DON'T BE TOO LATE.
In ordering your plants for the cemetery and garden bedding. The supply is selling fast. When you come to the Harvest the bills come early and pell-mell at
WILLIAMS - GEORGETOWN

The Georgetown Herald.

IF YOU LIVE
In our neighborhood, and ask them if they ever heard of a man of Tomorrow. Then, if you want something of a Harvest Tool let us show it to you and then drop in to
WILLIAMS - GEORGETOWN

GEORGETOWN, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1906. ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM

FORTIETH YEAR.

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Barristers, &c., Brampton, solicitors for the Dominion Bank and the Townships of Toronto, Albion and Caledon. Office: telephone No. 85. W. H. Murphy, residence No. 105.
THOMAS MURPHY. WALTER S. MURPHY.
W. H. Murphy will be in Georgetown every Monday afternoon at H. W. Kennedy's office.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Office in McKinlay Block, will be in Georgetown every Wednesday and Saturday.

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(Successor to Messrs. Goodwillie & Goodwillie.)
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OFFICE and residence: Norval and Georgetown.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Successor to Dr. Mathieson). Office and residence, first door south of Baptist church

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DENTIST.
Georgetown, Ont. Hours: 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. Dentistry in all its branches. Office over the Post Office.

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ROME CIRCLE.
GEORGETOWN BRANCH, No. 61, meets in the Oddfellows' Hall, 2nd Tuesday in each month. Any information regarding the society will be furnished by the following:—
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BARBERS

O. K. BARBER SHOP.
DAVID GANT, Clark's Block, Georgetown. Children's hair-cutting, 15c. A call solicited.

A. NEVINS
(Successor to H. Gollop.)
BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shop Main st., next Bellaire's. Best of satisfaction guaranteed. Agency Rolston Steam Laundry. Your patronage solicited. Baths.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. HARPER & BROS.,
PAPER MANUFACTURERS, Georgetown, Ont. Printing and Wrapping Paper constantly on hand and made to order.

Lee Sing
LAUNDRY!
ROE BLOCK, NO. 1.
Best Workmanship. Prices Reasonable

Lawson Bros..
GEORGETOWN
Planing Mill
Are prepared to do all kinds of planing, including Sash, Doors, Mouldings, &c., on short notice. A complete stock of
LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES, &c.
Always on hand.
Bill Stuff a Specialty
LAWSON BROS.

STEWARTTOWN
Roller Mills!
R. MATHEWS - - Proprietor.
Manufacturer of high grade pure Manitoba and Peerless
FLOUR
Farmers' chop a specialty. Chopping done on shortest notice. Chop and Feed in stock.
Rolled Oats for Horse Feed.
R. MATHEWS, STEWARTTOWN

JAS. M. BUCK,
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always has in stock at this season of the year prepared mince meat. Also green bone-meal for hens.
J. M. BUCK, Georgetown.

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Also a full line of Farm Implements, Wagons and Carriages.
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PHOTOGRAPHER
That are LIFE-LIKE, ARTISTIC UP-TO-DATE IN FINISH.
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Arthur B. Castell,
T.S.F. College of Music
London, England.
Choirmaster Presbyterian Church.
Teacher of Piano, Organ, Cornet, Violin and Singing.
GEORGETOWN ONT.
Tuition Fee (in any branch) $6.00 per term of 20 lessons, at my residence or at pupil's home. Pianos tuned.

"King of them all."
HELLO
WHAT IS IT?
The greatest liquid preparation of the 20th Century.
WHAT IS IT USED FOR?
Polishing all kinds of Furniture, Pianos, Organs and Woodwork.
WHO HAS USED IT?
TESTIMONIAL.
Bennett House, Georgetown, Ont.—This is to certify we have used the above Polish and find it the very best.—
Mr. H. A. Coffen.
WHERE CAN WE PURCHASE IT?
For sale at W. C. Anthony's hardware store, Main st. or at the Bennett House.

This is a Canadian preparation, manufactured by Prof. S. J. Dillion, Bennett House. Try a Bottle.—Price 25 cents.

