"I have arranged with all druggists here, as well as in all other towns of here, as well as in all other towns of Canada, that every sufferer from Asthma, Hay Fever or Bronchial Asthma in this city can try my treatment entirely at my risk," Dr. R. Schiffmann announces. He says: "Buy a package of my Asthmador, try it, and if it does not afford you immediate relief, or if you do not find it the best remedy you have ever used, take it back to your druggist and he will return your money, cheerfully and without any question whatever. After without any question whatever. After seeing the grateful relief it has afforded in hundreds of cases which had been con-sidered incurable, and which had been given up in despair, I know what it will do. I am so sure that it will do the same with others that I am not afraid to guar antee it will relieve instantaneously Druggists anywhere handling Asthmador will return your money if you say so. You are to be the sole judge and under this positive guarantee absolutely no risk is run in buying Asthmador. Also sent on same guarantee per parcel post C.O.D., or on receipt of price, 90 cents, if not kept by your Druggist, by addressing Lyman-Knox Co., Montreal.



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Largest Cabin Steamers in the St. Lawrence Service (Free rail transportation from Montreal to Quebec.)

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ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

THE GUMPS-EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS



LINOA! WHASSA MATTAN WIF

YOU -- KEEP YO' TAIL AWAY

FOM YO' HIND LAIGS --

YO GUILE TO GET YOSEU

L TWIPPED UP -

GIDDY-AP

BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

YAS SUH TWOTSKI . YO'AM

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A GALLOP AN MEBBE

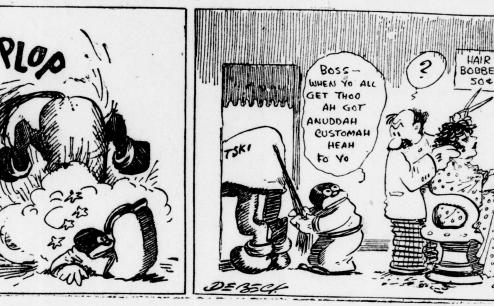
TIME IN DE MILE .

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A Trim May Help Trotski's Speed.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

DOWN IN JACKSONVILLE TO TAKE A PLUNGE ON HIM.

BULLETIN ISSUSED BY

COMMERCIAL APPEAL

SPARK PLUG IS DOWN

TO NORMAL WEIGHT

CLAIM HORSES TO BE EVENLY MATCHED FOR

MEMPHIS CLASSIC NEXT SATURDAY

LATEST NEWS FROM

SUNSHINE, MR.

LEGAL OWNER OF

THE TROTSKI QUARTERS

GOOGLE'S EX JOCKEY

THE RUSSIAN TWO YEAR OLD CLAIMS

THAT TROTSKI" IS

IN PERFECT

CONDITION AND ADVISES ALL HIS FRIEND

RACING EXPERTS



WHY, MRS. EMILY! WHERE Y DO YOU DID YOU GET THAT BEAUTIFUL REALLY LIKE BATHING SUIT? IT'S STUNNING! IT? I MADE IT SEEMS A SHAME TO GO IN THE WATER AND GET ANY THING AS PRETTY AS IT MYSELF! THAT WET!

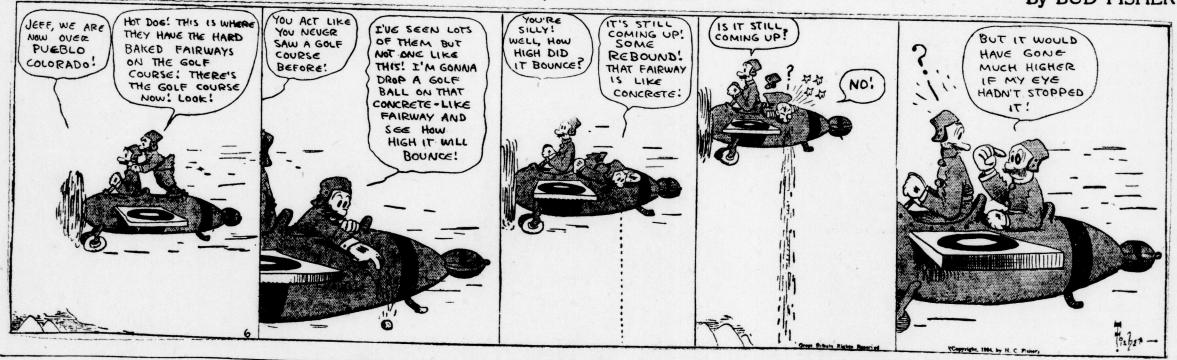
Casper Isn't Wasting Words. TURN AROUND AND LET ME SEE THE
BACK! WELL, STUNNING DOESN'T
HALF DESCRIBE THAT SUIT! I WISH
YOU'D LET MY WIFE HAVE THE
PATTERN! I STILL THINK
YOU WERE KIDDING WHEN
YOU SAID YOU MADE IT:

By JIMMY MURPHY STEAW YHW THEY AIN'T WASTED! YOUR COMPLIMENTS SHE'S CHIEF COOK AT OUR HOTEL AND
THERE'S NOTHING
MORE I LIKE THAN
THE CHOICEST OF EVERYTHING THAT COMES FROM THE KITCHEN! dimmy Murphyo

MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Tries Out the Hard-Baked Fairway of the Pueblo Golf Co

By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS



LAZY MOM! I'M TIRED!



