

Shakespeare, for instance, puts into King Henry's lips the words of Agincourt which make a picture which touches our very marrow—a picture of some great, manly old warrior, surrounded by friends, retainers, and sturdy old yeomen of pure blood, who tell him the noble old tale, remembering "Harry the King, Salisbury and Gloucester," recalling with many a jest the miseries of short rations and a wet bivouac, and not forgetting "with advantage" the deeds of himself and his "meine." The old women listen with rapture to the family story, applaud where they have always applauded, and jog their worthy master's memory if he appears to forget any familiar passage in the home-epic.

But the younger yeomen—do we see them equally attentive? Is there not a suspicious air of polite resignation in their attitude, and are their comments as they trudge back to the homestead quite respectful? These are uneasy questions.

CITY COUNCIL DOINGS
To put through the license reduction will require some tall hustling. Meantime lots of corn will be tramped on. The cure is "Putnam's," the old reliable corn extractor that has been curing corns and warts for years. "Putnam's" never fails, 25c at all dealers.

Talents Transmitted to Sons.
There are numerous instances in history in which parents possessing uncommon gifts are supposed to have passed them on to their children. This is especially the case in regard to musical talents.

The mother of Schumann, for instance, had great musical ability. Chopin also received his wonderful gift, and also his delicate constitution—from the maternal side; Gounod's mother was exceedingly fond of music, while the mother of Spohr, the German composer, was an excellent judge of music and a fine critic, without being herself a musician.

Sir Walter Raleigh declared that he inherited from his mother that politeness of deportment which ever distinguished him. Goethe pays frequent tribute in his writings to the character and culture of his mother, as does also the poet Wordsworth.

Sydney Smith believed that he inherited from his mother his rare conversational powers and quickness of repartee. It is well known that the mother of Edward Gibbon, the historian, was a great reader and cultivated the same taste and habit as her son.

The mother of Charles Darwin made herself acquainted with all the branches of natural history, and entertained a great fondness for animals. This record seems to show that maternal talents and tastes are frequently transmitted to sons; it is also claimed that the gifts of the fathers usually descend to the daughters.—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Ian Hay's Anecdotes.

Among the amusing anecdotes recounted in Ian Hay's "Last Million" is one showing how much the Yankee recruits had to learn under the officers of the British and French armies even after their preliminary training at home. A young American officer wittily describes to a Red Cross nurse the emphasis placed upon the proper methods of saluting. There was an English sergeant—well, the boys used to come running a hundred yards to see him salute an officer. I tell you it tickled them to death at first. Next thing they were all trying to do it, too. Here the American gave a very creditable reproduction of the epileptic salute of the British guardsmen. "Like that," he said. "I'm not surprised they ran," commented the nurse. "Still," continued the officer, appreciatively, "that sergeant was a bird. At the start we regarded him as a pure vaudeville act. He talked just

like a stage Englishman for one thing. I shall never forget the first morning we held an officers' instruction class. There were about forty of us. Old man Duckett—that was his name, Sergeant Instructor Duckett—marched us around and put us to show him something. We were a cheery bunch in those days—we gave him what we imagined was a first-class West Point show. (Not that any of us had been at West Point.) When we had done enough, he lined up and said: "Well, gentlemen, I have run over your points, and before dismissing the parade, I should like to say that I only wish the President of the United States was here to see you. If he did not catch sight of you, I know that his first words would be: 'Thank God from the bottom of my heart, we've got a party!'"

A man and his wife are one, unless he happens to be a Minardist.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria

IS MEMORY A BLESSING.

Youth Takes Little Interest in Elder's Anecdotes.

It does not seem to have occurred to mental trainers that a good memory is not an unmix social blessing, says the London Times. A fortune awaits the man who can teach the complete art of forgetting, for who would not spend much gold to lose the memory of past stupidity, of unkind speeches and selfish actions, or to recapture the freshness of old music, old books and old loves? However, since a good memory is reputed desirable, there is no harm in pointing out that its man-

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PIMPLES ITCHED AND BURNED
Face Was Badly Disfigured. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Healed.

"Small and pimply and black-headed began on my face and my body began to be disfigured. Some of the pimples festered while others scalded over and there were places where the pimples were in blotches. They used to itch and burn terribly. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura and I tried them. They stopped the itching and burning and I used four cakes of Soap and three boxes of Ointment which healed me." (Signed) Miss V. A. Hays, St. James, N. S., Dec. 20, '13.

Keep 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold everywhere. Write for Circulars. Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

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Some Strange Duels.
In the latter part of the eighteenth century that prince of charlatans, Count Cagliostro, proposed a duel with poisoned pills. The trouble arose because he had called a physician a Cagliostro, on the ground that "a medical controversy should be settled in a medical manner," proposed that two pills, one deadly, the other harmless, should be put in a box and shaken up. Each was to draw a pill and swallow it.

In due course the duel came off. Cagliostro lived. The other man died.

