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In Lighter vein.

The Wood Box.

Settin' here to-night, I'm thinkin' Of a home I ust to know; Sort o' starts my heart a-sinkin', That old scene of long ago. In a kitchen I'm a-lookin', In a farmhouse in a grove, Past old mother there a-cookin', Is the wood-box 'hind the stove.

Recollect, now don't you, mister? You can see it same as me; Member how your hands 'ud blister, Now and then? An' splinters, gee! See the chips and bark it's holdin'? Not a single stick of wood; Hear old mother at you scoldin'? Tellin' you to fill it good?

Ust to seem that box, you member, Hardly gave you time to play, Kep' you mad clean from September Till warm weather come in May; Seems as though 'twould kill you, still it Didn't, now I'll tell you true— Fer the chance I'd gladly fill it; Yes, you bet, and you would, too.

A Complex Complication.

They were at dinner. Little Tommy, who is rather of an inquiring turn of mind, had been gazing at his father's rosy countenance for some time. At last he said:— "Papa, what makes your face and nose so drefly red?" "The east wind, of course," answered papa, rather hastily. "Do not talk so much, Thomas; and pass me the beer."

It was then that a voice came from the other end of the table in sarcastic tones, saying:— "Tommy, dear, pass your papa the 'east wind,' and be careful not to spill it on the clean cloth."

Wives by the Wholesale.

A well-known bishop some time since lost his third wife. A clergyman who had known the first wife returned from Africa, and wanted to see the grave. He called at the cathedral and saw the verger.

"Can you tell me where the bishop's wife is buried?" "Well, sir," replied the verger, "I don't know for certain, but he mostly buries 'em at Brompton."

The Wrong Party.

"I would like," she said, walking up to the counter, "to see the manager of this department."

The clerk, seeing that she was beautiful, smiled at her in his blandest way, felt that he ought to avail himself of any opportunity there might be to explain things to her, and sweetly replied:—

"I don't see him anywhere about just now. Won't I do?"

She looked him up and down a few times, permitted an expression that he didn't quite understand to overspread her features, and then replied:—

"No, I don't think you will. I'm his wife, and—"

But the clerk had gone to hunt for him.

A Bad Break.

Richard: "By the way, how do you and Miss Smart get along?" William: Oh! that affair is all over."

Richard: "You don't mean it?"

William: "You see, I'd made up my mind about a week ago to bring matters to a crisis. So I began by saying that I had a question I wanted to ask her."

Richard: "Yes."

William: "She tossed her head and said any fool could ask questions."

Richard: "And you?"

William: "I merely told her perhaps it would be just as well, then, to let some fool ask my question."

Diplomacy Personified.

She was waiting for him, Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Nursing her wrath to keep it warm, and when he entered the room she began:—

"This is a nice time of night—" "I-er-know I'm late," he hastily interrupted; "but I couldn't help it, my dear. Club had-er-big discussion on female beauty."

"And what had you to do with that?" demanded the ireful wife.

"More'n anyone there. I was the one-er-who had the most beautiful wife, an'-er-course, the best authority on female beauty an'—"

"Why don't you take off your overcoat, Henry? Let me get your slippers for you. It's awful cold outside; I think you must be half frozen."

Half a minute later Henry was safely ensconced in his easy chair, with his wife at his feet putting his slippers on.

No Use for Poetry.

Birdie M'Hennepin and her brother were in the country.

"Oh, see that!" exclaimed Birdie. "See what?" inquired the stoical John.

"Why, see that little cloudlet just above the wavelet, like a tiny leaflet dancing o'er the scene!"

"Oh, come, you had better go out to the pumpnet in the back yardlet and soak your little headlet."

A Slight Mistake.

Scene: Musical instrument shop. Master (who is going out to branch shop, to boy: "Now, my boy, if a customer comes and wants to look at a piano, flute, banjo, or mandolin, you know what to show him?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

Master: "And if a customer should want to see a lyre—"

Boy (interruptingly): "I'll send at once for you, sir."

He Was No. 601.

Miss Flute: "And so you were in the Crimean War, major. Were you in the Light Brigade in their heroic charge?"

Major Ananias Bluff: "I-er-came very near being in that historic charge. Miss Flute. Never was so disappointed in my life. They would take but six hundred, and I-er-was number six hundred and one."

Two of a Kind.

Wife: "I have about made up my mind, John, that when I married you I married a fool."

Husband: "That reminds me of a remark you made just before we were married. You remember that you said it would be hard to find two people more alike than you and I."

Jim and the Judge.

Jim Webster was brought before a Western judge for fowl-stealing. After the evidence had been given, the justice, with a perplexed look, said:

"But I do not understand, Webster, how it was possible for you to steal those fowls when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard."

"It wouldn't do yer a bit of good, judge, for me to 'splain how I cotched 'em," said Webster, for yer couldn't do it."

"If yer tried it forty times, and yer might get yer hide full of buckshot. The best way for yer to do, is to go to the market to buy yer chickens."

"That's for yer to buy yer chickens," said the judge, like yer folks do, and yer wants to commit any rascal."

"I'm a ranch whar yer am," said Jim Webster, "and I'll be a judge whar yer am."

Hard on the Hostess.

A dinner recently given by a hostess, whose hospitality is notoriously inadequate, was of the usual kind that her friends expected. It served merely as an appetizer to one hungry visitor, and when the coffee was served, indicating that the dinner was at an end, his dissatisfaction was amusing to the other guests. The hostess did not notice it, however, and said to him, amiably, "Now, do tell me when we may have the pleasure of you dining with us again."

"Immediately, madam, immediately," was the unexpected reply.

The Editor at Home.

The editor, having written two or three leaders telling the British Government how to manage its affairs at home and abroad, advising the Czar regarding his treatment of his subjects, censuring the German Emperor for his excessive "freshness," suggesting threateningly that the Khedive had better be careful what he is about, patronizingly instructing the Pope, and informing France that the editor had his eye upon the doings of the Republic of the east, goes home to be greeted with:—

"Now, John, the servant has gone home with influenza, so you must get some coals up from the cellar directly, and after that run round to the grocer's and buy some soap and a yeast cake. I totally forgot them."

Both Made a Discovery.

Stopping at a certain hotel, a commercial traveller, having retired to rest, became unpleasantly conscious that his bed-clothing was anything but properly aired. He jumped up in a rage, stuffed the offending sheets up the chimney, and rolled himself in the blankets.

Some twelve months afterwards his travels brought him to the same hotel. When shown up to his room the chambermaid scrutinized him rather closely, and then said:—

"Dear me, sir, you are the same gentleman! Do you know a most curious thing happened when you were here last?"

"What was that?" he asked. "Why," she said, "the sheets disappeared, and we could not think what became of them."

"Oh, indeed!" he replied. "Then get me my bill directly; you've not had a fire in this room since, or you would have found your sheets—where all damp linen ought to be—up the chimney!"

Rejected Contribution.

An editor, in reply to a young writer who wished to know which magazine would give him the highest position quickest, advised "A powder magazine, especially if you contribute a fiery article."

Manuscript Travels.

"Here is a manuscript of mine," said the author, "which has been going the rounds of the magazine offices so long that if an editor were to accept it in an unguarded moment I should feel that I had lost a friend."

"Why, it has even crossed the ocean and returned home without shipwreck. It represents \$40 worth of stamps to me, not to mention nine gallons of 'mid-night oil,' and \$8 worth of type-writing. But its journey isn't ended yet—not yet! I'm taking it to a tailor now to have it cleaned and pressed and the ragged edges trimmed and then I'll give it another whirl!"

So popular is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure, to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.