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Had Heart Trouble and Shortness
of Breath for Six Years.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

cured Mrs. K. E. Bright, Burnley, Ont. She writes: "I was greatly troubled, for six years, with my heart and shortness of breath. I could not walk eighty rods without resting four or five times in that short distance. I got so weak and thin I only weighed seventy-three pounds. I decided at last to take some of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking eight boxes I gained in strength and weight, and now weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, the most I ever weighed in my life. I feel well and can work as well as ever I did, and can heartily thank Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for it all."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Quickly Cured at Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial
Package Mailed Free to all in
Plain Wrapper.

Piles is a fearful disease, but easy to cure if you go right at it.

An operation with the knife is dangerous, cruel, humiliating and unnecessary.

There is just one other sure way to be cured—painless, safe and in the privacy of your own home—it is Pyramid Pile Cure.

We mail a trial package free to all who write.

It will give you instant relief, show you the harmless, painless nature of this great remedy and start you well on the way toward a perfect cure.

Then you can get a full-sized box from any druggist for 50 cents, and often one box cures.

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No knife and its torture. No doctor and his bills. All druggists, 50 cents. Write to-day for a free package.



We show here the slickest little practical camera that was ever gotten out. It will take pictures 1-8 by 1-8, regular ping pong size. We send with it a complete outfit, consisting of 1 package plates, 1 package developer, 1 package hypo, 1 package sensitized paper, 1 package card mounts, 1 sheet of ruby paper and full directions telling just how to operate it to make good pictures. Every boy and girl will interest them more. You can take pictures of landscapes, buildings, animals or your friends. The camera is solid, durable, and neat and covered with imitation leather. Parents should get one for the children as it will instruct as well as amuse them. It takes small pictures, but it takes them well. Price of camera and outfit by mail 35 cents post paid. Address—

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MUSIC LESSONS FREE at Your Home. Write to-day for our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument; Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Address American School of Music, 214 Clark St., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

A man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying: "See here, son. I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you a half dollar if you direct me to it."

With a grin the boy replied: "All right, come along." And he led the man to a building half a block away. The man duly paid the promised fee, remarking, "That was half a dollar easily earned, son."

"Sure!" responded the lad, "but you mustn't forget that bank directors is paid high in Noo-Yawk."

Two working men were discussing serious subjects. Said the younger, "I say, Bill, what are these 'ere joint-stock companies?" "Well, I'll explain it to yer. You and Jim and 'arf-a-dozen more of our mates puts a penny each and buys two ounces of 'bacca and a clay. Then I calls myself the managing director, and I sits down and smokes that pipe and that 'bacca."

"Oh, yes; but where do we come in?" "Oh, yer're only the shareholders—you looks on and spits."

"Patrick, did you steal Widow Maloney's pig, and if so what did you do with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, your Honor."

"Well, now, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with Widow Maloney and her pig on Judgment Day," said the judge, "what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your Honor?" asked Pat.

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.'"

A proud father was helping his children with a little parlor play at home in whose plot courtships and weddings played a leading part. During the progress of the play he went behind the scenes, where he found his youngest offspring sitting quietly in a corner.

"Why, Marie," asked he, "have you been left out of the play? Why aren't you on with the others?"

"I'm not left out," indignantly denied Marie. "I'm the baby waitin' to be born!"

An old gentleman on board one of the numerous steamers which ply between Holyhead and the Irish coast missed his handkerchief, and accused a soldier standing by his side of stealing it, which the soldier, an Irishman, denied.

Some few minutes afterward the gentleman found the missing article in his hat; he was then most profuse in his apologies to the soldier.

"Not another wurd," said Pat; "it was a mistake on both sides—ye took me for a thafe, and I took ye for a gentleman."

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend Mr. Stone, and at once inquired jocosely:

"Hello, Stone, how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Fine," said Mr. Stone, "all well, thank you," and then with a twinkle in his eye: "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

One day an Irishman was seated in the waiting-room of a station with an odorous pipe in his mouth. One of the attendants called his attention to the sign: "No smoking."

"Well," said Pat, "I'm not a-smokin'."

"But you have a pipe in your mouth."

"Shure, an' I've shoes on me feet an' I'm not walkin'."

They were on their honeymoon. He had bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tones:

"Let go the sheet."

No response.

Then again:

"Let go that sheet, quick."

Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clin'g to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

The Rev. Mr. Goodman (inspecting himself in mirror)—"Caroline, I don't really believe I ought to wear this wig. It looks like a living lie."

