WOMAN'S

CHARMS

Of Skin, Hands and Hair Preserved by

CUTICURA

For preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands; for allaying minor irritations of the skin and scalp and imparting a velvety softness; for sanative, antiseptic cleansing and, in short, for every use in promoting skin health and bodily purity, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are unsurpassed.

Sold throughout the world. Depots London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc. U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston.

32-page Cuticura Book, post-free a Guide to the Best Care and Treatment of Skin and Scalp.

GROCERIES

Milk Commissioners agree that milk properly pasteurized is the milk to use. Now this work is properly done at my dairy, 277 Princess street, and Kingston people are fortunate to be able to obtain pure milk at the very low price that it is sold at in Kingston.

S. T. KIRK,

277-281 Princess St. 'Phone 417.

THOUSANDS HAVE WEAK LUNGS AND DON'T KNOW IT

Editor Used a Well Known Tonic and System Builder

The Editor and Manager of the Burk's Falls "Arrow," is only human. This being so it is not surprising that he should feel and suffer as other men. Mr. Alex. Fawcett says: "I had a very severe attack of La Grippe which left me very weak, spiritless and run down. I seemed to have lost all ambition. "At this point I realized that my condition was likely to become more serious unless I took myself in hand. One day while in this 'Half dead and alive condition' I was listlessly looking over recent issues of my paper, The Burk's Falls Arrow (of which I am Editor and Manager), when my eyes rested on an advertisement of PSYCHINE. This clearly and explicitly set forth a case so exactly resembling my own that I at once purchased a bottle at the Medical Hall. After taking two or three doses I felt like a new man, and before half the second bottle had been used, every trace of the bad effects of La Grippe had left me. "PSYCHINE is a marvel and I have strongly recommended it to some of my friends similarly afflicted and they have used it with equally beneficent results."

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers, 50c and $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited - Toronto

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS

"It was all over in a minute," might refer to a railway accident or to a wedding.

"TREE GOD" OF COUNTRY

THE PIONEER WORK OF A. E. WRAY AMONG THE WATEITA PEOPLE.

In the Second Year of His Work He Was Put to the Test—Many Attempts Were Made to Kill Him—He Cut Down the "Tree God" With Consent of Natives.

Christian Herald.

Far out in the Sagalla Hills, a few miles from the station Voi on the Uganda railroad, stood an old black ebony tree which for generations had been worshipped as the "tree-god" of the country by the warlike Wateita tribe. Time and time again the white invaders had tried to subdue and civilize this tribe, which before the terrible rinderpest was one of the largest tribes of that part of Africa. Twenty years ago, the Church Missionary society of England planned to take up mission work among this Wateita people, and an intelligent young man, Alfred E. Wray volunteered to do the pioneer work. He started out from Mombasa to cross on foot the dreaded Taru Derest, where so many lost their lives for want of water, long before the Uganda railroad was even surveyed, and arrived at the beginning of the dry season, among the Wateita people, who had some large settlements in the beautiful Sagalla Hills. He was the first white man that had ever tried to live among this tribe.

Mr. Wray only had a scant outfit, and not knowing one word of the language of the Wateitas, whose speech had never been reduced to writing, he set about to enquire from the natives the names of all the common objects he saw. Every word thus learned he put down, as it sounded to him, and, after a short time, he was able to make himself understood. To begin with, they received him with a deal of cordiality and still more curiosity, but, as the months went along, their witch doctors and medicine men began to see that their business of deceiving their ignorant countrymen would suffer through the influence of this foreigner. These medicine men and witch doctors exercise a great influence over the natives, and are held very much in respect by them.

During the second year of Mr. Wray's life among the Wateitas, the tide seemed to turn against him: the dry season continued longer than usual, and when the rain finally came it was so scant that the crop for that year failed almost entirely. Now the witch doctors thought that they could "get even" with the foreign intruder, and stirred up the people against him, telling them that they had repeatedly seen him with "white flags," scaring away the rain gods from the country. These "white flags" were only his washing on a line. One day a young native, whose friendship Mr. Wray had won, came into his little grass hut, and told him that unless he fled that night, he would be killed as the witch doctors had succeeded in having the great chief promise that, to pacify the rain-gods and have them send the coveted showers, he would have the foreign white man killed and his belongings burned. Mr. Wray did not know quite what to do, but not being of the "chicken-hearted" kind, he resolved to trust God and take the consequences.

