POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034

The Joy-Promoter

By MRS. LUTHER HARRIS.

(Continued).

"Do you mean the place where your brains ought to be?" I inquired sweetly.

Then I drew myself up "to my full height," like the heroine always does in the Duchess novels and in Rhoda Broughton's romances, and enunciated icily:

"I will have you understand that I do not choose to be proposed to at the same hour every day. It palls upon one. Variety is the tabasco sauce of life and I think you might at least vary the time."

And would you believe it, Therese, the ridiculous fellow met me in the great hall this morning when I tripped down to a late breakfast, and right there, right in the presence of that awful, automatic butler began

"Love of my life, if—"

"Stay me with breakfast food, comfort me with waffles—first," I pleaded.

And with his Lord Chesterfield bow he showed me into the dining-room with all the conventional suavity which is so large a part of his rearing and which I think is delightful. He is extremely entertaining and interesting, and when he gets over this hateful habit of proposing daily I feel we shall "congene" beautifully.

At present it threatens to become a continuous performance. One evening I was contemplating the moon from the romantic rose-arbor in the garden, which is very damp and earwiggy. Suddenly he plumped down beside me and began:

"Thou art the sun of my days. Thou art the moon and stars of my nights—"

"I may be a whole constellation, with the Milky Way thrown in, but I'm not going to sit here and risk bronchitis," I announced, rising with the hauteur of a Russian countess.

I had in mind that I would refuse him "with scorn," as I have seen it done at the matinees; but it ended in a gale of laughter, and we shook hands exactly as if we had just been having a friendly little bout with the gloves.

My new hats have come! And oh, Therese! they are simply wild revels of floral gorgeousness and beribboned frivolity warranted to oust melancholy at one fell swoop!

One of them is simply toppling with morning-glories and would have turned THE JOY NOS. 2 and 3

Maud Muller green with envy. One of them makes me look exactly as if I had fallen off a Watteau panel, and simply demands being made love to by lordly gentlemen with diamond buckles on their shoes, and gold snuff-boxes, and velvet knee-trousers and satin waistcoats.

The other has a nodding halo of iridescent peacock feathers. I'm absolutely lost under it! It reminds me of those delightful fly-brushes the black mammies always wield over the dining-tables down South.

I can't imagine how it ever came about that every one here seems to have imbibed the absurd idea that I am a widow.

But since they seem quiet set upon it I simply laugh and humor the ridiculous mistake. Though none are born widows, some achieve widowhood, whilst others, it appears have widowhood thrust upon them. Of this latter class, my dear Therese, it appears I am a shining example. Isn't it a lark to be a widow with no "late lamented?" I've always wanted to be. And kind heaven, it now appears, has seen fit to answer my unvoiced prayer.

But I am leaving my best news till the last. I have met the Prince!

Of course he isn't a real prince at all; he is just a plain, everyday "Herr von." But I'm going to call him "the Prince" because I thirst for romance as much as ever did the far-famed rider of Rocinante.

Hitherto my life has been just like one of Henry James' novels, in which nothing ever happens but you're always thinking it's going to. And now I must tell you the modus operandi by which it came about.

One morning I donned my tramping outfit and sailed forth alone. The said tramping outfit consists of a rather picturesque corduroy skirt, high russet boots, a blue flannel "cow boy" blouse with a turned back collar, and a loosely knotted black silk handkerchief. Also I unearthed my sombrero from the depths of my steamer-trunk and joyfully donned that, too.

As I went through the wood, Nature's orchestra was all in tune. It was a place of enchantment! Presently I came upon the most delectable little brook it has even been my pleasure to see. It went laughing over boulders, and leaping between banks of beautiful turf, ducking under willows and finally spreading out into a cajoling and placid little pool. The day was very warm and the pool looked cool, limpid, alluringly inviting.

Suddenly I became possessed with a mad, a perfectly mad, impulse to wade in the pellucid waters of that entrancing little pool!

I looked about. The place seemed as deserted and remote as the heart of the Black Forest. Temptation gripped me. Without further thought I sat down under a big tree and calmly proceeded to divest myself of shoes and stockings. Very gingerly I minced over the delightfully cool turf to the pool.

