

MOTHER, SISTER AND BROTHER

Died of Consumption, but this Linden lady used Psychine and is strong and well

"My mother, brother and sister died of consumption," says Ella M. Cove, of Linden, N.S., "and I myself suffered for two years from a distressing cough and weak lungs. I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction."

"But thank God I used Psychine and it built me right up. My lungs are now strong. I enjoy splendid health, and I owe it all to Psychine."

Consumption, whether hereditary or contracted, cannot stand before Psychine. Psychine kills the germ, no matter how it attacks the lungs. Psychine builds up the body and makes it strong and able to resist disease. Psychine is an aid to digestion and a maker of pure, rich blood. The greatest giver of general health is

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DR. T. A. SLOGUM, Limited, Toronto.

Uncle Peter

By EDITH M. DOANE

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Thomas Coleman, cold, reserved, ambitious, sat at the head of the heavy library table. Beside him his pretty, fashionable wife drummed softly with her finger tips on the polished mahogany and watched her husband sideways out of her dark, inscrutable eyes.

The other Coleman, Elizabeth, stood by the window, a letter with a queer South American postmark in her hand. "Poor, lonely old man," she said softly. "Listen, Tom. I'm kind of hungry for the sight of a face that belongs to me," and this—I jest want to get acquainted with my own folks—'Isn't that pathetic?"

"I ain't beholden," she went on, scanning the letter swiftly. "I don't ask no favors, but I'd kind of like to feel that them that is to have the little something I leave will have a kindly feelin' for the old man who scraped it all together, when he's gone."

She looked up with swift comprehension at the tense attitude of the other two. "You do not suppose that little something can be a fortune, do you?" she said half nervously.

"It might be as well," Thomas Coleman suggested, "to acquire more definite information concerning it before committing ourselves." Thomas Coleman was a man whom his friends called "level headed."

"May be nothing in it," he added. "But if there should be?" suggested his wife, still drumming softly on the polished wood. Only his wife knew how fearfully Thomas Coleman had been hampered in money matters lately.

"Whether there is or not, he has a claim upon us," put in Elizabeth, hotly. "He's a poor, lonely old man—our father's brother."

Thomas Coleman raised a remonstrating hand. "Be reasonable, Elizabeth. We do not know him. It is not to be supposed that we can offer him



"I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME WITH ME."

a home indefinitely unless we receive some little—ah—remuneration in the end."

"Although it would be in line with Elizabeth's quixotic ideas to do so," said Tom's wife, sharply.

Elizabeth was a standing grievance with her sister-in-law—Elizabeth, who was supremely indifferent to the value of money—Elizabeth, tall and straight and splendid, who preferred a self-supporting life in a tiny flat to dependence in her brother's beautiful home, and who proposed to "throw herself away" on a fellow whose only lack was that of money.

She confronted them now indignantly. "It is a shame!" she flashed, looking like an enraged princess, with her flaming cheeks and heavy, red gold hair. "A lonely old man begs for affection. He freely offers us all he has. Be it much or little, it is all. In return you weigh and appraise and calculate. Oh, she broke off, "I am ashamed of you. Let us make him honestly welcome, whatever he brings."

And in that first day, while the others held aloof, it was Elizabeth who, in warm-hearted, impulsive fashion welcomed the little old man enveloped in a shaggy greatcoat, who regarded his "own folks" with shrewd blue eyes which looked out rather wistfully from under the shaggy brows.

On the second day Uncle Peter approached Thomas Coleman.

"Some mornin' when it's convenient I'd like to go downtown with you, I want to find Willie Moore's office," he added apologetically.

Thomas Coleman looked up quickly. "William T. Moore, the lawyer?"

The old man nodded. "Willie Moore's father and me was boys together, and I always had considerable confidence in Willie. I've got a few papers I'd kinder like him to keep."

The few papers turned out to be \$5,000,000 worth of shares in the El Juarez gold mines.

Uncle Peter's welcome was assured. For six months he was the recipient of every attention which the solicitude of his beloved and happily surprised nephew and his wife could devise;

then, one day, like a bolt from a clear sky, the storm burst.

The El Juarez mines were flooded! The rumor started in the Mining Exchange when stock that had been \$150 was quoted at \$25 a share; then the reporters got it and the journals flaunted great headlines of "Panic in Wall Street!" "El Juarez Mines Flooded!" Later the report was confirmed, and by 3 o'clock the shares of the El Juarez mines were not worth the paper on which they were written.

The old man to whom the mines had been a lifelong companion stared desperately at the flaunting headlines, then, covering his face with his rough, worn hand, gave way to his grief with the abandon of a child.

"Them mines was jest like my own child," he sobbed. "I knowed they wasn't actin' up jest right when I left 'em, but I never suspicioned they'd fetch up where they hev," and again tears flowed unrestrainedly down the furrowed cheeks.

Disappointed, bittered, almost maddened by the loss of sorely needed wealth just within his grasp, Thomas Coleman broke the silence.

"Don't worry," he said coldly. "You are not too old yet to find some suitable employment."

Uncle Peter looked up in astonishment, then as the meaning of the cruel words dawned upon him his face went suddenly and pitifully white.

"I kinder thought if I was ever in trouble I could depend on my own folks." The old voice quavered piteously as the curtains parted and Elizabeth entered the room. Sweeping past the others, she took the old man's hands in her young ones.

"I have come to take you home with me," she said simply.

