

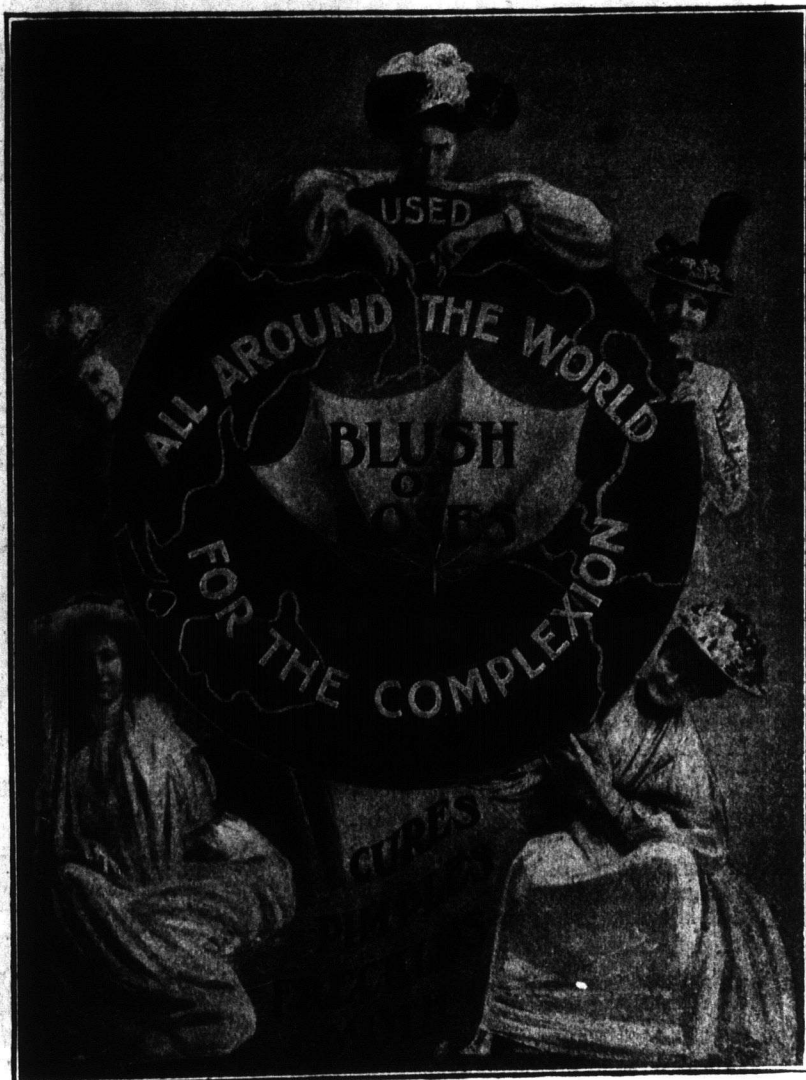
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

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Ladies! Better Than Powder



Costs less than one cent a day for a beautiful complexion. The most perfect face preparation and skin beautifier. Whitens the face soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. Blush of Roses is as clear as water; no sediment to clog the pores; it takes the shine from the face, removes all impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure, harmless face preparation made. Blush of Roses will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver-spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Remember this, no matter how dark, rough or sallow your complexion may be you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. It is fine to use after shaving. When used in place of powder a bottle lasts six months. Interesting circular free.

FOR TRIAL A full-sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c.
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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
TORONTO and WINNIPEG

Abolish the Truss Forever

Do Away With Steel and Rubber Bands That Chafe and Pinch
You know by your own experience the truss is a mere makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and that it is undermining your health. Why, then, continue to wear it?



