

BOWRIL

THE BODY-BUILDER.

Its virtues are that it comprises all the valuable elements of beef—that it is in such a form that it is very easily digested and assimilated—That it assists the digestion and absorption of ordinary food.

King George's Navy Plug



10¢

KING GEORGE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.


SOLD EVERYWHERE: 10¢ A PLUG

ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

VARICOSE VEINS CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Confined to His Home for Weeks.



Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on Varicose Veins. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my best friend told me of a treatment from Dr. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had had a treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. I wrote them and got their New Micro Treatment. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn \$1 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning \$1 and never lose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment.

HENRY C. LOCUST

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It may suppress the symptoms—our NEW METHOD cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN.—Imprudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms earlier over you. Mentally, physically and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER: Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Live on any way? Our New Micro Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for a free opinion. Free of Charge. Books Free—Boyhood, Fatherhood. (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything Confidential. Question List and Cost of Treatment FREE FOR HOME TREATMENT.

DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY

Cor. Michigan Ave. and Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

NOTICE: All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows: DR. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont. Write for our private address.

PERFECTION

SMOKELESS OIL HEATER



Efficient. Will heat a good sized room even in the coldest weather.

Economical. Burns nine hours on one gallon of oil.

Ornamental. Nickel trimmings; plain steel or enameled turquoise-blue drums.

Portable. Easily carried from room to room; weighs only eleven pounds; handle doesn't get hot.

Doesn't Smoke

Doesn't Leak

Easily Cleaned

And Re-wicked

Inexpensive

Lasts for years

At Dealers Everywhere

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG ST. JOHN HALIFAX

THAT MYSTERIOUS BAG.

The train was about dusk, and Nelson, clinging like a brother to the precious bag, went out on the platform, where the crowd was gathering thickly along the track. He backed up against a handy express truck and smoked thoughtfully. He felt as a man feels to whom life has become well worth the living. He was on his first errand of responsibility for the bank; had just been married to the only girl; had a comfortable, cosy little home, and knew that it was only a question of time when better positions would be open for him. Today's errand was but one proof of the confidence the bank was beginning to show in him. Suddenly word had come from the Soap factory, some miles out of the city, that they must have \$25,000 in cash that afternoon, and the bank had decided to send him out that morning with the cash and the necessary papers and instructions. His grip held the cash and the papers. They would not get away from him.

A sharp whistle indicated the approach of the express. Just as it swept up Nelson's heart jumped with a shock that seemed to lift him from his feet. In front of him a yellow-haired tot suddenly darted forward with stumbling steps across the tracks, tripped on the rough boards—

It was over so quickly that Nelson did not know what had happened until he found himself on the other side of a coach that was being stopped with brakes that threw fire everywhere about him; in his arms he was clutching a tender, bit of humanity that was crying in a straggling way with fright and the hard grip of his arms. Then he realized he had jumped in front of the looming black thing that had borne down upon him and swept the child to safety and also had left in the seething crowd the bag containing the \$25,000.

He thought of nothing else then. He hurriedly thrust the child into the arms of the drunken mother, brushed aside the hands that were stretched to congratulate him, paid no attention to the cheers of the men, the sobbing voices of the women, and forgot straight to the place where he knew he must have dropped the bag.

He saw something half hidden behind a woman's skirt; the bag was still there! He hurried on to the train, thinking as he went that had it been known what the innocent bag contained how soon it would have disappeared.

He settled himself comfortably in the coach and began to control his jumping nerves. He realized as he wiped the moisture from his face and wrestled what the strain had been. Rescuing the child had been a matter of seconds, and death had brushed them both; but on that bag had hung work, home, happiness, everything.

He glanced down at the bag at his side with a smile—safe and real. Then his eye caught a slight aberration near the handle which he had not remembered. An idea occurred to him to open the bag and look in, but it refused to open. Wondering, he tried again. The lock must have caught. He pressed the catch and it opened a bit. His throat tightened with a sudden fear. He ripped the opening apart. The bag contained three frames and worn magazines—nothing else. The first thought that came to him was that the bag was another's and that he had made a mistake. The next thought was that he had been robbed.

A swift, sudden sense of stupor and sickness went over him, but his mind flashed to the consequences—the anger of the bank's officials, especially the president, to whom the bank was more sacred than life; the loss of his job and all that might follow; the giving up of his home; the blow to her! He hid his face behind his hands and groaned in agony of spirit and mind. The express stopped twice, but he paid no attention.

Slowly, however, he obtained control of himself. At the next station he jammed his way through the crowds, seized a blank at the telegraph office window, scribbled the truth, threw down a dollar and plunged back.