Agent for the celebrated Solarine Metal Polish, 2-3 and 25 cents a tin, used by the famous Coldstream Guards Band. Try it.
Try a bottle of Gold Bronze for gilding picture frames, 20 cents a bottle.
Ladies are cordially invited to call at the Bennett House and see a practical demonstration of the above preparations.

BLOOD HUMORS
PIMPLES
BLOTCHES
ERUPTIONS
FLESHWORMS
HUMORS
Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly Blotches, Pimples, Eruptions, Fleshworms and Humors, and various other blood diseases.
Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.
Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.
Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?
There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS
This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.
Miss Annie Tobin, Maple City, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."
Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

Insurance!
Fire, Life and Accident.
DISTRICT AGENT FOR
CANADA LIFE.
G.G.ROE, Georgetown

New Blacksmith!
Having leased the Glen Blacksmith Shop I am now prepared to do all kinds of
Blacksmithing and Horseshoeing
All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable
F. M. Moore - Glenwilliams.

SERVICE
is the keynote of a bank's usefulness. It includes everything else. We think we give the best. Our facilities are at the disposal of all who appreciate courteous consideration and the best terms consistent with good business methods. We are always glad to be interviewed. Notes and drafts on any bank promptly collected. Money lent to farmers, cattle.
Interest allowed on deposits of $1.00 and upwards.
Bank of Hamilton
Georgetown Branch
W. BIRELY, Agent.

1906 TO 1914—FOR $40 1906 TO 1934—FOR $50
FROST FENCE
is the cheapest you can buy
The first cost may be more—but the first cost is the only cost.
Suppose our fence costs $40, and lasts, say, for 8 years. $5 a year. Suppose the same length of Frost Fence costs $50. But the 50 Fence—made of High Carbon Steel Wire and Locked with the Frost Lock—is in for 25 years—at a cost of only $2 a year.
Isn't the Frost Fence cheapest you can buy? Frost Fences are for sale by
W. J. ALEXANDER - Ashgrove

It's easy to have large ideas of liberty with other people's money.

He cannot be a light to others who is unwilling to be consumed himself.

Heavenly mansions cannot be leased with the rent from reeking tenements.

The only worth while kind of aspiration is that which gets up a perspiration.

It is by no means certain that you can lead men into light because you love the

The Silver Lining.

The situation is seldom quite as bad as it might be. Happy is the spirit that recognizes this truth, and takes comfort to itself in the thought of what is spared. The Irishman whose tale of calamity is related in the Birmingham Post belongs to this choice class of fortunates.

Cassidy had just been injured in a

solfingly. "'Tis tough luck to have your hand blowed off."

"Ooh! Faith, it might have been worse," replied Cassidy. "Suppose I'd had me week's wages in it at the time?"

The Lion's Share.

Two brothers, of whom a writer in the Washington Post tell, got on none too well with each other, for reasons which will be plain to all.—

"Here," said their mother to the older of them one day, "here is a banana. Divide it with your little brother, and see that he gets the lion's share."

The younger child a few minutes later set up a great bawling.

"Mömma," he shrieked, "John hasn't given me any banana!"

"What's this?" inquired the mother, hurrying in.

"Why," explained the older boy, "lion don't eat bananas."

A Welsh Wedding.

In writing of Welsh scenery and customs, Vr. Edward Thomas finds occasion to notice many characteristics of social life that are as strongly marked as also the features of the landscape. None of the curious usages described in his recent book is more characteristic or primitive Wales than is the one mentioned in the following paragraph:

I passed through a village in which I found that the old-fashioned bidding to marriage was not dead. For a printed sheet with this announcement, in Welsh, fell into my hands:

A Bidding to a Marriage.

Inasmuch as we intend entering the state of wedlock on——, we invite wedding gifts, which will be repaid with thanks on a like occasion;

T. Williams.
Elizabeth Jones.

It is expected that gifts due to them and to their parents and brothers will be paid on the wedding day.

