

## "AULD SCOTIA"

(Written for Montreal Herald by John May.)

O Scotia! O Scotia!  
I never trod thy breast,  
Nor on thy rugged mountain tops  
Stood riveted to gaze;  
But when I read the story,  
With rapturous delight,  
Of Wallace and his glory,  
And Bruce's kingly might,  
War's Colossus thunder  
Down crashing long and loud,  
Northward I came to wonder  
Why Highlanders are proud.

O Scotia! O Scotia!  
Rude nurse of heroes bold,  
Of stalwart limb, and visage grim,  
In the stern, dark, and gloomy  
When claymore flashed and helmet crashed,  
On many a crimson field;  
When fierce Lochiel helmet his steel,  
Nor ever known to yield;  
When Douglas black, in fell attack,  
Wrought havoc on the foe;  
Ah! how the story stirs the blood!  
—Grim tale of long ago!

O Scotia! O Scotia!  
What land beneath the sun  
Can tell of more heroic deed,  
Than Highlanders have done  
With their legions long and true,  
No longer England's foe,  
But with her legions keeping time  
Wherever they may go,  
When with our country's doubtful dash  
Of those immortal "Greys,"  
That avalanche of war, whose crash!  
Goes thundering down the days!

O Scotia! O Scotia!  
Those doughty deeds are thine;  
Nor hast thou failed to win renown  
On many a noble line.  
On famed heights of Philosophy  
Shines many a Scottish name;  
And what, in countless Poets,  
Surpasses Burns' time?  
Campbell's soul-stirring battle songs  
Shall never be forgot;  
And, king of story-tellers, reigns  
Thine own immortal Scott!

O Scotia! O Scotia!  
What pen could overpraise,  
Thy bonnie blue-eyed maidens,  
With all their winning ways?  
Thy witching Annie Lauries  
Have vanquished many a heart;  
Fondler and true, and loving, too,  
And void of guile or art.  
Thy daughters, dear old Scotland,  
Are sweet beyond compare;  
I say it for I know it true,  
Though I was never there.

O Scotia! O Scotia!  
On e'en the blaisiest shore  
Thy sons arrive, and live, and thrive,  
And prosper, and are more;  
Steer them from sunny Canada!  
—What better can be had?  
Some folk come here who are no good,  
Send on your sons, old Scotland—  
Your sons and daughters too,  
We know, the man who ever his lot,  
Will do what man can do.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes,  
Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Try  
Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You  
Will Like Murine. It Soothes. See At  
Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books.  
Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

### FOR THE FINAL FIRE.

August Belmont in the smoke room of the Lucania told, apropos of the young Marquis of Anglesey, who died in Monte Carlo some five years ago, "Lord Anglesey's cars were the most luxurious then known," said Mr. Belmont. "This young man went to extremes in everything. He was very intelligent, though."

"Once at his historic castle in Wales, there was a slight fire. So, lest the priceless pile burn down, he ordered an enormous quantity of hand grenades, or extinguishers, from London."

"When the grenades arrived, they were hung all over the castle; but, though it was an enormous place, there were still several dozen grenades left over at the end of the hanging."

"And what shall I do with them, my lord?" the butler asked.

"Lord Anglesey coughed—he was already in a pretty bad way—and said to the butler:

"You may put them in my coffin."

glibly Soap is delightfully refreshing for face or toilet. It is washing and polishing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

### DIVES.

(Montreal Witness.)

