

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.

Here's an Underwear with a Permanent Shape

THE graceful, perfect shape of Watson's Combination Suits is not merely temporary—it's permanent. All the shrink and stretch was taken out before the making. So, no matter how often washed, Watson's still retains its noted graceful outlines.

Just wear one of these Watson Combination Suits—you'll be delighted with its elasticity—the comfort—the ever-wearing qualities and the graceful, snug fit. If you don't want Combination Suits, your dealer has Watson's in many styles. Tell him you must have Watson's.

THE WATSON MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., PARIS, ONT.

Watson's UNDERWEAR

FIVE STYLES

This range is made in every convenient style and size. House keepers now using an Imperial Oxford Range, wonder how they ever did their cooking with any other stove.

Ask the nearest Gurney-Oxford Dealer to tell you why

IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGES

TO CHOOSE FROM



It suits all classes the need of the Cottage or the Mansion—from the 4 hole range to the splendid "Imperial Oxford Coal and Gas Combination"—that is how it spreads its goodness around. Don't fail to see this range

Simmons Bros.,

Phone 494. 211-213 Princess St.

"The Yellow Store."

Kingston.

A Tablespoonful to Every Pail of Water.

Just think of the economy of ASEPTO! One tablespoonful to a pail of water is plenty. And there are 25 tablespoonfuls in a 5c. package.

It's simply extravagance to use Soap when ASEPTO does the washing for so little—and does it far better, too. Just try ASEPTO next wash day. Discerning grocers sell it.

Manufactured by THE ASEPTO MFG. CO., St. John, N.B.

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER



Was Five Years Late

She stepped from the train to the platform of the village station, an alert, slender figure in a dark blue suit, which looked well in spite of hard service on land and sea, laden with a suitcase which bore an cresting number of foreign labels. She had, indeed, come a long way since the idea struck her that she must see home—as far from Rome, in fact, where she had been resting after the strenuous business of doing Europe. She remembered perfectly when the idea had originated; it was early morning; she had arisen and was brushing her hair; underneath her window a street singer with a plaintive old voice was thrilling "Home, Sweet Home." The memory of that air being sung in Rome by an Italian made her smile at first with amusement. Then suddenly, vividly, she seemed to see her own home—the old farm where her father had died and her mother and young sister still lived, money and success in her chosen work. She had not been home for five years. This year, she might have gone, she had decided upon Europe instead—Europe for the second time! Well, it was time she went back—she wanted to go back—she would go back.

So here she was at the station, two miles away, a little tired but quite enthusiastic to get to her destination as quickly as possible. How surprised they would be, for she had not written. They were likely at this moment looking for another letter from her with the Roman postmark. "I will walk," she thought. "It will not be nearly so tedious as jolting over the road in that old yellow backboard, which seems to be the only conveyance available."

She looked down at her yellow walking boots, made on English leather and eminently comfortable. Assuredly they were built for tramping. The ticket agent promised to look after her suitcase until she called for it, and thus relieved she set forth. The road, upon which a light recent shower had laid the dust, was shady at first, then a plain, whose cool shadow was thrown far beyond it by the descending sun. Tangles of golden rod flared like false sunshine to catch the eye, drifts of over-ripe apples fallen from some orchard strayed and crushed by passing wheels filled the air with fragrance, and birds scurried up from before her very feet. The shallow shining creek that followed the roadbeds of withering flag and fern, and ruddy balm scented up at her. She sang as she walked lightly and easily along; it was singing weather and this was singing time; the music seemed put into her mouth unawares. Why, what a fool she had been not to go home before, when going away gave her so much pleasure! She had been kept too long away from the dear associations, from her mother and little Hilda and Roland. Something caught in her throat. Roland!

The old place came into view presently. The barn showed a yellow newness of the roof. They had shingled it with the money she had sent. The fences were by excellent repair. And the house had been painted. There was a bay window, too—her mother had written that they had added one. The porch was left quite unchanged from what it had been. She remembered how her father had sat there the whole summer before he died, looking wistfully forth over the fields which he had sown but was not to garner. There was the same gate, too, with the flag drooping over it. Her heart beat fast; her hand trembled as she lifted the latch and entered. A big black dog whirled around the corner of the house toward her, barking his antagonism to her, a stranger. Hilda had written her about this. She had always been afraid of dogs and she stopped, staring at the savage-jawed brute. Then she screamed. A light whistle answered and the dog swung away from her, his ears to attention. A girl came running and she stood at the door of a pretty girl in a becoming pink dress.

"Here, Togo!" She caught the dog by the collar and looked wonderingly at the visitor. Five years had changed the sisters until neither recognized the other. The one that Hilda had written about, she had profited by the change. "Don't you know me?" she asked. "I am Mabel."

"Mabel! My sister!" the younger girl cried. Her sensitive face flushed. She held out her hand, plainly embarrassed. Mabel took the hand and kissed the smooth delicate cheek. "I was so afraid of the dog," she explained, laughing a little awkwardly. "You needn't have been. But of course you didn't know. He doesn't attack women. He only scares them. I don't know what he would do to a tramp or peddler. Here's mother."

their meeting did not mean to him what it did to her. They fell to talking. "It is a good while since you were here last," he said. "Yes, a good while," Mabel answered. She was looking at the gate and remembering. It was there they had said good-bye to each other the night before she went away five years before. How he had pleaded for her to stay!

"I'll work hard for you; I'll give you everything. I'll make the farm into a nice home for you. Won't you stay, Mabel?"

