

# DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For **COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.**

**Coughs and Colds** do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

**Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not Sold as a Cure for Consumption** but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Woods." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.



Packing trees at Pelham's Nursery for Western Trade.

## Reliable Agents Wanted

Now to sell Fruit Trees, Forest Seedlings, Berry Bushes, Flowering Shrubs. Good pay weekly. Outfit free. Exclusive territory.

**600 ACRES UNDER CULTIVATION**  
We grow exclusively for our Western trade varieties we guarantee hardy and recommended by Indian Head and Brandon experimental farms.

We supply large and well developed trees and plants which will withstand severe cold.  
Write for terms. State whether you can work whole or part time. Address Manager  
**PELHAM NURSERY CO.,**  
Gooderham Building, Toronto, Ont.

## PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION TREATMENT

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

# WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

### Laugh a Little Bit.

Here's a motto, just your fit,  
Laugh a little bit.  
When you think you've trouble hit,  
Laugh a little bit.  
Look misfortune in the face;  
Brave the beldam's rude grimace:  
Ten to one 'twill yield its place  
If you have the wit and grit  
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ,  
Laugh a little bit.  
Keep it with you—sample it,  
Laugh a little bit.  
Little ills will sure betide you,  
Fortune may not sit beside you,  
Men may knock and fame deride you,  
But you'll mind them not a whit  
If you laugh a little bit.

### A Few Funny Sayings.

Tommy—Say papa, I wish you would tell me something.  
Papa—Well, what is it?  
Tommy—When you were a little boy, who was my papa?

"What sort of a girl is she?"  
"Oh, she's a miss with a mission."  
"Ah!"  
"Her mission: is seeking a man with a mansion."

He—"If I should kiss you, what would you do?"  
She (startled)—"I never measure an emergency until it arises."  
He—"If this emergency arose now, how would you meet it?"  
She (encouragingly)—"Face to face."

So-and-So—Barker knows his own business.  
Humphrey—Yes; but he doesn't mind a little thing like that.—Puck.

"Why on earth did you ever marry me?"  
"Oh, don't be so bromidic! That's what everybody asks."—Cleveland Leader.

"Mamma, can I ever be President?"  
"Alas, no, my child. You were born before papa and mamma came to Ohio."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Was his auto going so very fast?"  
"Your honor, it was going so fast that the bulldog on the seat beside him looked like a dachshund."—Houston Post.

The teacher was telling them about the different seasons. He said—"Now, one of you boys tell me which is the proper time to gather fruit?"  
"When the dog's chained up," replied Johnnie.

First Comedian—What's the difference between a beautiful young girl and a codfish?  
Second Comedian—Give it up.  
First Comedian—One has a chance to become a fall bride and the other to become a ball fride.—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Morning, morning!" said pater familias genially as he entered the breakfast room. "I've had a splendid night. Slept like a top!" His wife agreed with him. "You did," she replied grimly—"like a humming top!"

First Scholar—"What's the 'lectrician doin' over at the school house?"  
Second Scholar—"Puttin' in a 'lectric switch."  
First Scholar—"Gee mully! If they're goin' ter do the lickin' by 'lectricity, I quit."

Teacher—"You have named all the domestic animals save one. It has bristly hair. It is grimy, it likes dirt and is fond of mud. Well, Tom?"  
Tom (shame-facedly)—"That's me."

**A Cannon Ball.** "I served six months durin' de war, mam!" imparted the begging tramp, to the soldier's widow.  
"You did?"  
"Yep; an' de most o' dat time I carried a ball around wid me!"  
"Oh! poor man. Were you shot?"  
"No'm. De ball wuz chained t' me ankle!"

### He Knew the Place.

A citizen of Seattle who had looked upon the wine when he was no longer sure what color it was, in the course of his journey home encountered a tree protected by an iron tree-guard. Grasping the bars, he cautiously felt his way around it twice.  
"Curse it!" he moaned, sinking to the ground in despair. "Locked in!"

**One Close By.** Bloomer—You sat up with Miss Gay to see the showers of meteors the other night, didn't you?  
Spoooner—Yes, we stayed out till 6 o'clock.  
Bloomer—Did you see many of them?  
Spoooner—Well—er—I declare, I never thought to look!

**Near Wall Street.** Meeting an old friend at the convention, Casey asked him where he lived and what he was doing. "I'm living in New York and trying to make an honest living," was the answer. "Well, ye's should do all roight there," said Casey. "Ye's will hev very little opposition."

