

PROBABLE MODIFICATION IN INCOME TAX ACT

OTTAWA, Mar. 22.—The House of Commons today adopted a resolution providing that "the government should consider the expediency of amending the income tax law by increasing the amount of exemption for each child from three hundred to five hundred dollars and by exempting altogether the father of five children, under eighteen years of age, who has an income of less than \$5,000, Joseph Archambault, Liberal, Chambly ver cheres, who submitted the resolution said that everyone who had children knew that it cost more than \$300 a year to bring up a child. He had figured it out and found that it cost far more than \$500, the law at present provided for an exemption of \$2,000 for a married man. The idea evidently was that this amount was necessary for the proper upkeep of a man and his wife, if this amount was necessary surely the exemption for each child was quite in adequate. He was in favor of a sane restrictive immigration policy but he firstly believed that the most desirable citizen was one that was born and brought up in Canada. Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, said he was constantly receiving demands for exemption from other taxes. He promised to consider Mr. Archambault's suggestion.

Child Welfare

Articles on Child Welfare, Published by the Canadian Red Cross Society, Will Appear Weekly in This Column, Furnished by the Local Branch in This City.

CONSUMPTION

with other forms of Tuberculosis, causes one death in every ten in this country. Of all deaths in the Dominion between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five nearly one-half are due to consumption. The prime cause of consumption is a microscopic form of vegetation known as the tubercle bacillus or germ, which obtains entrance into the system by the inhalation of infective dust, or by the use of infected food.

The germ or bacillus is derived solely from persons or animals suffering from some form of Tuberculosis. It is contained in the dust particles of the dried expectoration; in the minute droplets sprayed into the air by a consumptive when coughing or sneezing; and in the milk and flesh of tuberculous animals, which are often unwittingly used for food.

The invasion of the germ is facilitated by a great variety of conditions, such as (1) living in overcrowded, ill ventilated, dark, dirty rooms; (2) insufficient or infected food; (3) Alcoholism and other forms of dissipation; (4) A long neglected cold and various other debilitating sicknesses.

PROTECTIVE MEASURES TO BE TAKEN BY PATIENTS In the common interest the best place for a consumptive is a Sanatorium. If this be impracticable, he should be under constant medical supervision. It is essential for the protection of their own families, and to prevent the spread of the disease among others, that the following precautions be observed:—

PROTECTIVE MEASURES TO BE TAKEN BY PATIENTS

a. A consumptive must not expectorate about the house, nor in the workshop or office, nor on the floor of any cab, or other conveyance; nor on the sidewalk; nor in any place of general resort.

b. He should use a soft Japanese paper handkerchief or a piece of cheesecloth that should afterwards be burned.

c. In the sickroom the patient should use a waterproof paper spit-cup, which should be thrown into the fire, and replaced by a fresh one at least every twenty-four hours. If a metal or china spit-cup be used, the contents should be thrown into the fire, and the cup itself should be boiled for half an hour.

d. The patient should live as much as possible in the open air; should wear outer clothing which may be easily washed; should not kiss or be kissed on the lips; and, when coughing or sneezing should always hold a handkerchief over his mouth and avoid coughing in such a direction as to endanger the health of others.

e. Consumptives should not swallow their phlegm since by so doing the disease may be conveyed to parts of the body not already infected.

PROTECTIVE MEASURES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

1. All rooms occupied by a patient should have as much sunlight and fresh air as possible.

2. Well persons should not sleep in the same bed with a consumptive, and when possible not in the same room.

3. The floors of rooms occupied by consumptives should not be carpeted, but should be painted or covered with oilcloth.

4. Floors, woodwork and furniture should be wiped daily with a duster, moistened with a disinfectant. Floors should never be dry swept.

5. All bed-clothing and body linen should be changed and cleaned frequently.

6. The table ware used by a consumptive should be kept by itself and may be sterilized by boiling.

7. A room which has been occupied by a consumptive should not be used again until it has been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected.

8. In the event of death from consumption, advice should be sought from the Board of Health regarding the best way to disinfect the house.

DISINFECTANT

1. For washing the face and body use carbolic soap; the hands and hair should be frequently cleansed with a strong alkali soap. Patients should not wear beards or mustaches.

2. All washable clothing, handkerchiefs, coverlets, sheets and pillow cases should be disinfected by boiling for half an hour in strong soap suds, after which they should be thoroughly washed in the usual way.

3. Bedding, carpets, curtains, wearing apparel and all similar articles which cannot be washed, being long to or used by a patient, should be disinfected in an efficient steam disinfectant, where such is available.

