

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1912

ENOUGH FOR TWO

One umbrella, and two little girls.
That's how we all eat in the sun.
We snuggle up close to keep in the shade.
But that makes it all the better fun
For Baby Louise and me.

One umbrella and two little girls.
That's how we all eat home through
the rain.
We snuggle close to keep out of the rain.
And tell our secrets. We think it is plain.

That's what comes for you,
see?

Italians, we don't care which.
We two with one umbrella above,
Most anything's big enough to share.
If you snuggle up close with lots of love,
like Little Louise and me.

AN INTERLUDE SONG

John F. Keane, in "Three Years of a Wanderer's Life," tells an unusual story. He was visiting at a friend's house in Bengal, and was just finishing a solitary dinner where a little mouse ran along the table and perched itself on the top of a bowl which had a sort of basket-work cover on it.

The little fellow rose on his hind legs with his "hands" before him, and began to entertain me with the funniest little music song ever heard.

"Chit-chit-chep-chep-chit!" he whistled, and kept it up in the most unselfconscious and self-possessed way. I sat back in my chair, and shook with laughter.

I looked at the small performer I became aware of the shadow of something strange gliding out from behind a dish toward the mouse. Silently and slowly it neared, and in another moment a beady snake's eye glittered in the lamplight.

My hand crept softly toward the carving-knife. The snake raised his head on a level with the mouse. The poor little fellow's song, which had never ceased, became piercingly shrill although he sat rigidly erect and motionless.

The snake's head drew back ready to strike, and out flashed the carving-knife. The spine was broken and the mouse dropped and disappeared.

The snake was wounded for spots of blood showed on the table-cloth. The creature writhed about the plates and dishes and I could not make a bold stroke without breaking crockery. I would not have believed how much of itself a snake could stow away under a plate.

At last a long tail projected from beneath the edge of a dish. I quickly grabbed it with my left hand, rapidly drew it out until I judged the middle was reached, and then cut it in two.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

A process for extracting gold and silver from mining stocks would certainly fill a long-felt want.

Relief for Suffering Everywhere.—He whose life is made miserable by the suffering that comes from indigestion and has not tried Farnell's Vegetable Pills will not know how easily this formidable foe can be dealt with. These pills will relieve where others fail. They are the result of long and patient study and are confidently put forward as a sure corrective of disorders of the digestive organs, from which so many suffer.

ONE WAS ENOUGH
Baseball Captain—"You shouldn't be so hard on the boys. They played very well. The game was lost through just one error."

Magician—"Yes, so was Paradise."

Hand and foot-sore both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is definitely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

CHINCHONA WISDOM
The Chinese have many clever proverbs and others that seem to us very curious. Doctor Giel gives the translation of a number of those in the pages of his book, "The Great Wall of China." The following will remind us of our old sages:

"The only way to prevent people knowing it is not to do it."

"It is too late to rein in your horse when on the precipice, and to mend a leg when in mid-stream."

"A inch of time is an inch of gold."

"Deep water runs slowly."

"Aitting dog does not show his teeth."

"Rotten wood cannot be carved."

"The ten fingers cannot all be one length."

"A word is enough for a wise man, and a flick of the whip for a first horse."

"Men, not walls, make a city."

"It is not foolish to forgive; good will come of it by-and-by."

"Water may run in a thousand channels, but all return to sea."

"The myriad schemes of men are not worth one scheme of God."

"Exchange."

WAS TROUBLED
WITH HIS HEART

HAD TO GIVE UP WORK

Mr. Alfred Male, St. John, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with my heart for two or three years. I thought sometimes that I would die. I went to the doctor, and he said he could not do anything for me. I had to give up my work. My wife persuaded me to try Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. The first box relieved me, so I kept on until I had taken six boxes. I am now perfectly well—no they are worth their weight in gold. I often my friends and neighbors say, 'How good are these pills.' There is no trouble to try them!"

"Many of those suffering from heart trouble would find these pills a great help. We can recommend our Heart and Nerve Pills."

"Send 10 cents postpaid for 2 boxes for \$1.00. If you enter down not have time to write, send direct to The T. Millburn Co., St. John, N.B., Canada."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

HUMOR

They had been quarrelling, and although Harry was willing to take all the blame upon himself and make peace, she was still angry and indifferent.

"Come over here Bessy. Aren't you curious to know what is in this package?"

"Oh, not very. I can stand the strain," she replied beligerently.

"Well, it's something for the one I love best in all the world," he said, coaxingly.

"Oh, is that so? I suppose, then, it's those suspenders you said you needed."

"I begin to-morrow."

Young Man (dining with his own self)—"Oh, waiter, may we have a smoke here?"

Waiter—"No objection, sir, if you don't mind the other guests."

Wife—"Can you give me a little more housekeeping money, my dear?" Husband—"Nah, my love, but I haven't a cent left. I've been insuring against burglary and theft."

Hobbs—"This being Leap Year, I suppose it is proper to say 'She led him to the altar.'"

Dobbs—"It's proper all the time. It is the bride who does the steering; the man generally has the blind steering gear."

Conductor (after a village choir had maderated a sublime passage at orchestra rehearsal)—"You'll have to do better than that. You can't make me stand here again." Lookin' down from Heaven at, sayin', "Man Jamie, but you're makin' an awful bungle o' it."

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are not a new and untried remedy—our grandfathers used them. Half a century ago, before Confederation, there were no physicians everywhere, and every general store in the Canadas had a root cabinet, and were the recognized cure is known as a Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Complaints, Liver and Kidney Troubles. To day they are just as effective, just as reliable as ever, and nothing better has yet been devised to

Cure Common Ills.

The places you get to some people the more distant they are.

Out of Asthma. No one can say with certainty exactly what causes the establishing of asthmatic conditions. Dust from the street, from flowers, from grain and various irritants may set up a trouble impossible to eradicate except through a sure preparation such as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Uncertainty may exist as to the cause, but there can be no uncertainty regarding a remedy which has freed a generation of asthma victims from this scourge of the bronchial tubes. It is sold everywhere.

NOT LIKELY

"Mary, did anyone call while I was out?"

"Yes, Mr. Bartle Plantagenet."

"Hello Plantagenet! I don't know anybody of that name!"

"Probably not, mump; he called to see me!"

Bad Indigestion,
Sour Stomach and
Severe Headaches
FOR OVER A YEAR

Mr. W. Moore, 133 Linger St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "After having been treated with various nostrums for sour stomach and headache for over a year, I was induced to try Millburn's Lax-Liver Pills. One vial greatly benefited my case, and three vials completely cured me. I can heartily recommend them to any one suffering from stomach or liver trouble."

Millburn's Lax-Liver Pills stimulate the sluggish liver, clean, the coated tongue, and remove all waste and poisonous matter from the system.

Price, 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00, all dealers can mailed direct on receipt of money by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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