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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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KING AND PARLIAMENT

Pen Picture of a Brilliant Scene at Westminster

The London Times published a vivid word picture of the scene in the House of Lords when King Edward opened Parliament in State recently, from which the following extracts are taken:

The Peers, as on former occasions, gave up the greater part of their House to their ladies, and limited themselves to two of their front benches, and to improvised seats on the floor, where, in course of time, they themselves made a glowing picture, with an exceedingly flattering frame, on two sides at least, of dazzling brilliance and beauty. They were all in their crimson velvet mantles, distinguishable as to their rank in the peerage, therefore, by the number of ermine bars, but in many cases otherwise disguised in these robes that are reserved for State occasions. But the ladies, closely arrayed in four long rows behind them on each side of the House, had come out in their lightest colors. The darker tints were so generally avoided that the few exceptional dresses in warm color served only to emphasize the general effect of a glittering silver setting to a picture of the Peers in crimson and white and gold. There were Peeresses' mantles, too, with the powdered ermine denoting rank, and coronets whose glittering pearls, raised or not raised, on points, or strawberry leaves, told also of distinctions of rank, and there were Coronation robes here and there, and also trains; but, the day being fine, there was no close wrapping up of the brilliant costumes; so the sheen of the satin and brightness of silk, and richness of lace and embroidery, and softness of swansdown and tulle, and the sparkle of diamonds, and the glow of a sweet flower skilfully disposed where the poet swore he would never plant a thorn — all these were well open to the gaze long before the moment when, on former occasions, they have been revealed only in a wonderful transformation scene on the Sovereign's arrival.

FAIRYLAND ON EARTH.

It was not only on the floor that the Peers found themselves delighting in this beautiful setting. The light balcony, which; starting from the canopy of the Throne at the southern end of the House, turns at the angles and skirts each side of the Chamber, was filled also with brilliantly-costumed and bejeweled ladies. Most people know that this balcony skirts the center of a fine, richly-carved, and lofty oak panelling, reaching from the floor to the stained glass windows. Above the balcony, in what appears to be the solid oak panel, there is a sudden opening observed from time to time, and beauties enter as if they came through the wall on a magic summons from fairyland. The opening closes and they adorn the panel. Thus you might at one moment during the composition of this brilliant picture, see a great blank space of oaken wall unfilled, and turn your attention to another part of the canvas. When you turned again the blank was filled from the fairyland and nothing to show how the pretty change had happened. This is what can be done with the House of Lords in the way of surprises. The barons who got us Magna Charta fill up niches between the windows, and have guardian angels to keep them company; but these angels are, with all their gilding, dark in comparison with the bright company that a Royal opening of the session brings to them. The Kings and Queens, from the Conqueror onwards, looking down from the stained glass windows shut out, to tell the truth, rather much of the light of heaven from these scenes; but the electric light which now takes the place of the sun in darkened interiors is increasingly turned on from time to time, and the old Kings and Queens, who have had their day, are in their turn thrown into obscurity. Their successors and their modern nageantry are illuminated, and it is only the emblems of their ancient Royal houses on the deeply-panelled ceiling, and whatever else of their time has survived to serve a decorative purpose in Parliament, that is allowed to assist in the business of the day. The canopy of the gilded Throne monopolizes, and picturesquely, too, the greater part of the southern balcony, but from between the coronal pillars of that canopy it could be seen that there also ladies were seated; and in the eastern corner fittingly sat a visitor from China, and due south, another from an equatorial clime.

THE ROYAL PARTY.

There were few incidents during the waiting, only once an order of ceremonial fell from the balcony among the countesses, fortunately without causing anything but good-humored commotion. At length appeared the Prince of Wales and the other members of the Royal Family who were expected — the Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Margaret of Connaught, and Prince Christian and his daughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Prince took his State chair to the right of the King and Queen's State chairs on the Throne. The others sat on chairs on the west side of the House, arranged in line with the front Opposition bench and not far from the Queen's State chair. The company, of course, received them standing, and sat down only when the Prince was seated. He wore his Duke's robes over his uniform. His solitary position until the arrival of the State procession was most conspicuous.