There are many Canadians who know by experience that practice in this country often differs from the custom in Wales only in the greater frankness with which the Welsh state the case.

The wave of speculation always makes more splutter than the rock of faith.

The more of a burn the sermon is the less of a hole it makes in the walls of sin.

For Your Protection
we place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.
We'll send you a sample free.
SCOTT & BOWNE CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ont.

Wheel Barrows
Good Strong Wheel barrows with Large box just Right for Stable use, also a few nice Garden Wheel barrows. Rag trucks.
J. N. O'Neill's, CARRIAGE WORKS
Georgetown
A Nice Assortment of
Watches
Clocks
and Jewelry
May always be seen at
T. J. WHEELER'S
JEWELER
Quality and Prices guaranteed satisfactory.
Watch Repairing a specialty
T. J. Wheeler
Jeweler,
GEORGETOWN, - ONTARIO
Read The HERALD

For the Children
To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.
The children cannot possibly have good health unless their organs are in proper condition. Correct any constipation by taking small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar coated.
Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., makers of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
MAIN VIGOR. AGUE CURE. CHIMNEY PROTECTOR.
We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines.

POETRY.

When Company Comes.

When company comes to our house, me
Ma and ma and all,
The children are well behaved!
We don't talk back, nor talk
[illegible] Thank you, sir,
[illegible] like strangers, most
[illegible] to her
[illegible] chairs with
[illegible] and wash,
[illegible] knives and forks and
[illegible] the cats,
[illegible] Sunday clothes and
[illegible] and prim.
[illegible] faces as clean and smooth
[illegible] know 'em—this!
[illegible] company goes away, ma
[illegible] in a chair
[illegible] the longest, deepest, breath
[illegible] to pa, "Well there,
[illegible], thank goodness!" And
[illegible] I'm sorry, dear,
[illegible] as nice as that ought to
[illegible] a year!"
[illegible] and says, "Do you really s'pose they
[illegible] liked it?" Pa says, "Sure!
[illegible], everything was just tiptop!
There's no mistake that you're
The finest cook that ever lived!" And
then ma slips her hand
Around where pa can reach it, and they
seem to understand.

TO-DAY'S STORY.

Their Missionary Barrel.

BY GERTRUDE LEE PROUDY.

Oh, here you are, Mrs. Knight," exclaimed Elsie Freeland in a tone of relief. "I began to fear that you could not leave the luncheon and I should have to pack the barrel alone."

"Oh, no, dear, I would not desert you; but if anything was a bother, it is this missionary barrel. I have given up two mornings to collecting garments, hurried through a luncheon at Shalos, and now have to be back at five to dress for a dinner party. Really, Elsie, while I don't wish to criticize our president, I do think she should have used better judgment and appointed some one else as chairman of this affair. Everyone knows what a [illegible] 'am,'" and Mrs. Knight looked [illegible] at the pile of clothing with a sigh of resignation.

"Well, I think not, Miss Nan; here I've been poring over old and worn [illegible] and doll in my life. I like [illegible] it is mine," Esther replied [illegible] finally which admitted no argument.

Nan began to cry, but was soothed by her mother's wise advice: "Wait and see the doll before they claimed it.

At last Mr. Colton returned. There was no searching for misplaced hammer or screwdriver this time,—no, indeed. Dwight had taken care that there should be no more delay, and in a short time Mr. Colton had used both to such good purpose that the barrel stood beheaded and its contents displayed.

With fingers that trembled Mrs. Colton began to lift out the articles, for this was their first remembrance from the East in five years.

"Here is a coat for you, father, dear," said she. "It is rather small, I am afraid, but perhaps you can squeeze into it. Here are some pretty muslin dresses which will do nicely for the girls next summer. What are these? Oh, baby clothes,—dear me! Baby, darling, they might have fitted you last year, but will hardly do for such a big boy as you are now. No, Nan, don't crowd; I haven't caught sight of a dolly yet. This is for you laddie," handing over a partly worn suit to patient Dwight; "and here are magazines—lots of them—nineteen three, nineteen-four; they seem to be a little ancient, Arthur, but it is something to read, isn't it?" said his wife with a bravo smile. "Here is a nice hat; now, don't quarrel over it, girls, I know you both need it; we shall see about it later. Well, well, a beautiful blue silk gown. I suppose some dear woman thought that was what a minister's wife should wear."