If people have not kings and queens and that sort of thing they will find some sort of man to worship and chronicle. Judging by the amount of space devoted in the press of the United States to Mr. E. H. Harriman's health and movements, that gentleman's personality is as important to the republic as that of any European potentate to the nation over which he reigns. He has been away consulting renowned physicians in Vienna and on his return a few days ago was pronounced a sick man by the reporters who thronged him. His story is easily told and its moral is obvious. Beginning life in poverty, he gradually rose to be not one of the greatest but the greatest power in the railway and coast transportation business in the United States. Endowed with masterful genius for organization, an iron will and unflinching energy, he gathered within his grasp a network of interests so vast that the ablest men in the country are astonished at the consummate ability with which he managed them. He had an army under his command many times greater than any general of modern times ever commanded. He controlled millions of dollars as ordinary men count hundreds, and worked on a basis of capital amounting to many billions. His success was far beyond the wildest dreams of romance. When asked if he was going to Europe to raise \$100,000,000, he replied: "Why should I? I could get that amount, should I, in five minutes, right here in New York." In building up his huge system, Mr. Harriman neglected the most important of its parts. Possessed of a magnificent physical constitution, he never spared himself. Fatigue was unknown to him. Every fibre of his being was exerted to the utmost, and so absorbed was he in the gigantic operations he was carrying on, that he paid small attention to his own health. But the human body has limits to its endurance, and like one of his own locomotives, time wore and tear at last began to tell upon him. One day the conviction was forced upon him that he had overworked himself and would either have to let up and seek rest, or suffer a breakdown. In piling up capital, adding railways to railways, supplementing these with steamships, and projecting still grander extensions of his system, he dissipated largely the capital of his abnormally strong physical constitution. Hence his trip to Vienna, where he was told by

the famous specialists that he must either cease active participation in business affairs or suffer a complete physical collapse. Other conditions were to take naps, sunbaths and champagne baths, eat nourishing food every two hours and rest continually. The last prescription was the most difficult of all to a man whose habits were fixed, and whose brain refused to keep quiet. And so he returns home a sick man, to ponder, if he may, on the meaning of the old admonition about a man gaining the whole world and losing what is infinitely of more value.

### HOW HE KEPT HIS BED.

Rev. Daniel Isaacs once alighted at an inn to stay the night. On asking for a bed he was told he could not have one, as there was to be a ball that evening and all the beds were engaged.

"At what time does the ball break up?" asked Mr. Isaacs.

"About 3 in the morning, sir."

"Well, then can I have a bed until that time?"

"Yes, certainly; but if the bed is asked for you will have to remove."

"Very well," replied Mr. Isaacs, and away he went to get between the sheets.

About 3 in the morning he was awakened by loud knocking at his chamber door.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"How many are there of you in there?" inquired a voice.

"There's me, and Daniel and Dr. Isaacs and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply.

"Then, there's plenty of you," and the speaker passed on, leaving Mr. Isaacs to enjoy his bed.—Cleveland Leader.

### Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

### The Long-Lived Martimers.

The finest product of the Maritime Provinces is not their superior potatoes, or the Malpeque oyster, or their brainy politicians. It is green old age. Travelers from Canada—the old people of Acadia still apply that name only to Ontario and Quebec—wonder if they ever die down by the sea, and certainly no one outside ever lives long enough to find out. Every now and then, Sir Charles Tupper is pointed to as a marvelous example of active old age. He is eighty-eight, and every year he crosses the Atlantic and the continent, submits to interviews, and writes for the magazines. But the old Cumberland war horse is just ordinary for a Nova Scotian. He is not really very old, and he is not active. It is rather a shame for him to have retired. Now there is Pilot Lahey—eighty-six last September, and bringing the C. P. R. Express steamers into St. John harbor all winter, just as he did the clipper ships of sixty years ago.

"How old are you, Lahey?" asked an old Glasgow captain, as the old pilot brought his vessel up the narrow channel past McAvity's dredge one evening last autumn.

"I'm sixty," was the gruff reply.

"Well, you don't look it," rejoined the Scotchman.

My Christmas pudding last year, writes a correspondent, was made by a New Brunswick woman of eighty-five, who thinks her daughters too inexperienced for such special cooking; and who occupies her leisure with books and needlework, announcing that she will not take up bridge until she is an old woman. I have before me a small firmy handkerchief, hemstitched and trimmed with English thread lace. There is nothing remarkable about its appearance, but my wife tells me that it was made by another New Brunswick, a lady of ninety-eight, that she used No. 200 thread and took up every hole, and that she doesn't wear glasses.

