

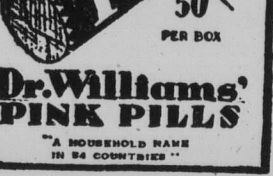
Are your hands shaky?

THE nerves are fed by the blood. Poor blood means starved nerve tissue, insomnia, irritability and depression.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will enrich your blood stream and rebuild your over-worked nerves. Miss Josephine M. Martin, of Kitchener, Ontario, testifies to this:

"I suffered from a nervous breakdown," she writes. "I had terrible sick headaches, dizziness; felt very weak and could not sleep; had no appetite. I felt always as if something terrible were going to happen. After taking other treatment without success, on my sister's advice, I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now all these symptoms are gone, and I am strong and happy again."

Buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now at your druggist's or any dealer in medicine or by mail, 50 cents, postpaid, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario.



"A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN 34 COUNTRIES"

**Safety First**

La Presse (Ind.): The Safety League of the Province of Quebec has recently addressed to more than 1,200 cures of our province a circular letter soliciting their active co-operation in the prevention of accidents. . . . This new move of the Safety League should produce good results. There is no doubt that the cure is the man who, in his own parish, is in the best position to educate his parishioners. . . . Our cures have a mission to protect the lives of their parishioners, whenever they can, simultaneously with looking after their spiritual welfare.

He, reading—"As so they were married. That is the way all love matches end."  
She—"Yes, they don't burn long."

**AEROXON**  
With The Pin  
The Honey Fly Catcher

You Must Do Your Bit in the war against the fly, carrier of germs and breeder of disease. It is proven that AEROXON is one of the most convenient and most efficient means of combating this fly. It is convenient, because of the push-pin. It is hygienic, (the never get away when once caught). Each spiral gives three weeks' perfect service.

Beware of imitations. Sold at drug, grocery and hardware stores. La Cie C. O. Genest & Fils, Limited, 514 BROADWAY, QUEBEC, P. Q.



Distributor for Ontario: NEWTON A. HILL, 56 Front St. E., Toronto

**Gum Dipped TO GIVE Most Miles Per Dollar**

Whether it's the sudden stop, the quick get-away or the steady pull through heavy roads—your Firestone tires are on the job 100% insuring you safety, traction and economical performance.

Under the rugged non-skid tread is the Firestone safety carcass built of cords with every fibre insulated with rubber to eliminate internal friction. With such a combination, no wonder Firestone tires give "Most Miles Per Dollar." See your nearest Firestone Dealer.

**Firestone TIRES**

**Owl Laffs**

The Erratic Mr. Mart  
I had to laugh  
At old man Mart;  
He lost his head  
Then lost his heart.

The normal way,  
I've heard it said,  
Is to lose one's heart  
And then one's head.

Grandmother—"Well, dear, have you done your good deed to-day?"  
Boy Scout—"Yes—I've taught Cousin Lucy not to poke her tongue out at Boy Scouts!"

A cable message can go around the world in eight minutes. But of course gossip is much cheaper.

He—"Wouldn't you like to hear me sing 'Because I Love You?'"  
She—"No; if you love me, please don't sing."

Malsies—"The jury awarded me five thousand dollars damages from that fellow who kissed me."  
Name—"Gee! that's swell."  
Malsie—"But he hasn't got the five thousand dollars and nobody else has offered me a kiss."

The height of something or other is getting out on the wrong side of a lower berth in a Pullman.

Mine Too  
I call my girl Wrigley's because she is always after meals.

There is no reason why women can't succeed in business. A woman who can get the rolls and the gravy and the roast and the potatoes and the coffee all on the table steaming hot at the same time and then get all the family there too, can succeed in anything.

Now, I want some humane moth-balls; something that won't harm the moths but will just make them lose their appetites.

A thing done right to-day means less trouble to-morrow.

Nothing For Murphys  
"Anything for the Murphys?" Inquired a freckle-faced girl, putting her head in at the postoffice door.  
"No, nothing," replied the clerk.  
"Anything for Jane Murphy?" pursued the girl.

"Anything for Bob Murphy?"  
"Nothing, I tell you."  
"Anything for Biddy Murphy?"  
"No; nor for Pat Murphy nor Dennis Murphy, nor for Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any of the Murphys, individually, jointly or severally."

