

## The Wornout Nerves, The Weak Heart, The Tired Brain, The Wasted Strength.

What a multitude of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case. From early morn until late at night they have been on the go, year in and year out, attending to the daily household duties, looking after the wants of her children and spending the rest of her time attending to social and church work. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? The action of the heart becomes weak and palpitating, the nerves become unstrung, the brain feels in a whirl half the time and the usual force of vitality is lacking.

It is at this time a woman should look after herself. If she does not, serious female disorders may set in and often cause weary months and years of helplessness and miserable suffering. What she wants is something to build up the system. For this purpose there is nothing so equal

### MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They are the women's friend in every sense of the word.

They will strengthen the weak heart, tone up the shaky, starved nerves, make the brain clear, and restore the lost vitality. Mrs. George Holmes, Stanley Section, N.S., writes: "I was greatly troubled with weak and dizzy spells and was so run down I could not attend to my household duties. I bought two boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after taking them I found that my trouble had all passed away. I am now strong and healthy again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25. If your dealer does not handle them, send dipost to The Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

### KITCHEN HELPS.

Castors on all heavy kitchen furniture will save strength and aid in keeping the kitchen clean.

Two pads the size and shape of kettle holders, and sewed to a piece of tape are useful for lifting hot dishes out of an oven.

If a little ammonia is used every few days on brass faucets and tubes they will be kept bright and shining and with much less trouble than if polished only occasionally.

A saucepan in which rice, oatmeal or anything sticky has been cooked may be very easily cleaned by putting in a cupful of ashes when you take it off the fire and then fill with water.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of its contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

A head held seldom goes with a soft heart.

A woman never admits that she has a desire for man's admiration.

Silence is always safe, and is frequently the smartest we can say.

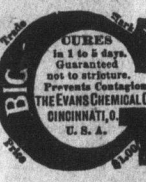
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The best five dollars' worth of Cut Glass in Canada—is what we are able to say of this Berry Bowl.

And its exceptional value is another proof of how customers benefit by Diamond Hall's increased manufacturing facilities.

This special bowl is of clearest glass, brilliantly cut, and of full 8-inch diameter. We pay express.

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**MEN AND WOMEN.**  
Use Big G for urinary tract discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations, or in cases of gonorrhea, syphilis, and not satisfaction. Guaranteed to cure. Circular sent on request.

### LUNCH BOX PAPER

Pure parchment paper, suitable for lunch box wrapping, for sale at

The Planet Office.

Ten Cents worth will be enough for an ordinary family for weeks.

## When the Deacon Spoke

By C. B. LEWIS

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No one ever doubted that Deacon Haskell, farmer, meant to be a kind husband and a just father, but there was Puritan blood in his veins, and his ways were harsh and arbitrary. There were those who said he was domineering and obstinate, but, to give the deacon his due, he was simply carrying out what he called principles. It was a principle of his to go to bed on the stroke of 9, and his wife had to do the same. Had an earthquake or a cyclone prevented the good wife from doing the family washing on Monday and the family baking on Tuesday the husband would have made no excuses for her. During the earlier days of her marriage the deacon's wife had opinions of her own, but before she had been his wife five years she gave them up. The thinking and expressing in that house was all done by the deacon. There



TWO THOUSAND BEES CLUNG TO HIM.

was a daughter, Ruth, and up to the age of thirteen she was under the same influence as her mother. At that age she went to another state to live with an aunt, and did not return until she was sixteen. The amazement of the father when he met her at the village railroad depot was intense. In fact, it kept him dumb all the way home. Ruth had become some one else—that is, she was like the average girl of sixteen who had been allowed the usual liberties and hadn't been crushed every time she laughed or spoke. She had a hat with flowers on it; she had a dress made by a dressmaker; she had shoes that cost \$3; she even had kid gloves; she was also chatty and spoke of her father as "dad."

