

BAD BLOOD

Is The Cause of Boils and Pimples.

When boils or pimples start to break out on your face or body you may rest assured that the blood is in an impure state, and that before you can get rid of them it will be necessary for you to purify it by using a good medicine that will drive all the impurities out of the system.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a blood purifying remedy. One that has been on the market for the past forty years. One that is known from one end of the country to the other as the best blood purifier in existence. It cures boils, pimples and all other diseases arising from bad blood.

BOILS CURED.

Mr. Andrew E. Collier, River Glade, N.B., was troubled with boils for years, in fact, did not know what it was to be rid of them until he used Burdock Blood Bitters. It cured him.

PIMPLES CURED.

Mr. Otto Boyce, Yarker, Ont., had his face and neck break out with pimples. He tried several kinds of medicine with out success. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters banished them.

B.B.B. is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Useful New Invention

Enables Anyone to Play
Piano or Organ With-
out Lessons

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening. Even though you know absolutely nothing about music or have never touched a piano or organ, you can now learn to play in an hour or two. People who do not know one note from another are able to play their favorite music with this method without any assistance whatever from anyone.

This new system which is called the Numeral Method, is sold in Canada by the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, and as they are desirous of at once making it known in every locality, they are making the following special free trial and half-price offer to our readers.

You are not asked to send any money until you have tried and are satisfied with the new method. The Numeral Company is willing to send it to you on one week's free trial, and you will not have to pay them one cent unless you desire to keep it. There are no express charges to be paid, as everything will be sent by mail. Simply write a letter or post card to the Numeral Method Music Co. of Canada, 185A Curry Hall, Windsor, Ontario, saying "Please send me the Numeral Method on seven days' free trial." If you are satisfied after trying it, the Method and fifty different pieces of sheet music will cost you only \$5, although the regular price of these is \$10. You should not delay writing, as the Numeral Company will not continue this special half-price offer indefinitely. Later on, the Method and fifty pieces of music will be sold at the regular price.



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looks over at the agent who was murmuring to himself:

"Smithers—Smithers—yes—seems to me your face looks familiar." Then he gets enlightened-like. "Why, I knew your people well; your wife too—in fact, I sold her some pills."

"Smithers nearly jumps out of his chair, an' Bessie, I guess, had a spasm, too."

"You're makin' a mistake, young feller," he says, "I ain't done the matrimonial act yet."

"Aw, come off," says the agent feller. "You can't bluff me. I knew your face at once. She showed me your photograph that she keeps on the pianer all decked out in 'chaps-an' what not. She's mighty proud of her 'Cowboy Bob' as she calls you. The kids are some pretty, too—take after their mother, I guess."

"Smithers was trying to say something all the time but it just became a gasp an' a lot of funny sounds like a gasoline engine running down. He had quite a few things to say an' tried to get rid of them all at once so that they didn't amount to much. Bessie was lookin' kinder despairingly between him an' the agent, an' there was murder in Smithers' eye. Whilst Smithers was tryin' to explain everythin' to Bessie, the agent manages to slip out an' hit back to the ranch, while Jack an' Roy spent the afternoon in tellin' Bob how he

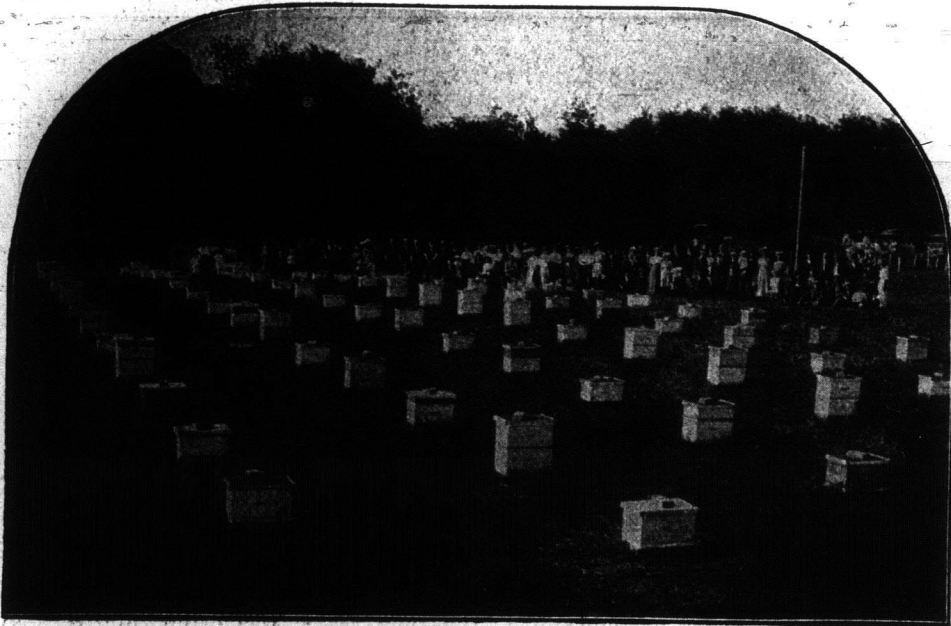
Bessie, she looks killin' at Smithers. He was all the time tryin' to say somethin' but that girl sure could give some hug.

