

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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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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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 yourself," 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 appropriate 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 precautions."

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 disc—rtesy. 'Suppose I drink to your better courage,' she said. A roughish simile 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 attention 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 conviction 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 surroundings."

"Never mind about being complimen—

ary," she replied gravely. "I am trying 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 moderate 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 drunkards 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 message," 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 splendid gifts, was going down fast through strong drink. His friends had pleaded with him, but he had taken their warnings 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 restaurant 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 absolutely 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 before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing 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 according 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 prevent 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 number of letters endorsing the Cure:—

Every one who is interested in practical temperance should give the following 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 necessities 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 addictions 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 properties of

Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have been made by this remedy, and not only have the unsightly 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 medicines, but most of them only made it worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. 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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BUT IS NOT STICKY

CEMENTIUM is a cement, gum, solder and liquid porcelain in one.

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

Whatever CEMENTIUM touches it penetrates.

It mends everything—and everything it mends is stronger at the join than before broken.

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