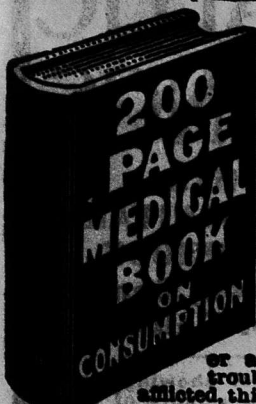


Consumption Book

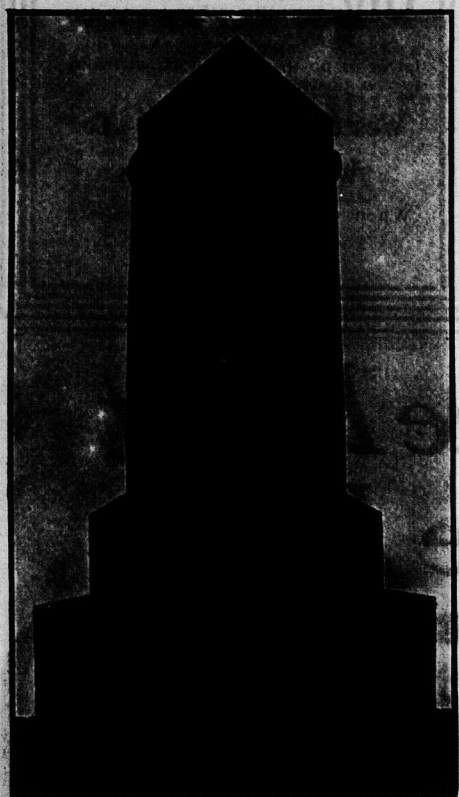


FREE

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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In Lighter vein.

Aunt Mandy's Rule for Batter Bread.

"De way I mek's my batte' braid—
Laws me! Miss May is dat er fac',
You wants my jes perzackly rule
Ter tell de folks w'en you goes back!

"Suah, Honey! Dis de way—it jes
De plainest kin' ob t'ing ter mek.
Efen you do like w'at Mandy says,
'T ain' no sech chance es er mistek.

"Fust sif' yo' meal en drap in salt,
Dei beat yo' aigs—how many? Sho!
Dat 'pends depletely on de hens,
En you 's de pusson ought ter know.

"Efen aigs is sc'ace, I uses one.
'T ain' bes', but I kin mek it do;
But ef en de hens is layin' pear—
Laws! chile, I nebbur stops at twol

"Den melt yo' sho'tnin'—mos' ob times
Er spoonful be enough ob dat.
Some folks like mo'—ole marsteh he
Say good t'ings teks er heap ob fat.

"Mos' ways I uses sweet milk, but
Efen you has butte'-milk ter spar',
'T ain' nuffin' hef es good es dat.
Jes spill yo' soda in wid car'.

"How much ob soda en ob milk?
You sho'ly ain' no cook, Miss May.
Ter need ter ask 'bout t'ings like dat.
Whar has you lived erfore ter-day?

"Dat's easy es ole Moses' shoes.
I tek's er spoonful, mo' or less,
Efen so's de milk am right sma't sour;
Efen 't ain', I puts er smaller guess.

"I 'mos' fergit de oben, chile—
De mostes' tickler t'ing ob all!
Be suah it jes perzackly right.
Er else de batte' braid mought fall.

"Real hot? Ob co'se: jes hot enough.
You'll hab ter be de jedge ob dat.
Onless it suit, de braid won' riz.
Too col', be suah ter send it flat.

"En now, Miss May, you knows it all.
I 'se proud ter see you writ it down.
To show de folks how Mandy cooks
W'en you gits back ter Boston town."

Liberality.

Mrs. Jay—"Don't you find Doctor
Sawyer rather exorbitant in his
prices?"

Mrs. Kay—"Not at all. Why, he fre-
quently drops in to spend the evening
with us and doesn't charge a cent."

When the Heart is Full.

The Fiance—"When a man accuses
a woman of saying things that you
know very well I never even thought,
if he really was a man, and had any
respect for me, you'd beg my pardon."

The Voice of Experience.

Soulful Person—"Ah, yes; the in-
struction of the young man must be a
delightful occupation! Is it not, Pro-
fessor?"

The Professor—"Yes, madam—it is
not."

Appearances Against Him.

Brown—"Is that Smithers an honest
fellow?"
Black—"He may be. But you never
see him without an umbrella."

Same Old Price.

Hewitt—"A doctor is going to per-
form an operation on me tomorrow."
Jewett—"What for?"
Hewitt—"The usual rate—two hun-
dred dollars."

Marked Down.