The deacon realized that there was a big undertaking on hand for him. Ruth had got out from under his influence and must be subdued. The only reproach he administered on the way home was his silence, but she did not seem to mind that in the least. Just how to begin the squelching bothered the father a bit for two or three days, and he waited for an excuse. At last he found one. Among Ruth's baggage was a hammock. There were locust trees in the front yard to suspend it from, but such a thing as a hammock had never appeared on that farm. It was extravagance, profanity, flying in the face of Providence, Ruth put it up while her father was hoeing corn one afternoon, and she was not only lying in it when he came up to supper, but also when he was reading a love story. The deacon hardly waited to hang up his hoe on the limb of a cherry tree. Standing before the girl, he exclaimed hoarsely: "Get out of that!"

"Why, daddy, what is it?" she asked. "You are disgracing me and yourself! People are looking at you as they drive by!"

"But I'm only lying in a hammock." "And I tell you to get out. It's a shame and a disgrace. The next thing you'll be doing is to ride horseback." "I was going to ask you if I might do that tomorrow."

That was the beginning of the squelching process. From that time on for a week the deacon nagged and ordered and lectured. He couldn't prevent Ruth from having opinions and from talking back, but he managed to make her very uncomfortable. At length she positively refused to obey him in something, and after turning very pale and swallowing at the lump in his throat, he went out to the barn to think things over. Ruth was too big to be cuffed or whipped, and it was plain that she did not intend to surrender her opinions. After puzzling over the matter for a long time the father returned to the house.

"Ruth," he began, "you have seen fit to set my authority at defiance. Until you have a change of heart and ask my pardon I shall not speak to you again." That was the way the deacon had brought his wife around to his way of thinking in the early days. He had refused to speak to her for days or weeks at a time, and the strata was more than she could stand. With Ruth, however, the case was different. The hammock was taken down and she did not ride horseback nor walk around on stilts. She would have had beans but for the father. As

he was not speaking to her he did not forbid her, but when a young man called things were made so unpleasant for him that he never repeated his visit.

As the summer passed and winter came on there were candy pulls and spelling schools. Both were the height of sacrilege in the deacon's eyes, and he groaned in spirit and gritted his teeth when he knew that his daughter attended them.

It was in June that the deacon had vowed not to speak to his daughter again until she had become repentant. Now and then, as time passed, the wife ventured to say something to her husband, but only to find him obdurate. What he had said he had said. What he had said must be right because he had said it, and he would therefore stick to it until the day of his death.

"Let Ruth get down on her knees to me and confess that she has done wrong and I will speak to her, and perhaps forgive her," was invariably his answer, but time continued to pass and Ruth did not kneel.

One day the deacon's wife was called to the bedside of a neighbor. The deacon had a dozen swarms of bees, and as he came up from the field about 2 o'clock that afternoon he found one of the hives swarming. He ran for a tin pan and began to beat it, and in his excitement he almost spoke to his daughter, who was working in the garden. He caught himself in time, though, and resumed his beating and grubbing around. A spare hive should have been ready, but was not. The bees therefore circled and buzzed around for ten minutes and finally began to light. Unfortunately for the deacon they lighted on him. In two minutes they had covered his straw hat and neck; in two more they were clinging to his shoulders in great masses.

As she planted her hollyhock and sunflower seeds Ruth heard a still, small voice utter her name. She investigated and found that her father had become a king bee. His back resembled a pear, and he was terribly frightened. Two thousand bees clung to him, and if he disturbed them he was a dead man.

"Well, daddy," asked the girl as she stopped within ten feet of him. "Ruth, you will find an empty hive in the barn. Get it and smear some 'lasses over the front of it."

"Are you really speaking to me, daddy?" "Of course I am. Can't you see the fix I'm in?"

"But you were not to speak again until I beg your pardon." "Go after that hive. Do you want to see me sting to death?"

"The bees are quiet now. About that hammock, daddy—may I have it up this summer?"

"No—that is, I guess you can."

"And may I ride one of the horses?" "If they are not too tired."

"And I may climb trees and jump fences?"