The girl regarded the clerk for a moment in open-mouthed astonishment.  
"Well," she said at last, "have you anything for Clarence Murphy?"

Jones—"Do your daughters live at home?"  
Mrs. Smith—"My, no! They are not married yet."

He made no enemy here below,  
For him death held no terror;  
And now he's where the "Good Fellows" go.  
No runs, no hits, no errors.

"I hope," said one wife to another, "that you don't nag your husband."  
"Only when he is beating the carpets," said the second one. "When he is thoroughly irritated he makes a much better job of it."

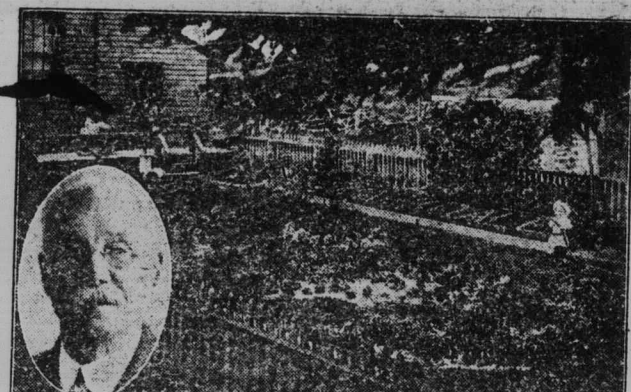
The thing that looks dangerous about the new-fangled underwear for men, in all the pretty patterns, is that someone's apt to get the fool idea it will take the place of pants.

Don't expect to be taken for a genius if you're only a common crank.

Resort—A place where you pay \$15 a day to look through a window at the rain.

Friend—"Gad, but you're lazy—you ought to go to the ant." Sluggard (fingering his watch)—"Think I'll be more apt to get what I want by going to an uncle."

**Making the Railway Beautiful**



1.—John Caesar, pioneer of Canadian Pacific Station Gardens.  
2.—First Canadian Pacific Station Garden at Markdale, Ont., 1881.

John Caesar, like his great prototype, "same, saw and conquered." When he first started as station agent at Markdale, Ont., back in 1881, it was just a station with the rails running past it. He decided that passengers should sit up and take notice when they passed through his territory, so he started in to landscape garden it. Soon he had a beauty spot where before there had been little to interest the traveller. Canadian Pacific officials were quick to recognize the value of the work and the Floral Department of the railway was formed. Mr. Caesar was chosen to look after the beautification of the road and he has to his credit a large number of stations through Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Maine. Since 1871 Mr. Caesar has been drawing pay cheques from railways and probably has signed more than any other living railroad man. When he retired in 1917 on his agent's pension, he went on to work at landscape gardening and has literally created hundreds of station gardens, some of them real showplaces. "I have received new life from the soil," he says, in replies to compliments on his fresh complexion and alert manner, for he is a man well in the seventies, and he hopes to make many more gardens before he completes his life span.

**RED HOT JULY DAYS HARD ON THE BABY**

July—the month of oppressive heat; red-hot days and sweltering nights; is extremely hard on little ones. Diarrhoea, dysentery, colic and cholera infantum carry off thousands of precious little lives every summer. The mother must be constantly on her guard to prevent these troubles, or, if they come on suddenly, to fight them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot summer as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels and stomach, and an occasional dose given to the well child will prevent summer complaint, or if the trouble does come on suddenly, will banish it. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**But What Is That?**

The weeds are rank,  
The grass uncult,  
The vines swing wild,  
The door is shut;

The clock has stopped,  
Stark is the bed,  
The fire's out,  
My love is dead—

But what is that?  
In here! Out there!  
Was that the wind  
Along the stair?

Was that a hand  
That stirred the curtain?  
Was that a laugh?  
I am not certain—

Love! Are you there?  
Or is it only  
That I am mad  
As well as lonely?  
—Elizabeth Hollister Frost in the London Spectator.

