

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER sweetens the home YOUR GROCER SELLS IT



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. SLCCUM, Limited - Toronto

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SEE-KEEN)

STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS

WHERE WONDER-SHINE IS USED

the Silverware is so bright it is a delight TO THE EYE

Other women notice and Catch the Idea.

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English Billiards

R. COCHRAN, 83 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO

A TUMBLED BLESSING

"Will this horse kick?" gravely enquired a small, jumper-clad person, appearing magically—or so it seemed to Ross Thurman's startled eyes—at the side of Brown Betty.

"Oh, no; she's gentle, but perhaps you'd better not get too near her heels," responded the occupant of the phaeton, hastily.

"The urchin calmly placed his chubby hands on Brown Betty's glossy side. 'He's a big horse! My, what a big horse!'" he remarked, not changing his attitude one bit, though Brown Betty curved her graceful neck and sniffed enquiringly at his smooth, fair head.

"Yes, she's twice as tall as you are," agreed Rose, with a smile. "How?" enquired the youngster, staring with wide blue eyes into her interested face. "What's twice?"

"Two times as tall as you are," explained Rose.

"O-h!" pondered the wise one. "If I get in the carriage, I'd be as tall as the horse, wouldn't I?"

"To be sure," smiled Rose.

"Did you get him at the livery stable?"

"No; she belongs to me," answered Rose. "What is your name, little boy?"

"Arthur Lane Fernald," glibly responded he. "What's the horse's name?"

"Brown Betty," stated the girl, gathering up the lines and nodding her thanks to the clerk who had just brought out their packages. "Now, Arthur Lane Fernald, suspect you'd better step back a little, else you might get run over when Brown Betty starts off."

"Well," sighed the youngster, slowly removing himself to the sidewalk, his eyes still gazing at the object of his boyish interest. "I like that horse pretty well. I'll come to see her right soon. I know 'zackly where you live," he calmly finished, turning placid blue orbs to the driver of the animal.

"Do you?" smiled the amused young lady. "I think you have the advantage of me, then?"

"What?" asked Arthur Lane Fernald, briefly and unceremoniously. "What's 'vantage'?"

"Oh!" commented the youngster, with a relieved look. "I don't think big words are very polite, anyway. I guess you don't know where I live, 'cause I only came yesterday. I'm on trial, you know."

"On trial?" echoed the girl, puckering her level brows in a puzzled manner while she looked down at the pudgy little fellow. "What do you mean, you queer little mortal? Don't you belong here?"

"Why no," he answered, with a wounded look. "I guess you don't know much about 'asylum children. I belong to one way off in the city. I'm having a visit now. I was going to be 'dopted, but Mrs. Nelson says she don't want a boy with the 'title of a 'fame. That's 'cause I ate six biscuits and a lot of jam for supper last night," he explained, soberly. "I didn't have a bit of dinner on the train."

The girl regarded him with a mixture of compassion and amusement. "If you're going back to Mrs. Nelson's right now, Arthur Lane, you may ride with me," she said kindly. "I live just across the road from her house."

The child scurried around the rear of the buggy and climbed nimbly to the seat beside her. "I like you awful well," he confided, after an ecstatic moment of rapt enjoyment of the swift motion. "You don't want a little boy, do you?" he added solemnly.

"Why, no; I believe not," smiled the girl, with a twinkle in her pretty brown eyes. "Do you think I need one?"

"Yes, I do," he returned promptly. "You've got a lovely yard with lots of trees to climb. I guess you don't like to have little boys pick a few flowers off your bushes, do you?" Mrs. Nelson said I mustn't go near 'em, 'cause you was a 'tickle person. What's 'tickle'?"

"Why, it means liking to have things nice, and the particular reason, with a little sigh. "You may pick some of my roses whenever you like, Arthur Lane. I do not mind having careful little boys pull them."

Arthur Lane sighed blissfully. "I guess I'll come over right away soon," he announced as he got out at the door of a primly kept brown cottage. "Do you mind?" he added as a hurried afterthought.

"Come when you like, Arthur Lane, and stay as long as you can, she invited cheerfully. Then, turning Brown Betty in at the entrance gates of the pretty place across the way, she drove thoughtfully up the winding driveway to the big, comfortable old house where she had lived alone with her two faithful old servants since the death of her parents years before.

"Like most unmarried women nearly thirty, Rose Thurman had a gracious, considerate manner toward all about her and a certain pleasing ability to draw forth the best thoughts and deeds of those with whom she was associated. She had a wide circle of friends in the little town, and, despite the superior size of her home and purse, many of her happiest moments were those spent in some little cottage with a sticky-faced toddler in her lap and four or five more swarming hilariously about her chair. That Providence had not seen fit to grant Rose Thurman the family ties of less attractive women was ever a source of wonder to those who knew her best. Yet it was the truth that no man had ever asked her to be his wife.

"Therefore, Arthur Lane Fernald's first call on the lady of the interesting horse, trees and flowers was made as enjoyable as possible, a ride on Brown Betty, a race with the two lively fox terriers, a fine swing in the hammock and a big bunch of roses serving to make the small visitor absolutely speechless with happiness."

As was to be expected that was but the first of many succeeding visits, and on the two weeks of the child's stay with Mrs. Nelson were over Rose

Thurman had grown to count on the small blue-jumpers making their appearance with the breakfast bell and remaining until the shrill voice of Mrs. Nelson summoned the wearer back to the unattractive brown cottage.

Hardly a day passed that Arthur Lane did not ask his interested entertainer if she didn't want a handy little boy to stay with her for always, and Rose, smilingly shook her head, not once thinking that he was in earnest.

One day, though, something happened to change her point of view. The child had gone with her on a little picnic to a wood a short distance from the village, and on their way home in the cool summer afternoon a bunch of firecrackers, thrown into the road just ahead of Brown Betty by a thoughtless Fourth of July celebrant, startled the horse into so sudden a sideways plunge that Arthur Lane was tumbled from the buggy to the ground, and before Rose could prevent the wheels of the phaeton passed over his feet.

Instantly the anxious girl was on the ground beside the screaming child and had picked him up and placed him in the buggy. Then, urging Brown Betty to the topmost speed of which the well-bred animal was capable, she took the boy to the office of the village doctor and had the hurt feet examined and bandaged. To her relief the injuries were not found to be serious, though the doctor told her that he would be quite a while to walk the little fellow would be able to walk again.

On taking Arthur Lane back to Mrs. Nelson's home Rose was amazed and distressed to learn that the child was no longer welcome even a day under that lady's roof.

"I've been bothered to death with the boy the two weeks I promised to keep him, and I'm not going to keep him a day longer, short or no hurt," she declared, with much vigor. "He can just go to the asylum folks, so he can!"

"But he isn't fit to travel that distance now, Mrs. Nelson," protested Rose, almost in tears. "Why, he can't even hobble!"

"Then take him home with yourself," advised the other, briskly. "You've hoosered in plenty and victuals to spare, I dare say. Take the child yourself, Miss Thurman, and see how you like having him around day and night, pestering the life out of a body!"

Rose's face flushed with sudden feeling, and she seemed about to make a hasty reply, then thought better of it. "I will take him, thank you, Mrs. Nelson," she said quietly. "I will take him and keep him for all time; bless his dear loving soul!" And then, with a light step and a smiling, radiant face, she hastened away.

"Just to think that she called you a bother!" she murmured, a short time afterward, as she tucked her boy in a snowy bed in a pretty room of the little old house. "You're a blessing, little Arthur Lane Fernald, that's what you are!"

"I guess you're pretty com'ble, Aunt Rose," contentedly responded the blessing, sleepily blinking up at her. "I'm awful glad we got 'quainted, even if Brown Betty did tumble me out."

A Friend to the Poor. New York Sun. They numbered four. They absolutely exuded prosperity. The things which they ordered were such as to fill with envy the breast of the man at the next table, engaged in consuming the most modest dish disclosed by the bill of fare. The four were conversing in a languid, serene conversation. After a while it turned to the question of money. Evidently they wanted to do something. How much money had they? One of the four took out his pocket-book and counted up a roll of bills. "Oh, I have \$115," he said carelessly. The second and third members of the party went through their pockets. "I have \$215," remarked the other. "And I have \$390," said the other. The fourth waved his hand—grazily. "Never mind, you fellows," he said. "I'll lend you all you want." Tenderly the waiters bore the man at the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.

A Foreign Touch. Philadelphia Star. There is a large settlement of well-to-do Chicago cottagers at Williams Bay, on Lake Geneva. They are not extremely rich people, but very prosperous and substantial ones, and they have a lot of fine summer homes.

Near by is a great summer estate belonging to one of the rich men of Chicago. One Sunday, as the Williams Bay cottagers were coming out of church, the lady of the big estate drove through, having with her some scrub of English nobility she was entertaining at her palace.

As they passed the Williams Bay folks, walking to their homes, she surveyed them critically through her lorgnette and said to the Englishman: "As you will observe, we have a very good-looking set of peasantry hereabouts."

Saved All He Had. London Argonaut. Way down in Yuma a man named Sanguinetti does all the general merchandise and charity business for miles around. He advertises his store, but keeps the charity strictly quiet. One morning, having heard that a family of Mexicans had been burned out the night before, he sent his clerk to inquire surreptitiously if the man was desperate and in need of assistance. The clerk returned, reporting that the Mexican did not own the destroyed dwelling, and as for his property he had saved every bit of it.

"Ah, then he is not so badly off," ventured Sanguinetti. "What did he have to save?"

"With a dry smile the clerk answered, "One string of red peppers and a picture of Jesus."

An Easy Way Out. Success Magazine. "Here you," said the conductor angrily, "you rang up a fare. Do that again and I'll put you off."

The small man standing in the middle of the crowded car promptly rang up another fare. Thereupon the conductor stepped him through the door and to the edge of the platform.

"Thanks," said the little man. "I did not see any other way to get out. Here's your dime."

WILL NOT SQUEAL WOMAN'S SECRETIVENESS GREATER THAN MAN'S.

Talkative About Small Matters, but Mum as Oysters About Important Things. Washington Herald.

A Chicago police magistrate, after long years of observation and experience, declares unequivocally that women keep secrets much more surely than men, jokesmiths, philosophers, and alleged picnic to the contrary notwithstanding. He avers that in the smaller things, the relatively unimportant matters, it may be true, that woman is the more loose-tongued, that she is naturally somewhat gossipy, and her domestic state, uncontentful as it usually is, inclines her to small talk. But when it comes to the things that actually count—the vital, compelling, tremendous things—woman is so far beyond man that comparisons are all but ridiculous. Moreover, he says that nine out of ten police officers know this to be true, whatever the aspect of the question may be in other walks of life.

Doubtless it is all as the Chicago man says. It seems likely enough, when contemplated in connection with certain characteristics of woman that are universally admitted. Take the matter of bearing physical pain, for instance. There is scarcely a physician anywhere who will not tell you that the average woman will bear without a murmur pain that would drive men to suicide. Woman shrinks shudderingly from the slightest impending danger, but she faces a real crisis when it is upon her in a way man rarely rises to.

If we could get the wives, sisters, mothers and sweethearts of Chicago to tell their secrets, we should soon clear up hundreds of seemingly impenetrable mysteries that have baffled us for many years. But we cannot do it. Methods that drag the miserable truth from men fail utterly when applied to women. There may be a way to get them to tell the secrets we know they possess, but we have never discovered it, and never expect to.

All of which seems to ring true. It is so like a woman, anyhow! STICK CAME BACK.

In the Habit of Losing and Recovering It. London Chronicle.

Of walking sticks there is no end. For interesting sticks, however, the one which Coleridge was in the habit of losing during his tramping days must take first place. The philosopher was never happy till he had got it back. He sent the crier round. Here is the cry, as noted by Mr. Lucas in one of his essays: "Missing, a serious walking stick. On one side it displays the head of an eagle, the eyes of which represent rising sun and the ears Turkish crescents. On the other side is the portrait of the owner in wood-work. Around the neck is a queen Elizabeth's ruff in tin. At down it waves the line of beauty in very ugly carriage."

And then came the appeal and warning note: "If any gentleman (or lady) has fallen in love with the above described stick and secretly carried off the same he (or she) is hereby earnestly admonished to conquer a passion the continuance of which must prove fatal to her (or her) honesty. And if the said stick has slipped into such a gentleman's (or lady's) hand through inadvertence he (or she) is requested to rectify the mistake with all convenient speed. God save the king!" The stick came back.

Coming Thick and Fast. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Andrew Carnegie, discussing at a dinner in Pittsburgh the Pittsburgh graft scandals, said: "Exposure followed exposure so thick and fast that to express astonishment became after a while, ridiculous—like the astonishment of the waiter. A waiter, you know, brought a gentleman a salad with his chicken, and the gentleman, after eating a little, said: 'Look here, waiter, there's a worm in this salad!' 'That astonishes me, sir,' the waiter answered. 'I only just removed four from it, sir.'"

In a Hurry. Minneapolis Journal.

Years ago, when there were only wooden sidewalks in the city of Winnipeg, Canada, holes were bored in the planks to let the water run through. In the morning twilight a policeman found a man with the tip of his wooden leg in one of these holes and hurriedly walking around it.

"What are you doin' here?" asked the policeman.

"G'way, offsher," said the man. "Got to get home before ol' lady wakes up."

Make men respect you rather than fear you. Respect always outlives fear.

Royal Thrift. The Crown Prince of Serbia is said to be protesting against the proposal to allow him \$4 a day, this amount being inadequate, he declares, to support him in a style worthy of his rank, says the London Chronicle.

Yes, the Crown Prince whose Prussian civil list is about to be raised to close on £1,000,000 a year, had to content himself with £400 a year in his bachelor days, and for seven years after his marriage his income was only £10,000 a year. It is a tradition in the Hohenzollern family to keep the younger members short of money, with a view to inculcating habits of thrift. Among the many bequests received by Frederick the Great at the hands of his father, one was for giving a royal servant fourpence for bringing his dog a distance of twenty miles. "You should have more sense than to pay a man for merely performing his duty," shouted Frederick William, as he laid on the blows.

The Doctor's Mistake. Chicago Record-Herald.

The servants were ailed and the doctor answered the bell himself. A colored man stood on the steps holding a large package.

"Is Miss Matilda, the cook, at home, sah?" asked the man.

"Yes, but she has retired," returned the doctor.

"Can I leap dis fo' her, sah?" "Certainly," said the doctor.

He took the bundle, from which flowers and buds were protruding, and, after bidding the man good-night, carefully carried it to the kitchen, where he deposited it, paper and all, in a pan of water.

The doctor thought nothing more of the affair until he heard Matilda's angry voice raised in conversation with the maid.

"Ef I had the pusion beah," cried the cook, "dat put mah new spring hat in dis yer dish-pan, I'd send 'im for sho'."

Esquimaux Candy. Fur News.

Tallow is the Esquimaux's candy. It is put up in bright red packages made out of the feet of water fowl. The women cut off the red feet of this bird, which is called the dovekie, draw out the bones and blow on the skin so as to make pouches, which they fill with the reindeer tallow for their little folk. None of the food that the Esquimaux eat seems very inviting to us, but they are extremely fond of it and are very apt to overeat. It is said by explorers who have gone into Greenland that it is no uncommon sight to see an Esquimaux man who has eaten an enormous meal of the raw, frozen flesh of the reindeer, seal or walrus, lying on his back and eating blubber until he cannot move.

Pitied the General. Chicago Record.

A French general's wife, whose tongue-lashing general was far famed, demanded that an old servant, who had served with her husband in the wars, be dismissed.

"Jacques," said the general, "go to your room and pack your trunk, and leave-depart."

The old Frenchman clasped his hands to his heart with dramatic joy. "Me—I can go!" he exclaimed, in a very ecstasy of gratitude. Then suddenly his manner changed, as with the utmost consternation he replied: "But you, my poor general—you must stay."

Old New England Forest. What is thought to be the oldest planted forest in New England is in West Stafford, Conn. It consists of about five acres of white and yellow pine, standing in straight rows. The trees are all from 50 to 60 feet tall and free from branches until nearly the very top is reached. These trees were planted about 80 years ago by a man named Davis, and some of his descendants are now owners of the property.

Make your success through your own ability instead of through another's folly.

"I HONESTLY BELIEVE 'FRUIT-A-TIVES' The Greatest Cure For Rheumatism In The World"

KNOWLTON, QUE., Oct. 12th, 1909.

"For many years, I suffered from severe Rheumatism, and the attacks were very distressing and prevented me from doing my ordinary work. I tried many remedies and physicians' treatments, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and I was becoming very anxious for fear I would become a permanent cripple from the disease.

I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and this medicine has entirely cured me and I honestly believe it is the greatest Rheumatism cure in the world."

R. R. MILLS.

Such a statement could not be bought from a man like Mr. Mills. He thinks too much of his good name, to sell it or sign it to an untruth. Mr. Mills tried 'Fruit-a-tives' after all other treatment failed—and 'Fruit-a-tives' cured him of Rheumatism. In the goodness of his heart, he wrote the above letter in order that sufferers in all parts of Canada, would know that there is one remedy that actually does cure Rheumatism. This testimonial was entirely unolicited on our part. We did not know that Mr. Mills was taking 'Fruit-a-tives' until we received the above letter.

It is a case like Mr. MILLS that proves the marvellous powers of 'Fruit-a-tives' in arresting and curing disease. It may be stated, without fear of contradiction, that 'Fruit-a-tives' will positively cure Rheumatism when properly used.

'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices and is the greatest Rheumatism cure known to modern science.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. Sold by all dealers or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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First-class Work Guaranteed. A call of inspection solicited.

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Has the pleasant flavor of barley malt and the pungent bitter and aroma of the hop, softened by natural age. Is made of light quality, suited to the climate—in fact, might almost be called a barley wine. An agreeable and valuable stimulant and a support to those who have to undergo much mental or bodily fatigue

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A SENSIBLE LUNCH

Between meals. Before retiring. Just the best food for professional men and brain workers.

For breakfast. With soups at dinner. At the supper table. A most nourishing and delicious morsel.

McCormick's Cream Soda

FANCY JERSEY CREAM SODAS

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