Of course, death does overtake some of them. Senator Wark, for instance, of Fredericton, and Mrs. Blizard, of Grand Lake, were just over one hundred and Joseph Wade, of Annapolis Royal, was unfortunate enough to catch a bad cold at one hundred and two, which proved fatal. On his hundredth birthday, his family unto the fourth and fifth generation greeted him at breakfast, and one rather bumptious nephew, a lad of sixty, asked him:

"Uncle Josie, how do you feel upon commencing your second century?"

"Well, my boy," said the hero of the occasion, "I think I feel a good deal stronger than when I began my first."

—Saturday Night.

### Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

#### Try Him Sideways.

It was his first Sunday school, and he sat in the infants' department, eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the lesson on the board. The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger, and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven, he could not get in.

The superintendent turned to his small audience, and in a tragical and sorrowful tone, said: "You see, he is so puffed up with sin that he cannot enter in."

"Try him sideways, mister; try him sideways!" called a small shrill voice.

#### A Great Drydock.

The great drydock which the United States navy is building at Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands, will be 1,152 feet long from the coping to the outer sill, 140 feet wide at the top and will have 345 feet of water over the entrance sill at mean high-water level. There will be a sill at the middle of the dock, for an intermediate caisson which will divide it into two docks, 575 feet and 532 feet long, respectively.

#### THAT SEASIDE COTTAGE.

(Puck.)

Genial Real Estate Agent—Where's the beach? Why, after you have to do is to go to the top of that second hill, and you'll see a trolley station. Wait for the red car; ride to the third stop; then walk across the little bridge to the elevated, and at the end of the line take the little boat across the bay and you'll find yourself within two minutes' walk of the greatest beach in the country!

Some men are about as tiresome as a last year's popular song. Strange birds come to roost in family trees.

## Shooting Pains in Side, Arms, Back

Prove the Presence of Rheumatic Virus, Which is Cured Quickly by Nerviline—Rub It In.

Pains in the muscles, in the sides, the back, the neck or the chest—they always carry with them great discomfort. If the inflammation is severe the pain will be intense. If allowed to continue they are dangerous. Nothing so quickly cures local inflammation and drives away pain as Nerviline. Nerviline does this because it penetrates so deeply. Nerviline is not only powerful, but soothing. By relieving congestion it cures pain. It does this always. It cannot fail because it is a true antidote for pain. You can scarcely find anybody about the pain-curing power of Nerviline. Remember that there is not an ache or pain that Nerviline will not cure immediately. Nerviline is an anchor of health in every household.

Refuse anything that may be offered you instead of Nerviline, which is guaranteed for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, lumbago, and all muscular aches and pains.

Large 25c. bottles or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Open Windows and the Complexion.

As the cool nights approach women who have been sleeping with plenty of air, fearfully begin to lower the windows. The average person seems to feel that death and disaster lurks in a window that is up more than an inch or two, save when the thermometer is at its top notch.

No amount of preachment on the value of night air, or the health means of colds and pulmonary troubles, by outdoor, or, at least, "airy" sleeping; they say, "stuffy night for mine," falling back on quinine and doctors' bills to cure colds.

If women will not keep open windows for their health they should do so for the sake of their complexion. To sleep with the windows down means not only yellow skin, but saggy. There is no revivifier like plenty of oxygen. If you want to look drawn, pinched, tired and old, sleep with closed windows.

A famous complexion specialist insists upon his patients sleeping in a room where there is a free circulation of air. It needs not blow on them, but the windows must be so arranged that there is a constant current through the room.

This tones up the system, improves general health and is generally invigorating to all the organs. No amount of artificial care of the complexion avails unless all one's organs are in condition to perform their natural functions. Nothing keeps them in that condition like pure air and plenty of oxygen.

