

Cancer Cure

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.



The Biot Treatment

The New Vital Force for Men

I often feel that I would like to hear from every nerve wreck in Canada.

To get a close personal letter from every man who has stumbled and fallen by the wayside through Drink or Drug Addictions, Or who has wrecked his vitality through early excesses.

Or those who are sapping their vitality through the Cigarette habit. Or the business man who in the early morning can think mighty plans for business and who ere noon finds his courage gone because of lack of nerve force to carry him through.

Into all these and many more The Biot Treatment puts new life, energy, and it

Makes a Man of a Man.

You can't be a man, free, strong and manly and radiating success if your nerves are not all they should be.

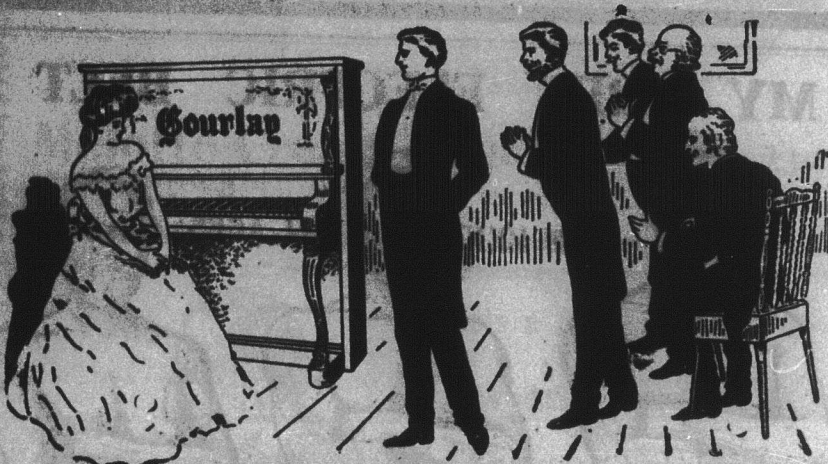
Look at the successful men around you. Great strong souls who are leaving their imprint indelibly written on the community—with bright eye and springing step they beget confidences—and confidence is success, and born of Nerve Force.

The Biot Treatment is not an ordinary patent medicine designed to deceive the ignorant, the stupid or the credulous but is all in line with the most recent scientific research and is for thinking men who are willing to help to cure themselves.

Now with this grand means at my disposal why should I not want to hear from every nerve spent man in Canada or even in the world. Write me freely and fully. Your confidence is sacred.

Address:—THE BIOT TREATMENT.

TORONTO.



HALF THE SINGER'S ART

lies in the piano that accompanies the voice. An instrument that is deficient in resonance weakens the best efforts of the most accomplished vocalist; a thin-toned or noisy instrument spoils the finest intonation and phrasing. But the

Gourlay Pianos

have just that sympathetic, human, even, flexible tone that sustains the voice, makes singing easy, hides defects or adds beauty to the phrasing and expression.

Resonant, with a full, rich singing tone, and always in tune with itself, the Gourlay is the Singer's piano par excellence—best both for the concert soloist and for the teacher of voice.

We make it easy for persons of moderate means to own a Gourlay. Tell us your needs, and we'll arrange

Most Satisfactory Payment Plans.

WE SHIP THE GOURLAY ON APPROVAL ANYWHERE IN CANADA.

Head Office:

Gourlay, Winter Leeming

182 YONGE ST. TORONTO

Mr. Alfred A. Codd, Winnipeg Manager,

invites all interested in Pianos or Organs, from a purchase or musical standpoint to inspect the Gourlay Piano at the Winnipeg Warehouses, 279 Donald Street, WINNIPEG.

their Uncle turned to Teacher Ruth. "Do you know our college songs?" he asked, and as Ruth shook her head, he began in his most persuasive manner:

"Although Yale has always favored,
The violet's dark blue,
And the gentle sons of Harvard
To the crimson rose are true,

"We will own the lilies slender,
Nor honor shall they lack
While the Tiger stands defender
Of the orange and the black."

"That is all very pretty," observed his sister as he laid down the guitar, "and I am a strong supporter of old Princeton, but I must admit that I prefer wearing roses and violets to tiger lilies. What do you say, Ruth?"

"I never wear flowers," replied Ruth, discreetly.

"But you would wear my lilies, wouldn't you, Miss Ainsley?" said Ned, leaning forward to glance into the gray eyes. "Nan is talking nonsense. She keeps a great row of tigers blooming along her front fence all because of her devotion to my alma mater."

"I'm real glad that you mentioned that," replied his sister, "I have always wondered why I never had the heart to root up those tiger lilies. Now you have explained it for me. If they are only in bloom by the time you graduate, Ruth and I will decorate ourselves with their splendor in your honor."

When Ruth said good-night that evening the young man followed her out into the hall.

"I shall be gone before you are down in the morning," he said, looking up into her eyes as she turned on the stairway. "I've had an uncommonly jolly visit. Will you try and get reconciled to the tiger lilies before I come again?"

"I always rather liked old-fashioned flowers," returned the little schoolma'am, smiling. "I love all flowers."

"But I want you to love mine best," was the fervent answer. "Good-bye, Teacher Ruth—may I call you that?" and he held out his hand.

"Good-bye, my friend," she replied simply, and as he at length loosened his farewell clasp of the rosy fingers, Teacher Ruth ran up to her own room with a strange little flutter about her heart. She glanced in the mirror at her scarlet cheeks and then hastily put out the light. "I wonder—I wonder if that was a 'thrill,' she whispered to herself.

