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You need for the
**Complexion,
Hair, Scalp,
Hands, Etc.**



We can't tell you here all we would like to tell about our delightful creams, unguents, lotions and ointments to preserve the hair, the skin, the hands and figure; to clear the complexion of tan, freckles, moth patches and discolorations; to cure pimples, blackheads and other skin troubles; to remove lines and wrinkles and restore a fading skin. Our booklet "W" is for that purpose. It and a sample of Toilet Cream will be sent on request.

Princess Skin Food

Is one of our most popular preparations. Its use prevents and removes lines and wrinkles, feeds the tissues, makes the skin firm and restores a faded complexion. Price, \$1.50 post-paid.

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Restores grey and faded hair to its original color in ten days. Is not greasy or sticky, clear as water, contains no injurious ingredients. For hair not more than one-half grey. Price, \$1.00, delivered.

We have excellent home treatment for **Falling Hair, Dandruff, Psoriasis of the Skin and Scalp Eczema, Salt-Rheum, etc.**

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"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 results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 5786 Bank Bldg., Peoria Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.



Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb. Cartons.

and gossip find a place in my home. The old rule for speaking of the dead—"Nil Nisi bonum"—is equally good for the living, and it may be that a kind word fitly spoken can accomplish more than bitter invective and angry reproach. I wish the life in my neighborhood to be sweet and lovely. I am glad to know that it will be even according to my wish, for have I not wished it sincerely with my whole heart?

THE RESOLUTIONS OF YOUTH.

1. I am resolved to be pure in thought. I know that as one thinketh in his heart so is he. It was only St. Agnes who had a vision of the Bridegroom, and oily Sir Galahad, the pure in heart, who saw the Holy Grail. It is promised to the pure in heart that they shall see God. So I will that during the year my mind shall entertain all that is beautiful and true and righteous. My chiefest prayer is not for fame, for wealth, for luxury, but simply this: "God make me beautiful within."

2. I am resolved to be correct in speech. I know how precious is the gift of words. I know that evil communications corrupt good manners. I know what comes from idle words, from words of harshness, from biting sarcasm, from idle scolding. I can make room for none of these in my life. I know that there is nothing more vulgar than the coarse in speech, nothing more repellent than the smart, the clever, the showy. My speech must be musical, my words well chosen, my syllables well spoken. I shall set up as my ideal the poet's dream—"Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low. How excellent a thing in woman." I am determined that come what may I shall command respect because of my spoken utterance. If I fail it will not be because my words are ill-chosen, and my manners of expression open to rebuke. I have wished it with my whole heart and because I have wished it, it will come to pass.

3. I am resolved to be right indeed. "By their fruits ye shall know them." I will that during the year I may be known for my acts of kindness and mercy. The little children must love me because I am patient and gentle, the companions of my youth must respect me because I am unselfish and helpful, old age must honor me because I am thoughtful and respectful. To my parents I must commend myself by gracious speech and loving thought, yet above all by little acts of sympathy. To ease a mother's burden will be my care, to lighten a father's anxiety will be my privilege. So may I be a blessing in my little world. This is my resolve. My whole heart has willed it. It shall be even as I wished.—Amen.

THE HAPPINESS OF THIS WORLD.

To have a cheerful, bright, and airy dwelling-place,
With garden, lawns, and climbing flowers sweet;
Fresh fruits, good wine, few children; there to meet

A quiet, faithful wife, whose love shines through her face.

To have no debt, no lawyer's feud; no love but one,
And not too much to do with one's relations.

Be just, and be content. Nought but vexations

Arise from toadying the great, when all is done

Live well and wisely, and for grace petition;

Indulge devotion to its full fruition; Subdue your passions—that is the best condition.

Your mind untrammelled, and your hearth in Faith;

While at your business give your prayers breath;

This is to rest at home, and calmly wait for death. Translation.

WHICH?

It is often embarrassing to me to know whom to be the more grateful to—my mother or my father, for my room habits. When I was ten years old they gave me a room to myself.

(Wise, wise parents!) Of course, they furnished it—a bed, bureau, washstand, table, one chair and a shoe box, curtain and rug. There was also a closet. "Nothing else goes in," said they, "but what you want and mostly can get yourself." Never mind what went in. I would be ashamed to tell any one—except a fellow of ten or twelve years. But my father always advised me to put nothing in permanently that did not mean something to me. He advised me to keep my ball things there and my skates and all of my outdoor traps, and, as I got older, he helped me to set up a wall exerciser and a punching-bag. Hurrah for dad! And all these years I have followed along the line of his advice, too. So that now, just by habit, I must have things where I can put my hand on them when wanted.

I have a cousin who also has his own way in his room. I never go in it but I wish, just for a moment, that mine was like it, even now; nothing in the same place twice; can't see the walls for the hodgepodge of pictures, flags, pipes, and what not. There's something different about that room and about my cousin. He always smells of tobacco and gives up without a struggle trying to find the book he wants, and sits cross-legged on the bed to write letters. He's a happy-go-lucky sort of chap who won't ever amount to anything, but he certainly takes life easily. Yet, when I get back to my room I feel grateful to my parents, only—I don't know which is entitled to the most gratitude.

A TIMELY WARNING.

"And was there no quarreling or snapping or sulking during the whole trip? Travelling is such a test of temper!"

"There were no quarrels," said the returned traveller, "though once, I'll admit, we were in the mood for them."

"We had coached twenty miles in a cold drizzle, with the prospect of ten more in a downpour, or missing the prettiest part of our little coaching tour,—for we couldn't wait over,—and we were feeling chilly and cross and tired and disappointed. The inn was poor, the table meager, and our talk was doleful and recriminatory, and full of warnings of neuralgia, tonsillitis and influenza. Then an old lady and a meek girl entered and sat down at our table.

"Now, aunt," said the girl, pleasantly, "in half a minute you'll have that cup of hot tea you've been longing for." "Half an hour, more likely!" snapped aunt. "They're always slow in these country inns. Idiots!"

"There was a pause then the girl ventured timidly:

"Don't you think the storm is abating a little, aunt?"

"It's pouring worse than ever," announced aunt, firmly. "Can't you see it? Can't you hear it? Absurd!"

"Silence followed until the arrival of the tea, when the niece, passing a steaming cup, risked the innocent remark:

"There! That smells good."

"I haven't observed how it smells," remarked the old lady, acidly, as she raised the cup, "but it tastes nasty."

"Presently, having sufficiently browbeaten her niece and bullied the servants, she turned to us.

"Coached over in the rain, didn't you?" she inquired, abruptly. "What folly! Don't you expect to catch your deaths?"

"It was my sister who rose to the occasion. She swept a twinkling and expressive glance round our observant party, and replied with grave politeness:

"We did, madam, a short time ago; but speaking for myself, I begin once more to entertain hopes of living."

"Humph!" snorted the old woman, leaning over to pinch her damp dress. "Pneumonia at least!"

"But do you know, she did us a world of good. We cheered up, recovered our tempers, and began to enjoy ourselves at once. The gayer we grew the more she gloomed; but the more she gloomed, the gayer we grew. Generally I believe in good examples rather than awful warnings, but once in a great while an awful warning happens at just the right time to be of use. She did!"

Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

To Help Women Who Suffer

Some time ago it was announced in these columns that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.



In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent \$125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for awhile longer at least.

This is the simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of female diseases, displacements, falling of the womb, irregularities, painful periods, leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration and tumors; also pains in the head, back and bowels, nervousness, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman suffering, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day; not necessary to write a letter, simply send this notice with your name and address at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, 7.61 Miller Building, Kokomo, Indiana.

Send only 10 cents.

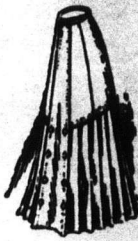
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