Ella—"Life is what we make it."
Stella—"But you make yours ten
years less than it really is."

A Lady Bountiful.

Tramp—"Kin you give a poor feller
a cold bite, mum?"
Housewife—"Yes. On your way out
you'll find some icicles on the gate."

Bails 'Em Out.

De Style—"Gotrox gets his chauffeurs
from France; where do you get yours
from?"
Gunbusta—"From the station-house,
generally."

A Question.

"Say, pa?"
"Well, what is it?"
"Can a near-sighted man have a far-
away look in his eyes?"

Too Much for 'Em.

First Baseball Player—"We don't
seem to be able to hit that country
pitcher."
Second Baseball Player—"No, he's got
one of those 'rural free deliveries.'"

While those who gamble with the cards
May win by trick unfair;
The chess and checker players try
To do thinks on the square.

Identity Revealed.

Visitor (surveying a canvas at the
portrait painter's)—"What a queer get-
up. She'd have looked bad enough
without doing her hair in that outland-
ish way. Who is the frump, anyway?"
The Artist—"My wife."

His Money's Worth.

"What's the matter, old chap? You
look thin."
"I am. I've taken a bath every hour
of the day and night for a week."

"What for?"
"I'm staying at a New York hotel
where they charge me twelve dollars
a day for a room with a bath, and
that's the only way I can get even."

On 'Change.

"You say Smith leads a dual life?"
"Yes. He's a bull on the Stock Ex-
change and a bear at home."

A Period of Probation.

Bobbie (aged seven, concluding his
evening prayer)—"And Dod b'ess papa
an' mamma, an' sister Ellen, an'—an'
Aunt Marjie—an' Buvver Bill—but I
dess Buvver Bill better look out for
hisself till he puts back the hole he
kicked in my drum."

Arboreal Advice.

She—"Reginald, when you are gone
from me I shall simply pine away."
He—"Ah, don't pine away, dear;
spruce up!"

Landlord Ornithology.

Mrs. Gramercy—"New York landlords
are getting very strict. A friend of
mine couldn't even keep a parrot in her
apartment."

Mrs. Park—"Most of the landlords
I've met seem to object more to the
stork."

Degrees in Marriage.

"Papa, what is it when a man marries
two wives?"
"Bigamy."
"And when he marries three is it trig-
onometry?"

The Unadorned Word.

"When de in-fiddle and de prognostic
'sail yo', muh friends," said good old
Parson Bagster, in the course of a re-
cent sermon, "don't extemporize wid
'em. Don't apologize for de faith dat
am in yo', but dess give 'em de Word
—de plain, unsophisticated Word wid
de bark on! On'y dess yiste'day, down
by de post office, I locks hawns wid a
prognostic—one o' dese yuh half-edu-
cated yaller nulsances dat's puffed up
like toad-fraugs uh-kase dey think
dey's 'most white—and he wanted to
'spute about de Holy Scriptures. He
don't b'lieve dis, he don't b'lieve dat,
and he has grave doubts about de
tudder. I dess c'ars muh th'eat, I
does, and says I:
"Little man, down dar, how old is
yo'?"
"Twenty-fo' yeahs, sah!" says he.
"Uh-huh!" says I, dess like dat.
"Uh-huh! Yo' has been in de business
of doubtin' de Lawd and his works for
twenty-fo' yeahs, is yo'? Well-uh, de
Lawd has done been uh-runnin' de uni-
verse twenty-fo' million yeahs, and den
some; and does yo' reggin, little man,
dat a newcomer like yo'self knows mo'
about the operation of de great and
mighty cataplasm of creation dan de
Creator hisself?"
"Well-uh, and yo' dess ort to seed
him crumple up and crope off! Dat's
de way to do it, muh bruddren and muh
sistahs! When de prognostic 'sails yo',
give him de Word, and give it to him
loud and c'ease! De choir will now
vociferate."

Ahead, Yet Behind.

The nervous foreigner got up and
went back to the conductor of the
street car.
"Pardong, m'sieur," said he, "but zee
car, he run slow, and why, if you
pleeze? Ees it not so?"
"Yep," replied the conductor. "We
can't help it, though. You see, the
car ahead is behind."
The foreigner's eyes opened wider.
"Would you mind saying him again?"
he asked, apologetically.
"I say," replied the conductor, louder
than before, "that the car ahead is be-
hind. See?"
The foreigner returned to his seat.
"Zee car-r-r ahead, he ees behind?"
said he to himself. "Most wonderful,
most astonishing is zis country."

Misunderstood Him.

One day an army chaplain saw a sol-
dier of the name of McDonnell making
for the back door of a saloon.
"McDonnell!" the chaplain shouted—
"McDonnell! Oh, McDonnell!"
McDonnell turned, gave him a hasty
look, frowned and darted into the bar.
The chaplain loitered outside the
door till McDonnell came forth again.
"McDonnell," he said reproachfully,
"didn't you hear me calling you?"
"Yes, sir," McDonnell answered, "I
did, but—but I only had the price of
one drink."

Experience as a Teacher.

There were a number of the usual
type of village loafers sunning them-
selves one day on and about the steps
leading up to the general store in
Springness. Among them was a seedy
looking individual who said he came
from Punkville, and he was telling of
the many different occupations he had
attempted during an apparently check-
ered career.

"An' I tried schoolteach'in," too," he
ended triumphantly. "Yes, sree, I
tried that, too."

"How long did you teach?" inquired
an interested auditor.

"Wal, not long. I reely only went to
teach."

"Did you hire out?" persisted the
curious one.

"Wal, no. I did not hire out, I jus'
went to hire out."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Wal, I give it up becuz—you see I
traveled to a place, an' I heard 'em say
the schoolteacher was leavin', so,
thinks I, I might as well do that as
saw wood or mend tin pots; so I asked
who to 'ply to, an' they told me to go
t' Trusty Sneekles. Wal, I looked him
up, I told him my objec' and showed
him my muskel, then I asked him
would he let me try my hand on the
unrooly boys of the destrict. He
wanted to know if I reely thought I
wuz fit to tackle 'em, an' I told him I
wouldn't mind his askin' me a few easy
questions in 'rithmetic an' jography, or
I said I'd show him my han'writin'."

"He said no, not to mind, he could
always tell a reely good teacher by his
gait. 'Let's ee you walk off a little
ways,' sez he, 'an' I kin tell jes's well's
if I'd examined you,' sez he."

"He sot down by his door as he
spoke, so I turned kinder quick and
walked off as smart as I knew how.
He said he'd tell me when to stop, so
I kep' on till I thought I'd gone far
enough, then I looked around—the
door was shet an' Sneekles was gone!"

"Did you go back?" chorused his
audience.

"Wal, no, I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"No," said the gentleman from Punk-
ville, "no, I didn't apply for another
school. I ruther judged thet mebbey
my walk was agin' me!"

Leading Up Gradually.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in
the suit of faded black, "but are you
carrying all the life insurance you
want?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man at the
desk. "I am."

"Could I interest you in a morocco
bound edition of the works of William
Makepeace Thackeray?"

"You could not."

"Don't you need a germ proof filter at
your house?"

"I do not."

"Would you invest in a good second-
hand typewriter if you could get it
cheap?"

"I have no use for a typewriter."

"Just so. Would an offer to supply
you with first-class Havana cigars at
\$10 a hundred appeal to you?"

"Not a cent's worth."

"How would a proposition to sell you
a Century dictionary, slightly shelf
worn, for only \$40 strike you?"

"It wouldn't come within 40 mles of
hitting me."

"That being the case," said the call-
er, "would you be willing to buy a 10
cent box of shoe polish just to get rid
of me?"

"Great Scott! Yes."

"Thanks. Good-day."

Where Man Would Be.

A Detroit woman said of the late
Gen. Russell A. Alger:

"In company with a half-dozen other
women—a committee, in fact—I once
waited on Gen. Alger to try and inter-
est him in woman suffrage."

"He was interested. He admitted
the truth of many of our arguments;
but in the matter of supporting us he
would not go as far as we wanted him
to go."

"One of the ladies got, I am afraid, a
little over-excited. In her address to
the General she imputed to woman
more virtues than any merely human
creature could possess. At the height
of her eloquence Gen. Alger, chuckling,
interrupted her."

"He said he had once attended a wo-
man suffrage meeting where the lady
lecturer on the platform had boasted
about woman just as this lady was do-
ing. The lecturer, he said, ended a
striking climax with the question:
"Where would man be if it had not
been for woman?"

"She looked around the crowded hall.
The silence was intense. She raised
her hand and cried again, impressively:
"I repeat, where would man be if it
had not been for woman?"

"Then a coarse voice from the rear
replied:
"In Paradise, ma'am."

His Uncle Who Died Young.

It was in the commercial room of a
midland hotel. Longevity was the
subject of conversation, when a gentle-
man—whose nasal twang pronounced
him as from across the Atlantic—join-
ed in with the remark:

"I guess the climate in this island is
dead against a long innings." The
American ignored the interruption and
continued:

"Now the Amurrican climate is
somethin' like a climate. Kind of