

Suffered For Thirty Years With Catarrh of The Stomach.

Mr. John Raitt, 71 Coursol St., Montreal, Que., has used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills and recommends them to all his friends. He writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the great value I have received in using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for Catarrh of the Stomach, with which I have been a sufferer for thirty years. I used five bottles and they made me all right. I also had a very severe attack of La Grippe, and a few doses acted so quickly that it was unnecessary to call in a doctor to cure me. For the small sum of 25 cents we have our own doctor when we have Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills."

Price 25 cents per vial, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Office—CANADA LIFE BUILDING
WINNIPEG MANITOBA

"Your dead husband wor a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow.

"He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, wiping the tears from her eyes. "No two policemen cud handle him."

The poetical young man with soulful eyes was walking with his matter-of-fact brother by the brookside.

"How the stream tosses in its slumber?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," answered his brother, "and you would, too, if your bed was full of stones."

WRITE TO THIS WOMAN

If You Want to Stop a Man From Drink.

She cured her husband, her brother and several of her neighbors, and now she generously offers to tell you of the simple, inexpensive remedy that she so successfully used. The remedy can be given to the patient unnoticed so there is no publicity of your private affairs. She is anxious to help others so we earnestly advise every one of our readers who has a dear one who drinks to drop her a line today. She makes no charge for this help, she has nothing to sell (she asks for no money and accepts none) so there is no reason why you should not write her at once. Of course, she expects that you are yourself personally interested in curing one who drinks, and are not writing out of mere curiosity. Send your letter in confidence to her home. Simply write your name and full address plainly in the coupon below and send it to her.



MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON,
196 Home Avenue, Hillburn, N. Y.

Please tell me about the remedy you used to cure your husband, as I am personally interested in one who drinks.

Name.....
Address.....

WIT AND HUMOR

THE CANNON ROARED

While camping in his home State, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"But, hush! hark!" declaimed the youngster—"a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence.

"But hark" (bawled the boy)—"that heavy sound breaks in once more, and nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Joe" chuckled. "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."—Success.

A doctor lately gave up his house, and was succeeded in it by a veterinary surgeon. Before he had been many weeks in his new home, the "vet" was knocked up in the early hours of a rather bleak spring morning. Opening the window, he heard a voice call out of the darkness: "Can you come with me at once, mister? She's very bad."

The surgeon dressed, and found a trap waiting to take him to a farm two or three miles away from the village. On the way he asked a few questions about the case he was to attend.

"I'm afraid there's very little hope for her," said the farmer. "She's been ailing now, you see, for ten years, and she's getting pretty old, as well."

Annoyed at being called out at such an hour to see an obviously not very ill animal, the veterinary surgeon exclaimed: "Why on earth don't you shoot her?"

"What!" exclaimed the farmer, "shoot my mother!" Then the "vet" understood that it was the previous tenant who was wanted.

Mr. Sergeant Wilkins once defended a breach-of-promise case for a singularly ugly little man, which he told the defendant, after reading his brief, must be "bounced" through. And the sergeant did bounce it through in a truly remarkable manner: "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, at the close of a most eloquent speech, "you have heard the evidence for the plaintiff, and, gentlemen of the jury, you have seen and have admired that most bewitching plaintiff herself. Gentleman, do you believe that this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would for one moment favor the advances or listen with anything save scorn and indignation to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive homunculus, the deformed and degraded defendant?" His client looked up from the well of the court and piteously murmured: "Mr. Sergeant Wilkins! Oh, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins!" "Silence, sir!" replied the sergeant, in a wrathful undertone. "Gentlemen," he continued, bringing his fist down heavily on the desk before him, "do you think that this lovely lady, this fair and smiling creature, would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made to her by this miserable atom of humanity, this stunted creature, who would have to stand on a sheet of

note paper to look over twopence?" The jury at once gave a verdict for the defendant.

