

## PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION



Was in Bed for Three Months.

Read how Mrs. T. G. Buck, Bracebridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of

**DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP**

She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was so badly troubled with my lungs people said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so had to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B.B.B. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with weak lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything."

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark.

## WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

### Beaten at Last.

He had hunted for the North Pole, and he claimed that he had found it! Cape Horn was but a picnic, for he knew how to surround it; And when it came to Africa—well, now I shouldn't wonder, But that he growled when people thought to Selous he'd knock under; For he hob-nobbed with all—Beast, king, and cannibal. Well he knew the Congo, Niger, and the Nile; Killima-Njaro he had straddled. Though his very guides grew addled; Nor could Tanganyika's billows stir his bile.

In the depths of Asia's jungles the tiger he had captured, On the Himalayan summits he had rhapsodized enraptured; He delved in Buddha's mysteries, then China he invaded—The doctrines of Confucius he furiously raided.

In Australia, by the way, He was utterly au fait; In the bush he lived for days on kangaroo. He had voyaged on a whaler Till he felt himself a sailor, And for lack of lands to conquer he was blue.

So he pitched into astronomy, and the wide heavens dissected, Till he could tell just why the sun with smallpox is affected. He found the man within the moon is quite a jolly fellow, And that the Milky Way runs o'er with cream both thick and mellow; Yet when his wife forgot Her purse, and made him trot To search in a dress-pocket for it—mind! There his Waterloo he met, And he learned that there were yet Things that even he could never, never find.

### Splinters.

Stella—"Do you believe that Miss Oldun came by her complexion honestly?" Mabel—"I know she did. I saw the receipted bill for it."

Yeast—"To what family does the prune belong?" Crimmonbeak—"I don't think it belongs to any family. It is a boarding-house product."

Gunner—"You say he has several running accounts in this town? Why don't his debtors collect them?" Guyer—"They can't. He runs faster than the accounts."

"I see Londoners used over 82,000,000,000 gallons of water last year," said the caller at the dairy. "Gracious!" exclaimed the dealer in the lacteal; "to how much milk?"

Abner Appledry—"Well, Jay, how'd ye like it up t' city?" Jay Green—"Aw, it was all right enough most ways, but what bothered me most was tryin' to look at everybody I met on the street."

"Lady," said Meandering Mike, "have you any more of dat hot mince pie?" "Hot mince pie!" "Yes, lady, I joined a suicide club and we want to use it in givin' the first degree."

"I want to get some salad," said Mrs. Youngwife. "Yes'm," said the dealer. "How many heads?" "Oh, gracious! I thought you took the heads off. I just want plain chicken salad."

Mrs. Newed (sobbing)—"Oh, J-John! the c-cat has e-eaten all the angel cake I b-baked this m-morning. Boo-ho-o-o!" Newed (consoling)—"Well, don't cry, dear! I'll buy you another cat t-morrow."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the inventor of predigested hay, "a man has lived four days in a mine on nothing but oil and wood." "Well, what's in that to shout about?" "Plenty. You're stupid. It gives me a new idea for a breakfast food."

"The more poets the better," remarked the commercial-looking person. "Ah, you are a lover of poetry," ventured

the literary man. "Not so you could notice it," replied the commercial-looking person. "I'm a manufacturer of waste baskets."

"Is your wife a club woman, Mike?" "Nary the likes o' that, sor; she uses a flatiron, sor."

"Say, Pete, what kind of a b'le is this autermobile I dun been readin' about in the papers?" "Well, 'tain't just a common b'le, I reckon. Seems more like a run around, Sam."

"The people I lived wid before, ma'am," said the new cook, "was very plain." "Well," asked her new employer, "are we not plain here?" "Yez are, ma'am, but in a different way. They wuz plain in their way o' livin', not in their looks, ma'am."

"That boy of yours is certainly going to be at the head of a big trust some day," said Farmer Korncob with pride as he laid down the Weekly Screech. "What makes you think so, H ram?" asked his wife. "His teacher at school says he refuses to answer questions."

Friend of the family (after hearing of the engagement)—"So you're after losin' another daughter, Mr. Weloff?" Mr. Weloff—"Well, I'm not sure. I don't know how it will turn out; but j' rather strikes me, from what I hear about the young man, that I'm taking on another son."

"There is a lot of talk in the papers," said Mr. Dumley, "about the necessity for uniform divorce laws." Wonder what they mean by that? "Probably," suggested Mrs. Dumley, "it's to compel divorced people to wear a uniform so other folks can recognize 'em."

Minister—"Why is it, John, that you can't go to town without getting under the influence of liquor?" John—"T's folks axes me ter drink an' I kaint bery well 'fuse, sah." Minister—"Tut! People don't ask me to drink when I visit them." John—"I reckon I'm mo' pop'lar dan yo' is, sah."

Bass—Do you think I did right in flogging my office boy for whistling "Hiawatha?" Fogg—I think you did decidedly wrong. He'll be whistling it again as soon as he gets over smarting. Now, if you had slain the youth you never would have had any more trouble with him.

