and not something else. 25c per bottle, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrh-ozone Company, Kingston, Ont.