

NEVER NEGLECT BRONCHITIS IT MAY TURN TO PNEUMONIA.

Bronchitis comes from a neglected cold, and starts with a short, painful, dry cough, accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest.

You have, no doubt, wakened up in the morning and have had to cough several times to raise the phlegm from the bronchial tubes, and have found it of a yellowish or gray, greenish color, and you have received relief right away.

This is a form of bronchitis, which if not cured immediately may turn into pneumonia or some more serious trouble.

Cure the cold with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thereby prevent bronchitis and pneumonia taking hold on your system.

Mr. E. Jarvi, New Finland, Sask., writes:—"I was troubled, for years, with bronchitis and could not find any relief. I was especially bad on a damp day. I went to a druggist, and asked him for something to stop the cough and constant tickling in my throat. He gave me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I found gave me instant relief. I think it is the best medicine for bronchitis I know of. Now I take care I always have a bottle of it on hand."

Do not accept a substitute for "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's
Change from Weakness
to Strength by Taking
Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METERIANO, 86 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

HORLICK'S

Malted Milk for the Home
A nourishing food-drink for
All Ages. Anywhere at anytime.
Delicious, sustaining. No cooking.

Young People

The Summer Cottage

By Emma Ellen Glossop

Busy Johnny chanced to peep
Within an ancient rubbish heap
That held the things they cast away
Behind the barn on cleaning day.

"These grown-ups," said he, "are not wise;
They often throw away a prize.
Now here is something! This, mayhap,
Will make a sling; perhaps a strap."

High on a broken cherry limb,
In sheltered corner known to him,
He hung his treasure out of view—
A battered, broken, worn-out shoe!

Then by and by, with merry song,
Came Mistress Jenny Wren along.
"Why, husband, dear," she called out thus,
"Who built this handsome home for us."

With floor, and sides, and roof of leather,
To fend our household from the weather?
Besides a door that opens wide,
Here is a window at the side!"

"Why, bless me, yes!" said Mr. Wren.
They got the furniture, and then
This jolly couple, free from care,
Took lodgings for the summer there.

The Bear's Tale

It was some days after their journey to Good Fairyland before the bears again visited our three little friends, Geof, Chrissie and Jack. This time there was no rush of little feet to the door to welcome the brothers as they arrived in their shining automobile. So they went straight up to the nursery and opening the door softly peeped in.

It was not a very cheerful sight that met the gaze of Bear and Forbear. The nursery looked bright and comfortable enough, with a cheery fire burning on the hearth, and the gay wallpapers and the pretty pictures, but the three little people who were at that moment occupying the room, seemed to find it dull enough. Geof sat at the table resting his head on his hands. Chrissie was curled up in the large armchair by the fire, and the doll that she had been nursing lay with its head hanging over the arm evidently in a forlorn and neglected condition, while Jackie was standing by the window trying to draw pictures with his nails on the frosted window panes.

"Good afternoon," said the Bears as they walked in. "You don't seem to be a very merry party in here."

It was wonderful to see the change of expression in the three little faces, as they all turned round and saw Bear and Forbear. Geof jumped up and shouted "Hurrah!" Chrissie followed his example in such haste that the poor doll fell with a bang on her head on the floor, and Jackie ran across the room in such a hurry that he tripped over his wooden horse that was standing in the way, and if Forbear had not caught him would probably have followed the doll's example and fallen on his head.

"Well, what are you all doing this afternoon?" asked Bear, when the first excited greetings were over.

"Oh, nothing," answered Geof, "We have all got beastly colds and mother says we cannot go out, and there is nothing nice to do indoors."

"But we don't mind now you have come," interrupted Chrissie.

By this time they were all seated round the fire, Bear and Forbear in the middle, with Jackie between them and Chrissie and Geof on either side.

"So you cannot come for a ride to-day, that is certain," remarked Forbear. "We must find something to do in the house. Do you like stories?"

"Oh, yes, yes," the three shouted in a chorus. "Do you know some nice ones?"

"Bear can tell you some lovely tales,"

A Pill for Brain Workers. The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fog begets irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmedec's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

answered Forbear. "I suppose you know all the nursery rhymes, well, did you know that they were all made up about things that really happened long ago, and Bear knows all about them as he heard them from the old wizzard of the mountain, who is as old as the mountain itself, and remembers them all happening. Fire ahead, old fellow," he said turning to Bear.

"Well, which will you have?" asked Bear. "You choose first, Chrissie. 'Ladies first,' you know, boys."

Chrissie looked puzzled. "There are so many," she said at length. "Do you know the stories about them all, Polly Flinders, Hickory Dickory Dock, To Market, To Market, and all the rest?"

"Yes, I think I know most of them," returned Bear. "Anyhow you can choose one, and I will tell you the story if I know it."

