

CONSTIPATION IRREGULARITY OF THE BOWELS

Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous, and should be at once attended to and corrected.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Work on the bowels gently and naturally without weakening the body, but, on the contrary, toning it, and they will if persevered in relieve and cure the worst cases of constipation.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with sick headaches, constipation and catarrh of the stomach. I could get nothing to do me any good until I got a vial of Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried. I have no headaches or constipation, and the catarrh of the stomach is entirely gone. I feel like a new woman, thanks to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I used in all about half a dozen vials."

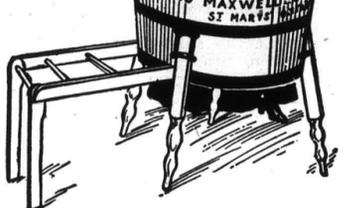
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Reacting Washing Machine

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Is the favorite. There are more "Favorite" churns sold in Canada than all other makes combined. Patent foot and lever drive. Made in 8 sizes to churn from 1/2 to 30 gallons of cream.

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DAVID MAXWELL & SONS
St. Mary's, Ont.

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ESTABLISHED AT DWIGHT 1880
For Drunkenness and Neurasthenia caused by the use of liquor or drugs. This treatment is administered by competent physicians at the Institute where every attention is given to restoring nervous disorders resulting from dissipation.

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Ginseng Roots and Seeds are the most valuable crop grown, easy to cultivate, large profits. Write for prices. R. McGregor & Co., 49 Gladstone Avenue, Toronto.

TEMPERANCE TALK.

Make Way for the Man.

Let us have peace; no craven's peace,
Nor sluggard's to sape and dream,
But the strenuous peace of the land's
increase,
And the powerful beat of steam,
Let the cannon of Commerce roar over
the fields,
And the bugles of brotherhood play—
For the arm of the Man, and the brain
of the Man,
And the grit of the Man, make way.

Let us have peace; no timid peace
That doubtful clings to its place,
But the free, brave peace of the old-
time Greece
And the faith of a patriot race.
Let the vision of Virtue enrapture the
gaze,
And the bolts of integrity stay—
For the arm of the Man, and the brain
of the Man,
And the nerve of the Man, make way.

Let us have peace; no anchored peace
That holds its sails in the slips,
But the peace that sweeps all the
strange blue deeps
With the keel of its own great ships.
With honor commanding, and Truth at
the helm,
And Beauty to welcome the spray—
For the nerve and muscle and brawn
and brain,
For the Soul of the Man, make way.
—Charles Eugene Banks.

Over a Glass of Wine. The Message.

They had been introduced, of course,
but he spoke to her first at dinner.
"May I pour you a little wine?" he
asked.
"Thank you," she said, simply, "a little
claret. I drink only claret."
"You don't care for the sweet wines?"
"I don't think I really care for any
wine, but this is what we drink at
home. You did not pour any for your-
self," she added, a moment later.

He smiled.
"It would be for the first time in my
life if I had."
"How strange!" she looked at him
point-blank with a pair of clear and
very kind blue eyes. "Have you
scruples? Do you think it is wrong?"
"Well," he drew a long breath—
"hardly. Yet for me it would be
wrong."

The color deepened on her cheek a
little. He saw her check back a word
from her lips, and the shadow that
swept over her face was sweeter than
any brightness. But he could not ap-
propriate her unmerited sympathy.
"No—no," he declared, laughing
slightly. "It is not at all a temptation
to me. I have never known the taste
of any sort of liquor. I think I have a
great advantage against fate in this,
and—I mean to keep it."

"Then you are afraid, after all?"
"Sometimes we recognize danger
though we do not fear it."
"If it be danger, you must fear it.
You do, or you would not take precau-
tions."

He looked down and met her earnest
glance. She was forgetting her dinner.
"If you were not afraid," she went on,
impulsively, "wine would seem to you
as harmless as water. It is because
you have a fear that you will not touch
it."
He was at a loss just there.

"It was difficult to meet her candor
without a touch of seeming discor-
dancy. "Suppose I drink to your bette-
rage," she said. "A roughish dimple
showed itself. "The deadly cup has no
terror for me."

He raised his crystal goblet and drank
to her in sparkling water, saying
gently, "But of my cup no one need be
afraid."

There was a pause. She had not
lifted the wine to her lips.
A servant came to remove the course,
and some one spoke to her across the
table. When he could claim her atten-
tion again he was ready with a bright
remark about the beauty of some roses
in a vase near them.

"Yes—so pretty—pretty," she said
vaguely, and then, with promise in her
tone: "We had not exhausted our topic,
I think. May I ask—is it your convic-
tion that liquor should not be used in
any form?"

