

CURED HER BOY OF PNEUMONIA

Newmarket Mother is loud in her Praises of the Great Consumption Preventative

"My son Laurence was taken down with Pneumonia," says Mrs. A. O. Fisher, of Newmarket, Ont. "Two doctors attended him. He lay for three months almost like a dead child. His lungs became so swollen, his heart was pressed over to the right side. Altogether I think we paid \$140 to the doctors, and all the time he was getting worse. Then we commenced the Dr. Slocum treatment. The effect was wonderful. We saw a difference in two days. Our boy was soon strong and well."

Here is a positive proof that Psychine will cure Pneumonia. But why wait till Pneumonia comes. It always starts with a Cold. Cure the Cold and the Cold will never develop into Pneumonia, nor the Pneumonia into Consumption. The one sure way to clear out Cold, root and branch, and to build up the body so that the Cold won't come back is to use

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen)

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Well Timed Puns.

A southern clergyman, an inveterate punster, says that while he is well aware that puns belong to the lowest order of wit he is seldom able to resist the temptation to make one when opportunity offers.

On one occasion after preaching an eloquent sermon he was met by two friends, one of whom began to praise his discourse in enthusiastic terms. When he paused for breath the other man said, with a laugh:

"Well, doctor, can you stand as much soft soap as that?"

"Indeed I can if there isn't too much eye in it," returned the minister quickly.

At another time he was present at the marriage reception of a young couple of the name of More. The occasion was somewhat stiff up to the time of the minister's entrance, and he quickly discovered the state of affairs.

"Madam," he said, with his radiant smile, addressing the awkward young bride, "how fortunate you are! There are so few people who can say with truth, 'The More I want the More I have.'"

The laugh which followed put the company at ease.

CRESOLINE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS

They combine the germicidal value of Cresoline with the soothing properties of slippery elm and licorice. Your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps. LEXINGTON, MISS. CO., Limited, Agents, Montreal, 401

England and the Sea.

Yorkshire alone has a record of no fewer than twelve drowned towns and villages. There was Ravenspur, for instance, which was constituted a free borough by Edward I. at a cost of £300 and became a seaport of almost national importance. There it was that Edward Balliol embarked with a force of 2,500 strong in order to win the crown of Scotland. The town, bigger and more important than Hull, had five churches, a spacious harbor and a number of buildings befitting its rank and importance. Where are they now?—London Pall Mall Gazette.

THROUGH THE HEART!

WHEN THE NERVES BECOME A WRECK AND VITALITY RUNS LOW BECAUSE THE HEART FAILS TO DO ITS WORK—THROUGH THE SELFSAME HEART—IF CURE COMES—MUST IT COME

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

Cures the nerves through the heart. Experience of the highest medical authorities has conclusively proven that the quickest way to cure diseases of the nerves is to fortify the heart with "food" that is natural to it, and that enriches the blood; and it has been proven also, beyond the shadow of a doubt, by this same high medical authority, that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the most potent nerve nourisher and heart strengthener that has been "gathered in" from nature's lap to assuage sufferings, stop pain and heal the heartsick; and when you know that with the heart, the main spring, the balance wheel of life, out of order, the future looks out on nothing but darkness and suffering, why postpone applying the remedy? Why delay taking hold of the healing hand that will lift you back to health? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will relieve any and every form of heart disease in 30 minutes.

Margaret Smith, of Brussels, Ontario, says: "Many a time my suffering was so great that I would have hailed death with a welcome, but four bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart wrought a wonderful cure in me."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS.

DR. AGNEW'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion and Constipation—they never gripe—40 for 10c.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves in 10 minutes.

SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.

ON WILLIE'S ACCOUNT

By BEATRICE STURGES

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe

Willie sat on the steps in a distinctly unhappy mood. It was the first of July, bright and beautiful. The garden was ablaze with flowers and he could pick as many as he wanted. His ball and books and little fire engine lay on the porch beside him, and his collie pup was begging him to come and play, but Willie had no heart for any of these attractions.

He was grieved. What was the use, he reflected, of being the only child if your father and mother go away for two weeks and leave you at home? What was the use of having a young aunt stay at your house if she shut herself up in her room and wouldn't come



WILLIE LOOKED ANXIOUSLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

downstairs? And what was the use of being alive at all when the circus was coming to town in three days and nobody had invited you to go? Life was full of terrible problems. He was just wondering if he hadn't better cry about it when he saw a friend coming down the street and hastily changed his mind.