That evening he went to sleep soundly as usual after his day's work, but shortly before midnight he was awakened by a tremendous noise outside his hut; a war drum was beaten furiously and hundreds of natives with spears and axes had gathered all around to prevent his escape. Big steel spears were thrown through the walls of the hut, and finally one of the men set fire to it. Grabbing his English Bible, he rushed out and succeeded in eluding his pursuers in the darkness, without being so much as hurt by the missiles, arrows and spears flung at him. After having hidden himself for a couple of days in the hills, Mr. Wray suddenly appeared in the middle of the chief's village as if nothing had happened. His courage so impressed the natives that they resolved to leave him alone, and for this time at least make no more attempts on his life. But within the next twelve months three more attempts were made to kill him, two of them from ambush, but all three times Mr. Wray most miraculously escaped, going right back again to his old place. His fearless persistence in staying among the tribe in spite of all finally won for him the esteem of the big chief, who promised him that he should have no more trouble from the witch doctors and the medicine men.

Now began a new era in his missionary work. Many times dozens of men would sit down in front of him with their spears stuck down in the ground beside them eagerly listening to his story about the great God of Love. After more than twelve years of faithful work, Mr. Wray, who had been home once in the meantime to England, was called home again, and now told the natives that he was going to marry and bring a white woman with him back to Sagalla. As none of the natives had ever seen a white woman, they told him not to stay away long, as they were all very curious to see his wife. Mr. Wray returned to Mombasa with his young wife, intelligent, devout and fearless. Mr. Wray, however, did not bring his wife with him to Sagalla right away, but left her at the mission station in Mombasa while he went back to Sagalla to prepare for her coming there. Hundreds of men and women came up to the main village to see his white "Bibi," and were terribly disappointed to find him alone. When asked why he had not brought his wife, he told them that as he loved his wife dearly he did not care to have her life risked before he found out how they now felt about their living among them. They all assured him with one accord, that if he would bring her up, they would never try to do him or her any harm, but that they would treat her just as nicely as they could. When Mr. Wray expressed his doubt as to the sincerity of their promise, the chief said that he could demand anything he wanted from them, and they would give it as evidence of their good intentions. At this moment Mr. Wray could only think of the "tree-god" which had played an important part in the life of the tribe during generations, and under whose branches many ghastly and cruel ceremonies had taken place. So he said to the big chief: "If you will give me your tree-god and your holy hill on which it stands, I will believe that you are in earnest, and I will bring my wife up to live and work among your women and children as I have worked among your men."

They all seemed thunderstruck, and with saddened faces they withdrew for a consultation. During these minutes, Mr. Wray's soul went up in prayer to his God for these people among whom he had labored for so many years, seemingly in vain. A few minutes later the crowd returned following their chief, and announced their willingness to turn over to the missionary their tree-god and their holy hill.

Mr. Wray went to Mombasa and brought his wife back with him to Sagalla, where he, in the presence of representatives from the whole tribe, cut down their tree-god with the help of some of the natives themselves. As this ebony tree was valuable, he had it cut up in pieces and sent to a friend in London, who had needleboxes, cardcases, paperweights, etc., made from the beautiful black wood. These pieces were sold among his friends in England and brought him over $3,000, as some friends had given for the good cause as much as a hundred dollars for an article. With this money Mr. Wray purchased a portable church, which was shipped to Mombasa and brought up on the Uganda Railroad, which had then been built within forty miles of the Sagalla Mission Station. From the railroad more than six hundred men, women and children voluntarily brought up the pieces on their own shoulders and helped erect the church, which stands exactly over the spot where for generations the old ebony tree had been worshipped. Now hundreds of Christian converts, decently clad, gather in this place to worship the true and living God.

A Silent Tower and Lesson.

A grey, weather-beaten church, which overlooks from the cliffs the quaint harbor of Boscastle, England, is known as the Silent Church. No bells swing in its tower, calling to prayer and praise. It stands a monument of disappointed hope. Long ago the Lord of Bottreaux, from whom Boscastle derives its name, at the petition of the inhabitants, promised a peal of bells for their church at Forrabury. The bells were cast in London, and the vessel which bore them crept down channel and past perilous rocks off Land's End. Safely she sped along the north Cornish coast, then sailed beneath the frowning bluff of King Arthur's castle at Tintagel, whence across still waters floated the sweet call of the bell from the old church, which has stood for ages on the cliffs. The pilot, on bended knee, offered thanks to the God Who had granted the completion of the voyage, for the twin headlands that guard Boscastle's harbor were visible.

But the captain, a man without faith, swore that no Hand save his own had brought the ship safe to port, and that no voice of thankfulness to any save to him should be uttered upon his ship. Scarcely had he spoken before the sky darkened with the sudden squalls that break suddenly on this coast from the open Atlantic, and a mighty billow swept upon his vessel and took him unawares. In full sight of the watchers by the shore, the vessel capsized. None save the pilot escaped. With a solemn death-knell the bells sank into the waters. On wild nights the superstitious still say that they hear their solemn notes beneath the waters warning of the coming storm, a call to the unready not to be too sure, but to prepare for coming danger and the last great day. The tower of Forrabury is still the "Silent Tower." Which things are, behind all their picturesque romance, a parable. It is man's unthankfulness which muffles the music ever ascending to the Eternal God from all creation.

Automobiles on the Farms.

Travel Magazine.

Out of 10,000 autos in Iowa, 5,000 are owned by farmers. Kansas farmers spent $3,200,000 for automobiles during 1909, and $2,750,000 in 1908. In one Nebraska town of 800 population, forty autos were sold last year to farmers near the town and retired farmers in the town. Careful estimate of the number of autos owned by farmers in the United States is 76,000. Nowadays there is no more cry about lack of opportunity on the farm. Sixteen makers are advertising autos in the 450 farm papers of the country, and most of them are arguing that the automobile will keep the boy on the farm, and make life more livable for the wife, whose dreary round of labor has been the pity of the country. The farmer with an auto can take his family for an evening call, or lecture, without using his horses. He can go to church on Sunday more regularly; he can visit distant relatives and friends more frequently; he can go to town oftener and more quickly. There are 48,000,000 people living on farms and in towns of less than 4,000 in the country, over half the population. About 25,000,000 of these are young people, keen for pleasure. Ten years ago farmers bought organs for their daughters and buggies for their sons. A great many of them are to-day buying autos for the whole family. An entirely new meaning has been given to the village social life in consequence.

Oldest Wedding Pact Discovered.

Out of the mass of "elephantine" papyrus in the Royal Museum at Berlin, on which scholars have been at work several months, have come upon remarkable "finds." One of these is the most ancient marriage contract in the world. Written in excellent classical Greek, from its context evidently composed about 311 B.C., the document begins: "In the seventh year of the reign of Alexander, the son of Alexander, in the fourteenth year of the satrapy of Ptolemaos in the month of Dios."

The contract sets forth that Herakleides has agreed to take as his wife Demetria of Kos, the lawful daughter of her father, Leptines, and of her mother, Philetis. Then it acknowledges the receipt of clothing and jewels valued at a thousand drachmas, which Demetria has laid at his feet, in recognition of the honor he is about to bestow upon her. In case the husband should forget his vows, it is provided that each side shall appoint an arbitrator, and when the charge is proved the marriage is to be dissolved, the husband giving back the thousand drachmas' worth of clothes and jewels, and paying besides a thousand drachmas in Alexandrine silver currency. Six witnesses signed the contract, which is still in nearly perfect preservation.

The Gracelessness of Ingratitude.

Many of us, most of us, are selfishly, paganly, wickedly ungrateful for the many good things of many kinds which fill and crowd and overflow our lives. The very best things in life have come to us without our seeking or our asking, and we use them, enjoy them, let them slip through our fingers, carelessly, indifferently, with scarcely ever a thought that they are the priceless gifts of a love and a power altogether beyond our reckoning. We are so busy pushing and shoving and grasping for the things that are really of little importance or value that we have not time to appreciate and be grateful for the things that are worth while. Many of us do not even succeed in being decently grateful for one short twenty-four hours in the year at the appointed thanksgiving.

GENERAL ITEMS.

A Budget of News Gathered and Briefly Compiled For Busy Readers.

The rashest, probably the bravest, man in the United States, certainly now that Roosevelt is on tour, is James H. Starke, of Boston, who has published a book telling both sides of the loyalist question at the time of the American Revolution. It has provoked the intensest resentment. The United Statesier is highly effusive in his nationality, and will brook no other feeling. At times a little British flag cannot be flown in the midst of a myriad of stars and stripes. Men who have, perhaps inadvertently, sneered at "Old Glory," have been ostracized by neighbors for year after year. To publish what Starke had done was thought to be out of all probability. The storm is on, and it is fierce. Every Son and Daughter of the Revolution is mortified and demonstrative. To quote from the Boston Traveller for the rest of the condensed story:

"It is going to be a merry war! Before it is finished tea will flow like water and the hearthstones of New England will be stained by the ink of a million patriots. Mr. Starke, who came to Boston from England at the age of nine, has done what the Psalmist wanted his enemy to do. He has written a book. The spirit moved him to say things about some of the gentlemen who figured in the Revolution, and he did it. He calls the book "The Loyalists of Massachusetts." An equally good—perhaps better—name would be "Skeletons in Boston's Family Closets."

The book is calm without being common, and judicial without being judicious. It has five hundred pages and it might readily be believed that sundry good people would have given a great many dollars a page not to have had it printed. For it is as frank and open as a police court docket, and a lot more interesting. Here are a few of its breeziest statements:

Patrick Henry was one of the most unreliable men living.

John Adams joined the disunionists because he saw there would be great opportunity for advancement under the new government.

Samuel Adams was a ne'er-do-well, a failure at everything he had undertaken, and a defaulter as tax-collector of Boston.

John Hancock lost a great fortune which he inherited, was a smuggler, and as treasurer of Harvard College defaulted the funds intrusted to him.

Alexander Hamilton was a soldier of fortune, who met his death at the hands of a man more dissolute than himself.

Benjamin Franklin, when 67 years old, was dismissed as postmaster of Boston because he stole letters from the mail. And there are others.

At last the lid is off. The muckrake has gone down deeper than ever before, until it has laid bare the secrets of those whom the people delight to honor. "The Treason of the Senate" was pretty strong, but it didn't equal this. Then we didn't get very excited, because half of what it said wasn't true, and we'd known the other half all along. But what is to happen if the Fathers of Our Country (each word with a capital letter, please) are not immune?

It there no place to stop? First thing we know, someone will be out with a book denying that William the Conqueror conquered anything, and asserting that Good King John got a thousand dollars from Uncle Hi Moe to grant the Magna Charta. Then they'll begin to muckrake the purpose of the crusaders in recovering the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens and annexing such treasure as might be found along the road, and after that will come a brochure on Joseph's famous corner in corn. Even Old Man Moses won't be immune. We used to believe in Santa Claus and the Patriarchs and John Hancock. First, they slaughtered old Santa. Then they told us Abraham was a figure of speech for a tribe. Help! Help!"

Mr. Starke has written a number of books upon Bermuda and the West Indies especially. He married a Canadian, a church woman, daughter of Mr. Manton, of Kingston, formerly of the British Army. His life in Boston will henceforth be interesting.

ATHEISTIC REPUBLIC.

Another General Election Will Take Place in France in May.

The question expressed or implied in elections of the last forty years—the permanency of the republic—is no longer raised, even implicitly. The reconciliation of the church and the republic effected by Pope Leo XIII. was believed to have put an end forever to the war between the clericals and the republic. It appears, however, that peace was sincerely signed by only one of the parties, if, indeed by either. Scarcely had the French hierarchy announced their adhesion to the republican regime than the radical elements in the French chambers began a war "a outrance" on all forms of religion. This war culminated in the abrogation of the concordat, the complete separation of church and state, and finally in a programme of educational secularization cunningly devised to make the coming generation of Frenchmen all atheists. The legislation began by throwing out of the schools all religious symbols and absolutely prohibiting religious teaching. The process has gone so far that the school books have been painfully revised so as to exclude all religious references, even where historical veracity would require them. Even specimen phrases used to illustrate idiomatic forms have been purged of every trace of a religious word. "God is great," has been changed to "Paris is great." "God is merciful to sinners" is changed to "This plain is fertile with wheat." The sentence, "Why fear death if we have lived so good a life as not to dread the hereafter," would seem harmless enough, but the atheistical revisers of France detected in it a trace of a suggestion of immortality, and substituted "Rome is a magnificent city. We admire its monuments."

A reading book contained a charming little story about two orphans from Alsace, who after the war made a journey across the country to an uncle's house, and said their prayers betimes on the way. All this is rubbed out in the revision, and two fine little atheists appear in their place who are apparently oblivious of the existence of a God. Even geographical descriptions are distorted to get rid of reference to a church and the great cathedral of Fourvieres disappears from the city of Lyons. "Auch has a beautiful cathedral" was in the old school book; in the new one it has only "a thriving trade in wines." "Robinson Crusoe," that delight of all good boys in all countries, might taint the atheistical purity of the French youth's mind, so Crusoe's praying is cut out and the conversion of the good man Friday is altogether extirpated.

Still there are people who continue to insist that France is a Christian country. If it were, these practices could not be tolerated, for this Christian nation has had repeated opportunities by the exercise of the suffrage to sweep out of power the fanatics who banish religious conceptions. They will probably do in May what they have done at each successive election—increase the power of socialism and atheism.

Beautiful Place Must Be Sold.

Travel Magazine.

Another evidence of what the English lords had at stake in the battle over the budget is cited in the case of the Duke of Westminster, the richest landlord of London, with $80,000,000 of real estate alone. The Grosvenor estate, extending from South Street to Oxford Street, when first purchased by his ancestors was mere grazing land, parts of which were used for fairs—whence Mayfair. The Pimlico or Belgrave Square estate, originally known as the Ebury Farm property, embraces Belgravia and Pimlico. The Millbank estate, originally the garden of Peterborough House, occupies the angle situated between Horseferry Road and the river. These estates, grouped under the title of the Grosvenor Estate, are managed by a board, consisting of a solicitor, the head of the rental department, the surveyor, and the chief agent. Meetings are held weekly, under the presidency of the Duke when in town.

Grosvenor House is a palace rather than a private mansion, and was originally built for George III's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, who sold it to Richard, Earl of Grosvenor, thrice winner of the Derby, from whom it descended to the present duke. It is a stately edifice, of classic architecture, which should be situated in some ancestral park, instead of in the congested metropolitan district at the back of Park Lane. The great courtyard is screened by a marble colonnade, terminated at either end by an arched gateway. Between each pillar is a lamp of wonderfully wrought metal, in keeping with the beautiful gates. Each Sunday the gallery, ballroom, etc., the walls of which are adorned with celebrated paintings, are thrown open to public view in the afternoon, without restraint or restriction, the principal visitors being out of the laboring classes, a good evidence of practical philanthropy.

Paradise For Bashful Lovers.

The marriage market held at Ecussines, in Belgium, has many counterparts elsewhere. In several of the more remote Swiss cantons, for example, there is held what is called the Feast of the Garlands. The marriageable maidens assemble at sunset, sing, dance and make merry. Each wears a chaplet of flowers on her forehead and carries a nosegay, tied with a bright colored ribbon. If a lad is attracted by a maid he plucks a flower from her bunch. She pretends not to notice, but when the merry-making breaks up at dawn she will, if she reciprocates his feelings, tie the entire bouquet by a ribbon to the handle of the cabin wherein he resides.

The famous Tunis marriage mart, of which much has been written, is held twice a year, in the spring and in the autumn. The Tunisian girls attend by the hundreds, each with her dowry in coin and jewelry disposed about her person. The "golden girdle of maidenhood" encircles her waist, and holds an unsheathed dagger. When the dagger is gently removed by a passing gallant and presently returned, it means that a proposal has been made.

A prettier custom prevails among the Ooraon maids, who, at stated intervals, assemble in the market place. In front of each is a lighted lamp, an emblem of conjugal fidelity. A young man feels attracted and gently blows upon the flame, extinguishing it. When the girl relights it, it is a rejection; if she allows the lamp to go unlighted, however, the suitor is acceptable.

Good Influence in Recent Elections.

The women of Montreal can claim much of the credit of a very marked reform. There has never been a municipal campaign in Montreal in which the societies of women have played such an active part as that which closed with the election of a Board of Control and the entire rout of the crowd of aldermen who held sway at the City Hall for a great many years. The Local Council of Women, headed by Miss Dr. Ritchie-England, and assisted by professors of McGill University, carried out a most aggressive campaign in support of the Citizens' League. They had a number of committees to attend not only to the distribution of literature and postal cards, but also for a personal canvass of all women who had a right to vote municipally. Their work bore the best possible results everywhere they went, and the number of women voters to go to the polls was by far the largest in the history of Montreal. The Women's Temperance Union had been at work for months before the election, canvassing especially for candidates in favor of an early closing by-law and offering opposition to the aldermen who had voted against it and were again seeking election. Ex-Mayor Laporte, who is at the head of the Citizens' League, is enthusiastic regarding the women's societies, and has personally visited the officials of the Women's Association, and on behalf of the League thanked them.

Church Bells in Mexico.

In no other part of the world are church bells rung so often and so long as in the principal towns of Mexico. At the quarter, half-hour and hour all are sounded; also the greater part of them ring every five minutes. When a mass begins, the bell rings; when it is finished, the bell rings again. Then there are weddings, christenings, funerals, feast days, and for all these the bells must ring. Processions, which last for hours, are accompanied by the ringing of bells. The unemployed easily get work in some church or other as temporary bell ringers. The great cathedral in the city of Mexico has sixteen bell towers. In many places the bell ringers dwell with their families up in the towers, far above the noise of the street, but in the midst of the blustering, sonorous music of the bells.

Gains 30 Pounds In 30 Days

Remarkable Result of the New Tissue Builder Protone, in Many Cases of Run-Down Men and Women.

Prove It Yourself By Sending Coupon Below For A 50c. Package, Free.

"By George, I never saw anything like the effects of that new treatment, Protone, for the building up of weight and lost nerve force. It acted more like a miracle than a medicine," said a well known gentleman yesterday in speaking of the revolution that had taken place in his condition. "I began to think that there was nothing on earth that could make me fat. I tried tonics, digestives, heavy eating, diets, milk, beer, and almost everything else you could think of, but without result. I had been thin for

Any Man Or Woman Who Is Thin Can Recover Normal Weight By The Remarkable New Treatment, Protone.

years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable processes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

FREE PROTONE COUPON.

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone a free 50c package of Protone if they will fill out this coupon and enclose 10c in stamps or silver to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith with full instructions to prove that it does the work. They will also send full instructions and their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you.

If you want to put on more flesh fill out the following coupon to-day. Free 50c packages can only be had by writing direct to Detroit.

The Protone Co., 2417, Protone Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Dye With Maypole Soap

MAYPOLE SOAP

Had a Bad Cough For a Number of Years.

Was Afraid of Consumption.

Mrs. A. E. Brown, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have had a very bad cough every winter for a number of years which I was afraid would turn into consumption. I tried a great many remedies but only received temporary relief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and after taking two bottles my cough was cured. I am never without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately or serious results may follow.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the foundation of all throat and lung complaints, relieving or curing all Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it.

Don't be imposed upon but insist on getting "Dr. Wood's."

Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Curiosity.

Washington Post.

On the occasion of an exhibition given at the Corcoran art gallery, in Washington, by the Art Students' League, one youthful painter was endeavoring to impress upon a friend the merits of a work of his own.

"You would be amazed," announced the artist, "if you knew the amount of time expended on my 'Two Sisters.'"

"Oh, I don't know that I would," airily responded the friend, "inasmuch as I hear that people stand in front of it for hours trying to make out what it is."

There are any number of men who, while ever ready to share their troubles with their wives, manifest a strong disclination to share their pleasures with them.

One of the surest ways to lose a friend is to lend him money.

Old As You Feel

It's a simple matter of Stomach and Liver. Take

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 31