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PROCLAIMING THE KING

Forecast of the Great Ceremony Which Will Take Place at Delhi, on New Year's Day, 1903

It is early dawn upon the Ridge. Like Aladdin's magic palace, a city of pavilions, white and blue and scarlet, has arisen upon its luxuriant green, as in a single night. Beneath it, toward the rising sun, still slumbers the Imperial City, writes A. Saraph Kumah Ghosh in London Express.

A thin, white mist glimmers like a mystic light above its golden cupolas and marble minarets. Then in the center of the veil there comes to being a luminous disc, pink and orange, fringed with rays of blue and violet. A moment later the veil has vanished in the air, and like a radiant god the golden sun sits enthroned upon imperial Delhi, embracing the earth in 10,000 arms.

"Il-lalla! Allah illa! Allah Akbar!" An eastern voice floats in the stillness of the morn from the topmost minaret of the Jumma Musjid, awakening the city from its slumber.

"Boom!" answers the Ridge in the deep voice of the west. "Boom!" And 10 seconds later another. A hundred and one guns herald the day from Aladdin's magic city.

Ere the last reverberation has died away along the Jumna valley the old city has risen up to go forth and join the new upon the Ridge.

It is the supremest day in the annals of the Indian Empire. For it is to witness an event that combines in itself the coronation and the proclamation of the first emperor of a mighty country.

WHITE-TUSKED ELEPHANTS.

Thus a vast throng will fill imperial Delhi on that supreme day. A hundred white-tusked elephants will be arrayed in cloth-of-gold, and upon each a silver howdah, incrusted with gems of a thousand hues.

Each tusk is encircled with three rings of gold; each broad forehead covered with a silver shield, chased and embossed with heraldic devices. On some it is the blazing orb of day, embossed in gold, to tell the world that the prince that sits upon the silver howdah beneath the canopy of crimson brocade claims descent from the sun.

On others it is the full moon, chased in silver—for the children of the lunar race.

A gorgeous cavalcade comes behind them—mail-clad warriors upon champing steeds. Each is armed with sword and lance and battle-axe, with tiger-claw daggers in his belt. Upon the steeds are trappings of gold and silver, and upon their heads plumes of bright-hued feathers.

Along the cavalcade the eye catches the glint of gold and silver, even upon the visor and headpiece, and of incrusted gems upon the sword hilt. For, indeed, to this day, India still remains the land where the "Arabian Nights" were once begotten.

A vast multitude on foot comes in its wake, radiant in many colors. Grave-faced Sikhs and grinning Gurkhas; big-boned stalwart Jats, and little wiry Mahrattas; mild, clean-shaven Bengali pundits, and fierce, black-bearded Pathans — all come forth to participate in the glory of their Emperor.

IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

And now a dense throng fills the amphitheatre on the Ridge—tier upon tier of raised seats that hold 10,000 of the choicest nobility and gentry of India. In the vast plains beyond 300,000 of the populace stand in serried ranks, a sea of human heads crested with rippling waves of turbans, yellow and green and pink.

But all eyes are turned to the dais. Above it there floats a crimson canopy of Dacca's loveliest brocade, embroidered in gold and silver with the rose, the thistle, the shamrock and the Lotus of India — fit symbol of the union of England and India, of which this very Durbar is the noblest emblem and the truest credential.

Beneath the canopy there stands a crystal throne, inlaid with golden effigies, draped in costly cashmere. Reposing upon the velvet cushion is the imperial crown, a glittering mass of diamonds, rubies and sapphires.

By its side reclines the golden sceptre, scintillating sparks of fire from its diamond tip. The Emperor of India is not there. Would that he were! But instead his imperial emblems sit upon his throne.

Suddenly the heavy curtains behind the dais are parted, and a tall figure in blue and scarlet emerges therefrom; raising a silver trumpet to his lips, he sends forth a loud blast to the west. From the west the answer comes, for suddenly another trumpet has appeared across the amphitheatre. Then another from the north, and another from the south.