A retriever puppy who labors under the euphonious name of "Schnapps" had followed me from the schloss and I left him to guard my belongings.

The pool was as clear as a crystal ball, and it was exactly like wading in Apollinaris. I was quite lost in the delight of it when I heard some one singing Schumann's "Heiden Roslein" in a big mellow barytone. Of course I jumped as if I had been caught burying stolen treasure. In a perfect panic I splashed out, my heart in my mouth, and was racing across the turf to where my shoes and stockings were.

I never was so frightened in my life. And, as ill luck would have it, just as I had almost reached the goal, I stepped on an awful great thorn which had fallen from the prickly-pear tree under which I ran.

Tableau! I simply dropped in a limp, sobbing heap, rocking in an agony of real pain and sick dismay. "Heiden Roslein" still echoed through the great arches of the trees. Things began to look black and swimmy around me just as they do before one faints; but I was determined to do nothing so like an Eighteenth century heroine as that. But I was whimpering in a very weak-minded way when I heard the biggest, kindliest voice say:

"What is it? Are you hurt? Can I help you in any way?"

At that I looked up and pretended there was nothing at all the matter: just like the Spartan boy with the fox gnawing at his vitals.

"I—I'm just resting, thank you," I made reply frostily.

"Oh," he breathed in a relieved gasp, as if he had had no time to masticate the exclamation in his throat.

He was in riding-breeches and a Norfolk jacket, I could see that out of the corner of my eye. And that he was big and had a peculiar cast of plainness that is far more attractive than mere regularity of feature. You know how my soul abhors a "handsome" man.

The contrast between the tan of his lower face and the whiteness of his fine forehead when he took off his cap was perfectly funny!

At that moment I looked up, and there came that unspeakable retriever puppy, and he was dragging—what do you think? One of my russet boots, and he had calmly chewed the entire top off of it.

Never have I seen anything so fiery as the Prince's blush! It was like a prairie fire. It actually seemed to illumine the surrounding landscape. Positively, I believe one could have roasted marshmallows by its glow!

"I—I thought—if you were hurt I—I might possibly be of assistance—"

"Oh, not at all," I assured him with all the pleasing warmth of an iceberg in the offing.

And I tried to curl my feet closer under my corduroy skirt, which is far from being as voluminous as the far-famed mantle of charity. And then that awful thorn went deeper into my foot and, without warning, I quietly flopped over against the prickly-pear tree behind me.

Suddenly the world turned backward and things went whirling the wrong way round. I don't know how long I remained in this interesting state of chaos. But when I was conscious of anything at all it was of my hair being in a wet, floppy tangle over my forehead like a very unpicturesque Ophelia and of some one chafing my palms violently.

I appeared very limp and sea-weedy, and pretty generally damp and bedraggled. Then I looke up and met the Prince's kind, troubled eyes and force a stiff smile, though I felt as dizzy as if I had been ballooning.

Evidently he had been filling his cap with water from that miserable brook.

(To be continued.)

KEEP MOVING ON UPWARDS.

No matter how splendid your education or how great your talents, if you fail to improve and make progress you are really losing. Every day should be a step towards learning something.

Always use lard to grease your cake pans, as the salt in butter causes it to stick to the pans.

UNIVERSE HAS MANY SURPRISES

The universe has may surprises and is perpetually upsetting the theories of the wise men with fresh revelations regarding its nature and treasures. So that the wisest are in a state of habitual readiness for novelties and pin no faith to past and present modica of knowledge other than that they serve for the time being. To do otherwise is fatal, as scientific history testifies again and again.

Whein Mother Shipton predicted instantaneous communication between continents her prophecy sounded visionary, utopian, chimerical. But the invention of the telegraph made it possible for New York and San Francisco, Paris and London to come into immediate communication. When telegraphy was estalbished the vision became a reality. But a wire for a long time was thought essential. Without this connecting medium communication would have been affirmed impossible. Now that wireless telegraphy is here, perhaps it is accepted as possible.

PROGRESS OF SENSES.

The doubters are incredulous of telepathy, the intercommunion of mind with mind. But the patient laborers in the laboratories are preparing to demonstrate the latest novelty.

