

## Had No Power Over The Limbs

Locomotor Ataxia, Heart Trouble and Nervous Spells Yielded to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It would be easy to tell you how Dr. Chase's Nerve Food cures locomotor ataxia and derangements of heart and nerves, but it may be more satisfactory to you to read this letter.

Mrs. Thos. Allan, R.F.D. 3, Sombra, Ont., writes:—"Five years ago I suffered a complete breakdown, and frequently had palpitation of the heart. Since that illness I have had dizzy spells, had no power over my limbs (locomotor ataxia) and could not walk straight. At night I would have severe nervous spells, with heart palpitation, and would shake as though I had the ague. I felt improvement after using the first box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after continuing the treatment can now walk, eat and sleep well, have no nervous spells and do not require heart medicine. I have told several of my neighbors of the splendid results obtained from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



## Away with the oil-soaked mops!

They smear and stain everything they touch; take all the finish off waxed floors, and are forever needing re-treatment.

Far, far better than oil-soaked mops are

**TARBOX**  
DRY NO OIL DUSTLESS  
Mops and Dusters

—the mops that cannot smear and stain, because they contain no oil. They give a fine, dry polish, and never injure the most sensitive surface.

A special chemical treatment gives Tarbox Mops a mere suggestion of dampness—just sufficient to collect and absorb the dust. They never need re-treatment.

Washing  
renews their  
efficiency

Tarbox  
Mops can  
be washed  
with hot  
water and  
soap.

Their chemical efficiency is thus renewed, and the mops are as good as new.

There are Tarbox Mops and Dusters for every cleaning need at 25c up to \$2.00. At Department, Hardware, Grocery and General Stores.

Every Mop guaranteed by the Makers.

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Rear 274 Dundas Street  
TORONTO Phone Coll, 3489

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

chance for pilferers of the human kind; where it had gone was surely a puzzle. The only possible culprit seemed—Oh naughty Nimrod was it possible!

The squirrel had left the ground and was dodging in and out of a hole in a tree ten feet from the ground. Something interested and excited him immensely. Presently he sat up on the branch and began investigating with teeth and claws, something he held in his mouth. As he turned it, a ray of white fire caught my eye. It was the ring.

How were we to recover it We might slay the mighty hunter; or we might scare him into his den and then chop him out. We were loath to do either. I stole into the tent and bringing out a 32 calibre revolver drew the lead from the cartridge. Nimrod sat chattering and chirping. "See what I have found" he brazenly boasted. After all how could squirrel ethics, if such exist, be expected to discriminate between taking a piece of sweet white bread, and picking up a hard shiny tasteless thing that no one knew how to make use of!

I waited for the instant when Nimrod took the ring from his mouth for another wondering look. Then the weapon went off with a bang.

A chirp and a jump; and Nimrod was in his den. As he leaped, something dropped from the branch. Charlie leaped forward and pounced upon the plunder. The ring had marks of teeth, and the solitaire was loose at one of its settings. Nimrod was either short of memory, or very forgiving. In less than a quarter

She was right. It was Mrs. Gummy, who was fully as talkative as ever. She began with a long story, and when fairly in the middle of it the clock on the wall of the room began to strike.

"Wait a moment," interposed Mrs. Benham. "I can't hear you until this noise stops."

"What made that noise?" asked Mrs. Gummy, after it had ceased.

"It was only the clock," answered the patient Mrs. Benham. "You know it always strikes once or twice when we get to talking."

The conversation did not last long after that.