Chrissie thought for a few minutes, while the boys tried to hurry her by such remarks as "Get on, slow-coach." "Don't be all night," etc. At last she said, "How about 'Little Jumping Joan.' Do you know about her?"

"Yes," answered Bear.

"Here am I little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me I'm all alone."
"Oh, yes, I know all about her. She and her mother lived in a little cottage—"

"Oh, please," interrupted Jackie. "Begin like a real story, 'Once upon a time.'"

Bear smiled good temperedly. Oh, certainly, if you like we will begin right at the beginning. Once upon a time there was a man and his wife who lived in a small cottage at the edge of a forest. The man was a wood cutter and worked very hard felling trees. They had not lived very long in this little cottage before a dear little baby girl was sent to them whom they named Joan. Joan laughed, and crowded and played like every other baby, and being very healthy and strong she used to jump and leap up and down in her Daddy's arms, until in play he named her 'little jumping Joan,' and the name stuck to her even when she grew too big to jump in her father's arms, and was running about all over the house like a little bit of sunshine.

"When 'Little Jumping Joan' was four years old a sad thing happened. Her father went out one morning as usual to his work after kissing and hugging his little daughter, but though little Joan and her mother prepared his supper, and Joan ran to the gate many times in the evening to watch for him, he never came back. The poor mother made frantic enquiries after him but could learn nothing. Several people had seen him at his work that day, but no one knew where he had gone nor what had become of him. Now little Joan's mother was a brave woman, and when she found that her husband did not come back, and that now she had no one to work and make money for little Joan and herself, she made up her mind that she must earn money, and began to look about for work that she could do. Though they lived far away from a village there were several large houses at no great distance belonging to rich people, and in time she managed to get work at these houses for several days a week, going to them for the day to do the washing or any other work they might require, and in this way she contrived to get enough money to keep herself and Joan. But there was one thing that worried her very much; she could not take her little girl with her, and there were no neighbors she could leave her with, so she was obliged reluctantly to leave her quite alone in the little cottage.

Joan was only a very little girl, but she was not at all afraid of being left, only sometimes she found it lonely and wished for a playmate. Very often she would sing to herself, and at last made up the little rhyme you know so well.

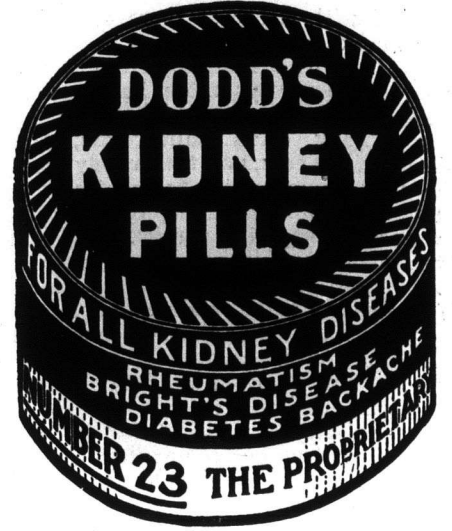
"Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me I'm all alone."

One day she had just finished singing this at the top of her shrill little voice, when she was startled by hearing someone say in a voice as shrill as her own.

"Or you might say, when you're all alone nobody's with you."

"Joan turned quickly round, and standing beside her was the queerest little man you ever saw. He was dressed in scarlet, with a little pointed scarlet cap in which was stuck a long white feather. Joan was not frightened. She stared at him for a minute, and then asked, 'Who are you?'

"Why I am Nobody, Mr. Nobody that you are always singing about. When you are all alone I always come to



WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP

Dr. Cassell's Tablets will soothe the
Nerve Restlessness that causes
Insomnia, and ensure rest.

Sleepless nights mean overstrained nerves—nerves that are always shaky because they are always weak. That is why you cannot sleep. The remedy is to nourish your nervous system, and so build up new vigor and vitality, by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Then you will sleep naturally and healthfully, and wake refreshed. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are true restoratives. They act by restoring the vital power of the system, by promoting digestion, by enriching the blood, by strengthening every bodily organ. And there is no dope in them.

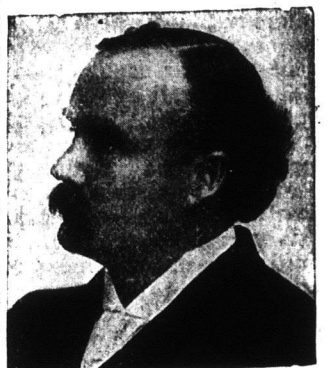
A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, M'Cauley-street, Toronto.

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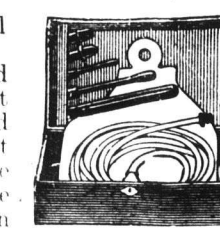


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