Stuart's PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging in" or grinding pressure. Soft as Velvet—Flexible—Easy to Apply—inexpensive. Continuous day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of people have gone before an officer qualified to acknowledge oaths, and swore that the Plapao-Pads cured their rupture—some of them most aggravated cases of long standing. It is reasonable that they should do the same for you. Give them a chance.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED
Trial Plapao and illustrated book on rupture. Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended, so the rupture can't come down. No charge for it, now or ever; nothing to be returned. Write today—NOW. Address, Plapao Co. Block 696 St. Louis, Mo.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

"Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha' couthlie deal wi' the mitherless bairn."
—William Thomas.

"At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
'I'll help you across, if you wish to go.'"

"She's someboy's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,
And someone, sometime, may lend a hand
To help my mother—you understand?—
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away."
—Anon.

The imagination of her children has ever loved to play around the image of the mother. Cowper has endeared himself to us in his "Lines on the Receipt of My Mother's Picture."

"Oh, that those dear lips had language!
Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smile I see—
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away.'"

With delicate touch Ellen Louise Moulton has pictured her mother's face—

"How shall I here her placid picture paint
With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;
And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint."

More beautiful only by its smile is Alice Cary's—

A lady—the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon—you must paint for me.
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words,
Yet one word tells you all I would say:
She is my mother. You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away."

Not alone a picture, but anything that suggests "Mother" has been inspirational in its hallowed memories. Mother's chair! the honored guest of how many firesides.

"I love it, I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears, I've embalmed it with sighs.

'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell?—a mother sat there!
A sacred thing is that old arm-chair."
—Eliza Cook.

To His Mother's Spindle

"And when Death beheld
Her tribulation, he fulfilled his task,
And to her trembling hand and heart at once
Cried 'Spin no more.—Thou then wert left half filled
With this soft downy fleece, such as she wound
Through all her days, she could spin so well.
Half filled wert thou—half finished when she died!
Half finished? 'Tis the motto of the world!
We spin vain threads, and strive, and die
With sillier things than spindles on our hands!"
—Rosa B. Plamondon.

And mother's room, which had been long untouched

"I'm awfully sorry for poor Jack Roe:
He's the boy that lives with his aunt, you know,
And he says his house is filled with gloom
Because it has got no 'mother's room.'"
—Mary D. Brine.

There is in a boy's conception of his mother a note so spontaneous as to supply in enthusiasm what it lacks of the true appreciation into which only the years can initiate him.

"My Mother, she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!
Can't any bcy be good as her."
—Riley.

"By my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss!
Whatever Time detroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel."
—Washington Allston.

"Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!"
—Thomas Hood.

With what childlike simplicity and bubbling affection Heine recalls his dear old mother—

"How swiftly speeds each rolling year!
Since I have seen my mother dear.
Twelve years have passed away; the longer I wait,
My yearning grows the stronger."

"My yearning's growing evermore;
That woman has bewitch'd me sore!
Dear, dear old woman! with what fever I think of her! May God preserve her!"

"The dear old thing in me delights,
And in the letters that she writes
I see how much her hand is shaking,
Her mother's heart, how nearly breaking!"

"My mother's ever in my mind;
Twelve long, long years are left behind,
Twelve years have followed on each other
Since to my heart I clasped my mother."

"For Country I less should care
If my dear mother were not there:
My fatherland will never perish
But she may die, whom I most cherish."

But it is Kipling who, with the simplicity of genius, says—all!

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

"If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!"

Just a Trifle

"What is your idea of absent-mindedness?" asked Dick, who was somewhat troubled with the malady.

"Well," Jack sought for an illustration, "if a man thought he'd left his watch at home, and took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it, I should say he was a little inclined to be absent-minded."

A long-headed Scotsman had won a six-to-one bet on the horses. The sporting man begrudgingly handed him seven sovereigns. The Scot looked at each one very carefully before placing them in his pocket.

"Well," said the bookie, with a snarl, "are you afraid they're bad?"

"Oh, no," said the Scotsman; "but I was just lookin' to mak' sure the bad 'un I gae'd be wisna among them."

When a surgical operation is necessary in removing warts if Holloway's Corn Cure be used.