

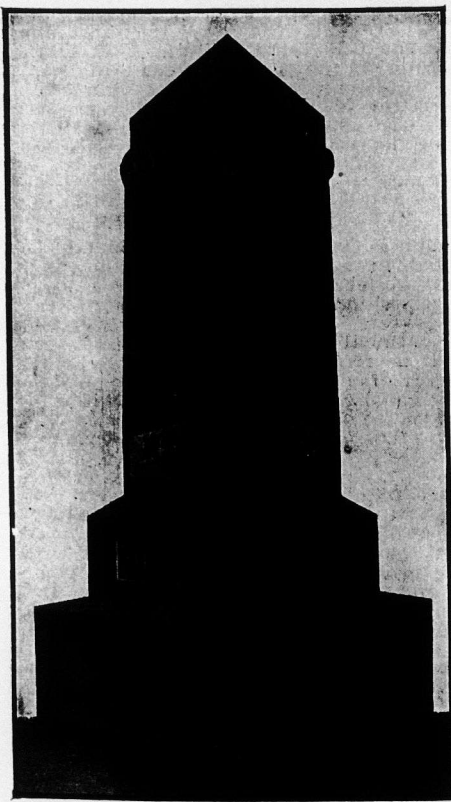
THAT NASTY TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH MEANS INDIGESTION

That nasty taste in your mouth, with the dull, run-down feeling which accompanies it, the loss of appetite, loss of strength, loss of interest in life, means that your stomach is out of order and must be put right, or worse will follow. Mother Seigel's Syrup strengthens stomach, liver, and bowels, restores them to natural action, and so makes an end of all digestive disorders. Here is an example:—"I suffered terribly with my stomach, and could find no benefit from the many remedies I tried. But Mother Seigel's Syrup gave me immediate relief, and now I am completely cured."—From Mme. Lagambe, Hanmer, Ont.

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SOMERVILLE Steam Marble and Granite Works ROSSER AVE., BRANDON



ABERDEEN to BRANDON

A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

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DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES
with cross handles carried in stock.
Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00
per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Waiter (who has just served up some soup): "Looks uncommonly like rain, sir?"

Diner—"Yes, by Jove! and tastes like it, too. Bring me some thick soup."

Model—"Have you heard poor old Greene has had his studio burned down and all his pictures destroyed by fire? Such a nice fellow, too."

Artist—"Yes, his art is in the right place, I must say."

Bagley—"All of Mrs. Howe's children call her the 'mater.' Isn't it nice to see such affection?"

Bailey—"That isn't affection. She succeeded in marrying off six daughters in six years, and they call her the 'mater' because they think she has fairly earned the title."

A Scottish preacher, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, suddenly stopped and exclaimed:

"Brethren, it's nae fair; gie a mon half a chance. Wait till I get along, an then if I'm nae worth listening to, gang to sleep, but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance!"

A woman suffrage lecturer recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply: 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

"Yes, he had some trouble with his eyes," said the celebrated oculist. "Every time he started to read he would read double."

"Poor fellow!" remarked the sympathetic person. "I suppose that interfered with his holding a good position?"

"Not at all. The gas company gobbled him up and gave him a lucrative job reading gas-meters."

Senior Partner—"That new lady shorthand clerk who types your letters spells ridiculously."

Junior Partner—"Does she? Well, if she does it's about the only word she can spell, so far as my observation goes."

She had just been stating her reasons for refusing his hand.

"I hope," she said, "that I have made myself perfectly plain."

"No, I cannot say that you have," he replied. "I—I think Nature had something to do with it."

Then he made his exit.

"Professor," said Mrs. Gaswell to the distinguished musician who had been engaged at a high price to entertain her guests, "what was that lovely selection you played just now?"

"That madam," he answered, glancing at her, "was an improvisation."

"Ah, yes, I remember now. I knew it was an old favorite, but I couldn't think of the name of it to save me."

