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Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

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FOR \$2,000 EACH
By C. B. LEWIS
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Young James Harper, farmer, and Sarah Lee, daughter of another farmer, married for love. They had two or three lovers' quarrels, as was quite on the cards and very natural, but for two years after marriage no couple ever lived more happily. This state of affairs might have continued at least two years longer but for Abner Jones, Esq., country justice of the peace and agent for the Farmers' Fire Insurance company, and sewing machines of all makes, bought and sold. He made his appearance at the farmhouse one day.

"Well, Jim," he said, "what do you and Sarah think? I've got the agency for a life insurance company and am going to branch out a little. I want to insure the both of you. I've got Tom Spooner and his wife, Bill Wheeler and his wife, Silas Johnson and his wife and several others, and I'm here to get you. I want you to take \$2,000 apiece. If you die, Sarah, Jim has got \$2,000 to buy you a monument, pay funeral expenses and go away to Niagara Falls to get over his grief. If you die, Jim, Sarah has got money to bury you decently and carry on the farm without having to rush off and marry again."

The squire went into further explanations. He talked life insurance and stayed to dinner. He talked life insurance and stayed to supper. He talked life insurance and stayed until 9 o'clock in the evening. Then he drank two glasses of cider, ate three fried cakes and a piece of mince pie and went home to make out two policies for \$2,000 each.

Jim and Sarah had decided that such insurance was a good thing. Neither wanted to die, but if death must come they would not be selfish about it. It would be a bond to draw them still closer together. In the course of a couple of weeks the policies were delivered, the premiums paid, and Squire Jones stayed to dinner again and said as he finished and wanted to lick his plate, but remembered his dignity in time:

"Now, then, young folks, this is the best thing you have done so far in your lives. Keep on loving, keeping up your premiums as they fall due, and don't worry about the future. With \$2,000 coming to the survivor in case of death you needn't either of you begrudge the Astors or Vanderbilts. Sarah, you can dress in the most expensive mourning, and Jim, you can wear patent leather shoes and hear Niagara roar till you get tired of it."

It was Squire Jones who was responsible for the insurance, but it was Aunt Deborah who was responsible for what resulted. The policies had been carefully laid away in the bottom bureau drawer and the subject talked out when Aunt Deborah came visiting one afternoon. She had not been invited, nor was she expected, but she proceeded to make herself at home, and by and by announced:

"Sarah, I have heard that you and James have had your lives insured for each other's benefit, but I told 'em you were not the woman to go into anything like that."

"But we have," replied Sarah. "We were insured two weeks ago."

"Upon my soul! No one could have made me believe it."

"But why? What's the matter?"

"Sarah Harper, do you know that you have the same as doomed yourself to death?" asked Aunt Deborah, in a hoarse whisper.

"What do you mean, Aunt?"

"I mean that there isn't a man on the face of this earth who wouldn't kill his wife for the sake of \$2,000 in cash. That insurance is a temptation to murder. Hundreds of wives have been killed off every year, and you will be one of them to go before another year rolls over your head."

The young wife laughed merrily at the idea, but Aunt Deborah grew more solemn and serious, and said:

"Don't fool yourself, Sarah. Jim is just as good a husband as any of 'em, but you have put temptation in his way. He'll be thinking of them \$2,000 all the time, and the longer he thinks the easier it will come for him to murder you. Two thousand dollars in cash and you out of the way so that he can marry again is more'n he can stand up under. I shan't be a bit surprised any day to hear that you have been found murdered. Squire Jones ought to be prosecuted for coaxing you into such a thing, and I'll tell him so before the week is out."

Sarah continued to laugh and make fun at the idea, and it was finally dropped to take up soft soap and carpet bags. When she set about getting supper Aunt Deborah made a sneak outdoors and caught the husband as he came up from the cornfield.

"Well," she began, after he greeted her, "you want Sarah to chop you up with the ax or pour melted lead in your ears, I see?"

