

LIFE WAS MISERY!

"I was reading the other day about Neurasthenia, about the large number of people who were troubled with this disease. It is just what my wife had. She felt miserable all the time and was constantly depressed. She would waken in the morning and tell me that something dreadful was going to happen that day. Life was nothing short of misery for her. She was so depressed that I expected she would lose her mind and have to go to a sanitarium and I kept wondering how I would get the money to pay for her. She could not eat and had no appetite for food. She was irritable and cranky most of the time. If she was crossed in any way, she would immediately work herself up into a violent temper. This worried me because she had always had a kind and gentle disposition and nothing which was said or done seemed to irritate her. I spoke to our family doctor about her and he said that her trouble was imagination and that if she would try and forget about her depression and look on the bright side of life she would be all right. Of course I didn't dare tell her this because I knew she would get into one of her tempers. When she got over these fits of temper, she was always weak and ill and more depressed than ever. The doctor said a tonic might help her and gave me a prescription but this did not do her any good. She tried all kinds of other tonics with the same result. Carnol was recommended to me and I wish to state that it is the leader of all tonics. Since taking it my wife has changed completely. Now she is always ready for her meals and work is no burden. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Carnol to anyone who is in need of a tonic or a body builder. Excuse me for writing this letter but I want you to accept my thanks for that wonderful tonic known as Carnol." — Mr. J. M., Toronto.

Good Night Stories By Blanche Silver

Doris Finds a Queer Little Bottle.

One day when Doris was on a visit to her aunt in Mexico she was out walking in the woods, when she spotted a queer-looking object hanging from the branches in a tree. "What, if that doesn't look just like a bottle as sure as I'm alive!" she mused. "But of course, it isn't. It's shaped just like one—only it's brown. What do you suppose it is? Oh, dear! If I were back home I'd wish for Squeedee—"



"What Do You Suppose It Is?"

wish for me so quickly. I was working, and before I knew what was going on I found myself sailing through the air, and here I am, way down in Mexico. What's wrong?" "Oh, my goodness, Squeedee!" Doris exclaimed. "You surely do look mused up! I'm sorry if I wished at the wrong time." "Wrong time?" laughed Squeedee. "There is no wrong time in Joyland, only it took me so by surprise. What happened to make you think of me?" "Why, you old dear!" replied Doris. "I just this second discovered that funny-looking bottle hanging up in the tree, and wondered who could have swung it there." She pointed to the queerly-shaped thing swinging from the branch above their heads. "Well, of all things!" laughed Squeedee. "That's certainly the laziest family I've seen in a long time. It's a good thing you called for me or something might have happened to that crowd. That's Mrs. Caterpillar's cradle. One day I saw a crowd of tiny caterpillars gathered on that limb. They were quarrelling and fussing so much that I went over to see what was the trouble."

"And what was the matter?" asked Doris. "I suppose they all wanted the queerly-shaped bottle?" "That's the trouble," laughed the elfin. "There wasn't any bottle there then. They needed a home, and no one wanted to give up that spot to the other. They all wanted the same limb. So after talking to them a long time I got them to build one large house. That's it. But, goodness! They should be up by now." And quick as a wink he and Doris flew up to the strange-looking nest. Squeedee rapped on its side. "Wake up, you sleepy heads!" he cried, and Doris could hear a queer noise inside. A circular door in the very bottom opened, and a dear little butterfly crawled out. "My goodness, but it's hard work hanging up by one's tail all this time!" She stopped suddenly and glanced down at herself, then began to laugh. "Sure enough, Squeedee you did tell me I'd lose my tail. I have." She laughed so merrily all her brothers and sisters tumbled out of the doorway after her. Every one of them was a pretty little butterfly. They had gone to sleep caterpillars and had awakened pretty butterflies.

Doris examined their home after they had dried their wings so they could fly. Squeedee helped her take it down from the branch, and she carried it home to show her aunt.

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Three Minute Journeys

Where Men and Women Wear Fur Coats All Summer Long. If you walked down the street some red-hot day in August and saw a man in a great bearskin coat you would think he was either crazy or paying a bet, wouldn't you? But, should you go to Asia Minor you would see many people wearing this very same kind of garment. They have neither been gambling nor are they out of their minds. On the contrary, they appear satisfied and contented. In fact, they consider themselves very fortunate to have a fur coat to wear in just such weather. And how hot it does get there! The temperature rarely changes its mind, but remains fixed at one hundred degrees. To the stranger, the heat is almost unbearable. Even to the natives themselves it is very trying. The peasants, particularly those who have to work out in the fields, find keeping cool very difficult. Their appearance would seem to indicate that they do not object; but are even trying to get warmer. Because, even here they wear the big bearskin coats right out in the broiling sun. And how they bundle themselves up in these bulky, heavy coats! Just like the Eskimos. The color is fast-



Clothes Extremes Meet in Asia.

like the man from the North Pole. If you don't believe them, try bundling yourself up in your coat in a motor coat some blistering day in August when the mercury is flirting with one hundred degrees.

Tact. An amusing definition of tact is quoted from a book written over forty years ago. "Tact is both innate and acquired. The root of the thing must be born with the possessor, or the soil will prove uncongenial. Years of mingling in good society are necessary to its full development, and though a delicate sense of what is due to others is of the very essence of tact, it is quite perfect without a knowledge of gentle art of snubbing. This is an accomplishment which some women never acquire. They cannot firmly repress the unduly officious or the over-eager, without adopting harsh measure or losing their temper. Where they should simply ignore, they administer the cut direct. When a phrase, well sharpened and skillfully aimed, would answer all purposes, even if uttered with the gentlest voice and with the politest intonation, they avail themselves of weapons that should not be found in any gentleman's armory. The 'retort courteous' loses none of its point for being courteous, and how agreeably it commences with the bludgeon style of warfare of some fair warriors!"

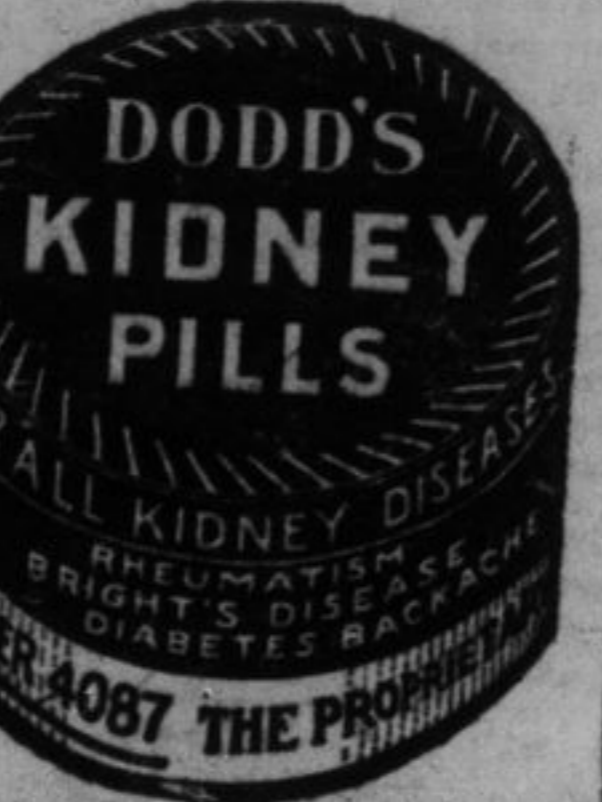
His Just Desert. "Is Mr. Spruce at all—or—given to drink?" inquired Mr. Miltons anxiously of his confidential clerk. "No, indeed," was the decided answer. "He never touches a drop. But what put such a suspicion into your head?" "Why, I have noticed that he has been late for the last two mornings."



THE MAN AT THE LEVER.

—From the News of the World.

that he looks tired, jaded and worn his boy a drum for a birthday present. Perhaps some overwhelming family affliction—" "Oh, that's all right, sir. He gave



The Reason Why. A lady met a friend coming out of a fortune teller's establishment. "You don't look very happy, dear," she commented. "Wasn't your fortune as good as you expected?" "Well, the fortune teller declared that my father works hard shovelling coal and tending fires for a living." "Surely there's no disgrace in that?" "But he's been dead ten years!" Five thousand stars are visible with the naked eye. Through a powerful telescope 50,000,000 can be seen. It is said that there are many more stars in existence which even our most powerful telescopes cannot see. Fear naturally represses invention, benevolence, ambition.

Executive Must Know Staff William H. Woodin, president of the American Car and Foundry Co., one of the largest organizations of its kind in the world, has the reputation among his business men of being a "live wire."

"One of the most valuable assets to a man in any organization," said Mr. Woodin, "is to know his men. By that I do not mean merely knowing them by sight and name, but knowing their capabilities. In case a sudden strain is put on the organization, as at the time of the war, it is vital that an executive should know exactly where to place his men so as to secure the best results."

The Explanation As far as we can make it out, the condition of the starving Russians closely parallels that of the negro who stopped a stranger with an appeal for a quarter to get something to eat. "Why don't you go to work and earn your own quarter," asked the selected victim of the touch. "To tell you de truth, boss," said the perishing African, "by de time I get hungry enough to be willin' to work I'm so weak I kain't work til I git some grub."

We have always thought if women could be made to realize how messy they look when they cry they never would shed a tear. The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise, the next to tell others so, the third to dispise all counsel.

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