Ned Gordon's devotion to his sister and her children grew apace with the winter. He found it convenient to run up quite frequently for a Sunday, and as Easter approached Mrs. Marston was not surprised to be notified that her brother would be glad to spend several days of his vacation with her if she would have him.

"Uncle Ned seems to be getting real fond of us," observed Jack complacently when he heard the news; but Harold mumbled gloomily that Uncle Ned "wasn't near as much fun as he used to be."

"I really think he is growing serious," reflected Mrs. Marston to herself. "I thought at first it was just because she was a new type of girl to him, but his devotion to a pretty face never lasted so long before. Ruth is such a close little body I can't tell whether she cares or not, but she doesn't dislike him. I'll find out the state of my young man's feelings very speedily, though, for I'm not going to tell him that Ruth will be away."

Accordingly, when Edward Gordon arrived with dress-suit case and golf clubs, his guitar and various packages for the small fry, his eyes wandered vainly about the hall in search of another greeting in addition to the cordial ones already bestowed upon him.

"Where is Teacher Ruth?" he asked at length, as they sat down at the supper table.

"Gone home," replied Harold promptly.

"Really?" asked Ned, with a glance at his sister.

"Why, yes; it is her vacation time, too, and her parents had a natural desire to see her," was the reply.

"Um—you didn't happen to mention it when you wrote."

"You didn't happen to ask any questions on the subject," was the quick rejoinder.

At this moment Jack returned from an excursion to the hall.

"Look here, Uncle Ned," he exclaimed, holding up a small package. "Here's something you forgot to give us. It's a book, I guess by the feeling. I found it in your coat pocket."

Uncle Ned's face turned crimson, and he made a dive for his young nephew.

"You monkey, give me that!" he demanded, possessing himself of the parcel.

"Whom is it for?" asked Harold, eagerly.

"It's not for you, young man," replied the irate uncle, slipping the package in his pocket; "and if you don't stop prying into my overcoat I won't let you be my caddy boys to-morrow when I initiate your mother into the mysteries of golf."

The boys had a glorious time next day, and Harold declared frankly that Uncle Ned was much nicer in vacation.

"You've been just as jolly as in old times," he added, with the contented sigh of his years.

"When Uncle Ned comes just for a Sunday he is too weighted with the care of college to be a boy with you," said his mother, mischievously.

"Look out, Nan," began her brother, reproachfully; "you'll be sorry by and by for your abuse of me. There's a box in the hall which just came up from the station, and it contains my birthday offering. Had you forgotten that this is your natal day?"

Mrs. Marston's eyes filled with sudden tears, and she slipped her arm in his and dropped a kiss on his cheek.

"You dear Ned, you never forget," she said, fervently. "Come, let us open that box."

When the contents were at last revealed, Mrs. Marston gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, the 'Winged Victory' I have been sighing for so long!"

"Yes, and it is a good cast," said her brother, proceeding to place the beautiful statue on a small mahogany table and adjust the wings. "Isn't she a beauty, though?"

"Where's her head?" exclaimed Harold. "Does that screw on, like the wings. Praps it's in the packing."

His mother and uncle burst into a laugh.

"What's the joke?" asked the injured youth. "I don't see why they sent her all in little pieces. Look in the box for her arms, Jacky."

Uncle Ned sat down on the stairs in his hilarity.

"You needn't turn over that packing any more, young men," he remarked at last. "The lady left her head and arms in Greece a great many years ago; and it is well she did," he added, with sudden impressiveness. "If she still possessed them and they were as beautiful as the rest of her, your Uncle Edward would lie prone at her sandaled feet until, like Galatea, she consented to come to life and make him happy. Nan, if I ever find a woman with a figure like that I shall give her my heart for ever."

"Indeed!" said his sister, dryly. Before her inward eye moved the vision of a slender little girl in gray. Teacher Ruth was not at all like this glorious Victory.

"I shall make her the queen of my heart," he went on, ardently. "There she shall reign—"

"Until she spreads her wondrous wings and soars away to mate with one of the gods," interrupted Mrs. Marston. "Such creatures were not made to sway the hearts of mortal men, my dear."

"Well, I think I should clip her wings," replied her brother, medita-

tively; "th

times,

They la

sitting-roo

settled dow

Only one

thought

words, and

sat sorrow

tom stair

eyes at th

For man

building a

was crum

beautiful

thrust asie

creature, v

removed

Quaker g

Ned firm

this plast

should co

ed at the

up in a m

about it.

Vacatio

parted as

Mary did

ley found

three-cor

table.

The ch

her little

hopelessl

anxious,

mended a

Uncle

these pas

his visits

Mary not

grief to

persisten

Victory.

on it wit

not talk

much no

so often.

Ah, po

the wom

signs of

that it w

keep his

quiet mo

or shelte

Teacher

her plat

books or

the myst

either, n

young w

child int

joyous e

It was

did not

The s

came wi

and col

one mo

nounced

ing to s

day bef

Mary

resolution

crisis w

coming.

again

them fo

Something

an inspi

Mary th

be dispos

beauty w

surely U

Ruth ag

possesse

beautiful

But h

accompl

take th

The Vic

cause m

and the

a Greeks

must be

Besides,

haunted

that th

and suc

in all t

must be

It neve

goddess

Uncle

After

brother

corner

pledging

the oar

solemn

her pla