"What is it, aunty?"

"It's that life insurance. Henry Harper, I'm astonished at you. Do you know how many wives killed their husbands last year to get the insurance?"

"A million perhaps, but Sarah isn't going to kill me."

"Time will tell, James; time will tell. Sarah is sweet and lovely and innocent, but when there's \$2,000 at stake who can tell what a woman will do? With this farm and all that money behind her if she was a widow she can catch a better looking man than you."

The good natured young man continued to laugh, and at the supper table his wife laughed with him as they chaffed Aunt Deborah, but the old lady continued to shake her head and reply:

"Wait till the ax or the melted lead get to work and then we'll see whether there is anything to laugh at or not."

That night at midnight Sarah woke up with her heart beating rapidly. She was about to nudge Henry with her elbow, when a sudden thought came to her. Aunt Deborah's grewsome predictions came up, and she wondered if she had been awakened by some move on her husband's part—some move to take her by the throat. She smiled at first,

CASTORIA
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

Heart, Throat, Liver and Skin
DR. AGNEW'S FOUR FAMOUS SPECIFICS CURE COMPLETELY THE WORST DISEASES OF THESE PARTS—DREADFUL HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN THIRTY MINUTES.

Heart disease will affect people differently, but in all cases it must be viewed with great alarm. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the one remedy that can be safely depended upon in times of trouble. It will give relief in thirty minutes.

Mr. Thomas Ferry, of Aylmer, Que., was troubled with severe heart complaint for five years, the pain, at times, being so severe that he could not attend to business. Every other remedy failed until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gave immediate relief, and his words are these: "I have now taken four bottles of the remedy and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease."

A cold in the head need not be trifled with, for it is catarrh in an incipient condition, and catarrh is not to be trifled with. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as scores of clergymen, members of parliament, and prominent citizens in the Dominion have borne testimony, drives away a cold in the head like magic, and where this has assumed the shape of aggravated catarrh, producing deafness and throat trouble, it effects a permanent cure.

It is not always safe to take pills for liver troubles. They not infrequently create other troubles that are serious. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, whilst thoroughly certain of removing all liver trouble, give no difficulty either at the time or afterwards. They are pleasant to take and cost only 20 cents.

The faculty that Dr. Agnew has displayed in getting at the seat of trouble is manifest in his Ointment, as in the other three remedies. This contains the elements that give speedy and permanent relief in all skin diseases and is peculiarly effective in curing piles. 35 cents.

SOLD BY T. B. TAYLOR & SONS.

but presently the smile faded away. Wives had been killed that the husband might profit by the insurance. Aunt Deborah was always predicting, but at the same time many of her predictions had come true. She knew that Henry loved her with a great love, but there was that \$2,000. For an hour she lay awake and thought, and the longer she thought the more miserable she was.

Sarah had only fallen into a troubled sleep when the dog barked and Henry awoke. He did not get up for fear of disturbing his wife, and after listening to the dog for a few minutes the thought of Aunt Deborah's predictions and solemn face came to his mind.

He grinned at the idea of Sarah killing him off for that \$2,000, and yet he began to recall cases where wives had done that same thing. She could push him into the well, push him down the cellar stairs or dispose of him in other ways to enable her to escape detection, and with that \$2,000 she would be a rich widow, and windmill men, wire fence men, piano agents and men with patent farm gates would tumble over each other to ask for her hand. She might not even put a \$10 headstone at his grave.

There was constraint between them when the couple woke up next morning. They tried to make out that there wasn't, but realized that there was. Sarah claimed to have a headache, and James said he had a touch of rheumatism.

At noon when the husband came up from the field he had been thinking things over and almost wished he had turned Aunt Deborah out of the house. She was a meddlesome, gossipy old thing, and he would let nothing she had said annoy him in the least. Sarah had also been thinking, and about the same thoughts, and so there was a return of love and confidence.

