

Exchange.
Sept. 1, 1910.
a reading the
your August
quite interesting.
of a post card
a, and would
y young West-
for cards. I
tion of cards,
Winnipeg. If it
I would like to
everal of your
"Bashful Kid,"
also "Hooligan,"
"Blue Eyes."

chelor.
Sept. 9, 1910.
paper yesterday
vidence column
ter, I was on
my steed and
o Govan. He
me-age, good
housework and
that somebody
read it twice,
ot believe that
and woman,"
at down again.
never been in
ough, possibly
ed in love; but
there was no
ter would stop.
lder than you,
little more ex-
lly for a man
et married and
y that there is
y do not marry
e you. "O. G.
appily put next
suit your case,
v. That shows
t admire where
are vain and
seem to include
does not seem
way. However,
roduce you to
seem to have
d I own that
r married life.
letters in the
When one
ines one can
ears of those
cynicisms and
enough to know
m in the latter
regards age. I
e a description
as I am not in
ay that I want
ularly. Suffice
sed the herring
avelled by land
en in four con-
table fighting in
e in the mat-
prefer someone
preferred, money
better; but I
till I had seen
no matter what
like sentiment
y, without love
I know it, for
oo long, and one
h a photo. I
ing myself than
." As for the
e pocket book,
giving her the
it's all bosh.
love flies out.
h business ideas,
en in a business
hers as well as
heads are better
etc.,
d as a Bach."

Sept. 14, 1910.
I have been a
and have been
but have never
e. I have never
ip to the West,
uch about it I
correspond with
le, or if anyone
st cards, please
be only too glad
Western Canada.
the Editor, and
I take pity on
"Lonesome."

In Lighter Vein.

Dolan's First Thousand Dollars.

When the millionaires of America numbered only a few hundred, certain newspapers and periodicals made their names and faces familiar by numerous illustrated articles "touchin' upon and appertainin' to" the question "How to Get Rich."

Thomas Dolan, the head of the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, was one of the few very rich men who could never be induced to tell the story of his life for the benefit of the climbers.

A newspaper man who had had the good fortune to render Mr. Dolan some slight service called on him one day and said that his paper wanted to learn from him how the millionaire had made his first thousand dollars.

"You want the truth, I suppose," said Mr. Dolan.

"Certainly."
"Well, I never had any first thousand dollars. I had \$350 and a reputation for 'making good.' My reputation made my \$350 look like \$3500 to another fellow and he trusted me. My first deal showed a profit of \$2000, so that my first thousand was really \$2350."

A Letter from Horace Greeley.

By Hayden Carruth.

I have been so unfortunate in the class of story-tellers I have met here and there; they have been, generally speaking, such a scurvy lot and have usually told tales so obviously exaggerated, and I have so often been obliged for financial reasons (though against my will) to write out and print their mendacities, that it was a genuine pleasure recently on a Fall River boat to encounter a minister of the gospel (this is what he said he was, at least), and to hear from him the following simple little narrative, which seems to carry upon its face the impress of truth.

Shortly following the Civil War (said he—he spoke in a quiet, earnest manner) I was in charge of a little church in Dutchess County, New York. My flock was small, and I found myself with much leisure; so I cast about for some avocation. I hit on poultry-raising. I knew little about this industry, so naturally I decided to seek advice. One day an inspiration came to me—I would write to Horace Greeley. My letter was short and consisted essentially of three or four questions concerning the best breeds, and so forth, for a person in my position to experiment with. I enclosed a stamped envelope for his reply.

Of course, the reputation of Greeley's handwriting was not unknown to me. His chirography was known—and feared—from Maine to California. But I dreaded it less than you might suppose. I had always rather flattered myself on my ability to read difficult handwriting; besides, I had unlimited time at my disposal. Further than this, there were many friends on whom I felt that I could rely for aid.

On the morning of the third day the postmaster handed out the letter I was looking for and I retired to a corner of the store, sat down, adjusted my glasses and opened the envelope. I found that the communication was not written on an office letter-head, but on an ordinary sheet of paper, without printing. It was the usual business size, about eight by ten inches, unruled; and the writing filled some half dozen short lines across the middle of the sheet. For a moment I regretted the rash step I had taken. The tangled jungle of hieroglyphics which faced me afforded no foothold for my terrified eye. Then my courage returned, and I determined at least to make a brave fight.

As usual, a vigorous effort met its just reward. Soon I caught words here and there, fitfully mangled and distorted, but still recognizable words.

Gradually parts of sentences began to reveal themselves. Soon only a few of the more knotted and snarled portions remained, and as I threw my whole strength into the work even these gradually thawed into known terms. But my troubles were only just beginning. What had he written to me? I had asked him about chicken-growing—here was not one word concerning poultry or anything akin. This is what I read:

New York, Sept. 8.

