YOUNG FOLKS

BEIN' SICK.

When I am really sick abed
It isn't ever any fun.
I feel all achy in my head
An' hate to take my medisun.
Th' sheets get stickyish an' hot,
But I am not allowed to kick
'Em off, er read, er talk a lot
When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about
To come an' pat me on the face
An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out,"
An' tiptoe all around th' place.
They go when I pretend to be
Asleep—I do it for a trick;
I don't like folks to pity me
When I am sick.

My mother's diff'runt—I don't care
If she sits by me once or twice
An' says "Poor boy," an' smoothes my hair;
She ain't just tryin' to be nice.
They bring warm squashy things to me
For meals, an' make me eat 'em quick,
I'm mis'rable as I can be
When I am sick.

TEDDY'S FIRTS POCKETS.

"I want pockets in my new pants" said Teddy.

"You are too little," said mama.

"Please, mama!" Teddy pleaded. "Pockets go with pants. All the big boys have them."

"Well," mama replied, "I suppose you must have them. Yes I will put some in."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Aunt Emily. "Clara, you don't mean to let that baby have pockets? He will have them full of rubbish and in a dreadful condition all the time. He's too little for trousers, to say nothing of pockets."

But mama put the pockets in, and Ted was happy. He went round with his hands in these little snuggeries, feeling very proud and grown-up, and trying to whistle; and by and by he began to put things into them.

"If I had the darning cotton I would mend the stockings," said grandma, "but it isn't in the basket."

"Here it is," said Teddy, taking a little black ball out of his right pocket. "I found it behind the door, grandma. I didn't know it was darn cotton; I thought it was just string."

"You didn't happen to find my pencil, did you?" as'ed Sister Sue. "I lost it yesterday, and I can't find it anywhere."

"Yes," said Teddy. "It was in the wastebasket. I picked it out and put it in my pocket. I didn't know it was yours, Susie," he said, as he passed it to her.

Pretty soon mama could not find her thimble. "I had it this morning," she said, "and all at once I missed it. I am sorry, for it was the one you gave me, Emily."

"There it is," said Teddy. "I found it down in the pussy bed. I meant to give it to you, but I forgot."

"It must have fallen off the window-sill," said mama. "I remember now I was sitting by the garden window."

That afternoon Sister Mary as'ed if anybody had seen a button. For she had lost one off her blue dress. Tom inquired if anybody had run across his jack-knife, which he was using at noon and missed. Johnny needed a piece of string in a hurry, and grandpa could not find a little nail. All these things Teddy produced as they were wanted.

"I take it all back, Ted," said Aunt Emily, laughing. "Your pockets certainly are the most useful ones in the family. You don't happen to have a box of chocolates, do you?"

"No," Teddy replied, soberly, "but I have some candy that isn't chocolate. Mr. Smith gave it to me last satdy."

Aunt Emily laughed again. "There, Clara," she said, "I told you so!"

HOW TO TAKE A WALK.

Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind. "You shall never break down in a speech," said Sydney Smith, "on the day on which you have walked twelve miles." In the English universities the reading men are daily performing their punctual training in the boat clubs or a long gallop of many miles in the saddle, or taking their famed "constitutionals"—walks of eight and ten miles. "Walking," said Rousseau, "has something which animates and vivifies my ideas. And Plato said of exercise that it would almost cure a guilty conscience." "For the living out of doors and simple fare and gymnastic exercises and the morals of companions produce the greatest effect on the way of virtue and of vice."

Few men know how to take a walk. The qualifications of a professor are endurance, plain clothes and shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence and nothing too much.

JAPANESE PAPER.

The Japanese excel in the making of paper from the bark of trees and shrubs. Among the remarkable varieties are the thin rainproof paper used instead of glass for windows, the oiled papers serving for waterproof coverings and clothing, and the oiled tissue for wrapping delicate articles. The bark paper employed for meal and grain sacks is not readily penetrated by weevils and other insects. Most interesting from which tobacco pouches and pipe of all, perhaps, are the tough papers cases are made, these leather papers being almost as tough as French kid, translucent, as soft and pliable as cat's skin.

DANGEROUS COLDS.

Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption Often Follow a Neglected Cold—Avert the Danger by Keeping the Blood Pure and Warm.

