

FORTUNE WAITS ON HEALTH

And nowhere is this more true than in the Golden West. Now health means the perfect working of all the bodily functions, the perfect nutrition of brain, bone and sinew; and the groundwork of all is perfect digestion.

MOTHER Seigel's SYRUP

THE CANADIAN'S
STAND-BY

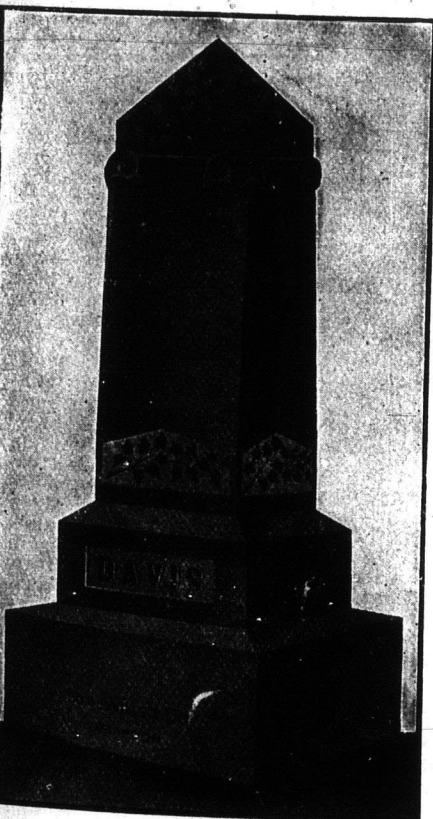
"If I feel out of sorts, or my appetite is not very good I have only to take a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup and I am soon alright again. I think it is the best medicine anyone could take to keep in health."—From Ernest C. Tibbs, Nes P.O. Lake Winnipeg, Man. June 10, 1907.

ENSURES HEALTH

Because it Strengthens the digestive organs and Cures all STOMACH & LIVER ILLS

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A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

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Remember! BRANDON.

BROTHER accidentally has discovered root that will cure both tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. R. O. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

Christmas Times in Oldtown.

Those Christmas times in Oldtown—how gladly they glimmer Athwart the mist and murkiness that wrap the yester years! And how the heart-strings tremble with a swift and tender tremor While eyes grow dim with memory and shimmery with tears!

Those Christmas times in Oldtown! My, oh, my! the streets were crowded Just like a busy city's with a movin' pantomime; And how the people jostled as they elbowed an' they "howdy'd," Their honest faces glowin' with the spirit of the time!

The country folk came early—Deacon Smoot an' Gran'ma Bunder—The Simkinses from Willow Ford, two wagon loads a-most. With bob-tail dogs an' tow-head kids, their wide eyes wild with wonder—They all swooped down on Oldtown like a huge invadin' host.

Those were Christmas times in earnest—they were somethin' like, I tell you! Hustle, hustle, rustle, bustle, everybody on the trot! An' the stores were that enticin'—had so many things to sell you That you spent your last spare dollar like the coin was sizzlin' hot.

Why, you couldn't doubt 'twas Christmas when the very air was spicy An' the smoke from kitchen chimneys brought an appetizin' whiff; Couldn't half forget it, neither, just so long as old black Dicky Lived to hail you on the corner— "Mornin', Massa, Christmas giff!"

There were trees on Christmas Eve nights—held by all denominations Slender-limbed an' glossy live-oaks, fresh from God's clean out-of-doors, An' the fun you had in trimmin' an' in makin' preparation, An' the way your heart went thumpin' in' if your sweetheart's hand touched yours!

Christmas days you had a sermon with no frills of oratory in Oldtown. In the biggest church in Oldtown, pews were always more than filled, An', somehow, the way the preacher told the sweet old sacred story Clothed it with a newer meanin', an' the soul was warmed and thrilled.

Then 'ud come a week o' parties, an' o' feasts an' o' folly, Old folks joinin' in the frolics—there was room enough for all— An' the homes were gay with pine-toughs an' with mistletoe an' holly. Though the maidens' cheeks were brighter than the berries on the wall.

An' such dancin'! In your dreamin' can't you hear old Isom's fiddle? As it turned you better music than the best by Sousa's band? An' the way he called the figures as you chafezed down the middle, An' the way your pulse kept cadence to the music—it was grand!

An' the feast that always followed—one word suits it, that's delicious! Laughter shook the topmost rafters, givin' wings to woes an' cares, An' sometimes, if you but listened, there would come the soft, suspicious Sound that spoke of stolen kisses in the shadow of the stairs.

Those were times to just be glad in—sorrowin' was worse than treason. Rich an' poor held equal footin', warn't no rank or false pretense, An' the world somehow seemed better for each glad, recurring season. An' the heart was lit and lifted by the wholesome sentiments.

Oh, the days since then are many—they have sped on sandals gleamin', And the winter storms have drifted one-time youthful locks with snow. But in dim December twilights how the heart goes back in dreamin' To the Christmas times in Oldtown in the years of long ago!

A Real Gentleman.