4. In order to remove or destroy the dried infective discharge, the disinfectant must be applied directly to the infected surfaces of the room, and may be applied by washing, brushing or spraying.

5. Among other chemical preparations used for this purpose, a solution of one part carbolic acid in twenty of water is a safe and effective disinfectant.

LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION DISCUSSES THE SPEECH

In a Trenchant and Critical Review of Public Affairs he Shows the Weaknesses of the Bell Administration and its Palpable Attempt to Make Cheap Political Capital Out of the Speech from the Throne.

Speaking Wednesday afternoon in the Provincial Legislature on the Draft Address, Mr. J. D. Stewart, K. C., provincial leader of the Liberal Conservative party, delivered a scathing denunciation of the shiftless policy of the Bell administration and of the palpable attempt now being made to convert every public measure into political capital with an eye to the forthcoming general election. I therefore congratulate him upon the splendid beginning of his housecleaning. Before another year rolls by the people will complete the housecleaning which he has commenced. "I would like to deal with matters referred to in His Honor's address, but I hardly know whether it is safe to do so in view of some remarks made by our friends



MR. J. D. STEWART, K. C. Leader of the Opposition

coming general election. Mr. Stewart spoke for about an hour and dealt ably with the subjects referred to in the Speech from the Throne.

In his introductory remarks Mr. Stewart took occasion to congratulate Mr. J. C. Irving and Dr. J. F. McNeill, the mover and seconder of the address, upon the creditable manner in which they had acquitted themselves. So far as the mover (Mr. Irving) was concerned the only regrettable thing is that the House did not hear from him often. In this respect he gets an example which might well be followed by other gentlemen on his side of the House in his modesty, his brevity, and the fair and sane manner in which he handled his subjects.

"I think everybody will agree," continued Mr. Stewart, "that the very early environment of us all has a great deal to do with our character and habits in after life. We are then in the most formative period and the training we receive will stick to us. What applies to our natural life might be said of our legislative careers, and as an example I need only point out that the early training of my hon. friend was received when he sat on this side of the house. The days of his political infancy were spent here. This will in a large measure account for the fair-minded, modest and frank way in which he moved the reply to the Speech from the Throne. He has learned his lesson at the feet of my honorable predecessor in the leadership of the Opposition, who now graces the Bench of this Province. Anybody who has received his political training from him will never go very far astray afterwards."

"The hon. gentleman who seconded the address (Dr. McNeill) is a stranger in the House. I was much impressed with his address. But he has yet to learn about politics. I trust, when all the members are seated that he will be found seated over here, so that his early training also will not be neglected and that he will be able to see political things from the proper viewpoint. I think then he will become a very successful legislator."

Needed Housecleaning. "I wish also to congratulate my hon. friend the leader of the government upon the improved and embellished appearance of this Chamber. It needed it. Any room which has received the pressure of hot air this room has got during the past three years would certainly be the better of a renovation when carbolic acid cannot easily be procured, scalding hot water mixed with lye, plentifully applied with a stiff scrubbing brush will answer every purpose."

NOTE: While a strong solution of lye is desirable, care must be taken not to make the mixture strong enough to injure the hands of the

THE MODERN MOLOCH

By James Maxwell Murphy

The Life of Florine Taylor

The Dope Monster in his devastating march spares neither color, race nor creed. All are as one before him. His sinister presence is felt in the marble halls of the rich and powerful as well as the humble home of the day laborer, and the hovel of the drifter. No matter to him whether his victim is white or black, as long as enough slaves are forthcoming to feed his insatiable maw.

The door of the Examiner's room in the Superior police station opened to admit another prisoner, another victim of the insidious effects of the narcotic drug evil.

She came in awkwardly, a frightened appealing look in her large brown eyes, yet showing more outward composure than any of the prisoners who had preceded her.

She said her name was Florine Taylor. She was a negress.

Four pairs of sympathetic eyes were bent upon her as she seated herself, faced her questioner and began to relate the story of her life. A life that had known nothing but disillusionment and disappointment, cheated by death at every turn. A story which had its inception in the humble paragonage of an African minister in Centerville, Iowa, and came to an inglorious end in a steel barred cell in the Superior police station.

She told a tale of a strict upbringing by good Christian parents, of the death of her father when she was a little girl, of the sharp struggle for existence made sharper by the handicap of her color, of drudgery, poverty and squalor, of the love of a young colored divinity student and finally of the surrender to the insidious wiles of the Dope Monster. A surrender brought on, she said, by the pangs of an incurable stomach trouble.

"My father was pastor of the African Baptist congregation at Centerville, Iowa," she began, "and I was born there twenty-seven years ago. Father had a very small congregation, his salary was extremely modest and it was only by the exercise of the greatest care and thrift that we managed to keep body and soul together.