Many persons who have brought themselves to the point of living through a clear night with open windows, feel they will immediately pass away should they be left open on a rainy night. Still error. The damp air will not hurt any one who is accustomed to it, and does wonders for the complexion. Remember how fresh and clean your skin feels after a walk in the rain. Why fear it when under cover?—Buffalo Inquirer.

China's Imperial Thanks for Rain.

The following Chinese quaint imperial decree was recently issued from the palace in Peking: "Owing to the scarcity of rain Prince Kung and others have been detailed to pray at the Taktakion on our behalf by dedicating incense and also Prince Tsai Hsun and others to the by dedicating incense, and now plenty of Shih yin-kung and other temples to pray rain has come, for which we feel thankful. Therefore we have to show our thanks to all temples. We detail Prince Tsai Hsun to the Taktakion on the 7th July on our behalf dedicate incense and we detail Prince Puhung to the Shuachengmiao, Duke Tsai Tse to the Hsuanjeumiao, Tsai Fu to the Yihomiao on the same day to dedicate incense and to perform ritual service to return thanks for the rain with desires for further rainfall to console the peasants."—Shanghai Mercury.

St. Isidore, P. Q., Aug. 18, 1904.

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Yours truly,  
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Scientific.

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At this juncture a member of his audience rose in an excited manner and said:

"Pardon me, professor, but how many years did you say it would be before this calamity overtakes us?"

"Thank God!" was the reply, "I thought you said 7,000,000!"—Cleveland Leader.

NOT SO EASY.

An awkward-looking country boy was seated upon a stump quietly whittling a bit of wood. A city boy and a friend passing by sent him an occasion to have some fun, the smart boy called out, "Hello, sonny! Do you live in these parts?"

"Yaas," drawled the youth.

"Say, do you have any fools around here?"

"Nary one," came the quick response. "We sent for a carload last week, but wasn't lookin' for them just yet."

## The Whale.

The old idea that the whale belongs to the fish tribe is still existent in the minds of some people; but this is wholly incorrect. While it has the form of a fish, because it lives in the same element, scientists now universally agree that it belongs to the mammalia, as it suckles its young, has warm red blood and possesses all the characteristics of this class. There are also evidences that the whale was at one time, how remote it is impossible to say, a land animal. It has been demonstrated, which fact has been verified by the writer, that the flippers or forward fins, which are frequently called "pectorals," just where the forward legs of a quadruped would naturally be, contain all the bones, joints, arteries and nerves of the human arm and hand, while deeply seated in the interior of the hinder part of the animal are found joints and rudiments of hind leg bones, of no apparent present use whatever, but which are considered by eminent naturalists who have studied the subject as strong evidences of the fact that the cetacean was at one time an inhabitant of the land. These scientists state that it may have resembled a huge lizard, but that its feeding habits and proclivities for the water gradually caused a process of evolution to take place until nature gave it its present form adapted to dwell entirely in the water. There are also evidences that it was at one time probably covered by a hairy skin. There are still bristles about its mouth and nose, and the very young whale calves have distinct evidences of hair, which, however, disappear as they grow older.—Dr. Sturge and son Stewart, writing on "The Whale and his Haunts," in the September Canadian Magazine.

WOMAN BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND

Reasons of Failures—Dressmakers Who Give Credit.

More women failed in business during last year than in 1907, according to a return just issued by the Board of Trade. Of the total of 444 failures there is a preponderance of married women bankrupts, the proportion being:

Married women ..... 208  
Widows ..... 154  
Spinners ..... 82

The trade that has proved most disastrous to the business woman dress-making and millinery, as is shown by the following table:

Trade. Failures.  
Dressmaking and millinery ..... 49  
Grocers ..... 37  
Drapers and haberdashers ..... 34  
Lodging house keepers ..... 22  
Publicans and hotel keepers ..... 21  
Confectioners ..... 20  
Tobacconists ..... 14  
Stationers ..... 12  
Butchers ..... 11  
Boot and shoe dealers ..... 10

"Why do dressmakers fail?" was the question put to the head of a flourishing dressmaking business in Mayfair.