"What? You marry my daughter?" thundered old Rovley. "You, a mere clerk!" "No, sir," replied young Myrtle, "not a clerk, but a gentleman now. I resigned my job the moment your daughter accepted me."

Grammar.

Youngster (to elder brother just home from college)—You understand grammar, don't you, Jack? Jack (Indignantly)—Of course I do. Youngster—Well, if you were wishing to speak grammatically, what would you say—the yolk of an egg is white or the yolk of an egg was white? Jack—The yolk of an egg is white. Youngster—Because I should say it was yellow.

Searching for the Truth.

"What keeps our friend, Farmer Brown, from church?" said a clergyman. "I hope it is not socialism." "No," said the sexton; it's worse than that." "Worse than socialism? Is it deism?" "Worse than that, your honor." "Worse than deism? Good heavens! I trust it is not atheism?" "It is worse than that sir; it is rheumatism."

The Tanning Process.

They told the youngster to soak his feet in a tub of salt water if he wanted to toughen them. He soaked his hands, too. "It's pretty near time for me to get a licking," he explained. "Tomorrow I'm going to sit in it."

Long Strides.

Short—Go alzy, Jim; ut's tree molts tho's before us! Tall—Sure an' tho's phy O'm hurryin'. Ol want to git there before I get all tired out!

The Buling Instinct.

The ticket agent at the Grand Central Station tells this story: A few days ago, when there were a number of persons waiting in line to purchase tickets, a typical East Side Hebrew, with the proverbial lengthy growth of whiskers, stepped to the aperture in the glass window and said: "Meester, I want a ticket to Springfield." "Which Springfield?" asked the ticket seller. "Springfield, Ill. or Springfield, Mass?" "Which is the cheapest, meester?" asked the traveller, in reply.

"William Stayed."

The largest scholars were reciting geography. The teacher was young and pretty. There were some large boys in the class, among them William. The lesson was about Florida. The teacher was giving the names of the rivers and the scholars were to tell what they knew about them. William did not know his lesson very well, so when the teacher said "Kissumme"—William, he looked embarrassed and asked "Right now?" The teacher blushed and ordered him to remain after school for recital.

Took Lessons on the Harp.

"I never knew a girl so susceptible to flattery as Maud." "Yes, Jack told her she was an angel, and she went right off and began to take lessons on the harp."

Joke on Papa.

Little Willie, believing the first of April a fine opportunity to play a joke on his mother, came running into the kitchen, greatly excited. "Mamma! mamma! there is a strange man in the cellar who has Nelly (the maid) on his lap, and kisses her all the time!" "You don't say so! I must stop it at once!" With these words the lady rushed to the door. Little Willie ran after her, laughing from the depth of his heart. "Hold on, mamma! I wanted to send you on a fool's errand. It's no strange man at all, it's only papa!"

She Was no Chicken.

"Why don't you marry Mathilde? She loves you, and would make you happy. What's the trouble with her?" "Her past." "Her past? And what fault do you find with her past?" "The length of it."

A Power of its Own.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.

NATURE A VERY SKILFUL PHYSICIAN

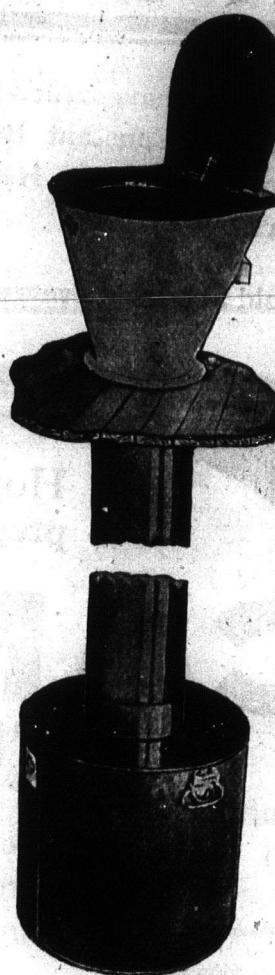
Puts Up Her Medicines in Most Tempting Form.

Have you ever tasted anything more delicious than the fresh, ripe, luscious fruits? These are Nature's medicines. A regular diet without fruit is positively dangerous, for the system soon gets clogged with waste matter and the blood poisoned. Fruit Juices stir up Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, making them work vigorously to throw off the dead tissue and indigestible food which, if retained, soon poison the blood and cause Indigestion, Headaches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and a host of other distressing troubles.

But there is a quicker way to stimulate the organs to do their work properly. Take one or two "Fruit-a-tives" tablets every night, besides eating some fresh fruit every day. "Fruit-a-tives" combine the medicinal properties—many times intensified—of oranges, apples, prunes and figs, with the best tonics and internal disinfectants added.

Their action on Bowels, Liver, Kidneys and Skin is as natural as Nature's own, but quicker and more effective. Sold by all dealers—25c. for trial box—50c. for regular size boxes for \$2.50. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet



Used in the following Western Public Schools— "Neepawa" "Killarney" "Melita" "Wolsley" "McGregor" and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposits.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

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