Heavy colds strain the lungs, weaken the chest, banish the appetite, cause melancholy. Pale weak people, whose hands and feet are chilled for want of rich, red blood, always catch cold. Their lungs are soft—the heart cannot send out blood enough to make them sound and strong. Then comes the cold and cough, racking the frame and tearing the lungs. The cold may turn into pneumonia, influenza, consumption or bronchitis—a lingering illness or a swifter death. All weak people should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rich, red blood they make strengthens the heart, and it sends this warm, healing blood to the lungs, and once again the patient is a strong-lunged, warm-blooded man or woman. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., bears the strongest testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. She says: "My sister, a delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. We tried many medicines for her, but she appeared to be constantly growing worse, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after she had spit any blood. At this stage a cough, I would get up to see if she had spit any blood. At this stage a friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a month from the time she began to take the pills she had almost recovered her usual health. Under a further use of the pills she is now well and strong, and I can recommend the pills with confidence to every weak person."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all blood and nerve troubles, such as anaemia, debility, lung complaints, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the troubles that make the lives of so many women miserable. Be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE MYSTERIOUS PLAYER.

"Molly," mama called, softly, "don't dear! Baby's just beginning to get sleepy."

The sharp little patter of trills and scales on the piano kept on, undiminished.

"Molly, stop playing at once!" Mama's voice had the ring of command in it, but the patter of notes still continued. She did not dare to move, for baby's eyes were narrowing drowsily to little blue slits, and they must not fly open again. When at last the noise stopped, they were shut, and baby had landed on Noddle's Island after a long trip on a "choppy" sea.

Molly tiptoed into the room.

"Molly," mama said, gravely, "didn't you hear me tell you to stop drumming on the piano?"

"Why, I never, mama!" whispered Molly, surprised. "I haven't been in the music-room a tall!"

"Then it must have been Faith, but it didn't sound like her. She really plays little tunes."

"Faithie's out in the hammock, mama."

"Why!" mama said. "And she the keys are gone. Who could—Hark!"

The patter of notes again, running up and down the keyboard. Molly's eyes grew big with astonishment.

It was a queer little tuneless jig, with rests and "andantes" and "fortissimos" playing tag through it, and A flats and B sharps stepping on each other's heels.

Then it stopped short. Mama held out her hand to Molly, and they stole to the music-room door together. No one there. Peter Purr lay curled on the sofa in a doze, not looking at all as if he had just seen a ghost. So the queer little mystery stayed undiscovered until, a day or two after, Molly suddenly stepped right into the middle of it. She was hurrying through the hall when she heard the piano "going" again in the funny way.

"O, my!" she thought. "There 'tis playing on itself again—why ee!"

For she had stopped at the door, and there was Peter Purr playing a tune all to himself! Peter Purr! Who ever would have thought? Molly stood and watched him do it. He leaped from the piano-stool to the keyboard, and whisked lightly back and forth, in great delight at his own music. His soft, padded toes struck the notes gently and made funny trills and quavers. Over and over again the tune played under his feet, and then it came to a sudden end. Peter Purr leaped down to the floor, and before Molly could unscrew the little round "O!" of astonishment her lips made, he was fast asleep on the sofa.

A BOON TO CHILDREN.

A medicine that will keep infants and young children plump, good natured, with a clear eye and a rosy skin, is a boon not only to mothers but to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and make them eat well, play well and sleep well. You can safely take the words of thousands of mothers who have proved the great value of Baby's Own Tablets in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething, and I would not be without them." The Tablets are equally good for the tenderest little baby or the well grown child, and they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmless. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BY BLOODLESS SURGERY

SOME STRANGE CURES BY H. A. BARKER.

An English Bone-setter Performs Some Very Remarkable Operations.

There arrived in London, England, recently, from Lancashire, H. A. Barker, a famous "bone setter." The London Express tells of some of the operations performed. A well known footballer who had been under treatment for sprained ankle first arrived.

"It is not a sprain at all," said Mr. Barker, after a brief examination. "One of the small bones of the ankle is displaced, and ossification has already begun. If you had waited another eight weeks you would probably have had a diseased bone. You will hear the bone go back into its place."

He gripped the heel between his knees, and grasped the feet with both hands. A sudden powerful wrench followed, and then a loud snap, as if a bone had broken. Ten minutes later the footballer walked into Bond street with hardly a limp.

THREW AWAY CRUTCHES.

The next patient was Miss Gertie Keimp, a pretty girl, who had come from Crewe the previous day, and whose dark eyes shone with the joy she felt at Mr. Harker's successful treatment.

She said she was twenty-one, and had been a cripple practically all her life. At the age of five she met with an accident. Since then she has been treated by numerous surgeons for hip disease, and was in Birmingham Spine Hospital for many months. Sixteen years of her young life were spent in bed and on crutches with a six-inch cork boot.

She paid her first visit to Mr. Barker two months ago. He diagnosed a dislocated hip of sixteen years standing with no disease at all. He replaced the joint immediately and the girl threw away her crutches and the cork boot.

