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The Terrible Pains of INDIGESTION

Mr. Wm. H. MacEwen, Mount Tryon, P.E.I., says:—"For more than a year I suffered with all the terrible pains of indigestion, and my life was one of the greatest misery. It did not seem to make any difference whether I ate or not, the pains were always there, accompanied by a severe bloating and a belching of wind. I did not even get relief at night, and sometimes hardly got a bit of sleep. In my misery I tried many remedies said to cure indigestion, but they did me not one particle of good, and I fully expected that I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit, and urged me to try MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS, and got me a few vials. By the time I had taken one vial I began to improve and could eat with some relish. I was greatly cheered, and continued taking the pills until all traces of the trouble had disappeared, and I could once more eat all kinds of food without the slightest inconvenience. I am so firmly convinced of their virtue as a family medicine I have no hesitation in recommending them."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per vial, or five for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG



a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Syphilis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

\$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Temperance Talk.

Pledge me in Water.

O, comrade! do not pledge me In rosy, gleaming wine; Down in its deeper shadows, I see the glittering shine Of fiery eyes a-waiting More victims of the bowl; Pledge me in pure, cold water If thou would'st save my soul.

O, comrade do not lure me With tempting drink like this; They who sip of its bubbles Are slain by the Demon's kiss; O, burning draught so subtle! Your devotees—they warn, Bring me, the sparkling water, Pure as the early morn.

O, comrade! there is danger Within that amber glow; Though on the surface sweetness, Mark! the muddy dregs below; Beaded and bright, and mocking, Fatal, its scented breath; Pledge me in clear, bright water; Keep me from worse than death.

O, comrade, dare to offer My health in such a curse! Those who imbibe its madness But follow the bad to worse. O, Wine! thy depths are fire— Leaping with living light; In water only water, My safety lies to-night.

Frances.

What Nansen Said.

Dr. Nansen, the world-renowned Arctic explorer, was guest at a dinner of medical and other scientists, held at Munich some time ago. A friend asked, "Did you take any alcohol with you when you left the Fram to make your heroic expedition by sledges?" "No," said Nansen, "for if I had done so I should never have returned."

A Terrible Casualty.

"Yes, it was a terrible thing; a great shock to us all. His poor wife and those darling children. Just a chance, as one may say, or perhaps, as the preachers would put it, a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Did you ever see such beautiful flowers? I declare that solid column of tuberoses, to symbolize a life broken off in the middle of its career of promise is just perfection. How handsome he looks, too. I see by the inscription on the plate that he was only just thirty. What a casualty." So rattles on one of the "five hundred friends" who throng George W.—'s parlors—or rather those of his wife, perhaps one of his creditors—on the day of George's funeral. "But how did it happen? I have not heard the particulars. Just saw the notice of the funeral, and hurried up." "Haven't heard? O, it happened this way. The family were all out of town. George, poor fellow, attacked with some slight summer ailment, went down stairs for medicine, and it is supposed took poison by mistake. When the stupid servant found him, he was in a terrible condition; and by the time she brought a doctor, it was too late to save him, though he lingered in great agony for three days—long enough for his heart-broken wife to come and see him, but not for him to recognize her."

"What a dreadful casualty," says the friend, and the service proceeds: "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," spirit—where? That depends. Was it a casualty? This is the true statement of the case. George W.— was a good fellow, a handsome fellow; the pet of the drawing-rooms till he married the prettiest girl of his "set," and the pet of dinner and supper parties afterwards. He had even been a church member once in his boyish days; but that was long ago, and had been put away with other "childish things." Now he was a man, a father, a rising young lawyer, something of a politician,

generous. "Nobody's enemy but his own," his friends said—a cabalistic phrase which has come to have but one meaning. His wife never suspected the habit which had been gaining upon him so rapidly for the past few months when she bade him good-bye, early in June, as she departed with her little ones for their summer's country rest and refreshment, saying: "Now, don't mope in the house, George; go out and enjoy yourself; see your friends and have a good time." And he took her advice, having a "good time" according to his definition of the term. There was no one at home whose opinion he valued now, and night after night stumbled in with barely sense enough to get to bed, sleep off the effects of one carouse, and begin another the next day.

"Aren't you going this thing too strong?" asked a friend who saw him to his own doorstep the night of the "casualty." "You'll find it hard to knock off when the old lady comes home."