IN WHITE AND CRIMSON.

While yet the echoes are mingling in the air the curtains behind the throne are flung asunder, revealing two rows of stalwart men in white and crimson that hold their swords aloft to form an arch. From beneath it there steps forth the vice-regent of India's emperor, arrayed in the full insignia of the Star of India.

A long-drawn blast from a solitary trumpet—and a hushed silence falls upon the assembled host. The solitary figure of the chief herald stands before the dais, facing the amphitheatre.

What words of omen are these he reads? Whence this echo of another proclamation whose sweet recollections still linger fondly in India's memory?

"* * * In your prosperity will be our mightiest strength, in your contentment our deepest security, in your happiness our highest reward."

With the last lingering word a strange stillness comes over that vast multitude. Their hearts, full of newborn love in that awakened memory, are too full for spoken words.

Suddenly the spell is broken.

"Jai! Jai! Kaisar-i-Hind!" shouts a brazen throat from the topmost gallery.

"Edward, ke jai!" Four score voices take up the cry from tier to tier. What cry is this—"Jai! Jai!" To whom do they give that salute that may be given but to gods?

Jai! Jai! Kaisar-i-Hind!"

It is the roar of 300,000 men from pit to gallery, from gallery to the Ridge. All along the plains, the Jumna bank, to the heart of the Imperial city the echo swells like a mighty avalanche. It is India gone mad with joy because of her emperor's gracious message.

Boom! The roar of a thousand cannon responds to the salute. Forty thousand rifles crash together in a feu-de-joie. Through the crash and the roar there arises the mingled harmony of martial music. Ten thousand voices in the amphitheater catch up the anthem. Ten thousand glittering swords leap in the air. Ten thousand—

But a solitary figure stands before the imperial throne. He holds in his hand a crimson banner, upon which is embroidered in gold the sun in splendor. It is the viceregent of India's emperor.

To him a stalwart form, all abiaze in gems from brow to heel, steps out from before the dais. Who is he? The Hindua Sooraj! The doyen of India's royalty. The lineal descendant of the divine Rama.

The heir of a hundred kings, whose noble forefathers had scorned the alliance of the Moghul emperors, saying that they were "low caste upstarts." It is he they call in England Maharana of Udaipur.

But now, in token of fealty, he faces the imperial throne and presents the hilt of his sword to the vice-regent, who touches it lightly with his right hand in the name of his august master. Then, amid the hushed silence is heard, the message of the Emperor to his vassal:

"In the name and on behalf of his Majesty the Emperor, I present your Highness with this banner, on which are blazoned the noble traditions of your dynasty. May it never be unfurled save to remind your highness of the close union between the throne of England and your highness' loyal and ancient house!"

Then the rulers of India file past the imperial throne—the Chohan, the the Hindu, the Moslem. All men, Rahtor, the Maharatta, the Sikh, save one—the Nawab Sultan Jahan, a woman that has a man's name! She is the Begum of Bhopal, the sole princess of India in her own right.

And, now, after yet another trumpet call, the Hindua Sooraj replies to the message of his Emperor on behalf of all his brethren:

"Shah-in-Shah Padishah! Maharaj-Adhiraj-Parameshwar! The princes of India bless you, and pray that your sovereignty and power may remain steadfast for ever. God bless the Emperor!"

Then 10,000 voices within, and 300,000 without, take up that cry. The roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry respond through the lengthening echoes.

MEDICINE IN BOMBAY.

A Swedish consul in Bombay says that "because of their fear of sanitary inspection and modern methods of preventing and curing disease the natives of India in vast numbers are the victims of plague. In consequence of the hatred and fear of hospitals and medical men the population of Bombay has decreased 40,000 in the last 10 years, while the increase in the whole of India in the same time was about 15 per cent. Bombay now has 760,000 people. The hospital and general medical service in India are of the best and do much good in the affected districts in spite of the prejudice which prevails against such things. The plague is generally fatal without the most skillful medical attention. The natives in their ignorance seek only to be left to die in peace. The ancient traditions of the country are extremely difficult, almost impossible, to eradicate."