"Bobbie, Bobbie," she sobs, "won't you come back to your lovin' wife?"

"The fellers was all lookin' pretty black at Bobbie, an' he was tryin' to say half a dozen things at the same time an' perspirin' pretty badly over it. Not seemin' able to convince anybody, an' seein' the girl was comin' his way agin, he hits over to the corral for his cayuse an' pulls out."

"I felt kinder queer when I seen Bessie go up an' put her arms round the deserted wife, but the lady come over to me, an' I explained to them all that she wanted to go back to town since she found out how hard-hearted Bob was."

"The fellers all clustered round when we got ready to go, an' she gave them all a gloved hand to shake. I was fixin' the robes on the seat, when I heard a noise like a repeating rifle, an' turned round to find her kissin' the whole bunch of them. Bill Mitchell must er relished it some, too, 'cause he was first in line to get the embrace an' he steps round to the end an' gets a second dose. I managed to get her away at last, though she seemed to want to go over the bunch agin, an' we started off for the ranch. Of course, you've guessed the lady warn't nobody but young Roy Gates, baby-face, an' I thought he'd



Visitor's Day at Mr. C. Stewart's Bee Farm, near Gladstone, Man.

ought to go back to his wife an' that there warn't no place like home for a married man. He spent the time in callin' us pet names an' inventin' nice methods of torture for that pill agent. On between whiles he was tryin' to persuade Bessie that he hadn't ever done the marryin' stunt; Bessie began to come round quite a bit when she found the quack had hit off, but we went away feelin' we'd done a little bit of good, an' that night the agent got his five spot.

"The second act, as you might call it, came off on the next Saturday. They was to brand some colts at the Horseshoe ranch an' Jack an' Jim Jackson went over to help. 'Course we knew Smithers would be there—he had pretty near made things straight with Bessie. About dinner time on that day you cud have seen a democrat speedin' it across the prairie, me an' a lady bein' in front an' a couple of fellers behind. You might have been surprised at the conduct of the lady, 'specially when she asks me to roll a cigarette—she havin' kid gloves on, an' tight ones at that. I told her to wait until the proceedings was over an' to look after her etiquette."

"When we reached the ranch we found the fellers settin' in bunches on the verandah smokin', with their feet on the rails. Smithers an' Bessie was just comin' from the kitchen after washin' the dishes. I helped the lady down from the rig an' she leant on my arm kinder forlorn like as we went up to the house: an' say, you should er seen those fellers straighten up—girls warn't anythin' too plentiful on the prairie those days. We was goin' slowly up to the verandah when that girl lets a falsetto scream out of her, an' hollers out: 'Bobbie, Bobbie, my own Smithers, here's your love-lorn wife come back.'"

"Smithers takes a step back an' tries to say somethin' but pretty soon she's got her arm round his mouth, stoppin' it up, an' lettin' out the biggest flow of baby-talk you ever heard outside of a nursery. You bet the fellers was surprised to see her cuddle up to that chap like that, an'

die laughin' when he got off his gloves an' veil.

"Things seemed to go all right after that, an' Smithers dropped out the contest. Bessie did no more buckin' an' Jack went every night to the Horseshoe Ranch. He wore a face like the risin' moon all the time, an' then one night wakes us all up, when he comes in, to tell us things is all fixed up an' they're to be married next month."

"I had been havin' what you might call qualms of conscience sometimes that we hadn't hardly given Smithers a square deal but one day when I told Jack he just sat down an' laughed."

"'It was a bit thick,' he says, 'but Bessie knows all about it. I told her a while back and, gee, it was good to hear her laugh. An' say,' he goes on, 'she says she liked me best all along, an' was goin' ter have me anyway.'"

"I thought this was kinder lettin' us down after all our trouble, an' says so. 'Why in Sam Hill did she make up with Smithers right along?' I says."

"Well, that kinder beats me too, says Jack, 'but she says that's the way a girl always does. You can't understand them nohow.'"

"An' I guess he was about right, boys," says Rob.

"That month they gets hooked up good an' proper an' we was all at the ceremony, young Gates bein' best man, though he warn't more than a kid."

"Jack got a place of his own soon after, an' we used often go down there in the fall, duck-shootin'; but a feller don't have time to do nothin' with this farmin'."

"There's nothin' like the old ranchin' days."

"There you are now," he says disgustedly, as we were lolling in our seats and the boss calls out:

"Better go to by-by boys, an' get your beauty sleep. Four o'clock comes awful early."

So we all tumbled in.

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