

BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes.

The Symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption.

Cure it at once by the use of



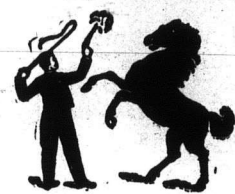
Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bronchitis. She wheezed so badly you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not long until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto.

"She had a bad cold this winter, but instead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I tried a home made receipt which I got from a neighbor but found that her cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises 'Dr. Wood's,' and says he will see that a bottle of it is always kept in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so, be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Jesse Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail. **\$1200 to \$3000 a Year At Home or Traveling**



Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere. He is now teaching his marvellously successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Obedience opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles. Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay \$15 to \$25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses. If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse Training profession. Write and Prof. Beery will send you full particulars and handsome book about horses—FREE. Address Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 26, Pleasant Hill, Ohio



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Housewife—"If you love to work, why don't you find it?"
Begging tramp—"Love is blind, ye know."

He—"I was on pleasure bent."
She—"And then—"
He—"And then, before I knew it, I was broke."

"That fellow, Smithers is a clever chap. He can write with either hand."
"Is that so? How on earth does he manage to do it?"
"On a typewriter."

Bingo: "There's a big boy waiting for you outside the gate, Robbie, and he is turning up his trousers at the bottom. What does he do that for?"
Bobbie (meekly): "I suppose he expects to wade in my gore."

At the Boston Immigration Station one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name—Abraham Cherkowsky.
Born—Yes.
Business—Rotten.

Mrs. Pancake (to a fourth-floor lodger): "Anything the matter with your steak, Mr. Hardup?"
Hardup: "A trifle overtrained, maybe, madam; but, really, I never saw a firmer muscle."

Professional Faster: "I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this show of your. How much will you pay me?"
Showman: "I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep."

"I see your hair is falling out, sir," remarked the hairdresser, who was getting ready to work the hair-ionic idea on the customer.
"You don't see anything of the sort," rejoined his victim. "What you see is the sequel to a falling out between Mrs. Codgers and myself."

Little Marie had returned from her first visit to Sunday school.
"And what lesson are you to study for next Sunday?" her mother asked.
"Nuffin' much," said the four-year-old rather scornfully. "Her jest said to learn all about the catakissin—and me knowed that already."

"Your honour," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me knows that I am incapable of lending myself to a mean cause."
"True," said the opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

Ardent Sportsman: "I think that bird'll come down, John, don't you?"
John: "Aye, I reckon he will—when he's hungry."

"Ah Elsie, it is fine to be married to an officer—such a beautiful uniform, and so many decorations!"
"Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his funeral."

Passenger: "I suppose you've had some hairbreadth escapes during your seafaring career?"

Mate: "Yes, indeed! I was nearly drowned once."

Passenger: "You don't say! How did it occur?"
Mate: "I went to sleep in the bath and forgot to turn off the water."

A father was reading the newspaper aloud. When he came to the sentence, "A little profit has been made out of postage-stamps," he was interrupted by his small boy of eight, who asked pertinently:—

"Was Samuel made out of postage stamps? He was a little prophet, wasn't he?"

A little boy whose grandmother had just died wrote the following letter, which he duly posted:

"Dear Angels,—We have sent you grandma. Please give her a harp to play, as she is short-winded and can't blow a trumpet."

"Life is one grand, sweet song!" exclaimed the enthusiastic young lady, soulfully.
"Yes," barked out a crabby old bachelor, who happened to overhear her; "but some of us have mighty poor voices."

"Young man," said a father, "I don't want you to be too attentive to my daughter."

"Why—er—really," stammered the young man, "I had hoped to marry her some—"

"Exactly; and I'd like you to marry her, but if you're too attentive to her you won't have money enough to do it!"

Guest: "By the way, your front gate needs repairing. It was all I could do to get it open. You ought to have it greased or something."

Host (an inventor): "Oh, no."

"Why not?"
"Because everyone who comes through that gate pumps a small quantity of water into the cistern on the roof."

An old couple in Glasgow were in a very depressed state owing to dull trade.

Thinking their son in America would help them, they wrote, stating their trouble, and that if he did not help them they would have to go into the poorhouse.

Three weeks passed, and then came a letter from their son, saying:—

"Dear Mither and Faither,—Just wait another fortnight, an' I'll come hame an' gang wi' ye.—Your affectionate son."

One of the wives of a Mormon coming downstairs one morning met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked, anxiously.
"He is," replied the physician. "I fear the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked, "I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry. The best places are already being taken."

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiegne and Rove. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humor which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronizing look on the clergyman, he said:

"Have you heard the news, Monsieur le cure?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply; "I have been out all day, and have not had time to glance at the papers."

Then said the traveller: "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two sous?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

NO MORE WRINKLES

SCRANTON WOMAN MAKES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY THAT PROVES TO BE A GREAT AID TO BEAUTY

Broad Minded and Liberal, She Offers to Give Particulars to All Who Write. Absolutely Free.



Della Ellison, of Scranton, Pa., seems to be the woman whose name shall go down in history as the discoverer of the true secret of beauty. For centuries past women have realized that wrinkles not only made them look much older than they were, but were also the destroyer of their beauty, and with ceaseless efforts they have sought to stay the hand of time, which robbed them of this most valuable charm.

Knowing that the homely woman with deep lines and furrows must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister, many resorted to annoying and even dangerous experiments trying to regain their former youthful appearance. This new discovery, however, will do away with all these rash measures, as the treatment is harmless and simple. It is said that, aside from banishing wrinkles in from one to three nights, it is a great aid to beauty, making the skin soft and velvety and beautifying the complexion. Many who have followed Miss Ellison's advice look from five to twenty years younger, and, judging by the number of replies she is receiving daily, people are not slow at taking advantage of her generous offer.

It comes as a surprise that the discovery should be made by a modest little woman in Scranton, when our large cities are full of beauty doctors and specialists who have sought in vain for a treatment that would turn back the clock of time and place the imprint of youth on the fast-fleeting footsteps of age, but far more surprising is the fact that she is to remain where she is.

In speaking of the discovery she said: "Yes, I know there would be many advantages in my going to some of the larger cities, but I have made arrangements to give particulars of my treatment free to all who write me, so that the women in every city and town may have the benefits of my discovery."

This statement shows that she is both broad-minded and generous, and all who wish to banish their wrinkles and improve their complexion should write her at once. Her address is: DELLA ELLISON, 613 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Just state that you wish particulars of her discovery and she will send them in sealed envelope, free of charge.

DR. FOOOTE'S FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE

A 240-page book, fully illustrated—written by Dr. F. F. F. F., a specialist of 50 years' practice. Contains advice necessary to adults—tells what one hesitates to ask a Doctor. It covers the subjects of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health and Disease. SEND FOR IT TO-DAY A Thought-awakener. Price 10c., was 25c.

MURRAY HILL PUB CO., 100 EAST 28TH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

Boo Spavin

Remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid) is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Boo Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write. FLEMING BROS., Chemists 68 Church St., Toronto, Ontario