

When You Feel Played Out

There comes a time when your grip on things weakens. Your nerves are unstrung, the vital forces low, the stomach is weak and the blood impoverished. You feel old age creeping over you. Be careful of yourself. Take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

at once; there is need to renew the life forces. Weak nerves, wearied brains, sick stomach, feeble blood, torpid liver, sluggish bowels—all feel the quickening effects of Beecham's Pills. Their use makes all the difference. The tonic action of these pills upon the vital organs is immediate, thorough and lasting. They are Nature's own remedy

For Run-down Conditions

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England
Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U.S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

"THE LAND OF THE BIG, RED APPLE"

Write us for information of the best of the Famous Okanagan Valley. Our booklet is free to those interested. Fruit lands at reasonable prices where irrigation is not required. Climate unsurpassed, rich soil, pure water, good schools—in fact everything one could wish for to make life worth the living.

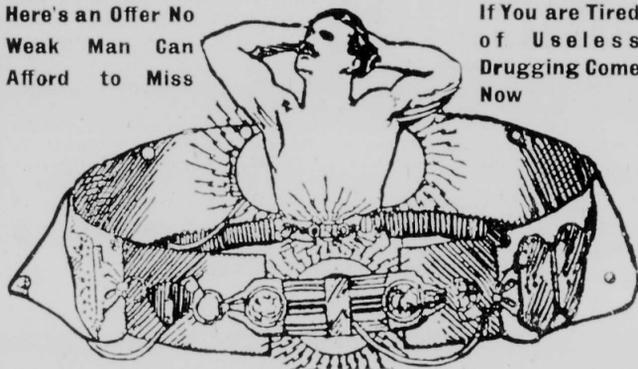
FISHER AND SAGE, ARMSTRONG B.C.

WEAK MEN, LOOK!

If I Don't Cure You, Pay Me Nothing

Here's an Offer No Weak Man Can Afford to Miss

If You are Tired of Useless Drugging Come Now



Wear My Belt Till I Cure You. Then Pay Me.

What's the use of dragging your legs about like a wooden person? Feel like a person of spirit. Away with pains and aches; off with this wretched feeling as if you were eighty years old and had one foot in the grave. Come and let me put life into your nerves; let me give you a new supply of youthful energy. Let me make you feel like throwing your chest out and your head up and saying to yourself, "I am STRONG AND HEALTHY!" Let me give you back that old feeling of youthful fire, vim and courage. I can do it, so that in two months you will wonder that you ever felt so slow and poky as you do now.

Dear Sir,—I beg to advise you that your Belt has fulfilled its mission. I am entirely free from indigestion, for which I purchased the Belt. I delayed writing to see if the complaint would return.

A. SMITH, Methven, Man.

Dear Sir,—I can say that your Belt has about cured me completely, although I could not wear it regularly, being away from home a great deal; but it is all you claim it to be and more. It has been a God-send to me, and I can recommend it to anybody.

T. M. VANDRY, Spurgrove, Man.

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and

PAY WHEN YOU ARE CURED.

If I don't cure you, my Belt comes back to me, and we quit friends. You are out the time you spent on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more. If you will come and see me I'll explain it to you. I am the only man in the world who has confidence enough in his remedy to wait for his pay until you are cured.

CALL TO-DAY. FREE CONSULTATION. FREE BOOK.

Dr. M. D. McLAUGHLIN, 112 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Please send me your BOOK FREE. Name Address
Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wed. and Sat. until 8.30 p.m.

CAR ASSIGNMENT

Station.....190
I (or we) hereby declare that I (or we) have this day sold to the following grain..... bushels of said grain to be delivered as required by the purchaser.

And I (or we) hereby assign to..... my (or our) right to car ordered the..... day of car-order book No.....

I hereby declare that I have purchased the grain above mentioned, and hereby accept assignment of this car.