Some years before the war an American student in Paris, challenged by a Frenchman, chose baseballs as his weapon. There was immense jeering, and the American was accused of everything from insanity to cowardice, the latter on the assumption that no one could possibly be hurt by a baseball. The American, taking his stand at pitcher's distance, threw with such force and accuracy that the flying sphere struck his opponent between the eyes and laid him out flat, though he recovered later on.

A duel with deadly germs was seriously proposed by a Chicago physician in 1916. The preliminaries were arranged, but at the last moment the challenged party shrank from the ordeal.

NOTHING TO EQUAL BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. Alfred Naud, Natagan River, Que., writes: "I do not think there is any other medicine to equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones. I have used them for my baby, and would use nothing else." What Mrs. Naud says thousands of other mothers say. They have found by trial, that the Tablets always do just what is claimed for them. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulates the bowels and sweetens the stomach, and thus banishes indigestion, constipation, colic, colds, etc. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail direct from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

King Invented Three-handed Cup
It is said that the origin of the "loving cup" is traceable to Henry IV. of France. While hunting he strayed from his companions, and feeling thirsty called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled, and the king's white gauntlets were soiled. As he was riding home the thought came to him that a two-handed cup would prevent a recurrence of this accident, so he had a two-handed cup made at the royal potteries and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid, having received instruction from her mistress to be very careful of the King's cup presented it to him by holding it herself by each of the handles.

At once the idea struck the king that a cup with three handles was the thing needed. The idea was promptly acted upon, for, as his majesty quipped, "Surely one of three handles I shall be able to get one."

To Open a Pocketknife.
Opening pocketknives is often very hard on finger nails, and a stiff hinged penknife or jackknife is particularly useless to a boy if he can't open it readily. Tear off a piece of newspaper or writing paper about three inches square. Fold it once and then slip the crease under the blade of the knife. Grasp the paper firmly between the thumb and forefinger. Then pull steadily as if you were opening the knife without the paper. If you do not jerk it the paper will not tear. In this way you can open many a rusty blade that has been useless for months.

CLEARS THE NOSTRILS IN FIVE MINUTES
Routs Out Catarrh, Stops Sniffles, Prevents Sneezing.
CATARRHOZONE IS A MARVEL.

It just takes about five minutes for the penetrating vapor of Catarrhozone to clear out clogged nostrils. Hard crusts and accumulations are quickly removed. The soothing balsam of Catarrhozone draws out every vestige of inflammation, nose colds stop as if by magic, Catarrh is prevented, better health is assured.

To cure colds without taking drugs may seem almost too much to believe, but Catarrhozone does it quickly and effectively. Endorsed by physicians, and in common use by the people of many nations. All dealers sell Catarrhozone, complete outfit \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c. direct from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

DERBY DAY INCIDENT.
Romantic Incidents of England's Premier Racing Event.

People who never bet and who usually take no interest whatever in race horses, yet find themselves reading the sporting intelligence in the newspapers when Derby Day comes round, says Spare Moments. Even bishops have been known to inquire the name of the winner. This year the excitement was unusually great, as it was the first Derby Day since racing was banished in the early days of the war.

A volume could be filled with anecdotes about the Derby and Derby winners.

The Derby of 1867 was perhaps one of the most sensational and romantic on record. It was won by Mr.

Chaplin's Hermit, a horse reported to be lame. The race was actually run in a snow storm, and the winner started at the long odds of 66 to 1.

The plugging Marquis of Hastings lost a fabulous sum in bets over this race, and was ruined.

The piquancy of the situation was increased by the fact that, some years previously, Mr. Chaplin and the Marquis of Hastings had been rivals in love, the marquis carrying off the lady.

The Derby was one of the greatest gambling Derbies ever known, a well-known duke losing in a single bet £180,000. Hermit's progeny won nearly £350,000 in stakes. Mr. Chaplin, who purchased him as a yearling for the modest sum of 1,000 guineas, presented his skeleton when he died in 1890 to the Royal Veterinary College.

Two Derby winners have died at sea. Blue Gown, the hero of '68, was sold to a wealthy American for £4,000, and died on the voyage across the herring pond. As the horse was not insured, the Yankee lost heavily over the transaction. A similar fate was that of Kingcraft. By a strange fluke he won the Derby in 1870, but in nineteen succeeding races did not once get past the post. He was sold for £550 in 1884, and also succumbed to the stormy seas on his voyage to the States.

Amata was another famous Derby winner. His year was 1833. Belonging to Sir G. Heathcote, the squire of Epsom, he only ran upon one occasion—that in which he won the Derby.

He is buried in the beautiful grounds of the Durdane, Lord Rosebery's charming country seat.

The grave is surrounded by iron railings, and the stone slab gives full particulars as to the horse's age, and so on. It is beautifully situated within a few hundred yards of the Derby winning post, and here, surrounded by beautiful trees, daffodils and magnolias in full bloom, the classic hero's bones rest peacefully.

He has seventy million brothers
—tomorrow there'll be another 70 million, and the next day, and the day after!

For that is the daily output of matches at the Eddy factory. Seventy million! And each one perfect, reliable and satisfactory. Because they are the best value, insist on

EDDY'S MATCHES

The E. EDDY CO., Limited, Hull, Canada
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