I was the only child. I received a deeply religious education and was brought up under the strictest supervision. My earliest recollection is that of learning my prayers at my mother's knees. My mother was a wonderful woman, always cheerful and good natured despite her continual fight against the pinch of poverty. The comforter and strength of father and daughter.

When I was seven years old my father was called to become the minister of a much larger congregation in Kansas City. The new congregation meant an increased salary to him and better living conditions for all of us. At last we felt that we were to enter a new period of life. My mother who had always placed her trust in God, felt that her prayers had been answered, and so it was with every pleasant prospect that we prepared to move to our new surroundings.

Five happy years were passed in Kansas City. Years of comparative prosperity and good living. I went to school every day, progressed

well in my studies and was preparing to enter high school, when we were visited with our first terrible affliction. My father contracted typhoid fever and two weeks later was dead.

I was the only child. It was up to me to get out and help support mother. I was only fourteen years old. I took a position as nursemaid in the home of a wealthy Kansas City family by the name of Kellogg. Shortly after my father's

death I was called to become the minister of a much larger congregation in Kansas City. The new congregation meant an increased salary to him and better living conditions for all of us. At last we felt that we were to enter a new period of life. My mother who had always placed her trust in God, felt that her prayers had been answered, and so it was with every pleasant prospect that we prepared to move to our new surroundings.

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THE YANKEE GALE OF 1851

A Dramatic Incident in Island History, Reprinted From An Old Sketchbook.

No event recorded in the history of P. E. Island approaches the Yankee Gale of 1851 in destructive effect, the catastrophe being so named owing to the property and lives destroyed having mostly belonged to the States of New England. Some two generations have passed since the story, and only a few of those now living have a faint recollection of the whirl of activities that have a correct idea of the astounding destruction. No full account has appeared in book form, and the following paper gives facts as fully as possible.

The men of New England early discovered the valuable fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the industry was at its greatest expansion at the time of the storm. The vessels employed were from sixty to one hundred tons, each with a crew of ten to fifteen persons on board. There existed a rivalry among the commands with respect to appearance, and on a bright, breezy morning a score of these vessels, with white spotless sails proceeding out of some harbor was a scene to remember. Every thing on board was kept scrupulously clean, and when the crews went ashore their gentlemanly appearance gave no hint of their unsavory business. Though all were rated as fishermen, not a few were gentlemen's sons, a few were college, teachers in public schools and college professors with academic degrees, spending vacation at this health-giving work.

The Storm Friday, October 3, was singularly warm and mild for the season. The sun rose in splendor, and during the forenoon was surrounded by a halo of peculiar brightness, the sun becoming obscured about mid-afternoon when the clouds to north-west assumed an extraordinary appearance, and seamen declared they had never seen anything similar. The sea had a strange, glassy look as if covered with oil, and before night a heavy gale came from the east which, in absence of wind, was a mystery. Distant objects looked high, and distant sound were heard with amazing distinctness. Sea-birds flew over the land, uttering screams as if scudding about in a gale.

When night dropped its curtains the darkness could almost be felt, and the intensity. By seven o'clock a light air from northeast was received, accompanied by very fine rain, both wind and rain steadily increasing, so that by midnight the wind had risen to a gale with a perfect downpour of rain. There was no lull or abatement during that night, the whole of Saturday morning (until about Sunday noon, when the wind began to abate, after having continued at least forty hours. There was no means of estimating the amount of precipitation, or force of the wind, but mariners who had been many years on the ocean declared they never witnessed any

thing approaching the gale in force and continuance, while the rain was more like what is seen in the tropics.

The Disaster P. E. Island lies in form of a crescent, its concave side to the north. On Friday, October 3, an unusual number of vessels were scattered over the bay, but no fish were caught. About four o'clock in the afternoon the fleet pointed to sea as if apprehensive of danger, but there was no wind and when wind came there was darkness and no lights to direct. Vessels that were a sufficient distance from land succeeded in rounding North Cape into safety, but the others (being caught in the bend) were perfectly helpless. One can imagine the frightful conditions absolute darkness, with a furious gale driving the doomed vessels on shore. Of the fleet that on Friday were scattered about in the offing on Sunday not one was afloat.

