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Past the fields of his father's farm, in whose neat and trim appearance Jack has the pride of a loyal son. He has helped pull the cockle from the wheat and hoed his row in the potato and corn fields. Mr. Biglow is known among his neighbors as a good farmer, and Jack is proud of his reputation.

"Whoa, Topsy!" he calls suddenly; and Topsy obediently comes to a stand-still. What is the boy about? He jumps out over the wheel and runs to a fence corner, where his sharp eyes have discovered a flourishing "stick-tight." He tugs away at the weed until its roots give up their hold on his father's land, and then he tosses it into the road where the sun that nourished it a moment ago will soon accomplish its destruction.

"Don't any weeds go to seed on my father's farm if I can help it!" says Jack, as he climbs into the buggy again. "G'long, Topsy!"

A level stretch of road encourages Topsy to trot briskly, and Jack holds the lines taut in both hands, sitting up very straight with feet well braced against the iron rail in front of the seat. You and I enjoy the rapid motion, too, until—why, what can be the matter? We came near being jerked over the dashboard. Old Topsy has stopped in her tracks and stands tossing her head this way and that, with a scared look at something big and yellow that comes rolling down the road, flapping and rustling in a way to try the stoutest equine heart. Lucky for you and me that Jack is at the helm. He soothes the frightened horse with much patience, saying:

"There, there, old lady! Steady now, Topsy! Never touched you, Topsy! There, now, ain't you 'shamed of yourself? Whoa, Topsy!"

Topsy's nerves quiet down and Jack gets out of the buggy again, patting her and talking horse-nonsense to her until she is her steady self once more. Then Jack secures the monster which had so greatly disturbed her peace of mind. It proves to be a stray circus bill, and Jack tears it into little pieces, saying:

"If this thing rattles old Topsy so, it would drive a skittish horse clean crazy. I'll fix it so 'twon't do no more damage."

Off we go again. Half a mile from town we overtake an old woman in a blue calico dress carrying a big basket that looks heavy. It is a warm morning. Her face is red and tired-looking, and again Jack calls, "Whoa, Topsy!"

"Don't you want a ride?" he asks—and only see how the tired face brightens!

"Ya, ya, mein kind!" she answers, understanding his actions better than his words, maybe; and, after carefully stowing her basket of eggs in the back of the buggy, she gratefully accepts a place at Jack's left hand. Four on one seat! But as you and I do not weigh very much or occupy much room, no one is crowded.

When Topsy is hitched in front of the grocery Jack does his errands. How briskly he steps from store to store, keeping track in his head of the price of coffee, codfish, buttons, shoe-strings and "skeeter bar," because he knows his father will want to know just how much each thing

cost, that it may be set down in the expense book after supper. When the soup-bone is bought and the mail tucked under the cushion of the buggy-seat, Jack looks around for the old woman, but as she is not to be seen, he starts for home whistling a merry accompaniment to the clatter of Topsy's hoofs.

Half-way home Topsy is stopped again. Something has thrown down a corner of Mr. Jones' rail-fence, and Jack knows he often turns his cattle into that field. He can put the rails in place again in a few minutes, and so he takes the time to do this neighborly kindness. He thinks Tom Jones would do as much for his father—but right is right, no matter whether the other fellow does it or not.

The shadows are pointing to the north by this time, and there is an inward monitor that tells Jack that dinner should be ready soon. But as he passes the big sweet-briar bush at the corner and sees it all starred with pale-pink blossoms, he halts the horse once more, and whipping out his pocket-knife, cuts a big bunch for mother, "cause mother likes sweet-briar so much, you know," he confides to old Topsy. And then she has to travel her very best gait for fear the delicate blos-

Have You Asthma?