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FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

THE DAIRY.

All milk as it comes from healthy cows is of approximately perfect quality and capable of making a perfect article of sweet cream, butter or cheese if its surroundings and the influences to which it is exposed immediately after it leaves the udder of the cow, and until it passes from the care of the farmer, are correct. If it sours quickly, it is because the temperature was not promptly and sufficiently lowered. If immediately cooled to 40 degrees F., lactic acid germs do not develop, and if bad flavors show, it is because filth and impurities have been admitted. Germs of life of many kinds, capable of producing a great variety of effects are not inherent in milk, but are always present in the air of stables, especially in the cow's udder, skin, hair on the milker, in the corners of the milk pail, and in whatever place it is exposed. The admittance of these germs and their development in the milk while it is in the keeping of the farmer is the main cause of the cream souring and of the butter being low grade, and these things are mainly within the control of the "man behind the cow."

THE SCORE CARD

divides the qualities of butter equally between the farmer and the butter maker. Fifty points are for: Grain 25, color 10, salting 10, general appearance 5. These points are wholly within the control of the butermaker and due to his skill or neglect.

The other 50 points are for flavor. This is usually produced by influences that affect the milk or cream before it reaches the butter maker. We have learned how to counteract somewhat those influences, if bad, by killing the germs by heat, called "pasteurization," and introducing a new and desirable influence to develop the proper flavors called commercial "starters." This method is really a means of correcting the evil that has been done by the farmer, unwittingly, and too often unnecessarily.

No butter maker can make a fine article of butter from old or injured cream. The milk was once all right, but somewhere from the cow to the factory it received germs, and its temperature was allowed to be such that they wrought a change that seriously injured its value. The keeping qualities of milk and the continuance of cream in a sweet condition depend upon its purity and low temperature.

Market reports give several grades of butter with a difference in price of several cents. According to the rule of the score card one-half of that difference is due to flavor —the farmer's part.

IN ASSOCIATED WORK

the difficulty is increased by the fact that even one negligent or slovenly patron may seriously counteract the best efforts of a score of others, because each composite lot of cream makes one lot of butter of a quality not much, if any, above that of the individual lot of cream in the churning that was poorest in quality. This shows the importance of each patron doing his work correctly, and also of insisting that every other patron associated with him should also do as well.

The average farmer to-day is away behind the ideal conditions necessary to preserve the inherent qualities of milk and cream. Improvement has been made and is still going on, and the necessity for further improvement grows more apparent each year.

A milking room as clean as a kitchen, with air purified by the sun, and free from odors and dust, would be none too good in which to draw pure milk from a cow, in order to maintain that purity until its temperature is reduced to a point below the danger from obnoxious germs. A cow as well groomed and tidy as a driving horse would be none too clean to stand over a milk pail while yielding up a food for the nourishment of the strongest as well as the weakest of the human family.

GRADE UP THE HERD.

I know the theory is, grade up your herd, get a thoroughbred bull and breed up, writes Mr. R. W. Ellis. That is what we all believe in, and most of us are trying to do but it don't work at all times as one would like to have it. Thirty-two years ago I made up my mind the Jersey was the best breed for me and in the course of two years, I bought 16 head of cows and heifers. I had no money to pay fancy prices, but got the best I could, and I was very fortunate in my selections. Two of them made over 500 pounds of butter in a year, (not dropping any calf in the time), and two others, I think would have done as well if they had been tried, and I think the whole 16 would, when at maturity, have made an average of 400 lbs. in a year. I have kept the best thoroughbred bull I could get with the means at my disposal, from that day to this, and I know there never has been a time when 16 other cows could have been picked out of our herd that would have done as well and I never have known an instance where a person has picked up a very choice herd and been able to hold them up to their original standard by breeding. Like does not always beget like. You may say this is rather a discouraging picture to draw. So it is, but it is true as far as my experience goes. At the same time I would not myself or advise any one else to abate one jot or title in the effort to climb higher in the scale of production, being as keenly alive as any one to the difference between a good and poor cow, but my position is this: That there are few cows in the country but with proper farm management along the line of cheaper production of cow fodder, and with better care will pay their owners a fair profit. A poor cow pays as much as a good one in keeping up the fertility of the farm, and this is an item not taken into account as much as it should be.

