FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFER-ING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS. I am a woman, I know woman's sufferings.



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 mail instructions to any sufferer from women's aliments. 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 Lescorrheea or Whitsh discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Palantil Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Grewths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melanchely, desire to cry, bet fishes, weariness, kilney and bladder treables where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free, in the first thill cost you only about 12 centres as week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation.

Just sand me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of coct, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing with your ended for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can deedle for yourself

Split a Coffee Berry



knife or other instrument. See that light colored skin or "chaff" enclosed in the heart of the berry? Looks small and harmless, does'nt it? But—that is the most, in fact, the only harmful substance in coffee. It contains a large amount of tannic acid which impairs the flavor of the coffee and makes it injurious to the stomach and other digestive organs.

Medical authorities say: "Remove the tannic acid or "chaff" from coffee and you have a pure, healthful beverage that is delicious and nourishing."

And that is just what we do with

Gold Standard

"THE CHAFFLESS" COFFEE

We remove every particle of the tannin-bearing "chaff" and dust by a special process of grinding. This method eliminates all the injurious substance and leaves only the pure brown meat of the coffee berry. You get the benefit. When you buy a tin of Gold Standard Coffee you get the best part of the coffee berry with all the aromatic oil and natural flavor retained. You can drink it without fear of indigestion or any of the ill effects caused by ordinary coffees. It costs you no more than most others and one pound will make from ten to twenty more cups of perfect coffee than would the same amount of ordinary coffees.

Gold Standard Coffee is sold under an absolute guarantee. If you don't like it, if it is nt entirely satisfactory, the grocer refunds your money.

GOLD STANDARD MFG. CO.

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Moman and the Home.

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning, Every morn is the world made

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you; A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over, The tasks are done and the tears are shed,

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,

Yesterday's wound which smarted and bled,

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never, Shall visit us more with their

bloom and their blight, Their fulness of sunshine or sor-

rowful night. Let them go, since we can not relive them,

Can not undo and can not atone; God in His mercy receive, forgive them;

Only the new days are our own Today is ours and today alone.

nere are the skies all burnished brightly

Here is the spent earth all re-born, Here are the tired limbs springing

To face the sun and to share with the morn,

In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning; Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain, And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,

Take heart with the day, and begin

Some New Sofa Cushions.

Soft cushions, which outwardly grow more artistic year by year, are delightful when filled with fragrant flowers or leaves-roses lavender blossoms, clover tops, sweet fern, milkweed and balsams. Often their coverings are embroidered in flowers like those used in filling or are made of materials in the various flower colors. For instance, a rose filled pillow has a bunch of roses embroidered on the corner and a pretty pink border or flounce of

A milkweed pillow recently seen was covered with fine open network, through which the silky floss of the milkweed was plainly discernible. This floss will not shed fuzz, as might be expected. No eiderdown is half so soft or fairylike as this milkweed when used in a pillow. It It will take nearly a barrel of milkweed pods, but, as so many country people know, it pays for the trouble

of gathering it. Gather the pods late in summer when they are fully matured, but be-

fore they turn black or have opened. For a clover blossom pillow only fragrant clover should be gathered, and then quickly dried without exposure to the sun. A recent writer suggests adding a sprinkle of clover sacnet powder to the dried blos-

A hop pillow will be new to many. Dry the hops thoroughly, make the covering of brown denim and finish the pillow in brown and gold. A spray of hops in gold wash silk may be embroidered on the surface.

To make a pillow of roses, spread fragrant petals in the shade on a warm sunny day. After drying them thoroughly, sprinkle a table-

spoonful of powdered orris root and ten or twelve drops of attar of roses among them. Fill a slip of glazed cambric with the mixture and cover with silk or satin.

Sofa pillows made up in the shape of a football are new. They are not much larger than a football, and are covered with burlap, denim, calfskin, or most anything, and sometimes laced up with leather thongs in close imitation of the real thing. They are down filled and nice to tuck in hollows.

Heart and Home Talks.

The farmer's family should be the happiest of any in the world. For they are so situated as to almost make their own world. Or at least be very independent of the great world outside, and able to make the home world the pleasantest and dearest spot on earth.

The home, however humble, may be beautified with plants and flowers, shaded with trees of father's planting, set in a neat, well kept

Meals prepared chiefly from the products of the farm and garden may not only please the appetites but keep all in good health. There is joy in watching the upspringing and growth of seed planted by one's own hands that those who have never planted cannot imagine. The elements are the forces with which the farmer works, contends against at all times, co-operates with at others, until the results of his labors are stored in cellar, granary and hay

There is much to be done that is hard and toilsome, but always there are about the workers the sweet influences of nature that often make them forget the weariness that labor brings. The songs of the earliest birds of the spring cheer the plowman, the changing beauty of the sky is ever above him, blossoms of field and wood peep at him from every side. The fulness of summer brings beauties of leafage and grain fields, and promises of the wealth of the harvest. Every glance across the meadows gives pleasure to him whose sense of beauty and love of nature is ever alert.

But all are not so endowed. Some there are who see in the beauty of the morning only the promise of a "good growing day." One of this One of this kind was once heard to say: "If I had to ride ten miles across the country on business I'd as soon go blind as any way till I got there." Think of it! Blind to the beauty of the changing landscape in a country that was partially wooded and slightly hilly, every turn of the road bringing to view a change in the lovely scenery, the road several times crossing a river, or winding along half way up its high, wooded banks. Bling-to all that!

Friends, we make our own comfort, our own content, our own happiness-or the reverse. If we look for unpleasant things we will find them. If we have decided that life isn't worth living, it will not be. If we consider our work hard our tasks will press heavily upon us. If we "dread the winter" we will find it

But let us turn over a new leaf. We are working for those we love, and love sweetens and lightens labor. Let us think of and look for pleasant things-the little things that brighten the passage of each day and teach our children to look for them. Let us make the most of our comforts, learn to prize our own good health, and rejoice in that of husband and children.

So much epends upon ourselves whether we are happy or not, whereever our lot may be cast, that we should be on the watch constantly for happiness makers until happiness becomes a habit.

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