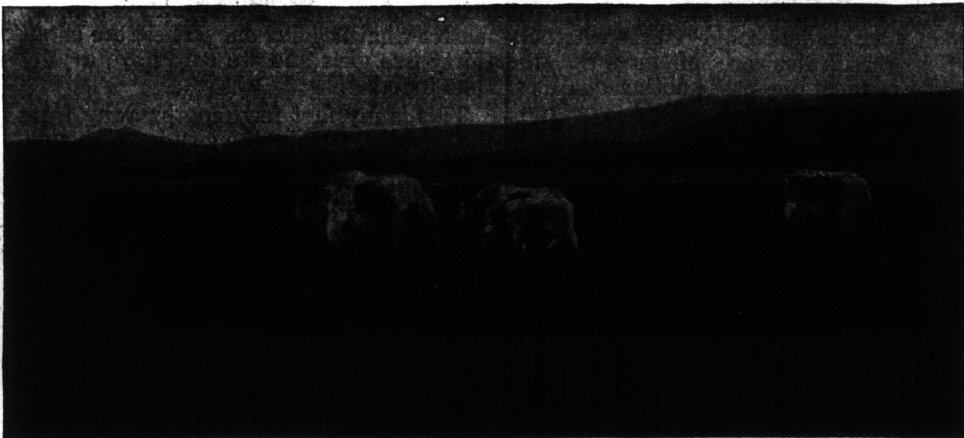
### Tommy to the Rescue

Remedies are unfortunately sometimes worse than the diseases which they are made to cure. Tommy's mother, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, had made him a present of a toy shovel, and sent him out in the sand-lot to play with his baby brother. "Take care of baby, now," said his mother, "and don't let anything hurt him."

Presently screams of anguish from baby sent the distracted parent flying to the sand-lot.

"For goodness' sake, Tommy, what has happened to the baby?" said she, trying to soothe the wailing infant.

"There was a naughty fly biting him on the top of his head, and I killed it with the shovel," was the proud reply.



Yaks in the Siberian Altai

of an hour he was scurrying all over the camp and even down along the hammock and over the lily hand which wore the glittering solitaires.

### One of the New Streets

Everybody who rides on trains, trolley-cars, or other public conveyances, is annoyed by the fact that the names of streets, called by the conductor, are rarely pronounced either as spelled or as uttered in ordinary conversation. It seems to be true that a peculiar kind of enunciation, termed by some one "megaphone oratory," has sprung up. It would be an amusing thing to see if, in private life, the conductor of the following story would stick to his guns. It is quoted from the Cleveland Leader.

"Billkwz Street!" cried the conductor. The modest little man touched his elbow.

"Excuse me," he apologized, "but I'm a little hard of hearing, and I confess that I wasn't giving you my undivided attention as I should. Would it be too much to ask you to repeat the name of the street?"

"Billkwz Street!" growled the conductor, with a savage glare.

"Oh, thank you so much!" said the modest passenger, gratefully. "I wasn't quite sure whether you said Jllkwzpb Street or Kwzjlpb Street. I get off at Willson. Will you ring the bell?"

### The Clock's Annoying Habit

Mrs. Benham had just seated herself to work at a bit of embroidery that required particular care and attention, when there came a ring at the telephone. "I just know that's Mrs. Gummy," she said, as she laid down her work and went to answer the call. "Whenever I am unusually busy and haven't any time to spare, she rings me up and talks to me by the hour."

"My plate is damp."  
"Hush," whispered his wife. "That's your soup. They serve small portions at these fashionable affairs."

Peevish, pale, restless, and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

## HAD INDIGESTION

For Over

Ten Years.

Weakening the body will never remove dyspepsia or indigestion, on the contrary, all efforts should be to maintain and increase the strength.

Burdock Blood Bitters will do this, and at the same time enable you to partake of all the wholesome food required, without fear of any unpleasant after results.

Mr. Henry P. White, Surretville, N.B., writes:—"I have been troubled with indigestion for more than ten years; tried several doctors, and different medicines, but all without success. Having heard of the many cures effected by Burdock Blood Bitters, I decided to give it a trial. I have taken one bottle, and I feel that I am cured at last. I can now do the same hard work I could before I was taken sick."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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\$10.00

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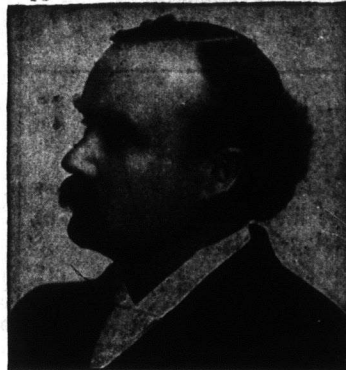
The developing and printing can be done at home without a dark-room, or if you prefer, films being light and non-breakable may be readily mailed to your dealer for developing and printing.

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