And I believe if we spent more of our mental energy trying to induce farmers to adopt better methods in the management of their farms and stock which is perfectly feasible and directly attainable, instead of weeding out and grading up, which is, to say the least, only remotely attainable, it would be better all around.

KEEP THE FARM NEAT.

May I not put in a plea for neatness on the farm, asks Mr. E. L. Vincent. What do I mean by this? I will tell you. Some things may be proved by contrasts. The other day I passed a farm where the house and barn stood on opposite sides of the road. The house had a careless look, as if the occupants were very busy people, and had little time to spend on personal appearance, either of themselves or their home. But the barn was the worst place to see. The door stood open, and I could see everything strung around all over the floor and sides of the building. And about the yard outside—why, it was simply dreadful. Turned up by the side of the fence were a mower, a reaper, two or three bob sleds, a harrow, an old wagon, a hay-rigging, and no end of plank boards tossed around as if there had been a cyclone in the neighborhood. It was enough to make one really sick to look at it.

Less than half a mile away was another farm, presenting a decided contrast. Here the house and barn had a trim look. Things seemed to be all in place, and there were no sleds, old wagons or farm machinery out of doors rotting down. This was a neat farm. Who would not like to have his own place like it? We all may. This I plead for.

STOLEN BY THE SEA.

England Loses Many Acres Each Year in This Way.

The Strand Magazine describes the steady and disastrous eating away of the coast line of England by the encroaching sea, and it is stated that the annual loss of area by coast erosion in England alone is probably not less than 2,000 acres. On the other hand, marsh lands have been drained and other lands reclaimed, but these areas are insignificant as compared with those which have been lost.

Parts of the lost lands were low-lying, protected by dykes or levees, which were eventually breached; other parts were washed away by floods and storms; but in many cases the sea is eating its way into tall cliffs, demolishing numerous towns and villages.

The line of anchorage for ships off Selsey, in Sussex, is still called "the Park," having been a royal deer park in the reign of Henry VIII., while the treacherous shoals known as the Goodwin sands formed in early days the estate of Earl Goodwin.

On the Yorkshire coast there are 12 buried towns and villages, and in Suffolk there are five. Submerged forests may be seen at low tide off Bexhill and Wirral, and their remains have been found at numerous points along the coast.

Southwest from Lands End, toward the Scilly Islands, a peninsula of about 227 square miles has been carried away, and below the sand beach is a deposit of black mold containing indications of trees and deer.

At Wirral is Leasowes Castle, now on the edge of the cliff, but 50 years ago it was half a mile from the sea. Many historical towns, such as Ravensburg (mentioned in Shakespeare) where Henry IV. landed in 1399, and Edward IV. in 1471, have now entirely disappeared.

At Reculver the cliffs were gradually eroded until a church, originally two miles inland, was partly wrecked; this church, however, had two spires, forming a striking landmark for sailors, and trinity board (in charge of the light-house work) therefore had a sea wall built to prevent the destruction of the towers.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
Dr. Chase's Ointment

SOOP!

A burly old skipper and his scarcely less burly mate entered a restaurant in Southampton and demanded a "table dotty" dinner.

In a few minutes a waiter approached and, with a considerable amount of flourish, placed two plates of thin, watery-looking fluid before the pair.

