

"Weak Lungs"

"PSYCHINE" has restored thousands of people to buoyant health and strength whose condition had been regarded as hopeless. It is at once a tonic and flesh builder, containing remarkable properties as a blood purifier and germicide. It will strengthen and heal the weak lungs, force out the phlegm, and drive away the cough, no matter of how long standing. "PSYCHINE" tones up the whole system and drives out disease, heals the decayed tissue and restores lost energy. Its use daily will prevent and ward off that most subtle disease consumption.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL. DR. T. A. SLODOM, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

The Tomkyn's Telephone

Aunt Betty (she was aunt to half Linville) was "thinking it over." So few things required "thinking over" in Aunt Betty Tomkyn's well-ordered way that the process proved a disastrous one. She scorched the tea towels, salted the apple sauce, and sweetened the butter before she roused from absorption into resolve.

"Drat it all, I'll hev the thing, father." "Hev what?" asked Uncle Si, who was smoking peacefully by the fire—a placid figurehead to the matrimonial bark Aunt Betty had steered successfully for forty years. "The tellyphone," was the answer. "Land sakes, there I've turned over the vinegar cruet! Looks ez if every-thing was going wrong-sided for me to-day. That man was here agin this morning, and he does talk convincing, I must say. He 'lows it's clear fly- ing into the face of Providence not to hev a tellyphone when it's waiting for you at a dollar and a half a month. I've been sot agin the things, I must say, dreful sot. Look- ed to me like 'twas agin natur' to be talking to folks a dozen miles away. The Lord never intended tongues or ears to reach so fur."

"An He didn't," said Uncle Si with an emphatic nod; "you was right there, mother. They reach fur nuff without putting wires to 'em now."

"But we ortn't to be hard-headed, as the tellyphone man said. We ort- not to sot ourselves dead agin pro- gress, father. If our gran'thers had sot themselves hard-headed agin pro- gress, we'd 'a' been flying the Eng- lish flag instead of the Star Spangled Banner, and paying King Edward taxes on our tea."

"That's so," answered Uncle Si, puffing reflectively, "it's going a lit- tle fur back for an argument, but that's so, mother."

"He says he put one in for Elder Jones, and Abner Goldwin, and Squire Bond, and they wouldn't give them up for ten times their cost. He put one in for Dr. Grimes, and he vows it's as good as a new horse and bug- gy—folks just put their babies to the thing and let 'em crow and cry and cough. He put one in for the new Roman Catholic Church just up the hill, and he says he could swim ours on the same wire and take off fifty cents. He says that's no telling the sorrow, sin and tribulation that a tellyphone in your house saves. Sup- pose you or me was to be sick in the dead of night, or was to be robbed or murdered—what a comfort that tellyphone would be! He heard of a woman that was calling the police through the tellyphone while she was heving her throat cut, and they got thar in time to catch the chap before she died. And these here Bottoms is mighty lonely, father, and we've got the name of being forehanded, to say nothing of grandmother's silver spoons and forks that hev been heavy on my mind, day and night, since she giv them to me with her dying breath forty years ago. Yes, I've been thinking it over all day, and I've about made up my mind we'll hev the tellyphone."

"Just as you say, mother, just as you say," answered Uncle Si, a trifle uneasily; "we've done pretty well for forty years with our tongues and ears as the Lord made 'em—but it's jest as you say."

And the "tellyphone" was installed in the upper hall of Tomkyn's farm- house next day, Aunt Betty excitedly watching the procedure, and Uncle Si smoking a reflective pipe in his easy chair nearby.

For a week or more there was all the charm of a new possession. Aunt Betty called up Sister Jones, and learned, with some difficulty, that she

was very bad with the rheumatism. She had a feeble communication with Cousin Mary Ann Green about a recipe for pumpkin pie. She interviewed the "store" telephonically, and heard eggs had gone down three cents a dozen, and they were out of green ginger. Then there was a lull in business. The farm life went on in its old tranquil way; neither sin, sorrow nor "tribulation" demanded any inter- ference of the Deus ex machina that was so potent a regulator of the busy world without.

