

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is offensive—more than that it is the forerunner of worse diseases.

If your breath is bad, you had better sweeten it up by getting catarrh out of your system.

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SEE-KEEN) Sold by all druggists, \$1 per bottle. SAMPLE AND BOOKLET FREE sent with our compliments.

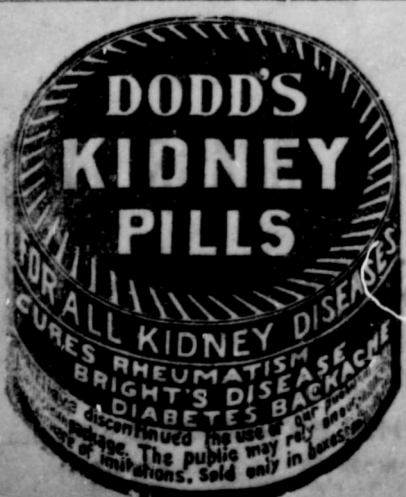
Hired Wedding Garments

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, or so says a minstrel whose sharp notes, less grand perhaps than those of Tara, have yet a pretty, old-fashioned melody of their own.

He had been waiting now nearly an hour for the reappearance of his wife—upstairs with M. Schneider; and had been frustrated in an attempt to exclude himself from embarrassing public attention in a lower room.

"Ah, dere! Mister Dude!" said a trim urchin, purposely running against him, and strong words rose to his lips.

"Oh, it was Mrs. Hatton found him from something she saw in the paper, and lost her way the first time; but was all dresses made there now.



will all find his gowns 'better-fashioned, more quaint, more pleasing, more commendable' than some industrious woman's work.

"He is a little rough," Isabel admitted; "twists and turns you about like a dummy, when he is measuring."

"I wish you would not scowl like that. With glasses it makes you resemble Emin Bey; and you know, dearest—like Ben Bolt's sweet Alice—I tremble with fear at your frown."

"To hire!" Isabel repeated, with her pretty low laugh. "Imagine hiring one's wedding suit, and returning it next day."

Just then their car came along, and they made a little rush for it and succeeded in getting on.

So his grievance had a chance to reassert itself; and when, at the end of the short ride, they were walking the short distance to their apartments.

"How do you know that?" saucily. "Supposing that my 'wedding outfit was hired; and I am trying to accumulate a few gowns, gradually."

"Try to accumulate a few ideas, instead," he replied, with impertinence. And having, with his latch-key, let themselves inside the friendly shelter of their door, he stooped to kiss her by way of stimulus.

It was high time they should hasten to dress and dine, as it was their evening for receiving a few friends, men who came to them every Thursday, a select detachment from Norman Keith's bachelor club.

"I don't know," demurred Adams, a journalist, who thought women a bore and a check to rational conversation; and whose attraction at the "Cereus," besides its choice spirits in both senses, was that they had no "Ladies' Day."

"How would Mrs. Keith like the noise of all of us talking at once, and spoiling her wedding presents with tobacco smoke?"

"Mrs. Keith?" placidly, "does not smoke herself, but can endure it in others; and she likes to talk and listen, and I want her to hear you, so come."

And the very first Thursday, when the name of their little party was under discussion, Isabel suggested that it was at least the handle of a club. "Why not," said she, "call ourselves 'The Chafing Dish Club'—figuratively—we need not rub each other the wrong way, but I can make it appropriate otherwise, if you will all help me to cook; for our horny-handed slave retires early; and I have invested in a delightful chafing dish, and a little book with fifty recipes for it."

"It has—I suppose it has—the best one for a Welsh rabbit?" asked Adams, with interest, drawing nearer. "Do you mix yours with a little ale?"

"Oh, with ale, certainly," and Isabel; and they plunged into a culinary discussion; from which moment his heart clove to her.

"I snuffed the omelette from afar, and said, 'Ha, ha!'" he declared, entering; "it is 'aux fines herbes' and has a suspicion of ham in it. But why should we work so conscientiously through the 'Fifty Recipes,' Mrs. Keith? That last kidney stew 'au M-dere' was just perfection."

"We must not repeat ourselves," Isabel pronounced, inexorably, "until we have tried each of the 'Fifty in turn.'"

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "My only cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and efficient remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds.

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some trifle light as air—coolness—suspicion—estrangement—outsider's meddling—and a general wrong-headedness and careful avoidance of saying or doing the obvious thing, which makes you long to shake them all.

"You count too assuredly," said Clay, "on an invariable mens sana in corpore sano and don't allow for indisposition, mood, circumstances, and the thousand and one quests which whip humanity about."

"I do," said Adams, obstinately, "but I call it all wrong-headedness. If I have the wit—or, what it takes—to acquire a treasure, I might have the sense to keep it. Murchison, you lazy animal, stop sketching Mrs. Keith as 'la belle chocolatiere!' and get up and hand the cups around."