A few years ago the atom was indestructible, but now no longer; the conservation of mass and the conservation of energy were in fallible postulates of science. But times and dicta have changed since then.

Our senses themselves seem to be progressive, and as they advance they interpret the world anew. They find new forces, elaborate new laws. The five senses agree well enough, but the sixth undoes the work of them all. It looks through walls, views past and future, finds forms in empty space. Flammarion writes that we pass through air without an effort, but find iron resisting.

Our world is unexplored. The universe is as yet unrevealed. We do not know the future that awaits us. We do not know what will be revealed about ourselves, about the world, the stars, the sea, the invisible powers, the dead, the unborn. Glorious things may be expected. They are. We merely have not found them. The coal lay in the bosom of the earth ages before it was mined. Steam and electricity existed long before they were utilized. The earth itself, the sun, the moon and stars swung in their orbits millions of years before human eye either inhabited or studied them.

THE WORLD OF IDEAS.

It is not strange that things are now in existence little dreamed of by the drowsy world. Science is short-sighted, sluggish, creeping slowly point by point." It cannot recognize what it cannot demonstrate. But as the race advances it gathers testimony for verifying the visions of the seers. The psychic element which appears increasingly in modern research among unexplained phenomena was divined by the ancient philosophers. Flammarion finds that besides "the four elements—fire, water, air and earth—the ancients admitted a fifth, belonging to the material order, which they named animus, the soul of the world, the animating principle, ether."

Cicero wrote of Aristotle, that after having mentioned the four kinds of material elements, "he believes that we ought to admit a fifth kind from which the soul proceeds, for, since the soul an dthe intellectual facilities cannot reside in any of the material elements, we must admit a fifth kind, which had not yet received a name and which he styles entelechy; that is, eternal and continued movement."

Pythagoras and Plato, a few thousand years ago, declared that the world of ideas was the real and the world of materialities the illusion, a conclusion reached through mathematical calculation by Reynolds of England and along a different argument suggested by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Want of proof does not disestablish fact. Emerson described the law of evolution in his poetry years before Darwin had formulated his evolutionary hypothesis. And the inevitable condition that science has not yet established the demonstration for much that is seen nowadays by the poet, the prophet, the seer, is no argument that the seers, the poets and the prophets are in error.

"DUMPERS' CONGRESS" A FIZZLE

The London Daily Express thus lightly treats of the "Dumpers' Congress" held in the Metropolis recently, and tells how Mr. McFee, the Canadian representative, let loose upon a startled audience:—

The Dumpers' Congress at the Caxton Hall fizzled out yesterday. After showering tributes of admiration on the Cobden Club for its useful work in maintaining a free British market for their dumped produce, the majority of the foreign delegates are now hurrying homewards to the protected countries whence they came.

For a few moments in the morning the closing scenes of the congress threatened to be anything but peaceable. This was when Mr. Alexander McFee, one of the most prominent business men in Canada, and a sound Protectionist, strode on the platform and spoke plainly to the dumpers. He was not a member of the congress nor is he a member of the Cobden Club, but he had heard a German delegate accuse Canada of being influenced by the United Kingdom in her fiscal policy, and he resented it.

CLEARING THE MIND.

"I should like the congress to clear its mind of any idea that the United Kingdom influences our fiscal policy," he exclaimed with vigor. "Canada can do as she pleases with respect to her commercial relations with the Mother Country and foreign nations. She is now of age, as Mr. Asquith explained some time ago, an in no way subject to Great Britain in these matters.

"If we give a preference to the Mother Country it is simply with a view to consolidating the Empire, and no nation is justified in retaliating on us for that discrimination.

"Germany, however, has seen fit to attack Canada by imposing prohibitive tariffs. Consequently we have no option but to do likewise. We stood up for our rights, and now the German government is seeking to enter into better trade relations.

GOOD FOR THE FOREIGNER.

"I have no doubt," continued Mr. McFee, "that it would suit foreign countries if we admitted their goods free, but it would not suit us to admit manufactured goods from the United States, which levies protective duties amounting to 60 and 70 per cent. on Canadian manufactures.

