

WEAK WOMEN

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

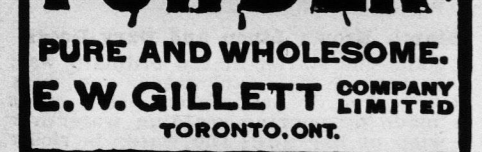
The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment.

The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor and energy.

Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure. All Druggists



MAGIC BAKING POWDER PURE AND WHOLESOME. E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

Advertisement for Baby's Defence For Baby's use—a n d every toilet purpose as good a soap as "Baby's Own" cannot be bought for as little money.

Advertisement for Fleming's Fistula and Poll Evil Cure. Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

The Telephone in Alkali Center. There's a telephone in Alkali—it's a new, long talk machine.

She wears a jangling bracelet, and a rollin' mass of hair. And when good looks was passeed she was handed out her share.

The boys they come a-ridin' from the corners of the range. And they're actin' around in Alkali, and they're actin' mighty strange.

They flock up to the office, and they spend their hard earned dough. A phoin' off to cities where there ain't no folks they know.

So, unless the girl flits eastward, there'll be trouble here this fall. For the roundup season's comin' and we can't get help at all.

Judge—"You say the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?" Intelligent Witness—"The dog."

Uncle Joe—"Yes, Tommy, it is quite possible that there are people in the moon." Tommy—"Well, what becomes of them when there isn't any moon?"

Hilton—"My wife is a matter-of-fact woman. She only speaks her mind." Chilton—"So does mine, but she changes her mind so often that it keeps her talking all the time."

Marks—"Say, old man, did I ever tell you about the awful fright I got on my wedding day?" Parks—"S-sh! No man should speak like that about his wife."

"Mrs. Henry Peck says Henry never spoke a cross word to her; don't you think that shows a great deal of love?" "Yes, or a great deal of discretion."

"Appearances," remarked Mrs. Highmus, "are deceitful." "I don't mind that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambish,

Hawley—"So her father objected to your suit, eh?" Supleigh—"Oh, no; me clothes were perfectly satisfactory. It was me he objected to, doncher know."

The Missis—"Mary Ann, please explain to me how it is that I saw you kissing a young man in the kitchen last night." The Maid—"Sure; I dunno how it is, ma'am, unless yez were lookin' through the keyhole."

"Of course," said the tourist, "you know all about the antidotes for snake bites?" "Sure," replied the mountaineer. "Well, when a snake bites you, what is the first thing you do?" "Yell."

"A woman who tries to look like a man is a fool," announced Mr. Jawback. "I should say she is," said Mrs. Jawback, looking him over carefully. And even though she agreed with him, he didn't like it, somehow.

Anxious Mother—"Do you think that young man who has been calling on you means business?" Pretty Daughter—"I am sure he does. Everytime he calls he wants to know how papa's business is panning out."

Mrs. Suburbs—"How long were you in your last place?" Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Three months, ma'am." Mrs. Suburbs—"Is it possible?" Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Yes, ma'am, but it wasn't me fault. Oi had de smallpox, an' de house was quarantined."

Mrs. Sovenden Blunt—"But why did you leave your last place?" Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum." Mrs. B. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did they quarrel much, then?" Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."

"I got a jawb I could go to if I could git five shillins' ter git me tools out er porn, guv'ner!" "Why, confound you, you got five shillings out of me a week or two ago with the very same story!" "Blimey, guv'ner, naow yer mentions it, I b'lieve I did. Ais't it wunnerful 'ow 'istory repeats itself?"

"In my babies' class last week the little ones were repeating the text, 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.' I showed them a picture representing the flight into Egypt, when they noticed the chief features. Then to one little boy there arose a difficulty, so up went his hand, and he asked, 'Please, teacher, where is the flea?'"

We've shortened up our words a few. The scheme is far from twaddle; Progressive young folks say "skiddo!" Our grandfathers said, "skeddadle."

First Tourist—"These customs officials seem to take a positive delight in their work." Second Tourist—"Yes, they combine duty and pleasure."

"Any bottles? Any rags?" "Queer combination you deal in, my friend." "Not so queer. People as has bottles generally has rags."

New Office Boy—"Your wife wants you at the 'phone, sir." Mr. Mormondub—"Boy, how many times must I tell you to get the name and number of the person who calls up."

Hubbubs—"Are you ever bothered with tramps out here?" Mr. Mormondub—"No; I have a sign on the gate reading, 'We are vegetarians, but our dog isn't.'"

Editor's Son—"I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was goin' to rain next First of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

In some parts of the West it is customary for the men to wear buckskin breeches, a fashion followed even by clergymen.

An Alberta minister tells of a fellow clergyman who, in preparing to attend conference, donned a pair of buckskin breeches that had not been worn for quite awhile, and during the time a nest of wasps had taken possession of them for winter quarters.

He put them on without noticing the wasps, and they did not wake up enough to notice him until after his arrival at the conference, when they started to make things lively.

When it came his turn he got up, read a chapter and announced his text, but he could not refrain from slapping his legs every once in a while.

He started in to preach, but simply couldn't stand it, and at last exclaimed: "Brothers and sisters, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" and made a hurried exit.

During the excitement which followed John Brown's raid into Virginia, Major Jackson—"Stonewall"—went to Washington and commanded the cadet artillery of the Virginia Military Institute. There, says the Century Magazine, he spent the night at a hotel. He shared a room with four of his officers. Before retiring he asked one of them, a captain, what he did with his watch and purse when spending a night in a hotel.

"Well," replied the captain, "I have no fixed rule. Ordinarily I put my waistcoat, in which I carry them, under my pillow."

"I can tell you a much better plan than that," said Major Jackson. "I always place my watch in one sock and my purse in the other, and lay them on the floor as if they had been thrown there carelessly. No one would think of looking in a pair of soiled socks for valuables."

They were up betimes in the morning, and having breakfasted, started for the wharf to take boat to their destination. They had marched one or two squares when the major suddenly ordered, "Detachment halt! Place rest!" He then left them standing as they were, and trotted off at his usual ungainly gait toward the hotel. He soon returned, and resumed the march.

"Major," said the captain at the first opportunity—for he suspected the cause of the return—"I was much struck by your method of concealing your watch and purse last night, and I think I shall adopt it hereafter."

A broad smile appeared on the major's face. "If you do," he said, "don't put on clean socks next morning and leave the old ones behind."

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Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to anyone."

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