

ROOM ALL will make it as snow Dutch inser full directions on Can 101

A Commonsense Message of Cheer To People With Bad Complexions

All too many people try to cure pimples, skin blotches, and bad complexions without stopping to think what really is the cause of their affliction. In the majority of cases the reason lies in the fact that their systems do not get properly rid of the waste that accumulates in the human body. This waste accumulates and clogs in the lower intestines and generates poisonous matter, which is absorbed into the system, permeates the blood, and displays itself not only on the surface of the skin, but in various ways that cause illness more or less serious.

There is one common sense way to cure this, and it is not by the aid of drugs. Drugs give only temporary relief, and have to be constantly taken in increasing doses, and in the end make us slaves to the drug habit.

The scientific way, approved by physicians everywhere, and used by hundreds of people, is the internal bath, the simple treatment calling only for pure water. Does this not appeal to your common sense? If you are a sufferer from any of these troubles, profit by the experience of Wm. DeVoy, 703 Seventh Avenue, Lethbridge, Alberta, who tells his experience as follows:

"After using your J. B. L. Cascade I feel it my duty as a thankful patient to express my enthusiasm for the great blessing it has been to me. You cannot feel my emotions as I write this letter in praise of your great work; words fail to express my thankfulness for first learning of your Cascade. Previous to using it I could not go a day without a drug of some sort. Since using it I have not on my word of honor, swallowed five cents' worth of drugs. I spent over \$300 in two years previous to hearing of the J. B. L. Would that all the young men and women I see in this town with their faces covered with horrid, unsightly pimples use it. They would soon get rid of them as I did."

You owe it to yourself to learn more about this simple and remarkable treatment. Write to-day a personal letter if you wish, to Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Room 5614, 280 College Street, Toronto, and he will send you full particulars together with his free book, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient."

shook her head. 'I'm very sorry, but I can't possibly go,' she said. 'I am baking bread to-day, and I can't leave it. Josie can go, of course.'

"I had never seen mother look so disappointed. I knew how much she longed to see her old friend, and

Could Not Heal The Wound

For many years Dr. Chase's Ointment has had an enviable reputation as a means of healing ulcers, sores and wounds that refuse to yield to other treatments.

In this letter you will read of a case in which doctors failed to heal a wound made in operating. All sorts of treatments were tried in vain, until Dr. Chase's Ointment came to the rescue and made a cure.

Mr. G. E. Leslie, brakeman on the C. P. R., and living at Grand Falls, N.B., writes: "I have given Dr. Chase's Ointment a most severe test, and do not believe there is any treatment so successful as a healer of the skin. I was operated on for a tumor, with the result that a wound was left which refused to heal, in spite of many preparations tried. Dr. Chase's Ointment healed the wound rapidly. So thankful am I for the cure that I want others to know about this wonderful ointment."

mother never had any holidays. 'Mother, you must go,' I said. 'I will stay home and attend to the bread. You know I can do it as well as you. And I'm not a bit afraid to stay alone.'

"Mother protested at first, but in the end she yielded to our coaxings and went. Just before they left, Aunt Hannah unfastened a beautiful gold locket and chain which she always wore around her neck, and which I had greatly admired, and hung it around mine. 'You may wear it to-day as a reward of unselfishness,' she said with a kiss.

"I was as proud as a queen. It seemed too good to be true that I might wear that lovely locket all day. I had never had a bit of jewellery in my life, not even a pin. How I wished some of the schoolgirls could see me with the locket on! I'm afraid I made a shocking number of trips to my room that forenoon to look at myself in my small, cracked mirror.

"I was all alone, for father and the hired man had gone away for the day; but I was not at all frightened, for I had often stayed alone. I did all the chores up, and then, the bread being risen sufficiently, I went to work to mould it into loaves for baking. I was kneading a loaf into shape, singing away merrily, when a shadow darkened the doorway, and looking up I saw the most villainous-looking tramp I had ever seen—or have ever seen since, for that matter. Tramps were rare visitors at our place, for there was little to tempt them on the Brinsley Road.

"He slouched in with a muttered 'Good morning,' and sat down on a chair. I was dreadfully frightened; but I turned my back on him and went on kneading my loaf with cold, trembling hands. The thing I was most worried about was Aunt Hannah's locket. Had the tramp seen it when I turned around? If he had not, I might save it if I could hide it. But how could I hide it? To get anywhere I would have to turn around and pass him.

"All at once a thought occurred to me. Could I hide it in the bread? I put my hand up, gave the locket a stealthy but quick pull that broke the slender fastening of the chain, and the next moment I had it kneaded into the loaf. My heart beat until it hurt me, and I was very much afraid that the tramp might have seen what I had done. But I shaped the loaf carefully, laid it in the pan, and put it in the oven. When I had done this, I found myself trembling so violently that I could hardly stand.

"All this had happened in a very brief time. The tramp had evidently not seen the locket, and now he gruffly demanded something to eat. I was still much frightened, but not so anxious; for there was nothing else in the house worth stealing. I got him up as good a meal as I could, and he ate it greedily, as if he were very hungry. As for me, between my fear of him and my fear lest the baking should spoil Aunt Hannah's locket, I was a miserable, white-faced child, indeed, and well punished for the possible vanity of all those trips to the looking-glass.

There is nothing like a "Tea Pot" test at your own table to prove its sterling worth!

"SALADA"

TEA "Always and Easily the Best" BLACK, GREEN, or MIXED. Sealed Airtight Packages Only

"When he had finished eating, the tramp, without paying any further attention to me, began to slouch about the kitchen, peering into everything and opening boxes and cupboard doors. I dared not say a word, but sat and watched him like one fascinated. Then he went into my room and hunted all through it. Finally, he ransacked father's and mother's room, turning mother's neat bureau drawers and trunk inside out and scattering their contents about.

"All he found was a limp purse with a dollar in it. He took that, with a muttered oath over the smallness of the amount, and then he finally shuffled out and away.

"You can't imagine my relief when I found that he had really gone. The strain on my nerves had been such that I broke down and cried hysterically. I was still crying when Mrs. Murray, our nearest neighbour, happened in on an errand. 'Goodness, child! what's the matter, and what is burning?' she exclaimed.

"I had forgotten all about the bread. I rushed to the oven in dismay, and there was a blackened, ruined loaf! 'Oh, do you suppose Aunt Hannah's locket is spoiled?' I cried, miserably.

"What are you talking about? Have you gone crazy, Josie?" said mystified Mrs. Murray.

"I sobbed out my story. Mrs. Murray soothed and comforted me, promising to stay until mother came home. Then she took a knife and sawed open that awful loaf. In the centre we found the locket, unharmed and safe.

"Well, it was real cute of you to think of such a place to hide it, Josie," said Mrs. Murray. 'I never would have.'

"When mother and Aunt Hannah and Uncle Robert's folks came home and heard the story, they were not a little shocked. Mother declared she would never leave me alone again."

Shock Upset The Nerves

This letter from Mrs. Tweedle is interesting, because it shows how nervous trouble develops gradually from such derangements as stomach trouble, until prostration and locomotor ataxia or paralysis render the victim helpless.

It is even more important because it tells how the writer was cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the greatest of nerve restoratives.

Mrs. T. F. Tweedle, Brighton, Ont., writes: "For years I was troubled with the stomach, and have always been of a nervous temperament. The death of my husband was a great shock to me, and a few months later I was prostrated by nervous trouble. Locomotor ataxia developed later, and I was in a bad condition.

"I took treatment from different doctors, but did not gain until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. When I had used five boxes I was so fully restored that I was like a different person. I am sure that the Nerve Food is a good medicine, and have told many people about the remarkable way in which it has restored my health."

WORK THIS PUZZLE! SEND NO MONEY!!

FREE \$50. CASH PRIZE

ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 FOR NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT THREE STATES IN THE UNITED STATES ARE REPRESENTED by the above Three Sketches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or \$50 IN GOLD MONEY! Try it at once. It may be you.

Write the names of the States in a letter or postcard, giving your Name and Address

BRITISH PREMIUM CO. Dept. 46 Montreal, Canada.