



Makes Fat Vanish

Obesity Quickly and Safely Cured. No charge to Try the NEW KRESSLIN TREATMENT.

Just Send Your Address and a Supply will be Sent You FREE

I have such marvelous records of reductions in hundreds of cases with the Kresslin Treatment, that I have decided, for a limited period only to give free trial treatments. A reduction of 5 pounds a week guaranteed. No person is so fat but what it will have the desired effect, and no matter where the excess fat is located—stomach, bust, hips, cheeks, neck—it will quickly vanish without exercising, dieting or in any way interfering with your customary habits. No starving, no wrinkles or discomfort. Perfectly harmless; easy and quick results. Don't take my word for this; I will prove it to you, at my own expense. Rheumatism, Asthma, Kidney and Heart troubles leave as fat is reduced. Write to-day for free trial treatment and illustrated booklet on the subject; it costs you nothing. Address: Dr. J. Spillenger, Dept. 682 B, West 25th Street, New York City.



FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish discharges, Uteration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment.

a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: Mrs. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86.

WINDSOR, Ont.

HIDES AND RAW FURS

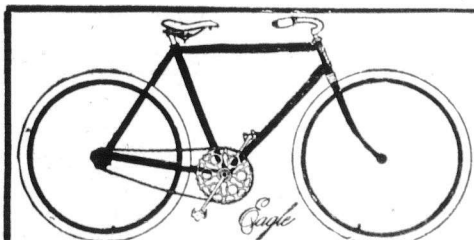
Our returns to shippers are the best advertisement we have.
Make us a trial shipment and become a permanent customer.

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

The Lightcap Hide & Fur Co, Ltd.

P.O. Box 1092

172-176 KING ST., WINNIPEG



\$26.00

EAGLE BICYCLE

Cut this ad. out and send to us with State whether you wish Men's or Ladies' Bicycle, height of frame and gear wanted, and we will send you this High grade Model Eagle Bicycle by express C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine it thoroughly at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented—A GENUINE EAGLE BICYCLE HIGH

GRADE 1908 MODEL—pay to the Express Agent the balance due—\$25.00—and express charges. The express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for each 500 miles. No extra charge for Ladies' Bicycles. EVERYONE KNOWS EAGLE BICYCLES are the highest grade wheels made; big favorites with best bicycle clubs; the leading wheel with professional riders. Built on honor, flush joints, finest hanger, hubs and bearings, highest grade equipment. Fitted with Dunlop double tube tires. Heights of frame—Men's—20, 22 and 24 in.—Ladies'—20 and 22 in. enameled black. New Departure Coaster Brake \$2.00 extra. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. Send for catalogue.

T. W. BOYD & SON, 27 NOTRE DAME ST. WEST, MONTREAL.

to pull up. The steeplejack drew up the rope, took it in his teeth, mounted the safety rope, hand over hand, until he was high enough to pass the other rope around the steeple. Then he made a slip-noose, hung on to the second rope with one arm and the grasp of both knees until he could unbuckle the belt and loose himself from the safety rope, and then slid down until he reached the ridge of the roof of the base of the steeple. Here he sat astride and waved his hand to the crowd. The cheer that went up then was heard a mile away!

It was an easy trip down the ladders by which the steeplejack had previously reached the base of the steeple, and in a very short time he stood on solid ground once more, and was grasping the hand of his fellow workman, the man who had known what to do and how to do it.

"But it might have been all day with you, Tom," said his friend, "if it hadn't been for the boy with the kite. Where is that kid? Come here, boy! Tom wants to show you what a man's handshake is like when he gives it to the fellow that's saved him from a horrible death."

Polly's Lesson.

By Alice V. L. Carrick

She was always forgetting something, this little Polly girl—her errands, her library books, or the things she had promised her mother she would surely do. And yet, when she did remember what she had forgotten, she was always so sorry and so willing to make amends that no one could be angry with her very long. But at last, after she had forgotten her arithmetic for the fourth time, the teacher, Miss Gray, said, "I am going to make a new rule. Any girl who forgets to bring her books or her lunch or her sewing must stay for an hour after school, and besides that, the class cannot have their story read aloud to them that day. So you will punish all the rest as well as yourself."

When Miss Gray said this, there was a sigh that ran all around the room, for the tale which was read aloud to them during the sewing hour was a very precious treat indeed. For a long time, that is, almost a week, things went well. No one forgot anything, and Miss Gray began to think that she had never planned anything better than this little scheme.

The trouble first began in the geography class. The children were looking at the map of Africa—Africa, that had always seemed so far away and so strange with its thick jungles, its deserts and its elephants. All they knew of it was summed up in the pictures at the beginning of the page—a ruined temple shaded with palm-trees, a tremendous elephant chasing a negro, and camels and the Pyramids. So when Polly eagerly waved her hand until Miss Gray could not help seeing, and said, "My brother has two stones that came from an African temple. Would you like me to bring them this afternoon to show to the class?" Miss Gray was very much pleased, and some of the other girls looked just a wee bit envious.

Mamie Taylor leaned far out in the aisle to whisper, "I don't believe you've got any such things."

But Polly was just too sure to argue. "You just wait until this afternoon," she replied, and then Miss Gray rapped on the desk, and said, "No more communication, please!"

When school was out Polly ran down the street as fast as she could. "O mother," she cried, as soon as she reached the sitting-room, "can I take them to school this afternoon? Those stones from the African temple that Ned has in his mineral cabinet?" She ran to open the cabinet door.

"These. These shiny ones," she said, holding up something that glittered. Her mother tried not to smile. "Little girl, I think that brother must have been joking. Those are only pieces of quartz that Ned picked up at grandpa's farm. Why, what's the matter?" she cried, for

Polly had broken out sobbing, "I wanted to take them with me this afternoon, and show them to the other girls!" she wailed. "I don't want to go back! I don't want to tell them!"

Mrs. Egerly had hard work to persuade a little, tearful, red-eyed girl who had eaten no dinner to pick up her satchel and return to school.

"Just tell Miss Gray that you were mistaken, and I'm sure she will not mind in the least," she told Polly.

But all the school children seemed to have come early that afternoon, and there was no chance to speak to Miss Gray. So Polly sat quietly unhappy in her seat, trying her best to be very busy and not to notice the little whispers, "Let us see them, Polly," that came from all the desks near her.

When Miss Gray said, "Now, children, you may open your geographies at page one hundred and four; we are going to study a little more about Africa this afternoon," Polly's heart sank way down, as far as a heart ever goes. Miss Gray went steadily on: "Polly has brought something to show us this afternoon, I think. Come, Polly, we are all ready to see the stones from the wonderful African temple you told us about."

Polly's face flushed harder than ever. "I haven't got them," she whispered, huskily.

"Haven't them?" asked the teacher; and then, because it was Polly, Polly who never remembered, she said, "How did you forget them? Stay after school, and, children, since one of the scholars has forgotten what she promised to bring, we can have no reading aloud to-day. Betty Judd, name the largest river in Africa."

The afternoon dragged just as the morning had, only at the end there was to be no happy running home, no thinking of showing her treasures to the other girls. But when the sewing time came, and there was no fairy-tale to make the long seams shorter, poor Polly's head went down on her desk, and the tears that she had kept back all the afternoon began to come. Miss Gray, who knew that the little girl's worst fault was forgetfulness, and was sure that the soft little heart was sorry already, went to sit by her.

"O Miss Gray," sobbed Polly, "they weren't stones from Africa! They weren't stones from anything at all except grandpa's farm in New Hampshire. Brother was just fooling with me, and I felt so ashamed that I couldn't tell you out loud before them all."

And Miss Gray, who remembered what it had felt like to be a little girl, said, smoothing her hair all the time, "Sha'n't we tell them, Polly, dear, and let them see that it was a mistake and not forgetfulness? Then they shall hear the story, and no one can blame you."

So Polly wiped her eyes, comforted already, and Miss Gray told the scholars about the mistake. After this Polly needed no further lesson, nor did anyone think of calling her "Miss Forgetfulness."

PETE, THE CIRCASSIAN HORSE

(Continued from Page 6.)

be long before Pete was a hairless attraction.

I was rubbing away with the brush at Pete's side when my father entered the barn. He walked around Pete and examined him carefully.

"Huh!" he said; "he looks better." He went out and a little later he returned with Miggs, our grocer, and before me he completed a bargain by which Miggs became the owner of the recent Circassian horse for fifteen dollars.

As my father rolled up the money and put it in his pocket, Miggs glanced around the barn, and his eye alighted on the currycomb.

"Does the currycomb go with the bargain?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" said my father very goodnaturedly. "Take it along!" And I had paid for it!