"Speaking of marriage," said her husband—"take care, Isabel, that's hot—Mrs. Keith and I saw something odd to-day. He described the 'Wedding Outfit' window. 'Suggestive idea, is it now? A humble couple returning the festive garb—donned for a day only—and going back to patched and dingy attire. Speaking broadly, and as in unregenerate bachelor days, I think the analogy might be pursued.'"

"Just so," said Adams; "a wedding outfit consists, surely of other matters than 'rufts and cuffs and farthingales and things.' A man can hardly remodel himself, though it would be a good job sometimes; but he generally has a reserve fund of strength and gentleness and humility, which he would do well to bring out for permanent use then. Among other unconsidered things are faith, hope and charity; and the greatest of these is charity. What are you smiling at, Mrs. Keith?"

"Was I smiling? You have not mentioned a woman's outfit, Mr. Adams."

"Well, the things which most worthily charmed him should be her last-ling property, and not hired for the occasion. Beauty may fade; but grace and brightness and sweetness need not; not even such homely gifts as good sense and good temper."

"Did you write 'How to Be Happy Through Married,' Adams?" Clay asked, languidly.

"Good sense and good temper," echoed Norman Keith; "yes, those are excellent gifts for both, and, if I should add a qualification it would be good fellowship. What sage was it said to choose as mate the man or woman who as friend would be an unending pleasure? How can the wedding of a pretty toy or mere housewife compare with the pure delight of harmony in tastes, and bright, responsive good-comradeship?"

His wife, under screen of the chocolate pot, gave him a swift, lovely smile—which Adams divined.

"Lucky dog!" he thought, but said aloud: "I shall begin fitting myself at once—with unselfishness—for a wedding which might possibly take place in a better world, only there is no marrying there. Which means—good-night, Mrs. Keith, since it is one o'clock."

Isabel would hardly have asked her husband in any case to give up a 'third whole afternoon from his work, impatiently to tramp Ridge street at M. Schneider's pleasure. Though all with them had been smooth sailing over a summer sea, she had an instinct that that way breakers lay.

"You will come to-morrow," he would say, curtly, to one. "I cannot fit you until next week; very well, Madame, in half an hour the waist will be ready to try; eh, you have been waiting five hours already and no lunch? Well, there is a restaurant on the street." And sometimes the cloth would be mislaid and the customer's call wasted.

"The collar is too tight," the patient complained. "Not at all," he said, pushing aside the forewoman and forcibly bringing the ends of the collar together.

"Oh, Oh!" cried the girl. "I am suffocating!" Isabel flushed too, noting his slight smile; but on the pavement she forgot her indignation on finding how late it was.

"Norman will be anxious," she thought, and felt a twinge of conscience when she saw his figure waiting at their corner. "Lovely evening," she remarked, with sweet serenity.

"Isn't it a little late?" ignoring her compliment to the weather. "Would it not be better to finish your shopping earlier?"

"It might," then, disliking the misleading implication, "but I was not shopping; I was at M. Schneider's."

"Isabel! alone and so late! When I particularly asked you not to go there again!"

"But, dearest, I do not particularly ask you not to go anywhere; I trust your judgment, as you might mine."

"This, indeed, had been the basis of their intercourse; and the thought gave him pause. But impulse was too strong, and he answered hotly: "You know perfectly well that the same rule does not apply in all matters to a man and a woman. It is very unsafe for a lady to be wandering at all hours, in those strange streets. As a minor consideration, I will add that I consider it extremely bad form in my wife."

"Will you believe," she said, softly, "that even before I married you I occasionally met people who were good form?" and ran lightly past him through the doorway.

The subject was not again mentioned until next morning, when leaving for the office, he said, quietly: "Isabel, let M. Schneider send home the gown or not, as he chooses. I will give you another. But do not go to Ridge street any more."

As late as Monday noon she wavered, and then, woman-like, made up her mind in an instant. "What! throw away a gown—and that handsome broadcloth—or have it ill-fitting! It would be sheer folly, I will go early and be home before Norman comes."

But in these matters, woman proposes, and M. Schneider disposes. He had found the cloth, but was not ready to try it on immediately; and there were several slight alterations to be made, for which, with a shrug, "he would not be responsible unless Madame would wait."

And Madame waited with a visible impatience, which made her a target for the curious eyes of other attendant clients; and the upshot was that she was later than the last time, and found no one expecting her on their corner. "He is vexed," and her heart fluttered a little, perhaps.

In the meanwhile Norman Keith had reached home to find, as usual, their pretty rooms cheery with lamp and fire-light, and the trim Mary Ann in cap and apron, to wait on him. But "the event of the evening," as she sometimes called her, who came with the clear eyes and welcoming smile to greet him, was missing, and he presently grew restless.

