

# CONSUMPTION

## Prevented and Cured.

Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. New cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a rundown system.

# FREE.

Do you cough?  
Do your lungs pain you?  
Is your throat sore and inflamed?  
Do you spit up phlegm?  
Does your head ache?  
Is your appetite bad?  
Are your lungs delicate?  
Are you losing flesh?  
Are you pale and thin?  
Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

You are invited to test what this system will do for you, if you are sick, by writing for a

## FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

and the Four Free Preparations will be forwarded you at once, with complete directions for use.

The Slocum System is a positive cure for Consumption, that most insidious disease, and for all Lung Troubles and Disorders, complicated by Loss of Flesh, Coughs, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and Heart Troubles.

Simply write to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Company, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, giving post office and express address, and the free medicine (the Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent. Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American papers will please send for samples to Toronto. Mention this paper.

Mother—"Georgie, I told you to say 'No' if they offered you cake a third time." Georgie—"So I did, mamma. Only they offered it to me the fourth time, and you didn't say anything about the fourth time."

While returning from a day's outing a young man on holiday was accosted by a friend, who asked him how he spent the day. "Botanising," was the answer. "I see," was the reply, "but whaur did ye get the boat?"

Little Johnnie—"Solomon may have been the wisest man, but Adam was the luckiest." Mamma—"Why do you think so, Johnnie?" Little Johnnie—"Cause he was born a man and didn't have to go to school."

Henry Watterson, the famous editor, recently wrote a very true sentence: "No writing can be called brilliant which is not morally good."

## ARE YOU RUN DOWN?

*The D.L. Emulsion*

Trade-mark

Puts new life into you.

Builds up Nerve and Muscle.

Adds pounds of solid flesh to your weight.

Positively cures Anæmia, General Debility, Lung Troubles, including Consumption if taken in time.

Be sure you get "The D.L."

Her father was glad to see her so far settled; for he was a sensible man, and had often feared that his pretty daughter's high-flying notions might end in disaster.

Fathers are usually more indulgent to their girls than mothers. But Mrs. Grant was not a wise woman, and from her Sybil had inherited not merely her blue eyes and yellow hair, but much of her shallowness and vanity.

Colin Grant's wife had come from the Lowlands, and had been deemed a beauty in her youth. Considering her upbringing and surroundings—her father had kept a public-house in a low part of Greenock—she had been fortunate in her marriage. Nevertheless she held the private opinion, which, on certain occasions of curtailed seclusion she did not fail to communicate to her worthy spouse, that with a little more prudence she herself might have done better in the marriage mart.

With such a mother it is not surprising that Sybil grew up with many foolish notions, or that when the girl had determined to accept the offer of a poor crofter and fisherman, Mrs. Grant was not altogether pleased with her choice.

But Sybil had a will of her own, and a measure of her father's shrewdness. She thought of the reflected glory that would fall on her when it was known that the man of whom—as she supposed—all the world was talking, was her lover. Wherever she went—to Bunessan, to Salen, to Tobermory even—she would be noticed and honoured, while all the girls in Mull would envy her.

This view of the matter was strengthened when a copy of the *High and Chronicle* arrived, and her father read aloud Dr. Mackenzie's graphic account of the wreck, and of the rescue of Lieutenant Waldegrave.

But though Colin Grant was immensely interested in the narrative, and Sybil's vain little heart fluttered with delight, her mother only querulously remarked that she would like to know what reward the gentleman would give to those who had saved him.

Sybil, of course, saw that the wonderful castles she had so often erected in the air were now not likely to have a more substantial existence. Still she had the sense to see that that was not an unusual circumstance in human experience. Where so much was real and solid she must be prepared to surrender something. She was not the only girl to see her golden dreams fade into the light of common day.

What she dwelt on with least satisfaction was the fact that Ronald's mother was still living, and would have to reside with them when they were married. She had never to her knowledge seen the old woman, but she fully shared the prejudice against mothers-in-law. Morag Campbell, however, she reflected would not live for ever, and in the meantime could milk the cows, help with the washing, and do many other unpleasant things. And so with a passing sigh after the unattainable, Sybil gave her attention to her curls and ribbons, and was soon lost in admiration of her new hat and frock.