Presently by the stir of the Gentlemen-at-Arms and the opening of the door on the east side of the Throne — the entrance having hitherto been made on the western side—it was made known to everybody that the State procession had arrived. A moment more and the Pursuivants were passing the Throne, facing it, and bowing to the Sovereign's place. The Heralds in their wonderful tabards followed; then in stately, but by no means slow, succession the officers of the Household, the Lord High Chancellor, who took his place to the right of the Throne (spectator's left). The King handed the Queen to the chair on his left; she, bowing, took her seat with him. Their robes were quickly arranged, the King's by one well known to the House of Commons as Sergeant-at-Arms, but here acting in his capacity of Gentleman Usher to the Robes; the Queen's by the brightly coated (scarlet and gold) Pages of Honor. The Queen's ladies—the Countess Dowager of Lytton (as the Lady of the Bed-chamber), the Duchess of Buccleuch (the Mistress of the Robes), and the Hon. Charlotte Knollys (the Woman of the Bed-chamber) — take their places behind the Queen's chair of State. Mr. Erskine retires to the right of the Lord Chancellor, the pages also stand aside. The lord bearing the Cap of Maintenance on a wand (the Marquis of Winchester) takes his place on the steps of the Throne to the King's right; the Marquis of Londonderry, bearing aloft the Sword of State, takes his place on the King's left, where with marvelous steadiness the sword is upheld for a quarter of an hour. The Duke of Devonshire, as Lord President, bearing the glittering Imperial Crown on a cushion, supported from his neck by ribands, is next on the right and somewhat in front of the peer with the Cap of Maintenance, while the Earl Marshal (Duke of Norfolk) with his wand of office is to the right of the Duke. The Lord Great Chamberlain is at His Majesty's left, and almost immediately the Lord Steward and all the other officers of the Household are ranged on or about the Throne.

THE PICTURE COMPLETE.

The picture is complete and superb. The lights have been turned up. The peeresses who had not already done so have thrown back their mantles, and all their bravery of attire and their jewels are flashing and sparkling like living things. But now their light-hued gowns serve for the most striking contrast of the day. The Queen, when her Royal robe is thrown aside, is revealed in a black costume, and they throw it into greater relief, if that were possible. But our Queen needs no aid from surroundings. She looks — but also she needs no praise, a fortunate thing for the writers who have to find out how with propriety to speak of the appearance of the King's Consort. All eyes were fixed on that gracious lady in the costume which no one could call sombre, not only because of the light that flashed all about it from the jewels she wore and the Royal tiara or coronet, but because this Queen wore it, and, wearing it, seemed to answer to-day as much to the description of England's fair daughter from over the sea as she did these forty years agone. The King gave plenty of time for all to look at the Queen and to note his own apparently vigorous health. There was, in fact, almost an embarrassing interval of waiting while General Biddulph was gone to fetch the Commoners, especially as during all that time the company remained standing. The Diplomatic Corps, taking it for granted that the custom of former years had been followed, or perhaps mistaking some recognition of the King's for a command, sat down for a moment, but, seeing the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family still standing, promptly rose again. The company stood, in perfect silence, and would, perhaps, have welcomed the old helter-skelter of a rush from the Commoners. But they come in decorum now. The Speaker was accompanied very quietly to the bar by the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Harcourt, and others. The King read his speech in the clearest tones, dwelling, perhaps, with a little, but hardly perceptible, emphasis on the satisfactory progress of events in South Africa, and the great celebration at Delhi. The Queen appeared to be the most interested listener as she leaned slightly towards the King and watched his progress as he turned the leaves of his speech. When it was concluded a dignified interval passed after the Speaker had gone, and then the procession, reforming, went almost as it came. The brilliant scene melted away, and the session of 1903 was begun.

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WEAK LUNGS.