"Hi, me lad, wot's this stuff?" demanded the mariner, gazing in amazement at the decoction in front of him.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soop!" shouted the old sea-dog; "Soop! By gum, Bill"—turning to his mate—"jest think o' that. 'Ere's you and me been sailing on soop orl our lives, an' never knowed it till now."

VIOLETS FOR THE NERVOUS

HEALTH VALUES OF POPULAR PERFUMES.

Sniffing Rue Has Produced Relief in Ailments of the Liver.

Although mankind has been using perfumes for three thousand years and over, it is only within recent times that their therapeutic value has been noted.

There are two main sorts of essences, those derived from plants and those from animal sources, and these two principal classes are subdivided into various groups till we arrive at the perfumes themselves, which are produced by distillation. But whether the basis of these scents be that obtained from plants, such as, for instance, mint, roses, lilies, violets, and so forth, or that procured from animals—namely, the musk, ambergris, cevet, or the castor, the majority of the perfumes respond in a healthful way if used properly.

Violets, that is to say, the pure violet essence—are now known to contain many properties which are helpful to the nervous, and the

PERFUME OF THE SAME NAME

is favored very largely at the present time by people whose only drawback, perhaps, is their extreme nervousness. It is the favorite scent of innumerable actresses, and even actors, too, and public speakers of every degree—not entirely because of any symptoms of nervousness they may be subject to, but because in critical moments inhalation of the essence of violets, strangely enough, seems to have the effect of quieting or soothing any approaching qualms or indications of a nervous visitation.

From the therapeutic standpoint, to quote the doctors, the scent of violets is a natural sedative, having the power of subduing or toning down a nervous system or temperament whose equilibrium is easily disturbed. Not only that, but violets is a remedy for many actual disorders of the nervous system, which the perfume seems to mother in a particularly effective manner.

In the "Materia Medica," which is the doctors' book of drugs and medicaments, there are about seventeen items with which the violet essence is incorporated, which is sufficient evidence of its power in helping to raise the body to health and vigor, whilst in cases of cancer violet leaves have wrought absolute cures.

Rue is a strong smelling plant, but the essence which is derived from it has been found to act beneficially in no fewer than eighty test cases which were examined just recently. In liver ailments the sniffing of a few drops of the essential oil, shaken on a handkerchief,

HAS PRODUCED RELIEF;

whilst for spasms, severe indigestion, and other forms of stomach trouble, the soaking in the perfume of a piece of linen, folded, and then held in position at the pit of the stomach by a flannel band, and left there for a few hours, has wrought surprisingly favorable results. Wherever a stimulant is required, smell a perfume with a rue basis. Headaches, sleepiness, lowness of spirits, and ailments of this description, yield to the overpowering influence of the essential oil of rue, or to a scent made up with it.

Men in business, or women and girls whose domestic labors breed over-care and over-anxiety, should invest in a small quantity of this distillation, and inhale it now and again, when they would feel refreshed and reinvigorated.

Perfumes made from mint are aromatic, as mint is an aromatic plant, and the oil from it is rather pungent. And yet at night time mint is a sleep producer. Often one may retire for the night, and, having only slept for an hour or so, wake up again from some slight reason, and fail to court sound sleep for the rest of the night. Buy a penny slate-sponge, soak this in mint perfume, insert it in a small linen bag, and place it under the part of your pillow where your shoulders rest. If you should happen to be a bad sleeper, you will find this mint remedy very useful.

There are about thirty-two kinds of perfume made from roses. Attar of roses is a popular form of distillation, and is among

THE MOST EXPENSIVE

when you come to buy the genuine article. There are many scents derived from the attar—which means oil—of roses, and from the attar of many kindred blooms, but they are in the main only aromatic. Inhaled occasionally, their mission is to refresh—you might call them pocket pick-me-ups.

