

The object of pain seems to be to give warning that something is wrong in the human system. For this reason, when you have a headache, for instance, you should honestly seek for the cause.

Headache is not a disease in itself, but rather a symptom. If you find other indications that the nervous system is exhausted—if you are restless, nervous, sleepless and irritable-you may rightly suppose that to be the cause of the headache.

The headache warns you that with neglect of the nervous system you later expect nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia, or some form of paralysis. Wisdom suggests the use of such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to build up the system, and thereby remove the cause of the headache, as well as prevent more serious troubles.

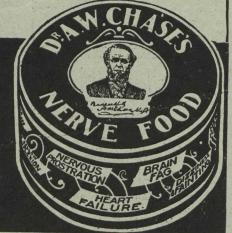
The use of headache powders is not only a dangerous practice, but the shock to the system of drugs which are so powerful and poisonous as to immediately stop pain is most harmful. The relief is merely temporary, and with this danger signal removed the disease which caused the headache continues to develop until results are serious. The moral is, when you have headaches or pain of any kind look for the cause and remove it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is not intended as a mere relief for headache. It cures by supplying the ingredients from which nature rebuilds and revitalizes the wasted nerve cells. Some patience is required for this reconstructive process, but the results are wonderfully satisfying, because they are both thorough and lasting.

If you would be freed from headaches, as was the writer of the letter quoted above, put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to the test. Working, as it does, hand in hand with Nature, it can no more fail than can other of Nature's laws.

50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food





ness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums,
Thickened Drums, Roaring and
Hissing Sounds, Perforated,
Wholly or Partially Destroyed
Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums ess Phones for the Ears" require no effectively replace what is lacking or enatural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
650 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

PATRIOTIC PIN TRAYS.—SEW A s m all silk flag to an embroidery hoop, and for feet use Moore Push-Pins Pretiest home novelty of the season.
Everybody can make them. The PushPins make perfect glass feet. Easy to
insert. Samples and booklets free.

Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 sizes
Glass Heads, Steel Points.
Moore Push-less Hangers.
4 sizes. The Hanger with the Twist.

Moore-Push Pin Co., Dept. B., Philadelphia, Pa.



LIVING HER EDUCATION

(Continued from page 31)

You plainly see that she *goes*—we don't *send* her. For this reason I think I know what the result will be."

"AND the college—have you found it—the one that will do all you expect it to do?" was asked doubtingly.
"Mary found it. The final decision was hers. A few days of actual seeing gave her more help than she could get from tons of catalogues. She went, saw, and was captured. You would be amused to know what little straws finally showed currents that she liked or disliked and that set with her toward favour or disfavour. Her choice was not that of the family, but her enthusiasm makes us resigned."

set with her toward favour or disfavour. Her choice was not that of the family, but her enthusiasm makes us resigned."

"How could a young girl decide so important a matter?"

"How?"—the mother sighed as she thought how far back one had to go to answer such a question. She could only reply briefly, "I suppose because she has made decisions all her life. I must tell you some of the points that we all considered together. Some people might consider them too trifling to mention, but they count. Since Mary must go away from home, why not make the going an education in every possible way? We wanted a new environment. If we could have conveniently sent her to another country or across the continent, we should have done so. Mary's eyes have looked out all her life on level stretches of field and beach. Now let there be a change. We would have her live for four years among mountains, forests, gorges, rivers, and lakes—among some, if not all of these. She knows all about small schools and too many petty interests of village life.

The elder woman's face beamed approval. "You think you have really

schools and too many petty interests of village life.

The elder woman's face beamed approval. "You think you have really found such a college?"

"Yes, pretty nearly. When I think of the place, two impressions come instantly to my mind. I see a high, broad campus, looking off on mountains, that rise tier on tier in the purple air; then I hear ringing through the halls the sound of voices, sweet, clear, and girlish."

"And they are happy?"

"I hope so."

"These things count because the mind is unconsciously influenced by surroundings, and a different environment to that to which Mary has been accustomed will help to broaden her mind and to give hera wider outlook. Many persons are narrowminded because they have been bounded all their lives by the same kind of places, the same kind of persons, and the same kind of circumstances.

"The change in the attitude of the mind is the first factor in education, and nothing changes the attitude of mind like a com-

is the first factor in education, and nothing changes the attitude of mind like a complete where the attitude of the attitude plete change of environment. In entirely new surroundings it is difficult, even for those who are most set in their ways, not to receive new impressions."

THE ROMANCE OF GROWING SLENDER ON THREE MEALS A DAY

(Continued from page 34)

thoroughbreds in my honour. For he loves horses too well to care about a motor car.

"Shade of Henry the Eighth!" he exclaimed, as I stepped off the train. "How much do you weigh now, Dinner Belle?"

"Guess," I said, unsmilling.

He put his humourous, tanned face sideways, screwed up an eye, and ran the shrewd glance

screwed up an eye, and ran the shrewd glance of the other over me. I stood stock still, with the expression of a wooden image. "Hm! I should say a hundred and seventy, now."

"Hm! I should say a hundred and seven now."

"You've forgotten. I weighed that last year. Guess again," I said. "No, don't. I weigh now one hundred and eighty pounds." I threw up my chim—or chins—defiantly.

Perhaps a very fat girl can't look seriously defiant. For he threw back his head and laughed the big Jim Fairweather laugh from his superior altitude. It started some men on the platform grinning. You know the sort of laugh I mean—the Douglas Fairbanks laugh; it's infectious because it's so downright natural, it's infectious because it's so downright natural, and full of human nature and good health

"Got me beat by four pounds, Bella," he chuckled.

"And you'll have me beat," I retorted, "by forty pounds before I go back home to Harriston!"

His blue eyes opened wide, more at my tone than my words, no doubt. Then they twinkled, and he put a big brown hand gently on my shoulder.

"Have you quit home for good, or are you just come to my farm for a visit and ain't going to eat?" he said. "What's wrong with you, Bella?"

"Nothing," I said, with a sweeping inclusive gesture, "except this. I'm forty pounds overweight; and I've come to Fairweather Farm to get slender on three meals a day!"

(To be concluded.)