"You are unmerciful," he deprecated.
"Think how ungracious it would seem
to object to anything under such sur-
roundings."

"Never mind about being compliment-

ary," she replied gravely. "I am try-
ing to reflect—to decide. I have never
before given one serious thought to this
question of temperance. The people I
live among—and they are all upright,
intelligent and refined—regard the mod-
erate use of liquor as indispensable.
Surely you must admit that there are
thousands and thousands who are not
in any way injured by its use."

"I know," he said, quickly, "but there
are millions and millions—the jails will
tell you—the hospitals—"

He stopped abruptly.
"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "yes.
But why not take the good and avoid
the evil?—We need not become drunk-
ards because we use liquor."
He met the appeal of her earnest eyes
with a look as earnest.
"Since you desire it," he answered
steadily, "let me say one word, and
then, I think I will say no more. If you
never touch liquor you not only need
not, you cannot become a drunkard. But
if it once cross your lips the first step
is made."

There was a long silence between
them. The rest of the guests went on
talking gaily. Presently she spoke,
but so low that he had to bend his ear
to listen.

"You have given me a wonderful mes-
sage," she said. She set aside her glass
of wine, and in the simple act he knew
there was consecration.

Queer Things Shalt Thou Say.

A young man of fine family, of splen-
did gifts, was going down fast through
strong drink. His friends had pleaded
with him, but he had taken their warn-
ings as an insult. One day one of
them, who was a court stenographer,
was sitting in a restaurant when the
young man came in with a companion
and took the table next to him, sitting
down with his back to him without
seeing him. He was just drunk enough
to be talkative about his private affairs,
and on the impulse of the moment the
stenographer pulled out his note-book
and took a shorthand report of every
word he said. The next morning the
stenographer copied it all out and sent
it around to the young man's office. In
less than ten minutes the latter came
tearing in with the exclamation, "What
is this, anyhow?" "It's a stenographic
report of your monologue at the restau-
rant last evening," his friend replied,
and gave him a brief explanation. "Did
I really talk like that?" he asked
faintly. "I assure you it is an abso-
lutely verbatim report," was the reply.
He turned pale and walked out. He
never drank another drop.—Herald and
Presbyter.

Happiness.

If thou workest at that which is be-
fore thee, following right reason seri-
ously, vigorously, calmly, without al-
lowing anything else to distract thee,
but keeping thy divine part pure, if
thou should be bound to give it back
immediately; if thou holdest to this,
expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but
satisfied with thy present activity ac-
cording to nature, and with heroic
truth in every word and sound which
thou utterest, thou wilt live happy.
And there is no man who is able to pre-
vent this.—Marcus Aurelius.

Letters from Men Who Have Taken the Keeley Cure.

The following is from the Banner of
Gold, the organ of the Keeley Institute,
and it stands for a heading for a num-
ber of letters endorsing the Cure:—

Every one who is interested in practi-
cal temperance should give the follow-
ing letters a careful reading. They
were written by men who are well
known in their respective communities,
and whose word may be accepted with
perfect confidence. As will be seen, they
are in a position to judge of the neces-
sities of the drinking man from actual
knowledge. Their opinions are founded on
their own experience. They know how the
drinking man deludes himself with the
belief that he can let liquor alone. They
know how he struggles and suffers and
fails. They know what it means to
fight physical craving with weakened
will power. But they know that when
every effort has failed the Keeley Cure
destroyed their craving and restored
them to health. They know that what
it did for them it will do for every man
who will give it a trial, and they tell
their experience in the hope that those
who are bound by drink will learn how
easily they can be cured of their addic-
tions and have a new chance in life.

SKIN DISEASES

These troublesome afflictions are caused
wholly by bad blood and an unhealthy
state of the system, and can be easily cured
by the wonderful blood cleansing prop-
erties of

Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have been made
by this remedy, and not only have the un-
sightly skin diseases been removed, and a
bright clear complexion been produced,
but the entire system has been renovated
and invigorated at the same time.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

Mrs. John O'Connor, Burlington, N.S.,
writes:—"For years I suffered with Salt
Rheum. I tried a dozen different medi-
cines, but most of them only made it worse.
I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bit-
ters. I got a bottle and before I had taken
half a dozen doses I could see a change so I
continued its use and now I am completely
cured. I cannot say too much for your
wonderful medicine."



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and liquid porcelain in one.

It is not affected by fire or water, heat
or cold.

Whatever CEMENTIUM touches it
penetrates.

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it mends is stronger at the join than be-
fore broken.

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dollars worth of China, Furniture, Bric-a-
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new.

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