

2 in 1 Shoe Polish

Black, Tan and White

"2 in 1" instantly cleans and polishes. Preserves, alike the daintiest kid and the roughest leather. Particular people give nothing but praise.

"2 in 1" has no substitute. Millions use it. Refuse all imitations.

Black and tan in 10c. and 25c. tins. White 15c. glass

Burdock's BLOOD BITTERS

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.



Rest for Mother— Pleasure for the Children

It is not always that pleasure and profit can be combined.

The New Century Washer affords the children an opportunity of rendering effective help—and at the same time delight themselves. Ball-bearings and strong spiral springs reduce to a minimum all the work usually necessary. Five to six minutes does a tubful. If your hardware dealer does not carry them, write us for booklet. Sold by most dealers at \$2.50.

THE DOWSWELL MFG CO. LTD., HAMILTON, CAN.

Story Pictures For the Children

Send 50 CENTS for a set of seven Story Pictures, beautifully printed and mounted. The little ones will spend happy hours weaving their childish fancies into stories of their own.

For 10 cents we will send one sample picture.

JUDGE COMPANY,
225 Fourth Ave. New York City

In Lighter vein.

The Average Man.

The average man is the man of the mill. The man of the valley, or man of the hill. The man at the throttle, the man at the plow.

The man with the sweat of his toil on his brow, who brings into being the dreams of the few, who works for himself, and for me, and for you.

There is not a purpose, a project or plan. But rests on the strength of the average man.

The growth of a city, the might of a land, depend on the fruit of the toll of his hand.

The road, or the wall, or the mill, or the mart. Call daily to him that he furnish his part.

The pride of the great and the hope of the low. The toll of the tide as it ebbs to and fro.

The reach of the rails and the country they span. Tell what is the trust in the average man.

The man who, perchance, thinks he labors alone. The man who stands out between hovel and throne.

The man who gives freely his brain and his brawn. Is the man that the world has been bulled upon.

The clang of the hammer, the sweep of the saw. The flash of the forge—they have strengthened the law.

They have rebuilt the realms that the wars overran. They have shown us the worth of the average man.

So here's to the average man—to the one who has labored unknown on the tasks he has done.

Who has met as they came all the problems of life. Who has helped us to win in the stress and the strife.

He has bent to his toll, thinking neither of fame nor of tribute, nor honor, nor prize, nor acclaim.

In the forefront of progress, since progress began—Here's a health and a hail to the average man!

National Reputation.

A certain pompous individual from this state was strutting about the Capitol at Washington. A Western senator asked Senator Hoar:

"Who is that person?"

"That," responded Hoar, "is Gen. B. of my state."

"Does he cut as wide a swath in Massachusetts as he does in Washington?"

"No," said Senator Hoar, with a merry twinkle; "no, Gen. B.'s reputation is purely national."

Not Exactly Ill.

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief. "What is the matter?" inquired the princess, who is very fond of children. "Is he ill?" "Well, ma'am," said the comfortable old lady, "he isn't hexactly ill; but no stomach can't stand nine buns!"

Modest Preacher.

A friend of the late Bishop Huntington was spending a Sunday in Edinburgh, and followed the crowd to the church of a celebrated preacher.

At the close of the service he said to the clergyman:

"That was a remarkably fine sermon."

The minister, puffed up with pride, said, "Thank you, thank you."

"But," said the Boston man, "I have heard it before; it is one of Bishop Huntington's sermons."

"Ah, yes, I dare say, to be sure; but Huntington could never have gotten it off as I did."

For consistent and unblushing plagiarism this beats the record.

A Bargain.

Thomas W. Lawson, in "Everybody's Magazine," illustrates the gullibility of the public in accepting worthless stocks.

"It reminds me of Washington White and his watch," he says.

"Washington is a Boston colored man. A friend met him in an elevated train, where Washington was rocking back and forth like a man who has trouble in his midst."

"How do, Washington?" said the friend.

"How do, Calhoun?" returned Washington, continuing his rocking.

"You ain't sick, be you?"

"No, indeed, Calhoun, I ain't enjoyin' no bad health."

"Then why in the name o' common sense is you cavortin' back and forth dat way?"

"Not for a single beat did Washington check his regular oscillation as he answered:

"Calhoun, you know Jerome McWade? Well, he done so'd me a silver watch for three dollars, an' if I stops movin' like dis yere, de watch won't go no more."

Sprung From Nobody.

Have ye anny ancisters, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"An' what's ancisters?"

"Why people you shprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly, impressively, "I come from the rale stock of Donahues, thot shprung from nobody. They shpring at thim!"

A Child's Good Reason.

A child of the tenements was delightfully telling a friend in the College Settlement about her new teacher.

"She's a perfect lady, that's what she is," said the child.

"Huh! How do you know she's a perfect lady?" questioned her friend.

"You've known her only two days."

"It's easy enough telling," was the indignant answer. "I know she's a perfect lady because she makes me feel polite all the time."

Simple Larceny.

The colored physician not having been able to locate the malady and check it, a white physician—as called. After looking at the patient a short while, the white physician inquired—

"Did Dr. Jones take your temperature?"

And the old colored auntie answered, "Ah don't know, sah; Ah ain't missed nothin' 'cept mah watch."

A Man To Be Trusted.

He had called, says "Tit-Bits," at a house in the suburbs on business, and as he arose to go he said:

"I believe you were in the lake district last summer?"

"Yes."

"Go fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"One little perch."

"Ha, ha, ha! That's what I expected. Well, good night."

When the caller had gone the wife said, indignantly:

"Richard, how can you sit there and tell stories in that bold way? You know we caught over twenty fish weighing five pounds apiece; and that big jack weighed eleven pounds."

"My dear wife," returned the husband, soothingly, "you don't know human nature. That man is now willing to take my word for \$2,000. If I had told him of those fish he would have gone away believing me to be the biggest fibber in the country."

More Than His Share.

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feelings had been offered up.

"Why Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Aye, Martha; but does thee regard me with that feeling that the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth; I have greatly feared that my heart was an erring one. I have tried to bestow my love on all; but I have sometimes thought, perhaps, that thee was getting rather more than thy share."

A Brave Man.

Mrs. Emma E. Porter, of Marysville, sister of Congressman Calderhead, tells this story:

Evelyn is the little daughter of a Marshall County family. She is very cowardly. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said, at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, of course not, Evelyn."

"When you see a dog ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!" with emphasis.

"When you see a bumblebee ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?"

"No!" with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly, child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn, solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?"

Chew PAY ROLL Plug Tobacco

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