Made Sound and Strong by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Weak lungs mean weak health, continual coughs and colds—touches of grip and bronchitis, then deadly pneumonia or lingering, hopeless consumption. Weak lungs are due to weak blood. The one sure way to strengthen weak lungs is to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose makes rich, red blood, and every drop of rich, red blood adds strength, vigor and disease-resisting power to weak lungs. Thousands of weak-lunged, narrow-chested men and women have been made sound, healthy and happy by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills — and they will do the same for you. Mrs. J. D. Naismith, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I contracted a severe cold, which developed into bronchitis and lung trouble. The best of doctors and many different kinds of medicine failed to help me, and my friends all thought I was going into rapid consumption. I had no appetite, was forced to take to bed, and felt that only death would release me. My brother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began them. A few boxes proved they were helping me, and I began to get real strength. I continued the use of the pills and was soon able to leave my bed and sit up. I grew stronger day by day. The cough that had racked me almost beyond endurance disappeared, my appetite returned, and I am again strong and healthy, much to the surprise of all who saw me while I was ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other medicines failed and I shall always praise them."

Bear in mind that substitutes and ordinary medicines will not cure. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POISONING BY PERFUMES.

Power to Intoxicate and Benumb Has Been Proved.

Though it is popularly believed that strong perfumes have power to intoxicate and benumb, and though workers in perfume laboratories are occasionally so much affected as to need medical aid, little attention has been paid by physiologists to the effect of odors. But now a German physician has made a series of experiments which fully confirm the popular belief. The experiments were made not on human beings but on frogs which were put under glass bells with sponges saturated with various essences.

The effects are similar to those of chloroform. There is a brief stage of excitement, followed by partial or complete paralysis. Although many odors were used they were found to differ only in rapidity of action, and the notoriously heavy and "heady" musk was found to be one of the slowest. Camphor, peppermint, lavender, and cloves are also slow, while aldehyde, turpentine, elder flower, ylang-ylang, "peau d'Espagne," asafetida, bisulphuride of carbon, mustard, and nicotine act quickly and energetically. In some cases the effect was instantaneous. The frog would jump about in a lively manner, but would soon stop, close his eyes, and rub his nose with his paws. His breathing and heart action became slow and labored and he perspired profusely. If he still tried to spring he often fell on his back and had hard work getting on his feet again. If the action of the fume were continued the frog's breathing became convulsive, his head fell forward, and his only response to an external stimulus was a spasmodic attempt to breathe. His eyes turned outward and his heart beat more and more slowly until it stopped altogether.

HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

You can make baby sleep by giving him laudanum or the "soothing" stuffs which invariably contain opiates. But no sensible mother will do that. The way to make baby sleep happily and in comfort is to take away the cause of his wakefulness. This cause is located in his little inside — nowhere else. Babies seldom have anything the matter with them but their stomachs, and it is safe to say that the baby who cries unseasonably is complaining of his stomach. There is no ailment of a baby's stomach that Baby's Own Tablets will not cure right away. They make baby cheerful and happy and give him sound natural sleep—not the drugged sleep produced by soothing stuffs. Mrs. Wm. Smidt, Listowell, Ont., says: "My baby used to be very restless and sleepless, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets, he is better natured, sleeps better and is better in every way." These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and can be given to the very youngest baby. You can get them from any druggist, or they will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CAUTION.

"Well, bub, what is it?" asked the druggist of the small boy with a bottle in his hand.

"Please, sir, but here's the medicine I got for me mother an hour ago."

"Yes, and what's the matter with it?"

"You didn't write on the bottle it was to be taken eternally or infernally, and she's afraid of making a mistake."

"Papa says he will never consent to our marriage," sighs the maiden. "Then let us elope," boldly urges the man. "There, now," chirped the delighted damsel, "Papa was wrong. He said you hadn't the least business ability, and here the very first thing you do is to save him the expense of a stylish wedding."

Prussia has no fewer than 2,922,000 Poles in her population. They are at least as disaffected towards German Government as any British subjects are towards our Government.

Many a Slip

The rain drizzled down outside—pit, pat, splutter, splutter on the leaden roof, and Gordon Clarke stared up gloomily at the top part of the office window which was not frosted, and which commanded a view of dull sky and telegraph wires.

He bit the top of his quill pen and looked down again at the mass of papers on his desk. Another will to copy! He was sick of wills to copy. It was his business morning, noon and night, copying out details of other people's fortunes; and as he was not likely to have a fortune himself he detested everybody who was.