**The French Debt to the U.S.A.**

Philadelphia Ledger: It is reasonably certain that the people of this country have no wish to be hard upon France. Indeed, the terms of the Mellon-Berenger agreement, which in effect canceled the principal of the French debt and arranged for the payment of the interest alone, show unmistakable generosity. But it is more than three years since that agreement was made, and though its obligations have been met regularly by the French Government, it has not yet been ratified. Speeches like M. Henri Franklin Bouillon's, leader of the National Union group in the French Chamber, who spoke of deliberating with a knife at our throats, make interesting reading, but they are of assistance neither to his own Government nor to this one in reaching a final settlement of the debt question.

**The Disappearing Indian**

Quebec Evening News: In the greater part of the old hunting grounds of the natives of the country, there barely remain a few thousand descendants of a human family which lacked neither intelligence nor nobility. Outside British Columbia, and the least hospitable parts of the Province of Quebec, there are no longer any forests where the proud nations who have been despoiled and humiliated can taste the illusion of their lost liberty. And it is the representatives of the most generous nations of the white race who have accomplished this inhuman work. Can we, after this warning, blame the yellow races for rebelling against European penetration? Men are no whit different from fish or ants. Instead of dominating by intelligence and kindness, the survival of the fittest is ensured by war, strategy, exploitation, fraud and destruction.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

**The Tariff Policeman**

The traffic policeman is usually associated in our minds with sharp rebukes for unknown offences or a summons to court for infringement of traffic regulations. That he may be, after all, a most human and humane individual, is confirmed by an incident which the writer recently witnessed.

It was near the midnight hour, on one of New York's busiest avenues, in the section that years ago was known as "Hell's Kitchen." The swarm of taxicabs that follows the theatre closing hour had just cleared the street fairly quiet, so that pedestrians had an opportunity to observe the magnificent office buildings recently erected in that part of the city.

As we strolled along, what was our amazement and delight to see the traffic policeman standing in the middle of the street and cuddled cozily between his wide-spread feet a somewhat soiled but very contented gray and white cat. We were not near enough to hear the purring but never have we seen a cat by his own fireside looking more peaceful and comfortable.

The picture was too good to spoil by intrusion so we have no facts in regard to this tabby and his protector. From our knowledge of cats, however, we feel sure the confidence displayed was founded on previous association and friendship, and henceforth a traffic policeman will mean to us something more than an administrator of Police Department regulations.—E. M. Rutherford.



"I'd like to see all the bootleggers behind the bars."  
"So would I—most of them would make excellent bartenders."

She—"I wouldn't think of marrying such an intellectual monstrosity and physical misfit as you are—you numskull! Do you get me?" He—"Well, from the general trend of your conversation, I should judge not."

The finest tea you can buy—Red Rose Orange Pekoe. Made from juicy, flavor filled leaves—three days in bud. Every package guaranteed.

**RED ROSE TEA** "is good tea"  
RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE is extra good

**And Why Worry?**

Once upon a time there was a Restaurant which was equipped with Hot and Cold Running Waiters. And the Waiters were accustomed to wait, and so were the Guests.

And there was a day when I was there, and a man entered, and he said, "I desire a Steak, and I want it to-day and not to-morrow, for I am about to take a Train."

And while he waited, he sang softly concerning the Waiter, saying, "He never came back, he never came back, he never came back any more; but his neck I will break if he bring not that Steak when we meet on that Beautiful Shore."

And it came to pass after a time that the Waiter returned. And the man said, "Art thou the same Lad that took mine Order for a Steak?"

And the Waiter answered and said, "I am."  
And the man said, "Thou must pardon me for the question. Thou hast grown."  
And the Waiter said, "Art thou ready for thy Steak?"

And he served the Steak.  
And the man essayed to cut it, and he said, "The Steak also hath grown; it is old and tough."

But he was hungry and he ate, and the meal was not a Total Loss.  
And the man said, "Such is life. They also serve who only stand and wait, and a large part of the service for which one payeth well is of that sort. And he who fleth an order for Success and waiteth for it to come must often find that when it cometh it is Too Tough to Cut."

Now I sat at a table near at hand, and I said, "My friend, thou hast some reason for thy complaint, and I also have suffered here and elsewhere by reason of the Alacrity which Waiters display in Quiescence. For there are few things so stationary as some Waiters. Nevertheless, we have eaten and are refreshed, and the price of the meal is within our means, and we still have time for our Train."

