MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

The Boys' Athletic Club

By WM. WALLACE JR.

In a little town in Maryland, there was an organization called "The Boys' Athletic Club." The ages of the club members ranged from 8 to 13 years, and they were as bright and wholesome a lot of fellows as one could wish for.

As the hot July days set in The Athletic Club called a meeting of its members for the purpose of talking over the ways and means of providing the club with a tent and "equipments" for a camping expedition.

The meeting of the club took place in the old barn in the rear of an untenanted house. Middleton Parker, the president, called the meeting to order in a most original manner. Stamping his foot loudly on the echoing floor he cried out: "Kids, everybody sit down an' listen. Now, we've met to make some sort of arrangements to get hold of a tent so we can go a-camping next week. All in favor of this sig-ni-fy by sayin' I."

"I!" cried all the members, save one, in excited voices.

"Contraries, sig-ni-fy by sayin' no," added Middleton, stamping his foot for order.

"Nope!" came a weak voice from a far corner. All eyes turned on the master of the dissenting voice. "Say, Piggie Thomson, what you makin' a kick against the campin' out for?" asked "Long Tom" Grey, one of the big boys of the club, and at one time its president. He asked the question of a small boy who was perched on top of a crumbling old manger

"Cause ma, she won't 'low me to go off an' stay over night,' explained "Piggie."

"Oh, if we've got any babies in this here club I vote to leave 'em at home with their mothers," said Long Tom with biting sarcasm.

"Second the motion," said Art Jones, the club's treasurer. (As each member of the club carried the record of its meetings in his own head there had never been the need of a secretary. Hence, the club boasted of no such officer, and the president and treasurer conducted the business with the help of the various members.)

"It's moved and seconded that The Athletic Club leave the babies at home," declared Middleton, stamping his foot by way of emphasis. In fact, Middleton's right foot played a lively part at the club's meetings, and its owner could scarcely have presided without its assistance.

"Well, I don't mind the rest of you fellers goin', even if I can't," declared Piggie, rising and standing on the perilous edge of the old manger. "I'll not vote against it again if you'll leave me stay in the club." Then Piggie, in endeavoring to sit on the manger again, lost his balance and found himself standing on his head in a mess of old straw. An obliging and friendly club member assisted him to get right-end up, and amidst the snickers and jokes of the club Piggie crept out of sight and the meeting was again called to order by the president's right foot and lusty voice.

"Well, we are ready for the question," ventured Art Jones, bowing to the president.

"'Question!" vociferated a dozen voices.

Middleton who prided himself on his knowledge of parliamentary law, again stamped his foot, looked about on the members, then said: "The question is, how're we to git the money to buy a tent for campin' out. Any you fellers got a plan in your heads?"

Up went a dozen hands. The president looked about among the hands' owners; then singled out one by pointing his finger.

"Say, Shorty, what's your plan to raise money?" he asked of a stoggy little chap in blue blouse and red hair.

"A lawn fete," said Shorty, his face radiant with anticipation at the mere mention of "fete." "A ice-cream and soda-pop fete's my plan."

"Second the motion," cried Long Tom.

And so it came to pass that Shorty's plan for a fete—a real lawn fete—was decided upon by unanimous vote of the club. Then the real business of the meeting was transacted; committees appointed to "find the lawn where nobody lived, and where they might hold the fete without objection" and "to solicit cakes, ice cream, lemons, sugar, candy and fancy articles."

After a whole afternoon spent in conclave the Athletic Club considered it had done a good day's business. On the morrow the committees would go to work and in the evening of the same day would report at the barn—the club's temporary headquarters.

And such success fell to the lot of the committees! The solicitors had in black and white the promise of five large cakes, four gallons of ice cream, dozens of lemons, pounds of sugar, boxes of fudge, peanuts in plenty, and such a store of fancy articles as would make your eyes bulge out! And the committee appointed to select—or find, rather—a site for the fete reported an unoccupied house with a fine spreading lawn about it. "All we've got to do is to cut the grass an' decorate with bunting an' flags," explained Art Jones, chairman of the committee on "arrangements."