"Looks as if eighteen dollars a year was a good deal to give for a little thing like that," commented Uncle Si, with the quiet shrewdness that had made the bottom meadows swell his bank account far into the five figure column. "Pears to me I'd a deal rather hev a good eight-day clock."

"Eight-day clock!" echoed Aunt Betty with the acrimony of the self-doubting; "you kin be the greatest dunderhead, Si Tomkyns! What on earth do we want with another eight-day clock? An' here, if we need to call the doctor or the deputy sheriff or the undertaker, we've just got to whisper a word in that tellyphone, and they are here. It suitinly would be a comfort if Dick hed one—"

"What fur," asked the old man. "Pears to me ez if you and your darter-in-law, mother, are a deal peacefuller and quieter a dozen miles apart."

"I ain't a hankering after my darter-in-law," and Aunt Betty's face grew suddenly hard and bitter. "You can take to her if you please—you allus was a fool 'bout a pretty face and a soft voice, father, and Dick can do as he pleases; he is a man of thirty and I suppose hed a right to choose his own wife. But I mean to do as I please, too. I've been a God-fearing Christian all my life, and I ain't going to uphold no idol-worshiping. It was bad enough for Dick—to turn from all his own church members and marry a Popish wife, but when she set up an altar in his very room, with graven images and cross and candles—"

"Twarn't an altar, mother," interposed Uncle Si, apologetically; "Mandy calls it an oratory."

"I don't see no difference," said Aunt Betty, sharply. "Dick ortn't to hev it. He was raised a Bible Christian and ortn't to hev it, and when I told him Mandy was a snare and a pitfall in his way, and a light leading to destruction, as Preacher Wilkins said—"

"He swore at Wilkins, I'll be bound," chuckled Uncle Si; "wouldn't have been my boy if he hadn't. It's a poor sort of a man that won't stand by his wife, 'specially a pretty wife like that."

"I've done with her," said Aunt Betty. "Dick as much as told me 'twas none of my business, or his, either, to meddle with Mandy's pray- ers; that she was as near an angel as could be made and was making earth heaven to him. I haven't been in his house since, and I'm not going to it," concluded Aunt Betty, her tongue and temper somewhat sharpened by the tinge of rheumatism that had come on with the first touch of the frost.

It needed no telephone instructions from Dr. Grimes to teach her how to fight this wintry enemy. Rubbed well with "poke" liniment, swathed in red flannel, with hot bricks to her feet, and a hop bag to her head, the mis- tress of Tomkyns' farm had retired early to the big four-poster, that, with its French calico curtains, its downy feather-bed and heaping snowdrift of pillows, was a throne of Morpheus that defied modern rivalry or reproach. Outside the wind was moaning and sighing dolefully, send- ing the autumn leaves before it in scurrying flight, while Jack Frost, with stealthier touch, was nipping the blooms in Aunt Betty's garden. But the harvest was garnered, Uncle Si's big granaries were bursting with golden store, the apples were barrelled, and the cider pressed. With- in the tight old farmhouse all was warmth and peace.

Aunt Betty's groans had died away into a gentle snore, Uncle Si's pipe had dropped from his hand, and he was nodding away into a wintry dreamland; old Towser, crouched on the hearth rug, was dozing in comfort and Tabby curled up in her mistress' vacant chair, was blinking sleepily at the leaping blaze when a sudden sharp ring sounded through the peaceful quiet.

"The tellyphone," cried Aunt Betty, starting with a wakeful groan from her pillow.

"The tellyphone!" echoed Uncle Si, dropping his pipe with a crash.

"Ting-a-ling, ling, lmb, ling," went the shrill call of modern progress through the quiet old house—"ting-a-ling."

"See what's wanted, father," cried Aunt Betty, impatiently.