This will to-day, however, had an unusual interest, and the man at the desk next him leant forward.

"You've got old Johnson's will to copy, haven't you?" he asked. "He's dying. The governor was there last night with me, and I heard the doctor say that he couldn't last more than a few weeks. And he hasn't found his daughter yet."

Gordon Clarke looked carelessly at the will.

"He's mad, isn't he?" he asked.

The other laughed.

"He's been sharp enough to make £50,000 or so," he said, "and I shouldn't call that being mad myself. But he is a bit queer. Twenty years ago he quarrelled with his daughter and she ran away. He swore she should never come back, and that she might die before he'd look at her again, and all these years he has kept his word. He has lived alone, never mentioned her name, and willed all his money to charities.

"Now he's dying and has altered his will, and is advertising and searching for her everywhere, and can't find her. That's Fate, and serves him right. He only quarrelled with her because she wanted to marry someone he didn't approve of and now I suppose the poor thing's starving somewhere, never dreaming that there is a fortune waiting for her and her children, if she has any. But it will serve old Johnson right if he dies without seeing her. He was cruel."

Gordon bent to his work. He cared nothing for Johnson's daughter. He cared nothing for anybody except himself, and his face was bitter and ugly as his pen scrawled slowly the first words on the parchment.

"This is the last will and testament of me, Abel Johnson."

His pen swept round the loops and flourishes and down the thick strokes, and then suddenly the color left his face, and instead of writing he took to reading the will that lay before him.

It was a very short one, but these was something in it that startled him. It was a description of Abel Johnson's daughter, who ran away twenty years ago to marry a man named Glenny.

Gordon stared at the name, fascinated—Glenny! His heart began to throb and the blood run through his veins. The fortune might be nearer him than he had thought. He might get it himself—if he were careful. £50,000!

He clutched the pen and stared at the parchment. Twenty years ago Abel Johnson-s daughter had married a man named Robert Airdslip Glenny. Airdslip was an uncommon name, and it was not likely that there could be any mistake. Gordon Clarke knew a man named Airdslip Glenny, and his daughter, a girl of eighteen, was called Minnie Johnson Glenny.

His hand began to tremble. His heart throbbed heavily. £50,000!

He stared up at the leaden sky and tried to think. There surely could be no doubt about it? The man he knew—the man who was starving with his daughter in the garret above his own room—was the man who had married Ellen Johnson twenty years ago! It must be! It was impossible that there could be any mistake!

He turned his eyes away from the window, and went carefully through the will, copying it closely, and all the time with his brain thinking out carefully how he could get hold of the £50,000.

When he put down his pen at last it seemed to him that the fortune was already his. Robert Glenny was starving and proud. Abel Johnson might advertise for years, but he would not answer him. He would rather beg than take a penny from his dead wife's father. It would only be for Minnie's sake that he would give way, and Minnie was a delicate girl, suffering already from want of good food.

Gordon rose from his stool with his lips set tight. He had a little money saved, and only a few days ago Glenny asked him to lend him some in order to pay a doctor's bill for Minnie, who had been ill, and to get an evening suit. Glenny was an accomplished musician, and an evening engagement had depended upon the suit. He could not take it unless he had one, but Gordon had refused to lend even that small amount.

He set his teeth as he thought of it. He would lend it now! He would lend it, and marry Minnie and make his fortune at a leap!

But the money came too late for Glenny, for when Gordon returned home that night, he was met by his landlady with the news that he was ill in bed with brain fever, and that the doctor had forbidden his removal.

"And he owes me £5 if it's a penny," she cried, "and 'ow I'm ever to get it I don't know."

Gordon put his umbrella in the stand mechanically. His thin, yellow face had changed, and Mrs. Smith had an uneasy recollection that he had smiled in the same way when he had seen a man he hated, knocked down and run over in the street. She looked at him uncomfortably, and wished she hadn't mentioned the bill.

"All the same, Mr. Glenny's a gentleman," she added, "and his poor little girl——"

"You leave them to me," Gordon said slowly. "I'll look after them. How much did you say his bill was—£5? Put on mine next week, Mrs. Smith, I'll see to it."

