

Hold on, 'Perkins pays the freight!' All right, send us a demijohn!"

I saw that Perkins was, as usual, right.

"Very well," I said, "what do you want me to do about it?"

Perkins wanted a year of my time and all the money I could spare. He mentioned twenty thousand dollars as a little beginning—a sort of starter, as he put it. I had faith in Perkins, but twenty thousand was a large sum to put into a thing on the strength of a name and a phrase. I settled myself in my chair, and Perkins put his feet up on my desk. He always could talk better when his feet were tilted up. Perhaps it sent a greater flow of blood to his brain.

"Now about the water," I asked comfortably.

"Vile!" cackled Perkins gleefully. "Perfectly vile! It is the worst you ever tasted. You know the sulphur spring taste? Sort of bad egg aroma? Well, this O—no—to—so—forth water is worse than the worst. It's a bonanza! Say! It's sulphur water with a touch of garlic."

He reached into his pocket and brought out a flask. The water it contained was as clear and sparkling as crystal. He removed the cork and handed the flask to me. I sniffed at it, and hastily replaced the cork.

Perkins grinned with pleasure.

"Fierce, isn't it?" he asked. "Smells as if it ought to cure, don't it? Got the real old style matery-medica-pothecary-shop aroma. None of your little pill, sugar-coated business about O—no—to—cetera water. Not for a minute! It's the good old quinine, ipecac, calomel, know-when-you're-taking-a-dose sort. Why, say! Any man that takes a dose of that water has got to feel better. He deserves to feel better."

I sniffed at the flask again, and resolutely returned it to Perkins.

"Yes," I admitted, "it has the full legal allowance of smell. There's no doubt about it being a medicinal water Perkins. Nobody would mistake it for

HARD TO DROP.

But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck, and, of course, that means all kinds of ills. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee, and is equally harmful.)

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it.

"About that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained eight pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ills and take up Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

a table water Perkins; a child would know it wasn't meant for perfume; but what is it good for? What will it cure?"

Perkins tilted his Pratt hat over one ear and crossed his legs.

"Speaking as one Chicago man to another," he said, slowly, "what do you think of rheumatism?"

"If you want me to speak as man to man, Perkins," I replied, "I may say that rheumatism is a mighty uncomfortable disease."

"It's prevalent," said Perkins eagerly. "It's the most prevalent disease on the map. The rich must have it; the poorest can afford it; the young and the old simply roll in it! Why, man," he exclaimed, "rheumatism was made specially for O—no—to—so—forth water. There's millions and millions of cases of rheumatism, and there's oceans and oceans of Perkin's World Famous O—no—to—what-you-call-it water. Great! What will cure rheumatism? Nothing? What will O—no—to—so—on water cure? Nothing! There you are! They fit into each other like a foot in a shoe."

He leaned back and smiled. Then he waved his hand jauntily in the air.

"But I'm not partial," he added. "If you can think of a better disease, we'll cure it. Anything!"

"Perkins," I said, "would you take this water for rheumatism?"

"Would I?" he fairly shouted. "Would I? Say! If I had rheumatism I'd live on it. I'd drink it by the gallon. I'd bathe in it!"

He stopped abruptly, and a smile broke forth at one corner of his mouth and gradually spread over his face until it broke into a broad grin which he vainly endeavored to stifle.

"Warm!" he murmured, and then his grin broadened a little and he muttered—"lukewarm!"—and grinned again and ran his hand through his hair. He sat down and slapped his knee.

"Say!" he cried, "Greatest idea yet! I'm a benefactor! Think of the poor old people trying to drink that stuff! Think of them trying to force it down their throats! It would be a sin to make a dog drink it!"

He wiped an actual tear from his eye.

"What if I had to drink it! What if my poor mother had to drink it! Cruelty! But we won't make 'em. We will be good! We will be generous! We will be great! We will let them bathe in it. Twice a day! Morning and night! Lukewarm! Why—make weak human beings swallow it? And besides they'll need more! Think of enough O—no—to—so—forth water to swim in twice a day! And good old Perkins paying the freight!"