"I daren't, mother," faltered Uncle Si, for whom neither bear nor wild cat had any terrors; "suthing must hev struck the thing; it's going like it would bust."

"Ting-a-ling, ling, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling," came fiercely from the insist- ent telephone.

"You'll hev to go to it, father; I can't," groaned Aunt Betty, in wak- ing pain. "Go listen, or it will nev- er shut up."

"Just as you say, mother; jest as you say. Drat the thing—I never heard it go on like this! Which end talks, mother?" asked Uncle Si, who had never ventured to approach his new possession.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

as stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50. All dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

"What's the matter?" shouted Uncle Si in a quavering basso.

"Oh, father, father," came the feeble cry, "come to us, father. Dick is dying—dying begging for you. Come to him for God's sake. Come to—"

But the receiver had dropped from the old man's shaking hand; his ash- en lips could shape no word.

"Father," cried Aunt Betty, sharply, as he tottered to her side, "father, what is it?"

"Our boy!" was the hoarse answer. "Our Dick, mother! Suthing's hap- pened to him. Mandy called to me—he was dying."

"Dying!" shrieked the mother, "Dick dying! Oh, no, no! You heard wrong, father, you heard wrong."

"No, 'twas plain 'nuff," said the old man, huskily. "Father," it called, "Dick is dying, and begging you to come to him. I must go, mother—I must go and leave you."

"Leave me!" echoed Aunt Betty, springing up from her pillows.

"Leave me here, and my boy dying! I'll Tomkyns! Leave me, his mother? I'll be dressed in five minutes. Hitch up the sorrel mare and we'll go."

"Mother, mother, out of your sick bed? It will be your death," groaned Uncle Si.

"What do I care? What do I care?" she cried, fierce in her mother-love and pain. "Quick, quick; hitch up, Silas, and take me, take me to my boy."

And he took her at her word. From the peace and warmth and shelter of this downy nest the old people faced out into the cold and darkness and gathering storm.

It was a ten mile drive, over moun- tain roads, rough and perilous even by day. The sorrel was old, the chaise had taken Dick to his christen- ing thirty years ago. The wind swept in angry gusts through the gorges; the icy nip of winter was in the mountain air; the "run" swollen by the late autumn rains, foamed in threatening fury at the ford. But cold, darkness, pain and weakness and old age were forgotten. They were going to their dying boy—the boy who had been the joy and pride and blessing of their lives, as Aunt Betty's mother-heart confessed to-night, in spite of poor little Mandy and her idol worshiping!

What a bounding baby he had been—twelve pounds from the very start! What a sturdy, rosy youngster, toddling day and night at her heels! What a brave, bold, honest lad! What a man! Folks were talking of sending him to Congress even now—what a strong, true, noble man!

Poor Aunt Betty, cloaked and muf- fled in a way that precluded all con- versation, was "thinking things over" lodged to-night, and Uncle Si, with his dim eyes strained in the darkness to keep the road, was startled by a sob that pierced his tender old heart.

"Thar, thar, don't mother," he said huskily; "don't give up like this. Keep up, old woman, keep up; like ez not Mandy's gone off in a skeer because Dick's got cramp colic. Gals dead in love like ehe is with Dick hev'n't no sense to speak of."

And as the old arm stole around her to draw the big bearskin Uncle Si had taken from its wearer on this very mountain ridge, as the old tenor tones sounded soothingly in her ear, the forty years that lay between seemed to vanish, and Aunt Betty was once more driving through the darkness with the sweetheart of long ago at her side.