"I do not see what basis of argument you are working on at all."

Mr. McFee declared that the best policy would be for Canada to enter into combination with the Mother Country and fight foreign countries with tariffs so long as they continued to erect tariffs against us. In conclusion, he complained that the commercial treaty which Canada was endeavoring to conclude with France threatened to fall through in consequence of the "selfish demands" of the French government.

The pious Cobdenites were dumbfounded by the vigor of Mr. McFee's onslaught. "What is he doing at a Free Trade Congress?" they whispered among themselves. "He is no friend of ours."

ATTACK ON THE U. K.

Next to Mr. McFee's spirited defence of preference, the feature of the final session was a vigorous attack on the United Kingdom for hindering German expansion by Professor Arndt' a German economist from Frankfort, who made the following astonishing speech:

"We have had to state over and over again in later times that Great Britain does not alway stand for liberty and equality on the world-market.

"Has she not tolerated the establishment of preferential treatment on the part of her colonies? H as she not worked to obtain special advantages in China, Egypt, Thibet, Siam, Persia, Afghanistan, etc.? Has she not augmented the impost on foreign capital in her colonies and possessions? When government and other contracts are tendered for, are not British firms preferred?

GERMAN VEIW.

"It is difficult to enumerate everything, and it is very possible that the practice of the present Liberal Government of England in oversea territories differs from that of their Unionist predecessors, whom I have principally in view. One is often obliged to judge from incidents and symptoms.

"Is it by chance that the investments of German capital in the non-English part of South-East Asia are three to four times higher than what they are in British East India, and that the investments of German capital grow larger in every part of the world, with the one exception of Australia?

"Do we not hear that the appearance of the German flag on the Nile or in the Persian Gulf is not viewed with pleasure by England? Do we not always meet with resistance on the part of England in our construction of the Bagdad railway?

"Do we not see than England concludes treaties to obtain special spheres of interest in Asia and Africa, now with this Power, now with that? Is not the opening up of our German colonies always retarded by the failure of England to meet us in our efforts?"

MR. McFEE LEFT OUT.

The German merchant and capitalist, Professor Arndt added, detected in the British Colonies, possessions, and protectorates a lack of freedom, equality, and goodwill.

Before the dumpers separated, it was announced that a "permanant international committee for the promotion of Free Trade" had been formed. Among the members of this illustrious body are:—

Kaiserlicher Rat Adolf Schwartz.
Mr. J. Murray Macdonald, M. P.
Prof. Vladimir Vide Sviatlowsky.
Mr. Russell Rea, M. P.
M. Peschcke Koedt.
Don Pablo Bosch.
Lord Welby.
Prof. Gaetano Mosca.
Prof. Ivan Oseroff.
Mr. Harvey N. Shephard (Boston, U. S. A.)
Baron d'Auluis de Bourouill.
Dr. Theo. Barth.

Mr. McFee was not asked to join the committee.

AN INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S CONFERENCE

(Mail and Empire.)

On Monday there opened in Geneva, Switzerland, the International Congress of Women. The congress is made up of delegates from twenty-one countries, all the European nations but Russia and Turkey being represented. Greece and Roumania have been admitted to the great sisterhood since the last gathering two years ago, and recent events in Constantinople furnish indications that a bevy of Turkish delegates may be present in 1910. Women from Canada will take a part in the proceedings, and, indeed, according to a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, they are likely to provoke the only serious controversy that is expected.

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL.

The International Council of Women is composed of representatives of the National Councils of Women from the various nations in which the idea has taken root. National Councils, in their turn, are representative of political, educational, philanthropic, religious and temperance societies. The constitution declares that "the council is organized in the interest of no one propaganda, and no auxiliary shall be interfered with in respect to its complete organic unity, independence or methods of work." As a matter of fact, the international body has been so careful to keep clear of particular propaganda that its deliberations are apt to be somewhat academic. For example, one of the matters to be discussed is "Educational Information and Employment Bureaus for Young People on Leaving School."

THE BATTLE FOR THE BALLOT.