Without another word I reached over and clasped Perkins by the hand. It was a silent communion of souls—of the souls of two live, up-to-date Chicagoans. When the clasp was loosened we were bound together in a noble purpose to supply O—no—to—something water to a waiting, pain-cursed world. We were banded together like good Samaritans to supply a remedy to the lame and the halt. And Perkins paying the freight.

Then Perkins gave me the details. There were to be three of us in the deal. There was a young man from Glaubus, Iowa, in Chicago, running a street car on the North Side. He had been raised near Glaubus, and his father had owned a farm, but the old man was no financier, and sold off the place bit by bit until all that was left was a forty-acre swamp—"Skunk Swamp" they called it, because of the rank water—and when the old man died the son came to Chicago to earn a living. He brought along a flask of the swamp water, so that when he got homesick he could take out the cork and smell it, and be glad he was in Chicago instead of on the old place. Up in one corner of the swamp a spring welled up, and that spring spouted Onotowatishika water day and night, gallons and barrels and floods of it. But it needed a Perkins the Great to know its value. Perkins smelled its value the first whiff he got. He had a rough map of Glaubus, with the Skunk Swamp off about a mile to the West.

We patched up the deal the next day. The young fellow was to have a quarter

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL

AND

BOVRIL

Six pages of this Conservative Journal of Sept. 11th last, were devoted to the report of a series of scientific experiments made to test the food value of Bovril.

The experiments demonstrated that Bovril is a valuable food in itself and that at the same time it is a great aid to digestion.

Springtime Freshness



can be easily and economically restored to your own wardrobe, the children's clothes, and the curtains and cushions of your home with

MAYPOLE SOAP

The Quick, Clean Home Dye

Without any mess or bother, MAYPOLE SOAP washes and dyes at one operation, giving to woollens, cottons, silks or mixtures rich, even colors that are clean, brilliant and fadeless in sun or rain.

24 Colors—will give any shade.

Colors 10c—Black 15c—at your dealers or postpaid with Booklet "How to Dye" from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., - Montreal

Protecting

The health of the family is without doubt the greatest task that wives and mothers have to face.

Pure, wholesome, nourishing foods are absolutely necessary to keep them fit. In

Clark's Prefectly Prepared Foods

you get all that is meant by

"Pure, Wholesome and Nourishing"

Refuse Substitutes.

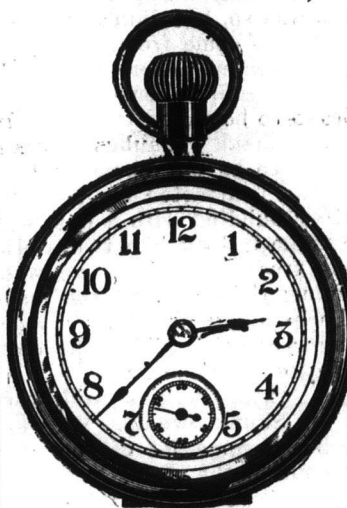
Insist on Clark's:

W. Clark, Montreal

Manufacturer of the Celebrated Pork and Beans

WATCHES GIVEN AWAY

EVERY BOY AND GIRL NEEDS A WATCH BOTH HANDSOME PRESENTS FREE



BOYS This watch is a dandy. Regulation man's size and weight. Your father would be proud to carry it. Stem wind and set. Arabic dial. A good timekeeper. Guaranteed.

GIRLS You won't envy any lady in your neighborhood if you have one of our lady's watches—small, neat shape, new model, stem wind and set; highly finished, milled edge, arabic dial, thoroughly charming time-piece. Guaranteed good Timekeeper.

Now it's very easy to get one of these beautiful time-pieces. Just write us to send you \$4.00 worth of our quick selling Easter and Assorted Post Cards and sell them to your friends at 6 for 10c. Your friends all buy Post Cards somewhere, why not ask them to buy from you.

Then when you have sold them—send us the money and we will promptly send you one of the watches. It's very easy, just try it once.

L.C. writes "I have found them very easy to sell." R.J.G. writes "I have sold all the cards you sent me, so I think I will try another lot." J.B. writes "I sold them all in a few days." So you see others can easily do it—why not you?

We are sending presents to Boys and Girls all over Canada every week. Be sure to write to-day. Don't forget you have nothing to pay. Watches delivered free to destination.

OVERLAND MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 211 TORONTO