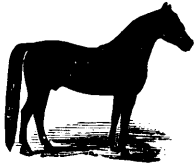


Horse Owners! Use



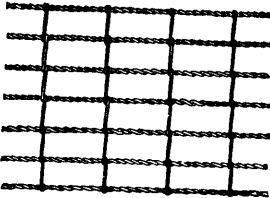
GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam

A Safe Speedy and Positive Cure.

The Safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes Bunches or Blemishes from **Horses and Cattle**. **Supersedes all Caustery or Firing**. Impossible to produce scar or blemish.

Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price **\$1.50** per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, **charges paid**, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars.

THE LAWRENCE WILLIAMS CO., TORONTO, ONT.



Our patrons have been asking for a fence with cross-sections running through fence. Our **Eclipse Fence Machine** makes the fence cheaper, stronger than any other. We sell you the material and fence machine for a complete fence (no guessing what it's going to cost you), or fence machine alone, **\$5.00**. Write us for just what you want.

TORONTO PICKET WIRE FENCE CO.,
221 River Street, TORONTO, ONT.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

CAPITAL

\$6,000,000

PAID-UP

BRANCHES OF THE BANK IN CANADA.

ONTARIO:

Ayr	Dundas	Parkhill	Strathroy
Barrie	Dunnville	Peterboro	Toronto
Belleville	Galt	Port Perry	(<i>Office</i>)
Berlin	Goderich	St. Catharines	Toronto J ^{co}
Blenheim	Guelph	Sarnia	Walkerton
Brantford	Hamilton	Sault Ste.	Walkerville
Cayuga	London	Marie	Waterloo
Chatham	Orangeville	Seaforth	Windsor
Collingwood	Ottawa	Simcoe	Woodstock
Dresden	Paris	Stratford	

QUEBEC:	MANITOBA:	BRITISH COLUMBIA:
Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver, Cranbrook
	YUKON DISTRICT:	Fernie, Greenwood, Atlin City.
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FARMERS' BUSINESS.

In addition to handling Commercial Paper, this Bank makes a special business of LOANS TO FARMERS, and the discounting of FARMERS' SALES NOTES at reasonable rates of interest.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and current rates of interest allowed thereon.



FIRST DISPUTANT: "Then I'm a liar?"

SECOND DITTO: "On the contrary, my dear fellow—you have just spoken the truth."

MR. FOWLER (in a great rage): "You're no longer a spring chicken, Maria."

MRS. FOWLER: "You're still the same old goose though."

PATIENT: "I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory."

DOCTOR: "Ah—yes—why—er—in cases of this class I always require my fee in advance."

INTERESTING TO HUSBANDS.—CHILD: "And how do they know it's a man in the moon, mamma, dear?"

MOTHER: "Because it's always out at night, darling!"

CALLER: "Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?"

CITY MAN: "You can't; she's engaged."

CALLER: "That's all right—I'm the fellow!"

THE OLD VETERAN: "Yes, children, I made the enemy run."

THE CHILDREN: "And did they run fast enough to catch you' gran'pa?"

FATHER: "I wonder what makes that dog afraid of me! He always behaves as if he thought I was going to kill him."

SON: "I expect he's seen you whipping me."

SHE: "It's no use you promising—your promises are like pie-crust."

HE: "Yes, my dear, like your pie-crust."

SHE: "What do you mean?"

HE: "Practically unbreakable."

SNOOKS: "I am celebrating my golden wedding to-morrow."

CHOOKS: "Golden wedding! Why, you've only been married two years."

SNOOKS: "Yes; but it seems like fifty."

MRS. SKIM: "Do your boarders pay promptly?"

MRS. SYRE: "They did at first."

MRS. SKIM: "Why don't they now?"

MRS. SYRE: "They've got so fat they can't get their hands into their pockets."

CHEMIST: "Bad to take! Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children will cry for it."

CUSTOMER (father of nine—hastily): "Then give me some other preparation, please."

WHAT A perfect idiot I am," wailed Slumper. And for the purpose of consoling him his wife absent-mindedly remarked—

"No one is perfect, William."

WHAT! fifteen ounces make one pound? I always thought it was sixteen."

"Not in our shop, ma'am, it ain't—never!"

A STORY is told of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "fine by degrees and beautifully less"), who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked.

"Who's there?" asked the lady within.

"The baker," she was answered.

"What do you want?"

"To leave your bread."

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it—put it through the keyhole."