

Dr. Slocum's Great Tonic  
and Disease Destroyer

## PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEN)

Used in Thousands  
of Homes in Canada

THOSE WHO don't know what Psychine is and what it does are asking about it. THOSE WHO do know what Psychine is and what it does are using it. They regard it as their best physician and friend.

THOSE WHO use it are being quickly and permanently cured of all forms of throat, chest, lung and stomach troubles. It is a scientific preparation, destroying all disease germs in the blood and system. It is a wonderful tonic and system building remedy, and is a certain cure for:

**COUGHS,**  
**LA. GRIFFE,**  
**Colds,**  
**Pneumonia,**  
**Bronchitis,**  
**Catarrh,**  
**Weak Voice,**  
**Sleeplessness,**  
**Nervousness,**  
**Malaria,**  
**Anaemia,**  
**Stomach,**  
**Bronchial Coughs,**  
**Chills and Fever,**  
**Difficult Breathing,**  
**General Weakness,**  
**Female Troubles,**  
**Fickle Appetite,**  
**Hemorrhages,**  
**Night Sweats,**  
**Consumption,**  
**Catarrh of the**

All these diseases are serious in themselves, and if not promptly cured in the early stages are the certain forerunners of Consumption in its most terrible form. Psychine conquers and cures Consumption, but it is much easier and safer to prevent its development by using Psychine. Here is a sample of thousands of voluntary and unsolicited statements from all over Canada:

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited:  
Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to advise you of the remarkable cure effected by your Psychine and Oxomulsion, which have come under my personal observation. Three men, well known to me, Albert Townsend, Hazel Rippon and John McKay, all of Shelburne County, were pronounced by the best medical men to have Consumption, and to be incurable and beyond the reach of medical aid. They used Psychine and Oxomulsion and they are now in good health. I feel it a duty to advise humanity to state these facts for the benefit of other sufferers from this terrible disease.

Yours very truly,  
LEANDER MCKENZIE, J.P.,  
Green Harbor, N.S.  
Psychine, pronounced Si-Ken, is for sale at all up-to-date dealers. If your druggist or general store cannot supply you, write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

## THE PINK KIMONO

By IZOLA FORRESTER

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

It lay on the massive settee in the hall, an innocent looking parcel, flat and somewhat square. Three of Warwick's letters lay on top of it, neatly, as the hall boy had placed them, also this weekly paper from home.

Warwick glanced at the letters, again at the clock, tossed off his hat, coat and gloves and carried the whole lot, parcel, letters and paper, into the comfortable study and dropped into a deep chair.

There was an hour before the crowd would arrive. Everything was ready. The spread would be sent up at 8:30 sharp. He hoped Stanton would be able to get away. He liked Stanton. The boy needed a good friendly grip just now. He knew himself what it was to be in New York a stranger. Money could not give one the passport that admitted one to the inside of things, the "getting next to the tines" for all," as Stanton said. And if the right path did not open, and one happened to be lonely, there were others

wide and welcoming. Warwick knew. The boy was young and clever. The only thing that allied him was too much money, and the confidence he had therein. He was a bit handy with it all—the wheel and the swing and the chance for big success. Warwick had kept an eye on him for weeks, measuring and judging him, and now he was satisfied. All the boy needed was direction and a cool hand checking him now and then, and he would win out.

Warwick opened the weekly paper from home and smiled to himself at the familiar heading, the Weekly Visitor. Ever since he could remember the Weekly Visitor had visited regularly at the quiet, big gray house that crowned Warwick's hill, up in Hillsboro, N. H. And Stanton was from the country, too, some place out west, out in Nebraska. He wondered if he had a weekly paper, too, to keep him in touch with the old world, and the ethics and standards of something besides New York.

The letters were unimportant. He took up the parcel and slipped off the cord. Laundry probably. He had not ordered anything.

The paper fell to the floor and he sat staring at the thing in his hands. It was a pink, delicate, shimmering, silken thing. He stood up and shook it out to its full length. It reached to the floor. It was not a bath robe. It could not possibly be a smoking jacket. It was a woman's garment, unmistakably.

The texture was the softest Japanese crepe, the silk interwoven around the sleeves and neck in a border of golden butterflies. There was no mark on it nor on the paper. Warwick looked carefully.

The door bell buzzed imperatively, once, twice and a long one. That was Billy Trainor's ring. Warwick hesitated, cast the pink silk thing behind him on the chair and opened the door. Billy stepped in smilingly, interrogatively looked about the room and spied the pink silk thing.

"Rex," he said reproachfully, "why, Rex?"

"It was left here by mistake," said Warwick hastily. "The hall boy did it. What is it?"

Billy lifted it by the shoulders and beamed with the appreciative eye of a connoisseur.

"It's a kimono, the real imported article. No bargain sale. Who's the lucky lady?"

The door bell buzzed again. Warwick took the kimono with deliberate forethought, went to the wardrobe in his dressing room and concealed it therein.

