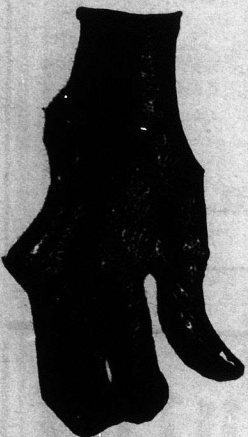


If You Have Rheumatism Let Me Send You a 50 Cent Box of My Remedy Free.



Deformity in Chronic Rheumatism.

I Will Mail FREE To Anyone Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica (Who Will Enclose This Advertisement) A 50 Cent Box of my Rheumatism Remedy Free.

My Remedy has actually cured men and women seventy and eighty years of age—some were so decrepit that they could not even dress themselves. To introduce this great remedy I intend to give fifty thousand 50 cent boxes away, and every suffering reader of this paper is courteously invited to write for one. No money is asked for this 50 cent box neither now nor later, and if afterwards more is wanted I will furnish it to sufferers at a low cost. I found this remedy by a fortunate chance while an invalid from rheumatism and since it cured me, it has been a blessing to thousands of other persons. Don't be sceptical, remember the first 50 cent box is absolutely free. This is an internal remedy which goes after the cause of the trouble, and when the cause of rheumatism is removed, have no fear of deformities. Rheumatism in time will affect the heart, so do not trifle with this merciless affliction. Address enclosing this adv., JOHN A. SMITH, 488 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

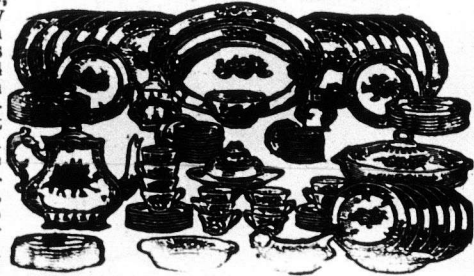


FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS. I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send for your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sick and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box M. 24, WINDSOR, Ont.



FANCY ENGRAVED WATCH DECORATED TEA SET

This elegant watch, ladies' or gents' size, stem wind and set, fancy engraved cases, FULLY GUARANTEED, will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, if you will sell only \$3.00 worth of high grade collar buttons at 10c. per card (4 buttons on each card). These buttons are very fast sellers. Write to-day and we will send you a package; sell them and return the money and win this HANDSOME LIT-TLE WATCH. You can also win a lovely TEA SET FREE if you will help us enlarge our business by getting only 6 other agents and without having to sell any more goods. Only \$3.00 worth—no more, no less, and you can win both these splendid premiums FREE.



COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Button Dept. 22 Toronto, Ont.



THE MARIAGGI

WINNIPEG

THE TOURIST'S HOME

Rooms single or en suite. Up-to-date Restaurant and Cafe. CUISINE UNEXCELLED Meals a la carte at all hours.

RATES: \$1.50 to \$4.00 EUROPEAN PLAN

T. B. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

The Little Ones.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)



O Rooster with the cheery crow, I don't suppose you'll ever know, How much you do throughout the week To cheer our spirits, so to speak.

Who could be dismal, or despair, While your blithe greeting fills the air? No matter what the weather be You're always happy, full of glee.

Right in the stormiest, darkest night You call out, just as prompt and bright; You know your duty—do it, too— And crow out, "Cock-a-doodle-do!"

There's something very gay and proud In your glad voice a-ringing loud! O rooster, you will never know How much you cheer us by your crow! —M. J. H., in Little Folks.

A Rebel Buttercup.

There was once upon a time a stubborn little Buttercup that would not blossom. It was vexed because one day a Bumblebee searching for honey came buzzing and bumping up against it.

"I'll stay shut!" said the Buttercup. "I'll not open. Those greedy Bumblebees shall have nothing from me! Greedy, stupid, clumsy Bumblebees!"