Four years ago, at Berlin, the International Congress was stampeded out of its somewhat neutral position, and by an almost unanimous vote adopted Woman Suffrage as one of the objects which the organization should advocate. The move was a happy one, for it gave the International Congress something to talk about, and provided a possible cross for that martyrdom which public-minded women welcome. Previously the members had been mortally afraid of the suffrage subject, for people refused to take it seriously, and even the most resolute of martyrs does not like to be laughed at. However, by 1904 the cause seemed to have got beyond the stage where it was simply funny (without being vulgar), and a very enthusiastic reception met the appeal in behalf of Woman Suffrage.

THE CANADIANS' CAMPAIGN.

Now the Canadian delegation is credited with a design to drag the International Council back from the cause. It proposes to work rather subtly, not by a direct attack on the suffrage movement, but by lopping off part of a standing committee's name. At present one of the committees is called "Suffrage and the Rights of Citizenship." If the word suffrage could be cut out, on the grounds that it was redundant, the subject being covered by "Rights of Citizenship," and then, if it were found out afterwards that suffrage was not one of the rights of citizenship, the cause would have received something of the nature of a "knock-out drop." We do not declare that any such subterranean tactics are to be adopted, but it seems plain that a frontal attack will fail. If the "blast from Canada," as the Boston Transcript call it, is to drive the International Council away from its pet idol, it must be something more than a mere noise.

A FORLORN HOPE.

On a simple show of hands it would be Canada against the world, as a glance at some of the leading members of the congress will make plain. The delegates from Australia, New Zealand, Norway and Finland will attend in possession of the franchise. One of the British delegates is Mrs. Henry Fawcett, president of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, and the vice-president of the International Council, Frau Marie Stritt, is president of the German Suffrage Society, while the recording secretary of the council holds the same post in the International Suffrage Alliance. The American delegates are, almost without exception, prominent members of women's suffrage societies. We do not, believe that the mere fact of being outnumbered will deter the Canadians, should they feel that their cause is good.

A REMARKABLE HONOR.

The International Congress is being received with unusual distinction by the Swiss Government. It will hold its sessions in the fine hall of the Hotel de Ville. Only once before has such a priviege been granted to an international assembly in Switzerland, and that was in the case of the Red Cross Society celebrating its anniversary in Geneva, the city where it was founded. As Switzerland probably sees more international gatherings than the rest of Europe put together, the privilege conferred on the International Council of Women must be considered a remarkable one.

THE PERFECT WOMAN IS NOT A FAT ONE

Artists say the ideal proportion of weight in a woman is 26 pounds for every foot of her height. This would make a woman of 5 feet 4 inches weigh 136 pounds 8 ounces.

If you weigh more than this in proportion you are on the danger line and are likely to get too fat in a few years. Check it by taking a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime of this recipe: ½ ounce Marmola, ¾ ounce Fluid Extract Carcara Aromatic and 4¾ ounces Syrup Simplex. Get the Marmola sealed and mix it with the other ingredients at home. This mixture is harmless, will not cause wrinkles, and has been known to take off seven pounds of fat a week without any help from exercise or dieting. It is inexpensive.

LITTLEJOHN MEETS SULLIVAN WEDNESDAY

Dan Littlejohn left for St. Stephen on last night's Montreal express, in order to be on the ground ready for his match with Mike (Twin) Sullivan on the 9th. Jack Power and a local boxer named Kennedy accompanied Littlejohn. Kennedy will go up against Guy Wilson in one of the preliminary bouts. Beth McLeod is also booked to figure in one of the preliminaries and has already gone to St. Stephen. Fred. Flaherty left yesterday morning to aid the Twin in his training, so it will be seen that St. John's pugilistic talent is well represented at the border town carnival.

WILL WED POPULAR ST. STEPHEN NURSE

Wedding bells will ring gayly tomorrow morning, when Leonard J. Hughes, the popular eastern representative of the Business Systems, Ltd., will be united in marriage to Miss Grace Anna Garnett, formerly head nurse at the Chipman Memorial Hospital at St. Stephen. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. R. P. McKim at 6 o'clock at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. S. Gibbon, 105 Wright street. Only the immediate friends of the contracting parties will be present.

