



Jim Dumps had scarcely slept a wink,
All night he'd toss about and think.
But that's all past—he'll ne'er endure
Insomnia. He's found a cure!
Tis "Force." At night, when lights are dim,
It soothes the nerves of "Sunny Jim."

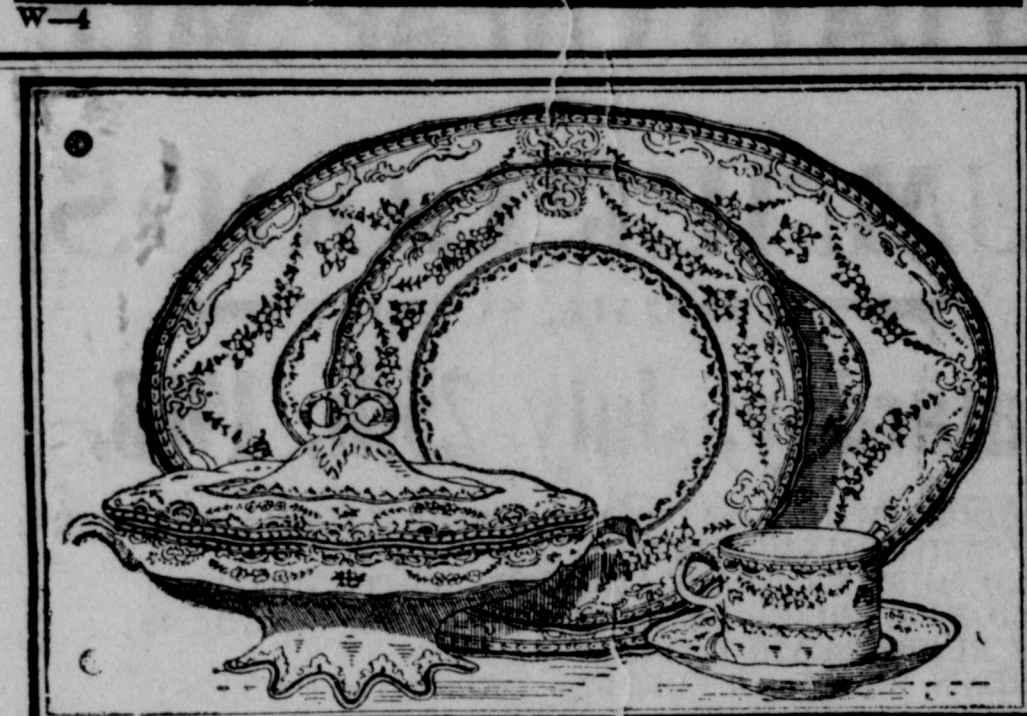
Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
makes one chummy
with good sleep.

Wouldn't Believe at First.

"I wouldn't believe it till I tried it, but 'Force' is a cure for insomnia. I used to stay awake right after midnight. Now I eat a big bowlful of 'Force' just before going to bed, and sleep and I have become good friends again."

"L. L. EVANS."



Dinner Set Free!

BY BUYING FOR CASH AT
NOBLE & TRAFTON'S.

See Sample in their Store Window.

Come in, Examine and Learn Terms.

P. BRADLEY, "LONDON HOUSE."

New Dress Goods

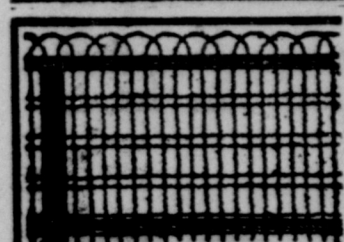
IN ALL THE POPULAR WEAVES FOR 1903.

NEW SUMMER HOSIERY.

Ladies' Cotton and Lisle Lace Open Work Hose; Plain Black Cotton Hose; Silk Embroidered Hose; Black Cotton Hose with White Spots. ALL HERMSDORF DYE, guaranteed fast and stainless.
Misses' and Children's BLACK and COLORED COTTON HOSE; Boys' Ribbed Cotton Hose, in solid black.

New Lace Curtains, Floor Oil Cloths.