"But the mines," he said unsteadily. "Never mind. There isn't much room in my little flat, but there's a loving welcome, and soon"—she blushed happily—"there will be a little house in the suburbs."

"But how about that young feller you're goin' to marry?" questioned the old man doubtfully.

"He told me to come for you," answered Elizabeth, with proud, happy eyes.

The old man rose and, still holding Elizabeth's hand, faced Thomas Coleman and his wife.

"You said I wasn't too old to find suitable employment," he said, "and I ain't. I've found it. I'm goin' to buy that house out in the suburbs, and it won't be no little one, either. An' I'm goin' to set the young feller up in whatever business he wants to be set up in, an', what's more, I'm goin' to give Elizabeth a million dollars in government bonds for her weddin' gift. I ain't through with the other million yet, but when I am she an' her children gets it. My money won't in them mines. I told Willie Moore how they wuz actin' up, an' he took it out fer me three months ago. I ain't denyin' I felt bad about 'em, but 'twarn't the money I wuz thinkin' of."

"No," he repeated, "I warn't thinkin' of the money, an'—he patted her hand lovingly—"neither wuz Elizabeth, but," he added slowly, with a shrewd glance at Thomas Coleman's white, baffled face, "it kinder looks as though there's others that wuz."

Puncturing a Fallacy.

The barber applied the rich brown dye with a fine tooth comb, combing it evenly into the grizzled locks of the old man.

"Hair dye, sir," he said. "Plain, unvarnished hair dye is the base of that absurd fallacy about people turning gray in a single night."

"If you investigate those yarns you find that invariably they concern persons in prison. Orsini, pluming in jail, had his hair go back on him. Marie Antoinette, languishing in a cell, found the deep hue of her hair changing to an ugly gray. Raleigh, imprisoned in the tower, developed grayish streaks with incredible speed."

"The secret of all that, my dear, is this:—

"These prisoners in order to conceal their gray hair dyed it, using a poor sort of dye, one of those sorts that have to be applied every day or two. In prison, naturally, they could not get hold of this dye, and hence their locks whitened at a miraculous rate. When people said of them pityingly that their terror of sorrow had turned their hair gray in a single night they acquiesced themselves in the deception, for is it not embarrassing—I leave it to you, sir, is it not embarrassing—to explain to the world at large that one uses hair dye?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Easy to Retain Health.

Most important of all is proper attention to the bowels. Avoid constipation it's the health-killer of to-day. Harsh, gripping medicine is ruinous—beware of it. Best results follow a truly vegetable remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mardrake and Butternut which not only relieve constipation in one night but cures the cause of the trouble and prevents its return. No distress or inconvenience attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are world famous for their mildness and efficiency. Sold every where, 25c per box.

Tired, Nervous Mothers

Make Unhappy Homes—Their Condition Irritates Both Husband and Children—How Thousands of Mothers Have Been Saved From Nervous Prostration and Made Strong and Well.



Mrs. Albert Mann Mrs. Chester Curry

A nervous, irritable mother, often on the verge of hysterics, is unfit to care for children; it ruins a child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The trouble between children and their mothers too often is due to the fact that the mother has some female weakness, and she is entirely unfit to bear the strain upon her nerves that governing children involves; it is impossible for her to do anything calmly.

The ills of women act like a firebrand upon the nerves, consequently nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous despondency, "the blues," sleeplessness, and nervous irritability of women arise from some derangement of the female organism.

Do you experience fits of depression with restlessness, alternating with extreme irritability? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one minute you laugh, and the next minute you feel like crying?

Do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you; all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound; pain in the abdominal region, and between the shoulders; bearing-down pains; nervous dyspepsia, and almost continually cross and snappy?

If so, your nerves are in a shattered condition, and you are threatened with nervous prostration.

Proof is monumental that nothing in the world is better for nervous prostration than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; thousands and thousands of women can testify to this fact.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills.

Mrs. Chester Curry, Leader of the Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, 42 Saratoga St., East Boston, Mass., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"For eight years I was troubled with extreme nervousness and hysteria brought on by irregularities. I could neither enjoy life nor sleep nights. I was very irritable, nervous and despondent."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and proved to be the only remedy that helped me. I have daily improved in health until I am now strong and well, and all nervousness has disappeared."

The following letter is from Mrs. Albert Mann, 154 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
"I suffered a long time with serious female trouble having intense pains in the back and abdomen and very sick headaches every month. I was tired and nervous all the time and life looked very dreary to me and I had no desire to live until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to get some relief. My recovery was slow but it was sure and I have never regretted the money spent for the Compound as it brought back my good health."

Women should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the medicine that holds the record for the greatest number of actual cures of female ills, and take no substitute.

Free Advice to Women.

Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write to her for advice. Mrs. Pinkham's vast experience with female troubles enables her to advise you wisely, and she will charge you nothing for her advice.



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A cure that has stepped to the bedside of a sufferer in the clutch of death. A cure that has unloosed the grip and stopped the pain in 30 minutes and gently led the heart-wracked soul out from the darkness and despair to the brightness and happiness that comes to one whose heart beats true, whose blood tingles with life and vigor. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is not heralded as a miracle worker, but it has many miraculous cures to its credit.

Weak heart—weak blood—weak nerves travel hand-in-hand, and you find the symptoms in such sensations as palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, chilly sensations, fainting spells, swelling of feet and ankles, weariness, tired feeling; all these presage heart disorder and you cannot afford to neglect them. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart is a tried remedy—the sure remedy—the quick acting remedy—a real life saver.

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