"So she should, dear," interposed Mr. Colton with a loving look at the beautiful woman kneeling before him.

"Maybe so, in the East, Arthur, but not out here among these poor people. O Father, Nan, perhaps these are your dolls," she cried eagerly, catching up an interesting looking parcel. The children trembled with excitement while she removed numerous wrappings, and when the last one was taken off, the imaginary dolls proved to be two bottles of catsup. Nan burst into tears.

"Never mind, little daughter; Esther dear, don't look so heartbroken," comforted their father, his eyes becoming moist. Perhaps father can get you dolls this year if the crops are better; be brave!"

"We are getting down to the bottom," said Mrs. Colton, her head thrust suspiciously far into the barrel. "What have we here? Ah, Lucile, this must be for you."

Lucile put out her hand with girlish eagerness and shook it out; then she held it up and burst into hysterical laughter.

"A party waist!" she cried; "chiffon, ribbons, lace; low neck and elbow sleeves. It will do nicely for prayer meeting, father."

"Lucile," reproved her mother gently, a lump in her own throat as she noticed her daughter's flushed cheeks and eyes brimming over with tears.

"O mother, you know how I need a decent dress!"

"Yes, I know, dear; perhaps if mother is very wise and careful she can make over your serge once more. O Lucile," as she had an inspiration, "we will trim it with the blue silk; there can be no harm in that. Here are shirts and stockings—I am thankful for those; and this is the last thing, children—a book. I hope it is for my book-loving laddie. 'How to Use Left-overs,'—for me, I suppose. Too bad, Dwight! That perhaps you can read the magazines. Now, come to supper, all, and let us wear our 'bright morning faces,' for we must not greet our Lord's birthday with selfish and unthankful hearts."

After the children had gone to bed, the minister and his wife sat down together before the fire.

"Isn't that a pathetic row of stockings hung up for Santa Claus to fill?" asked the wife, pointing to the mantel.

"Yes; I hope you have fixed up some things for each of them, Lucy?"

"Indeed, I would not let them find empty stockings if—if—well, I don't know what I mean, but I know I wouldn't," she finished, logically.

"Lucy," said her husband, stroking her brown hair, "I have been wondering lately if I am not making a mistake after all in keeping you and the children out here. When I think what it means to a woman of your culture and education"—

"There, dear, don't say another word. I know it was of me that you were thinking. If there was a sacrifice at all, it was yours when you declined a metropolitan church to work for those poor people. But it has paid, hasn't it, Arthur? Think of the sheaves we found while already to the harvest without a single laborer; think of the warm-hearted friends you have made; think of the church you have built; these things are more than full Christmas stockings; are they not, my husband?"

"Of course, of course; I believe it from the bottom of my heart, little woman; but sometimes it does seem that those at the other end are letting go the ropes. But away with discouragement, and let us thank God for the many blessings he has showered upon us."

Next morning while the children were making merry over their simple gifts, Mrs. Colton slipped away to write a note of thanks to the church which had sent the barrel while her heart was filled with the spirit of Christmas; later she brought it out and gave it to Dwight to carry to the postoffice. He returned after the mail was distributed, and, as he entered the room, his father noticed that a small piece of paper looked in his pocket quite out of place through his coat.

"Which has not been so long, laddie," inquired his mother.

"Been refusing to send," corrected the boy, with dancing eyes.

"Fan cents? What, boy, did you earn it, chopping cat again after dinner?" he replied, ducking the proffered question.

"But no one could ever be certain what pleasure it would give, for the [illegible] they did not prove to be [illegible] Mrs. Colton [illegible] to the house [illegible] she came to the [illegible] distinctly of satisfaction that they were sure the Lad managed to send the coveted sum.