It did not last thirty-six hours, however. Henry had to sharpen the ax, and Sarah saw him at it and felt that he was contemplating a crime. Sarah asked if he handle of a table knife could not be made fast by a little melted lead, and Henry said to himself after answering her question:

"Ah, ha! Got melted lead on her mind, has she? Well, I've got to look out for my ears."

For the next four weeks the pair were hypocrites toward each other. They dissembled and deceived. They thought black thoughts of each other. James wanted to sleep in the barn o' nights, and Sarah wanted to go home and tell her mother all about it. Things were hastening toward a separation when, as they sat on the veranda one night after supper, saying little, but thinking a great deal, farmer Joe Collins came driving along and halted to say:

"Say, you folks heard the news?"

"No. What is it?"

"I'll take your breath away."

"But let's have it."

"Well, that life insurance company you are insured in has busted higher'n Gilroy's kite!"

"Oh, James?"

"Oh, Sarah?"

And as they went dancing around the veranda in each other's arms Mr. Collins looked at them in astonishment and said to himself:

"By George, but they seem to be dum'd glad of it!"

And so they were.

A Little Misunderstanding.
"A young lady I know," said an Englishman, "got married last year in London and had only been keeping house a week or two when a cousin in the country sent her a brace of pheasants. Some people like to 'hang' pheasants—to keep them a week or two, letting them get 'high,' on the ground that the fresh flesh is tough and stringy. The cook knew this, but her young mistress knew nothing—positively nothing—of cooking."

"Please, ma'am," said the cook when the pheasants arrived, "do you like the birds 'high'?"

"The bird's eye?" said the mistress, puzzled.

"What I mean, ma'am," the cook explained, "is that some folks likes their birds stale."

"The tall?" repeated the mistress, more puzzled than ever.

"And then, in order not to appear ignorant in the cook's eyes, she smiled brightly and said:

"Prepare the birds, please, with the eyes and the tail both."

Drank a Hoghead of Wine.
Of the great scholar and writer, George Buchanan, it is related that he was told by his doctors that if he abstained from wine he might live five or six years and that if he continued to drink he could hold out three weeks at longest.

"Get you gone," he exclaimed, "with your prescriptions and your course of diet and know that I would rather live three weeks and be drunk every day than six years without drinking wine!"

He was as good as his word. Having discharged his physician, like a desperate man, he ordered a hoghead of grape wine to be set at his bed's head, resolved to see the bottom of it before he died, and he carried himself so gallantly that he emptied it to the lees.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Women Cannot Cut Diamonds.
"A lot of women seem to be possessed these days of an ambition to learn the trade of diamond cutting," the New York Sun reports one jeweler as saying. "Every little while an applicant for a situation as an apprentice gives us a call. But we can't afford to give them a trial. They can never master the art. In other branches of the jewelry trade women have made some unqualified successes. Not one of Eve's daughters, from royalty down, I should say, that isn't an artist in the wearing of diamonds. Many are well versed in the tricks of buying and selling them, while others give excellent satisfaction in polishing and preparing them for the market. But when it comes to the real cutting of the stones they lack the patience, judgment and steadiness of nerve which constitute the expert's stock in trade."

Infants too young to take medicine may be cured of croup, whooping cough and colds by using Vapo-Cresolene—they breathe it.

A CRITICAL PERIOD
INTELLIGENT WOMEN PREPARE
Dangers and Pain of This Critical Period Avoided by the Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



How many women realize that the most critical period in a woman's existence is the change of life, and that the anxiety felt by women as this time draws near is not without reason?

If her system is in a deranged condition, or she is predisposed to apoplexy of any organ, it is at this time likely to become active, and with a host of nervous irritations, make life a burden.

At this time, also, cancers and tumors are more liable to begin their destructive work. Such warning symptoms as a sense of suffocation, hot flashes, dizziness, headache, dread of impending evil, sounds in the ears, timidity, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and inquietude are promptly heeded by intelligent women who are approaching the period of life when woman's great change may be expected.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the world's greatest remedy for women at this trying period.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound invigorates and strengthens the female organism, and builds up the weakened nervous system as no other medicine can.

