

The Great English
Remedy
GRASSHOPPER
OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT
IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG



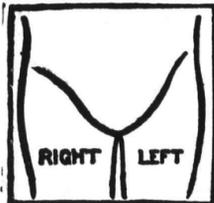
a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Sycovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone, I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, or 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, 78 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).
Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.



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FREE to the RUPTURED
A Quik New Cure



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture and for the next 30 days I will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable Home Cure, **FREE**. Mark on the diagram the location of the rupture. Answer the questions and mail this to **DR. W. S. RICE, 55 Main Street, Adams, N. Y.**

Age..... Time Ruptured.....
Name.....
Address.....
Does rupture pain?..... Do you wear a Truss?.....

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Overdone.

I like a pun, but please take note
I think it quite too utter
To call a farmer's blooded goat
His thorough-bred and butter.
—Nixon Waterman.

A Helping Hand.

One very slippery day Mark Twain, in his great sealskin overcoat, was walking down Maine Street, in Hartford. A portly citizen, whom he knew by sight, fell just in front of him, with a side-rending thud. Looking calmly down, with that shadowy smile which only stirred his heavy mustache, Mark Twain drawled: "You'll have to hit it again and a little harder. Then I think you'll break through."
All appreciation of humor had been so well shaken out of the fat man that with a purple face he told Mr. Clemens to go where there is always a successful corner on ice and snow.
Mark Twain stuffed his hands deep into the sealskin pockets after his fashion, hung his head pathetically on one side in his inimitable way, and walked on, saying sadly:
"That is the very last time that I'll ever try to encourage a man to get up when he is down on ice."



Ready for a tussle with the Manitoba Trout.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit.
"Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she.
"That is nice," said papa.
Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."

A countryman was enjoying his first visit to London. He strolled about the streets, and gazed with wonder and admiration at the shop windows. Soon he came to a lawyer's office, where, of course, there was nothing for sale. This surprised him, so he opened the door and walked in. In the room sat two clerks hard at work writing.
"What do you sell here?" asked the country-man.
One of the clerks, thinking to get some fun out of the visitor, replied:—
"Fools."

"You must have had a quick sale, then, to have only two left," retorted the countryman.
"In choosing his men," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink. He took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."

The man at the table: "Look here, waiter, that lobster is without a claw. How's that?"
Waiter: "You see, they're so fresh,

these lobsters, they fight with each other in the pantry."

The man at the table: "Well, take that one away and bring me one of the winners."

She Diminished His Appetite.

A young salesman recently entered a restaurant, glanced at the menu and then looked at the waitress.
"Nice day, Little One," he began.
"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. If I did I'd quit my job. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't think there's a show or dance in town tonight, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs two hundred pounds, and last week he wiped up this floor with a fifty-dollar-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now what'll you have?"

Why can no man legally possess a short walking-stick?—Because it can never be-long to him.

Customer: "This bill of fare is in French, and I don't understand the lingo." Waiter: "But the prices are in English, sir, and most folk go by them."

"Whaur does a' the figures gang tae when they're rubbit oot?" is a question a school-teacher in the north was recently asked and was unable to answer.

Doctor Parr, on meeting Lord Chancellor Erskine, with whom he was friendly, once said—"Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." "Doctor," answered the great lawyer, "it is almost a temptation to commit suicide!"

He: "Do you know Mr. D'Aube, the artist?" She: "Oh, yes rather! Would you believe he once told me"—coquetishly—"that I was as pretty as a picture?" He: "Indeed! Well, I hope he didn't mean one of his own pictures!"

Miss Phoebe Riggs is an Amazon of the present day. For more than eighty years Miss Riggs, as Miss Riggs, has lived in the little provincial town in which she was born. A recent comer to that town, meeting her for the first time, said apologetically after a while—"You must excuse me, but I am not sure whether you are Miss or Mrs. Riggs; I didn't quite understand when we were introduced." The bent little spinster drew herself up as straight as possible. "Miss Riggs—from choice!" she replied, in a freezing voice.

A poor but very honest German sailor was travelling on a tram-car a few days ago and had with him a small tin trunk, which he placed on the seat beside him. Presently the conductor came round for the fares, and, after paying the sum due, the German remarked, to the evident dismay of his fellow-passengers—"I hav got ze small pox doo"—meaning, of course, his tin trunk. The conductor asked him what he meant, and he again said—"I hav got ze small pox"—and this time he pointed to his tin trunk. The conductor retired to his platform amidst the smiles of the passengers.

Wigwag: "I never knew such a fellow as BJones! He is always looking for trouble."
Henpecked: "Then why doesn't he get married?"

"Pa, what's a cynical smile?"
"Your mother will show you, my son, the next time I tell her I can't spare all the money she wants."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is agreeable to the taste, and is a certain relief for irritation of the throat that causes hacking coughs. If used according to directions it will break the most persistent cold, and restore the air passages to their normal healthy condition. There is no need to recommend it to those familiar with it, but to those who seek a sure remedy and are in doubt what to use, the advice is—try Bickle's Syrup.

**BECAME SO WEAK
AT TIMES
COULD NOT WORK.**

Mrs. George Hiles, Grimsby, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I suffered greatly with my nerves and became so nervous and weak at times I could not work. A friend of mine advised me to try a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. They are the best medicine I have ever taken for the heart and nerves. I recommend them to any one suffering from heart or nerve trouble.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills make the weak heart strong and the shaky nerves firm by imparting a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ and tissue of the body and curing palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, anaemia, twitching of the muscles, general debility, lack of vitality, etc.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

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