"It's Stanton," Billy announced, "and the rest."

Warwick played the host with more inner discomfort than ever before in his life. It was not the mere fact of the mistake that troubled him, nor that he minded the boys knowing of it, but he didn't want to see that particular—what had Billy called it?—kimono?—handed over. Somewhere there must be the girl who wanted that kimono. He hoped she was a brunette. Pink was best for brunettes. Not too much of a brunette, perhaps with blue eyes, or gray—yes, gray—a gray eye or so.

Billy was pushing back the chairs and taboretts for the spread. Stanton was singing at the piano. Out in the kitchenette Yates and Rogers and the Danforths were rummaging for dishes and knives and forks. Big De Veau was up on the divan with its red Turkish cover draped picturesquely about him, reciting some original poetry.

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here—and which will be produced if you're a bit credulous.

How is your stomach affected?—Do you have sour stomach—distress after eating—weight on the stomach—wind on the stomach—Loss of appetite—dizziness—nausea—sick headache and other uncomfortable derangements?—The first tablet will give you relief and persistence will cure—and there's no case of stomach trouble so stubborn as to baffle Dr. Von Stan's Pine-apple Tablets.

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In All Parts of Canada Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Effected Similar Cures.

Many wonderful cures of female ills are continually coming to light which have been brought about by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and



Miss A. E. Schwalm

through the advice of Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., which is given to sick women absolutely free of charge.

The present Mrs. Pinkham has for twenty-five years made a study of the ills of her sex; she has consulted with and advised thousands of suffering women, who to-day owe not only their health but even life to her helpful advice.

Miss Annie E. Schwalm, of 326 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham—

"I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a specific for female weakness, with which I have been troubled for years. I also had irregular and painful periods which affected my general health until last spring. I was only a wreck of my former self. In my affliction I was advised to use your Compound, and am so glad that I did so. I found that in a few short months there was no trace of female weakness, my strength gradually returned, and in a very short time I considered myself a perfectly well woman. I appreciate my good health, and beg to assure you that I am most grateful to you for discovering such a wonderful remedy for suffering women."

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She asks nothing in return for her advice. It is absolutely free, and to thousands of women has proved to be more precious than gold.

"Rex, don't you own a decent tablecloth, you beggar?" called Yates.

Warwick smoked without replying. Through the haze he saw the brunette girl with the pink kimono about her smiling deliciously like a geisha—no, he didn't want her to be a geisha—smiling, well, just as a girl should smile when she had the right one to smile at.

Stanton left the piano and came over. "Say, you're a prince to get me here tonight," he said. "I didn't know you had a place like this. Beats hotels, doesn't it? What do you call it?"

"Studio apartment," said Warwick, lazily. "Half den, half home, not confined to bachelors. I like it. When a fellow's had a home, it always sticks to him a bit. There's a nap comes in and cleans up for me, and if I want a meal, I can have it."

"I—I am going to housekeeping too," began Stanton awkwardly.

"Honey-moon?" Warwick's eyes lighted with amusement. He had not dreamed the boy had gone so far.

"No, not as bad as that," Stanton hesitated, glancing at the joyous, riotous crowd about the piano. It's my sister. Mother's sent her on to take care of me until she can come herself. I guess they didn't get very good accounts of their little boy in Manhattan. But I wrote home and told them about you and what sort of a chap you were and how you had taken me under your wing, and I promised to cut out the hotel and—well, a whole lot of things mother didn't like the flavor of, and today—"

"Whoopie!" yelled Yates from the dressing room. "I've found Warrick's tablecloth. It's a dream!"

Warwick sat up and dropped his cigarette. Waltzing dizzily, radiantly, wickedly out from the dressing room came Yates, arrayed in the pink silk kimono. There was a silence, then a long drawn howl of delight from the crowd. They caught Yates in their arms, and swept him up on the center table. They handed him a Samoan fan of dyed plumes and a Mexican peaked hat. Trainor at the piano crashed into the "San Toy" overture. And suddenly Warwick stood up, white and mad, mad clear through that they should dare even in jest to touch anything that belonged to the dear, unknown girl, the brunette with the gray eyes.

"Take that off!" he said.

The music stopped short, but not from his words. Every face in the crowd was turned toward the door of the hall, and Yates looked helpless and miserable. Warwick turned, too, and held his breath. She stood in the doorway, one hand lifting aside the heavy drapery. Behind her was Georgia, the colored hall boy. Her face looked startled, and yet there was amusement, too, in the wide gray eyes, as they glanced from face to

face and finally rested on Yates. "There is some mistake, I think," she said gently. "George tells me a parcel of mine was left here tonight. I have only moved here today, and he made a mistake. I think that gentleman has on my kimono."

Wretched, limp and apologetic, Yates was assisted from the table, and divested of the pink silk gown.

"I am sorry to spoil your amusement"—she stopped, and turned her head toward Warwick as the host, when all at once her eyes met Stanton's.

"Marjorie!" he gasped. "Marjorie, you blessed kid!"