Mrs. Smith stared as he turned away, and wished with a sudden feeling which she could not understand that Dr. Seeley would come in and tell her what it meant. Gordon Clarke was a good lodger, regular in his payments, steady and respectable, but she had never liked him, and now she liked him less though the Glennys, poor things, wanted a friend badly enough.

She stood for a moment in the passage. She had never yet known Gordon Clarke give away anything unless he got back double what he gave, and now his offer to pay the Glennys' bill was beyond her comprehension altogether. It meant mischief of some kind, she was positively sure of it.

She was still more sure of it a day or two later, for Clarke became unaccountably curious about the Glennys. He sought them now as much as he had avoided them before and, for some strange reason, Minnie was unaccountably nervous of him.

Mrs. Smith watched her sharply. The pallor of her face and the red rims round her eyes were not caused entirely by her father's illness. At least, so Mrs. Smith concluded, and a week later, when Mr. Glenny was lying still and unconscious, she waited for Dr. Seeley's rat-tat with an odd misgiving at heart. When it came at last she flew to open the door and faced him breathlessly.

Dr. Seeley was young and strong, with a kind, keen face and grey eyes and he looked at her now with a good-humored twinkle in them, for she always had a string of woes to relate to him.

"Any more tragedies, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith gave a sigh.

"Lor', no, sir, no more yet—but it do seem likely as there may be more'n we reckon on, sir."

"Oh?"

Mrs. Smith glanced furtively at the stairs, and edged away to her own room.

"It's about Mr. Clarke, sir," she said. "He's a good lodger—regular in his habits and all that, but he do seem to be upsetting of Miss Minnie in a fine state. She's goin' to be ill herself, or my name's not Martha."

Dr. Seeley's face looked grave.

"What has Clarke to do with them?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith hesitated.

"Nothing, sir, but Miss Minnie told me—it's quite private, sir, you understand, but seein' as you know something of him, and jumped when you met him in the passage the other day, I thought I'd tell you."

Dr. Seeley looked at Mrs. Smith with a slightly puzzled look. Two days before he had stumbled on Gordon Clarke in the passage, and he had started indeed, but he did not think Mrs. Smith had seen.

"Well?" he said.

Mrs. Smith looked up hesitatingly, and then plunged.

"Why this, sir," she said. "He's lent 'em money, sir. I never liked Mr. Clarke, and seein' that you know something of him, and seein' that he's tormenting Miss Minnie nearly to death, I thought I'd better tell you. But he's worrying her that's what he is, sir, and I thought you'd better know."

Dr. Seeley's heart grew oddly heavy under his thick coat. A sudden vision of a fair, pale face, with wide, tearful eyes, flashed up before him, and he sighed again. Yet what had he to do with Mrs. Smith's lodgers? He was only the doctor.

All the same his voice sounded a little thick in his own ears as he spoke.

"What is he worrying her about?" he asked.

Mrs. Smith shrugged her shoulders.

"Why, marriage, I believe, sir, though you'd never think it, seein' as he's forty if he's a day, and hard-faced and nasty into the bargain, and she's as fresh as a daisy when things are all right, and I thought p'raps—p'raps you might 'elp her a bit, sir."

"I?" Dr. Seeley wondered if he were flushing under his tan. He wondered if Mrs. Smith were aware of the sudden rush of blood to his heart.

"I! Really, I don't know. I'll see. It may be nothing—I may not be able to interfere, and you know you are always imagining things, Mrs. Smith. You're a true woman."

Mrs. Smith curtsied, not knowing whether to accept it as a compliment or not, and Dr. Seeley went upstairs.

He went up slowly, with his head bent, with that curious vision of a girlish face still before his eyes, and opened Mr. Glenny's sitting-room door.

He opened it so suddenly that Minnie, bent face downward in a chair, had not time to spring to her feet.

She faced him with tears running from her eyes, with her handkerchief crushed in her hand, and attempted to rise.

For a bare second he stood. Then he closed the door quickly behind him, and strode across the room.

Sometimes he tells her to this day that he did not know what he was doing—that he took her hand without knowing it, that the hoarse words broke unconsciously from his lips, but she does not care.