The war was a failure. I hoped to see Jeff Davis in the White House. A young man stands the best chance in Rhode Island. The Tribune is the poorest newspaper in New York.

Yours truly,
Horace Greeley.

My hands sank in my lap, and I gazed vacantly off into space. There was a strange ringing in my ears, and I could feel my heart beating like a steam engine. Then I held up the letter and read it again. It was the same as before. Again and again I read it, and each time it bore the same astounding message. At last I saw the explanation. I had lost my mind. I tested myself in every way, but could not discover that I did not have the full use of my faculties. I returned to the letter. I carried it to a good light and read it once more. It was still the same.

Again I was at sea. The hypothesis that I was insane was not tenable. I went down to the office of the local paper. To the editor I explained the circumstances of my writing to Mr. Greeley, and handed him the letter, asking him if he could read it. He spent some fifteen minutes over it, and then looked up in astonishment.

"But you say you wrote about chickens!" he exclaimed.

"True—chickens. Doesn't he reply concerning chickens?"

"Chickens—great Caesar! Pretty nearly everything else except chickens. This is the way I read it"—and he went ahead and rendered it precisely as I had done.

"That's the way I read it, too," I said as he finished. "What's your explanation?"

"Explanation! What's my explanation of the canals of Mars? Don't ask me to explain it. You ought to see Jim Towsley."

Towsley was the Congressman from our district, a life-long friend of Greeley.

The next day I drove to Poughkeepsie, where Towsley lived. I found him, and again briefly related the particulars of my writing to Greeley and gave him the letter.

"I can usually pry it out," said Towsley, and he settled back in his chair and went at it. I watched his face closely. A look of deep study gradually ran into wonderment and on through surprise, astonishment, hopeless dumbfoundness to blank helplessness.

Then he looked at me and said:

"Have you read it?"

"Yes, but I think I made some mistakes. I couldn't just make it sound like Greeley. What do you find it says?"

Towsley took up the letter and read it slowly and carefully just as I had read it.

"I seem to have got it right after all," I said. "It leaves me where I was on chicken-growing."

"Chicken nothing! Do you know what the trouble is? Horace Greeley has gone hopelessly crazy."

"I can't see how that can be," I replied. "I saw the Tribune yesterday and to-day and read some editorials unmistakably his which were about as sane as anything I ever tackled."

"That's so—you're right. He has lucid intervals."

"I wish my letter had caught him in one."

"It caught him just exactly half way between two of them," Towsley paused and became thoughtful. Then he went

If You Want to be Sure of Quality
Buy

NA-DRU-CO

Medicinal and Toilet Preparations

You certainly take no chances when you buy any toilet article or medicinal preparation which bears the name NA-DRU-CO and this trade mark.

As soon as you see "NA-DRU-CO" you can be absolutely certain that the article is the very best.

The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, has spent thousands of dollars in perfecting this line of over 125 NA-DRU-CO preparations.

The formulæ are the best known to medical science.

The purity and strength of the ingredients are assured by rigid tests. The compounding is done by expert chemists, who are thoroughly qualified for a work so vital to your health.

Knowing that everything has been done to make them right, we guarantee, positively and unreservedly, each and every NA-DRU-CO preparation. If you find any one unsatisfactory we want you to return it to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will refund your money.

Ask your physician or druggist all about the NA-DRU-CO line. They are men of standing in your community, worthy of your confidence, and in position to tell you, for we will furnish to any member of either profession, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO preparation.

NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets

Cure sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspepsia.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Stop a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

NA-DRU-CO Talcum Powder

3 kinds—Violet—Rose—Flesh Color. Gems of refreshment and refinement.

NA-DRU-CO Laxatives

Act without any discomfort. Increased doses not needed.

NA-DRU-CO Baby Tablets

Relieve Baby's ills. Especially valuable during teething.

NA-DRU-CO Tooth Paste

Cleanses throughout—prevents decay—makes the teeth beautifully white.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:

Halifax—St. John—Montreal—Ottawa—Kingston—Toronto—Hamilton—London—Winnipeg—Regina—Calgary—Nelson—Vancouver—Victoria.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

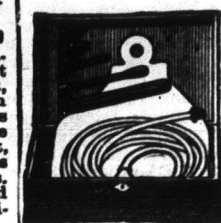


I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—your, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or White Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Uterus, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Discharges and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 14, 56 WINDSOR, Ont.



GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 15 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati.



If it's made of
RUBBER

We Have It.
Write us and mention your wants.
INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.
Box 1008, Montreal.