This friend was no less a person than Max Harwood, chief of the volunteer fire department of Norwood, commodore of the local yachting club and a hero in Willie's eyes. By some mysterious coincidence Commodore Max appeared on the scene with great promptness and frequency whenever Willie's aunt, Miss Marjory Dean, came for a visit, and as these visits had been rather numerous during the year just passed Willie knew him well enough to rummage through his pockets and to boast about their intimacy whenever any of the other boys needed a little wind taken out of their sails.

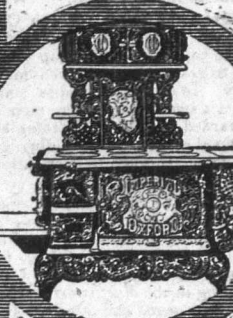
To Willie's surprise Max was passing with merely a wave of the hand, so the little boy jumped up and ran after him.

"Hello, Napoleon!" cheerily called his hero. It was his fancy to call Willie by the names of the world's great generals, one after another.

"Good morning, commodore: aren't

The Oven That Ends Guesswork

Before you put the roast in an Imperial Oxford oven, let the draft bring the heat to the right point. You'll know when it gets there if you'll look at the oven thermometer. After the roast goes in, you can know (not guess) it will be cooked right in a certain definite time. There's no ups-and-downs to the oven-heat in a range built as this one is—the diffusive oven-flue takes all the guess work out of cooking, all the drudgery out of oven-use.



That Rack That Ends Bother

When the roast needs basting, pull forth the Imperial Oxford draw-out oven rack, roast and all—slide it right out where you can get at it. Needn't reach in and scorch your fingers nor sear your wrists,—baste it in comfort. That one thing alone—the draw-out rack—ought to make you like this range above all ranges. And that's only one of the twelve better things about this range. Come and look.

The Range With A Dozen Betterments

Imperial Oxford Range

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY Co., Limited, Toronto Hamilton Montreal Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

FOR SALE BY N. B. Howden, Watford. AGENT.

you coming to see us?"

"Guess not, Hannibal; it's pretty early for company."

"You have been earlier than this," said the child reproachfully.

"Well—er—I'm kind of busy this morning."

Willie was turning away to hide the hurt look in his eyes. Nobody wanted to bother him. Max saw this and hastily added:

"But get your cap and come along. I'm going down to fix up the boat. You can help me."

The delighted child raced back to the house for his cap and then was off hand in hand with the commodore, happy as a lark.

They worked all the morning on the boat and then the commodore took Willie up the river for a sail.

"Are you going to the circus, Agamemnon?" inquired Max, by way of conversation.

With a recurrent touch of gloom Willie was forced to admit that he didn't think he was.

"Well, I'd like to take somebody of just about your size," went on his host, "and I think that somebody is you. What do you say, my hearty?"

"Fine! Fine!" shouted Willie.

"Well, heave ho, there, and we'll splice the main brace. Keep out of the lee scuppers while I hoist the mainsail. Ha! Ulysses, what do you think of that?" And Max, who loved to mix up nautical terms for Willie's entertainment, made the cleanest kind of a landing at his own pier.

"Did you ever shiver your timbers, commodore?" asked Willie.

"Lots of times, Wellington, and still live to tell the tale. Don't forget about the Fourth—side shows, fat lady, peanuts, elephants, pink lemonade—we'll see it all."

"Indeed I won't!" cried the child, wild with delight as he raced into the house to tell his aunt.

She was watching for him anxiously.

"Oh, Willie boy, where have you

been all the morning?" she exclaimed, kissing him.

He told her breathlessly, and she listened to his admiration of the commodore with rising color.

"Isn't he perfectly splendid, Aunt Marjorie? They say there are ten elephants and the lions growl something awful! But I won't be afraid with the commodore. Only I wish you were coming too. Wouldn't you like it? I'm sure he'd take you, too, if you asked him."

"No, honey, I—I don't think so. I don't expect to see the commodore again; we—we aren't friends any more."

"Oh, auntie!" exclaimed Willie, in genuine dismay. "And he's so good too."

Willie thought for a minute that his Aunt Marjorie was going to cry, and then he was surprised to hear her say in a manner singularly unlike her usual gentleness. "Maybe some people think he is good, but I know his true character, and I do not think you ought to go around alone with him." This speech was rendered with all the dignity that a woman of the world, aged nineteen, could muster.

"You went with him alone to lots of places," complained Willie. "You went last night."

"Yes, and that's just the reason I'm not going again. If a man takes a girl to a dance and forgets her he will certainly forget a little boy when he takes him to the circus, and then what would happen to you?"

