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"Many physicians of Canada are now prescribing ABBEY'S SALT.

It is particularly useful in cases of obstinate Constipation and chronic liver trouble. It is especially effective in kidney trouble.

It corrects acidity of the stomach, making it a specific in certain forms of dyspepsia and in gout and rheumatism.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt We consider Abbey's Salt absolutely the best effervescent salt made in any country. 25c. and 60c. a bottle.



Better Than Pie
Even pie loses its charm—after the second slice. And there's usually pain and bad dreams to pay up for an indulgence in this delectable pastry.

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

are a perfect food for children and grown-up folks. Made of the finest Canadian flour, they contain all the nutriment of the whole wheat kernel. Baked the Mooney way, they tempt the most pampered appetite and appeal to every taste. In 1 and 3 pound moisture-proof packages—at all grocers.

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In Lighter vein.

The Optimist.

"I'm just a silly optimist with cheerfulness galore. For I'm tired of hearing people say that everything's a bore; I'm tired of melancholy moans, and so I point with pride to the inspiring axiom that I am satisfied. If there's anything I love to eat it's food; If there's anything I love to wear it's clothes; And in times of relaxation I have proved by demonstration There is nothing half so restful as repose."

Absent Treatment.

Ulysses was off to the wars. "But," protested Penelope, "why go away to fight? Why not stay at home?" Preferring the foreign article, however, he hastily started forth.

A Kissing Duel.

At some amateur theatricals in Victoria two people in the stalls, whenever the heroine was kissed, kissed each other loudly and with ostentation. It turned out that the man in the audience was the husband of the heroine, who disapproved of her theatrical tastes, and (with the help of an amiable friend) took this way of reproving them.

A Bent Pin.

Little Mary sat on the floor beside her mother's chair, busily dressing her doll. "Please give me a pin, mamma," she said, and her mother handed her a pin from the cushion, not heeding that it was bent. "Oh! this is a wilted one, mamma," she exclaimed. "Can't you give me a fresh one?"

The Man Who Failed.

A man had been sent by the house agents to take an inventory of the drawing-room furniture. He was so long about his task that at last the mistress of the house went to see what was taking place. She found the man slumbering peacefully on the sofa with an empty bottle beside him; it was evident, however, that he had made a pathetic though solitary attempt to do his work, for in the inventory book was written, "One revolving carpet."

Chopping Him Off.

Mr. Coopah (passionately) — "Miss Smoot, when I am in yo' hilarious vicinity I feels so influential and delusive dat I can't explain de altitude of muh cohesiveness! Miss Smoot—Gladys!—I—I—"

Miss Smoot (coldly) — "Dat's all right, Mistah Coopah! O' cou'se, I likes a gen'laman to be cawdial, and all dat, but don't jump up in muh lap, sah; dess please don't jump up in muh lap!"

How it Happened.

"So you are a hermit, eh? Well, if you don't mind, kindly tell me how you came to adopt such an under-crowded and nonremunerative profession?"

"Well, you see, my auto broke down near here, and rather than endure the jibs and joshes of the triumphant farmers of the neighborhood, I took the machine to pieces, carried them to this cave, and have remained here ever since, trying to put them together again. Looks a trifle like rain, off to the northeast, don't it?"

The Sphinx Smiled.

Captain Lambton, when contesting Newcastle, told a story of a ride which he and Lord Charles Beresford took on donkeys in Egypt. The latter had the misfortune to be thrown to the ground by his ramblesome mount.

"When, Beresford?" shouted Lord Charles.

"The beautiful form of the address,"

"What are you calling that Egyptian 'moke' Tipperary for?" he asked. "Well," was the reply, "Tipperary also unseated me when I stood for Parliament!"

The Other Kingdom.

The teacher had been instructing the class about the three kingdoms of the universe, and to make it plain she said, "Everything in our school-room belongs to one of the three kingdoms—our desks to the vegetable kingdom, our slates and pens to the mineral kingdom, and little Alice," she added, looking down at the child nearest her, "belongs to the animal kingdom." Alice looked up quite resentfully, and her eyes filled with tears as she answered, "Teacher, I fink you are mistaken, for my mamma says dat all little children belong to the kingdom of heaven."

Falsely Charged.

A little Northern boy was visiting the South for the first time. His awe and admiration for the darkies knew no bounds. Meeting a little negro boy one day, he screwed up his courage to ask him his name. "I is dun called David," promptly replied the little negro. "Oh!" exclaimed the little fellow, his face full of delighted surprise, "are you the David that killed Goliath?" The little negro gave him a terrified glance, and sticking his dusky knuckles in his eyes, shrieked out, "Naw, I ain't nebber teched him."

He Surprised Eliza.

A story is going the rounds of the territory press of a farmer, living a few miles from Henryetta, who wore his old suit until everybody was tired of it, and his estimable wife was almost ashamed of him. But one day, when selling produce in town, he determined to buy a new suit, and a happy thought struck him. He would surprise Eliza. So he bundled a new suit into the wagon, hurried toward home, and at the bridge, two miles from the town, he stood up in the wagon and "peeled" and threw the despised old suit into the creek. Then he reached out for his new clothes. They were gone—had jolted out of the wagon! The night was cold and his teeth chattered as he hurried home. He surprised Eliza even more than he anticipated.

A Typical English Anecdote.

A pleasant story of Sir William Bull, M.P., has just come to light.

One morning recently the member for Hammersmith boarded a London United tramway-car, but found when the conductor came for the fare that he had no money. The conductor politely offered to pay it for him and also said if Sir William wanted any more he would be pleased to lend him some. But Sir William only wanted his fare.

Next morning the conductor was agreeably surprised to receive a silver match-box as a gift from Sir William, and his card, with this inscription:

To a courteous gentleman, who not only lent Sir William Bull a penny, but offered to lend him as much more as he wanted.

On the reverse side was: A friend in need is a friend indeed. Receipt for one penny, kindly lent without security.

Our Colored Belles.

"My stahs, Lowindy, but yo' is suttinly got nice hahh. How yo' mek it so long en straight?" asked woolly Miss Geawgiana of her friend Miss Lucinda. "Dean' yo put somefin' on it, now hones' truf?"

"Nevah done nothin' to it, true as I stan' hyar, only done wrop it up in cup-towel when I sweeps or dus'es. Ef' yo' goin' tuh have nice hahh yo'll have it, en ef' yo' ain't yo' ain't, yo' tek my word foh hit, honey. W'y, yo' all knows my sistah Evaleen. 'Clna to goodness, dat chile's lots neahah wite 'n' I am, but huh hahh's as bad as 'youahs 'n' she's jes' plumb crazy to mek it long en straight. W'y dat po' niggah she spen's houahs on it. She jes' ma-a-nicu's hit, en ma-a-nicu's