"Mind your own business and don't call my wife names," said George as he closed the door without bidding his friend good-night.

Somehow that night sleep did not come as easily as usual, and after tossing wearily for hours, the poor victim exclaimed: "I'm awfully thirsty. I believe I am in a fever. I must have another drink." So he groped down the stairs, found his way to the sideboard, and a great draught of brandy followed all that had been already taken that evening. Then another, and another. Reason was quite gone, sense almost, as the fated wretch discovered the bottle to be empty. "Here's another," he stammered, as his trembling hand grasped a flask, and raising it to his lips he drained at least a wine-glassful of some poison he kept in the house, and which had accidentally been placed on the sideboard.

Was it a casualty, this substitution of one poison for another, the quick for the slow? Was it a casualty that, stupefied with drink, the dying man sank down without a thought of calling for assistance, and was found in the morning past all human aid? Are the heaven and hell which are to come after death casualties; or is it as sure as the word of eternal truth that "no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven?"

Ah! there is no chance in this life. "As a man soweth, so shall he reap;" and the seeds of the social wine-cup are like the dragon's teeth of the ancients, and spring up, sooner or later, a crop of armed enemies ready to hunt their powerless victim to the sure end of a drunkard's grave.

Let us rather, while dropping tears of natural pity at the fate of one so promising and so bright, thank God that the end came so soon before other crimes followed in the track of their instigator; before innocent children were led to follow in the steps of their wretched father, and the man who was "only his own enemy," became also the enemy of every one else.

Children and Alcohol.

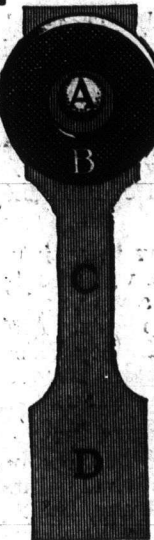
Science has established that alcohol destroys first and most those parts which are most delicate and most recently developed. These are those wonderfully delicate brain cells upon whose proper formation the difference between men and beasts chiefly depends. These delicate structures are undeveloped in the very young child, or are only just beginning to unfold. The child is at first, therefore, deficient in speech, reasoning power, intellect, judgment and all the higher moral sensibilities which govern our thinking, feeling and willing. How the drunkard, by paralyzing these brain structures, can sink to the level of the animal, and lower, is well known. Whoever, then, gives wine and beer to a child injures these delicate structures in their formation, and thoughtlessness, flightiness, passion, coarse sensuality, and all base characteristics attain domination.

Don't Pare a Corn

Paring is risky, and it's only a makeshift. The corn should be removed in a painless, harmless way.

Apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain of the corn stops instantly. Then the bit of soft B & B wax gently loosens the corn, and it comes out in 48 hours.

No soreness, no pain, no discomfort. You forget you have a corn. Fifty million corns have been removed in that way. Let it take out yours. Get it now.



A In the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.

C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.

D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters 15c and 25c per Package

All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them Samples Mailed Free.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (19)

THE BOUDOIR OF A FAT WOMAN

What do we see? Terrifically long and austere looking corsets; tiny (as possible) shoes, uppers bulging over the vamps; various restrainers, retainers, detainers (names unknown); perspiration disinfectants; blackhead eradicators; pimple specifics; blood medicine. Strewed around a few candy boxes; maybe an exerciser on the wall. These "properties" signify that at various times this pleasant room is the scene of fashionable tortures, of heart-burnings, of fallings from grace. Here the poor lady gasps into her retainers, her harness. Here she hides her fat-caused pimples, perspiration, blackheads; here, when her spirit is weak, she forsakes the exerciser for the deadly candy box. What a life—what a four-flush!

Avoidable? A Marmola Prescription-Tablet, taken after each meal and at bed time, will reduce that fat (a pound a day) down to the firm flesh beneath; banish the fat-caused blemishes; give a license to eat all the candy, etc., craved, and sleep as long as one desires. Investigate; tender seventy-five cents to your druggist for a large case, or write the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich. Do not be timid—Marmola Tablets are safe—being made strictly in accordance with the famous fashionable formula: 1/4 oz. Marmola, 1/4 oz. Fl. Ex. Cascara Aromatic, 1/4 oz. Peppermint Water; consequently, go ahead—without fear. A month will emancipate you.

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