"Are you going for that hive?" "When you answer."

"Then climb and jump all you want to."

"One more question, daddy. May I have young men come here to see me?" The deacon groaned.

"May I? The bees seem to be getting angry."

"Yes, have 'em and be hanged to you!" shouted the deacon, using slang for the first time in fifteen years.

The hive was brought and smeared with sweet stuff, and presently the bees began to find their way into it. At the end of ten minutes the deacon shook himself, drew a long breath and said to his daughter:

"If you ever tell mother or any one else about it I'll box your ears, big as you are!"

### What the Parish Needed.

An excellent example of the humor of parish deacons is related by the Rev. Dr. Gillespie in his "Humors of Scottish Life."

Two ministers of neighboring parishes exchanged pulpits one Sunday, the Rev. Mr. Peebles officiating in a parish church which shall be nameless. After the service Mr. Peebles said to the deacon:

"George, I hope the people would not think my sermon was so short today."

"A' dinn think they would, sir, but may I make bold to ask what ye're inquiring for?"

"Well, you see, George, when it was arranged that I was to preach here today I selected a sermon and laid it down on a chair in my study. I have a dog which frequents the study very much. It got hold of the sermon, tore off the last four leaves and destroyed them entirely, so that I could make no use of them. But I thought that since I had chosen it, and I was afraid the people might consider it too short."

Quick as thought George asked:

"Oh, sir, could ye no get oor minister a pup o' that sort?"

### Parliamentary Amenities.

Mr. Wood—My honorable friend was loaded this evening.

Mr. Norton—Surely the honorable member does not think that I allow any one to load me mentally, morally or physically. I pay for my own stuff and carry the consequences. I do not know what the honorable member means by saying that I am loaded. In the sense to which the honorable member may allude I have not been loaded for three weeks. Therefore I resent the imputation.

The Speaker—The honorable member must discuss the principles of the bill.

Mr. Norton—The honorable member for Bega says that I was loaded.

Mr. Wood—I did not say it offensively.

Mr. Norton—In that case I shall say no more about it.

And then the debate resumed its course.—New South Wales Legislative Reports.

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

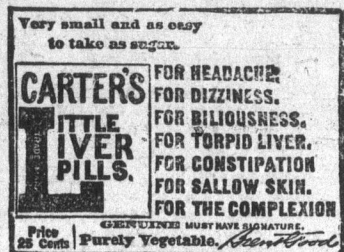
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## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BRUISES, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*

**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

Drowned Yards From Water.

An extraordinary story of a man coming from drowning on land was told at an inquest at Lewes, England, the other day. Ald. William Gates, lieutenant-colonel of the Sussex Royal Engineer volunteers, was found dead in a field a few yards away from a brook.

When Dr. Frank Rawlett was asked by the coroner what was the cause of death, he startled the auditors by saying "drowning."

"How do you reconcile that with the evidence that the body was on land?" asked the coroner.

To this the doctor replied that while there was no evidence to show how he had got into the water, there was no doubt that he had crawled out.

Considering the large quantity of water which came from the body he had no hesitation in saying that death was due to drowning.

The Smiths—And Others.

The fact that the name Smith occupies the largest space in the English dictionary is indicative of the broad basis from which our present metal working industries began to develop, when Thomas the Smith and John the Smith were smiths in fact.

On the continent—as indeed the history of the craft of various nations would lead us to expect—this indication is not so marked. Although the Berlin directory registers some 6,000 Schmidts, yet the Schultzes and Mullers are more numerous. The Jansens family is the largest of all in Brussels, and in the Paris directory that of Martinet. In Naples the names Morelli and Vitelli run one another closely for precedence. Taking a line around the world, however, Smith is the most familiar name.—Manchester Guardian.

A woman can work herself into a spell of illness over a trouble that is not worthy of a second thought.

**Taken from Nature.**

From the pure fountain of nature flows the stream of energy and health, which renews and invigorates our race. Not only do we get inspiration from nature, but health is well.