Really this was awful. Willie had never seen his dear little aunt in such a state, but she was very sweet to him and took him out driving that afternoon, stopping in the village to buy him candy and lots of fireworks for the Fourth. He didn't know what to think about his beloved commodore, but saw him the next day and promptly repeated the whole conversation. It seemed to him the simplest way out of the difficulty.

"Did you forget, commodore?" he insisted.

"Great Scott, Willie, maybe I did; she says so; but she wasn't lonesome," he said grimly. "Girls are queer creatures, Wellington; you'll find that out some day. But don't say another word about the circus. I'll fix it some way. You're going to see it as sure as your name is Vincingetorix."

So Willie kept his counsel and was petted much by his aunt for the next two days. On the morning of the Fourth he was firing off his crackers from the open window in his little nightclothes at 4 o'clock, and Marjorie said never a word of complaint. She had made up her mind to take him to the circus herself and to get away early to avoid any possible conflict with her former great friend, the commodore—now a stranger forever.

Before lunch was over, however, the commodore's touring car stopped at the door and the commodore was standing on the porch, cap in hand, announcing that he had come.

"Yes, I see," returned Marjorie coolly, but deliberately avoiding his gaze. Max had such a way of looking at one. "But what for?"

"Why, to take my friend Julius Caesar to the circus."

Willie looked anxiously from one to the other in the ecstasy of hope and suspense.

"I told Willie!"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but if you come, too, it will be all right."

"Oh, yes, auntie!" cried Willie, jumping with joyful anticipation.

Marjorie tried hard to look cold and dignified.

"Would you spoil that child's day?" asked the commodore, coming closer. "Marjorie, please!" His eyes urged her as well as his voice.

She looked at him. "All right, I'll go. But it's just on Willie's account."

"Any reason will do," responded Max as he helped her into the car. "But maybe you can find a better one before we get home. I'm going to ride back here with you and William." He lifted the delighted child, gave him a hug, and put him in the front seat with the chauffeur. "William the Conqueror is going to have the time of his life."

The Turquoise Land.

Sinal was known as the "turquoise land" in very ancient times, and Dr. Flinders Petrie believes that it was the first mining center in the world. In his book on the subject Dr. Petrie tells of the various expeditions sent to Sinal by the Egyptian government. At the head of the party was the "commodore," or "bearer of the seal of the god," the pharaoh. The official staff consisted of "masters of the house of metals," or assayers, scribes and secretaries, to make inventories of the output of the mines. Even more modern were the "devisers of metals," or prospectors. The working staff consisted of miners and their assistants. The commissariat had cooks, bread bakers, water carriers and even a doctor attached. The mines could only be worked for a certain period, from January to May, which is exactly the best period for archaeological work in Sinal today. The miners lived in camps, and the so called forts and camps were really miners' villages.

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED

Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained.

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way:

She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her periods she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right," and hope vanishes; then come the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES. Don't wait until your sufferings have driven you to despair, with your nerves all shattered and your courage gone, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. See what it did for Madame Josephine Rivinville, Mastal, Que. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: "I suffered for four years with female troubles—inflammation of the stomach and fallopian tubes which caused me violent pain and often torture, so much so that I could not walk at times and attend to my daily duties. Life was misery to me. I was so blue and despondent I did not know which way to turn for relief. I had tried the doctors but they did not help me. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I bought a bottle. I am glad that I did so, for I am well and strong to-day and the world looks bright, for I have perfect health, thanks to your medicine."

If you have some derangement of the female organism write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for advice.



Only part of the wheat berry is fit for food. Yet much that isn't often gets into flour. You cannot see it or taste it, but it's there. It is simply a case of the miller getting more flour from his wheat and your getting less nourishment.

Royal Household Flour

is so milled that nothing goes into it except the part of the wheat that is food. You get just what you pay for—the best and purest flour made. It goes farther because it is all flour. Your grocer can supply you.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.

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The Lax-ets Formula

Show the formula which appears on every box of Lax-ets to any physician. Ask him if there is a better medicine to move the bowels naturally—gently yet surely. Lax-ets simply prompt the forces of Nature—free from all gripping or pain. Put up the form of candy tablets—pleasant to take and pleasant in effect—convenient in form. One Lax-et taken before meals or on retiring always brings relief. In a handy metal case only 5 cents a box. Sold by

T. B. TAYLOR.



AGENT—JOHN W. LUCAS

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresolene—they breathe it.