

Mother and Son Are Both Grateful

For the Good Dodd's Kidney Pills
Did Them

Cured Mrs. Larson's Sore Back, and
Put an End to Her Son's Sleepless
Nights.

Bergland, Ont. (Special)

"I am glad to have an opportunity to give fair credit to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for the good they did me, and also my family." Says Mrs. John S. Larson, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place. "We have been using them as a family remedy for sore back.

"At the time I ordered Dodd's Kidney Pills I did it more for a fancy than from any belief in their curing value.

"But I was all in from an aching back. I caught a bad cold and that settled on my kidneys so bad that I could not sleep, and I could not work.

"When I stooped forward my back was so sore that I had to brace up my body by putting my elbows on my knees and I could hardly rise up again.

"After taking two boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills the pain decreased some, and my back is fairly good unless I over-work.

"Also one of my young sons had diseased kidneys, so that he had to get up every half hour during the night. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him, and now he can sleep all night.

"I am very grateful to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have been curing kidney ills for over twenty-five years. Ask your neighbors about them.

You Can Avoid OPERATIONS

For Appendicitis and Gall Stones through the use of **Hepato**, a medicine recognized as far better, safer than operations. \$5.50 treatment.

Owing to the confusion in mail orders of this medicine, we are advancing the price from \$5.20 to \$5.50, and paying all charges. This will give our many customers quicker service.

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Classes Open April 28th, 1919

For further information write
GEO. Y. CHOWN. 23

Where Do You Put Your Butter?

For only two new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly you will receive a very dainty Hand-Decorated Butter Dish. Think it over.

"I have had a terrible loss," replied the man.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said the angel, with a tear of sympathy. "Is it very terrible?"

"Very," answered the man, weeping harder than before.

"Would you mind telling me what it is?" asked the angel, gently. "What is it you have lost?"

"I have lost my money!" exclaimed the man, weeping as if his heart would break.

"O," said the angel, "is that all? I thought from the way you were weeping that you had lost your soul."

Better Than a Monument

Mr. Moody used to tell a story of a father who, when returning to his home from his place of business, was met by his wife at the door, and she said to him, concerning their boy, who had been sick for months: "The doctor says he cannot live, and we must tell him."

The father made his way into the sick room, and said to his boy, "My boy, the doctor says before to-morrow morning you will be with Christ"; then he turned away and sobbed. The little fellow said, "Don't you cry about it, father, for just as soon as I see Jesus Christ, I shall tell Him that ever since I can remember you, you tried to lead me to Him."

Mr. Moody said he had rather hear those words than to have a monument of gold that would pierce the clouds.

Beyond the Trenches

I wandered among the graves one day
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell;
And sorrow seemed hundreds of leagues away

From the heart of that quiet dell;
And I heard no moan and I heard no sigh,
And no one rose with complaining cry,
But they slept on under a peaceful sky
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell.

I noticed the roses red in bloom
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell;
And the lilies, white in the twilight gloom,
Stood guard as the shadows fell;
And the violets, there in the waning day,
Knelt down by the hearts of the dead to pray,
And the wind stopped by with a word to say.
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell.

I saw no sin and I saw no strife
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell;
And no one wailed at the woes of life
At rest in the narrow cell;
But they held their course through a dreamless sleep
Where never a care or a pain might creep;
And why should one ever come to weep
In the Land where the Dead Men dwell?

Have Your Children Gracious Manners

The country child soon catches the spirit of service—the basis of good manners. When you are in the country and want help you get it every time. It will be done as freely for a stranger as for a neighbor. The doing for others cheerfully has a most refining influence. The care of domestic animals has a most humanizing result. To move gently and quietly among the

animals, to love pets and care for them regularly, breeds a thoughtfulness and consideration that will surely reflect themselves in the child's intercourse with people. Someone has said that you can tell a gentleman by his dog. Yelling at a team should not be tolerated. The domestic animals will detect by a sure instinct a coarse and cruel nature. Beware of the man from whom the animals run.

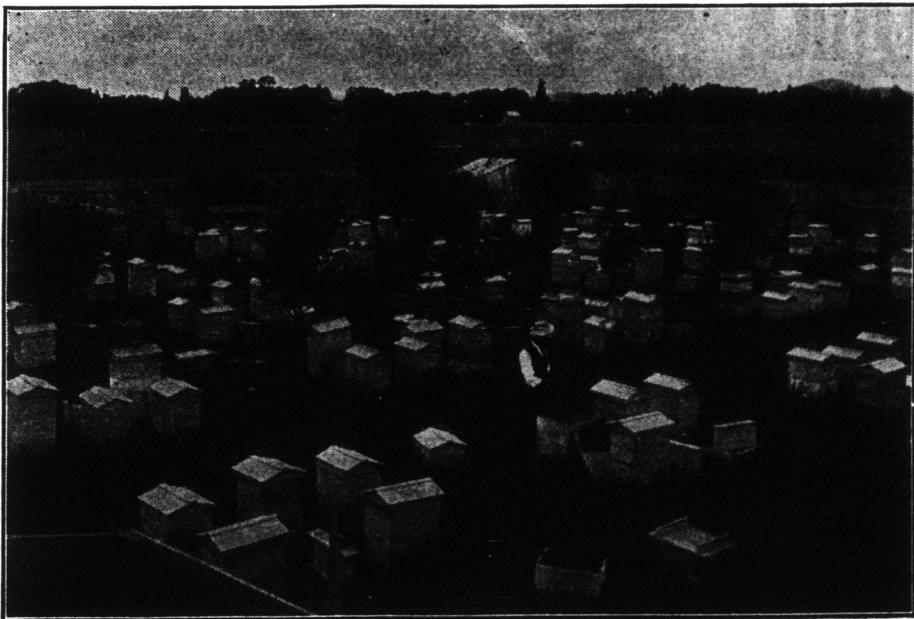
Hospitality shown your neighbors horse is always appreciated. Train the boys to put the horse into the barn and feed it and water it. Never let a horse that has been driven stand in the cold unblanketed. Many a farm boy of good intentions does not think of all these needful courtesies. Your husband is away from home and the guest does not feel at liberty to ask for them. While you and the girls are making the caller comfortable inside, the boy must do so for the team and for the dog if he happens to come along, too. These may seem like trifling suggestions, but the child who will look after the little thing will not neglect the larger. A horse brought to the door is restive. Teach your boy, instead of trying to help the lady, to go and hold the horse by the head until she is in and has the reins. Galantry consists of doing the things most needed.

The habit of gratitude needs to be cultivated in some natures—in fact in most natures. Children are apt to demand, take things as a matter of course. They are not grateful for what they get, but vexed for what they do not get. Gratitude like sympathy, is one of the finest flowers of a thoroughly good heart. Christmas is not long past. Are the children more glad over the gifts or the givers? True gentleness take nothing for granted. They do not presume. They are not making demands on others for attention or for service. They are looking for a chance to be of real service, and when some favor is done them they are graciously glad and they have the gift of showing it. We can keep a child until it gets the "thank you" habit, but it may still be an ingrate at heart and therefore essentially ill-mannered. If a child promptly forgets a favor refer to it later. When the joy of receiving from your own children begins to be yours, the hearty way in which you show your own appreciation will serve as a model and inspiration for them. Gratitude can not be taught—it must be caught. As sympathy is learned through suffering, so gratitude will come through service. When a little one learns the joy that comes of being appreciated, then it will be more appreciative. The time element in growth cannot be left out. You will have to wait. When at last the flowers of gentility begin to bloom in the lives of your children your home will be full of fragrance.

—From "The Country Gentleman."

"What is loaf sugar?" inquired Mrs. Justhitch.
"Why, it's sugar in the form of loaves, I suppose," answered her spouse. Why?
"I was wondering," said Mrs. J., "if that was what they made sweet-breads of."

Miller's Worm Powders are a pleasant medicine for worm-infested children, and they will take it without objection. When directions are followed it will not injure the most delicate child, as there is nothing of an injurious nature in its composition. They will speedily rid a child of worms and restore the health of the little sufferers whose vitality has become impaired by the attacks of these internal pests.



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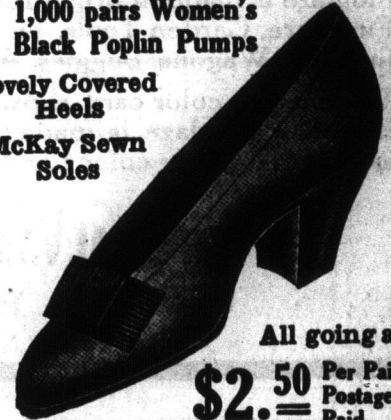
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