Vicar—"Well, Mary, I was very surprised to see John walk out in the middle of the sermon yesterday."

Mary—"Ah, sir, I do hope you'll excuse my poor husband. 'E's a terrible one for walkin' in 'is sleep."

"Talk about animals having no intelligence!" exclaimed an assertive member of a club. "My dog Rover cannot speak, I admit, but he has as much sense as I have."

"Very likely," admitted a listener, "but that doesn't prove that the animal is intelligent!"

More to the Point—"My voice is still for war," shouted the impassioned orator.

"How about the rest of you?" yelled a sarcastic bystander.

"Don't you think," said the young man, "that literature is in a state of decline?"

"Unquestionably," replied the other. "It's in a chronic state of decline—without thanks."

Great Strides—"His success in a financial way has been something marvellous."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir. I've often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was a sovereign or two, and last week he failed for ten thousand."

Dumley—"I read in the financial papers this morning that 'money is easier' now. What on earth does that mean?"

Popley—"Probably it means that it goes easier. At any rate, I don't find that it comes any easier."

Gentleman (indignantly) — "You praised your kitchen coal up to the skies, and said it was most economical. Why, it won't burn at all!"

Coal Dealer (coolly)—"Well, what could you have more economical than that?"

Her Mother—"I should rather you would not go sailing with that young man, Clara; I don't believe he knows a thing about a sail-boat."

Clara—"Oh, but he does, mamma; he showed me a letter of recommendation from a city firm he used to work for, and they speak very highly of his salesmanship."

Pusher—"Gusher is not very happy in his choice of adjectives."

Usher—"Why so?"

"Miss Gums fished for a compliment by asking him what he thought of her slippers."

"And what did he say?"

"He said they were immense."

Evelyn—"You've been courting me now for a number of years, George, and I want to make a little Leap Year proposal."

George—"I—I am not in a position to m—marry just yet, but—"

Evelyn (interrupting)—"Who said anything about marriage? I was going to propose that you stay away from here and give somebody else a chance."

Railway Director—"We have divided up the work so that each of the directors has a fair share to do. Higgins is secretary, I am treasurer, and Spriggs is—"

Griggs—"Why, Spriggs is so deaf that he can't hear thunder. What does he do?"

Railway Director—"Oh, all the complaints are referred to him."

The teacher of a certain school received the following note explaining the absence of one of her pupils the day before:

"Plese excooze Henny for absents yesterday. Him an' me got a chance to ride to a funeral in a charrige, an I let him stay home, as he had never rode in a charrige an' never went to a funeral, nor had any other pleasures. So please excooze."

Trial Proves Its Excellence.—The best testimonial one can have of the virtue of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of bodily pains, coughs, colds and affections of the respiratory organs, is a trial of it. If not found the sovereign remedy it is reputed to be, then it may be rejected as useless, and all that has been said in its praise as untruthful.

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptive's grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

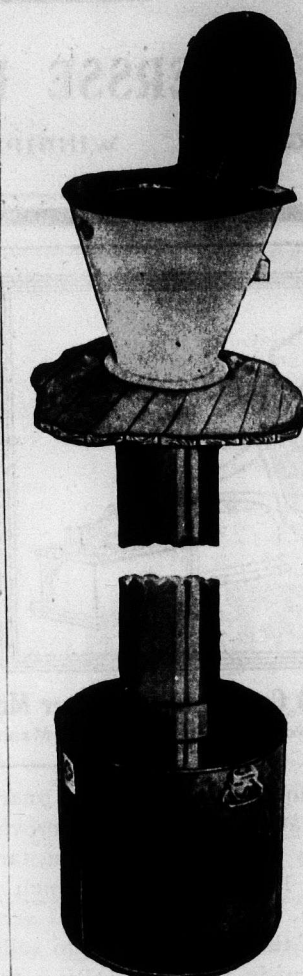
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet



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"Killarney"
"Melita"
"Wolseley"
"McGregor"
and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposits.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

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