And he said, "Thou hast well spoken. And it was not so bad a meal at that."  
And I said, "May it be so with thy life's Success. And though it be somewhat toughened by reason of the delay, I trust thy Knife may be sharp and thy Digestion good. And I hope that Success for thee is not very far away."

And he said, "I thank thee for thy good wishes, and as for the Success, it is not so bad or remote as it might be. Fare thee well."  
And I said, "I rather think thou wilt gain Success and enjoy it. Fare thee well."

And if the Steaks were slow in coming and rather Tough when they come still were we each the better for each other's good wishes.  
And if the wait be long and the Steak be tough, there is no use making matter worse by fretting about them.

Minard's Liniment for aching joints.  
**Supplying Exact Time**  
Throughout the various Government buildings at Ottawa there is a system of over 600 clocks controlled directly from the Dominion Observatory. The majority of these take the form of "minute dials," whose hands are actuated electrically once each minute; the exact instant when the hands move marks the beginning of the minute.

Wife: "You know, James, I speak as I think." Husband: "Yes, my love—but oftener!"

**Classified Advertisements**

**BABY CHICKS: JULY AND AUGUST**  
Rocks 15c, Brown Leghorns and Anconas 11c, White Leghorns 10c, assorted chicks 9c. Express paid on 200 or over; free catalogue. A. H. Switzer, Granton Ontario.

**Close to the Earth**

Let the brown lark fly  
That has wings to fly,  
The ant, the beetle,  
The mole, and I  
Keep close to the earth  
Where we like to lie.

For close to the earth a beetle may trundle  
Its treasure below in a claw-clipped bundle;  
And close to the earth an ant may funnel  
Earthwork in turrets the length of its tunnel;  
And close to the earth the secret mole  
May fit to its body its cool, dark hole;  
And I, who have never a wish to climb  
The sky with a lit or a whistling rhyme,  
May stoop and listen and mark the time  
Of surer songs than a bird ever sings—  
Songs slow with the pulse at the root of things.

—Margaret Emerson Bailey in Harper's Magazine.

**Very Important**

The master had spent the morning telling his boys of the wonderful strides that science had made since the days of the war.

He had noticed that the most backward boy of the class had paid the least attention of all.

"Smith," he said sharply, "can you tell me one thing of importance that did not exist fifty years ago?"

The boy came out of his dreams with a start:  
"Me, sir?"

News reporters speak of "covering" a story, when, as a matter of fact, what they do is "uncover" it.

**LAXATIVE FOR BABY THAT "STAYS DOWN"**

Baby's tiny system rebels against castor oil and strong purgatives; but here's a medicine that just suits him. And it does the work quickly and so gently that Baby doesn't feel it. Fletcher's Castoria is soothing, cross-fretful babies and children to sleep and making the feverish, constipated, upset ones well and happy, in millions of homes to-day. Castoria is purely-vegetable, harmless and endorsed by the medical profession. Avoid imitations. The Chas. H. Fletcher signature marks genuine Castoria.

**Headache**

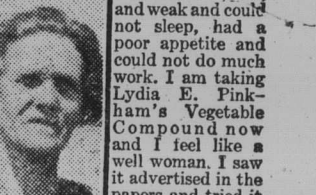
Bathe the head with Minard's in water. Also heat and inhale Minard's.



**ATTENTION, WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE!**

Mrs. Goodkey Tells Her Experience with Pinkham's Compound

Byemore, Alberta.—"The Change of Life was the trouble with me and I was run-down, thin, and weak and could not sleep, had a poor appetite and could not do much work. I am taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound now and I feel like a well woman. I saw it advertised in the papers and tried it and Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I have recommended it to a lot of my friends." Mrs. W. M. Goodkey, Byemore, Alberta.



**Acid Stomach**

Excess acid is the common cause of indigestion. It results in pain and sourness about two hours after eating. The quick corrective is an alkali which neutralizes acid. The best corrective is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. It has remained standard with physicians in the 50 years since its invention. One spoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia neutralizes instantly many times its volume in acid. It is harmless and tasteless and its action is quick. You will never rely on crude methods, never continue to suffer, when you learn how quickly, how pleasantly this premier method acts. Please let it show you—now.  
Be sure to get the genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years in correcting excess acids. Each bottle contains full directions—any drugstore.