P. BRADLEY, = Connell Block, = Main Street.



Page Metal Ornamental Fence
Handsome, durable and low-priced. Specially suitable for front and division fences in town lots, cemeteries, orchards, etc. Retail for 20 CENTS PER RUNNING FOOT. Just about the cheapest fence you can put up. Write for full particulars. Use Page Farm Fence and Poultry Netting.
The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ontario.
Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B.

FOR GOOD HEALTH

To preserve or restore it, there is no better prescription for men, women and children than Ripans Tablets. They are easy to take. They are made of a combination of medicines approved and used by every physician. Ripans Tablets are widely used by all sorts of people—but to the plain, every-day folks they are a veritable friend in need. Ripans Tablets have become their standard family remedy. They are a dependable, honest remedy, with a long and successful record, to cure indigestion, dyspepsia, habitual and stubborn constipation, offensive breath, heartburn, dizziness, palpitation of the heart, sleeplessness, muscular rheumatism, sour stomach, bowel and liver complaints. They strengthen weak stomachs, build up run-down systems, restore pure blood, good appetite and sound natural sleep. Everybody derives constant benefit from a regular use of Ripans Tablets. Your druggist sells them. The five-cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The Family Bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

R-I-P-A-N-S

9m-41

I. O. O. F.

Carleton Lodge No. 41, Woodstock, meets every Thursday night at 8 p. m.
Officers for present term:
L. W. FISHER, N. G.
CHARLES COMBEN, Rec. Sec.
H. D. STEVENS, Fin. Sec.
Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

Poetry.

VANCOUVER.

(Inspired by the Giants in the Park.)

Blest Vancouver! who can move her
From her proud position?
She is bound to hold her ground
Till Frisco's in perdition.

Proud Vancouver! who can hover
Round her stalwart streets
Without perceiving that she is
weaving
A web no booster beats—

A web which soon will merge the
moon
In its illustrious folds
And send to school even Liverpool
To rival what it holds?

Already she controls the sea
To China and Japan;
And no one knows what further blows
Or triumphs she may plan.

What splendid steamers! And who
but dreamers,
Or poets if you please,
Could ever conceive, or ever believe
That she possessed such treasures?

God bless Vancouver! and bless,
moreover,
Her courteous maids and men;
Whom I, the bard, will long regard
With gratitude. Amen!

WILLIAM MURRAY

Hotel Vancouver, 13th June, 1903.

Literature.

NAN ON MA TRIMONY.

BY JESSIE CRUM, ANTWERP, N. Y.

Nan Crawford invited her life-long friend, Jenny Black, to drink tea with her the night whereof I write, and over their teacups they had many a cheery crack about the days of their girlhood.

"An' Nan," continued Jenny (who for the last hour had been enjoying herself recalling some of their happy times), "dae ye min' the colliers' ball we gae'd in the 'Shaws—you and Wull McNaughton an' me an' Archie Black—an' hoo braw we leuked in drest in white muslin wi' bonny white ribbon sashes roon oor waists? Bit, loch keep us!" (And here Jenny leaned back in her chair laughing.) "Whit a sicht oor sashes were efter the ball! a' finger marks whaur their sweatin' han's claspt us roon the waist an' whirld us roon in the waltz."

Nan smilingly nodded her head. "Ay, Jenny, lass, fine I min' a' aboot, it," was Nan's answer, as she passed the plate of well-buttered toast to her friend; "an' hoo Wull apologized efterhin', sayin' 'it was maist impossible tae keep his han's leukin' as they ocht be, seein' he was workin' in the pit a' day.' An' the verra neist week he bocht me a braw new sash fower ells lang. My, bit it was bonny! Silk on the ae side an' satteen on the ither. If I min' richt Archie gie'd ye the mate o't." Here Nan cast a look out of the corner of her eye over the rim of her tea cup at Jenny.

"Ay, that he did. That same night he askit me tae be his wife. I said yes; an' I hae ne'er rued it."

"Fine I ken ye himnae; yer blest wi' a guid man an' a comfortable hame. Bit purr Wull!" Here Nan gave a bit sigh. "He deserved a better wife than that wee wishy-washy crafter he's got. There's naething tae her—her heid's toom."

