

Dizzy and Faint Spells

Are Warnings of Heart Trouble That Should Be Heeded.

Those feelings of weakness, those dizzy spells and "all gone" sinking sensations, which come over some people from time to time are warnings that must not go unheeded. They indicate an extremely weakened condition of the heart and a disordered state of the nerves.

Those who are wise will start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills before their case becomes hopeless. They have no equal for strengthening the heart and invigorating the nerves.

Mrs. Emil Brooks, Upper Gagetown, N.B., writes:—"All last summer and winter I had dizzy and weak spells, headaches and fainting and blind spells. A friend recommended Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to me. I had only taken two boxes when I found great relief. I highly recommend them to all who suffer from heart trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It To-day.

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Woman and the Home

MOTHER O' MINE

Gertrude Morrison

"It is a wonderful thing, a mother;
Other folks can love you,
But only your mother understands you.
She works for you,
Looks after you,
Loves you,
Forgives you anything you may do,
Understands you, and then the
Only bad thing she ever does to you
Is to die and leave you."
—Baroness von Hutten.

That mothers have ever had their day in the hearts of their children has called forth verse tenderly reverent, warm with love for the living, passionate in its cause for grief. Julian Fane, who collaborated with "Owen Meredith," was accustomed to write a sonnet to his mother upon her birthday.

Ad Matrem: March 13, 1862

"Off in the after days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human
view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep beneath the daisies and the
dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy
face;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic
hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds
of grace.
Oh, may they then, who crown thee with
true bays,
Saying, 'What love unto her son she
bore!'"

Make this addition to thy perfect praise:
Nor yet was mother worshipped more!
So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honored
name."

Of the last of these—that dated in 1870, Lord Lytton says, in his "Life of Fane": "On the evening of the 12th of March, 1870, his physical suffering was excessive. The following day was the birthday of his mother. She found what she dared not, could not, anticipate. There lay upon the table a letter with two sonnets. They were the last words ever written by Julian Fane."

Ad Matrem: March 13, 1870

"When the vast heaven is dark with ominous clouds
That lower their gloomful faces to the earth;
When all things sweet and fair are cloaked in shrouds
And dire calamity and care have birth;
When furious tempests strip the woodland green,
And from bare boughs the hapless songsters sing;
When Winter stalks, a spectre, on the scene
And breathes a blight on every living thing;
Then, when the spirit of man, by sickness tried,
Half fears, half hopes, that death be at his side,
Out leaps the sun, and gives him life again.
O mother, I clasped Death; but seeing thy face,
Leapt from his dark arms to thy dear embrace."

George Washington Bethune, the son of parents eminent for their piety and philanthropy, himself an eminent divine, wrote a touching "Memoir of Mrs. Bethune," his mother—

"I've pored o'er many a yellow page
Of ancient wisdom, and have won.
Perchance, a scholar's name; but sage
Or bard have never taught thy son
Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
As those his Mother's faith shed o'er his youth."

From the control voice in that sincere reverence, men have given way to grief that swept their hearts as they stood by the grave of a mother, to the longing from which even the most restrained are not exempt.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller.

A Mother -Song

"Mother, O Mother! forever I cry for you.
Sing the old song I may never forget;
Even in slumber I murmur and sigh for you,
Mother, O Mother!
Sing low, 'Little brother,
Sleep, for thy mother bends over thee yet!'"

"Mother, O Mother! the years are so lonely
Filled out with weariness, double, and regret!
Can't you come back to me—for tonight only,
Mother, my Mother!"
—Riley

"Backward, turn backward, O Time,
Your flight;
Make me a child again just for tonight;
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."
—Elizabeth Akers.

"Preach on of woe; the time hath been
I'd praise the world with shadeless brow:
The dream is broken—I have seen
A mother die—I'm silent now."
—Eliza Cook.

"There's the dear old home once more,
And there's mother at the door—
Dead, I know, for thirty year,
Yet she singin', and I hear."
—Riley.

"I never shall forget the summer day
When mother died. If I but close my eyes
It all comes back to me, as, after dreams
Remembrance of them haunts our waking hour.
I hear the low, soft twitter of the birds
Whose nest was hidden in the cherry tree
Beside the window, as they talked about
Their little brood. I hear the summer wind—
—I used to sit and think
Of what must be—I saw dear mother's face
Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades
In the gray distance, and I knew full well
In the gray drifting out upon the tide

The robin by his nest sang all at once.

Who shall say
He did not hear some echo of the song
The angels sang when mother went away,
And sang because the music was so sweet
That he could not be silent? Ah, who knows?"
—Eben Eugene Rexford

"There was a gathered stillness in room:
Only the breathing of the great sea rose
From far off, aiding that profound repose.
With regular pulse and pause within the gloom
Of twilight, as if some impending doom
Was now approaching—I sat moveless there,
Watching with tears and thoughts that were like prayer,
Till the hour struck,—the thread dropp'd from the loom;
And the Bark passed in which freed souls are borne.
The dear stilled face lay there; that sound forlorn
Continued; I rose not, but long sat by:
And now my heart oft hears that sad sea-shore
When she is in the far-off land, and I
Wait the dark sail returning yet once more."
—William Bell Scott.

We need that pain, ever potential, if as yet happily unrealized, to attain the universality of soul that looks out for the "Mitherless Bairn," "Somebody's Mother," the silent mothers. Jean Paul has said, "Blessed is the man whose mother has made all mothers beautiful."



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