"We're getting thar now, moth- er," he continued, cheerily. "Tha't's the light of Rose farm shining through the cedars—"

"They're a-singing," cried poor Aunt Betty, clutching his arm de- spairingly, "singing hymns, father! Oh, my boy's gone! I feel he is gone—"

"No, no, mother—hold up—that ain't no psalm singing," said Uncle Si, giving the sorrel a flip that sent the chaise down the well-kept road to the farmhouse with a rattle and clatter that made the music suddenly cease. The door flew open; a pretty, fair-haired girl peered doubtfully from the fire-lit room, and beside her, sturdy and healthy and open-eyed with amazement now was:

"Dick!" cried Uncle Si and Aunt Betty in one joyful, unbelieving breath.

"Father! Mother!" cried the young man, springing out to meet them. "On a night like this! Good hea-

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parnee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

THE CAUSE OF WOMAN'S TROUBLE

IS DISEASED KIDNEYS AND THE CURE IS DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Wonderful Cure of Mrs. James Kinsella. Who Slept in a Chair for two Summers—What She Says of it.

St. Malachie, Que., Feb. 5.—(Special.)—A cure of great interest to women has attracted the attention of those interested in medical mat- ters in this neighborhood. Mrs. Jas. Kinsella, wife of a well-known citi- zen, had suffered from a complica- tion of troubles for about two years. She had a pain in the right hip, in the back and was obliged to pass water every fifteen minutes in a burning itching sort of way.

She could not sleep at night and had to sit up in a chair for two summers.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Mrs. Kinsella, speaking of her cure, says: "After the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt much better. Then I got more and they did me a world of good. I have never slept in the chair since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Woman's health depends on her kid- neys. Nine-tenths of the so-called female complaints are caused by uric acid in the blood. Cure your Kid- neys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can have no uric acid in the blood.

What brought you out—"The tellyphone," answered Uncle Si, in a sudden fury, as he felt, mor- tally suddenly collapse weakly in his encircling arm. "Thar"—with half a dozen pardonable expletives—"lying tellyphone. It went a ringing through the house ez if it was ready to bust, and called to me clear and plain, 'Fath- er! Dick is dying and you must come to him.' Here, help your moth- er out, lad. She's all broke up. Got out of her sick bed to take this all- fired fool trip that's likely to be the death of her. Just let me get home once more, and if I don't bust that consarned tellyphone in earnest for this night's work my name ain't Silas Tomkyns."

"But I—don't understand," said Dick, when mother, trembling, tear- ful, and altogether subdued by her late experience, was sipping a com- forting cup of tea, ensconced in the softest chair in the pretty sitting- room.

"Oh, Dick, dear, I do," said his little wife, as she put the hot water bag she had just filled to Aunt Betty's cushioned feet. "Poor Mick Flannery, who has been sick so long, was taken very bad to-night. His wife ran in here for brandy and cam- phor—she was half-distracted, poor thing, and flew to Squire Jones to telephone for the priest—Father Marr."

"I see, I see. He is on father's wire. You've struck it, little girl—Mick sounds like Dick over the tele- phone, of course. But," and he leaned in the old, boyish fashion over the back of his mother's chair and slipped his arm about her neck, "though I am sorry for poor Mick, I can't quarrel with the telephone, mother, sure it brought you back to us. She can't go home to-night, Mandy. So take her up to your room and put her to bed. My little woman is a born nurse, mother, as you will find out for yourself."

Aunt Betty found out this and many other things during the three days she was the prisoner of Mandy's love and care. The soft, low voice, the tender touch of the delicate fingers, the warmth of the loving young heart won triumphant victory.

"I wish Dick and Mandy were near- er," said Aunt Betty, as she and Uncle Si drove home through the glad sunlight of an Indian summer day.

"Country ways come awkward to pretty city gals, and she ain't over- strong, and wants some one to mother her. But Dick says he'll have a telephone put in, so it will sort of draw us together."

And, in time, another tie, stronger than the wonderful electric bond, drew the two homes together. Three or four times a day the Tomkyns' telephone rings imperative calls, and "mother" responds with smiling face.

"Hallo!" comes a small voice that makes new music in the silent old nest, "dis is little Dick; dat you, grandmuzzer?" —Mary T. Waggaman.

Urashima and the Princess

Urashima was a young fisherman, who lived ages ago on the sea coast of Japan.

He went out one day to fish, and caught a very big turtle.

Now it is said, though most people don't know it, that tortoises live a thousand years—at least Japanese tortoises do.

He thought he would not kill the turtle, which might like to live out its one thousand years, so he threw it back into the sea.

Soon Urashima fell asleep in his boat; then there came up from be- neath the waves a very beautiful girl.

"I am the daughter of the sea god," said she, "and I live with my father in the Dragon Palace beyond the waves. That was not a tortoise when you threw back into the wa- ter; it was myself."

"My father had sent me to see whether you were good or bad. We now know that you are a good, kind boy, who does not like to do cruel things, so I have come to fetch you. You shall marry me, and we will live hap- pily for a thousand years, in the Dragon Palace."

Hereupon Urashima took the oars and rowed a very long way, but they came at last to the Dragon Pal- ace.

Oh, dear! what a lovely place it was. The walls of the palace were of coral, the trees had emeralds for leaves and rubies for berries, the fishes' scales were of silver, and the

dragon's tails of solid gold. Urashima was happy here for three years; then, one day, he begged to go home and see his parents. The Prin- cess did not wish him to go, but finally consented. She was afraid that something dreadful would happen to him.

She gave him a box and told him not to open it; for if it was opened it would prevent his return. Urashima promised to take care of it, and went back to his old home.

Many things had happened while he was away. His father's cottage had gone and so had the village to which it belonged. The mountains were there, but there were no trees on them.

The brook which he knew still ran, but no women were washing clothes in it; it seemed strange that so great changes should have taken place in three short years.

As two men came in sight, Urashima asked them where his father's cottage was. "Urashima!" said they, "why, it was four hundred years ago that he was drowned while fishing."

"His parents and his brothers all died long ago. It is an old, old story; how can you be so foolish as to ask after his cottage. It fell to pieces hundreds of years ago."

Then Urashima knew that he had been in Fairy Land, where one day is as long as a year in this world. He was now anxious to return to the Princess, but knew not the way back.

He thought that if he opened the box which his wife gave him, he might be able to find the way. So he disobeyed her order and opened the box!

What do you suppose came out of it? Simply a white cloud, which floated off over the sea.

Urashima called to the cloud to stop, and rushed around in great sor- row, for he now remembered what his wife had told him.

All his efforts availed nothing; he

The Most Popular Pill.—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parnee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

FITS EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sick- ness, St. Vitus' Dance, or have children or relatives that do, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle with valuable treatise on these deplorable diseases. The sample bottle will be sent by mail prepaid to your nearest Post-office address. Leibig's Fit Cure brings permanent relief and cure. When writing, mention this paper and give name, age and full address to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

soon sank down and ceased shouting. Suddenly his hair grew as white as snow, his face got wrinkled and his back bent like that of a very old man; then his breath stopped short and he died.

Now, if he had only done as he was told and had not been so foolish, he might have lived another thousand years.

The Chrysanthemum

In the black forest of Germany there once dwelt a poor man who had many children. The winter had been very cold and frequently there was not enough bread to feed all the hun- gry little mouths.

One evening as the man was re- turning from his work, he found a beautiful child shivering in the cold. He thought of the hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door, but the little one seemed to be lost and he could not leave it to perish in the forest. So he wrapped it in his rough coat and carried it to his home.

The good wife was dismayed at the thought of another one to feed and clothe; but they would do their best for the Christ-child's sake; and they fed and warmed the little stranger and gave him their humble cheer.

When, to a wonderful thing happen- ed. The child raised his tiny hands in blessing and disappeared. And they knew that the Christ-child had been among them, and they fell upon their knees to thank God for the favor.

The next morning as the man re- turned to his work, he saw a beauti- ful white flower blooming in the snow where he had found the Child; and he called it Christ-flower, or chrysan- themum.

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