Madame Louis Belleau of 17 Ramsay St., Quebec, Que., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound assisted me to pass the change of life with but very little sickness and pain, and I am pleased to give it my endorsement, for I feel that it is the medicine which every woman should take. I am the mother of three children, and when I reached the age of fifty naturally my health was none too good, and I feel sure that if I had not taken your Vegetable Compound, I should not have passed the climax safely. I took it off and on for two years and now find that I am in splendid health and strength and feel younger and better than I did ten years ago. Much praise to your medicine, and may all suffering women learn of its value."

For special advice regarding this important period, women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. She is a daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Her advice is free and always helpful to ailing women.

Anonymous.
Schoolmaster—"Anonymous" means without a name. Give me a sentence showing you understand how to use the word. Small Boy—Our new baby is anonymous.—Chums.

Trying to Kill Him.
Mrs. Benham—I baked you another cake today. Benham—I know what you want; you want my life insurance.

The Helmet in the Schoolroom.
German schoolmasters are said to have had much to do with the victory of the Germans in their late war with France, and in this connection Sir Henry Roscoe tells this incident of his inspection of the professional school in Rouen, France: "Among the usual objects I noted with surprise a Prussian soldier's helmet. On being asked why he placed it there the schoolmaster stated that it was picked up in the streets of Rouen during the German invasion. And he added that it was of great service to him, for when the scholars did not attend to their work he used to bring this down and put it in his desk and, pointing to it, say: 'Now, if you do not make progress and learn properly this will happen to you again. The surest way to bring it upon you is to neglect your studies and grow up in ignorance and to become inferior in intellectual training. The display of that helmet,' explained the director, 'never fails to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of my students and to rouse their patriotism and their zeal for their studies.'"

Two Club Foot Cases in Plaster.
Please send contributions to J. Ross Robertson, Chairman, or to Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., of the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto.

MANY ALIMENTS—ONE CURE.
All the ailments which arise from one cause can be cured by one remedy. Dr. Shoop's Restorative will cure any disease which arises from weakness of the inside nerves. Its action is to bring back the life force to the nerves and keep you living. It brings back health and strength by restoring the nerve power that makes all vital organs act. It is the only remedy that even attempts to build up and treat the inside nerves. For sale and recommended by:

The Appeal Is To You!

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

For it Cares for Every Sick Child in Ontario whose Parents Cannot Afford to Pay for Treatment.

The Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto, appeals to fathers and mothers of Ontario for funds to maintain the thousand sick children that its nurses within its walls every year.

The Hospital is not a local institution—but Provincial. The sick child from any place in Ontario who can't afford to pay has the same privileges as the child living in Toronto and is treated free.

The Hospital had last year in its beds and cots 858 patients—331 of these were from 231 places outside of Toronto. The cost is 1.37 cts. per patient per day, and there were 133 sick little ones a day in the Hospital.

Since its foundation the Hospital has treated 12,120 children. About 8,500 of these were unable to pay and were treated free.

Your money can put golden hinges on the door of the Hospital's mercy.

Everybody's dollar may be the Friend in Need to Somebody's child.

Your dollar may be a door of hope to somebody's child. The Hospital pays out dividends of health and happiness to suffering childhood on every dollar that is paid by friends of little children.

If you know of any child in your neighborhood who is sick or crippled or has club feet send the parent's name to the Hospital.

See what can be done for club-foot children. There were 36 like cases last year and hundreds in 31 years.

WANTED, For Fall and Winter Months. A Reliable Party as Agent
In Lambton County or Vicinity.

This agency is a valuable one and offers good income to anyone desiring to make ex. a money.

We Pay Cash Weekly
AND SUPPLY OUTFIT FREE.

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