WIT AND HUMOR

It has been a matter of remark always that the mother, left with a family of children, even when she had to depend entirely upon her own efforts, succeeds in bringing them up better than the father left without the help of his wife. Widows contrive to do double duty in earning a living often a very frugal one, for their children, and in attending to the duties of their homes. How they have contrived to do this has often been a mystery to their acquaintances, but many of the best men in the world have been widows' sons. It may be that the sense of responsibility develops the strength of character of such children and preserves them from temptations into which boys and girls brought up in what would seem much more favorable circumstances too often fall. Then too, the kindness and generosity of the public is appealed to by the independence and resourcefulness of the bereaved mother and help is often given which enables her to bring up her family more easily. There is a movement on foot among charitable bodies in the United States to assist widowed mothers to keep their children at home instead of taking them away and sending them to orphanages. This is work in which charitable individuals all over the world have long been engaged. The very best institution cannot supply the place of a mother.

The captain of a certain yacht had evinced an anxiety touching a mishap to the craft that at once attracted the attention of a fair passenger on board.

"What's the trouble, captain?" asked she.

"The fact is, ma'am," was the response, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under the water nearly all the time, no one will notice that it's gone."—Harper's Weekly.

At the unveiling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster Abbey, a number of good stories were told about the great poet. H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the "New Review." Of course, this periodical failed, yet it was undoubtedly the best edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself, and so on. One day, as Mr. Henley and Wells stood in the office of the magazine, discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects, a funeral went by with slow pace. Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion, and said, with a worried frown—"Can that be our subscriber?"

WHY HE WAS NOT PROMOTED

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
He was stung by a bad look.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."

He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his blunders.
He felt that he was above his position.
He chose his friends among his inferiors.
He was content to be a second-rate man.
He ruined his ability by half-doing things.
He never dared to act on his own judgment.
He did not think it worth while to learn how.
He tried to make "bluff" take the place of ability.
He thought he must take amusement every evening.
Familiarity with slipshod methods paralyzed his ideal.
He was ashamed of his parents because they were old-fashioned.
He did not learn that the best part of his salary was not in his pay envelope.

—ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

The common sense of the country is expressing itself on the temperance question.

Even the great men of the world are stepping out on the platform for restraint and restriction. The last heard from is Rudyard Kipling. He recently saw two young men get two young women drunk and then beheld all four go reeling down the street, and then recanting previous opinions, he said:

"I became a prohibitionist. Better is it that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better is it to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at the back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, "There is no harm in it, taken moderately," and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."

In a certain village an old man was appointed postmaster, and some weeks afterwards the villagers and their friends began to complain about the matter found out that the postmaster had sent out no mail since his entrance into office, and pointing to the hundred or more dusty letters that the postmaster had kept by him, said, sternly: "Why on earth didn't you let these go?" "I was waiting till I got the bag full," said the old man, with a gentle smile.

"Yes," said the old peer, "my son is willing to stand for Parliament. Unfortunately," he added, after a slight pause, "Parliament does not reciprocate."

TRADE NOTE

Most of the diseases to which stock are subject could be prevented by the use of stable disinfectants and vermin killer. Such preparations are offered by Wm. Cooper and nephews, and are endorsed by some of Canada's most prominent stockmen. The following is typical of the reports made upon these preparations:

Maxville, Ontario, February 16th, 1909
Dear Sirs.—We have given your Fluid Dip a fair trial, and are pleased to say that we are very well pleased with it, and consider it all you claim for it, and the odor from it is much sweeter and less objectionable than any disinfectant we have ever used.

We will certainly give you an order as soon as we have finished the preparation we are now using.

Wishing you every success, we are, faithfully yours,

(Sgd.) ROBT. HUNTER & SONS.

One An

There is o
Lauder. The
Victor Gram-
When you
Gram-o-phon
Harry Laude
have an eveni
We have
seven new La
the most popu
the finest,
Lauder's sele

10 inch D
75c.

- X 52310—The Sa
- X 52311—Mister
- X 52312—Weari
- X 52313—She Is
- X 52314—Rising
- X 52315—A Trip
- X 52316—Weddi

Besides these
more of Lauder
Write for our
over 3,000 Rec
request.

THE BE
of Canada I



Columbia
motors, n
Home Co
(15,000).
Columbia
Organs,
Fall pay
Our Spec

\$5 down, \$4 monthly. Fal
Booklet No. 75 FREE. B

WINNI



THE FENC

