

Was Weak and Run Down

WOULD VERY OFTEN
FAINT AWAY

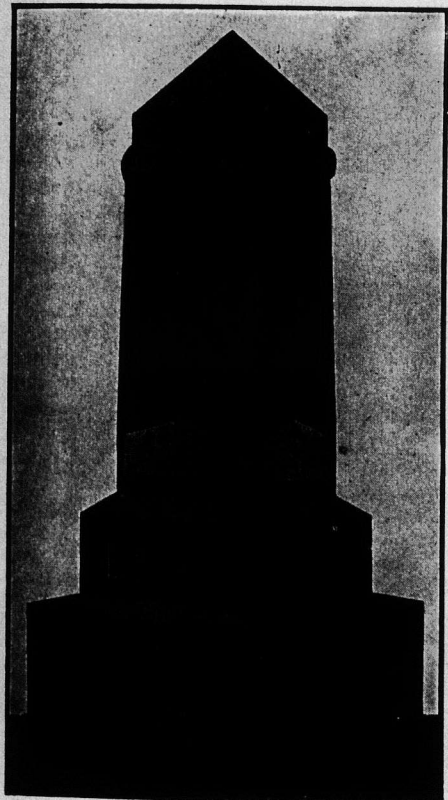
Mrs. J. H. Armstrong, Port Elmsley,
Ont., tells of her experience with

**MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE
PILLS.**

She writes: "It is with gratitude I
tell how your Heart and Nerve Pills
benefitted me.

"I was very weak and run down, had
headaches nearly every day and very
often would faint away, in fact, my
doctor said that sometime I would never
come out of the faint. It was through
one of your travelling agents that I was
induced to try Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills and after taking three boxes
I am glad to relate it has been a number
of years since I had a fainting spell and
scarcely ever have a headache. Too
much cannot be said in praise of Mil-
burn's Heart and Nerve Pills, for in me
they have effected a perfect cure."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for
\$1.25, at all dealers, or The T. Milburn
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Selling price 50c. each. Waxed Thread 10c.
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Toronto, Wholesale Agents.**

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Brother—"That young man you're
engaged to is a bad egg." Sister—
"That's the reason I'm afraid to drop
him."

"You reckon these fault-finding
brethren go to Heaven?" "Some of
'em will have to. The other place is
too full of 'em."

Weary mother—"Oh, Jack, if you
only knew how tired I get of saying
'Don't' all day long." Jack (sadly)
—"Well, muvver, just think what it
must be for me."

"The average woman," said Grum-
bell, "has but one idea, and that's
dress." "Huh!" snorted Marryat,
"my wife usually has at least a dozen
ideas, and they're dresses."

She—"I see an average man needs
one thousand six hundred pounds
weight of food yearly." He—"Yes;
but he doesn't want it in one batch of
biscuits, dear."

Jones—"I'm sure that Wilson is a
very honest man." Brown—"How do
you know that?" Jones—"Because he
always carries such a very shabby um-
brella."

Aunt—"Willie, an angel brought
your mamma such a nice new brother
for you last night. Wouldn't you like
to see the dear little baby?" Willie—
"No; but I'd like to see the angel."

"What did that small boy say when
you told him he might grow up to be
President of the United States?" said
one school trustee. "It didn't seem
to impress him," answered the other.

Courageous Pedestrian—"Officer, I
protest against that man's arrest.
What was his offence?" The Cop—
"Aw, he was drivin' his auto at only
twenty miles an hour an' delayin' the
machines behind him."

"See here!" cried the boy's father,
"If you don't behave I'll whip you."
"I wisht you would," replied the bad
boy. "You do, eh?" "Yes; 'cause
when it's all over ma will gimme some
candy."

Mrs. Bacon—"I see that nearly one-
half of the fishes caught in the Indian
Ocean belong to a species not here-
tofore described in any book." Mrs.
Egbert—"That must be where my
husband goes fishing!"

Little Jack was discovered one day
vigorously applying machine oil to
the cat's mouth. "What are you do-
ing that for?" inquired his mother.
"So she won't squeak so when I pull
her tail," explained Jack.

"I declare it is hard," sulked the
dough. "Here I can't get the least
bit of a rise for myself without being
worked." "Look at me," sadly re-
plied the egg. "Ain't I always get-
ting whipped for other people's de-
serts?"

"Hello! Is this the weather
bureau?" "Yes." "Will you please
tell me what you think about the
weather?" "Sorry, miss; but we're
not allowed to say what we think
about the weather over the tele-
phone!"