"Minnie—Minnie," he cried. "What is the matter?"

Her lips trembled.

"It is nothing—I—oh, Dr. Seeley, don't look at me like that. I shall be all right in a moment."

He still held her hands.

"Is it your father?" he asked, and he saw the tears well up afresh, but she did not reply.

"Tell me what is worrying you," he went on. Then suddenly his heart stopped beating, and his breath seemed to stop in his throat, for he knew in a moment that Minnie's was the one face in the world for him. The hands that held hers trembled a little, and then he clutched them tighter.

"Minnie," he cried, "tell me. Let me help you. I want to help you. I want to help you always. Minnie, I love you. Look into my eyes, darling. I'm a poor man, but you're poor too, or I should never dare to speak, and I can only offer you a poor sort of home, but I love you. I'll give you my whole life to trying to make you happy, darling, if you can bring yourself to care a little for me."

She looked up and the last shred of color fled from her face.

"I can't," she stammered. "I can't—last—night—I promised—Mr. Clarke——"

Dr. Seeley caught his breath.

"What?" he cried.

"I promised to marry him," said Minnie, slowly. She did not add that she had promised for her father's sake—for the sake of the help and food and nourishment Gordon had promised them.

Dr. Seeley looked at her long and steadily, and then drew his breath again with an air of relief.

"You don't care for him," he cried suddenly. "I can see it in your face, and what I have to tell you won't hurt you, but be prepared for a shock. He—he is married already. He doesn't know his wife is alive. He half killed her three years ago, and he left her for dead, but I pulled her through, and she is my house-keeper now. I tried to get her to prosecute him, but she would not. She doesn't care so long as she can hide from him. And—and—Minnie—look up—do you love me?"

There was no mistaking the look he saw in her face, and he caught her in his arms.

"My little girl," he said.

When Gordon Clarke came home that night a surprise in the form of Dr. Seeley awaited him. He came home with a special license in his pocket, with the knowledge that Mr. Abel Johnson was at death's door, and that the advertisements had brought no news of the missing daughter, and now Dr. Seeley awaited him with the news that his first wife was alive!

It was an ugly blow and for a moment Dr. Seeley was half afraid of Gordon's yellow face. But, after all, it was no use, and the savage malice that flashed up in his eyes died away again into a hideous smile.

"Alive is she?" he asked. "It's just like her—just my luck that she should come between me and——"

He broke off, and Dr. Seeley rose to his feet.

"Thank God she has come between you," he said. "You would have broken Minnie's heart."

But that was not quite what Gordon meant, and Dr. Seeley did not realize it until three weeks afterwards when he and Minnie were about to start for their honeymoon with an invalid in tow. Then it was Minnie who saw the dying Abel Johnson's advertisement to his long-lost daughter to come back, and pointed it out to her father.

Glenny hesitated, and then.

"He was a hard, cruel man," he said, "but, perhaps—as he is dying it might do him good to see you—his daughter's child. Perhaps we'd better see what it means, Min."

And that was how, a little later, Dr. Seeley found to his surprise that he had married a rich wife.—Pearson's Weekly.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Pains in Chest
The Danger Signal
That Tells of Approaching Pneumonia or Serious Lung Trouble—Prevent Further Trouble by Using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

When it hurts to cough, when coughing or a long breath causes pain, or a feeling of soreness in the chest, when the linings of the throat and bronchial tubes feel raw and sore, when you feel that the cold which you expected to wear away is getting the better of you, turn to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and you will get prompt relief and cure.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "Being exposed to all sorts of weather I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold I could not speak above a whisper, and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment.

"A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold, which, I believe, would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

Mrs. F. Duyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl, of three years, had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctors' treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

As a prompt cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is wonderfully effective. It is not a mere cough mixture, but a thorough and far-reaching medicine, which acts on the whole system, and drives out disease; 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as much) 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

BOYS AND FARMING.