"Mammy," said Pickaniny Jim, "what does ghosts want to come back to dis yearth foh?" "Dat's a foolish question. Dey kin go whaebber dey wants wif-out payin' no house rent nor cah fare, an' nobody can't shet 'em out. Sometimes I reckons dat ghos'es is de only folks dat rel'y enjoys life."

"In connizance ob de fac' dat tomorrow am washday wid a great many ob de sistern ob dis congregashun," said Parson Henrust at the camp-meeting, "de congregashun will now please rise in dey seats an' jine in singin' dat ol' hymn 'Bringin' On de Sheets!' Let the orchestra perceed!"

Conjurer (pointing to his cabinet)—Ladies and gentlemen, I now call your attention to the great illusion of the evening. I will ask any lady in the audience to step on the stage and enter the cabinet. I will then close the door. When I open it again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace. Husband (to his wife)—Matilda, my love, do oblige the gentleman and walk up.

A Kansas City man has taken out a patent on an electric motor fastened on a cow's back, the electricity being generated by a dynamo attached to the cow's tail, says the American Inventor. It strains the milk and hangs up the pail and strainer. A small phonograph accompanies the outfit, which yells: "So!" when the cow moves. If she kicks, a hinged arm catches the milk-stool and lams her over the head with it.

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.

## JUST CURED HIM THAT WAS ALL

What Dodd's Kidney Pills Did for Thomas Moon.

Doctors Could Not Cure His Dropsy but Dodd's Kidney Pills Cleared it out Completely.

MAIDSTONE, SASK., Mar. 1. (Special)—"Cured me completely. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills did for me." Such is the statement made by Thomas Moon, a well-known resident of this place who for two years suffered with Dropsical Swellings brought on by diseased Kidneys.

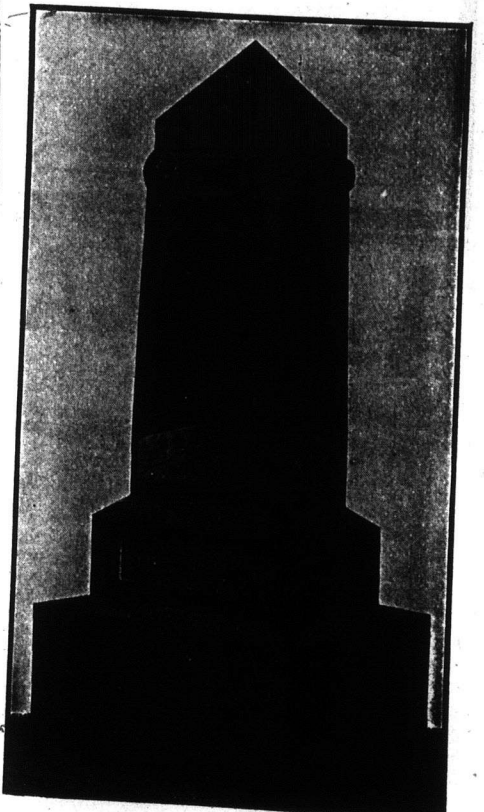
"I had pains in the small of my back," Mr. Moon continues, "and across the loins. The swelling commenced first in my legs and gradually got to my body. I tried different doctors but kept getting worse every day until I was swollen up to an awful size."

"One doctor sent me to the hospital where I got a little benefit but the swelling soon all came back."

"Then I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and as I said before they cured me completely."

Dropsical Swellings are caused by diseased Kidneys failing to take the surplus water out of the blood. Cure the Kidney's with Dodd's Kidney Pills and the Dropsy naturally cures itself.

**SOMERVILLE**  
**Steam Marble and Granite Works**  
**ROSSER AVE. BRANDON**



### ABERDEEN to BRANDON

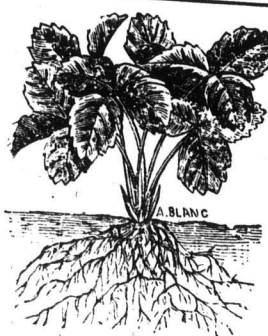
A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

### MAIL ORDERS

Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

**DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES** with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

### Remember! BRANDON.



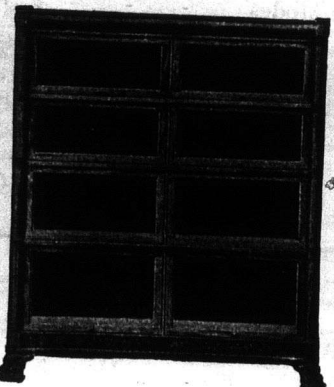
Strawberries, and all kinds of fruits, trees, shrubs and plants adapted to planting in the Prairie Provinces. Home grown acclimatized stock. Catalogue free.

Buchanan Nursery, St. Charles, Man.



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The Beautiful combined with the Practical finds Perfect Expression in the Harmonious Design and Hospitable Proportions of

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In it every consideration is satisfied—every desire realized.

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