"The great trouble with the general run of gifts that our misguided friends send us these days," said Horatio, "is their vast, their abysmal, inappropriateness. Look at my case. On Christmas Day I was in receipt of some three dozen very handsome gifts. Three patent safety razors, although I wear a full beard; a beautifully embroidered smoking cap six sizes too small, but possibly available for a cuff-box if turned upside down and sent to somebody who wears detachable cuffs, which I do not. A volume called "Sixty Soups and How to Make Them," in spite of the fact that I neither eat soup nor do my own cooking. A Guest Register, although I live in a bachelor's apartment where nobody ever calls except a stray tailor or two with an unpaid bill, and so on. With the possible exception of a check for fifty dollars from my Uncle Ebenezer, who is now in his second childhood, there was hardly a thing in the whole bunch that I could use. I have had to pack 'em all away in a trunk until next Christmas, when I shall redistribute them as my gifts to kindly friends whom I wish to remember."

"Oh, well," said Antonio, "it is pretty hard these days to decide what is and what is not appropriate. Your own Uncle Ebenezer is a case in point. What the deuce, for instance, could you find to send to an old chap like that who, according to your own statement, is in his second childhood?"

"That," said Horatio, complacently, "was the easiest thing in the world. It required only a little thought on my part to fill Uncle Ebenezer's heart with joy."

"What did you send him?" inquired Antonio, rather curious to know.

"A copy of 'Mother Goose,'" said Horatio.

Wilton Lackaye, the celebrated American actor, was one of a group at the Lambs Club in New York, when Arnold Daly referred to his proposed trip to England, not long ago. The young actor made known his intention of calling upon George Bernard Shaw, some of whose plays Daly had produced. He purposed giving the satirist playwright his opinion concerning some things of mutual interest, and "having it out" with that famous manipulator of words. "In fact," exclaimed Daly, hotly, "I propose to give him a good calling down."

"Well," drawled Lackaye, "perhaps he deserves it; but, my boy, close and lock the door so that no one will hear what he has to say to you."

Daly tried to turn the laugh with an assumption of mock fear, saying:

"But how would I get out if Shaw should lose his temper?"

"Through the keyhole," replied Lackaye, "for you'll be quite small enough when Shaw gets through with you."

Although there was no sort of toy which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day, when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."

First Actor.—"What luck did you have in the town?"

Second Actor.—"They threw rotten apples at us every night."

First Actor.—"Well, at any rate, you can feel that your stay there was not an altogether fruitless one."

You Can Defy the SPRING FATIGUE

And nervous exhaustion, if you will make the blood rich and red by using DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

Fatigue and weakness tell of weak, watery and impure blood.

Are you going to go through the usual suffering and discomfort of spring this year or take a hand in the matter of your health and build up the system?

It is for you to decide, for you know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, by forming new, rich blood, overcomes the fatigue, the weakness, the feelings of depression and discouragement which come with spring.

The nervous system is almost always exhausted in the spring. Your appetite fails because the nerves which control the appetite are exhausted, and so it is with digestion and the working of the other bodily organs.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest of spring medicine because it is the greatest of nerve restoratives. It forms the new, red blood from which vigor, energy and nerve force are created.

If you would restore the healthful glow to the complexion, sharpen the appetite, improve digestion, strengthen the action of the heart, revitalize the wasted brain and nerve cells and round out the wasted form you must use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. No imitation is just as good. There is no substitute but will disappoint.

Mrs. John P. Shannon, Whiteside, N. S., writes:—"I used four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and found it proved to be a splendid treatment for headache and a run-down nervous system."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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LANDS FOR SALE

"'Allo, matey! And where are you orf to? Not out o' work, I 'opes?" Thus one jovial frequenter of the gutter addressed a friend he had not seen for weeks.

"Na-o! I'm not out o' work. I'm engaged at present at a domino factory."

"Wot branch?" pursued the interrogator. "D'you make the boxes, or the dominoes, or what, matey?"

"I makes the spots on 'em."

"An' w'y ain't yer a-makin' spots on 'em ter-day, then?"

"Why," replied the other, "I've got a holiday ter-day. They're makin' double blanks!"