"All-right," said the president, stamping his foot. "An' now we've got to advertise the fete, kids, fer success depends on the number of people what come to eat an' buy fancy articles. Let's every one of us get a piece of pasteboard an' print a sign on it an' tack it up on a tree somewhere. Then hundreds of people will read about the lawn fete as they go along the streets."

"Sure, that's the way," assented several of the sanguine members.

And that resolution caused the following sign to be tacked up on dozens of trees about the village:

"LAWN FATE TONIGHT.
GIVE BY THE
BOYS' ATHLETIC CLUB.
AT 100 DASH AVE."

And all that day the boys were as busy as it is possible for boys to be who have a dearly-loved object in view. The lawn that was chosen for the fete was neatly trimmed, and flags and scraps of bunting—remnants of the Glorious Fourth—were hung about the porches and festooned from tree boughs. One of the mothers donated a dozen candles while another loaned as many Chinese lanterns, So the lawn was not wanting in gay adornment and light. About the grounds were half a dozen small tables of various shapes and extent of dilapidation. These had been ransacked from attics and store rooms belonging to the homes of the club's members. Likewise the chairs that were to do service about the tables had been brought from any available source. Some were wanting backs, others were rockerless, and many were minus a leg; but as the president remarked: "Any person what can't balance his self on a three-legged chair ain't fit to be out nights, anyhow."

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the "Fate" the lawn was ready for the festival. The tables were covered with newspapers; but each was gay with a bouquet of flowers. The club members' sisters had lent a hand at the decorating, which explained the bouquets. The soliciting committee worked diligently all afternoon till four o'clock gathering up the donations, and behind the big empty house the cakes, bonbons, lemonade and "fancy articles" were placed on the grass to be sorted over for the various tables.

"Well, kids, everything looks fine," spake Middleton, the president, as he surveyed the fine supply of donations behind the house.

Art Jones, Piggie Thomson and Long Tom were busy mixing the lemonade in a five gallon jar. They were substituting their hands for lemon squeezers and using a pine stick for stirring the water and sugar together. All of a sudden Piggie raised his eyes from his work to let them rest on the mouth-watering cakes so temptingly near. As he did so he exclaimed loudly: "Gee whiz, the ants are eating up the biggest layer cake we've got!" And sure enough, to the consternation of the club, they found one of their choice cakes well coated with ants, taking time by the forelock, as it were, and having their fete before the huge monsters of people began theirs.

"Oh, they haven't hurt it," explained Shorty, running to the cake's rescue. But it took more hands than Shorty's to get rid of the little army of cake-eaters, and three or four other club members were obliged to lend their help to Shorty. Then it was found that the insects that fly about in the summer air were extremely fond of diving into the jar of lemonade, and Piggie appointed himself chief bush-swinger over the jar to keep the intruders away. Taken all in all, the Athletic Club had their hands full with the lawn fete preparations and waited with a good deal of impatience for the crowd of visitors to come in the evening and buy and eat and drink.

At eight o'clock the candles were lighted and all was ready for the "fete." A table—presided over by Shorty's sister—held the "fancy articles" at five cents each. There were partly worn feather dusters, fishing lines, a cabinet picture of Shorty, a match safe, a pair of cuff buttons, a kite (Middleton's handiwork), a stuffed squirrel, an Easter egg, a pin cushion and a strand of glass beads. These articles had come from the homes of the club members, odds and ends from the boys' own rooms or from the household rag-bags of cast-offs. But they made a good showing and sold surprisingly well.

About 9 o'clock the lawn fete was in full swing. Middleton, at the ice-cream freezer, was giving vent to his lungs calling his ware: "Ice-cream, sweet and cold, finest that was ever sold! Everybody, come, partake; with each dish a slice of cake." And across the yard from him stood Piggie and Long Tom at the lemonade jar, singing a veritable duet in bass and tenor, their notes long drawn out at the end of each line: "Lemonade made in the shade; stirred by a big, rusty spade; five a glass, so come an' try; and please do not pass us by!"

