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Would you continue to patronize a store where you know they substitute for the sake of increased profit? No you would not. But—when you have made up your mind that you want a certain medicine and the druggist tries to sell you a counterfeit—something which he says is "just as good"—do you realize that he is trying to bluff you for this very purpose. Insist upon getting the genuine **Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup** when you ask for it, because there is no other medicine in the world "just as good" for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilioussness and Constipation. We are fully convinced of this fact—because we have tested and proven

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in every possible way during the past forty years. This great herbal remedy—prepared from roots, barks and leaves—is sold and used in every quarter of the globe, and we are so confident that it will cure you that we stand ready to return your money—cheerfully and without question if it should fail. Go to your druggist today and get the genuine **Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup**, or send us one dollar and we will forward a full size bottle by return mail, postage prepaid, and if you are dissatisfied with results return the label, taken from the package, to us, and we will gladly refund the price paid.

A. J. WHITE & CO. LIMITED

335-A Craig Street West Montreal, Que.

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Trial Size 50c

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 Whitish 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 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send 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 send you free of cost, 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. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sicknes 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 women'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 H. 86 - - - WINDSOR, Ont.



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They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box.

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wishing to know more may write to me, my address is with the Editor. I would like correspondents especially from the Canadian Northwest, or New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia. I will write on any subject within reason, of course, that they care to write about. Any one, I mean some of those poor fellows who live on velvet flapjacks—wishing any good recipes—without a dozen eggs or something else equally as hard to get—just write to me. There, I wasn't going to tell anything about myself. Well I didn't, my mother is the best cook in this country. As it is my favorite refreshment will sign myself, Fudge.

Needs the W. H. M.

Sask., Jan. 1913.

Dear Editor: Being a subscriber of your magazine for some time I may say that my mail would not be complete without the W.H.M. As I am interested in the Correspondence column I

would like to become a member. I have travelled a good deal and can say that I have seen as many happy families among the poor as among the rich. I do not believe riches bring happiness. I see no harm in dancing if there is no whisky at the dance. Some seem to think the ladies would not have a very pleasant life with the Western young men. I believe the man who has batched for a year or so would appreciate a woman more than one who never had to do woman's work. I may say I am a Westerner and will never be hung for my beauty. I will gladly answer all correspondents who care to write. Would like to correspond with "Half past sixteen" and "Lonesome" in January number. I will add this verse, and leave my address with the Editor:

Of all the gifts that heaven bestows,
There's one above all measure,
And that's a friend 'midst all our woes
A friend is found a treasure.
Wishing the W.H.M. every success,
Semper Idem.

Temperance Talk

A Plea

WHEN nation strives with nation,
and hate's reward is hate,
And brother slaughters brother
and plunders his estate,
When moans and curses mingle, and
battlefields run red,
With blood, shed in unrighteous wrath,
and passion's whirlwinds spread,
When loving homes are loveless, and
laughing eyes shed tears,
And spite, malevolence and greed engender
doubts and fears.

O potent, loving God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike,
Strike out the hate, strike out the
greed,
Mould a more loving fearless breed,
And banish war's array.

We ask, O God, what matters it if Empire
stands or falls?
Is it important to maintain our stanch
imperial walls?
We hear it said that love survives, while
hate's reward is death,
Can we praise Thee and curse the man
Thou madest with one breath?
Are we Fate's ministers to loose forces
that tear and rend,
By slaying children that Thou lovest,
gain we in Thee a friend?

O loving, fearless God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike,
Upon this mortal clay.
Thy Son they strove to crucify,
Did He live on, or did He die?
Was His the better way?

The sword, the gun, the battleship, are
these the nation's might?
Or are they ghastly spectres that will
vanish with the light?
Can a race of ruthless tyrants sound a
noble people's doom,
Or do the tyrant's acts of ruth enchain
him to the tomb?
Do Satan's mandates rule the world, im-
pelling death and strife,
Or will Thy mighty laws prevail, de-
manding love and life?

O loving, fearless God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike,
Upon this mortal clay.
Give us this day our daily bread,
Not shrieking shells and rains of
lead,
And banish war's array.

Speak! Speak! O Lord! Open Thy lips.
We crave Thy mighty word.
The nation proud that hopes to live by
battleship and sword.
Breaketh Thy law, must die the death,
falling shall rise no more.
Its dying shrieks we hear above the
mighty cannon's roar.
Thine empire only shall prevail, the na-
tion that would live
Must know Thy law, obey Thy will, Thy
loving service give.

O potent, loving God, we pray,
Give us more light, and strike—
strike—strike,
Upon this mortal clay.
Strike out the hate, strike out the
greed,
Mould a more loving fearless breed,
And banish war's array.
Montreal, I.Y.B.

The Clergy and the Bar

Mr. C. H. Hale, editor of the Orillia Packet, in anticipation of about fifty local option contests coming on in Ontario, New Year's Day, writes convincingly to the Toronto "Churchman" deploring the indifferent or positively negative attitude of the clergy towards this very practical reform. He says:—

The old prejudice as to 'individual liberty' is the chief plea of those of the clergy who are openly antagonistic; but, thank God, this ancient sophism yields much less support than in the past to the accursed traffic, which ruins so many lives and damns so many souls. I am disposed to believe that those who take neither side are not so often impelled by considerations of prudence—by the spectre of trouble with members of their congregation and the fear of consequences—as by a genuine doubt as to the effectiveness of local option as a measure of temperance reform. It is in the hope that I may be able to dispel some of these doubts that I pen this article. Having lived for four years in a town where local option is in force, I am able to speak with some decisiveness as to its working. As to the success of local option in Orillia there can be no manner of doubt. By the united testimony of those in a position to know, crime has been reduced in so marked a manner as to leave no room for question as to the cause. Public drunkenness has well nigh disappeared. The 'treating system' is to all intents and purposes a thing of the past. The moral tone of the town has been raised. The streets are more orderly, women are less exposed to insult or annoyance. The removal of the temptation of the open bar has been a blessing to many a family. The town has become a veritable city of refuge for those unfortunates who, while they have no wish to be drunkards, when liquor is about cannot 'take it or leave it alone.' Surely all these are objects that should have the sympathy of both the clergy and laity of the Church. I could give equally emphatic testimony as to the industrial and commercial benefits conferred on the community, but this is not the aspect of the subject that will appeal to those whose chief concern is spiritual. I shall mention only one significant fact—that during two years or more during which railway construction was going on in and around Orillia only one of the hundreds of men employed found his way into the police court, and his was not a case arising out of drink. Did space permit, I could quote overwhelming testimony in support of all