

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints being ulcerated, the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discolored, or there may be wounds; the disease, if allowed to continue, will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed, it is no reason I should. Send at once to the Drug Store for ALBERT'S Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which is a certain remedy for the cure of Bad Legs, Housemaids' Knees, Ulcerated Joints, Carruncles, Poisoned Hands, Abscesses, Corns and Bunions.

Snake, Mosquito and Insect Bites.

or write ALBERTS, 73 Farrington street, London, England. Agents: Evans Sons & Co., Montreal; Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal; Parke & Parke, Hamilton, Ont.

If You Have SUPERFLUOUS Hair Note the Following Advice

Don't cut, pull or burn the hairs.
Don't use any kind of a depilatory or a pumice stone. The results will be disastrous.
Don't try the X-Rays treatment, it is equally as bad.
Don't allow inexperienced operators to treat you with Electrolysis. Scars and a return of the hairs result.

Patronize Canada's Leading Dermatologists at the Graham Institute.

They guarantee satisfactory results with their method of Electrolysis in every case of Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc. If afflicted come during the Thanksgiving holidays, Oct. 25 to 30, for treatment. They cure skin and scalp affections of all kinds, including pimples, blackheads and blotches; treat corns and all foot troubles, etc.
Send stamps for booklet "F."

Graham Dermatological Institute
502 Church St., Toronto. Estab. 1892.

"How do you feel?" asked the sympathetic friend of the convalescent railway-accident patient.

"Like Judgment Day, with my bones badly assorted," was the rueful response.

HE FEELS AS YOUNG AS EVER

**Mr. Chester Loomis Took Dodd's
Kidney Pills.**

**And from a Used-up Man He Became as
Smart as a Boy.**

Orland, Ont., Oct. 2.—(Special).—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says:

"I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy, and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy, and I could not do any work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong, but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

Jimmy's First Ad.

By Rev. F. W. Murray, in East and West.

Jimmy Bradley was tending shop, all himself. Trade was very dull in the boot and shoe line, and Jimmy's father had a chance to go out "on the road" for a few months after the holiday season, taking orders for a big Montreal firm. He took the position with a good deal of misgiving. Jimmy was not quite fifteen, and was pretty young to attend to the store, all himself, for not less than a fortnight at a time. But Mr. Bradley thought he had better try "the road" a while, and risk the shop with Jim, for there were bills coming due that would have to be met by spring! And the store didn't seem to promise enough to meet them.

"Sell all you can, Jim, and do your very best. You can knock off ten per cent. for cash, till I come home again. I'll try to be back inside of three weeks, but I won't be able to stay home more than a couple of days when I do come!" said Mr. Bradley, as they were taking a final look around the shop before locking up the night before he left. "I must pack up now, so as to be ready to go out by the early express."

"Keep your mind easy, father, I'll have the shop empty by the time you get back," laughed Jim. "I'll give you a big cash order when you come and call on me."

"There's no such luck coming, I'm afraid, Jim, but if you do it'll please me better than any other order I get."

Jimmy wasn't very busy Tuesday morning, for his father had just gone. But the shop was swept and dusted, and Jimmy had it warm and comfortable, ready for any early customers that might drop in. He had lain awake a good while the night before, thinking how he might make sales. He thought, first, of getting someone to go round and take orders, but when he began to figure how much that would cost, he decided that wouldn't do. Besides he didn't know whom to get.

He had been wondering how it would do to try an "ad." in The Daily News. His father had one there, he knew. But Jim had ideas of his own about ads. Jim had been at school steadily, and was pretty bright in composition. Then he made it a point to read the advertising columns in the papers, and he had often wished to try his hand at it himself. So, getting a pencil and piece of paper, he made up his mind to try an ad. for The News next day.

"It's no use for me to get up one like we've had," he thought. "I must make it new and startling, and if it works, I'll try another." He hammered away at his plan till nearly dinner time, and, after using up several sheets of old wrapping paper, decided upon his ad. He determined to say nothing about it at home, but to see how it would work first.