It was her third visit, and Mr. Barker told her he did not want to see her again. Both legs are now exactly equal in length. She still limps a little, but this is due to the flaccid muscles, and will pass away.

MAD WITH DELIGHT.

Still more remarkable was the case of Mrs. Brown, who came from Uxbridge. Her feet were terribly deformed. She wore boots fitted with thick steel rods that were strapped to each leg as far as the knee. She had worn the boots for five years, and had been to many doctors, and many hospitals with no good result.

"I cannot cure this case," said Mr. Barker, "but I can give considerable relief. There are dislocations of small bones in each foot, and great growths of osseous matter have cemented the dislocations."

He took the malformed foot in a powerful grip of knees and hands.

"Do not jerk your leg," he said, "or I shall dislocate the ankle."

There was a sudden tremendous strain and a couple of dull clicks.

"I was wrong," said Mr. Barker, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. "I can cure this case."

After ten minutes' manipulation the feet had been reduced to something resembling normal shape. The steel supports and straps were removed from the boots before the patient put them on.

"Stand up," said Mr. Barker.

The patient looked around helplessly.

"I cannot stand without the steels," she said. She had not stood without them for nye years.

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Barker, and the woman stood up and then walked across the room. A few minutes later she walked down two flights of stairs unaided, carrying in her hand the appliances of steels and straps which she had worn so long. She went from Bond street to the Tube station without assistance.

"I feel that I shall go mad with delight," she said again and again to her companion.

TRINIDAD'S PITCH LAKE.

Where Much of the Asphalt Pavement Comes From.

One of the most singular lakes in the world is the celebrated lake of the Island of Trinidad. This lake spreads over an area of ninety-nine acres, and its surface is composed of one great floating mass of asphaltum seamed with veins of clear water. From it and a similar lake in Venezuela the world's supply of asphalt is drawn.

The pitch lake is a vile place, as far as smells are concerned, for the air all about it is heavy with noxious vapors, and from the centre of the lake gushes a fountain of liquid asphaltum, in which there float and break bubbles containing most horrible gases.

The workmen go out on the surface of this lake and cut great slabs of asphaltum, which are carried away. But the next morning the holes they left is filled up again with the pitch which has risen during the night, so that the supply seems to be inexhaustible.

This curious lake was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh when he landed in Trinidad in 1595 on his way to the mouth of the Orinoco in search of El Dorado.

Another strange lake is situated on a peninsula which juts out into the Caspian Sea. The whole surface of this lake is covered with a crust of salt so thick and strong that a man can ride across it on horseback without any danger of breaking through.

Guest (complainingly)—"This bill of fare is all in French." Waiter (reassuringly)—"Never you mind that, sir; the cook is Oirish."

IT WAS NOT A FAITH CURE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED MRS. ADAMS; BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

She Did Not Believe in Them, but To-day She Is Strong and Well.

Collingwood, Ont., Jan. 30—(Special).—Mrs. Thos. Adams, who moved here about two years ago from Burk's Falls, is one of the many Canadians who once had Bright's Disease and are now strong and well. Like all the others she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was eight months an invalid," says Mrs. Adams, "and no one can tell what I suffered. My doctor said I had Bright's Disease and Sciatica, but I got no relief from anything he gave me. At last a friend of my husband induced me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I had no faith in them, for I thought I never would get better, but after taking three boxes of them I was able to do my work. I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

Dr. Amelia Wykes Lines, who recently celebrated her eightieth birthday, is the oldest practising woman doctor in the world. She has practised in New York City since 1854.

Among the Queen's treasures is an egg which he received from an English lady one Easter. The shell is made of ivory, the lining is of white satin, and the yolk is a golden case containing a large ruby set in diamonds; the whole is worth upwards of $10,000.

Brothers are seldom found in the ranks of Ambassadors simultaneously, yet the Canadian family can boast of having won distinction. While M. Paul Cambon represents France at the Court of St. James, his brother acts in a similar capacity at Washington.

Prince Charles of Denmark is an expert typist, while the Princess Christian is also a clever manipulator of the latter's machine has German characters as well as English, and types most of Prince Christian's correspondence for him. Another Royal typist is the Princess of Wales, who is extremely quick, and types some of her own letters in quite a professional style.