But she would not. She wanted to see the world. Oh, there was plenty of time and plenty of men! She had no mind to take a poor farmer just yet.

The evening was far along before Roland went away. She and Hilda walked to the gate with him. Afterward she kissed her mother and went directly to her room—the room that had always been hers. It was not changed. She sat down before the glass and began to tuck down her hair. She was very tired, and with the memory of Hilda's young bloom upon her mind, her own face looked pale and slightly haggard.

Hilda came in for a last good night. She was in her night gown and her lovely curling hair fell round her pinnares. She sat down upon the floor at Mabel's side and looked up at her curiously. "Why, Mabel," she exclaimed, "there's gray in your hair! Did you know it?" Mabel did know it only too well. She felt that Hilda was contrasting her unfavorably with what she had just seen in her own glass and it hurt.

"Roland's hair is turning," too," the girl said. She drew a long breath. "Do you think he is too old for me, Mabel?" she asked abruptly. Hilda nodded. She seemed very much concerned just then in the curl she was twisting round her slim wrist. "I'm going to marry him, you know," she said.

Mabel sat very still for a moment. When she spoke her voice sounded queer and far away. "Isn't that nice? You must tell me about it in the morning. I'm too tired to listen now. Run away, dear. I will go to bed."

Hilda went out a little disappointed at being deprived of the confidential chat she had counted upon. When she had gone, Mabel put her hand down upon the dresser and with the hair that had grayed in it falling about her disconsolate face, cried as she had not cried in all her life before.

Little Ills Of Childhood. On the world of mothers all over Canada there is no other medicine so equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ills as indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, coughing, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. This medicine is good for the new born baby or the well-grown child. Absolutely safe—you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this is true. Mrs. G. S. Ward, Riverton, Que., says: "I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets warmly enough. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont."

POETICAL SELECTIONS

A Recipe For Sanity. By Henry Rutherford Elliot. Are you worried in a light? Laugh it off. Are you cheated of your right? Laugh it off. Don't make tragedy of trifles. Don't lose battles with rifles—Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks? Laugh it off. Are you near all sorts of brinks? Laugh it off. If it's sanity you after, There's a recipe in laughter—Laugh it off.

Graciously Remote Future. Oh, when woman, lovely woman, Is a memory in the skirt, And has learned to whirl a night stick Or to reach a ladder's top, He'll be glad to see her, And to her arms will cling, To our infinite amaze. Paragraphs like that follow Will be sure to meet our gaze.

Uniforms are longer waisted, As a reminder of the skirt, There's a new and sweet creation In a lace trimmed woman's skirt. He'll be glad to see her, And to her arms will cling, To our infinite amaze. Paragraphs like that follow Will be sure to meet our gaze.

Lochinvar Aloft. By Gordon Carruth. When Lochinvar some future day Comes winging through the cloudy spaces, And steals the bride and snags away Before the guests' astounded faces; And when the rival savage clowns Start off with paper and their minions To fly the scoundrel upstart down And clip the saucy cocker's pinions— Ah, then, methinks, will be a case Far worse than terra firma lovers. What awful swoops! What whirling pace!

What dodges under cloudy cover! And when since it's been always so, The grim pursuers almost catch them, How can the fleeing hero show His worth and will to overmatch them? He never has, nor will he fail. For ever since he knows his way in, I see him scatter on the male A rare good blend of snuff and cayenne. Pursuit is paralyzed and weak When spouting sneezes like a fountain. So unperceived the lovers meet, The little Church upon the Mountain.

The Way Of Life. By St. John G. Freine. As when a traveller, setting forth Is mocked by sudden rain, And knows not whether to go on Or turn him back again— So I, with hesitating mind A way of life to strive I find.

And as the traveller, knowing not The storm has long time ceased, Because the rain has pierced the leaves, Believe the storm's increased— So I in quiet places find There is no rest for troubled mind.

And as the traveller, passing on, In no time gladly sees The that the thought was growing storm Was only rain drenched trees— So I may wish of life to find By leaving shelter far behind.

Stop Women And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years. The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women. Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION: Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest. Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Earache Toothache

To Cure the Pain in Ten Seconds and Get Instant Relief, Nothing Equals.

NERVILINE!

Fifty years ago Nerviline was used from coast to coast and in thousands of homes this trusty liniment served the entire family, cured all their ills or kept the doctor's bills small. To-day Nerviline still holds its first rank in Canada among pain-relieving remedies—scarcely a home you can find that doesn't use it.

TESTIMONIAL

From Port Hope, Ont., Mr. W. T. Greenway of the Daily News writes: "For 20 years we have used Nerviline in our home, and not for the world. As a remedy for all pains, edemas, toothache, cramps, headache and disordered stomach, I know of no preparation so useful and quick to relieve as Nerviline. Let every mother give Nerviline a trial; it's good for children, good for old folks—you can rub it on as a liniment or take it internally. Wherever there is pain Nerviline will cure it. Refuse anything but Nerviline. 25c. per bottle, five for \$1, all dealers."

Ancient Preaching.

Family Herald. St. Augustine's sermons lasted about eighteen minutes, but in that ancient day it was no uncommon thing to have several at the same service. When two or more bishops were present, it was usual for them and the presbyter to preach one after the other, reserving the last place for the highest dignitary. Some consolation, however, was to be found in the fact that applausive was permitted and many of St. Chrysostom's sermons were hailed with the "tossing of garments and waving of handkerchiefs." It's better to follow one good example than it is to act a dozen bad ones.