Early days after Christmas Mrs. Leigh-ald Knight, looking over her large correspondence, picked out a letter post-marked Minnesota, and remarked that she'd read first because she could not think whom it [illegible] be from.

"A very [illegible] letter," she mused, as she refolded it. "I suppose we hardly realize what our trifling gifts mean to those poor people. I must have this letter read to the Society, of course." Whereupon she pigeon-holed it and forgot its existence.

Next morning she received another letter addressed in a boy's large round handwriting, and opened it with much curiosity.

"Dear Man—I thought I would rite and tell you about the crying time we had over that barrul, 'cause I knew my mother wouldent.

"First—Esther and Nan cried 'cause there wasn't a doll and neither of them ever had one.

"Second—My mother most cried 'cause the coat was too small for father—'cause our baby was too big for the close—'cause ministers' wives can't wear blue silk dresses.

"Third—Esther and Lucile most cried 'cause there was only one hat.

"Fourth—Lucile took on like every thing 'cause there wasn't any neck and sleeves in them waists.

"Fifth—Could n't please change all these things and we will send back what we got.

Yours respectably,
Dwighty Moody Colton.

P. S. Sixth—If you had a book named the flight of pony Baker that your little boy was throw with, you mite send it along.

Mrs. Knight leaned back in her chair and started at the epistle before her with mingled emotions. She was touched by the pathos of this naive little letter, but her self-satisfaction had received an uncomfortable shock.

As she pondered, Elsie Freeland came in, and without a word she put the letter into her hands. As she read a flush of shame overspread her face.

"O Mrs. Knight, the poor little things!" she cried. "Never a doll, and only one hat for two girls, and no book for that dear little boy. I shall spend the whole of my ten dollars on them this very day."

"No, no, Elsie," protested her friend, "you will not need to give all you have if the rest of us do our share. One hat for two girls—and Marjorie has had four for two girls—and Marjorie has had four this season! Never a doll—and there are twenty in our nursery! Elsie Freeland, I have been a selfish woman!"

"You are not a bit selfish, Mrs. Knight; everyone knows how generous you are. But I think perhaps the trouble with us all is (if you will pardon a girl for saying so) that we don't think about the Lord's work as we do about other things; it is not the scraps of our thought and time and effort that we have left for Him; anyhow, that is the way with me."

"You are right, dear child, that is the way it has been with me; but if I don't correct it for myself and Marjorie from to-day, it will not be the fault of little Dwight Colton."

You should have been in that missionary's home when a box sent by express arrived a week later. There was some crying this time also, but it was for sheer joy. Everybody talked and laughed and cried and wondered all together.

How it could have happened no one could decide; for no one could connect Dwight's two cents with a postage stamp, nor [illegible] stamp with a letter. Probably [illegible] would never have known if [illegible] not suddenly remembered that [illegible] promised to send the first things back, and had whispered his confession into his mother's ear.—The Interior.

Her First Turkey.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Mrs. Ray's first one as the mistress of a home. Mary, the cook, had been hurriedly called away by the sickness of her mother. Fortunately, the desserts had already been made. But there was the turkey to be stuffed and roasted.

Mrs. Ray before her marriage had been a teacher of embroidery, and she knew very little about cooking. She did not feel well enough with the neighbors to ask them how to prepare the turkey.

With determined air she went into the kitchen, put on Mary's big blue gingham apron; rolled up her sleeves and with a shudder attacked the turkey.

No cook-book could be found, so the stuffing had to be from an original recipe.

After the stuffing was made and entered into the turkey, the question arose how to keep it there during the roasting. Mrs. Ray was sorely puzzled. Then a happy thought came to her. She made two buttonholes, sewed on pearl buttons, and buttoned the stuffing in.

Wearing Away Your Lungs

Yes, and your strength too. Stop coughing and get rid of that spasm. The one Remedy is "Cut-a-cough," which goes to the diseased tissues along with air you breathe; it can't fail to reach the source of the trouble it's bound to kill the germs, and as for healing up the sore places, nothing can surpass Catarrhozone. If you don't get instant relief and ultimate cure you will at least get back your money for Catarrhozone is guaranteed to cure catarrh in any part of the system. You run no risk—therefore get Catarrhozone at our expense if not satisfied.

