

Does YOUR Face "Break Out?"



If so, why not have it cured? We've been engaged for over eighteen years successfully treating bad complexions, curing skins spotted and blotched with boils, pimples, blackheads, pustules, and all forms of acne.

IF YOUR NOSE IS RED

And you've tried everything in the hope of clearing it, write now, or call and see us regarding

OUR HOME TREATMENT

It positively cures. We care not how chronic the trouble is. We don't make empty statements about our remedies, but state positive facts.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Moles, Warts, Red Veins, "Cowlicks," etc., destroyed absolutely by our reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured in each case. Booklet "F" mailed free to any address, with sample of toilet cream.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute
61 College St., Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Stewart's Pure Condition Powders

**MAKES STRONG,
HEALTHY STOCK.**

Horses, cattle, hogs and poultry, not a stock food, but a scientific blending of roots, herbs and barks; makes good solid flesh naturally, not artificially; does not bloat; acts directly on digestive organs. Costs less, by increasing nourishment from food given. Makes pure blood, and cleanses the system. Try it for scratches, stocking-coughs, colds, distemper, indigestion, worms, bots and skin disease.

If not satisfied, your money back.

The standard for over 30 years. Large can 50 cts., prepaid. Send for our veterinary booklet.

At most dealers, or
**PALMER
MEDICAL CO.,
Windsor, Ontario.**

Hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
—Tennyson.

The Garden of a Com- muter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Oh, I didn't go over on purpose, dear child," said father, quite innocently, drawing me down for his twenty-five kisses. "I often make my trip to the hospital early to take them unawares. It is well, you know, sometimes. Yes, to be sure, this is rather earlier than usual, but then, daughter, I wanted to have a longer day with my children at home."

Meanwhile Delia brought in the coffee biggin and lit the lamp (I make the coffee, Martha being too thoroughly steeped in English tea-making to compass the mystery). Still Evan did not sit down, but fidgeted about by the window.

Seeking the cause, I too looked out, and there on the piazza was what at a glance seemed to be the stock in trade of a nurseryman, all arranged systematically. There were bags of bulbs, rows of prickly though leafless roses with their roots tied in balls of moss, topless herbaceous plants, only identifiable by their labels; a line of well-grown shrubs leaned against the house, their roots also protected with moss, while in the walk, quite safe and sound reposed the sundial. Evan had not only unpacked and sorted the modest supply of things I had ordered, but supplemented them by those which he knew we should need, and, being slow of growth, ought to be planted without delay.

Father and Evan are never so handsome or happy as when they have planned a surprise for me, and as they are doing this almost every day, you can easily judge of the personal appearance and temper of my two lovers without further description.

In order to give each his due, I pushed over three chairs close together on one side of the table, and sat in the middle one myself.

When the second part of the breakfast should have appeared, a lull occurred, unnoticed at first, there was so much to talk about. However, as we all wished to go out, after a reasonable time I rang for Delia, who had disappeared, and told her to serve the steak.

She opened her mouth to speak, changed her mind, went into the pantry, where I heard whispering. In a moment Martha Cokle appeared in the doorway, her hands clasped over a faultless white apron, her bosom heaving.

A shocked expression jarred her countenance as she saw us all in a bunch on one side of the table, as if blown there by a storm. I must acknowledge that we were not behaving in a conventional British breakfast manner. Evan had stuck roses in my hair, and I had put one in every buttonhole of his velvet coat, which he wore over a sweater, while a single bud was tucked over father's nearest ear—a fact of which he was blissfully unconscious, as he gave Martha the kindly and fraternal smile with which he invariably greeted her over the top of his paper, having refrained from handshaking since the night of our arrival.

"The steak is gone, Mrs. Evan, stole and gone, ma'am, by what ways it isn't for me to say. It was as fine a cut as ever I've handled, leastwise in this 'ouse. Two and a quarter in weight, without the end that I always trims off for the soup stock, Mrs. Evan. It was there when I cast my eye through the ice-chest after last night's dinner; this mornin' it was gone."

"Could the dogs have helped themselves to it?" suggested Evan, chuckling at Martha's perturbation. "You might have taken it out without thinking and left it on the table, you know," he said to her. "I remember once long ago that you rowed a lot about my taking a cold fowl and a ham shank to make a feast for some boating chaps, and my mother reminded you that we ate them the day before in a pie!"

"Mr. Evan, a sober woman doesn't so mistake herself twice. That was when I was but fresh widowed and my prospects gone, and I well remember how it turned me about. It was twenty years—"

"Yes, but now—and the meat, that is the question. Cook us some eggs, and we'll track the steak later."

"Mr. Evan, sir, I can't deal with eggs until I'm cleared of that steak." Then, lowering her voice, "I do think that terrier, Pat, is the likeliest to have ate it, though Delia says it was those hinnercent 'ounds."

Mrs. Cokle spoke with unusual correctness for one of her class, only lapsing when under great excitement.

"Mrs. Evan, ma'am, in my 'umble opinion, Pat is the only one of the dogs tricky enough to make way with meat and dish besides," she added, as a convincing argument.

"The dish!" I cried. "No dog would take the dish."

"Yes, Mrs. Evan, the dish is gone, a plate of one of the old kitchen set, of whom there's but a few left, with a blue picture drawn out on it."

"Steak gone, plate, picture?" queried father, suddenly emerging from behind his paper and dropping it, while a flush struggling with a half-guilty, half-confused expression, crossed his face.

"Well, Barbara, that is, you see—the fact is—I took that steak last night, and forgot to replace it. I've been visiting that poor Baker woman who is so run down and has a cough. You know her, Barbara; she used to sew here, sometimes—but born a lady, and with the sensitiveness of one. She needs meat. Cheap slops and medicine won't build her up; but she is too poor to buy it, and it would offend her if I offered her money or ordered meat direct from the butcher."

"Last night as I was going out I looked in the ice-chest for some little knick-knack that I could carry her as a home product, you know—quite a different thing, I take it, from food purchased on purpose. The steak was exactly the thing she needed—would last her three days; and that old blue plate she was sure to recognize as ours, so I took them together, and forgot to mention it or buy another steak. You see, my dear, you understand?"

Of course I did, of course Martha Cokle did not; but appreciating a man's property rights in his own ice-chest and contents, she retreated, technically if not entirely satisfied, and sent us in irreproachable poached

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

EXCLUSIVE breeder of pure Barred Rocks. High-class stock for sale at reasonable prices. Leslie Kerns, Freeman, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Snow-white Leghorns, cockerels and pullets, highest-scoring quality, single-combed. Robt. Hughes, Ideal Poultry Yards, Collingwood, Ontario.

FEATHERS WANTED—We buy Goose, Duck, Chicken, and Turkey Feathers; highest prices paid. Write for price-list. The Imperial Waste & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

FOR SALE—Imported White Wyandotte Cockerels. From Goodes, winners of many firsts and special prizes. William Rummy, Nelson, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Toulouse Geese, two dollars and twenty-five cents each. (Order quick.) Emerson Tufts, Welland, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Bronze Turkeys, won first, second and third prizes, London Show. Also choice Partridge Wyandottes. R. G. Rose, Glanworth, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Cocks and Cockerels, R.-O. Rhode Island Reds, Buff Orpingtons, S.-L. Wyandottes, W. Wyandottes, R.-C. Brown Leghorns, S.-C. White Leghorns. Prices, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Also a few choice Leghorn Pullets. W. H. Furber, Dunganon Poultry-yards, Cobourg.

RHODE ISLAND REDS of high quality; also Single-comb Brown Leghorns (Becker's strain). W. J. Bunn, Spruce Grove Poultry-yards, Blir, Ontario.

WANTED—New-laid Eggs, Butter and Poultry. I guarantee the highest market prices. W. J. Falle, Prince Albert Ave., Westmount, Montreal, Que.



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

CHEESE FACTORY FOR SALE—In good dairy district; well equipped; everything in good repair. For particulars apply to: J. A. Thistles, St. Paul's, Perth Co.

FOR SALE—Iron, Pipe, Pulleys, Belting, Rails, Chain, Wire Fencing, Iron Posts, etc.; all sizes very cheap. Send for list, stating what you need. Agents wanted; good commission. The Imperial Waste & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

MARRIED couple desires situation on farm. State wages. F. Grimble, 39 Gould Street, Toronto.

VANCOUVER ISLAND offers sunbiny, mild climate; good profits for ambitious men with small capital in business, professional, fruit-growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns; no thunder storms; no mosquitoes; no malaria. For authentic information, free booklets, write Vancouver Island Development League, Room A 102, Broughton St., Vancouver, B.C.

WANTED—Good farm hand, single, by the year. W. C. Good, Brantford.

The Delhi Tannery Wanted—2,000 horse and cattle hides to tan for robes, coats, etc. All kinds of hides, skins and furs dressed soft and pliable. Deerskin for buck, or with the hair on. Send them to me and have them dressed right. B. F. Bell, Delhi, Ont.

RIVERSIDE HOLSTEINS

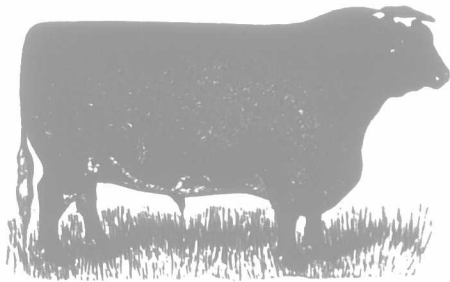
8 choice bulls 6 to 9 months old, sired by Sir Pietertje Posch DeBoer and Prince DeKol Posch; latter is the only son of champion cow, dairy test, Guelph, 1908 and 1909, and out of R. of M. dams.

J. W. Richardson, Caledonia, Ont.
Haldimand Co. Long-distance phone.

eggs, and the dish of toasted bacon that, together with kidneys, always makes us forget her shortcomings in coffee, and the awful duck-on-rock bread she perpetrates. This bread is of the consistency of clay, and is called a "cottage loaf." You can't slice it; the native whittles it up with his knife, as one does a pencil. At present we live on toast, the

Unreserved Dispersion Sale of

SHORTHORNS



**Tuesday
January 24, '11**

25 Head—4 Bulls

All the herd but one imported of directly descended from imported stock. Many sired by Imp. Sittyton Vicer (87397).

All females of breeding age are in calf to Contender 72512. Breeding the best. Watch the Gossip column. Conveyances will meet morning trains at Milverton, G. T. R. and C. P. R. Sale under cover.

AUCTIONEERS:
F. W. SILVERSIDES, Uxbridge, Ont. **W. D. WEIR, Milverton, Ont.**

For catalogues and other particulars, apply to:

J. BRYDONE,

Milverton, Ont.