

CANADIAN SOLDIER'S LETTER

Says Dr. Cassell's Tablets have kept him fit through Two Wars

Sapper A. Hartley, of the A. Company, Canadian Engineers, whose home address is 906, Trafalgar-street, London, Ontario, is one of many who have written in praise of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. He says: "As a constant user of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I would like to add my testimony to their value. I used them when I was in the South African War, and finding the benefit of them there, have taken them since whenever I felt run-down. I always recommend them for I know that they do all that is claimed for them. In my opinion they are the best tonic anyone can take for loss of appetite; poorness of the blood, or general weakness of the system."

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THE PERFECT POISE—HOW WE CAN ATTAIN IT

For the perfect physical poise we don't need to study pictures in the modern magazines. The ideal form is well expressed in sculpture dating back to 500-600 B.C., when the Spartans were masters of Greece. These ancients, says the Popular Science Monthly for June, carried themselves in such a way that the muscles, or organs of circulation and even the brain and nervous system were placed in harmonious relationship. How can we attain the same poise in walking? Briefly, by setting the shoulders back and squaring them evenly, by carrying the chest high and well arched forward, by keeping the stomach in and the neck perpendicular, like a column, and by forcing the chin in.

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A QUEEN WHO LOVED A PEASANT

The Love that Made an Emperor of a Shepherd's Son

One day in the year 1722, a splendidly-attired Court official on his way to Moscow, chanced to stroll into the little village church of Lemesh during mass, and was so entranced by the sweet singing of one of the youthful choristers that, at the close of the service, he secured the permission of the boy's parents to carry him off to the capital as a recruit to the Imperial choir.

In such dramatic fashion was Alexis Razoum, son of a Russian shepherd and drunkard transplanted from the sordid village in which he had been cradled to the splendors of a Court—the first step in one of the most dazzling and dramatic careers in human history.

Tired of High-born-Lovers

At Moscow it was not long before the peasant boy, "with the voice of an angel and the face of an angel," had won all hearts by the almost unearthly sweetness of his singing, his beauty and his modesty; and among them that of the Princess Elizabeth herself, daughter of Peter the Great and his "Kitchen Empress," Catherine.

To Elizabeth, indeed seated with the licence of the most dissolute Court in Europe, weary of her legion of high-placed lovers, the beautiful voice and face and the rustic innocence of the peasant's son appealed with a force she had neither the power nor the wish to resist. She appointed him her favorite singer, and within a few years gave him charge of her purse and her properties. The shepherd's son was now not only over-elevated, but principal Minister of the daughter of an Emperor; and when she succeeded to the Imperial throne, he became in all but name Tsar of Russia.

In her infatuation for the man her passion had rescued from a hovel to the most dazzling eminence in her Empire, she showered honors and riches on him. He was a general in her army, Admiral of her fleet, her Prime Minister, and the chief Gen-tleman of the Bedchamber; with vast estates and thousands of serfs to call him lord.

From Cottage to Palace

But all his dignities and splendor had no power to spoil the simple peasant who, a score of years earlier, had left his low-born mother with streaming eyes. His great ambition now was to share his good fortune with her. Thus it was that one day the Lemesh shepherd's wife found herself installed in the Moscow Palace, caressed and petted by an Empress, and receiving the respectful homage of her highest officials.

But the peasant woman found no pleasure in her new splendors. She was too old, she declared, for such a transplanting, and yearned to be back again among her village cronies. And within a few months, she was thankful to escape from her gilded cage, leaving behind the youngest brother of Alexis, a handsome youth, who won his way so quickly into the favor of the Empress that in a few years he had blossomed into a Court and Gentleman of the Bedchamber, with Elizabeth's grand-niece for wife; and was Viceroy of the Ukraine, with his humble mother, who declined to share his palace, installed in a modest house near his gates.

Years of Happiness

No content with thus showering honors on the brother of the man she loved so passionately, Elizabeth, to give him pleasure, accompanied him on a visit to his native village, smiling graciously on and accepting the hospitality of his humble relatives and friends, and lavishing favors on all who had been kind to him in his days of obscurity.

To his brothers-in-law—a tailor, a weaver, and a shepherd—she gave high posts in the army or at her Court; the village priest who had befriended him in his boyhood, she raised to a bishopric, and she found a husband for a favorite niece in Count Ryoumin, her Chancellor's son. As for Alexis himself, no honors or riches were too great for him. She made him Field-Marshal and head of her army; persuaded Charles VII, to give him the most coveted distinction in Europe, a Countship of the Holy Roman Empire; and dowered him with a kingdom in lands.

He was now beyond question the most powerful subject as to rank and wealth, he was equally independent if I am Count and Field-Marshal and Viceroy," he said to his flatterers. "I owe it all to the good heart of your Empress and mine, whose humble servant I am."

Even when at length Elizabeth crowned all her favors, by giving her hand in secret marriage to the peasant's son at the village altar of Perovo, he remained as unspoiled as in the days when he sang in the village choir at Lemesh. Then followed a few years of such splendor and happiness as few men have ever experienced. He had now sumptuous apartments next to those of his wife, the Empress; he sat at her right hand on all State occasions; and during his frequent attacks of gout the Empress ministered to him night and day with the tender devotion of a mother to a child.