After hearing these vocal invitations none but the hardest of heart could refuse to indulge in both ice-cream and lemonade. Then there was the table of nuts and candies—the latter homemade! And these tempting sweet-meats went, as the club expressed it, "like hot-cakes." A dear little girl, by name Cecelia, presided at this table, and after the "fete" was over she drew from a mysterious corner—somewhere in her sleeve—a tiny paper bag which held the amount of her sales. "Seventy cents," she whispered confidingly to the president as the money was being gathered together into one surprisingly big sum. Surprisingly, I say, for after all was counted (and it took some time to do that for there were so many pennies!) it was found that the sales had amounted to about nine dollars. To be sure many of the club members had been free with their own small purses, as free as their funds would allow; but their parents, and their parents' friends, and their parents' friends' friends, had helped them out beautifully; and all who were present pronounced the "Lawn Fete" given by "The Boys' Athletic Club" a perfect success. Only a few accidents happened during the evening, and they were not of a serious nature. During a moment of excitement Middleton sat in the dishpan which, fortunately, held only water. Soon after that Long Tom opened a bottle of soda pop. It was one of those sizzlers, and shot from the bottle into Long Tom's eyes, causing that young fellow to fall backwards into the lap of a very large lady, who was on the point of drinking a glass of lemonade. But the lady, being Tom's own mother, made no complaint, of course, though she felt called upon to buy another glass of lemonade. But aside from a few such little happenings the evening passed off most pleasantly, and The Boys' Athletic Club found themselves rich enough to buy a second-hand tent which would enable them to "go a-camping in the woods."

During a moment of excitement Middleton sat in the dish-pan.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

MOIRE SILK HATS ARE A NOVELTY.

Some of the smartest of the fall hats are covered with heavy moire silks. These silks are in tones that harmonize with the leading color of the costume the hat is to be worn with. The high crown and rather straight brim shape here illustrated is covered with a brown moire, and trimmed with a wide crushed scarf of the moire, which ends in a broad bow in the front. In the centre of this is set a fancy feather the coloring in shades of brown with tips of dull blue. This hat would be excellent with any matching brown costume or with any of the new fancy striped broadcloths or skibo serges in combination of brown and blue.

Sept. 18, 1907

If We Have

the Overcoat or Suit you want, you can rely on saving 20 to 25 per cent. by making your purchase here.

We have PROGRESS BRAND.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street,

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

SCHEDULE OF SAILINGS FOR THE WINTER SEASON

C. P. R. and Allans Announce Their Sailings in the Liverpool Service--The Sand Point Berths.

A schedule of the winter part sailings of the mail steamers and the direct boats of the C. P. R. and Allan lines has been issued by William Thomson & Co. The list shows that in the twenty-one sailings of the mail steamers the Empresses will represent the C. P. R. and the Victorian, Corsican, Tunisian, Virginian and Victorian at different periods during the season will comprise the Allan fleet.

The first vessel to leave St. John will be the Empress of Ireland, which is to sail Nov. 29. The last sailing will be made by a direct C. P. R. boat on April 25. In all forty-two sailings appear in the list.

