

Died of Consumption, but this Linden lady used Psychine and is strong and well

"My mother, brother and sister died of consumption," says Ella M. Cove, of Lin-den, N.S., "and I mysell suffered for two wears from a distressing couch and weak years from a distressing cough and weak lungs. I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction?

"But thank God I used Psychine and it built me right up. My lungs are now strong. I enjoy splendid health, and I owe t all to Psychine."

Cousumption, whether hereditary or con-tracted, cannot stand before Psychine. Psychine kills the germ, no matter how it attacks the lungs. Psychine builds up the body and makes it strong and able to resist disease. Psychine is an aid to digestion and a maker of pure, rich blood. The greatest giver of general health is

50c. Per Bottle Larger elzes \$1° and \$2-all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

The Real Trouble. The other afternoon a man rushed into the Reading terminal, galloped up the stairs and dashed for the train shed just as the gates were closed against him.

He looked as if he wanted to swear most vociferously, but he was out of wind, and all that he could do was to lean against the fence and soulfully sigh. It was then that the grinful idiot, who is always on hand, paced over and butted in.

"Did you miss your train, old boy?" he queried, with a smiling glance at the panting one.

"No," was the grouchy rejoinder. "I chase myself up here that way every five minutes to see them shut the gate

"What made you so late?" queried the other, not at all abashed. "Is your watch out of order?" "No, my watch is all to the good," re-

plied the man who missed the train, "but I think that my feet are about two minutes slow.

His Lesson.

A woman who had divorced her husband met him after many years. "Have you married again?" she asked.

The man shook his head. "Ah!" sighed the woman. "You still

love me." "No," said the man, "I love myself."

He was asked to explain. "Bondage taught me the value of freedom," he replied. "I am answer-

able now only to myself. I come when I please, go when I please, do what I changed much since Archbishop

against it with such force as to be stunned. Not only that, but the upper mandible had been bent back, and in the straightening out the sharp point was driven down through the lower bill and locked, thus dooming the bird to death by starvation. The man sent the head to the Field. A good many similar accidents have been recorded, but it was always a heavier bird, whose weight made the springing of the bill easier. A good many of the birds were found in a starved condition, showing that they died lingering deaths from want of food. Birds that fly against the lighthouses have the skull bones crushed and die instantly, but others are stunned only.

State Laws. "If you should have your choice

whether to die in the Empire State or in good old New Jersey, don't fail to select Jersey," remarked a Hoboken lawyer the other day. "Over there," said he, "we still do business on lines laid out by the common law. For example, under the laws of New Jersey a husband is entitled to all the personal property left by his deceased wife. Across the river the case is quite different, because under the laws of the state of New York half of a deceased wife's personal estate goes to her children and the residue reverts to her husband. Only where there are no children is the hubby the whole thing."

He Was Drugged,

An ambulance surgeon had a curious experience the other night. He was summoned to a police station to examine an unconscious prisoner. The prisoner, very muddy and disheveled, lay on the floor of the cell rooms. The physician bent over and examined him and then, rising, said in a loud stern voice:

"This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged." A policeman turned pale and said in

a timid, hesitating voice: "I'm afraid ver right, sir, I drugged him all the way from Carney's saloon, a matter of a hundred yards or more. -Argonaut.

When to Eat Cotton.

When one by accident swallows an object not intended for eating it is a wise precaution to send after it a quantity of absorbent cotton which has been picked into fine threads and mixed in bread and milk. The button, safety pin or whatever it may be gathers the cotton about it, thus covering up any rough edge or sharp point and allowing it to pass through the stom-ach and intestines without causing injury.

The Simple Bride.

Bride (after the return from the bridal tour)-I see by this medical work that a man requires eight hours' sleep and a woman ten. Bridegroom-Yes, I've read that somewhere myself. Bride-How nice! You can get up every morning and have the fire made and the breakfast ready before it is time for me to get up.-London Tit-Bits.

Why They Preach.

The distinction between a good

A Glimpse of Carlyle. One day Carlyle suddenly stopped at a street crossing and, stooping, picked up something out of the mud, even at the risk of being knocked down and run over by passing vehicles. With his bare hands he gently rubbed the mud from it. He then took it to the pavement and laid it down on a clean spot on the curbstone. "That," said the old man in a tone of tenderness he rarely used, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste anything-above all, bread, more precious than gold. I am sure that the little sparrows or a hungry dog will get nourishment from this bit of bread."

The Kingfisher.

Many and curious are the legends of the kingfisher. One of these is to the effect that the bird was originally a plain gray in color, but upon being let loose from the ark flew toward the setting sun and had its back stained blue by the sky and its lower plumage scorched by the sun to gorgeous hues. The dried body of the kingfisher was once used as a charm against thunderbolts and moths, and it was hung up so that it might point with its bill to the wind's quarter.

The Evil of a Good Name. "Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "why didn't you name me George Washington?" "Sonny," was the answer, "I isn' gwine to name no mo' chillen George Washington. As soon as dey hyahs dat story 'bout not bein' able to tell a lie dey 'pears to git curious to find out whether it's so or not, an' dey stahts in sperimentin' as soon as dey kin talk."

Two Epochs,

In the Honeymoon-Let me sit by you, darling, while you pour the tea. I love to watch your white hands toying with the cups.

Next Season-What does the maid mean by not putting another leaf in the table? We might as well be sitting in each other's lap, .etc.

ly a branch of art?" "No. How so?"

fine sense of the word.

"In its wood cuts, you know."

If a person determines early in life that a cheerful disposition is worth having and strives to obtain it and does so that person is a success in a



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and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Tlitcher. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children-Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea-The Mother's Friend.

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please and need not make explana-tion. I no longer divide my pleasures by two or multiply my worries by the same number. What I earn is mine and, when I contemplate its possible reduction. I need fear for myself alone. I have no great joys, but then I have no great sorrows." "And love?" inquired the woman.

"I have been married," answered the man.-Channing Pollock in Show.

The Bird's Bill Was Locked. A curious hird tragedy is told about in the London Field. A man found a yellow hammer dead in his yard at the foot of a wall. The bird had flown

nanged much since Archbishop Whately declared that "a good preacher preached because he had thing to say and a bad preacher because he had to say something."

Another Rejection.

Poetess-I got quits last night with the editor who rejects all my verses. Friend-What did you do? Poetess I raiscted his son.-London Tit-Bits.

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