And when, in 1762, Elizabeth's death closed his long period of splendor, he was glad to retire from the world in which he had played so dazzling a part, to the seclusion of one of his country estates.

Preferred Love to Riches

"None but myself," he confessed at the time, "can know with what pleasure I leave a sphere to which I was not born, and to which only my love for my dear mistress made me resigned. I should have been happier with her in some small cottage far removed from the gilded slavery of Court life."

In the long years of peace and retirement that followed Alexis Razoum only appears once more in the limelight, in a scene which does him infinite honor. One day, while he was poring over his Bible by his country fireside, Chancellor Vorontsov made his appearance with a message from

The new Empress, Catherine II., that Her Majesty would confer Imperial rank on him in return for one small favor—the possession of the documents which proved his marriage to her predecessor, Elizabeth. To this request the ex-shepherd returned an emphatic and indignant refusal. "Am I not," he said, "a Count, a Field-Marshal, a man of wealth, all of which I owe to the kindness of my dear mistress. Are not such honors enough for a peasant's son, whom she raised from the mire to sit by her side, that I should purchase another bauble by an act of treachery?"

Burnt Their Marriage Certificate.

"But, wait one moment," he added, and leaving the room, he returned with a bundle of papers, which, to the horror of the Chancellor, he plunged into the heart of the fire; and as he watched the flames devour the precious documents, he said: "Go now and tell those who sent you that I never was more than the slave of my august benefactress, the Empress Elizabeth, who could never so far have forgotten her position as to marry a subject."

Thus, with a lie on his lips, his last tribute of loyalty and gratitude to the woman to whose love he had owed so much, Alex. Razoum disappears from the stage on which he had played so brilliant and dramatic a role. A few more years of peace and obscurity which to him were far more precious than all his dignities and riches. Then at last the end came to this great and simple-souled man, when, with his last breath, he whispered the name of the woman whose love had glorified his life.

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IN FIELD AND WOOD

Mushrooms! How many thousands of people have "the fear of death put into them" by these strange growths of forest and field! and yet a little study and care would render them able to gather a good square meal without disastrous results.

Of the many hundreds of these growths comparatively few are fatally poisonous, but those few are deadly. So it behooves the mushroom gatherer to walk warily, and to be positive of his premises, before allowing a fungus to pass his lips and be coralled within his internal economy. But there are several kinds, that, if once clearly recognized by their distinctive earmarks, are forever safe and un-delectable. One of these is the Morchella. On old pasture lands, among heaps of brush, look out for a sponge set up on a stick. The mushroom is conical, yellow-tawny and pitted with large cells—just like a sponge. Take it—and enjoy it fearlessly. Another species is dark brown, heavy lines dividing the cells into sections—this also is safe.

There are four kinds, and all reasonable each other, and there is no poisonous fungus like them. To prepare and cook, rinse well in several waters, to remove the pits out. Cook for about an hour. Add a lump of butter, pepper and salt, and thicken with flour.

The next in order is the Coprinus, or Inkcap. This, when ripe, dissolves into an inky mass, everything but appetizing in appearance. The shaggy nail grows to about three inches in height, white with little points of the peel turned up, giving the mushroom a shaggy look. Take it before the cap expands, while it is still in its steeple form and it is delicious. It grows in pastures, and loose earth. The second species of the coprinus is the inky mushroom, which dissolves still more quickly than the first named, it has a cap of gray, or lead color, is clammy to touch, and not so nice as the shaggy. Gather only young specimens.

To cook: Cut off the ends of stems, wipe off with damp cloth. Throw for a minute into boiling water, then fry in butter till they break or sink; serve on toast. Also they may be stewed.

A third unmistakable mushroom is the gyromitra. As one goes through a wood one may find a dark brown

velvety growth stalked like the Morchella, but its surface running into convolutions, instead of cells. It looks more like the formation of the brain, than anything else. To prepare: Cleanse thoroughly, cut up, boil in water fifteen minutes, then wash, shaking them through two waters in succession, boiling hot. Dry on a cloth, and cook the same as Morchellas.

Besides these certain mushrooms, which are easily attainable, there are dozens of others that may be found plentiful throughout the country.

Even the woody fungus that projects from the trunks, like brackets, and upon which many an amateur artist has sketched the scenery of Muskoka, as souvenir, may be utilized as food. These, of course, need long boiling. The very youngest of the growths are used. Lay in boiling water for a few minutes, then rinse in cold water. Dry on cloths. Spread with butter, place in a stew pan and cover, then keep them for ten or fifteen minutes just warm enough to melt the butter. After this stew for half an hour or more. They are more troublesome to cook and not so fine of flavor as the others.

In the weary days in which we now live, and in the perchance wearier time to come, every item of food supply is worth studying up. Mushrooms, though not so nourishing as meat, are wholesome, and supplemented by bread, supply a good meal.

Many many things growing in our woods are quite capable of keeping the wolf from the door, if one but knows them.

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