The Sultan of Turkey, who is just sixty-two, is passionately fond of music—not of military bands to drive away the stillness of the night," but of the pianoforte and the violin, of which he is a capital judge. Constantinople musicians visiting with good introductions are easily admitted to play before the Sultan, who pays them on a lavish scale. The Sultan also takes a great interest in natural history. Like all Turks, he is fond of animals.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet and novelist, has a crave for idols. his villa at Settignano, near Florence, he has a large room full of these "divinities," mostly Indian, Chinese, and Japanese. He pays a fair sum for a good specimen of his favorite gods, lest anyone being admitted into his sanctuary when he is away that, before leaving the village, he always gives strict orders to his servants not to allow anybody in whatever.

Queen Alexandra some time ago wrote a few of her likes and dislikes in an album reserved for the purpose, her favorite being Richard Cœur de Lion; her favorite King being Richard; her favorite Queen, Dagmar of Denmark; her hero, Marlborough; her poet, Shakespeare; her painter, Rubens; her writer, Dickens; her color, sky-blue; her flower, the forget-me-not; her favorite name, Edward; her favorite dish, Yorkshire pudding; her favorite spot, England; and her ambition, "Never to interfere with the business of other people."

Little Prince Hubert's new nurse is now a conspicuous personage in contemporary history. The wife of a gamekeeper of the Royal service, she is twenty-three, of magnificent figure, and has a superb black hair, and beautiful teeth. Around her raven tresses she wears an aureole of ribbon adorned with a gold hairpins, and her costume is that of a nurse in the well-to-do middle-class of Rome. This fortunate young woman is paid $120 a month for two years, and is likely to have a pension of $500 a year for the rest of her life.

Lord Howard de Walden is about to start on a big-game hunting expedition in East Africa, where he has bought extensive lands near the Victoria Nyanza for the purpose of breeding zebras. This young peer is one of the wealthiest men in England, but is little known in society, as his tastes all lie in the direction of sport and a country life. His devotion to his mother, Lady Ludlow, is one of the most delightful traits in his character, and when she was married last year she had the somewhat unusual experience of being given away by her own son.

That the ex-Colonial Secretary can waltz will be a surprise to most people, as one would fancy dancing is an accomplishment altogether too frivolous for Mr. Chamberlain to shine in. Some time ago, however, Mr. Chamberlain, when staying with Lord and Lady Beauchamp, attended a ball given by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham; Mr. Chamberlain danced several items on the programme, including three waltzes and a set of lancers, but did not attempt the polka. This is probably the only occasion in the past twenty years that Mr. Chamberlain has taken an active part in the ballroom.

A good story is told about Mr. Pierpont Morgan. For three consecutive days the great financier carried an empty birdcage to and from his office. On the third day one of his junior managers ventured to ask why he carried that apparently useless article. "You see," replied Pierpont Morgan, "if anyone would have the impudence to ask me why I did so—" "I beg your pardon," began the inquirer, "I—" "You needn't do that," said the chief, grimly. "If you had a bet with a man that I had at least one employe with curiosity, I've won the money; but in future don't asks questions about things that don't concern you."

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have probably established an historical record in the entertainment of Royalty. Within five months last year King Edward was the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at no fewer than five of their homes. At the beginning of the year His Majesty went to Chatsworth; later he paid a visit to Lismore Castle; then he was at Devonshire House, and again spent a week-end at Compton Place, Eastbourne, and he has also been entertained at the Duke's Newmarket residence. Probably no British nobleman in the whole course of history has ever entertained the reigning Sovereign in this manner before.

Goodheart—"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neighborhood." Joakley—"None for me, thank you! I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I won him." Ethel—"Who was that man you just bowed to?" Penelope—"That was Dobson, the great composer." Ethel—"A composer, did you say?" Penelope—"He manufactures soothing syrup!"

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface of linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

CHENILLE CURTAINS and all kinds of house Hangings also **LACE CURTAINS** DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW. Write to us about yours. BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO., Box 168, Montreal

DEEP SOIL GRAIN AND GRASS farms for sale; near Yorkton, Assiniboia; on crop payments. James Armstrong, 4 Richmond street east, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

For the Winter
—GO TO—
CALIFORNIA, MEXICO OR FLORIDA.

The "Land of Sunshine, Fruit and Flowers." Round trip tourist tickets on sale daily.

Mount Clemens "Mineral Baths"

Situated on direct line of Grand Trunk.

St. Catharines Mineral Springs

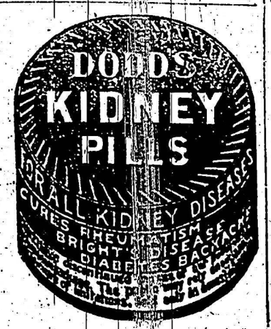
Those who need a rest should spend a few days or weeks at this delightful resort. Best of hotel accommodation.