So day after day of sunny bright weather the Buttercup kept its petals tightly closed, and looked just like a little fist doubled up, and would not blossom. It was all in vain that the other Buttercups of the meadow told it how blue was the sky, and how swiftly the sunshine and the shadows raced over the fields together. The vexed little Buttercup would not blossom.

The butterflies came often and fluttered around it and told it of the white clouds sailing over at noonday, of the beautiful red and yellow clouds at sunset, and of the wonderful dawn-colors of the sunrise. But the cross little buttercup would not blossom.

Then the northwest wind journeyed all the way down from a mountain-top, and for two hours lectured it in a voice so high and powerful that all the other flowers bowed their heads and trembled. But the stubborn little buttercup would not blossom.

The obstinacy of the buttercup was becoming known all through the land, and a message about its behavior was sent up to the ancient sun. The ancient sun looked down on the contrary little buttercup sternly with his great yellow eye for several days. All in vain! The saucy little buttercup said, "You cannot make me blossom!" The ancient sun shot down his beams like arrows, but the buttercup would not yield. "Shoot all you like," it said; "I'll not blossom!"

Then the cold rain came sweeping across the field and beat upon it hour after hour, until all the other flowers drooped and shivered. But the defiant little buttercup stood up straight and would not blossom.

A little child and her sister passed the buttercup daily, and the child saw that the buds did not open. "What will become of the poor little buds?" she inquired.

"They will dry, and grow hard and brown, and fall off," said the sister. "And not be blossoms at all!" sighed the child. "Poor buttercup!"

"No, it never will blossom," said the old Oak-tree above the plant. "I have lived a hundred years, and I never before saw a flower so stubborn."

"Let us try to persuade it," said a

dewdrop. "I think I can persuade it." So one pleasant night the Dewdrop took its station upon a leaf of the oak-tree just above the buttercup. In the morning when the birds were beginning to sing and the sky to be rosy, the dewdrop came softly down and kissed the little buttercup. "Open your eyes, dear Buttercup," it said, "and look at me. I am sad that you do not blossom." And at the kiss of the dewdrop, the sorry little buttercup opened its golden petals and blossomed.

A Laughing Chorus.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground When March called, "Ho, there! ho!" Such spreading of rootlets far and wide, Such whispering to and fro. And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,

"Tis time to start, you know." "Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied; "I'll follow as soon as you go." Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came, of laughter soft and low, From the millions of flowers under the ground— Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said, "When I hear the bluebirds sing." And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried, "My silver and gold I'll bring." "And ere they are dulled," another spoke, "The Hyacinth bells shall ring"; And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"

And sweet grew the air of spring. Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came, Of laughter soft and low, From the millions of flowers under the ground— Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days Imprisoned in walls of brown, They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud, And the sleet and the hail came down; But patiently each wrought her own beautiful dress, Or fashioned her beautiful crown.

A True Story of Grandma.

Grandma was little, and old, and bent, and was all alone in the world. Her little brown house was next to the schoolhouse, and she had a smile and a pleasant word for every boy and girl who went by. She was "Grandma" to them all!

Back of Grandma's house was a garden, reaching down to a little river which had great willows on its banks. In this garden Grandma raised the vegetables she needed for her own use. Besides these, there were a few fruit trees—apples, and cherries, and plums. She had fruit enough to use all winter.

In front of the house, and all about it, were flowers—old-fashioned, sweet-smelling kinds. People said that Grandma only had to look at a flower to make it grow.

Mornings, when the children were going to school, Grandma had flowers for all who wanted them. When her fruit was ripe she shared freely with the young folk, filling their hands when they went trooping home from school.

Besides her house and her garden Grandma had a little barn in which she kept Clover, her gentle, soft-eyed cow. There was a chicken-house, too, and fifty fine chickens in it.

Grandma had very little money, but Clover's milk and the eggs from the chicken house helped her very much.

The chickens were perfect pets. Grandma took care of them herself. They were so tame that they would fly all about her and eat out of her hand. Now and then one would fly up to her shoulder and rub her cheek.

The school children loved to stand by the fence to see Grandma feed and pet