After the ceremony the wedding breakfast will be served. Following this the newly married couple will leave on their honeymoon for Boston, New York, Niagara, Toronto and other American and Canadian cities.

The bride has been the recipient of many beautiful and handsome presents of cut glass and silverware, which testifies to the esteem in which she is held by her friends.

IN "TOPSY-TURVY" LAND.

China is often spoken of as "Topsy-turvy" land. Here are a few of the customs which give rise to the idea:

When a Chinaman meets a friend, he greets him by shaking hands with himself.

The Chinese compass, instead of pointing to north, points to south.

Sampas (boats) are "manned by women, who row, facing the direction in which they are going, not the other way about, as we do.

Women do all the laboring and heavy work—viz., carrying coal, bricks, sand, and lime, dock work, etc. Men do the laundry and housework.

Women wear trousers and men robes, which have the appearance of skirts.

When a Chinaman reads a book, he begins at the part we call the end, and reads from the bottom upwards, and from right to left.

FRANTIC WOMEN

Organic disturbances of the feminine system act like a firebrand on the nerves of women, often driving them fairly frantic.

A nervous, irritable woman is a source of misery not only to herself, but to all those who come under her influence. That such conditions can be entirely overcome by taking

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Mme. Emma Chatel, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I want to tell you that without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For months I suffered with painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the feminine organs. Doctors could do nothing for me, and said I must submit to an operation because I had a tumor.

"One of my cousins advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as it had cured her.

"I did so and now I have no pain and am entirely cured. Your remedy is deserving of great praise."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

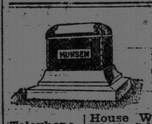
DIARRHOEA

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success. PRICE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

BUSINESS CARDS.



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565 Main St.
Foreign and Domestic Cigars, Different Grades of Cut Tobaccos, Domestic Plug Tobaccos. Full line of Books and Post Cards
Your patronage solicited.

HALIFAX MAN EASILY WON MONCTON MARATHON RACE

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 7.—Albert Downing of Halifax won the ten mile road race held under the auspices of the M. A. A. A. here this afternoon quite easily, his time being one hour, five minutes and forty-five seconds. Downing had over a quarter mile lead on the other competitors. The runners finished in the following order: Downing, 1st; C. Moller, 2nd; E. Price, 3rd; Geo. Ayling, 4th; Geo. Hopley, 5th; C. Fawcett, 6th; Chas. Smith, 7th; McKechnie, 8th; Donald McDonald, 9th; Noble Hopey, 10th; John Rhodes, 11th; Archie McLeod, 12th; A. Nethercote, 13th; Albert Melanson, 14th. Three runners dropped out. All were local men except Downing. A large crowd witnessed the event, which was the third of the kind held in this city. Downing took the lead about a mile out and kept it to the finish.

W. G. Montgomery, ledger keeper in the Bank of Montreal here, has been transferred to St. John's, Nfld., and leaves tomorrow for the ancient colony.

THE SELF-FEEDER COAL.

About the quality of Coals, there are many opinions, but the proof of the pudding etc. is settled by burning Triple X Lehigh Coal in your Self-feeder.

Ask anybody who has burned Gibbon & Co.'s Triple X Lehigh in their self-feeders, then secure enough to supply your own self-feeder for this winter.

Telephone Gibbon & Co. Main 676.

KETCHELL IS KNOCKED OUT.

VERNON, ARENA, LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 7.—Stanley Ketchell of Michigan, formerly middleweight champion of the world, was knocked out in the twelfth round at Jeffries' Vernon Arena this afternoon, by Billy Papke of Illinois, who is now middleweight champion of the world. It was a case of the Illinois "thunderbolt" against a Michigan killer, and the thunderbolt won.

DOCTOR FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Summer Complaint and all Fluxes of the Bowels are recognized by everyone as exceedingly dangerous.

These diseases are too serious, too rapidly fatal, for you to experiment with cheap and dangerous imitations of the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, a remedy that has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-three years.

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's be sure you get it. Don't let some unscrupulous druggist palm off a cheap imitation on you.

Mrs. G. Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for diarrhoea and never found any other to equal it.

There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's.

Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.