The schedule is as follows:

Mail Steamers.	"B" Class Steamers.	Liverpool	St. John.	Halifax.
	Tunisian	Thu. 14 Nov.	Sat. 30 Nov.	.....
Ireland		Fri. 15 Nov.	Fri. 29 Nov.	Sat. 30 Nov.
	Manitoba	Wed 20 Nov.	Sat. 7 Dec.	.....
Victorian		Fri. 22 Nov.	Fri. 6 Dec.	Sat. 7 Dec.
	Ionian	Thu. 28 Nov.	Sat. 14 Dec.	.....
Britain		Fri. 29 Nov.	Fri. 13 Dec.	Sat. 14 Dec.
	Champlain	Wed 4 Dec.	Sat. 21 Dec.	.....
Corsican		Fri. 6 Dec.	Fri. 20 Dec.	Sat. 21 Dec.
	Allan	Thu. 12 Dec.	Sat. 28 Dec.	.....
Ireland		Fri. 13 Dec.	Fri. 27 Dec.	Sat. 28 Dec.
	Erie	Wed 18 Dec.	Sat. 4 Jan.	.....
Tunisian		Fri. 20 Dec.	Fri. 3 Jan.	.....
Britain		Fri. 27 Dec.	Fri. 10 Jan.	Sat. 11 Jan.
	Manitoba	Wed 1 Jan.	Sat. 18 Jan.	.....
Corsican		Fri. 3 Jan.	Fri. 17 Jan.	Sat. 18 Jan.
	Allan	Thu. 9 Jan.	Sat. 25 Jan.	.....
Ireland		Fri. 10 Jan.	Fri. 24 Jan.	Sat. 25 Jan.
	Champlain	Wed 15 Jan.	Sat. 1 Feb.	.....
Tunisian		Fri. 17 Jan.	Fri. 31 Jan.	Sat. 1 Feb.
	Allan	Thu. 23 Jan.	Sat. 8 Feb.	.....
Britain		Fri. 24 Jan.	Fri. 7 Feb.	Sat. 8 Feb.
	Erie	Wed 29 Jan.	Sat. 15 Feb.	.....
Corsican		Fri. 31 Jan.	Fri. 14 Feb.	Sat. 15 Feb.
	Allan	Thu. 6 Feb.	Sat. 22 Feb.	.....
Ireland		Fri. 7 Feb.	Fri. 21 Feb.	Sat. 22 Feb.
	C. P. R.	Wed 12 Feb.	Sat. 29 Feb.	.....
Virginian		Fri. 14 Feb.	Fri. 28 Feb.	Sat. 29 Feb.
	Allan	Thu. 29 Feb.	Sat. 7 Mar.	.....
Britain		Fri. 21 Feb.	Fri. 6 Mar.	Sat. 7 Mar.
	C. P. R.	Wed 26 Feb.	Sat. 14 Mar.	.....
Victorian		Fri. 28 Feb.	Fri. 13 Mar.	Sat. 14 Mar.
	Allan	Thu. 5 Mar.	Sat. 21 Mar.	.....
Ireland		Fri. 6 Mar.	Fri. 20 Mar.	Sat. 21 Mar.
	C. P. R.	Wed 11 Mar.	Sat. 28 Mar.	.....
Virginian		Fri. 13 Mar.	Fri. 27 Mar.	Sat. 28 Mar.
	Allan	Thu. 19 Mar.	Sat. 4 Apl.	.....
Britain		Fri. 20 Mar.	Fri. 3 Apl.	Sat. 4 Apl.
	C. P. R.	Wed 25 Mar.	Sat. 11 Apl.	.....
Victorian		Fri. 27 Mar.	Fri. 10 Apl.	Sat. 11 Apl.
	Allan	Thu. 2 Apl.	Sat. 18 Apl.	.....
Ireland		Fri. 3 Apl.	Fri. 17 Apl.	Sat. 18 Apl.
	C. P. R.	Wed 8 Apl.	Sat. 25 Apl.	.....

No decision by the board of works as to the allotment of berths has yet been made, but it is generally believed that the C. P. R. will occupy Nos. 1, 2 and 3, the Donaldson No. 4 and the Allans No. 5, the berth for which they applied earlier in the year. What will be done to furnish grain to No. 5 remains uncertain. The C. P. R. have estimated that it is not their intention to build a conveyor and the city is also understood to be unwilling to insur the expense.