For tickets and full information call at any Grand Trunk Ticket Office.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of La Grippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.



"Ah!" he said, as he led her back to her seat after the waltz, "I do love dancing." "Well," she replied as she attempted to repair a torn flounce, "you are not too old to learn."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Willie—"Pa, what is a philanthropist?" Pa—"A philanthropist, my son, is merely a man who has more money than he can possibly use himself."

Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy — Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea

POULTRY We can handle your poultry either alive or dressed to best advantage. Also your butter, eggs, honey and other produce.

THE LAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited
Cor. West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

MILLIONS FOR DRAINAGE

NEW SCHEME OF THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

System Proposed to Prevent Flooding—Healthiest City in the World.

The London County Council has now in progress a gigantic drainage scheme for London which, from first to last, will cost £7,000,000, and will include 300 miles of main and flood sewers, says the London Daily Express.

A report on the work, which has been sent to the members of the Council, gives details of a proposed expenditure of some £3,000,000 rendered necessary by the fact that London is growing at the rate of 1,000 houses per month.

The principal new works and their approximate cost comprise sewers from:

West London to Barking	£1,613,4[illegible]
Old Ford to Barking	847,0[illegible]
Hammersmith to Bow	400,0[illegible]
Plumstead and Catford	348,4[illegible]
New West End drains	795,0[illegible]
Relief sewer from Holloway	30,0[illegible]
Battersea pumping station	7,0[illegible]
Bermondsey pumping station site only	10,0[illegible]
New outfall sewer	318,4[illegible]

The Works Department of the Council is at present engaged in building a section of a double tunnel for a new sewer, which will extend from Old Ford to Barking.

DIFFICULT UNDERTAKING.

This sewer must be carried under the main line of the Great Eastern Railway within a foot or so of the rails at a point where there are four sets of double lines.

To accomplish this the lines will have to be diverted in sections, for the traffic is so heavy here—some 400 trains pass over this point every twenty-four hours—that it cannot be checked for a moment.

Unlike modern towns, London is not blessed with two systems of drainage—one for houses and the other, for streets. Thus it comes about that when there is a heavy fall of rain floodings invariably follow.

At the last heavy downpour 2,[illegible] houses were flooded with sewage, tradesmen had great quantities of goods damaged.

When all these works are completed, four or five years hence, there will be a thing of the past, and in the meantime work will have been found for thousands of men.

The underground works involve an expenditure of £3,000,000, an operation larger than any has yet undertaken in any municipal history—and when the enterprise is complete London will be the healthiest city in the world.

Mrs. Henpeck—"If it hadn't been for the South African Campaign you wouldn't have been my husband." Mr. Henpeck (savagely)—"What a curse war is!"

For Over Sixty Years

An Old and Well Tried Remedy.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; relieves wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures diarrhœa. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Professor lecturing upon the Coreos)—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this animal unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

"Shall it" said Pinguss, "can you lend me a fiver this morning?" "No." "Just as I expected." "Then why did you ask me?" "Because," said Pinguss, vindictively, "I wanted the satisfaction of disproving that lying old proverb that 'it is the unexpected that happens.'"

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

GROWING USE OF THERMITE.

Among the many recent improvements in railway construction in Germany is the welding together of rail ends, whereby practically continuous rails are secured, and the new heating substance, thermite, has greatly facilitated this process. Thermite is formed by the union of finely pulverized aluminum with oxygen. When this mixture is ignited, chemical combination takes place with an extraordinary development of heat, not much less than that of the electric arc. In welding rails the molten thermite is poured into the joints, and the softened rail ends are then forced closer together. The resulting weld is very firm. During the past few months thermite has been employed for rail-welding in about 40 European cities.

Imitations at best are imitations, substitutions never satisfy — Insist on having Blue Ribbon Tea

BIG SHIRT

Made big enough for a man to work in with [illegible] Has more material in it than any other brand of shirt in Canada. Made on the H.B.K. scale it requires [illegible] yards per dozen, where common shirts have only [illegible] to [illegible] yards.

That's the reason why the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt [illegible] chates the armpits, is never tight at the neck or wrist bands, is always loose, fit [illegible] and comfortable and [illegible]

Each shirt bears a tag that tells the whole story of the "Big" Shirt [illegible] also contains a [illegible] declaration that the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt contains [illegible] yards of material [illegible] dozen.

Sold at all dealers with this brand.

HUDSON BAY [illegible]
Montreal Winnipeg

PERFECTLY WILLING.

Fern Parent—[illegible] to put in a [illegible] scolding or [illegible] Georgie—Well, you have [illegible]

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & CO. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 308