"Bless your heart, Avery," said his better half, "don't let that trouble you. That wig will never fool anybody for one moment."

Muldoon—"I want to ask you a question."

McCaffrey—"All right, ask away."

Muldoon—"I'm thinking of getting married agin. Now you have been married three times to my knowledge; tell me which wife you liked the most?"

McCaffrey—"You bite three lemons, one after another, and then tell me which is the sweetest."

"Going to send your boy on an ocean trip, are you?" said a friend to a father.

"Yes," replied the father. "You see, if there is anything in him I think a long sea voyage will bring it out."

An old Scotch fisherman was visited during his last illness by a clergyman, who wore a close-fitting clerical waistcoat, which buttoned behind. The

Clergyman asked the old man if his mind was perfectly at ease. "Oo, ay, I'm a' right; but there's just ae thing that troubles me, and I dinna like to speak o't."

"I am anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what perplexes you."

"Well, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westkit."

A teacher in one of the country schools had a class of young children in mathematics before her. The examples were in addition and she propounded this question: "Now, children, if I lay four eggs on the desk, and Sam, pointing to a freckle-faced boy at the head of the class, 'should lay three, how many would there be?'"

The bad boy, who was at the foot of the class, had been listening intently, and shouted out, "Go on, Sam, take her up. She can't do it!"

A young man and an adorable young lady meet. He speaks:

"Girl, you do not love me! You never will love me! I am going to kill myself immediately."

"And how are you going to do it, pray?"

"I shall shoot myself."

"Then, if you will be so kind, will you buy the revolver of James? James is my fiancé and I am greatly interested in his business."

The editor of a little Western paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers with a column of short pertinent comments on their town, their habits and themselves. The department on account of its intimate personal flavor was the most popular thing in the paper.

The editor, as he saw it growing in favor, gradually allowed himself a wider and wider latitude in his remarks, until the town passed much of its time conjecturing "what he'd dast to say next."

On a hot day, when a simoon whistled gaily up the streets of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of sand, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the windows along Main Street need washing badly."

The next morning he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens who confronted him with the paragraph in question, fresh from the hands of the compositor, and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified glance he admitted that he had.

He now read:

"All the widows along Main Street need washing badly."

Harry Laughlin, the billiard expert, told at an exhibition game in Toledo a billiard story.

"Once, when I had my own parlor in Columbus," he said, "I was a good deal disturbed by the loss of chalk. Chalk disappeared at a tremendous rate, and I said to my helper:

"Keep a better eye on the chalk, Jim. I'm no millionaire."

"I know the gents wot pockets the chalk, Mr. Laughlin," Jim said; "but they're reg'lar customers. I guess you wouldn't want me to offend 'em, would you?"

"Well, no," said I, "I wouldn't. You might give them a gentle hint, though. Use your diplomacy."

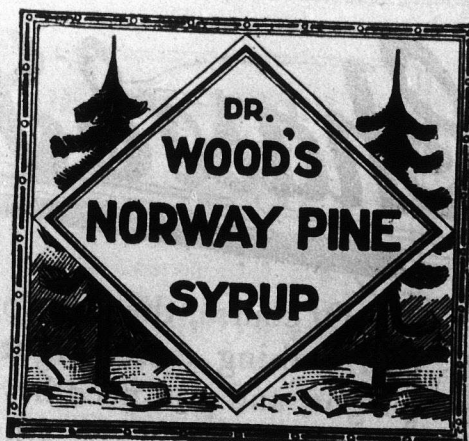
"Jim, I found out later, used his diplomacy that night. He walked up to one of my best patrons that had just pocketed a piece of chalk, and he said:

"You're in the milk business, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes, why?" the patron asked.

"I thought so," said Jim, "from the amount of chalk you carry away. The boss likes enterprise, and he told me to tell you that if you wanted a bucket of water now and then you could have one and welcome."

A Thorough Pill.—To clear the stomach and bowels of impurities and irritants is necessary when their action is irregular. The pills that will do this work thoroughly are Parlee's Vegetable Pills, which are mild in action but mighty in results. They purge painlessly and effectively, and work a permanent cure. They can be used without fear by the most delicately constituted, as there are no painful effects preceding their gentle operation.



Combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, PAIN or TIGHTNESS in the CHEST,

and all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

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Ball Bearing, Triple Action
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Agents

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