Sunday, October 4, will long be remembered on the Island of Prince Edward—what uproar, what disaster! The outlook was truly appalling—vessels by the hundred being dashed on shore, the crews in a desperate struggle with the foe of mankind. The dim morning light revealed a war of the elements and the wrecking of whatever came in their way; mountain waves rolling in maddened career, the beach a maelstrom of foam, the rain almost a deluge, the noise like a continuous peal of the most awful thunder, while the land shook with the tremendous impact, both wind and waves clapping their hands in riotous mirth at the work of destruction. Divested of mortal details the commotion was truly sublime, great rolling billows being wrecked on the strand with a crash easily heard ten miles away in the country.

It was on Saturday and the forenoon of Sunday that the destruction took place, and people on shore watched the vessels approaching their doom while powerless to give any aid. At Rustico a dismasted vessel grounded at some distance; the crew fastened lines to empty casks, which being thrown overboard, floated to land where the lines were fastened and four men got ashore. Shortly afterwards a tremendous wave lifted the hull bodily, driving it so near the bank that the others were saved.

Near the same place three vessels came ashore within a mile of each other with thirty-six mortal remains. Some vessels came ashore with bodies fastened in the rigging, their clothes in shreds.

At Tracadie the schooner "Fair Play" was driven ashore, minus seven men, among them the captain his three sons and a brother-in-law. The "Franklin Dexter," of Dennis, Maine, came in with ten bodies. The vessel belonged to a Captain Wickens; his four sons and a nephew

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THE TALE OF CAPTAIN BELL AND HIS LUCKLESS CREW

John Bell, he was a fisherman Of credit and renown, Who came away from Summerside To dwell in Charlottetown.

And here they made him Captain John, And found him boat and crew, And sent them sailing on the deep To see what they could do.

Jim Johnston they appointed mate, Walt Lea was made the cook, While Cyrus Crosby took the oars, And Nash the foghorn took.

Well pleased they were as out they went Upon the rolling main; "This is the life!" they sang, and swore They'd not go home again!

But storms arose and ball ran short The billows loudly roared; They blamed the Captain, and resolved To throw him overboard.

"But who will steer the boat, and who'll Divide the fish?" asked Bell. "You've no one here among you all Can do it half so well."

Yet a new Captain they must have, They all declared, but who? And so they fell to canvassing Among the luckless crew.

"And lest these creatures should get sick, And needlessly abuse us, We fed them well with drugs and things. We bought at George E. Hughes' We got a bull from Walter Lea, That didn't cost a dime; And everywhere that Walter went That bull went every time.

"What more could human being do Than we have done for you? And now, please vote us in again, With the same boat and crew." "You're freed!" cried the angry crew; "We want no more of you. You've wrecked the boat, you brought no fish; You are a worthless crew.

"So now go home, go way back; Go 'way back and sit down!" The angry crowd jeered at the crew And drove them out of town.

George Hughes? Ob, Saunders? Brad LePage? Jim McIntyre? Bob Cox? But to them all came the reply, "They'd drive her on the rocks!"

And so they wrangled, so they strove To find a substitute For Captain Bell among the crew

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Our Weekly Causerie

Signs of Spring are in the air. The other day the fishing boats of the Portland Packing Company were to be seen being sledged across the city en route for Rustico in preparation for the fishing season. Nobody has yet arisen to declare that he has heard the song of the first robin, but at any rate the icicles that overhung the Provincial Building all winter are gone, and the boys are playing marbles around Queen Square School. If "Marbles" comes, can Spring be far behind?

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly doth lift his studious tendency, and the urge is to roam in the suburbs. We have not advanced that far yet, seeing that there is still a matter of twenty or thirty feet of snow through which the railway trains are passing, and that in some sections they are not passing at all.

The sedate members of the Legislature are not yet all seated. They are dribbling in by twos and threes from the rural districts, as traffic conditions allow. But a few more days of sunshine will work wonders with the snow barricade.

Last Thursday, which was a real Spring day, many country people were to be seen shopping and driving through the streets, which have a mucky appearance, not at all pleasing, but which are in good travelling shape nevertheless. It is surprising what a little sunshine can do to alleviate that tired, pessimistic feeling which we have been nursing since December.

We have still, no doubt, some dirty weather to go through before emerging into bona fide Spring, but the Spring Ode has been composed early, in order to get ahead of the weather. I wish they would winter silence at the first opportunity and burst into discordant, but cheerful song.

So far as we are aware, we are the first in the field this year to welcome vernal Spring. Hal, then, ye yet invisible signs of Summer? This has been a devil of a long winter, and the cellar, wherein was wont to repose our liquid nourishment, has been depleted, and we have felt the pinch extremely, and do not feel shame in admitting it. Another month of zero weather would have made serious inroads into our constitutional good nature. We have not been compelled by the exigencies of business to risk storm-stayed periods at Borden or elsewhere, but we have been unable to escape listening to the long-winded complaints of those less fortunate people who did, and the tales lacked variety, and eventually became unbearably tedious to us. We began by pitying them, and ended by pitying themselves. Grady, and the railway officials who, no doubt, had to listen to them a great deal often.

