

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery.



"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured."—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head Noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvellous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick result. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly, and cured to stay cured, at home, without investing a cent. Write to-day to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 177 1/2 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery absolutely free.

Repulsive Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches,



and all other forms of Acne are quickly and permanently eradicated by our reliable home remedies.

Acnetine and Dermo- Nervine

which act both externally and internally on the skin. A combination that cannot be beaten. Thousands have been cured, why not you? Price for both, \$1.50, postpaid.

Princess Dandruff Cure

clears the scalp of dandruff and scale. If the hair is falling, turning prematurely gray, or becoming lifeless, use

The Hiscott Hair Tonic

\$1.00 each, express paid.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, etc., eradicated for ever by our reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Remedies for all skin, scalp, hair and complexion trouble. Consultation free by mail. Send 10c. for booklet "F" and sample White Rose Cream.

Graham Dermatological Institute,
Dept. F. 502 Church Street, Toronto.

FREE to the RUPTURED A QUICK NEW CURE



I have made new and important discoveries in the cure of Rupture, and for the next thirty days will give every ruptured person who follows these directions a chance to try this remarkable home cure. **FREE.** Mark on the

picture the location of your Rupture, answer the questions, and mail this to DR. W. S. RICE, 95 Church St., Block 306, Toronto, Ont.

Age.....Time Ruptured.....

Does Rupture pain?.....

Do you wear a Truss?.....

Name.....

Address.....

High Wages, Constant Employment

Telegraph Operators are in Great Demand.
Learn in Shortest Time.
At smallest Cost.

The longest-established telegraph school in Canada. Send for free booklet, "K".
"Making of the Operator."

CANADIAN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY,
Corner of Queen and Yonge streets,
TORONTO.

\$12 WOMAN'S SUITS, \$5

Suits to \$15. Cloaks, raincoats, skirts and waists at makers' prices. Send for samples and fashion. Southcott Suit Co., Dept. 77 London, Can. Send for our catalogue, which tells everything you need.

ing lips pleaded for her more eloquently than any words.

The little man was visibly touched. "Ay, ay, lass, that's enough," he said, trying to avoid those big beseeching eyes which would not be avoided.

"Will ye no tell me?" she pleaded. "I canna tell ye, lass, for why, I dinna ken," he answered querulously. In truth, he was moved to the heart by her misery.

The girl's last hopes were dashed. She had played her last card and failed. She had clung with the fervor of despair to this last resource, and now it was torn from her. She had hoped, and now there was no hope. In the anguish of her disappointment she remembered that this was the man who, by his persistent cruelty, had driven her love into exile.

She rose to her feet and stood back. "Nor ken, nor care!" she cried bitterly.

At the words all the softness fled from the little man's face.

"Ye do me a wrang, lass; ye do indeed," he said, looking up at her with an assumed ingenuousness which, had she known him better, would have warned her to beware. "Gin I kent where the lad was I'd be the vairy first to let you, and the p'lice, ken it too; eh, Wullie! he!" He chuckled at his wit and rubbed his knees, regardless of the contempt blazing in the girl's face.

"I canna tell ye where he is noo, but ye'd aiblins care to hear o' when I saw him last." He turned his chair the better to address her. "'Twas like so: I was sittin' in this vairy chair it was, asleep, when he crep' up behind an' kep' on ma back. I knew naethin' o't till I found masel' on the floor an' him kneelin' on me. I saw by the look on him he was set on finishin' me, so I said—"

The girl waved her hand at him, superbly disdainful.

"Ye' ken ye're lyin', ivery word o't," she cried.

The little man hitched his trousers, crossed his legs, and yawned.

"An honest lee for an honest purpose is a matter any man may be proud of, as ye'll ken by the time ye're my years, ma lass."

The girl slowly crossed the room. At the door she turned.

"Then ye'll no tell me wher he is?" she asked with a heart-breaking trill in her voice.

"On ma word, lass, I dinna ken," he cried, half passionately.

"On your word, Mr. M'Adam!" she said with a quiet scorn in her voice that might have stung Iscariot.

The little man spun round in his chair, an angry red dyeing his cheeks. In another moment he was suave and smiling again.

"I canna tell ye where he is noo," he said, unctuously; "but aiblins, I could let ye know where he's gaein' to."

"Can ye? will ye?" cried the simple girl all unsuspecting. In a moment she was across the room and at his knees.

"Closer, and I'll whisper." The little ear, peeping from its nest of brown, was trembling, approached to his lips. The little man bent forward and whispered one short, sharp word, then sat back, grinning, to watch the effect of his disclosure.

He had his revenge, an unworthy revenge on such a victim. And, watching the girl's face, the cruel disappointment merging in the heat of her indignation, he had yet enough nobility to regret his triumph.

She sprang from him as though he were unclean.

"An' ye' has father!" she cried, in burning tones.

She crossed the room, and at the door paused. Her face was white again and she was quite composit.

"If David did strike you, you drove him to it," she said, speaking in calm, gentle accents. "Ye' know, none so well, whether ye've bin a good laddie to him, and him no mither, poor laddie! wether ye've bin to him what she'd ha' had ye' be."

