

Wasted \$33.00

ON ALL SORTS OF MEDICINES BUT FAILED TO CURE HIS DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, AND BRONCHITIS, UNTIL HE USED MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

"Mr. Ludger Pinet, of our town," wrote Mr. Amos Theriault, Postmaster of Theriault, Gloucester County, N.B., in a letter dated November 18th, 1904, "after spending thirty-three dollars on various medicines found himself as great a sufferer from Dyspepsia and Bronchitis as he was before. These are not the times to throw money away, and I advised Mr. Pinet to try MOTHER SEIGEL'S CURATIVE SYRUP. He did so, and after taking two bottles is a new man altogether, able to work as well as the best among us, with always a good word for the medicine that cured him. My advice to Mr. Pinet was not of the second-hand variety. I spoke from actual experience, well knowing what SEIGEL'S SYRUP will do, for it has greatly benefited me, and also my wife. My family is never without a bottle of

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

PRICE 60c. PER BOTTLE.

For sale by all Druggists and Merchants all over the world



CLARK'S

PORK AND BEANS

Is an Ideal Food for Winter

It contains in the proper proportions the elements necessary to build up a sound body, a vigorous brain and steady nerves. It gives the necessary energy and ability to excel in all the winter sports.

Clark's Pork and Beans consists of the finest home-grown beans and pea fed pork perfectly cooked and tastily seasoned. It is ready to serve and can be eaten cold or placed on the table steaming hot in a few moments. Sold plain or with Chili or Tomato Sauce by all good grocers in Canada.

Wm. CLARK, Manufacturer, Montreal.

In the Parlor, in the Ball Room, in the Concert Hall, or with the Orchestra, the

Nordheimer Piano

stands pre-eminent. It represents the highest type of modern piano building—it is the result of years of continuous and persistent effort in the direction of greater artistic development.

NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.,
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FREE GOLD WATCH

A regular \$25 Watch in appearance. Very handsome. The case is warranted 14k. Gold plate, standard size, and beautifully engraved. It is the new 1906 model, and is fitted with a celebrated American lever, jeweled movement, carefully adjusted. The watch is stem wind, stem set, and contains a reliable gauge balance with the new flush regulator. The hair spring is hardened and tempered in form. The dial is of rich enamel, and the hands are of fine blue steel, set absolutely correct. The mainspring is back action, patented safety. Every part of the movement in this watch is carefully tested by experienced workmen before it leaves the factory. **Our Offer**—We will send you this watch exactly as described for selling only 2 dozen sets of our beautiful color **POST CARDS** at 10c. a set. They take the people by storm, they are so beautiful and cheap. Everyone says they never saw anything sell so fast. Four lovely Cards in every set and only 10c. a set. They are worth at least 20c. Don't wait, write us now, and we'll send the Cards at once, postpaid. **THE COLONIAL ART CO.,** Department 3117 TORONTO.

POETRY OF THE HOUR.

The Ideal Minister's Wife.

"Well! She isn't prim and proper, But she doesn't care a copper What they say, She's so innocent of wrong That she's happy all day long 'On her way.

"She's no zealot or fanatic, She don't try to wax ecstatic, To be good. She's a woman through and through. Whose religion is to do What she should.

"No! she may not be ideal, But, what's better far, she's real And intact. She's no figment of a dream, Nor a poet's theme, She's a fact."

—Wetaskiwin Post.

The Heaven-Born.

Not into these dark cities, These sordid marts and streets, That the sun in his rising pities, And the moon with sadness greets, Does she, with her dreams and flowers.

For whom our hearts are dumb, Does she of the golden hours, Earth's heaven-born Beauty come.

Beyond the farthest streams, In a world where music marries With color that blooms and beams; Where shadow and light are wedded, Whose children people the Earth, The fair, the fragrant-headed, The pure, the wild of birth.

Where Morn with rosy kisses Wakes ever the eyes of Day, And, winds in her radiant tresses, Haunts every wildwood way; Where Eve, with her mouth's twin roses, Her kisses sweet with balm, The eyes of Glad Day closes, And, crowned with stars, sits calm.

There, lost in contemplation Of things no mortal sees, She dwells, the incarnation Of idealities: Of dreams, that long have fired Man's heart with joy and pain, The far, the dear-desired, Whom none shall e'er attain. —Maddison Cawein, in The Reader Magazine.

Be Happy To-Day.

Do not dwell in the future, Do not dream of the past, But live now in the present, Trusting the present will last.

To-day is your day to be happy, To-morrow may never come; Then drink of life's sweetest, Of the future let lips be dumb.

The castles you're building may tumble, The love that you trust may wane; Then keep in the present, living, And live not to-day in vain.

'Tis hard not to trust to-morrow, Or another day may dawn; 'Tis hard to look back with sorrow On the yesterdays that have gone.

But such is life's great lesson, Or at least I've found it so. And the only way is keep trying To make "good" each day as you go.

"Light of Truth."

An Optimist.

I seek the perfume of the rose, nor care To search for thorns that may be hidden there.

I beg the boon of smiles; I would not see Nor search for frowns not visible to me.

Stacy E. Baker.

A Song of Cheer.

When old Hardtimes sweeps along, Meet him with a song; Laugh away the clouds of wrong; Keep your courage strong. 'Tis a rough old road at best, Running down life's rugged nest; To be ready for the rest, Learn to hum a song

Let the old hulk rock and reel— Calm her with a song! Trial's reefs may test her keel, Faith will keep her strong. Stars are laughing in the night, Beck'ning to the homeland heights; O'er the seas are harbor lights; Sail on with a song!

Thomas Elmore Lucey.

At the End of the Wooing.

BY ARTHUR STRINGER.

"From its frail stem tear not the rose," you said, "Nor brush from wings so fragile all their gold Lest in your unrewarded hand you hold Only, alas, torn plumes and petals dead! Ah, plead no more" — you bowed your troubled head— "Lest we who loved and listened dear, of old, In life's cage kiss this singing glory cold, And find bruised petals where the rose hung red!"

I take the solace, and endure the smart; Bend close, O wondering brow, and turn to me Those wistful lips, those eyes of mournful blue Where still the old smile steals, for, light of heart, The fleeting rose, the unassuaging voices, see, I leave and lose, but You—oh, never You! —From Ainslee's Magazine (Dec.)

Patience.

Clear water on smooth rock Could give no foothold for a single flower Or slenderest shaft of grain; The stone must crumble under storm and rain—

The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power— And broken boughs from many a tempest shock, And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour,

Must mingle in the mold, Before the harvest whitens on the plain.

Bearing an hundredfold. Patience, O weary heart! Let all the sparkling hours depart, And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,

And every effort tempest-tost— So, when all life's green leaves Are fallen, and molded underneath the sod, Thou shalt go not too lightly to thy God, But heavy with full sheaves. —E. R. Sill.

Kindness.

"What is the real good?" I asked, in a musing mood. "Order," said the court; "Knowledge," said the school; "Truth," said the wise man; "Love," said the maiden; "Beauty," said the page; "Freedom," said the dreamer; "Home," said the sage; "Equity," said the seer. Spake my heart full sadly, "The answer is not here." Then within my bosom Softly this I heard: "Each heart holds the secret: 'Kindness' is the word."

"British Weekly."