While Sybil was dressing, her father was sitting by the kitchen fire, smoking his pipe, and re-reading the doctor's narrative.

His wife was in a bad humour, already realizing that it would make a difference to her to lose Sybil's help.

More than once she eyed her husband with impatience; while he, poor man, unconscious of the gathering storm, was enjoying a little respite after a hard morning's work, which had begun two hours before his wife and daughter were out of bed.

At last, leaving her work of washing up

the breakfast things—a duty that usually fell to Sybil—Mrs. Grant went to the fire and began peking it vigorously.

"I think ye'll gang daft ower that bit paper," Colin, she said scornfully. "Ye hae read it a dozen times to ma certain knowledge. Ye're growin' that tat an' lazy in yer auld days that ye'll dae naethin' to help a body. Here am I left wi' a' the wark to dae, while yer dochter gaes stravaigin' ower the whole countryside wi' her joe. It wad mair besem ye to gang an' bring me a pail or twa o' water frae the burn."

"It is a fine story, whateffer," replied Colin, re-adjusting his spectacles, and taking no notice of his wife's attack; "and I'm thinkin' Sybil hass' got a good man."

"Weel, it's mair nor I hae gotten, at any rate; or he wad gie me a hand wi' the work instead o' sittin' readin' an' sm'kin' by the chimney neuk all the mornin'."

"The thing ye say is, no true," answered Colin, keeping his temper, for he expected Ronald in every minute. "I was waitin' to see the lad; I hef scarcely spoken to him since he began to come courtin' oor Sybil. Wass I not away wi' a pickle o' sheep when he came to see me the other day?"

"Oh, ay; ye'll think mair o' the sight o' him noo, nor yer own wedded wife," said Mrs. Grant bitterly. "An' he's only a pair fishin' body wi' an auld mither to keep. What guid will it dae you or me, or Sybil either, for the matter o' that, that he has got his name in the print?" If she wad hae taken ma advice she wad hae bided her time, an' no bin sae ready to gie' hersel' awa'."

"Thou speakest as one o' the foolish women," said her husband, rousing himself; "and it iss these notions o' yours that hef got into Sybil's head; and I was afraid she would hef trifled wi' him too long, and lost her chance."

"Chance!" exclaimed his wife, now giving full vent to her ill-humour. "What dae ye mean by 'losin' her chance?' Wi' her guid looks she micht hae lifted her heid higher, I'm thinkin'. Why should oor Sybil marry a pair fisherman ony mair nor auld M'Iver's dochter? She is nae sic a beauty for a' her gran' airs, an' she hasna got sae much siller either, gin a' ane hears is true."

"I'm thinkin' it's no true," interjected Colin.

"And what Mr. Nial can see in her is aboon ma ken," continued Mrs. Grant more bitterly. "She's no half sae guid-lookin' as oor Sybil, wha takes exactly after me an' my folk. An' she wears auld claes to gang to the kirk in, whilk oor lassie wouldna pit on to serve in the shop."

(To be Continued.)

"Whiskey," shouted the lecturer, "will take the coat off a man's stomach." "Worse than that," grumbled the man with the pawn ticket, "it will take the coat off his back."

Affable aristocrat—"The fact is my name is Gibson. You see, I'm travelling incog. There's my card." Mr. Tuppings—Glad to hear it. I'm travelling in pickles." Here's mine."

Na Na, John—A man being seriously ill asked his wife to send for the minister, who came, and talked some time with the good old man. On leaving he tried to comfort the wife, saying that whilst John was very weak he was evidently ready for a better world. Unexpectedly, however, John rallied and said to his wife, "Jenny, my woman, I'll maybe be spared to ye yet." "Na, na, John," was the reply; "ye're appointed and I'm resigned. Dee see."