Ask yer conscience, Mr. M'Adam. An' if he was a wee aggravatin' at times, had he no reason? He'd a heavy cross to bear, had David, and ye' know best if ye' heeded to ease i' for him."

The little man pointed to the door; but the girl paid no heed.

"D'ye' think when ye' were cruel to him, ye' o' and deem, he never felt it, because ye' was too proud to show ye'?" He'd a big soft heart, had David, herata the finish. Many's the time when

mither was alive, I've seen him throw himsel' into her arms, sobbin', and cry. 'Eh, if I had but mither!' 'Twas different when mither was alive; he was kinder to me then. An' noo I've no one; I'm alone.' An' he'd so' and sob in mither's arms, and she, weepin' hersel', would comfort him, while he, wee laddie, would no be comforted, cryin' broken-like, 'There's none to care for me noo; I'm alone, mither's left me and oh! I'm prayin' to be wi' her!'"

The clear, girlish voice shook. M'Adam, sitting with face averted, waved to her, mutely ordering her to be gone. But she held on, gentle, sorrowful, relentless.

"An' what'll ye' say to his mither when ye' meet her, as ye' must soon noo, and she asks ye', 'An' what o' David? What o' th' lad I left wi' ye', Adam, to guard and keep for me, faithful and true, till this Day?' And then ye'll ha' to speak the truth, Gof's truth; and ye'll ha' to answer, 'Sin' the day ye' left me I niver said a kin' word to the lad. I niver bore wi' him, and niver tri'd to. And in the end I drove him by persecution to try and murder me.' Then maybe she'll look at ye'—ye' best ken hoo— and she'll say, 'Adam, Adam! is this what I deserved fra ye'?'"

The gentle, implacable voice ceased. The girl turned and slipped softly out of the room; and M'Adam was left alone to his thoughts and his dead wife's memory.

"Mither and father, baith! Mither and father, baith!" rang remorselessly in his ears.

(To be continued.)

Children's Corner.

The Dearest Dolls.

Miss Winifred Evelyn Constance McKee invited our dolls to an afternoon tea.

"But don't bring them all, for my table is small.

Just each little girl bring her dearest," said she.

I felt in my heart it would not be polite

To take my poor Rosa—she's grown such a fright!

She's blind in one eye, And her wig's all awry,

For she sleeps in my bed with me all through the night.

I explained to dear Rosa just why she must stay,

And I dressed Bonniebell in her finest array;

And then, do you know,

When the time came to go,

I snatched up my Rosa and ran all the way!

And what do you think?—of the six dolls that came

There were four that were blind, there were two that were lame!

And each little mother

Explained to some other,

"She's old, but I love her the best just the same!"

Country Life. An Essay

I claim the country is much nicer than the city for many reasons. One of the most important of these is the beautiful scenery. In the fall, when the leaves are turning yellow, they look beautiful with their bright foliage. All summer long we have beautiful flowers—beginning in May with the May flowers and lillies, and ending in the fall with the gay goldenrod and daisies. What beautiful sights the woods have any fine day in summer! Who does not enjoy the scenery of country life? There are more sports in the country than in the city. Imagine the fun of going to help work and make maple sugar! Many city people have never been to a sugaring-off. Who does not enjoy having a romp through the woods gathering flowers? There is nut-gathering, which is lots of fun. Lots of people make money selling their nuts. The most common nuts are: hickory-nuts, walnuts, chestnuts and butternuts. In the winter, you can have the sport of hunting rabbits and foxes. Football, too, is another good game. Another advantage of the country is that it is healthier because of the open air. As a rule, the country children are much more sturdy and healthy than the city children. Most cities are dreadfully smoky.

A Cold Finds Your Weak Spot

THE BRONCHIAL TUBES AND LUNGS ARE PROTECTED AGAINST THE EVIL EFFECTS OF COLDS BY

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

You can never tell just what form a cold will take, but you may be sure it will search out your weakest organ. With some it assumes a catarrhal nature and affects the head principally; with others it becomes bronchitis and there sets in a hard cough and severe chest pains. Then, again, it often leads to inflammation of the lungs, consumption, pneumonia or may settle on the kidneys or bowels.

Because colds do not always prove serious some people take chances with them, but the risk is great. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is intended for people who want assurance against serious results from colds.

This great medicine has absolutely proven its extraordinary control over coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and all such ailments, and for this reason has a place in the great majority of homes.

Mr. John Clark, coachman, Port Hope, Ont., writes: "Being exposed to all sorts of weather, I frequently catch cold. Last winter I was so bad with a cold that I could not speak above a whisper, and had great pains in the chest. At last I feared it would develop into consumption if I did not succeed in getting proper treatment. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, and I began to improve before I had taken half a bottle. One bottle cured my cold, which, I believe, would have proven very serious if I had not used this medicine."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25c. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe-book author, are on every bottle.

You cannot possibly have
a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA
Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers
in 1/2-lb. and 1-lb. Tins.

Farm Help

If you want help for the farm for the season or the year, write the Provincial Bureau of Colonization for form of application. No fees.

Thomas Southworth,
Director of Colonization,
TORONTO.

Wanted to Buy.
A few general purpose sheep. L. H. Burne, Tillsonburg, Ont.