An offer by the city to guarantee any loss to the C. P. R. owing to the unsettled condition of Union street if they would undertake the work is not thought to have been received with any favor. The possibility of bringing a floating elevator from Montreal has not yet, it is understood, been abandoned. The matter will likely come up for serious consideration at the regular meeting of the board of works Sept. 24, when Hugh Allan is expected to be present in the interests of the Allan line.

WILD WOMAN IN QUEBEC WOODS

Prof. Macauley, of Harvard, Relates a Queer Story of the Gatineau River.

OTTAWA, Sept. 17—Professor Macauley of Harvard, who has come here after having spent a few weeks in the country surrounding Blue Sea Lake and Maniwaki up the Gatineau River, not many miles from Otawa on the Quebec side, brings down with him a strange story of a woman roaming wild in the forest of that district.

He states that while hunting one day in the woods near the Gatineau, a rush and scurry in the undergrowth caused him to quickly turn his rifle in the direction of the sound.

To his surprise the wild face of a human being, tanned to a dark brown by exposure to sun and air, framed by masses of dark coarse hair, and unmistakably the face of a woman, peered at him from the shadows. The hunter quietly approached her, but before he could speak she turned and fled.

Professor Macauley says she seemed to be dressed in nothing more substantial than leaves, entwined and matted together so as to form a covering for her body.

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds; it strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves — re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE DATE FIXED FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

Thursday October 31 is the Day Set--Elections Probably on Oct. 22.

Ottawa, Sept. 17—An order-in-council was passed today fixing Thursday, Oct. 31, for Thanksgiving day.

The supreme courts of the two new provinces, Alberta and Saskatchewan, are now complete. At a meeting of the cabinet today J. H. Lamont, attorney-general of Saskatchewan, was appointed puisne judge of the Saskatchewan supreme court and M. D. Beck, K. C., Edmonton, was appointed puisne judge of the supreme court of Alberta. The names of the chief justices and the other puisne judges of both courts were recently announced in this correspondence and the appointment of these two gentlemen fills all the vacancies.

At today's meeting of the cabinet the regulations for the new mint, which is a branch of the royal mint of Britain, were adopted. The silver coins to be turned out by the mint are the same as now in use in Canada, namely five cent piece, ten cent, twenty-five cents and fifty cents and one cent copper.

The question of fixing a date for holding the bye-elections for the dominion house was discussed at today's cabinet meeting and practically decided. The writs will be issued at once and voting will take place about five weeks from today. The actual date on which the contests will come off will be announced when the returning officers are communicated with tomorrow. It will be necessary to find out from them the time they require.

There are three vacancies—one in London, caused by the resignation of Hon. Charles Hyman; another in North Wellington, through the death of the late Mr. Martin, and the third in Northumberland, on account of the death of Mr. Cochrane. Two of the constituencies were Liberal and one, Northumberland, was Conservative.

A manifold casting at the Marsh bridge which distributes the water supply to certain sections of the low service will be tested this evening. Residents on the high levels are warned that a shortage of water will be experienced during the test. In the event of no break occurring the normal supply will be restored early tomorrow morning. Should there be a break, however, it is likely that the high service will be reduced for some days, possibly until Monday next. Users of water on the heights are advised to lay in a supply.

Mrs. Geo. A. Henderson, Mrs. Oscar Gronlund, Mrs. James Myles, Mrs. C. R. Hickson, Miss Edna Bettle and Miss Jane Henderson, of St. John, are delegates to the annual meeting of the N. B. and P. E Island conference branch of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist church in the First Methodist church, Charlottetown, next week.

WHY WOMEN HAVE COARSE ROUGH, SALLOW SKIN

Because Poor Digestion and Improper Elimination Have Clogged the Stomach

Womanly beauty is largely the outward expression of Health.

Every woman with pale cheeks and poor complexion needs medicine—needs a potent tonic to regulate her system.

To tone up the stomach—to insure good digestion—to give new life and vitality to the whole system—where is there a remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills?

