



Jim Dumps' young wife while yet a bride
Some biscuits made with greatest pride.
Jim looked with fear upon the food,
But to a bride one can't be rude.
"Let's eat 'Force' first, dear, 'tis my whim,"
It saved the life of "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

when in doubt,
eat it.

All "Sunny Jims" Now.
"In our household 'Force' is as familiar and welcome as 'Sunny Jim,' and that's saying a good deal, for we are all 'Sunny Jims' now."
—R. L. Stone."

The Musician's Choice

Lovers of music who have hitherto scorned talking-machines because of their wheezy, Punch-and-Judy sound, have given Berliner Gram-o-phone a place of honor in their homes. This is because of its absolute perfection in sound reproduction—clear, true and distinct.



The Berliner Gram-o-phone

is made in Canada, so are the records, you don't have to pay duty on them. It is guaranteed for five years and we are here to look after that guarantee. Prices \$15 to \$45. Can be bought on the instalment plan, \$1.00 cash and \$2.00 per month for 8 months. Write for catalogue and particulars of easy payment plan.

E. BERLINER, 2315 St. Catherine St., MONTREAL.
EMANUEL BLOUT, General Manager for Canada.

JOHN H. LEE, Boston Department Store, Agent at Woodstock.

Ramsay's Paints

THE RIGHT PAINT TO PAINT RIGHT

A. RAMSAY & SON, ESTD. 1842, MONTREAL, PAINT MAKERS



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

Literature.

HOW THE SKIPP TWINS ROBBED THE MAIL.

The Meigs stage was late that day. A dismal February thaw had brought the good sleighing of the preceding week to an untimely end, and the gray clouds seemed to be weeping over the calamity, thereby augmenting its dolorousness, as undue liquid lamentation has a way of doing. The old green and yellow 'body' had been transferred from the runners on which it had glided so gaily over the smooth white road to the summer 'running gear,' with broad-tired, chocolate-colored wheels that labored along with a subdued rattle and asthmatic creaks, throwing such profuse splashes and streaks of mud over the dingy panels and arched windows that even the steady down-pour was unequal to washing them! There were no passengers, so the battered old mail pouch had one red-cushioned seat to itself, which was fortunate, perhaps, as it owned to several thin spots that might have protected its unusually abundant contents poorly from the pelting drops, had it been, as usual, an outside passenger.

By the way, that same bulginess of the mail bag may have had something to do with a certain pleasant twinkle in the old stage driver's gray eyes, and the frequently whistled snatches of 'Kathleen Marvourneen,' and 'Black-eyed Susan,' with which he shortened the tedious way, and helped himself to ignore the small but persistent rivulet that was trickling down his back through the aperture in the rear of his tarpaulin's brim.

I cannot say that the state of the mail bag was not responsible also for the pathetically hilarious flourishes with which Romulus and Remus (famously known as 'Rom' and 'Reem'), the wiry veterans who had drawn the old stage for fourteen years, took the sharp ascent from the main road and drew up before the unpainted building that was village store and post-office combined. But I am inclined to think that the latter phenomenon was due to their appreciation of the fact that the remainder of their road was short and down hill, with a certainty of 'scalt mash' (in deference to their venerable grinders) and a warm stall at the end.

Caleb Skipp, selectman, storekeeper and postmaster, came out in the latter capacity, with a friendly salute.

Keep your settin', Elb! I'll take out the mail. Git home an' intew dry duds quick as ye ken. Sairy'll be on pins an' needles till ye dew! Shoo now (lifting the mail bag); heavy ain't it?

Thankee, Cale. Heavy? Of course! Thirteenth o' February, ye know. Young folks will be young folks—human natur's about the same as 'twas forty years ago.

Jes' so! Dorry's been talkin' val-ntines all day.