"Little boy," said the good man,
bending down and deftly extracting
the cigarette from the child's mouth.
"do you know that this thing was
fashioned by the devil?" "Gwan, yer
big stiff! I seen a Turk makin' it in
a winder round dat corner."

Tess—"I think Miss Passay expects
to be married pretty soon." Jess—
"Oh! impossible!" Tess—"Fact. She
tells me there's a simple-minded
young fellow calling at their house
now who is under financial obliga-
tions to her father."

Blinks: "I never could remember the
flag signals of the Weather Bureau.
Now, what's the color of the flag that
means wind?"
Spinks: "Blew, I guess."

Magistrate—"Have I not seen you
twice under the influence of liquor?"
Prisoner—"Well, judge, if you was
under its influence mebbe you did see
me twice."

Justice (sternly)—"You are charged
with stealing nine of Col. Henry's
hens last night. Have you any wit-
nesses?" Brother Swagback (apolo-
getically)—"Nussah. I s'pecks I's
sawtuh peculiar dat-uh-way, but it
ain't never been mur custom to take
witnesses along when I goes out
chicken steelin' sah."

"I'd give my life for you!" he
cried.
By her rare witchery lured.
"How sweet!" she said. "And if
you do,
"I hope it's well insured!"

The Spider: Good morning; step
into my parlor.
The Fly: Step into your parlor!
I guess you mean your dining-room,
don't you? No, thank you.

The grocer was awaiting the ar-
rival of the next customer when she
appeared in the person of a small girl.
"Well, my dear?" said the trades-
man, interrogatively.
"An egg's worth of tea, please,"
demanded the maiden, briskly, put-
ting an egg upon the counter, "an'
mother says please weigh out an egg's
worth of butter, 'cos the old black
hen is a cluckin', and I'll be back
again in a minute."

An enterprising gentleman of the
breezy West, who superintends the
"railroad eating house" in his town,
has recently hung out a sign that fur-
nishes considerable amusement to
those who pass by. It reads: "Pies
like mother used to make, 5 cents;
pies like mother used to try to make,
10 cents."

During the Civil war Pat was in a
regiment that was in the thick of a
fight, and was seen throwing away his
gun and running to the rear. After the
battle his comrade said, jeeringly,
"Pat, why did you run away?" "Sure,
faith," was the prompt response, "be-
cause oi couldn't fly."

"Yes," said the old Indiana trapper.
"we kill a painter now 'an then, but
they're gettin' scarce."

"Well, I wouldn't worry," respond-
ed the tourist. "When they're all
gone you can begin on the authors. I
understand they're plentiful enough."

"Hello!" said the observant man.
"you seem unusually happy this morn-
ing."
"Yes," replied the optimist, "I'm
going to have a good job. I have
just answered an advertisement that
offered a canvasser's outfit for only
\$1, with which I'll be able to earn at
least \$50 a week."

"Ever troubled with absent-minded-
ness?" asked the visiting alumnus.
"Well, rather," said the professor. "I
tried to think of the name of one of
my most intimate friends just now and
couldn't to save my life. I wanted
to introduce him to a lady." "I saw
you," said the alumnus. "The lady
was his wife."

A thoughtful hostess gave a child-
ren's party, and decided it would be
healthier to serve only mineral waters.
One little girl tasted her carbonic
water and laid the glass down.
"What's the matter, dear? Don't
you liked charged water?"
"No, ma'am. Please may I have
some water that you've paid for!"

A Grand Cure

FOR
SUMMER COMPLAINT
AND CRAMPS
IS

**DR. FOWLER'S
EXTRACT OF**

WILD STRAWBERRY

It is nature's specific for Diarrhoea,
Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the
Stomach, Cholera Morbus, Cholera In-
fantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Com-
plaint, etc.

Rapid and reliable in its action.

Its effects are marvellous, and it is
pleasant and harmless to take.

It has been a household remedy for
sixty-two years.

Refuse substitutes. They are danger-
ous.

Mrs. Wm. Flewelling, Arthur, Ont.,
writes: "I find it much pleasure to
recommend Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF
WILD STRAWBERRY as a grand cure for
Summer Complaint. My little boy, one
year old, was very bad with it, and a few
doses cured him. I also used it on my
other six children for cramps and still
have half the bottle left. I cannot praise
it too much."

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WEIGHT,
STRENGTH**

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