Silently and discreetly the crowd averted its composite face while Stanton kissed Marjorie ecstatically. Warwick looked unhappy.

"Boys," cried Stanton, "this is my sister, all the way from Nebraska to Manhattan to take care of her little brother."

"Mother is here, too," Marjorie explained, blushing at the effusive welcome accorded her. "We had the address of these apartments and you wrote that they were very nice, you know, and that Mr. Warwick lived here."

"That's Warwick," interposed Stanton. "He's a bully fellow."

Warwick bowed. Suddenly he felt a great, supreme gladness steal over him. She had gray eyes, Stanton's sister from Nebraska.

"So we came right here from the depot, and mother wanted to surprise you by having everything ready. I bought my kimono on the way here, because our trunks haven't come yet, and the boy made a mistake delivering it. We have the apartment just across the hall."

"Boys," cried Stanton, "come on to the apartment across the hall and be introduced. You've got to make us welcome, because we've come to stay."

Decorously and quietly the crowd crossed to the apartment next door. With dignity and beautiful grace they were introduced to Stanton's mother and to Stanton's home, and Stanton knew he was accepted and admitted forever to the "itiness of things."

But Warwick sat in a corner watching Marjorie make tea, tea from his teapot, which the Jap servant had brought over, and over the back of her chair hung the pink silk kimono. He was wondering how she would look in it.

"Sugar?" she asked. "One or two, Mr. Warwick?"

"Two," said Warwick, with a half suppressed sigh. "Say, do you know Mar-Miss Stanton, I'm awfully glad you're a brunette, with gray eyes."

"Why?" Marjorie's head bent lower over the teapot. Tea making does require so much careful attention.

"Because," said Warwick, "pink is so becoming to that type."

"And to Mr. Yates' type, too," laughed Marjorie, but her face was flushed as she slipped the pink kimono around her, over her gray traveling suit, and poured the tea a la Japanese for the crowd, and for Warwick.

**Grasshopper Glacier.**  
One of the small glaciers in Montana is of special interest on account of the fact that in the mass of ice there are imbedded two strata of grasshoppers, each about a foot thick. There are literally tons of grasshoppers in the ice, and the question naturally arises as to where they came from. The most obvious explanation is that centuries ago two enormous swarms in course of migration were caught in a snowstorm, chilled and buried in the snow, where they have remained till now in a perfect state of preservation. In the accounts of the early western explorers a few instances are related of meeting large swarms of locusts on the mountain tops in the Rockies. It is a very fortunate circumstance that the great extension of agriculture in the west has broken up the breeding grounds of these insects.—St. Louis Republic.

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AFTER WRECK ON LAKE ONTARIO HIS HEALTH BROKE DOWN

Rheumatism. Cramps in the Stomach, and Acute Constipation Completely Cured.

Early on the morning of November 22nd last, the steam-barge "Resolute," after being buffeted for hours in a gale outside Toronto Island, sank beneath the waves. Six of her crew took to an open boat. Every one of them was drowned. Just before the "Resolute" went down Ernest MacBeth and five others of her crew jumped into the remaining boat and were washed ashore—sick with fatigue, chilled to the bone, and so weak that they could hardly drag themselves from the surf. Although MacBeth, who lives on Sackville Street, Toronto, escaped with his life, the after-effects of such a terrible experience were very serious, and had it not been for Bileans he would probably not have pulled round. He says:—"The cold and exposure broke down my health. I had rheumatism in my shoulders, arms and legs. At times shooting pains and cramps in the stomach caused me fearful agony. My liver and bowels seemed to have been affected, and I had constipation in a very bad form. I was just able to get about, but felt very weak and ailing. A friend gave me a box of Bileans, as he said he had previously proved how good they were for liver and stomach and blood diseases (from which I was undoubtedly suffering). Before the first box of Bileans was done I was greatly improved, and a few boxes brought me round completely. I am now well and strong again—free from rheumatism, stomach cramps, and the other symptoms of liver and general debility."

Scores of people are at this season suffering from liver and stomach troubles, which give to their ailments. They feel cold and shivery. At times the skin feels hot and dry; at other times cold and clammy. Headache, constipation—sometimes piles and various forms of indigestion also accompany this state. For these there is nothing in the world of medicine equal to Bileans.

These act directly on liver and stomach, and strengthen and invigorate these organs so that they can fulfill their functions to the full. Bileans also cures debility, indigestion, rheumatism, female ailments and irregularities, colds, chills, blood impurities, skin sores and pimples due to bad blood, headache, gas, pain, indigestion, etc. They contain no alcohol. All druggists and stores sell Bileans at 50 cents a box, or direct from the Bileans Co., Toronto, upon receipt of price, 6 boxes for \$2.50.

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Watford Village every morning except Sunday, reaching Watford at 11.30 a.m. Returning leaves Watford at 3.45 p.m. Passengers and freight conveyed on reasonable terms.—THOR WILSON

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