A Severe Case of Chronic Asthma Which Would Yield to no Other Treatment, Cured By Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

The symptoms of asthma are keenly distressing and are not easily confused with those of any other ailment. The victim is suddenly aroused by an intense anguish in the chest, the breathing is accompanied by a loud wheezing, the face becomes flushed, and bathed in perspiration; he gasps for air, believing each moment may be his last. After these paroxysms, which may last for hours, the patient usually falls asleep, to arise next day weak, languid and debilitated.

Dr. Chase's treatment for asthma consists in the combined use of two of his remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Asthma is a nervous disease and the attacks are brought on by some irritation of the nerves along the air passages. These nerves are soothed and quieted and immediate relief afforded to the patient by the use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. In fact asthma is frequently thoroughly cured by the use of this remedy alone, as is evidenced by the testimonial quoted below.

In most cases, however, it is found advisable to combine the two remedies, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The former as a local treatment acting directly on the bronchial tubes and air passages and the latter as a nerve restorative to build up and strengthen the whole nervous system. It is confidently believed there is no treatment extant that is so perfectly successful in the cure of asthma as the combined use of these two great remedies.

Mrs. George Budden, Putnamville Ont., says:—"I feel it my duty to recommend Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, as I had the asthma very bad; could get nothing to do me any good. A friend of mine persuaded me to try this remedy, as he had tried it, and it proved successful. I tried it and it cured me. I am thankful to day to say I am a well woman through the use of this remedy. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it."

Dr. Chase's family remedies are for sale at all dealers, or from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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soms should wither in the noonday sun.

Dinner is ready when Jack gets home, and you and I, my dear reader, will leave him busy with potatoes and gravy, happy in the present and knowing that the near future holds for him a generous section of custard pie. What! did you say that Jack is "too good to be true"? You are not mistaken. Jack is true—goodness, freckles and all. But if this was only a fancy sketch, is there anything in it that a country boy does not have the chance to do, time and time again—little, thoughtful, helpful, pleasant things, that make life the better for the doing of them? Perhaps all boys are not as observing as Jack, but I'm sure I wish they were. Don't you?

A KITE AND ITS TAIL.

"Just a long string with folded papers tied upon it, and a good bunch at the end. Anyone can make a kite-tail," remarked a boy, criticizing rather severely the handiwork of his companion.

But are you quite sure, Jack? I rather fancy that the making of a kite-tail is an anxious piece of business. If those folded slips and that wonderful bunch are not carefully prepared, the kite will not balance properly, and the most favourable wind in the world will not carry it skywards.

Now, kites are made to rise. There is no fun to be got out of a kite that just turns helplessly over when you let it go and falls flat on the grass, is there? And what pleasure can anyone take in boys or girls who behave in the same manner? You give them a good start in life, put them in business, or send them out to service, but they won't fly! They have not any ambition at all. They don't look forward, they don't look upward, they don't much care whether they get on or not so down they come. Their master or mistress finds that they "don't suit," and they have to be picked up and started again; and when this has happened half a dozen times, folks get out of patience, and say, "Oh,

he'll never be worth his salt!" or "She'll never keep a good place!" and like kites that won't fly, they are pushed aside and forgotten.

How is this? If the kite-tail is badly made the kite will not fly. Life being like a kite, surely every habit we form is like a fresh "bob" added to its tail; and if paper "bobs," which can be so easily altered, have to be made and fastened on with such care, what are we to say about habits, which become so much a part of our lives, that to change them is very, very difficult indeed? You cannot fly your kite with wooden chips for "bobs," and you cannot prosper in life with idleness, carelessness, deceit, and other faults tacked on to your character.

So I think you may learn a lesson from your toy, Jack. Make that tail as carefully as you possibly can, and when you are watching the kite as it soars gracefully over your head, give a thought to your own life, of which it is so true a picture. Resolve that your motto shall be—

Onward! Upward! Heavenward!

and make it your daily endeavour to form good habits which will help your soul in its flight; not bad ones, which will hinder and drag it down.

A DAY AT A TIME.

It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till night-fall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely till the sun gets down. And this is all that life ever really means to us, just one little day. Do today's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave true, holy living.