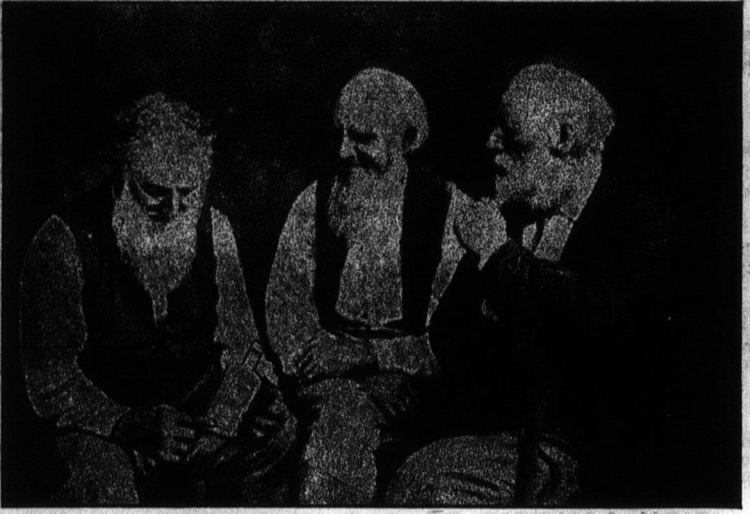


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Night

A Business Precaution.

A caller at the boarding-house of Mrs. Irons was surprised to see a fine greyhound basking in the sun outside the kitchen door. "I didn't know you had a dog," she said. "He's a beautiful animal. How long have you had him?"

"Two or three years."
 "How does it happen I have never seen him in passing along here?"

"We don't allow him to leave the back yard," replied Mrs. Irons, with emphasis. "What kind of an advertisement would it be for a boarding-house to have a creature as lean as that dog is standing round in front of it?"

Fair Warning.

This is the admonition which appears in the window of a cheap restaurant: "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else."

Ten Times Seven.

Some modern philosopher has given in these eleven lines the summary of life:

7 years in childhood's sport and play	7
7 years in school from day to day	14
7 years at trade or college life..	21
7 years to find a place and wife.	28
7 years to building upward given	35
7 years to business hardly driven	42
7 years for some wild-goose chase	49
7 years for wealth and bootless race	56
7 years for hoarding for your heir	63
7 years in weakness, pain and care	70
Then die and go—you should know where.	

He really was looking for one.

Everybody knows how curious the average pedestrian is and how easy it is to collect a crowd. Going home up Regent street a few evenings ago, our friend Dan McCord suddenly stopped, and lighting a match, began searching carefully on the edge of the pavement. He soon had half-a-dozen people round him, one of whom asked:

"What are you looking for?"
 "A sovereign," replied Mac, curtly. Thereupon the questioner pulled out a lot of matches, lighted one and assisted in the search, an example which was quickly followed by two or three others, while the crowd rapidly increased.

"Whereabouts did you lose the pound?" again asked the first speaker.

"I didn't lose it—I'm only looking for one; it's so long since I possessed one," was Mac's stolid reply, and then the crowd melted more quickly than it had gathered.

A Smart Clerk.

In a dry goods store, noted for its severe rules and discipline, a lady asked to see some dresses. The manager politely bowed her to a chair, calling a clerk to serve. Piece after piece was displayed before her, but the lady evinced no desire to purchase. In vain did the young man expatiate upon the richness of the materials and the splendor of their colorings, the wonderful value and doubtless wear, but all to no purpose. With many expressions of regret for the trouble given, and a request for patterns to show her husband, she was about to depart. Seeing the gravity of his position, which meant the displeasure of his employer and possible discharge for failing to sell, he addressed the lady thus:

"Madam, before you leave allow me to give one word of caution. You observe that man walking up and down the store, unfortunately he is slightly deranged, and probably as you pass out he will attempt to speak to you. Don't be alarmed, but if you would avoid a scene get out of the store as quickly as possible."

Thanking him in a whisper she departed at once. The dreaded one approached her:

"Madam, have you been served?"
 With her eyes fixed on the floor,

she endeavored to avoid him. Again he added:

"Madam, I hope you have what you require?" but with a frantic rush she made for the exit, feeling much relieved at her escape from the imaginary madman.

Returning, the manager inquired who the lady was. The salesman was of the opinion she was a lunatic at large. "Indeed," said the manager, "I thought so, too," and with a smile on his face he left the salesman who congratulated himself upon having outwitted both.

Making a Raise.

There's a certain business man in Chicago who is as cranky as he can well be and is at the same time very careless in his business affairs. But he is very rich and has a big establishment, and not an employee likes him. About a year ago one of his clerks, getting \$1,000 a year, approached him on the subject of an increase in salary. The old man got hot in a minute.

"How much are you getting now?"
 The clerk was about to tell him when a happy thought struck him.

"Two thousand a year," he replied firmly.

"Um-um," he said, "you are a good clerk and I'll see what can be done for you."

Then he dismissed the clerk and called in the manager.

"Make Jones' salary \$1,800 a year," he said.

The manager was about to offer an explanation.

"Do as I tell you," said the old man. "I'll teach the young upstart to come in here dictating to me how much money to pay my people."

By this time the manager had comprehended the situation, and he forthwith put Jones on the \$1,800 list, and six months later, when the old man found he had been worked, he called Jones in and told him he would restore him to the \$2,000 list, and Jones was shrewd enough to take the twinkle in the old man's eye in good faith and say nothing.—Detroit Free Press.

Clever Conundrums.

How would you increase the speed of a slow boat?

Make her fast.

What burns to keep a secret?
 Sealing-wax.

What sort of a tune do you most enjoy?

A for-tune made up of bank-notes.

Why is a worn out shoe like ancient Greece?

Because it once had a sole on (Solon).

What is a button?

A small event that is always coming off.

When does a cherry fail in business?

When the red-breast sends in its robin-bill.

Why is a professional thief comfortable?

Because he takes things easy.

An Interpretation.

A doctor visiting a small country town, went over the local museum. After admiring one or two of the exhibits, the curator, who was an old man, said:—

"Ah, but we've got a chair here that belonged to Louis Cross-Eye."

"Oh," said the doctor, "who was he?"

"Don't you know, sir? Why, he was one of the Kings of France."

"King of France? Louis Cross-Eye? There must be some mistake. Show me the chair."

The old man promptly complied, and pointed with conscious pride to a ticket inscribed:—

"Once the property of Louis XI."