



Rheumatism

Any kind—acute or chronic—inflammatory, muscular or sciatica—it's all the same to Hirst's Pain Exterminator. This famous liniment draws out all the pain—reduces the swelling—takes away the soreness and stiffness—in a few applications.

Hirst's Pain Exterminator

is applied right over the pain—rubbed in good and hard—and the pain is gone. It kills pain of any kind, from a sprain or lame back, to the most agonizing Rheumatism or Neuralgia.

MR. J. DUPUIS OF PORT SEVERN SAYS: "I was laid up with Rheumatism for three months and tried all kinds of medicine without obtaining relief. I was advised to try Hirst's, and before I had taken it two days, I was able to be up and help myself. I have improved right along and I thank this medicine for my cure."

25c. a bottle. At all dealers.

BIG FUR SCARF and LOVELY WATCH FREE



Just send us your name and address and we will mail you postpaid 20 packages of fresh Sweet Fox Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are the largest and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. Everybody buys them. You can sell the whole 20 in less than half an hour. Send us the money you get for them and we will send you by return mail a magnificent Fur Scarf, Lady's or Girl's also made in the latest style of warm, full soft fluffy fur, from specially selected skins, with six immense full fur tails and a silver chain fastener at the throat. It is a real appearance. We give it free for selling only 20 packages of Seeds at 10c. each, also an opportunity to get a beautiful Little Lady's Watch, free, as an extra prize if you write to-day. The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 3221 Toronto

READ THIS—but
UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR
GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS
are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.



REAL SOLID GOLD RING FREE

Beautiful fancy design, elegantly engraved and set with two very large fiery, flashing, rich red Rubies and two beautiful sapphire Pearls. A very handsome Ring, given for selling only 15 large packages of Sweet Fox Seeds at 10c. each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 25 of the most prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Everybody buys them. A 30c. certificate free with each package. Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., says: "I sold all the seeds in 30 minutes." Write us a post card to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. Maud Martin, Westmoreland, N.H., says: "I received my ring and am highly pleased with it. I had no idea it would be such a beauty." Write to-day. The Common Seed Co., Dept. 321 Toronto.

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

In Lighter Vein.

Settlin' Up Time.

It's settling time at Jones' store, and folks for miles around For Happy Valley Corners with their produce now are bound; There's Hiram Lucks, he's hauling ducks and Bill Smith's freighting hogs. He's going to exchange 'em for some brand new Sunday togs. Samantha Denny, her eggs and hens, is going to convert, Right into sugar, coffee, tea, and ginger-ham for a skirt; Old Jabez Reece has squash and geese, and turkeys too, a score, And bright and gay, all wend their way to Jones' general store.

2

It's settling time at Jones' store, and country folks all meet, And with a hearty "Howdy do!" each other now they greet. "Well Mandy Jane," says farmer Blaine, "how's Joe, and sister Liz?" "Joe's good and slick," says Mandy quick "but Liz has rheumatiz." "How goes the crops?" says Reuben Hopps of Ebenezer Hugs. Says Eb "O. K. we find the hay, but fruits eat up with bugs." Thus to and fro, enquiries go, from eight a. m. till four, Then roosters crow to let you know that settling time is o'er.

3

Now homeward roll, the jovial souls, along the country roads, All blithe and gay they wend their way to scattered far abodes; And in each wagon snugly lies, all that the city yields, In rich abundance for the man who tills the smiling fields. There's ribbons for the housewife, muslin goods for Sarah Anne, For Gran-dad there's tobacco, shirts and shoes for Ed and Dan; And an organ for the parlor that makes melodies sublime. No joys there are like the joys that come with settling time.

A Nobleman as a Bootblack.

A well-known British nobleman visited Chicago before Dr. Torrey left the city for his world-tour. He determined to stay at the Bible Institute.

Every student has either to clean his own boots in the morning, or pay for them to be polished outside the building.

Mr. Alexander was engaged in the humble occupation of shoeblack at a bench in the basement when the nobleman came down and did the same.

This little incident was not lost on the students of the Institute.

"He is a nobleman, indeed," they said. "He just got alongside of us, and did as we do."

A Drawn Battle.

"Well, Hans," I said to the big, cherubic-faced German, who sometimes does odd jobs for me, "I hear you have been on the warpath."

"Vat vas heem?" inquired Hans with a puzzled frown.

"The mayor told me he had to fine you and your brother for fighting," I exclaimed.

"Oh, yah; dat vas so," assented Hans, with a pleased laugh. "I was verocious, undt Yacob he was verocious, und so ve had a leedle paddle."

"Which licked?" I asked.

"Oh, neider von; ve vas bod jüst efen," answered Hans, earnestly.

"How's that?"

"Well, Yacob he called me a fool, undt so I called heem a fool, undt so ve vas efen dere," exclaimed Hans.

"Undt den Yacob he called me a big fool, undt I called heem a big fool, undt den ve vas efen again."

"Undt Yacob he called me a liar, undt so I called heem a liar, undt den ve vas efen some more times."

"Undt den Yacob he called me a

liar, liar, andt den I heet heem, undt so I vas a leedle aheadt, ain't it?"

"Budt den Yacob he hit me, undt so undt so dere ve vas efen again all riddt."

"Undt den der policeman run us bod in, undt dere ve vas efen dere."