The Result of Hard Sofas.

By GENE BYRNFS BUT 1 DREMT THAT I CARRIED UP SIXTEEN SCUTTLES OF COAL

Little three-year-old Dick had been discovered and taken from the top of a ladder leaning against the rafters of an unfinished house.

Unknown to Dickie, his mother had been informed of his escapade. The following morning the mother told him of a terrible dream she had, and of how she saw him carried from a high ladder. Dickie was astonished. "What made you dream that, nother?"

His mother replied that she didn't know, but that she supposed God gave mothers dreams so that they might know what their little boys

With a look of disgust, Dickie said: "Mother, God can't keep a secret, can He?"

Sampson was one of the early ad-We read where he took a couple of columns and right away every-thing started coming his way.

Dessert. His aunt was about to make a trip

"John, dear, what shall I bring you from France?"

"Auntie," said little John, "would you please bring me a French pastry?"

No Danger.

Jenkins had been at a friend's ouse, playing poker, and came home at 2 o'clock in the morning. He was considerably relieved to find his wife fast asleep when he tiptoed in. Tired, but happy he crept into bed.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his eyes, when his wife awoke him. She was suffering with a severe toothache, and insisted that he dress himself and hurry to the nearest drug store for some creo-He was to ring the night bell until the druggist, who slept in the rear of the store, appeared. Jenkins dutifully slipped into his rousers and was half way down the

stairs when he had an uneasy thought.
"Er—suppose some footpad holds
me up and—or—robs me?" he huskily

whispered. whispered.
"Don't you worry that," his wife replied, "I've been through your trousers pockets five minutes after you came home, and all of your poker winnings are safe with me.

Oh, Education! What Crimes, Etc. Lady (to little girl of six, who was showing her school report card)— And what is this geography that a little girl like you studies?"
Little Girl—"Well, I don't know (then brightening), I guess it's what you learn about your bones and things inside of you."

Still Better.

The doctor was advising the nervous patient.
"What you need, my man, is a complete rest. I would suggest at least two months in the country."

The patient groaned.
"Two months! Why, doctor, my business would go to smash if left alone that long!" "Well," chuckled the doctor, "in that case, we'll have to send your wife to the country instead."

Little Mary was telling her teacher Little Mary was telling her teacher a story about an elephant that climbed up a telephone pole to get away from a bear that was after it. "But, Mary," the teacher remarked. "elephants don't climb telephone. "I know," Mary hastily remarked,

'but this one had to." Big Brother Bill and small brother Edward were very fond of chocolate pie. One day Edward coaxed mother to make one for dinner.

When it was cool Edward was told to carry his and Bill's pieces into the dining-room. A loud crash was heard just as he reached the door and mother flew to the spot. One piece of his was in which are the spot. piece of pie was in ruins on the floor and Edward smiled.
"Oh, ma!" he said, "just see what

There may be two sides to a question, but there is seldom an end.

THE GREEN FLAME.

happened to Bill's pie.'

The following incident, reports A. J. M., took place in the Peace River country, where the bush fires have been very bad this summer. Our correspondent dropped in on Mr. V., and casually asked him where his hired man was. "He's out fighting the fire," answered Mr. V. A. J. M. asked him if he thought he was safe, and in no danger of heing hurned. and in no danger of being burned.
"Laws, no." was the reply. "He's
too darn green to burn."

SHE ROSE FOR IT. She rose on the surf, and smiling she sank,

A vision of bliss; I feared for her life as I stood on the bank, She rose on the surf, and smiling she

sank, She wanted a buoy—no harm to be frank My life-line amiss! She rose on the surf, and smiling she

sank,
Till I threw her a kiss.

Double Exposure.

Mrs. De Stuyvesant: "How much will the portrait cost? And how big will it be?"

Artist: "\$5,000 for life-size."

Mrs. De Stuyvesant: "\$5,000 for six feet of picture! Why, man, do you know that I can get the best motion picture company in the country to take five hundred feet of me for half that!"

"Nothing doing, kid?" chuckled the pretty telephone operator as the youth in the sporty roadster tried to flirt with her, "I've got your num-

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