Dr. Hamilton's Pills enable you to eat what you like—they correct constipation—make nourishing blood—instil force and vim into a run-down system.

If nervous and can't sleep your remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they search out the cause of your condition and you rise in the morning refreshed, strong, vigorous, ready for the day's work.

Dr. Hamilton asks every weak and debilitated person to use his Mandrake and Butternut Pills. They make old folks feel young, and weak folks feel strong. Their effect upon insomnia and langour is marvellous. Hundreds declare they soothe and quiet the nerves so that a good night's rest always follows their use.

To look well, to feel well, to keep well, use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are mild, cleansing, strengthening—good for the young or old. Sold by all dealers in 25c. boxes.

INSANE MOTHER'S TERRIBLE CRIME

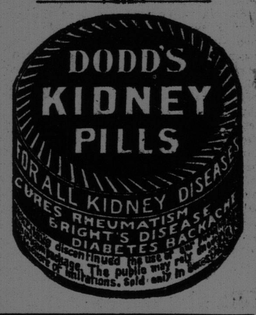
She Killed Her Three Young Sons and Then Cut Up Their Bodies.

Midale, Sask., Sept. 17—Saturday afternoon Mrs. John Anderson, wife of a farmer residing about a mile from Midale, on the Soo line, took her three children, all boys, to a potato patch and there knocked them on the head with a hammer, after which she cut them up in a horrible manner with a draw-knife.

She is probably thirty-five years old. The police of Weyburn were notified and Constable Ing arrested the woman, who is insane. The woman shows no remorse for what she has done and expects to be hanged. She believes it was some kind of a blood sacrifice.

She also made a desperate attempt to kill her eleven-year-old daughter. She put a rope around the girl's neck, but the child struggled bravely and, assisted by a dog, which attacked the maddened mother, escaped.

O night wind, steal thou through the casement
Where my slumbering darling is!
Kiss her; then go give her father
A touch of rheumatiz.



Corns? Have You Any?

If so you want to try Putnam's Corn Extractor; it is not a cheap acid salve, but a genuine 25c. cure that does remove corns in 24 hours. Be sure you get Putnam's.

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND

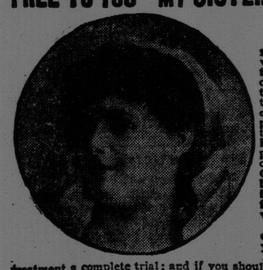
Fred. Pettipas, of Chezetcook, Fatally Injured While Trying to Rescue Comrade.

(Halifax Chronicle, Sept. 16.)

The body of Fred Pettipas, the Chezzetcook man who lost his life trying to save a fellow miner in Cobalt, arrived in the city on Saturday night and was sent to his old home for burial on Sunday. Pettipas was coming up in a bucket out of the Green-Meehan Mine when he heard a comrade below call for help. The man below had been overcome by gas and Pettipas at once started down the shaft to rescue him. The poisonous gas which had struck down his comrade also overcame him and when a considerable distance from the bottom the young Nova Scotian lurched and fell out of the bucket, crashing down into the shaft. Despite the terrible fall, Pettipas lived for some hours. Rescuers soon descended and both men were taken up. The man whom Pettipas had tried to save recovered, but after lingering for some hours, totally unconscious, Pettipas passed away. He was twenty-six years old.

Moncton, N. B., Sept. 17—Leslie Chappell, former chief of police, left today for Montreal to take a position with the C. P. R. as a detective.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free** of cost, my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn **to think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.

WHERE DOES THE PAPER GO?

The *first* question asked by a general advertiser. The *Telegraph* and *Times* reach that class of people who subscribe and agree to pay for the reading privilege. These papers go *first hand* from the publishers *by carrier* and *not* through street boys to be left in office or store by purchaser after reading. Common sense teaches that *every paper* passed into homes direct *will be read.* The *Telegraph* and *Times* are *home papers.* Do they contain *your* advertisement?