To live in the open, in the sunshine, in the fields or woods, drinking pure air into the lungs, is best for those who have the opportunity. For people who are run-down, nervous, suffering from occasional indigestion or dyspepsia, head-aches, night-sweats, whose machinery has become weak, it becomes necessary to turn to some tonic or strengthener which will help them get on their feet. For centuries it has been known that nature's most valuable health-giving agents are roots, herbs, barks and berries, and some thirty years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., found a combination of roots, herbs and barks, taken from the fields and woods and made into an extract, that produced results in the system which were satisfactory in cases of blood disorder and stomach trouble. This concentrated extract of nature's vitality purifies the blood by putting the stomach into healthy condition, helping the assimilation of food which feeds the blood, and putting the liver into activity. Nervousness and sleeplessness are usually due to the fact that the nerves are not fed on properly nourished blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes pure, rich blood, and thereby all the organs of the body are run smoothly. You feel strong and vigorous, and are good for a whole lot of physical or mental work. Best of all, the strength and increase in vitality and health are lasting.

Every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of public approval. For the dealer to offer you something he claims "just as good" is to insult your intelligence.

**To Look Clean**

Is gratifying.

**To be Clean**

Is satisfying. You will enjoy both when you place your linen with us, for we do our work by the most modern methods known to our art.

**The Parliament Steam Laundry Co.** Phone 20

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

FERT PARAGRAPHS.

Haste often gets the fortune away from the other fellow.

Of two evils pass the first one up and let the other follow suit.

The man who knows he knows is a good fellow to let alone.

HE ANTI WELL. NO JAMES THEY ARE NOT OURS. GEE, ME LON!

Boys that won't steal watermelons out of a handy patch aren't real boys.

Absence makes you do little things for yourself and so find out how it goes.

Sometimes a cheap upright piano is a standing joke.

Often a man does not call a spade a spade because he wants to make you think he is holding diamonds.

The man with automobiles on the brain naturally has wheels in his head.

Pity may be akin to love, but not the kind of love that a girl likes to brag about to her chums.

About the only difference between a woman and a girl is that the woman is younger, or claims to be.

Longing.

My pa is a scrapper. I bet he could lick Geth and fellows.

Like that pretty quick. He doesn't scrap now, but when he was a lad.

We bet all the kids had to run from my dad.

My ma says it's wicked for him to sit down and tell how he whipped all the bullies in town.

And how do we know, when we wasn't in sight. She says, that he won, as he claims, every fight!

My ma says she thinks it is awful that he should set an example of that kind to me.

But ma is a girl, and she can't understand them fights that pa had were so noble and grand.

I wish I could lick boys lots bigger than me. Like pa used to lick 'em in bunches of three.

He'd say if I put all the kids to the bad, "Gee, there is a boy what takes after his dad!"

Stealing Time.

Did you ever meet the woman who keeps her clock half an hour fast for the purpose of fooling all those who regulate their appetites and their trains by her time fondry?

Of course you have, because you have certainly met the average woman. She does not succeed in fooling anybody by her little subterfuge because the first thing she tells them is that the clock is half an hour fast.

Doubtless she gets some satisfaction out of it, but we never could see the benefits of it unless it is that it stimulates the members of the family in useful mental arithmetic exercises.

We should think, however, that the young ladies would take exception to this plan, for it always makes them appear half an hour older than they really are.

Fitting Name.

"If the man with two wives is a bigamist, I suppose you would call the man who married three women a trigamist?"

"No. I would call him a blithering idiot."

Several Ways.

"He seems to be all wrapped up in her profession."

"I heard some of her dearest friends discussing her, and she certainly was well rapped up."

Up to Date.

I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines. But I have changed my mood. My horse, that once ate corn and beans, now lives on breakfast food.

Handicapped.

"Does your watch keep good time?" "No, my mother-in-law is visiting me, and there is no good time around for it to keep."

Been Fishing.

"The doctor says it is a bad case." "What's the matter?" "Enlarged vision and inflamed imagination."