On his way home to an early dinner, he passed by the News office and handed in his ad. "Hello," said the editor, "what's this. Is your father away?"

Jimmy explained to him that Mr. Bradley was away for not less than a fortnight, and added, laughing, "I'm going to try and sell out while he's gone."

"All right, Jimmy boy; You'll do," laughed the editor. "We'll see what we can do for you. This will be two dollars. You'll want a decent space."

Jimmy paid the money, hurried home to dinner, and was back in the shop again in less than an hour. He had had his dinner early, so as to be at the store at the usual dinner hour, ready for customers.

A few dropped in, and Jim made some sales. He told everybody his father was away, and he wanted to sell all he could "before he gets back." "Send me a customer if you can," he said. Several, through the day, promised they would, for the boy was a pleasant, obliging fellow, ready to do a good turn, and everybody liked him.

When there were no customers in, Jimmy was busy sorting up overshoes and fancy moccasins, and putting them in the window. He got a lot of old paste-board boxes, and made what looked like shelves in the window. These he covered with a piece of red plush they had for dressing the window at Christmas time. Then he set up his moccasins and overshoes, and some of the nicest boots in the shop. Here and there he put in a handsome pair of baby's colored shoes, and fancy moccasins. Right in the cen-

ter he put a pair of the biggest men's boots in the shop, and right in front of them, on a piece of white plush, he put a pair of little red baby shoes. "That'll make 'em laugh," he thought.

He had a busy day. He did some trade, too, but was hardly through his window dressing till closing time. He noticed people stopping to look in the window as they passed, during the evening, and several of them laughed as they pointed to his centerpiece—the big boots and the baby shoes.

When Jimmy went home at night he told his mother he had done an ordinary day's business, and had dressed the window freshly, but he said nothing about his advertisement, for he was a good deal afraid it might not work.

The next morning he was at the store in good time. When he had everything ready for the day, he took a pencil and went to work again at another ad. He had not been working long when the newsboy came around: Jim opened the paper a good deal quicker than usual, for he wanted to see how his first advertising would look. And here, sure enough, it was, near the top of the paper, just alongside of the biggest dry goods advertisement in town. It read thus:

The Boss is Away from BRADLEY'S SHOE STORE

Jimmy Bradley is trying to give him a surprise when he comes back

See our OVERSHOES and MOCCASINS

Ten per cent. off for cash. BOOTS.

too, ten per cent. off

BUY FROM JIMMY THIS WEEK.

And in one of the news columns Jimmy was pleased to read this from the Editor:

"We draw attention to Bradley's Shoe Store ad. to-day. Read it. It's Jimmy Bradley's first ad. We predict things for Jimmy."

Jim felt half afraid when he saw his name in print. "But it can't do any harm," said he to himself, "and I paid for it out of my own money."

Up to dinner time there had only been one or two customers, and they hadn't seen the ad. But Jimmy served them cheerfully, and told them to send their friends in, he was giving a ten-per-cent. discount for cash.

He hurried around to his early dinner and back quickly, so as not to miss those on their way home to dinner.

One old gentleman dropped in who pleased Jimmy. It was Mr. Wilson of the leading bank in the town. "I note your advertisement to-day, James. Your father's a good customer of ours. Let me see some of your moccasins." Jimmy thanked Mr. Wilson for reading his ad., and showed him several sizes of fancy moccasins. Mr. Wilson bought two pairs for his daughters, and Jimmy was delighted when he said, "I'm taking your advertisement home to show them; I shall speak of it." Jimmy came round to open the door for him, and bowed him out with thanks. "My ad.'s working some," he said to himself.

But it was not till about the middle of the afternoon that he began to be busy. A number of young ladies came in, laughing over his new advertising. To these he sold some overshoes and several pairs of moccasins, and up till tea time he was quite busy.

But the evening was the best time. He was busy till nearly closing time, and when he counted up his sales that night, he had nearly fifty dollars.