The lily is a bulbous plant, producing flowers of great beauty and variety. There are about fourteen different kinds of perfumes on the market whose basis is derived from the oil and the plant. The energetic person who believes in a cold bath every morning, followed by a "constitutional" before breakfast, believes that he may be spared from dabbling in any of these artificial aids to health, such things being intended for people who are crippled in health. But there are times when the most inveterate and determined cold-bath marvel flinches from his self-imposed task and wishes that he could get out of his bath, at any rate for that one morning, which has a nasty habit of coming round regularly about once a week. What you want is a little lily compound—just a spray of the perfume on your face, that's all. The negative feeling, you will find, would

PASS QUICKLY OFF.

All the citrene scents—bergamot, neroli, orangeflower water—are refreshing; by which is meant stimulating. Flower-essences alone for perfumes are not worthless, but, combined or infused with them, as a general principle, is some animal base—musk, civet, or ambergris.

It is not recommended to favor more than one perfume. Why so many feel faint in a crowded ballroom, is due to the atmosphere being poisoned by the queer combination of scents present in handkerchiefs and ladies' clothes rather than to the vitiated air caused by the gas or other illuminant, and people's breath. In these days of electric light the same amount of faintness is endured as of yore. The refreshing effect of lavender water is well known, and in cases of faintness from heat or over-crowding it is invaluable as a remedy. Lavender is peculiarly suited to high-strung temperaments. It is soothing, as well as refreshing, without being unduly stimulating, and as a remedy for hay fever is has been found useful.—London Answers.

HERE AND THERE.

Bits of Information About Almost Everything.

The population of the earth doubles in about 260 years.

No fewer than 30,000 English women live on canal boats.

No Russian military officer may marry until he is twenty-three.

In 1835 Indian elephants fetched $225, now they run up to $5,000.

The Persians have a different name for every day in the month.

Licenses have been taken out for 1,250,000 bicycles in France.

Venice has a cafe which has been open day and night for 150 years.

The head of the whale has been known to attain a thickness of over two feet.

About 45,000 sovereigns pass over the Bank of England counters every day.

Eighty thousand people live within the danger radius of Mount Vesuvius.

People who sell newspapers in the streets of Moscow are compelled to appear in uniform.

The dark spot in the centre of a bean blossom is the nearest approach to black that occurs in any flower.

Paper coal is a form of lignite found near Bonn, in Germany. It splits naturally in films as thin as paper.

Organ grinders in Vienna are not allowed to play in the morning or evening—only between midday and sunset.

The mainmast of a ship is usually the same length as half the length of the lower deck, plus its extreme breadth.

In every school in Paris there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

One thousand and twenty-seven decrees of divorce were granted in Switzerland last year, which means 193 for every 1,000 marriages.

In the British Isles during the past century seven instances have been recorded in which the bride has married the best man by mistake.

In Peru it was once the custom for domestic servants to have two of their upper front teeth extracted. Their absence indicated servitude.

The average temperature of Great Britain has risen nearly 1 1-3 degrees within the past half century. January is now nearly three degrees warmer than it was.

A French writer states that of every 100,000 men of the Army or Naval profession 199 become hopeless lunatics. Among mechanics the number is only 66 per 100,000.

At the funeral of an unmarried woman in Brazil scarlet is the mourning hue. The coffin, the hearse, the trappings of the horses, and the livery of the driver must be scarlet.

Asbestos towels are among the curiosities of the day. When dirty it is only necessary to throw them into a red-hot fire, and after a few minutes draw them out fresh and clean.

A Bible with celluloid covers has been introduced in a New York police court, and every time the Book is kissed a policeman removes with a wet sponge all possible disease germs.

The New Zealand Government has set apart two islands for the preservation of the remarkable wild birds and other animals of that country. Thereon all hunting and trapping are forbidden.

REAL WISDOM.

The wisdom of advertising is apparent to the man who does it well. There are few people who could not make better business by better advertising, but there is often a feeling that the good of the store will not stand the increased expense of bettering the advertising. Make the story plain and forceful, and the possible customer will appreciate the worth of the article after it is bought and honor the firm that sold it; when the selling was a mere matter of chance, perhaps. A good sale does not mean a turning of one profit, but does mean the satisfying of one customer. The profit of that sale may be small but the value from that sale may be great. It is easily possible to have returns in financial value from the sale that resulted in direct loss. The advertising value of a sale at a loss may be so great that it will yield a large per cent. in the year's business. The merchant knowing the worth of his statements and feeling the value of his goods will surely get the best value from his advertising by saying the goods are just what they are, by presenting the article persistently to the public and making every separate bit of publicity yield the greatest good to his bank account. There are ways to estimate the value of the publicity, and the wise merchant watches the process to know when he gets the best value from his publicity and to learn how he can increase the value. Many merchants fail to get results from business enterprises by failing to see the opportunity to get more good from the present transaction than appears just at the moment. The wise plan is to sell and satisfy and advertise again to sell again and satisfy again.

PRIZES FOR PRETTY GIRLS.

Some sixty years ago the Rev. Thomas Mafrick bequeathed to Holsworthy, Devonshire, England, certain moneys, the interest on which is to be paid to the prettiest young woman who most regularly attends church. Miss Jane Chapple has been selected this year as the queen of beauty. A sum of 5s. is also given yearly to the oldest spinster who is the most frequent attendant at church.

For Six Months He Did No Work
Was a Victim of Nervous Collapse—Weak, Helpless, Suffered—An Extraordinary Cure by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food possesses unusual control over the nerves and rekindles nervous energy when all other means fail, is well illustrated in the case described below. Mr. Brown was forced to give up his ministerial work, and so far exhausted that for a time he was positively helpless. Doctors were consulted, and many remedies were resorted to, in vain. Every effort to build up the system seemed in vain, and it is little wonder that the sufferer was losing hope of recovery, when he began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Rev. T. Brown, Methodist minister of Omemee, and late of Bethany, Ont., writes:—"A year ago last November I was overtaken with nervous exhaustion. For six months I did no work, and during that time I had to be waited on, not being able to help myself. Nervous collapse was complete, and though I was in the physician's hands for months, I did not seem to improve. At any little exertion my strength would leave me, and I would tremble with nervousness.

"From the first I used a great many nerve remedies, but they seemed to have no effect in my case. I had almost lost hope of recovery when I heard of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and began to use it. As my system became stronger I began to do a little work, and have gradually increased in nerve force and vigor until now I am about in my normal condition again. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food the best medicine I ever used. Not only has it proven its wonderful restorative powers in my own case, but also in several others where I have recommended it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Factory
JOHN McDONALD & CO.
(Successors to George Cassady.)
Manufacturers of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' Furnishings generally.
Lumber Planed and Matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING
Stock of Dimension and other Lumber constantly on hand.
East End Factory, Chatham, N. B.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold, Rubber and Celluloid. Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth.
Also Crown and Bridge work. All work guaranteed in every respect.
Office in Chatham, Benson Block. Telephone No. 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. S. Kethre's Barber Shop. Telephone No. 6

WHERE DRUGS COME FROM

BROUGHT FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Castor Oil Arrives in Beans, and Aloes in Monkey Skins — Perfumes.

To form the collection which fills the drawers and bottles and jars of even the most unpretentious druggist's shop, tax is levied upon almost every country in the world. North, south, east and west, our drugs come to us, and they reach our shores in such strange forms that not one person in a thousand, seeing them in the rough at the docks, or in any of the great wholesale stores, would be able to even guess at the names and natures of half of them, says Pearson's Weekly.

Somewhat similar in appearance is ipecacuanha, which also comes to us in dry twigs, which are part of the trailing root of a plant found in the damp forests of Brazil. These roots receive no preparation save drying before they are shipped off to Europe via Montevideo. They are packed in large sacks, and the workmen who open the bales must beware of breathing the pungent, irritating dust given off, and which is productive of unpleasant results if incautiously inhaled.

Castor oil, too, is hard to recognize in the pretty little brown beans spotted with black and with polished skins, that arrive in bags from India. They look far too attractive to suggest the much hated dose of our early days. Aloes, the base of many nauseous medicines, may be seen in its crude form as a solid mass resembling brown sealing-wax, packed in heavy wooden boxes, from which it is chipped out in flakes with a

CHISEL AND HAMMER.

It is of different qualities and prices according to whether it comes from Arabia, Socotra, or the West Indies, and may fetch any sum from $6 to $45 a hundredweight. Aloes is the juice of the big fleshy leaves of the plant of that name. This juice is pressed or evaporated from the leaves, and poured into chests or kegs in a semi-fluid state, hardening presently into a solid block. Not infrequently it is inclosed in the dried skins of monkeys, and in this strange form brought to market.

One of the most interesting of drugs is opium, both on account of its awful potency, and by reason of its great value. A case of opium, about 2¼cwt., is worth $400 roughly. The case is of rough deal, lined with tin, and contains a number of soft, dark lumps, like large handfuls of dough, packed very closely together in a quantity of dry, chaffy seeds. Each of these lumps contains about two pounds of raw opium, a viscous, heavy-scented mass, wrapped in poppy leaves, which has been gathered with infinite patience and labor, a tiny drop at a time, from each individual poppy in an Eastern poppy field. The opium which reaches England is of two qualities, one for medicine, the other for smoking, and comes from Persia and Asia Minor; that grown in China and India proving too adulterated for

THE ENGLISH MARKET.

Another costly and all important drug is quinine, which arrives in its crude form as large slices of bark, packed either flat or in "quills," that is, curled round upon itself like a roll. Twenty years ago, before the tree had been cultivated in the East Indies, and was to be found only in parts of South America, quinine was vastly dearer than it is now. Even to this day it is a somewhat costly commodity, worth 30 cents an ounce; but formerly the same amount would fetch the enormous price of $4, or fourteen times as much.

From Smyrna and Bussorah come the bulk of the gums—gum Arabic, gum Senegal, gum Benjamin (or Benzoin) gum myrrh, and gum Tragacanth, which form such an important part of the British Pharmacopoeia. From Sicily we get manna, a pale-colored, fragile substance looking like hardened honey, which is exuded from the bark of a species of ash. Italy sends us our liquorice—a juice extracted from the root of a plant belonging to the pea and bean tribe, grown in Southern Europe.

RHUBARB IN THE ROUGH

can be seen as large irregular fragments of a bright yellow root, grown in China. And here it may be mentioned, that the name Turkey rhubarb is altogether a misnomer. There is no such thing as Turkey rhubarb and never has been; but the mistake dates back to olden days, when the root was brought from the East by way of Turkey, instead of through Russia, as it now comes.

Scarcely to be counted as drugs, though generally associated with them, come certain of the perfumes. The value of these latter commodities is very great. The metal flasks, covered with thick felt, holding in each 100 ounces of otto of roses, are worth $600 apiece. The soft brown pods of musk, wrapped in rice paper, and contained in small gaudily-painted boxes, or "caddies" are valued at about $8.50 each. Vanilla is shipped from Mexico and Mauritius in little tin boxes holding long, beautifully fragrant pods of a species of orchid; while civet, that extraordinary animal perfume, which in bulk smells abominably, comes from the East contained in cow's horns.

THE ROYAL COLOR.

Purple has always been considered the Royal color. The ill-fated Charles I. was, however, at his own desire, crowned in a robe of white; although he was seriously reminded that of the two exceptions to this rule, Richard II. and Henry VI., who wore white satin robes at their coronations, both had come to a violent end, one at Pontefract Castle and one in the Tower. Charles I. was resolute in his decision, and when twenty-three years afterwards, almost to a day, his body was conveyed to its grave through a heavy snowstorm, the superstitious could not help remarking that the third "white King" had suffered a violent death.