

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES

Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Mrs. A. Lethangue, of Ballyduff, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After using two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Why Are You Deaf?

- Don't you know it is now possible to help at least 90 per cent. of those whose hearing is defective.

And in some cases to restore completely lost hearing?

George P. Way is the man who has made this possible. For 25 years Mr. Way suffered from deafness. Finally, after much study and experimenting, he perfected a small artificial ear drum. Mr. Way wears these drums all the time. Without them he is deaf. With them he hears perfectly.

The "Way Ear Drums" are made from a peculiarly sensitive material moulded to fit in the auditory canal and are entirely invisible. Note the peculiar shape—the end farthest from the drum is open and as the sound waves are caught they are carried to the tapering point which touches the natural drum. In this way all the force of the sound wave is concentrated at one point of the drum and if the auditory nerve is not completely destroyed (and this is very seldom the case) you cannot help but hear.

Another feature of the Way Ear Drum is a resilient ring formed by the curve, just before the drum tapers to a point. This absolutely prevents the drum collapsing in the ear. Yet these drums are so soft and pliable that they cannot injure the most delicate ear passage. U. S. and foreign patents have been granted the Way Ear Drums.

Way Ear Drums are manufactured in Canada under Canadian patents. If you have any trouble with your hearing, write Mr. Way—tell him the cause of your deafness and how long you have been deaf.

Remember you are not asked to take any "treatment," you run no risk of using something which might leave you worse than before its use. You are simply asked to investigate a mechanical device perfected after years of study, by a deaf man who by his own skill and research now hears perfectly. Address your letters to GEO. P. WAY, 907 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan.

FIDO WENT ASTRAY.

Lady (staunch teetotaler)—Oh! please, would you mind fetching my little dog, Fido, out of that public-house?

Obliging 'Ostler—Yes, mum. Certainly, mum. Which bar was you in?—*The Sketch.*

A DISTINCTION OF SEX.

"Pa," said Bobby, as he leaned over the deck rail, "what kind of a boat is that out on the lake?"

"That," replied pa, as he raised his glass, "is a sister ship to the one we are on."

Bobby watched the big funnels for a while and then said:

"Pa, I think that must be a brother ship."

"Why so, my son?"

"Because it smokes so much"—*Chicago News.*

MY ORPHAN CHICKENS.

I had long intended to go into the business of chicken-raising. Each morning, on the way to school, I passed Joe Henderson's fine establishment. From the road you could see the low houses, and the poultry-yards enclosed in wire netting; they seemed fairly crowded with chickens. All summer long the ducks quacked there. They quacked more than ducks usually do, because they didn't have any pond to swim in. Mr. Henderson said that swimming was simply a gratification, and not a necessity, so they quacked until the people in the next house complained.

Now on our place we had a beautiful chicken house. It had cement floors, and was all windows on the southern side, like a greenhouse. Since we had owned the place it had never been used. You see my father was once a sea-captain, so he doesn't take the interest in gardening and poultry-raising that he should.

Well, one morning at breakfast, I broached the subject. I simply asked if I might have the use of the hen-house. "Hear the child!" said Eleanor (she is nineteen, and acts as if anyone of thirteen were the merest infant). "Father," she went on, "I should think you would have had too much bother last summer with Betty's pigs, to have any patience with any more of her business schemes."

I gave Eleanor a glance of serene indifference, and turned again to father. "If you are not going to use the hen-house, father," I repeated, "may I have it?"

"Of course you can use the hen-house, Betty. But what do you want to do with it?" he asked.

Then I explained my idea. Joe Henderson would hatch the eggs for me in his incubator, and I would raise the chicks and sell them for "broilers" when they were big enough.

Eleanor sniffed (that is, she would have sniffed if she hadn't been so old that she thought it wasn't "proper"), and then tried to remind father of how he advanced money last summer for my pigs, and a few other unpleasant details; but father and I were talking business, and paid no attention to her; I told father I needed no capital; that Mr. Henderson would only charge three dollars for furnishing the eggs and hatching the chickens, and I had that much saved up. One hundred and twenty chickens would be enough for a beginning. "Besides," I said, "it is not wise to put too much into one investment." Father thought so too.

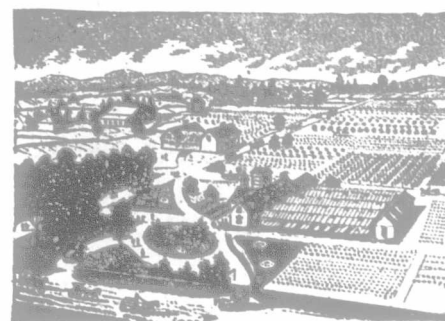
Coming home from school I stopped at Mr. Henderson's. The incubator was full just then, but he told me the chickens would be out in a few days, and then he would put the eggs in for me.

We were having our Easter vacation just then, and during the three weeks I had to wait for the eggs to hatch. I spent all the time I could in the hen-house, arranging it. I got it lovely and clean. I even scrubbed the cement floor. Mr. Henderson had told me I must be sure to have the place warm, so I bought some building paper (a pretty terra-cotta), and tacked it on the walls, covering also the lath partition which separates my compartment from the one beyond. There were two joists about three feet apart which came through the wall just above my wainscoting, and ran the length of the room. On these, in earlier times (as you would say in poetry), the hens were wont to perch. These roosts naturally took up a good deal of space, and I did think of sawing them off; but I decided, instead, to utilize them, and made a kind of table by nailing three boards across. Since I intended to spend so much of my time in the hen-house, I thought it ought to be made attractive; and I want

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