He sagged in his seat. He was coward; he ought to go back and face the music. But he knew what the affair would be in the small city back and more, he knew what the end would be for him.

The train sped on. The brakeman's harsh voice grated out the name of the station next to his own home. There he could brace up a bit—the strain of the journey, the depot and this discovery had been too much for him.

"Auburn!" came the call for the last local stop and he piled out with the bag. Dumbly and stumbingly he started along street.

When he threw open the door of his home his wife came to greet him with the joyous, tender welcome that had made his homecoming something to be looked forward to; but she wavered back from him with a low cry of alarm, her face showing the questioning and fear in her heart. "Why—dear—dear—what is wrong?" Then she came to him.

He dropped the bag as she pressed him into an easy chair, and, with the quick instinct of a woman to comfort, drew her arms around his neck, and told him to tell her.

He did—everything—glad to talk out the fullness of his fevered thought. He minimized the affair at the station, but her arms tightened with understanding.

When he had finished she sought to cheer him. "But you did a brave thing, dear, and they'll—"

"Hess, you don't know, business is business, and they gave me the responsibility. There was nothing brave about it; I was over that track before I knew what I was doing. You don't know old Groves' bar; he'll go wild. The bank'll never lose a cent in any way. He didn't want to send cash out to Sondo, but they said they'd got to have it. Then they picked me. And I was proud to have them think of me—now I haven't the courage to face them; they'll send a messenger—he'll be here—then—"

She brushed his cheeks with her lips and bent down and poked up the fatal bag. It snapped open under her touch, and she peeped in. She watched her with dull eyes to see her start, gasp a little, and spring up; dump the bag on the floor, and out bounded the tight, solid bundles of bills.

He stared at them, and then sprang forward. He seized them and pinched them, muttering like a demented man. They were real. "Hess, have I gone crazy?" he demanded.

She was laughing a bit strangely. "If you have, I have. That is real money."

He drew back from it. "I know there were magazines in that bag; it was burned into my brains. Hoy in the world that happened is more than I can see."

"Well, it's happened, dear, anyway, now, what wrong?"

"That telegram—it's about time." She saw a new light in his face, driving the heavy shadow away. "By the good little girl! I know, why that fellow yelled at me as I beat it into the train, and I forgot to address that telegram, and the bank doesn't know."

"And you've got time yet to go out to the factory," she added joyously, with a swift glance at the clock. "But you must clean up and brush up before you go."

As he obeyed her he pondered over the mystery, and all the rest of the day it was on the mind. When he returned, however, he found her waiting with a special delivery letter.

The note was written in a scrawling, nasty hand, and much had to be inferred; but it was plain enough to make things clear.

"Dear Sir: I'm sending this from Bratton. I saw you sticking close by that bag in the depot. I'm an old hand. I figured there was something in it. I had a bag like it, and I thought I'd take a chance if it came and swap. I kept my eyes peeled. I was behind you. The crowd was thick. I was going to give up, you stuck so. Then you dove away and I shifted the bags. I was going on that train, and my wife and kid had come down to see me off, and the h— of it was the next thing I found you saved my kid. I hadn't seen what you dove for; I was back in the crowd watching you. I was so fussed with my wife hawling and the crowd and the noise I couldn't think; and when I came to you had the bag. I got on the train and was wondering how I could fix it when I saw you pile off. I shifted the cases then. I'm good at shifting things in a moving crowd; it's my business. I hate to lose the bag in a crowd, but I couldn't do a man dirt who saved that kid of mine. If I did I ought to roast in h— for a million years. She's one little beauty. It was a nifty stunt. I'd like to give you my name, but it ain't good business."

"A THANKFUL DAD."

An Old Joke, But a Good One.

A Scottish lad had his leg injured at a factory, and was treated for some time by the doctor without much favorable result. His mother had great faith in a lowly healer, and wanted her son to go to him; but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "regular faculty."

Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the town where the famous home-setter resided. He was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it very severely in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in," and he was bidden to go home in a few days, not to be all right and could resume work.

"Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward.

"Yes, he did, mother," said the lad, "he pulled it well, but I was nae sic a fool as to gie him the sarrieg!"

ANY HUSBAND TO ANY WIFE.

My dear, the time has come when you must sally forth to buy That wretched winter hat that makes My summer savings fly. I can not hold my breath and wait, And trust you have to smile Before the aberrations that They say are this year's style. And inwardly I pray that you Consider as a joke A fevered leather rising from A wall that they lean a toque. A bunch of plumage on a stem, A sunset lining to A four-foot brim of purple plush Adorned with maribou. A fervid plume that crawls along And hangs above your ear. Or darts aloft and wobbles there— I pray you'll see it's queer. But I can only sit and wait, My only hope is that You'll keep your sense of humor when You buy your winter hat.

Worth Knowing.

Darning thin places in blankets as you would stockings.

Rubbing out grease on a carpet with soda-meal.

Whiting and benzine, mixed together, to clean marble.

Wiping colored matting with salt water.

Chlorinated soda for ink stains.

Cleaning brass with hot water, rubbing, then, with a soft cloth and lemon juice, rinsing in hot water and polishing with a chamouise.

Cleaning silks with salt water.

Wak eye, or saleratus water, for cleaning paint.

For inflammatory rheumatism, dissolve into a pint of sweet oil, one ounce of pulverized saltpeter, and thoroughly rub the parts affected.

Clean brasses with sweet oil, carefully rubbed on, then polish with chamouise.

If troubled with creaking shoes, rub the sides of the soles with a little sweet oil.

Their Losses.

Two survivors in a railway wreck were bemoaning their losses to each other in the hospital after it was over.


"Oh," groaned one, "I have lost my watch."

"Think of me," cried the other, "I have lost my husband."

"Yes, yes," moaned the first, "but you can get another husband."

Of course it means the same thing, but it is more polite to call one a romancer than a liar.

Agrees with you—always



Never Sold in Bulk.

DALTON'S French Drip Coffee will always agree with you because it is pure coffee of the highest grade and contains no chicory or coffee chaff. Coffee chaff is the bitter indigestible skin of the Coffee bean which is taken out in Dalton's Special grinding process, and which is ground in with your Coffee when you buy it at your Grocer's, or grind it yourself.

Dalton's French Drip Coffee

HAVE you never seen Coffee chaff? See the little envelope of it that we put on top of every tin. This little envelope contains the chaff taken from that particular tin and is put in so that you may test it if you will to see what has something to do with the hard, weedy flavor and indigestion of ordinary coffees.

MADE in the Dalton French Drip Coffee Plant 2 pounds of Daltons go further than 3 pounds of any other kind. Buy it at your Grocer's or Strong, 15c. 25c. and 50c. tins.

DALTON BROS., Toronto

If your Grocer cannot supply you, write us direct.

"CEETEE"

PURE WOOL UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR



You can face all sorts of weather WITH IMMUNITY IF YOU ARE PROPERLY CLOTHED. The basis of all clothing is, of course, the underwear. The only material that will protect you against the sudden changes from heat to cold or from cold to heat, without harm, is pure, clean wool. All medical men advise woollen material to be worn next the skin. It absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp as does any material which is made from vegetable products.

"CEETEE" PURE UNDERWEAR

is manufactured from only the finest of the finest Australian Merino Wool.

WORN BY THE BEST PEOPLE

SOLD BY THE BEST DEALERS

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT, Limited

Manufacturers, Galt, Ontario

Also Manufacturers of Turnbull's High-class Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children, Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants, and "Cecot" Shaker Knit Sweater Coats

More Facts About McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace

—The Understudy of the Sun—

There's no dust nuisance about the "Sunshine"—when you rock down the ashes the dust is drawn up dust-blue then directly across to smoke-pipe where it belongs. Look at the illustration and remember to open both "Dust" and "Direct Draft" dampers—these simple devices make the "Sunshine" the cleanest furnace for the home.



See the famous "cup joints" here—the frame of the ash pit—the two sections of the fire-pot and the dome all jointed together by our "cup joint."

There's a layer of asbestos cement in each joint—this unites all sections in a permanent way, yet leaves room for the expansion and contraction of the metal.

No wonder that this "Understudy of the Sun" is called the "Sunshine" furnace—since it diffuses pure warm June air throughout the house.

You don't have to wear overalls when attending to the "Sunshine" furnace—it has a big roomy ash-pan. All the ashes are-guided directly into the pan by ash-chutes. A minute or two performs the job. Yes, the "Sunshine" is the clean furnace.

The "Sunshine" Furnace burns either wood or coal. Coke, too, if you prefer it. The "Sunshine" distributes a greater percentage of heat units—the Baffle plates (a new McClary device) decidedly increase the heating efficiency of the furnace.

But—see the McClary agent of your locality. Ask him to show you all the features and exclusive devices which make the "Sunshine" Furnace worthy of the name—The Understudy of the Sun.

If you do not know the McClary Agent, write us at our nearest address and we'll forward you a letter of introduction by return.

LONDON TORONTO VANCOUVER ST. JOHN, N. B.

McClary's

MONTREAL WINNIPEG HAMILTON CALGARY

"Sold By J. B. Bunt & Co."