

I Cured My Rupture

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me today.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 239 Waterford, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....

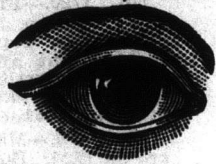
Address.....

Eyesight Restored

Eyeglasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable, through this grand discovery.



F. W. Brooks, Beauchene, P. Q., Canada, writes: "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using 'Actina' less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever."

Amanda G. Dumphy, Nashwaak Village N. B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes: "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. 'Actina' is purely a home treatment, and is self-administered. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$8.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Ladies and Gents.—I will write your fortune with pen picture of the person you should marry and send letter introducing the right one. Send me your birth-dates, sex and 25c. silver. PROF. FABRONI, Toledo, Ohio.

The Children.

Betty's Dream—A Bedtime Story.

It was Betty's bedtime, and like many other little girls, she did not want to go to bed at all, but Aunt Janet knew that the little feet were tired, so she gently took off the shoes and stockings, wondering as she did how many miles those ten pink toes had travelled that day.

On went the white nightgown, and you never could imagine a sweeter little girl than Betty in her nightgown. That's what Aunt Janet thought as she took her up and began to rock.

"Now tell me a story, Aunt Janet, a real, true one, about the flower fairies—the ones you read about in my little book," said Betty.

So Aunt Janet told her how the flower-ers came from tiny brown seeds that were put in the ground, the rain watered them, and the sun kissed them, until they grew into beautiful flowers. And these flowers were like fairies, sent to brighten the earth and make people glad; for, when the flowers bloom, the whole earth sings with gladness.

She told her how the leaves and the tiny blades of grass were Nature's fairies, and that tomorrow she must look at the pansies under the window and see if they didn't look like a lot of little people going to a party. Softly Betty's eyelids began to close, and she sailed away at the close of the day to the fairies of fairytown, in a boat which was made of a new silver moon, and rowed by a little moon-fay.

When the boat reached the shores of Slumber Town all the fairies came running out to meet them and Betty clapped her hands with delight. One fairy was a lily, all dressed in white; another was a rose; then came the pansy with her sister, the modest violet. Little Back-eyed Susan and the daffodil came running out all dressed in yellow. They kept coming until there were so many you could hardly count them; for all the flower fairies were there, to greet the little maiden.

"She shall be our queen," said the rose fairy. "Aye! aye!" said all the others in chorus. Thus it happened that one put a wreath upon her head, and another gave her a wand of beautiful flowers to hold. Her dress was made of white lily leaves, and her jewels were dewdrops which had been kissed by the rose.

So they danced and played until the light of the stars was beginning to fade. Then one of the fairies whispered to this little queen that she must go back again to her own land before daylight came. So Betty stepped into the boat which was made of the new silver moon, and together with the rose and the black-eyed Susan, they went sailing away at the dawn of day through the shadows of fairy land.

The next morning when Betty awoke she said, "Oh! Aunt Janet, I saw the fairies last night and went riding with them in their little boat, and they all went away."

Aunt Janet laughed and said she guessed it must have been the dream fairies that sometimes good little girls see when they go to sleep quickly.



BEDTIME NOW!

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

"Little leaves, go to bed!" said the Wind through the trees, "If you stay out so long you will certainly freeze! I come from the north, and know what I know—Some one's coming this way with a capful of snow!"

Loud murmured the leaves, all a-flutter with dread, "O dear, Mother Tree, did you hear what he said? But the sun is so bright and the sky is so blue—He was teasing us, mother, it couldn't be true!"

"Why, 'twas only last week that we changed our green gown For this beautiful mixture, red, yellow and brown. Go to bed in these clothes! It just couldn't be done! Please tell us, dear mother, 'twas just the Wind's fun!"

The Tree shook her head, and 'tis sad but 'tis true, Though she shook it so gently, a stray leaf or two Grew fiddy and fell, and the Wind laughed, "Ho-ho!" And gaily he fluttered them out in a row.

"Come on!" called the Wind, and he swept a low bow, "You'll have to come soon, so you'd better come now. Never mind your gay dress. What's a crease or a tear? In the scheme of creation it's not here nor there!"

They fell and they fell, and they covered the ground. And the Wind caught them up and he danced them around. And he laughed a "Good Night!" as he clapped them in bed, But the leaves were too sleepy to hear what he said.



THE CRADLE SONG.