

BENGER'S Food

is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by infants, invalids and convalescents.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins and can be obtained through most wholesale Druggists and leading Drug Stores.

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hepworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
55 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Publicity.

Publicity is highly prized
When you are kindly advertised.
But it produces consternation
When brought you by investigation.

Splinters.

The Young Man—"Strange that women can't throw straight." The Older Man—"Yes—er—my wife tells me she threw herself at another fellow—missed and caught me."

"Can't you find any work at all?" "Plenty, sir; but everybody wants reference from me last employer." "Can't you get them?" "No, sir. He's been dead twenty-eight years!"

"When I was coming home last night," said Miss Skeery, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadow. Oh, how I ran!" "An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother, innocently.

Pretty Chorus Girl—"That new chap I have on a string is heir to a million!" Older Girl Friend—"Don't marry him for that; there's a big difference between an heir to a million and a millionaire."

"I suppose," remarked the dear girl, "that you do not believe in love at first sight?" "Oh, yes, I do," rejoined the old bachelor. "If men were gifted with second sight they would never fall in love."

"What would you do if you found yourself twixt de devil en de deep sea?" "That's a close question; but I'll tell you right now; I'd wish ter de Lawd dat I wuz a new Jonah, wid a friendly whale loafin' 'round."

The Prince Charles Spaniel—"That new chauffeur doesn't know his place." The French Poodle—"He looks vulgar. How did ze upstart offend?" The Prince Charles Spaniel—"Why, the vulgarian had the audacity to address me by my first name!"

Mr. Stubb (reading)—"Down south there is a bank that has a woman teller." Mrs. Stubb (innocently)—"A woman teller? I wonder what she tells, John?" Mr. Stubb—"Well, if she's like the rest of her sex, I guess she tells everything she knows."

"De Georgy mule," said Brother Dickey, "is de one creetur in a thousand what don't enjoy de spring season. De furrow looks ez long ter him ez de time betwixt meals, en de high price er cotton gives him dat tired feelin'—kase he well know he got des dat much mo' er it ter plow."

Manager—"I can't do a thing with Smith, the new clerk. I've had him in three departments, and he sleeps all day long." Proprietor—"Put him at the pajama counter and fasten this card on him: 'Our night clothes are of such a superior quality that even the assistant who sells them cannot keep awake.'"

The day was warm, the children restless, the teacher impatient. One curly-haired boy was moving his jaws faster with chewing-gum than his brain had ever been known to work. His feet were in the aisle. A smile was on the face of more than one pupil when the teacher said: "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

William Dean Howell's at a Lenten dinner in New York said: "I heard of a striking simile the other day. A lady was doing some Lenten marketing—buying eggs, fish, fruit. Pausing before a fruit stand, she examined a heap of pears. 'Are these juicy?' she asked. 'Juicy?' said the dealer, warmly. 'Why, madam, they're as juicy as my old pipe!'"

A Baltimore man interested in the education of the young recently visited a kindergarten in that city. After the first exercises, the visitor was asked to put a few questions to the pupils. To a boy of five the caller said: "Have you ever seen a lion's skin?" "Yes, sir," came in ringing tones from the youngster. "And where?" asked the visitor, impressed with the child's earnestness. "On the lion," answered the boy.

"Your wife says she thinks that it is wrong to play whist." "So it is, the way she plays it!"

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"It's some time since I saw you here." Prisoner (virtuously)—"Yes, sir; I've been quiet an' law-abidin' since the last time I was up before you, and that wer' 'bout six months ago." Magistrate—"Ah, yes, I remember. I gave you six months for stealing a ham. 'It's a year this time.'"

"Does Banks play a good game of cards?" "Yes. That is, good for me. I can win his cash every time."

X. (an incorrigible borrower)—"Lend me a five, old man."

Y. (weakly lending him £4 19s.)—"I'm keeping the other shilling to pay for the postage of the letters which I shall have to write you before I get my money back."