The advantages which agriculture, as an industry, has reaped from education are not, of necessity, the same as the advantages which the farmer, as a class, reaps from education. Here lies an important distinction. Imagine, for a moment, some change of method, or improvement in machinery which doubles the product of potatoes from a given amount of land or a given amount of labor. The result will be an advantage to agriculture, as an industry, but the farmers who have been accustomed to depend upon the raising of potatoes for their livelihood will find themselves embarrassed by an overstocked market, which means a fall of prices. The world has been benefited; a class has been embarrassed. There can be little doubt that education, using the term in its broadest sense, has actually embarrassed the farmer, as a class, in this very way. A distinguished head of one of our agricultural colleges has recently made the statement that, within a hundred years, the productiveness of the individual farmer has been multiplied by four; in other words, that then it took four men to provide food and raw material which are now produced by one. The result has been that there has been upon the farm a surplus of men as well as products. Had all the boys, or even a large portion of them, insisted upon staying upon the farm, we should already have a class of peasants

STRUGGLING FOR A LIVING.

and forced to learn how to live on the least possible income. While we cannot see the abandonment of old homes without sadness, we must recognize the fact that this result is in accord with the trend of events, and has already, in this country, resulted not only in maintaining our agricultural position among the nations, but at the same time has gone a long way towards giving us the commercial and manufacturing leadership of the world. It means that the American farmer has put so much brain into his work that he has reduced by 75 per cent the brawn needed, and has found time to do not only what his forefathers did on the farm, but to take upon his broad shoulders, as well, the burden of the country's manufactures and finances. The son of the farmer is the great figure in our history, too big to be kept on any farm or in any town, to be confined to any state or any trade. He has filled the world's markets with food products at a lower and lower cost. He holds the reins of the world's finances. He pleads in all our courts, and prays in all our churches. He leads on the field of battle, and commands in the great struggles of industry. Let us not lament, then, that he has gone forth into the world, but rather rejoice in the laurels of his conquests.

IMPROVING THE LIVE STOCK.

Breeding is a science when it is done for the purpose of arriving at results which are sought as a possibility, although the breeder may begin in a manner that does not apparently warrant him in proceeding with his venture. Some breeders were 30 years in perfecting one breed of sheep and swine. Every animal sold by them put the purchaser 30 years ahead in the line of improvement. They simply selected the best for breeding purposes every year, and were compelled to in-breed the animals in order to fix their characteristics. The farmer must pursue the same course with his herds and crops, and he must make his selections every year by discarding every animal that does not come up to a certain standard of excellence. He must never become discouraged, as even the most skilful breeders succeed in securing but a few very valuable specimens in a year, though an improvement will be noticed every season. The gain is but little, and skill is essential, but in time the stock differs greatly from the original. Should extraordinary excellence be observed in certain individuals the breeder may abandon his plans and methods and start on new lines of breeding, as he learns by experience during his progress and take advantage of accident or discoveries, but he always adheres to his original object of making a breed that is to be adapted to a special purpose. Even among the best breeds of live stock some individuals will be more valuable for certain uses than others and those with the highest record may not display their best points of excellence until selected for breeding.

FOOD FOR COWS.

During the period that cows are dry they should be fed enough to keep them in a thrifty condition without their becoming too fat. Such food as bran, roots, clover hay, etc., make a most suitable variety of food. The aim at this period should be to feed non-stimulating food, and only that which has a cooling and laxative effect upon the system. A cow should never be fed heavy just before dropping her calf. Heavy food at such a time, especially of food stuff of a carbonaceous or heating nature is a very injurious food to be given, and may cause inflammation, or garget in their udders. It is important, however, that during this period the cow should be well fed. The effect of good care, kindness, and comfortable quarters for the dam will be seen in the disposition and qualities of the offspring.

One trouble with the pursuit of happiness is that other people get in the way.

THEORY OF LONG LIFE.

Baron Hugo Ortliel, a Muscovite land owner, has for the last ten years never left his bed. He is in perfect health, but has a theory that to live long one must avoid physical exercise. On the other hand, he considers it necessary to keep the brain active, and for this reason he personally superintends his immense estate, receiving his stewards and tenants in bed. He is a great traveler, too, and is moved from one part of the world to another in a portable bed.

Young Physician — "No, my practice is not yet under way. It would seem as if nobody was going to get ill any more." She — "Let's get engaged; that would make all my girl friends feel ill."