"Sure," said the observant Mary Ann, "the mistress will be in soon. She said she was going way down below Grand street, but would be back before you."

He did not answer, but a slight hardness settled about his mouth. He went down the front steps again, reflecting bitterly: "My wishes, evidently, have small weight."

shave himself. While he wore the latter and the intent look accompanying that operation, his wife, in wrapper, came softly into the dressing-room.

"Did you find that other collar button for me, dear?" he asked, indistinctly; "this one won't do." She remembered, with dismay, that the other had been for alteration in the lost pocketbook.

"Oh, I can't find it, that one must do; Norman"—lightly and mistakenly, for he was again absorbed—"it would be a good time for me to stay out late again when you are shaving, for you would never know."

"There is no good time for you to stay out late." Then, perhaps, a slight scratch; for he said with almost stern decision: "It must not happen again."

"Must not!" flushing. "Is it the Czar, or only a Grand Duke?" "It is just your husband"—coolly, and it might have been effectively, but for the fact that he turned and presented a face with one cheek clear, the other white with lather.

She burst into a little laugh: "You will be more majestic when you have finished."

It was his turn to flush, but he completed his toilet silently; and only went into their room in time to find her, moss-rose like, in pale green draperies. He held something in his hand, and said, quietly: "I have been more successful than you in finding the button; and this is yours, I think."

"My pocketbook!" completely bewildered. "How—when—why—I lost it—it was stolen—oh!"—a ray of comprehension coming—"Was it you? Can it be possible? to frighten me in such a way? I did not know it was in your to be so ungenerous, so ungentlemanly—so unmanly."

"Stop, stop!" commandingly. "Chi va piano va sano. You have so disgraged my protests, that I thought a lesson might be useful to show you the possibilities."

"They were undreamed-of, certainly, in your case; and I owe you a thousand thanks for the lesson which cost me a racking headache for a day or two." She swept him a little mocking courtesy. Her eyes shone, and a crimson spot burned on either cheek.

"But we had better postpone this discussion indefinitely; or our friends may think ill-breeding another of our pleasant little ways." She drew the white fur wrap about her shoulders and went out. The distance was short, and neither spoke in the carriage; nor coming home. But when in smoking-coat, he was about to light his cigar at home, and met her passing into the dressing-room, he touched her hand on the door-knob. "Shall we not say good-night?"

"I wish it were good-bye," she said with bitterness.

He instantly withdrew his fingers. "Your wishes are always mine. Moreover, I anticipate them."

She was apparently asleep when he rose in the morning; and Mary Ann gave him later a pencilled card: "I shall not be down to breakfast. Pray excuse me." On which he wrote and returned: "With pleasure!" then went about the day's business with an accompanying heaviness and disquiet which asserted themselves whenever he had a moment to think.

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

MR. CHESTER LOOMIS TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

And from a Used up Man he Became as Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., Feb. 26.—(Special).—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people.

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it.

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy, and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The kidneys of the young may be wrong, but the kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

On her part, having carefully made all household arrangements, she went out after lunch and left a note for him: "As you might be annoyed," he read in the evening, "at my late return from Schneider's, where I am going, I shall dine at mother's, and my brother will bring me home. You will find all in order for the 'Chafing Dish,' and Mary Ann will wait."

"It is Thursday night, confound it!" grimly, then sent a district messenger with the reply: "Do not hurry yourself. We will no doubt keep our bachelor conviviality until late."

It was the first "Chafing Dish" meeting without her, and Mr. Adams asked discontentedly, "why Mrs. Prescott could not have her daughter any other evening but Thursday"; and Murchison was frankly disappointed. Indeed, the evening, with this difference, might have been a failure, but for the host unobtrusively exerting all powers of entertainment, conversational and otherwise.

"I have had some exceptional Chateaux Yquem sent me," he said, "which you fellows shall try. With our one divinity absent, I must see that the nectar, at least, is of good quality."

And even as he drew the bottles from sideboard recesses, and the other—

(Continued on page 7.)

Western Assurance Co.

FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT. 31st December, 1905. ASSETS: United States and State Bonds, Dominion of Canada Stock, Bank Loan Company and other Stocks, Company's buildings, Municipal Bonds and Debentures, Railroad Bonds, Cash on Hand and on Deposit, Bills Receivable, Mortgages, Due from Other Companies (re-insurances), Interest Due and Accrued, Office Furniture, Maps, plans, etc., Agents' Balances and Sundry Accounts. LIABILITIES: Capital Stock, Losses under Adjustment, Dividend payable Jan. 3rd, 1906, Reserve Fund.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited

White Label Ale

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