X. (coolly)—"Keep five shillings, then. That will give me more time."

A man who was having his fourth fire in nine months got in the way of some firemen, who grumbled at him. "What's the matter with you?" asked the lover of fires. "Don't you know that it's the like o' me makes work for you chaps?"

Important Patron (after describing the great advantages now enjoyed by children)—"I wish I were you children at school. (Pause; then, ingratiatingly): Why do I wish this?" Boy—"Please, sir, 'cos you've forgot all you ever knowed!"

Lawyer (at the theatre on the first night)—"I can't imagine how the piece can be drawn out into five acts."

Author—"Oh, that is very simple. In the first act, you see, the hero gets into a lawsuit."

"Oh, doctor," said a lady, "one of my maids has her right eye very inflamed! What shall I tell her to do?"

"Humph!" replied the experienced physician, gravely; "tell her to discontinue peeping through keyholes!"

Singleton—"Have you decided what you are going to call the baby, old man?"

Wedderton—"Certainly. I'm going to call him whatever my wife names him."

Wife—"Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?"

Husband—"None, darling."

Wife—"Then I am determined I will have none from you, either."

Husband—"Have you secrets, then?"

Wife—"Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it."

Husband (hoarsely)—"Go on!"

Wife—"For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new dress, with hat to match, for my birthday."

That fetched him.

On the Wrong Side.

Bret Harte was so frequently complimented on being the author of "Little Breeches" that he was almost sorry it was ever written, as was Secretary John Hay, who would prefer his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady who prided herself upon her literary tastes said to him once: "Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares with your 'Little Breeches.'" "I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

A Puzzled Boy.

A little boy was reading the story of a missionary having been eaten by the cannibals.

"Papa," he asked, "will the missionary go to heaven?"

"Yes, my son," replied the father.

"And will the cannibals go there, too?" queried the youthful student.

"No," was the reply.

After thinking the matter over for some time the little fellow exclaimed: "Well, I don't see how the missionary can go to heaven if the cannibals don't."

The Court—Six years' penal servitude. You'll get a chance to learn a trade, my man.

Burglar—Judge, couldn't I be permitted to learn it—er—by correspondence?"

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, run-down nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels, and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air off-times weakens the Heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days' test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by all druggists.

GIRLS WHO WORK



Girls who work for their living are especially exposed to the dangers of organic feminine disorders. Standing all day, or sitting in cramped positions; walking to and from their places of employment in bad weather all tend to break down their delicate feminine organism.

No class of women are in need of greater assistance, and thousands of letters like the following demonstrate the fact that

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

restores the feminine system to a strong, healthy, normal condition.

Miss Abby F. Barrows, of Nelsonville, Ohio, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I was very sick, had dull headaches, pain in my back, and a feminine weakness. I had been to several doctors and they did me no good. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, and I can do most any kind of work. I am in better health than I ever was, and it is all due to your medicine."

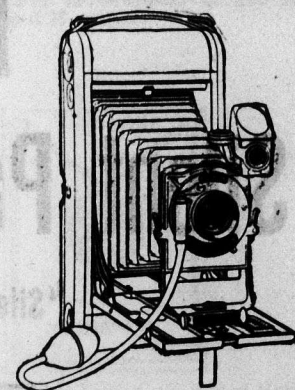
Miss Lillian Ross, of 530 E. 84th St., New York, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I had a female trouble, nervous headaches, and was tired all the time, and could not sleep. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me feel so much better that I hope every woman who suffers as I did will try it."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for feminine ills, and has positively cured thousands of women. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice.



DUFFIN & Co.

Importers and Dealers in

PHOTO SUPPLIES

Both Professional and Amateur

208 Bannatyne Ave. Cor. Main Street WINNIPEG.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices. Mention Western Home Monthly.

We Want Lady Agents to take orders for our tailored Suits and Skirts. Send for free sample outfit if only to select for your own use, wholesale. The Central Skirt Co., Box 308, London, Ont.