Large stamp with a letter. Price $1.00; trial size 25c; all dealers or The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Head.

[illegible] shows [illegible] of [illegible]
That then was unable to be happy.
That happiness is only attainable after useful effort.
That the best way to help ourselves is to help others, and what the best way to help others is to help ourselves.
That useful effort implies the [illegible] exercise of all the faculties.
That no true pleasure can exist without [illegible].
That faculties should continue [illegible] life, and the love of mental endeavor should be especially the solace of the old.
That when they attempt work, play and study in right proportion, the organs of the mind and the body are not [illegible] for each has no terrors.
That the possession of wealth can never make a man exempt from useful mental labor.
That if all would work a little, none would be overworked.
That if no one wasted, all would have enough.
That if none were overfed, none would be underfed.
That the rich—and "educated"—need education quite as much as the poor and illiterate.

None to Take His Place.

A traveller was once passing on horseback through a backwoods region where the inhabitants were notoriously shiftless. Arriving at a dilapidated shanty at the noon hour, he inquired what were the prospects for getting dinner.

The head of the family, who had been absorbed in resting on a log in front of his dwelling, replied that he "reckoned ma'd have suthin onto the table pretty soon."

Thus encouraged, the traveller dismounted. But to his chagrin, he found the food to be such that he could not force himself to partake of it. Making such excuses as he could for lack of appetite, he happily bethought himself, of a kind of nourishment that he might venture to take there, and one sure to be found on a farm. He asked for some milk.

"We don't hev milk any more," drawled the head of the house. "The dog's dead—died week afore last."

"The dog!" cried the traveller. "But what has that to do with it?"

"Well," explained the host, meditatively, "the critters don't seem ter know 'nough ter c'm up ter be milked their-selves. The dog, he used ter go'n' fetch 'em up."

Back to Nature.

The French peasant who, since the days of the revolution, has turned all France into a kind of walled garden, is still closely in touch with nature, and in spite of agitators and politicians, his presence in the suffrage, to which he brings the sense and cunning of the fields, makes for national health. In proof of this is a little scene reproduced by one of the authors of "Sketches on the Old Road Through France to Florence."

Between Argentan and Alencon the writer fell into conversing with a peasant who, with immense patience, was engaged in stirring the earth with vigor into harvests. He also professed himself interested in politics and economics, and willingly talked on these subjects.

"There is only one thing," the peasant said, at last, "that—France has to fear."

"You mean," said the writer, "this religious question—the dispute with Church and Pope?"

"No, I don't mean that."

"Do you think there's any fear of another German war?"

"I don't know. I wasn't thinking of that."

"I suppose you are not afraid of socialism?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, what is the only thing France has to fear?"

"Hail," said the peasant, and went on digging.

Notary—Sign your name here, Uncle Rastus.

Rastus—Ah doesn't write ma name, sah. Ah has no time fuh dem triflin' details o' business. Ah allus dictates ma name, sah.

DELICATE BABIES.
Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial illness is apt to end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's Own Tablets have done more than other medicine to make weak sickly children strong and well. They give the mother a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. S. M. LeBlanc, Eastern Harbor, N. S., says: "Up to the age of fifteen months my baby was weak and sickly and at that age could not walk. It was then I began using Baby's Own Tablets, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once, and has ever since been a perfectly well child." Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all Medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Can't even sleep—restless day and night—brooding over imagined trouble all the time. The disease isn't in the brain, but in the blood which is thin and impoverished. Do the right thing now and you'll be cured quickly. Just take Ferrozone; it turns everything you eat into nourishment, consequently, blood containing lots of iron and oxygen is formed. Ferrozone makes flesh, muscle, nerve strengthens in a week, cures very quickly. You'd live longer, feel brighter, be free from melancholy if you use Ferrozone. Fifty cents buys a box of this good tonic fifty chocolate coated Tablets in every box; at all dealers.