Next morning he got the next "copy" finished, and ready to take to the News when he went around to dinner, it read:

"Jimmy Bradley thanks his patrons. Busy times at Bradley's Shoe Store. Ladies' slippers and boys' boots in the window. Ten per cent. off this week. The Boss is away yet."

Jimmy hadn't told his mother about his advertising yet, as he wanted to keep her from knowing, so as to give her as big a surprise as possible.

That forenoon he cleared out his show window and dressed it up, as hastily as possible, with ladies' slippers and boys' boots. During the day he sold a goodly number of pairs of new hats and overshoes, and the slippers began to go, too. By the evening he had sold a lot of pairs of boys' boots and some new slippers. He had sent a customer to get one, and was kept so busy he had very little time to speak of his ad. to-day. But he

found out a good many had seen it, as they spoke of it, and asked him how he was getting on.

But the best part of the day was when he got home that evening, and his mother asked him about his advertisements. She thought he had forgotten to bring the "News" in, but, when making a call that evening, she had her attention directed to his ad. by a friend. She questioned Jimmy closely. But when he told her of the business he had been doing, and how he had banked seventy dollars on his way round to dinner, and had nearly twenty-five dollars in the safe, and another advertisement coming out next day, "Won't your father be surprised," she said, "we didn't know we had such a boy. You've done wonderfully." Jimmy's younger brothers and sisters were as happy as Jimmy over his rushing business.

Jimmy had two more ads. in The News before his father came back.

When Mr. Bradley came home on an afternoon train, and heard of Jimmy's success he was greatly surprised. As he talked it over with his wife, he said, "I didn't know it was in him. I'll set him to writing the ads. for me. He's going to be a success. I must go off down to the store, and see how he's getting on."

Jimmy was busy with several customers when his father came in, and Mr. Bradley helped him wait on them.

That night, when Jim showed his bank book and his father counted the cash in the till, Mr. Bradley exclaimed, "Why boy, you beat our Christmas trade, even. I guess I'd better stay away. You've certainly got a big order for me," he added, as they looked over the empty shelves and drawers.

Jimmy kept himself busy all winter. The News editor said, "Jimmy knows how to write ads. The run is on his store now. If he works, he can hold it."

And the customers said, "We like to trade at Bradley's, Jimmy is so polite and obliging."

When Mr. Bradley finished his route in the spring, he found that his home business during the winter had been the best he had for years. And Jimmy's heart was warm in the thought that he had been able to help his father.

The firm is now Bradley & Son, and Jimmy is now James Bradley, Esq. But he often says he got his start "trying to help father in a dull season," and remembers that winter as one of the happiest he ever spent.

A Girl's Garden—Her Character.

Will you cultivate your garden or neglect it? There is no spot of ground however bare, that cannot be tamed into a state of beauty. It cannot be done easily, but many things worth doing are not done easily. We must be willing to take trouble, to be industrious, vigilant in our gardens, and to dig, plant and weed intelligently. In our garden there must be plants worth growing, the hardy plants—courage, fortitude, diligence, cheerfulness, willingness; and the good, old-fashioned plants—simplicity, patience, courtesy, modesty, sympathy. I call these the dear old-fashioned virtues, worth cultivating, because in these modern days there is danger that opposite characteristics are being planted in our lives.

Enemies find their way into our gardens. Weeds must be pulled out without delay. They are troublesome faults in character, thrusting themselves where they have no business to be. Weeds are idleness, vanity, envy, carelessness, and many other traits which destroy beauty. Indolence is a great defect in character. Its real name is sloth, and it has its root in self-indulgence, lack of thoroughness, putting ease before effort, and pleasure before duty. I think our gardens should not be shut-in, narrow, enclosed places, but from them we should have a broad view, where we can look out and beyond, and learn largeness of heart, generosity, and that there are many other gardens in the world besides our own.—Priscilla Wakefield, in The Delinquent for April.

In answering any advertisement on this page

send the name of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE