

# Take Me Along.

From Cohan and Harris's  
New Musical Play "FORWARD, MARCH!"  
with William Collier.

JOHN L. GOLDEN.

PIANO

She If you went a-way from me, you'd Be so lone-ly, dar-ling,  
He I've been play-ing all the time, I'll Leave you nev-er, dar-ling,  
think-ing of - your on - ly dar - ling, won - dring what she's do - ing? He Or if  
I'll be with you ev - er, dar - ling, Though you tire of me. She All I  
some - one else is woo - ing, If we've real - ly got to part, 'Twill  
ask is that you love me, If you did - n't I'd feel sad, Oh,  
break my heart, I'd miss you from the mo - ment that the train would start. She Well, if  
dear - ie, I should feel so bad, to leave you and re - turn to Dad. He If you

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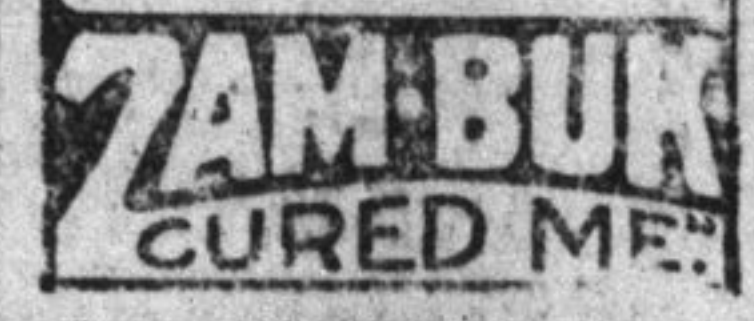
you must go a - way, then, all I've got to say is: I  
want a - cross the way, I'd be af - ter you to say:

REFRAIN  
"Take me a - long, - on - ly tell me that you'll take me a - long, - I don't care!  
a tempo  
how far, where you are, I want to trail a - long, trail a - long, trail a - long, Oh!  
Take me a - long, - And no mat - ter wheth - er you're right or wrong, - Un - til we  
both die, to you I be - long, take me a - long." long."



**"I HAD ECZEMA BUT..."**

Mrs. Elgin Cossett, Joggin Bridge, N.S., says: "When my little daughter was five months old a rash broke out on her face and body. I called in a doctor, who stated that it was eczema, and treated her for it. His treatment, however, did not bring any relief, and the child got worse. I then tried a great many salves and so-called eczema cures, but nothing proved of any benefit. The sores continued to spread, and became one large mass. One day a friend advised me to try Zam-Buk. "At that time the disease had defied all remedies for over a year. By the time I had used one box of Zam-Buk there was a marked improvement. I continued the Zam-Buk treatment and day by day the sores showed signs of improvement. Finally Zam-Buk banished every trace of the disease." For the treatment of eczema, nothing equals Zam-Buk. Unlike other ointments, it is purely vegetable. Use Zam-Buk for cuts, bruises, eczema, psoriasis, chapped hands, and all skin diseases and injuries. At all drug stores and stores, 50c. box. Name "Zam-Buk" is on every box, refuse substitutes.



**ZAM-BUK CURED ME!**

AUTOMOBILES AND CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.  
Phone 1177  
**George W. Boyd,**  
89 Earl Street.

## DREAM MAN

He was big and tall with plenty of bone and muscle, and had the clean, fresh, brown look of a man who has lived much in the open and loves it. He had brown hair and a smile and a hearty voice.

Muriel had never seen him, of course, but she liked to think that he might be somewhere in the world and that perhaps some time he would come to her and claim her. When the other girls in the store talked about the men they knew, she thought about her Dream Man. At the boarding house she was just the same. There was one single man and half a dozen girls besides the married people. The half dozen girls were in love with the married man, and he knew it. It sickened Muriel to see how he measured his power and glory in it. She thought some girls were great fools, but then, doubtless, not every girl could have a Dream Man like hers.

She had found him in a book. Muriel lived among books. She had been born the daughter of a village minister, and one of her first memories was of building houses of books on the study floor. From handling them she came to read them. Her father was a man of culture and he made a companion of his little daughter. He taught her far more than she had ever learned at the village school, and had hopes of college for her. But those hopes were not to be realized, for he died suddenly with nothing more than his library to leave to his motherless daughter. Muriel was 20, and she realized that since she must look out for herself she might as well begin at once. She decided to turn her knowledge of books to good account. In the city there was a certain book store which her father had long patronized. The old man who owned it was very well

known to her father. She went to him and asked for a position, and he gave it to her readily. So for more than two years now Muriel had been earning her living by day and improving her knowledge in the long evenings when she was alone.

She loved to read and because this seemed rather an unusual quality even in a book store clerk, Mr. Peets allowed her to take home her books to read evenings and Sundays. Once in a while a book was open Muriel forgot herself and launched forth on a wonderway of imagination. Her hall bedroom, which was sometimes too cold and sometimes too warm, and always uncomfortably crowded, ceased to be objectionable. She walked in palaces, or through marvelous streets; she met charming people, she loved, sorrowed, rejoiced and triumphed, alternately. Poetry essays, travel, romance—she loved them all, and many a book was sold because she could not resist the interest or curiosity of a would-be buyer.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that she discovered the Dream Man. She sat on her bed in the hall room, with her feet under her and a blanket about her, trying to keep warm. The single window of Muriel's room was sheeted in ice; her breath fairly congealed on her lips. But she scarcely realized this, for her imagination was in scenes of summer warmth and vigor with the finest heat that ever graced a novel. Suddenly she ceased to read and sat gazing dreamily into space. It was as if her Dream Man stepped out of the book and said something like this, smiling:

"There's more of flesh and blood about me than you think, indeed, there's lots of my kind in the world. When your father thought she was creating, she was simply drawing a picture—my picture. I'm alive, and that book you're reading gives only a partial history of me. There's a good deal more she might have said about me. And as for that girl she makes my sweatshirt, she isn't at all the kind of girl I'd choose for myself."

Mr. Peets showed himself just a little resentful towards her. It was no wonder that in order to impress her with his perfect disregard of her, he should be very nice to the stenographer. Love grows from a very little seed, and Muriel was not long to be lonely because of the Dream Man, and she wondered if after all she had not been rather foolish. And she went home with a book tucked under her arm, but it failed of proper consolation and she fell asleep with a little wet spot on her pillow under cheek.

Mr. Evans showed himself just a little resentful towards her. It was no wonder that in order to impress her with his perfect disregard of her, he should be very nice to the stenographer. Love grows from a very little seed, and Muriel was not long to be lonely because of the Dream Man, and she wondered if after all she had not been rather foolish. And she went home with a book tucked under her arm, but it failed of proper consolation and she fell asleep with a little wet spot on her pillow under cheek.

Man seemed to fade very near to the impossible.

April came with a lot of sloshy weather, through which Muriel tramped bravely a half-mile, morning and night. There came a day when snow was falling in thick, wet, white clots and customers were few and far between. To save herself wet feet Muriel stepped into a little restaurant, which had been newly opened across the street, instead of going to the one she usually patronized. It was crowded, but she found a seat near the window, and while she drank hot tea and ate lettuce sandwiches, she looked out drearily at the persistent snow.

Having finished her lunch half heartedly, she went back to the store. As she smoothed her fair hair before the glass it came to her that it was her birthday, and she had never had her own eyes wistfully and wondered how many more similar birthdays there had to be. She saw that it was going to take a lot of courage to live if she had to live a very long time.

Muriel went to her counter and, just for the sake of doing something, began to rearrange a pile of books in a different way. She handled the books as if they were roses. To her they were as beautiful and precious as roses. They were the only things that made life worth while—they and the Dream Man.

Then she looked up and saw him. He was just going to ask her for a certain book, and their eyes met. Muriel's were full of sacred wonder, and she turned as white as her shirtwaist. For a moment she could not even see his eyes from his smile. It was he, the Dream Man! She recognized his height and the crisp hair in which a woman likes to weave caressing fingers, and oh, his dear, lovely and winning smile!

When she had got herself under control and had again become a quiet, sweet, blue-eyed little sales-girl, who was wearing her old clothes because of the storm, she got him the book he wanted. It was a book that he had heard about, and, when he found that she had read it he lingered naturally to inquire about it. While he lingered Mr. Peets came in. "Why, Robert Price!" Mr. Peets cried. "Well! Well! How do you like Montana? And how's the surveying?"

And then he remembered his manners and introduced the young people to each other.

A long time afterward Muriel learned that Robert had been having his lunch in the little new restaurant had seen her and followed her across the street to the book store. Because she was the living image of the Dream Girl he had been thinking about for at least four lonely winters in upper Montana.

And now, perhaps, you can finish the story in imagination just as Bob Price and Muriel finished it in reality.

## Household Economy

**How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save \$2 by Making It at Home**

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. Two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes gives you as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. All directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

It takes hold of the usual cough or chest cold at once and cures it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, bronchitis and winter coughs.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals and soothes the inflamed membranes in the case of a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with glycerin, and has been used for generations to heal inflamed membranes of the throat and chest.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex," and don't accept any other name. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

## BOTTLED JACK.

The Loving Care of the Authorities When Jack Falls Ill.

Sickness, no matter where it occurs, is an unpleasant ordeal, but to fall sick on board a warship when the vessel is far from port is particularly trying. Not that the ailing Jack Tar will fall to receive good attention and plenty of it, but that the warship is pre-eminently a place for men hard as nails and in the pink of condition. The sick bay of the modern battleship or cruiser is a very different place from the cockpit of Nelson's days. All things considered it is a wonderfully cheerful looking and well arranged apartment, with its rows of snow-white beds, but one consideration is, and unfortunately must always be, lacking, and that is quietness.

Close by is the lower deck, with its never ceasing jar and jangle of many noises from the nerve-shaking whirr of the dynamo engine, or harsh shriek of the pipe, to the anything but musical distribution of omnipotent mess kettles, all tending to make things hum in the sick bay. Occasionally, too, there will come a thunderous rat-rat from above, as a squad of bluejackets drill almost directly overhead.

Jack Tar is one of the best invalids that could possibly come under a doctor's care. His cheerful philosophy, despite the most disadvantageous conditions, is a striking feature of the man, but occasionally it will happen that a young sailor, while suffering from the debilitating after-effects of fever, gets very low in spirits and all the kindly attentions of doctor and orderly cannot remove the depression.

It is then that physicians are sought among the genial laymen in the fo'c'stle. A couple of jolly Jacks come ambling into the sick bay with the pose of men who have just come from a holiday. There is nothing perfunctory about their sympathy; indeed it will be hard to discern where the sympathy comes in, but it is there all the same, deep-rooted and jovial. The finest pick-me-up in the medicine chest pales before the recuperative powers of these droll ways from the lower deck, and they laugh the weary sick man's fears away till he laughs himself and falls asleep.

A great man in the sick bay is the chaplain, who is usually as unlike the alleged typical parson as might well be. Nearly always a jovial fellow, sturdily to the brim with yarns, as well as a sort of walking encyclopedia of knowledge, he is an entertainment in himself to the sick tar who has fallen into the doldrums.

Of course, whenever possible, a serious case is transferred from the sick bay to a land hospital, but it may not be generally known that if the blue-jacket does not return to his ship in a certain time he is logged as being "Discharged to Sick Quarters," or, as it is called, "D.S.Q'd," which means that his name is removed from the ship's books. He may eventually indeed be discharged from the service altogether as medically unfit, in which case he is soon lost sight of by his former shipmates, until some lucky chance brings them together again.

And sometimes a little learning saves a man from jury duty.

## The Supreme Test of a Healing Agent

**Psooriasis or Chronic Eczema Defied All Treatment Until Dr. Chase's Ointment Was Used.**



After suffering with the terrible itching of Psooriasis for five years, and being told by physicians that she could not be cured, Mrs. Massey turned to Dr. Chase's Ointment and was entirely cured.

You will find this letter interesting, and will not wonder that the writer is enthusiastic in praising this ointment.

Mrs. Nettie Massey, Corner D. O. L. writer, Fort Snare, Wis., 3 1/2 years 1 su-

ffered with what three doctors called psooriasis. They could not help me, and one of them told me if anyone dared to guarantee a cure for \$50.00 to keep my money, as I could not be cured. The disease spread all over me, even on my face and head, and the itching and burning was hard to bear. I used eight boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I am glad to say I am entirely cured, not a sign of a sore to be seen. I can hardly praise this ointment enough.

Can you imagine a more severe test for Dr. Chase's Ointment? This should convince you that as a cure for eczema and all forms of itching skin disease Dr. Chase's Ointment stands supreme. Put it to the test, see a box all druggists, or Edman's, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

For a few days just then the Dream

**MR. PROBABLE BUILDER**

We want to talk to you about your **PLUMBING WORK**

We can make it worth your while—when you're ready to engage us we are simply taking this method to get acquainted.

We are expert Plumbers and Steam Fitters; you can easily learn by investigation.

**DAVID HALL,**  
66 BRICK STREET.

**REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM**

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind. I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all in pleasure and happiness in my home."

Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.