A Western wheat grower, proverbially a grumbler, is said to have grumbled at a bountiful harvest because of the burden it imposed upon the land. A more cheerful philosophy we have listened to from an Island farmer, who remarked only the other day that when all this here snow melts it will help the crops along fine. We know nothing about agricultural science, and cannot vouch for the accuracy of this prophecy. But we subscribe to the hopeful spirit which dictated it.

Guid Nunc.

This Is One Place Yanks Haven't Told

MOSCOW, March 20.—A tribe so primitive that it believes that Americans live on the bottom of the world and are therefore in darkness, has been found in the mountain villages of the Daghestan by Dr. F. A. Golder, of the Hoover Foundation.

There people, Dr. Golder said upon return here, think that Americans do their plowing while walking upside down, with oxen to whose horns handles are tied. Believing that the world is table-shaped, with themselves on top, they feel that the Americans are indeed unfortunate because they are forced to live in eternal night.

Dr. Golder said that in many of the villages delegations greeted him as a man from the world below.

"They thought I arrived by way of a hole in the ground, the ladder to which is kept by the Czar of Moscow," Dr. Golder asserted.

"Mr. Wombat, I understand you started in life as a lawyer?" "No, I started as a baby. I did, however, argue with my mother at

Soil Robbery On Farming

C. E. MacKenzie. If one were to look in a dictionary for a definition of Agriculture, the result would be something like this: Cultivation of the soil for food products, or for valuable growths of field or pot. But all agriculture is not good cultivation; that is, not farming that pays. There is practiced in some parts of our province a system of agriculture that is little short of robbery, it is a mining of the soil on such cultivation intended to work to the advantage of the so-called farmer, without regard to the rights of the soil, with reference to future plant growth or fertility.

If a business man is in business for a number of years, having built up a good trade with the surrounding country he does not attempt to rob those with whom he deals. He does not attempt to get large amounts of his customers' money without giving something in return. A course along the above lines would soon end in disaster to such a business; the cutting off of future business would soon show the merchant that to continue would only spell ruin.

This same thing holds good on the farm. The farmer is or should be a business man, and like the manufacturer, the wholesaler or the retailer, he must plan to give something of value in return for the crop which his fertile fields yield him.

The supply of plant food may be depleted even in our best soils, and it seems that many so-called farmers who scratch (it is merely scratch) the back of good old mother earth year by year are apt to forget this one great truth. Continuous cropping cannot keep cash coming in unless fertility is restored to the soil in some way. All plants must have sufficient food, or they will develop sickly, puny plants with little return for labor expended.

As a half-starved horse or a half-fed man is a failure, so is a crop without food for plant growth, or if such is present in an unavailable form, and the result is that it almost always costs more to grow a poor crop than it will bring when marketed.

There is a remedy for the above. As it pays to feed both man and horse well, so it pays to feed the crop. Then, farmer, do not rob your crops, not for sale in the raw state, but manufactured to the highest degree of which your plant is capable. If it is not equipped with the machinery to turn out the highly finished article which is in demand, and which yields the best returns, then it is up to you as owner to equip it.

Now, brother farmer, did you ever ask yourself the following question, or one nearly like it? If I get busy, so that I have no time to make the farm a manufacturing centre and change it from an exhausted, soil-fertile mine, operated on a small scale at small profit, or at a loss, to a thriving plant turning out large quantities of finished products at a profit—a real farm?

If you will allow me I will try to answer the above question to the best of my ability. First need a thinking man, as working man; and second, a good live stock such as the best machinery to manufacture the hay, grains, roots and fodder which the farm has produced into high-priced meats and milk and dairy products, and at the same time be able to return the larger part of the fertility taken out by the crop back to the soil, so that it will produce greater crops next year. Thus a good manager, good live stock, and a proper rotation of crops will keep the farm up to the standard for fertility. This is farming in reality. Which are you doing, farming or mining? Think about it.

Spring Weather Hard On Baby

The Canadian Spring weather—one day mild and bright; the next raw and blustery is extremely hard on the baby. Conditions are such that the mother cannot take the little one out for the fresh air so much as he is desired. He is confined to the house which is often overheated and badly ventilated. He catches cold; his little stomach and bowels become disordered and the mother soon has a sick baby to look after. To prevent this an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets should be given. They regulate the stomach and bowels, thus preventing or relieving colds, simple fevers, colic or any other of the many minor ills of childhood. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine

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