A Repeater.

The man who fights and runs away. May live to fight another day. But if he doesn't call it fun, He may instead live but to run.

## Delicate Children

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small doses of Ayer's Pills. Genuine liver pills, gently laxative, all vegetable, sugar-coated. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

### HOSE AND HISTORY.

Oliver Cromwell the Patron Saint of Silk Stockings.

The patron saint of silk stockings is, it appears, Oliver Cromwell. He it was who set the official seal of incorporation on the Worshippful Company of Framework Knitters, whose directors this week, says The London Daily Telegraph, testifies to the existence of a body which has done good work in the past. Though to-day the craft of stocking making has long passed out of its control, its earlier efforts undoubtedly did much to give to this country the great industries of Nottingham and Leicester. The Company of Framework Knitters was originally called into existence by the invention in 1559 of the stocking loom by the Rev. William Lee, curate of Calverton, the tradition being that he conceived a great aversion to hand-knitting, as the young lady to whom he was paying his addresses was wont to be more attentive to her needles and wool than to his words. The company reached its majority in 1657, when Oliver Cromwell granted it letters patent in return for a lengthy petition on behalf of "the promoters and inventors of the art and mystery or trade of framework knitting or making of silk stockings, or other work in a frame or engine," on the ground that their just right should "be preserved from foreigners, the trade advanced, abuses therein suppressed, the benefit of the commonwealth by importation and exportation and otherwise increased, and hundreds of poor families comfortably relieved."

The company acted upon these principles until the Restoration, and it is interesting to note that various references have been found in state papers to their endeavors to prevent the exportation of frames. Charles II. renewed the charter, and the powers granted included the making of by-laws for the reformation of abuses and prevention of fraudulent work, powers of search throughout the kingdom, and powers of seizure of frames intended for exportation. In its earlier days the company possessed a hall in Redcross street, where, appropriately enough, the Needle-makers were wont to meet. The arms of the company embody the needle, jack and lead sinker of a frame. A lamb is the crest, and the motto is "Speed, Strength and Truth United."

Various modifications and improvements in the original principles of the frame were introduced by Burnet, Townsend and others, culminating in the introduction of the power-loom machines, which are now used in the great centres of the industry. We do not wholly supply ourselves with the stockings we wear, as last year, in the first time, by the way, that this commodity is given a separate heading in the returns of the Board of Trade—our imports amounted to \$307,495.

The exports, however, greatly exceeded them, and were classified as "of wool or of wool mixed with any other material" were worth \$1,032,164. In the best makes of stockings this country retains its supremacy, and it is chiefly in the cheapest orders that the foreigner supplies us. Daintiness in hosiery is more and more appreciated by ladies, and there are many, as the leading west-end outfitters can testify, who are exceedingly fastidious as to this detail of their dress. In silk stockings, however, the demand is not so exclusive, worn by some, the luxury being a somewhat costly one, when they are prepared to pay from 35c. to two guineas a pair for the delicately-fine and perfectly-shaped stockings that alone satisfy them, while they are even more expensive if dyed exactly to match costumes.

### FOUR-TRACK NEWS.

The Four-Track News for November has an interesting article entitled "Deep-sea Fishing," by Bertha H. Smith, other articles of more than passing interest are "In Far Australia," by Lida A. Churchill; "The Pearl of the Black Forest," by Grace Isabel Colburn; "General Phil Kearney," by Harold B. Johnson; "Preparing for War," by M. L. Oliver; "The Highlands of Ontario," by Lawrence H. Tasker; "New York's Backbone," by Emma Archer Osborne; "Camera Cameos," by Frank Yeaghr, and many others. All of these articles are beautifully illustrated. In addition to these are the usual departments devoted to The World's Progress, Vest Pocket Confidences, The Trail of the Traveler, The Book Table and Dramatic.

The Four-Track News is one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy, and can be had of George H. Daniels, Publisher, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, or at any news-stand.

We believe MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best:—

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## LUMBER