**A Useful Book.** "Willie," said the minister laying his hand on his head, "What is the best book?"  
"The dictionary sir."  
"What? Isn't the Bible better?"  
"No, sir. It's pretty good, though; I can stand on my tip toes on it and reach the jam shelf. But the dictionary is better."

**The Same Story.** "Before we were married," said Orley. "She used to say 'by-by' so sweetly as I went down the steps."  
"And what does she say now?" asked Snoddy.  
"Oh, just the same 'buy-buy.'"

**A Gladsome Event.** She—Do you remember that thirty years ago you proposed to me, and that I refused you?  
He—Oh, yes. That's one of the most treasured recollections of my youth."

**Afraid of Machinery.** A little city chap was offered a chance to spend a week in the country, but refused.  
Coaxing, pleading, arguing, promising of untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum, "No country for mine!"  
"But why not?" some one asked finally.  
"Because," he finally responded, "they have trashin' machines out there; an' it's bad enough here, where it's done by hand."

**An After Thought.** "Pardon me, sir," began the portly person in the railroad train to a man who sat next to him, "but what would you say if I sat on your hat?"  
"Suppose you sit on it, and then ask me," suggested the other.  
"I did," admitted the portly person, calmly.

**The Dizzy Whirl.** Mr. Hardapple—Mandy, here be a letter from our boy Zeke. He writes that he is down at the seashore moving in rapid circles.  
Mrs. Hardapple (horrified)—Moving in rapid circles! Why, Hiram, you must write to him to come home at once.  
Mr. Hardapple—Don't be worried, Mandy; he's not in bad company. He is ticket collector on a merry-go round.

**Cause for Annoyance.** Bill Nye used to tell this story of a Frenchman who was visiting America. After opening his mail one morning he wore so gloomy an expression that his hostess asked him if he were ill.  
"No, no," he replied, sadly; "but I am dissatisfy. My father is dead!"

**Mischievous.**  
"Oh, I can't thread this needle, r r."  
Was little Susie's cry;  
"Just as the thread is going through.  
The needle winks it's eye."

**A Purely Vegetable Pill.**—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action. They cleanse and purify and have a most healthful effect upon the secretions of the digestive organs. The dyspeptic and all who suffer from liver and kidney ailments will find in these pills the most effective medicine in concentrated form that has yet been offered to the suffering.

## NO MORE WRINKLES

SCRANTON WOMAN MAKES RE-MARKABLE DISCOVERY THAT PROVES TO BE A GREAT AID TO BEAUTY

Broad Minded and Liberal, She Offers to Give Particulars to All Who Write. Absolutely Free.



Della Ellison, of Scranton, Pa., seems to be the woman whose name shall go down in history as the discoverer of the true secret of beauty. For centuries past, women have realized that wrinkles not only made them look much older than they were, but were also the destroyer of their beauty, and with ceaseless efforts they have sought to stay the hand of time, which robbed them of this most valuable charm.

Knowing that the homely woman with deep lines and furrows must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better looking sister, many resorted to annoying and even dangerous experiments trying to regain their former youthful appearance. This new discovery, however, will do away with all these rash measures, as the treatment is harmless and simple. It is said that, aside from banishing wrinkles in from one to three nights, it is a great aid to beauty, making the skin soft and velvety and beautifying the complexion. Many who have followed Miss Ellison's advice look from five to twenty years younger, and, judging by the number of replies she is receiving daily, people are not slow at taking advantage of her generous offer.

It comes as a surprise that the discovery should be made by a modest little woman in Scranton, when our large cities are full of beauty doctors and specialists who have sought in vain for a treatment that would turn back the clock of time and place the imprint of youth on the fast-fleeting footsteps of age, but far more surprising is the fact that she is to remain where she is. In speaking of the discovery she said: "Yes, I know there would be many advantages in my going to some of the larger cities, but I have made arrangements to give particulars of my treatment free to all who write me, so that the women in every city and town may have the benefits of my discovery."

This statement shows that she is both broad-minded and generous, and all who wish to banish their wrinkles and improve their complexion should write her at once. Her address is: DELLA ELLISON, 154 Burr Bldg., Scranton, Pa. Just state that you wish particulars of her discovery and she will send them in sealed envelope, free of charge.

## Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

### Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser.

Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

**FLEMING BROS., Chemists,**  
43 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

**FITS CURED** For proof that Fits can be cured write to Mr. Will. Stinson, 134 Tyndall Ave., Toronto for pamphlet giving full particulars, of simple home treatment. 20 years' success—over 1,000 testimonials in one year. Sole Proprietors—**TRENCH'S REMEDIES LTD., DUBLIN.**