Guess she won't be disappointed, whoever else is, responded the old stage driver, with a gallant touch of his tarpaulin in the direction of Dorry Skipp, whose rosy face just then appeared in the doorway. G'lang, Rom! Git Reem! and with prodigious clatter and clatter the stage disappeared around 'Wilkins Bend.'

A goodly number of the village young folks, well protected with water-proofs, rubber coats and rubber boots, were already waiting for their mail around the rusty box stove; and the genial postmaster hastened to sort it, smiling with unselfish gratification whenever he came upon a large, square envelope.

Owing to the one delivery a day, Meigs' valentines always arrive on the afternoon of the thirteenth, for it would of course be too much to expect that the Meigs boys and girls could wait until the last part of the day itself.

At last amid much laughter and good-natured teasing, the merry group dispersed and no reinforcements appeared, nor would they until later in the evening; for the Meigs' supper hour had come, and of course the post-master and his family wished to spend it undisturbed, as well as other people. Mrs Skipp was upstairs getting supper; Mr Skipp was distributing the remnant of the mail; and Dick and Dorry, the Skipp twins, occupied the long wooden settle and talked alternately about skating and valentines—valentines in general and valentines in particular.

Well, now! suddenly ejaculated Mr Skipp from behind the teirs of post office boxes. Ef there ain't a letter for old Miss Jerushy Dunlop! Why—why, fingering it gingerly, I b'lieve it's a valentine! I am beat!

Dorry skipped over to the little window. Let us see it, father! Oh! with two wrinkles coming on her smooth forehead. It's a comic!

Some mean boy has sent it. Why, it isn't sealed! See, Dick, you can see the picture right through the thin old envelope! It's horrid—a hideous old woman! Aunt Jerusha

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

POND'S EXTRACT

FOR BURNS, SPRAINS, WOUNDS, BRUISES OR ANY SORT OF PAIN.

Used Internally and Externally.

CAUTION! Avoid the weak watery Witch Hazel preparations, represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contains "wood alcohol" an irritant externally and, taken internally, a poison.

Dunlop does not look like that. It's a mean shame. Look, father!

Some 'smart Alec' sent it, I s'pose, growled the postmaster, with as much gruffness as he possessed.

Chivalrous Dick's face had grown very red.

That's Jack Stacy's writing. I know it. He's been to the city today and mailed it from there. I wouldn't have it of Jack. It shan't go any further, with an impulsive movement.

Dorry caught his hand, her eyes sparkling. Stop, Dick; you mustn't tear it! Father, mayn't we rob the mail?

Dorothea Skipp!

Oh, Father Skipp, don't look at me that way—just let me rise to explain. Poor Miss Jerushy as awfully sensitive, even if she is so queer and does keep her pet bantams in the kitchen.

And she feels so friendless and—and I've heard mother say she was real pretty once. She feels dreadfully about her lameness and her crooked back, and just think, they came from rescuing Jack Stacy's own aunt from a burning house. How can Jack be so contemptible? Of course there are silly verses on the old thing—

Stop and take breath, Dorry, advised Dick, quizzically.

I don't need to when I'm so indignant, responded she. Now I have a pretty valentine I was going to send to Jack, and father, I want you to let me take out that thing and burn it up, and put mine in, instead, please!

The postmaster meditated. It ain't regular; but—wall, ef yer ma says so, ye can do it. Ef—

Dorry was half way up the stairs. In a few moments she came down beaming. She says she thinks 'twould be perfectly proper, was her triumphant announcement, and—and I'm going to put in my dollar that Uncle John gave me. I intended to get skates when you get your's Dick, but my old ones will do very well.

Dorry, you're a—a—I can't think of anything good enough! I'll put my dollar in, too. My old skates are all right for this winter—doesn't look much like skating just at present, anyway!

Dorry jumped up and squeezed his arm rapturously, and whispered something that made him look very glad and proud and pleased, and a trifle sheepish. But it was a becoming expression and Mr Skipp growled to himself: Bless their hearts! as they clattered up the stairs.

When Miss Jerushy's valentine came down again it looked very much the same outside—but inside! Dick and Dorry smiled every time they looked at each other, and had hard work to keep straight faces when it was handed over to a neighbor who passed Miss Jerushy's rickety little house on his way home.

I shall tell that sneak what we have done, so as not to have any more underhand work, and then I'll never speak to him again! announced Dick, tall with righteous indignation.

When the valentine was given into her worn old hands, Miss Jerushy was too much astonished to speak. Such a thing hadn't happened to her for forty years. She stood looking at it with an utterly bewildered expression till the bearer vanished in the darkness while the sleek bait against her thin face and gray hair. She did not feel it.

Jack Stacey was decidedly uncomfortable. He wasn't the sort of boy who does smart things as a rule. Some friend with a defective sense of humor had slipped the thing into his hand that day; and, stuck by a certain unfortunate resemblance between the caricature and Miss Jerushy, he had addressed it to her and mailed it on the spur of the moment.

As soon as it was mailed he stopped to think. That was the trouble with Jack. He acted first and thought afterwards, which frequently resulted in great discomfort and embarrassment to himself and his friends. About eight o'clock that evening he threw his geography aside, and going to the kitchen, donned rubber boots and coat.

Why, Jack, not going out to-night, I hope! exclaimed his mother.

Valentines in to-day's mail, mother, laughed Jack. Can't endure the anxiety any longer. Be right back.

Well, don't get cold, responded easy-going Mrs Stacey; and Jack said, No, mother, and went off whistling. He stopped whistling, however, as soon as he was out of hearing.

If I can get that before anyone else does, catch me ever doing such a mean trick again, he soliloquized as he splashed along.

Only Dick was in the office when he arrived. He glared at the box where Miss Jerushy's infrequent mail was always placed, through the courtesy of the owner. His heart sank, it was gone, then; and by this time the poor old woman had received the cowardly insult.

He pulled himself together and approached the little mail window and asked if there was anything for our folks. Dick passed his mail out silently. If Jack hadn't been so full of his own trouble he must have noticed Dick's dignified, distant manner. But he did not. He walked slowly toward the door and then turned sharply and came back. Say, Dick, he began; you never did a plaguey mean thing; but I have, and I'm going to make a clean breast of it. And he began, but Dick stopped him, by taking two long strides and throwing an affectionate arm across his shoulders. Good for you, Jack! Ain't I glad! and he told what he and Dorry had done, finished with: So it's all right. I intended to tell you, but I expected to feel different while I was doing it. Come down, he called to Dorry, whom he heard at the head of the stairs. Jack is all right, and—

No, said Jack, not until I've been and told her, and asked—

No, no, no! interrupted Dorry, never! That's what we've been trying to save all the time—her feelings you know. Mother'll agree with me I'll ask her to come down.

Mother Skipp was the confidante of the girls and boys in the village. She listened thoughtfully with her hand on Jack's yellow hair.

No, Jack, she said at last, it will be kindest not to tell her.

Then all I can do is to pay Dorry and Dick their two dollars.

What nonsense! ejaculated Dick. We shan't take it, said Dorry; and anyway the valentine itself really is yours, for I meant it for you, till I thought you were mean.

But Jack was firm. It was the only way, he insisted, that the affair could be made right and square and they had to submit. He took it out of his bicycle money, and thereby delayed the purchase of that longed-for treasure a whole month; for Jack's dollars came slowly and in small sections.

We can't keep this money, mother, announced the twins. We don't feel as though it's ours, after having the pleasure of giving it away.

Then put it in the Nebraska barrel that the minister's wife is trying to fill, suggested Adviser-in-chief Mother Skipp.

So they did; and Dorry put a little note in the envelope: From the two boys and one girl—a thank-offering; because, she explained, Dick and I are so thankful Jack isn't mean, and we know he is thankful too.

Jack had a surprise next morning. When he was passing Miss Jerushy's house, who should appear but Miss Jerushy herself, beckoning energetically: Jack—Jack Stacey! Come here!

Jack turned and walked up the path, politely, but reluctantly.

I want a good look at you—Mer-celly Wetherell's grandson out and out—handsome and open-handed. I could tell ye about what I shall give with them two dollars, but I never can begin to tell ye how the being remembered warmed my old heart.

It's made me ten year's younger. Oh, ye needn't look so surprised and streaked. I knew yer handwrite, ye see—saw it in yer copybook yer ma showed me; and the tremulous old creature gave his head an awkward pat and hobbled into the house.

I tell you I felt mean enough, said Jack in reporting to Mother Skipp. I didn't deserve it; and I don't deserve such friends as you and Dorry and Dick—but I will. And there was a resolute look in his clear eyes that gave Mother Skipp great hopes for his future.

Out in the granary Dick and Dorry were talking it over. Dick was saying: We might have known Jack Stacey wouldn't do a mean thing when he just stopped to think.

When we were so sure he would, I guess we didn't stop to think, gently responded Dorry.

The Demand for Shorthorn Cattle.

In reply to an enquiry from W W Hubbard, C.P.R. agricultural agent, as to the appreciation in which Shorthorn and Shorthorn grade cattle are held among the ranchmen of the west, C W Peterson, secretary of the Territorial Live Stock association, writes as follows:—

"You ask me to give you some evidence as to the value of using Shorthorn sires for the production of stocker cattle for the range. As a matter of fact, stock sired by dairy bulls are not wanted in this country at any price, while Herefords, Galloways and Aberdeen Angus cattle all made excellent range cattle. There can be no doubt whatever that to-day the Shorthorn is the favorite.

GRAY

Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using—

AYER'S Hair Vigor

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence."

Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON, Editor, Tex., April 24, 1890.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Address: Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The fact that out of 300 head of pure bred cattle offered at our recent sale, only one per cent. were of the dairy breeds, probably nine per cent. would cover all other breeds, except Shorthorns, and that the latter constituted 90 per cent of the total, appears to me to pretty well clinch the argument."

This should be good evidence as to the value of Shorthorn blood for St John Valley farms. The breed which will give good results at the pail and at the same time calves that are wanted by all beef feeders is likely to be the most profitable for the average farmer who is not in a position to make a specialty of dairying.

WEEKLY CHILDREN.

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, because they do not digest properly. Keep the child's digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother much trouble while it is growing up.

It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out caring for them day and night. All this is changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote digestion, they give sound, natural sleep, they keep baby bright and cheerful. They are good for older children, too, and cure all minor ailments. It costs only 25c to prove the truth of these statements—and you will be thankful afterwards.

Mrs Archibald Sweeney, Carleton, N. S., says: "I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets, and am more than pleased with the results. I can recommend them to every mother."

That's the way all mothers, who have used the Tablets, talk. That's the way you will talk if you will try them when your little ones are ailing. You can get the Tablets from any dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25c a box by writing the Dr Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Noon takes its name from the Latin word nono, the ninth hour which among the Romans was the time of eating the chief meal of the day.

Stomach Disorders and Backache

A sufferer for years entirely cured of old troubles by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

MR. HUBERT BERNHARDT, George St., Galt, Ont., states:—"I was troubled for years with kidney and liver derangements and stomach disorders, and suffered a great deal from pains in the back. My digestion was very poor, gas would form on my stomach, and I would often feel great distress after meals."

Ordinary medicine did not seem to suit my case at all, but I found Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills both prompt and thorough in their action. They have entirely cured me of my old troubles, my digestion is excellent, and I do not know what it is to have a pain in my back now. I can heartily recommend these pills as a splendid medicine for kidney and liver troubles and indigestion."

Because of their direct and combined action on kidneys, liver and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure where ordinary medicines fail, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, on every box.

Mr. Bernhardt medicine for kidney and liver troubles and indigestion.

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