"It's a matter o' taste," said Jenny, as she rose and set back her chair; and Nan began to pick up the tea things.

"Ay, nae doot; bit oh! sic a taste," said Nan, and her face had a look of disgust as she thought of the one Wull had tied himself to.

"Weel, I'm awa'"; and Jenny opened the door to take her departure. "Ye'll be gaun tae see purr seek Jean this morn'—meaning an old acquaintance."

"Ay, that I wull; I'm vext for the purr crafter. I'm thinkin' matrimony has spoiled her life; 'deed he's. Weel, guidnight, Jenny, an' ca' ower again eune."

"Oo, ay; I'll be ower afore lang." The door closed, and the two old friends parted.

Nan sat with her elbow on the table and her cheek in her hand, musing, long after her friend was gone. It was ten o'clock and a very dark night—no star in a' the cairy—as Nan set her tea table back against the wall and redd up her wee bit kitchen. Clang! Clang! Clang! clang! gae'd the auld tron Kirk bell, and Nan barred her door, raked the fire and turned out her light, saying to herself: "It's time a' decent folk were in bed; deed is't. I dinna haud wi' sittin' up ayont ten o'clock unless in a case o' seekness. I cudna work hard as I dhae if I didna get ma rest. No, indeed!" And Nan tied on her night-much and slipped in between the blankets.

Nan was hardly ever fashed with sleeplessness. Generally the minute her head touched the pillow she was

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes! Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily causes and generally entails "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

"In the land o' nod," completely lost to all worry and care. Seldom did she ever have a dream, but that night was an exception. She lay there hour after hour, thinking about her poor sick neighbour, Jean McNaughtan, and wondering how she could help her; for with all her 'nippy' tongue Nan had a real warm heart, and was always ready to share the little she had with a needy neighbour.

"She ocht tae hae something rale nourishin'," said Nan, under her breath; "an' I'll just tak' that hauf pun' o' mutton I got at the fletcher's an' mak' her a drap mutton broth. It's no' muckle, but it'll mebbe dae her guid. Puir Jean! I'm rale vexed for her; but as for that Tam o' her's I'd like tae—tae—tae—d-r-o-o-n." But here Nan's cogitations were lost in sleep, and she began to dream.

In her dream she made the broth, and pouring it into a small china pitcher wrapt a clean white towel round it to keep it warm till she got to Jean's, whose home was on the next street. She arrived there all right, rapped at the door, and Tam cried "Come in." She did so and her eye lighted on Tam. There he sat warming his feet at the fire, a foot on each hob; while Jean lay moaning in the house. Nan felt awful disgusted and did not want to speak to him; but she supposed she had to say something, so she asked in as civil a tone as she could at the time, "Hoo's Jean?"

"O, aboot as uisual," grunted Tam; she's in there," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the room. He looked sour and gloomy.

"Oh! Nan, is that you?" said Jean in a feeble voice.

"Ay, Jean, lass; it's jist me, and nae ither," answered Nan, setting the china pitcher with the mutton broth on the kitchen dresser. "Whit ye did ye no' let me ken ye were aee ill? I'd be here afore noo if I'd only kent ye were bedfast." Nan seated herself on a chair close to her friend's bedside.

"Weel, it was this wy, Nan. I did nae want tae bother onybody an' kept thinkin' day efter day I'd get a wee better; bit it seems there's nae betterness for me." Here, Nan in her dream, saw two great tears roll down Jean's face and a gray shadow settle over it.

"Jean, lass, dae ye feel warn than uisual?" asked Nan, stroking her friend's face in a kindly way; and here Nan patted the pillow in her sleep. "Dae ye thinkin' mebbe it wud dae ye guid."

"It was kin' o' ye tae bring it, Nan. I'll try an' tak' a wee thing o't."

Nan stepped into the kitchen to warm the broth in a skillet over the fire, when in her dream what does she see but Tam helping himself to the contents of the china pitcher. Nan was furious. Without stopping to think how it would look she took summary vengeance on the spot.

"Hoo daur ye titch the broth, ye wrath? I brocht it for Jean. Snatching the pitcher out of his hand she threw the little he had left about him and cracked the pitcher over his head. Here Nan woke out of her dream, thrashing the pillow.

"Eh, mighty! whit a dream," she exclaimed sitting up in bed and looking everywhere about her as if she expected to see Tam in the room. She saw by the "waggity-wag" that she had overslept herself. It was

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Cholera infantum is one of the most dreaded diseases of infancy. It is prevalent during the heat of summer in spite of all the care mothers may take to guard against it, and it sometimes progresses so quickly that death occurs in a few hours no matter what care is given the child. The first thing to do is to stop feeding the child and give him plenty of fresh air and pure water to drink. Give Baby's Own Tablets to carry off the poison in the system. Do not under any circumstances give a cathartic to check the diarrhoea, except under the advice of a doctor. By using Baby's Own Tablets the cause of the diarrhoea will be removed, and the disease will thus be checked in a natural manner. Proof that the Tablets cure this too often fatal trouble is given by Mrs. Hebert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., who says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly."

Keep the Tablets in the house—their prompt use may save your little one's life. Sold by medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

after eight o'clock but Nan was quick at work, and in a short time fire was burning brightly, the tea-kettle boiling, and soon she had her breakfast of warm rolls and fresh butter and a boiled egg. While taking it she said: "I canna un'erstan' whit Jean saw aboot that Tam McNaughtan tae gie her ony wish tae spen' her life wi' sic a useles mortal; bit I suppose that's ane o' the problems o' life that'll ne'er be solved in this warl'; no ne'er."

"Bless ma her't," she continued, "there's Wull McNaughton, ma ain auld bean, who hae a nice bit butter an' egg shop o' his ain, an's weel aff, an' as a trig a lad as ye cud fin' in a day's journey, took sic a fancy tae Mysie Broon's baby face an' clingin' wyes that naething wad dae bit he wad ding her praises in ma lug ilka time we met, till I got sae wearit hearin' sae muckle aboot her bonny wee roon face an' her dimpl'd mou', that I jist telt him tae gang an' stey wi' her. Wull was quick temper'd an' took me at ma word."

"I was vext at masel' efterhin. Bit that's naither here nor there. We'll let sleepin' down's lie. We a' ken she fairly ran efter him nicht an' day, an' in the lang run he an' merri't her. Wull's a smart fellow, bit she's a purr han'less, brainless, guid-for-naething, spen'in' her time prinkin' an' pootherin' an' pentin' her face; spen'in' Wull's bawbees on a lot o' fal-d-rals, an' traitin' her neebors, wha care naething aboot her, tae teas ilka wee while."

"Weel! weel! That's aboot the wy the matrimonial warl' wags," observed Nan, as if she were addressing somebody. "There's some terrible mis matches in't; ay, is there." Nan shook her head and sighed as she thought on her lost lover and on what might have been.

The clock striking eleven caused Nan to lay aside her sewing and get ready for Jean's. She tasted the broth that was simmering on the hob.

"It's gey guid," she remarked as she poured it into the identical china pitcher she saw in her dream; and when she got to Jean's there sat Tam—Jean's man—before the fire, with a foot on each hob, toasting his shins, just as she had seen him in her dreams.

"Loch! keep us, are ye no' workin', Tam?" she asked in a tone none over gracious for she could not hide her dislike of him.

"No; I'm oot o' a job!" snapped Tam; knowing well that Nan had no liking for him.

"Weel, I haur'ly think ye'll fin' ane sittin' there. Hoo's Jean?"

"She's in there; ye can see for yerself," he said, awful snappy and looking sour and gloomy, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the room where Jean lay.

"Nan, is that you?" cried Jean, in a feeble voice.

"Ay, Jean, it's me, an' nao ither," Here Nan, remembering her dream, took the pitcher with the broth into the room with her.

"Whit ye did ye no' sen' for me? Ye ken I wad come nicht or day gin there was onything I cud dae tae help ye; an' Nan drew a chair close tae Jean's bedside. Jean put out her hand and clasped Nan's while two big tears rolled down, her pale cheeks.

"Just then the outside door elammed and Nan, looking into the kitchen, saw that Tam had disappeared.

"I ken ye wad, bit Nan, I ne'er thoct it wad come tae this. He's oot o' wark maist a' the time, an' whit's the cause o't I dinna ken. There seems naething bit sufferin' an' seekness for me in this warl', an' the suner I'm dune wi' the better; I see naething tae leave for," sobbed Jean, in a heart-broken voice.

"Hoots, wuman! ye mauna gie wy sae; and there was a tremor in Nan's voice that you would not have expected, considering her sharp tongue. "I've brocht ye a wee drap mutton broth; I thoct ye'd like it."

"I sae; it was aye a favorite o' mine."

Nan warmed the broth in a skillet over the kitchen fire, and Jean took a little of it, and seemed to relish it. After that Nan brought in the big arm chair that Tam always sat in, and throwing a woollen shawl over it got Jean into it while she made her bed. Then she combed her hair and bathed her hands and face. That seemed to have a soothing effect on Jean.

"I raley think yer leukin' better," said Nan, with a little laugh, as she helped Jean back into the well-made bed. "I'm thinkin' a' ye need is nourishment an' a wee leukin' efter tae see that yer a'richt itherwise. We'll hae ye up an' roon afore lang, Jean, lass," said Nan cheerily.

The house needed redding up, so Nan started to put things in order. She swept both but and ben, took out the ashes, gave the kitchen grate a brush, and pipe-played the hearthstone. The sun was setting when she finished her work round the house and got the invalid a cup of tea and some toasted crackers.

"Noo, Jean, it's gettin' late, an' I'll hae tae gae hame; bit dinna ye fret

Coated

Look at your tongue.

Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:

Ayer's Pills

Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free movement of the day following. You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."

J. H. K. TALBOT, March 30, 1892. Arrington, Kans.

—we'll a' dae whit we can for ye, an' we'll no let go o' ye till we pu' ye throo this."

Then Nan looked in the glass to see if her mutch was on straight, as she threw her shawl over her shoulders.

"God bless ye, Nan!" said Jean, as she held out her hand to her friend, who warmly pressed it, and left.

THE OLD OFFICE TOWEL.

When I think of the towel,
The dirty old towel
That used to hang up by the printing house door,
I know that nobody

In these days of shoddy
Could hammer out one that could wear as it wore.

The "comp" who abused it,
The "devil" who used it,
The tramp that got at it when these two were gone.

The "makeup," the foreman,
The editor, poor man,
Each rubbed some grime off while he put a heap on.

In over and under
'Twas blacker than thunder,
'Twas harder than poverty, rougher than sin.

From a roller suspended
It never was bended
And flapped on the wall like a banner of tin.

It grew thicker and rougher
And harder and tougher
And daily put on a more inkier hue,
Until one windy morning,
Without any warning,
It fell to the floor and was broken in two.

A very pompous woman attempted to leave a car while it was in motion, and the little conductor detained her with the usual: "Wait until the c-a-a-r stops, leddy!"

"Don't address me as 'lady,' sir!" she said haughtily.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but we are all liable to mek mistakes," was the immediate reply.

May—I don't like the fit of this gown at all. I wonder how I could improve it?

Pay—Let some other girl wear it, dear.

STANTON'S PAIN RELIEF

An INTERNAL and EXTERNAL Remedy for the Immediate Relief and Cure of

Rheumatism, Cramps, Colic, Sore Throat, Diarrhea, Pains, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, Neuralgia, Lumbago, etc., etc.

This is an internal and external Family Remedy, carefully calculated for general use, and should be kept in every household and in every traveller's grip-sack—do not overlook the fact that immediate attention to any ailment will save serious trouble, worry and expense. When a medical man is not at hand STANTON will do the work.

Soothe you and give you instant relief. For sale everywhere. Price, 50 cts per bottle.

McGILL'S BROTHERS, 200-210, Corner Fishmarket and Wellington, Toronto, Ont., Sole Wholesale.

For sale everywhere, see per box or by mail on receipt of price.

Sole Proprietors, The Wm. L. CHAMBERLAIN Co., Limited, Montreal, Canada.