"There are three principal reasons," was the answer. "Too little capital, too long credit, and lack of hereditary business instinct."

"Only dressmakers starting with big capital can afford to give credit," she added. "A ready money basis is the only possible one for a woman whose capital is restricted. Another common mistake is to launch out either in the west end or in a high rented district on the fringe of the fashionable quarter, where many rivals and heavy outgoings must be encountered. The suburbs are crying out for good dressmakers and there is money to be made by women who will conduct their establishments on businesslike lines."

"Many women have lost good customers by the unbusinesslike fashion in which they promise a gown for a certain date and never trouble to see that the promise is kept."

The head of a firm of accountants said: "The fatal mistake made by women without business training is their idea that they can count on immediate profits. They make no allowance for the long period in which the business must be built up."—London Daily Mail.

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## SUNLIGHT SOAP

THIS IS IT!  
The soap that saves you money without injury to hands or article.

Sunlight Soap turns wash tub drudgery into pleasure.

Get a bar of Sunlight to-day and try.



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## ISSUE NO. 28, 1909

### AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED TO WORK UP A TERRIBLE CASE. Send for particulars. For particulars write quick to Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

### PETRIFFIED THE ENGLISHMAN, TOO.

"Colonel Tom Ochiltree once upset Lord Londale when the latter was entertained in New York on his way home from an exhibition to Alaska," said a man who saw the fun.

"At a dinner given in his honor Lord Londale told many thrilling stories, and an audible 'oh!' went around the table when he finished telling of a petrified forest in Africa, in which he found a number of petrified lions and elephants. As the Englishman lapsed into silence and the applause sank to an echo all looked to Colonel Ochiltree to defend his nationality and beat this petrified lion story."

"Texas," said the colonel, after a pause, has its petrified forests; but, although they contain no petrified lions, they are remarkable for having petrified birds flying over them."

"Nonsense!" said Lord Londale. "That is impossible. Such a phenomenon is contrary to the laws of gravitation."

"Ah, that's easily explained," responded Colonel Ochiltree, quickly. "The laws of gravitation down there are petrified too."

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of Baby's health is constant vigilance on the part of the mother. The ill of babyhood come suddenly and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. No other medicine can take the place of Baby's Own Tablets in relieving and curing the ill of babyhood and childhood, and there is no other medicine as safe. Mrs. Wm. Viggers, Perretton, Ont., says: "My baby was troubled with his stomach and was very cross while getting his teeth, and did not sleep well at night. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets with the best results; he is now one of the best natured babies one could wish." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Best Wheat for Bread.

It is a well recognized fact that the flour from the hard spring wheats of the northwestern district will produce a large, well piled loaf of bread of excellent quality, and because it absorbs a lot of water, it also gives a good yield of bread. These are desirable qualities and naturally explain why this class of flour is so popular for bread making.

The softer winter wheats do not make so much gluten and do not make large or to many people so desirable loaves as the spring wheat flour. Yet good, palatable bread can be made, and is being made every day, from this class of flour.—Bakers Weekly.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

GOOD BITERS.

"Joel Chandler Harris was only excelled by Stephen Crane in his profound knowledge of negro character," said an Atlantian. "Mr. Harris on a train one day pointed to a typical old colored couple, a stout old uncle and a stout old auntie. He said he'd like to joke on them. So he pretended to be the conductor, and asked them for their tickets. The old gentleman fished the tickets from his ragged vest."

"One of de dese, sah," he said, "is foh me, an' tudder one is foh her."

"But which is yours and which is hers?" demanded Mr. Harris with pretended impatience.

"The old man began stammering something, but the old lady shut him up."

"Dah, now, yo' ign'ant skunk," she cried, "I done tole yuh yuh'd git us inter trouble, an' now yuh see yuh done got de law on us."

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