"Undt der mayor he vined me five shillings, un vined Yacob only half a crown, undt so Yacob he was aheadt, ain't it?"

"But den I porrowed half a crown from Yacob to help pay mine vine, undt so dere ve vas efen again all riddt, all riddt."

"Undt you pet you ve vas going to stay efen now. It don't pay to paddle so Yacob says, and I guess he knows vat vas vich," concluded Hans, nodding his head, sagely.

Not so Much of a Goose.

A rich old farmer who lived near Philadelphia got tangled up in a money matter with one of his neighbors.

Mr. Alston, for that was his name, sought an attorney, who gave him a letter of introduction to a brother lawyer in Philadelphia, at which place it was necessary to enter the suit. The letter was delivered to the lawyer, and while he was reading it he was called out of the room, leaving the letter on his desk.

Mr. Alston let curiosity get the best of him, and picked up the letter and read it. The letter closed with, "Mr. Alston is a fat goose; pluck him heavy."

That was enough for the rich old farmer, and seizing the pen, he wrote:

"P. S. The goose has flown, feathers and all."

It took him about three seconds to amble down the stairs and into the street, and he has not had anything to do with lawyers from that day to this, preferring to pluck his own geese.

A Cure for Crime.

A writer in "The North American Review" asserts that manual training is almost as good a preventer of crime as vaccination is of smallpox.

"What per cent. of the prisoners under your care have received any manual training beyond some acquaintance with farming?" a Northern man asked the warden of a Southern penitentiary. "Not one per cent.," replied the warden.

"Have you no mechanics in prison?" "Only one mechanic; that is, one man who claims to be a house-painter."

"Have you any shoemakers?" asked the visitor.

"Never had a shoemaker."

"Have you any tailors?"

"Never had a tailor."

"Any printers?"

"Never had a printer."

"Any carpenters?"

"Never had a man in this prison that could draw a straight line."

Surely a Gentleman.

In far-off years Sir Walter Scott visited the first Lord Plunkett, who was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and was taken to see the ruins of the Seven Churches of Glendalough, one of the sights of Ireland.

One of the most romantic spots is St. Kevin's Bed, a cave which requires a scramble among rocks to enter. Sir Walter, in spite of his lameness penetrated the "shrine," an old peasant woman lending him a willing hand.

On the return, the Lord Chancellor asked her if she knew how great a man she had assisted, adding, "He is Sir Walter Scott, the illustrious poet."

"Be-gorra, your honor," the old woman replied, "he's no poet! He's a gentleman born and bred—for hasn't he left in me hand a piece of silver?"

Truly, there is more than one way of knowing a man by his works.—Exchange.

"What For?"

Perhaps it was native shrewdness rather than the dullness of the "untutored mind" that made the Indian unable to see the sense of spending time on work only to have it declined with thanks. The author that tells the story could at least appreciate the humor of it.

"Appropos of 'homing' stories, my husband and I have been traveling for the past year in California and the Southwest, and at one of our halting-places in the desert we were fortunate in making the acquaintance of McKinley, an Indian lad, who ran errands for us with refreshing cheerfulness and interest. One morning the squaw mother peered through the slits of our front gate at me as I sat writing on the tiny front porch. Her eyes were plainly bewildered.

"You heap write um," she observed. "I nodded.

"My boy, McKinley, he say you all time write um—Monday write um, Tuesday write um, Wednesday write um, all time write um. Letters plenty big. He mail um. All time mail um."

"Yes," said I encouragingly.

"By and by, maybe so ten sleeps, he say me bring um back—Monday bring um, Tuesday bring um, Wednesday bring um; all time bring um back. Letters plenty big. Indian no sabe. What for?"

"And it was as hard to convince her of the sense of the process as it has been various editors."

Half Way for Half a Stamp.

District Attorney Jerome was about to mail a letter when he found that his small son had torn the stamp in two and thrown one-half out the window.

"Now, young man," said he sternly, "that was the only stamp I had. What are we going to do about it?"

"Never mind, papa," comforted the boy, "put that half on. Maybe it will take it half way anyhow."

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is not really a sickness, but a symptom. It is a symptom that a certain set of nerves is ailing. Not the voluntary nerves that enable you to walk and talk and act—but the AUTOMATIC STOMACH NERVES over which your mind has no control.

I have not room here to explain how these tender, tiny nerves control and operate the stomach. How worry breaks them down and causes indigestion. How misuse wears them out and causes dyspepsia. How neglect may bring on kidney, heart, and other troubles through sympathy. I have not room to explain how these nerves may be reached and strengthened and vitalized and made stronger by a remedy I spent years in perfecting—now known by physicians and Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative, (Tablets or Liquid.) I have not room to explain how this remedy, by removing the cause, usually puts a certain end to indigestion, belching, heartburn, insomnia, nervousness, dyspepsia, all of these things are fully explained in the book. I will send you free when you write. Do not fail to send for the book. It tells how the solar plexus governs digestion and a hundred other things every one ought to know—for all of us, at some time or other have indigestion. With the book I will send free my "Health Token"—an intended passport to good health.

For the free book and the "Health Token" you must address Dr. Shoop, Box 98, Racine, Wis., State which book you want.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 for Men. Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative Tablets—give full three weeks treatment. Each form—liquid or tablet—have equal merit. Druggists everywhere.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative.