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**WINDSOR  
TABLE  
SALT**

"Windsor Table Salt is the salt for us. We pay our money for good salt—made right here in Canada—that every one knows is absolutely pure.

We certainly won't pay fancy prices for an imported salt with a fancy name."

Windsor salt is all salt—pure, dry, dissolves instantly, and lends a delicious flavor to every dish.

**IT'S  
WINDSOR**

A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a schoolroom alone together and exploded some fireworks. The one boy denied it. The other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it?"  
"Because you said you didn't."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk and said:—

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs." And he burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:—

"Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon. We are both to blame."

The school was hushed and still, as other schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done,—so still they might almost have heard Ben's big boy-tears dropping on his book as he sat enjoying the

moral triumph which subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried, "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—Sunday School Advocate.

**PAPA COMES HOME.**

Take me up, mamma,  
Hold baby high!  
Big folks are happy;  
So, too, am I.

Harry and Jennie,  
Running like mad,  
Meet their dear papa,  
Merry and glad.

Hold me up, mamma,  
So I can see;  
Don't you know papa  
Wants to see me?

Look at him, mamma,  
Isn't it fun?  
Harry and Jennie  
Dragging him on.

Hold me up, mamma,  
Hold baby fast!  
Now he has got me,  
Least, but not last.

**A Good  
Companion**

Nothing could serve as a better companion to one who lives in rooms or apartments than an electric chafing dish. It is ready in an instant, makes no heat or muss, and will cook anything that will fit in. It is one solution of the "cost of living" problem.

Phone the Comfort  
Number

Adelaide 404

The Toronto Electric  
Light Co. - Limited

12 Adelaide Street East



**"BOYS, STICK TO YOUR LAST."**

Governor Douglas, who himself from a very humble start in life came to the head of a large shoe factory, some time later, because of his eminent position in the manufacturing world, was made governor of Massachusetts, in an address to boys gave this excellent advice: "What are the secrets of success? Will I tell the boys of Massachusetts what I think the secrets are? Recently in talking to a delegation of bright-faced boys I told them they should, in order to make the most of life, obey the maxim, 'Stick to your last.' If you don't you'll find that old ogre, called trouble, bobbing up in your pathway, every now and then, and you'll never get to be on speaking terms with success.

"'Fortune,' you know, 'favors the brave.' Well, in the battle of life the really brave man is the one with courage enough to 'stick to his last' in the face of early rebuffs and temporary reverses. He's the fellow who will eventually be taught to laugh at trouble, and to get chummy with success.

"What would you think of a shoemaker, who, after making part of a shoe on one last, became dissatisfied and started another shoe on a different last, keeping up this method until he had finally spent all his money for stock, and had nothing but a lot of half-finished shoes to show for it? Foolish way to do, isn't it? But it is no more foolish than for a young man to tackle a new line of business every little while until he grows too old to learn any business thoroughly.

"Everything in nature is fitted to do one thing well, and spends its whole life doing it. You never hear of the ant going into honey-making business; nor of the bee building ant-hills for a change. Each one knows its place in the world and sticks to it; and that is what boys must do, if they would accomplish great things.

"Of course, boys are somewhat handicapped as compared with the bees and ants. You see, boys often are not born with a knowledge of just what kind of last they're best fitted to peg away on. But nearly

every boy at an early age displays an aptitude for something, and if that aptitude is properly developed, the process of selecting a last is simplified.

"And remember always to keep your ambition up to the top notch. Whatever you do, try to do your very best. At school make it a point to stand at the head of your class; and at play don't be satisfied until you can jump farthest or throw the straightest. Then, when you enter business life, this matter of getting ahead will become a habit."

**Would Fall  
in a Faint**

When She Attempted to Work, so Exhausted Was the Nervous System.

The Feeble, Wasted Nerves Were Restored and Revitalized by

**Dr. Chase's  
Nerve Food**

Nervous prostration is a terrible disease to all who understand its symptoms. At times the sufferer feels comparatively well, but with slight exertion the dreadful helplessness returns and all strength and vitality seem to leave the system.

This letter from Mrs. Martin very well describes the terrible condition in which many a sufferer finds herself. She also tells how she regained health and strength by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food after all other treatments had failed.

Mrs. Edwin Martin, Ayer's Cliff, Que., writes:—"Before I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I was in a terrible condition from nervous exhaustion and prostration. Dizzy spells would come over me and I would fall to the floor. The weakness was so great that I could not so much as sweep the floor without fainting, but the nerve food helped me after the doctors failed. It has done wonders in building up my nervous system. I can do my own housework now and washing, and feel that this great medicine has been a God-send to me. I think it is the best of medicines."

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