

## The Best Spring Tonic

When you drag yourself out of bed these mornings, feeling just about as badly as a human being can feel—that's "Spring Fever."

Now, what you need is something to stir up the liver, clean the stomach, cool the blood, and put some vim and bounce in the system.

ABBEY'S SALT does all this as nothing else will. For young and old alike, it is the best spring tonic.

25c and 60c a bottle. 3

**Abbey's**  
Effer-  
vescent Salt

## ELECTROLYSIS

is the ONLY successful process for destroying Superfluous Hair without danger of injury to the Skin.

Proper massage with pure, clean, harmless, nourishing Flesh Food, is the only safe way to remove wrinkles.

Pimples, Eczema, and Blackheads are permanently cured by my "Ideal" Acne Cure.

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**MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN**

4 AVENUE BLOCK, 265 PORTAGE AVENUE WINNIPEG

## 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 treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 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 also 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 and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness 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 woman'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.**

## MOTHERS



Teach your children to save and lay the foundation for them to build up a good, honorable, useful and reminding future, also preparation for a rainy day—by purchasing one of the

### KEYLESS BASKET BANKS

Holds 300 ten cent pieces. First ten cent piece locks it. Each coin registers and unlocks automatically at each multiple of \$5.00 Each bank guaranteed.

Price: \$1.25 each, postpaid.

**Wm. J. Battley & Co.**

Dept. W.H., 131 Marion St.  
(NORWOOD)  
WINNIPEG.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

## Woman and the Home.

### On Wings.

Oh, the happy things on wings,  
How they flit and fly about,  
All the summer, in and out  
When a breeze  
Rocks the trees,  
There they sit, and swing and sing;  
Hidden by the leafy screen,  
There they lilt, and tilt between  
Earth and sky,  
While the happy days go by.

Oh, the pretty care-free things;  
See them bend the grasses down!  
See the gold and blue and brown  
Butterflies.  
Rest and rise!  
How that bee hangs there and clings!  
By what right, you ask, does he  
Hang there quite so greedily!  
If you please,  
Clover is for bumble bees.

Oh, the joy of light and air!  
This is living, this is life;  
Tell me not of toil and strife,  
I'm in tune.  
Now with June,  
Deaf and dumb, and blind to care,  
Now my senses are unbound,  
Gone joy-mad with what they've found  
...le on wings.  
With the happy summer things!  
—Anna J. Granniss.

### Heart and Home Talks.

Two of the younger children had been ailing for several days and it had been a week since the young mother had had a good night's rest. Tonight the babies seemed much better, so after they were abed she worked about, carefully putting things straight for the night so that she might get early to bed. It was a sort of two-roomed house like many another farm home in the newer parts of the land east or west. Thoughtful people talk and walk quietly in these little homes if they have ever known sickness.

The husband and father returned to this particular little house an hour or so after the wife and babies were at rest. He had been on an errand to a neighbor's and had brought home some of "the boys." They came in noisily, laughing, talking and banging doors. After a time they sat down to a game of cards. The little ones were awake and crying by this time. But the game interested the men and they were quiet for a time. The mother was just losing herself in sleep when a loud laugh, with big, heavy voices, awakened them all again, and this went on all night. She would just get the children soothed to sleep when crash, a big, heavy fist would come down on the table with force enough to make the little house tremble. It was nearly dawn before those men put up their cards.

Do you think the schools for vice are all in the city? These men may have caught the fever in town, but it was certainly doing its worst in a little farm home. Do you pity that young wife, girls? Well, there are two sides to that story. A few weeks before this reveal—the young man went to a neighbor's one Sunday morning to borrow a paper. It was only on the next farm and the house about like his own as to size and convenience. Everything was so quiet about the house that he thought at first they must have gone away but the eager voices of the little ones coming to him, he knocked on the door. A clean, orderly room was this. The one table had a new red spread on it and a pretty rug—(their one bit of Sunday elegance) was on the floor. The mother and children seemed dressed to go to church but she sat in a big rocker with a picture book open on her lap and little heads so thick above the book that it was doubtful if mother could see anything but them—yet she seemed to be answering questions. The neighbor had often been in this room before but it had always looked like a workshop, just alive with activity. He felt ill at ease. He would not sit down, but stood by the stove, and taking one mitten off, he reached out a dirty hand over the warmth, but glancing at it he quickly drew his mitten back on. His unshaven face and filthy overalls looked sadly out of place and the man felt it. He felt the atmosphere of Sabbath quiet and restfulness and did not feel a part of it. He quickly took the paper he had come for and went home.

As he entered his own door the little boy pushed his sister off a stool he wanted and she went bump on to the floor and hurt her head. The mother sprang to her feet, the heavy shears and a spool of thread rattling to the floor as she cuffed the boy and scolded promiscuously. Her dress was untidy and pieces of her work were all about the room. The children looked unkempt and dirty and cross. "What a hell of a place," said the father. "It looks as if the devil had been holding an auction here." The influence of the other home was upon him and he saw for the time being that something was wrong here. He said something lamely about her sewing "today" that made her look up indignantly. "W. I just had to finish my dress today if we go to that dance tomorrow night. I have not got a rig fit to wear." "But it is cold," said he, "said he, 'It is too cold to take the children out or you either.' 'You said

you were going," retorted she. "Well, I'm used to being out, you see." "Well, I'm going to get used to it, and I'm going to that dance if you do. Aunt Anna never dances and she will help me look after the kids, so you needn't say any more about it."

We dislike to picture the ugliness of sin unless it is to contrast with the beauty of holiness. Young man, young woman, these are real pictures. In my early life when I was teaching school, the practice of boarding around was still in vogue and I had many scenes burned into my memory. If I can draw from that storehouse any lesson that will help my young people to choose wisely which path to enter at the beginning of conjugal life, I should be happy. It is sad that experience of the parent or older friend avails little in the lives of the young. If I cannot get the attention of a young woman before she contemplates marriage, I cannot get her attention at all. She must learn to look at life aright while young. So here comes in the parent's duty.

What are you doing now toward making the future homes of your children?

### A Conversation Party.

Unless a hostess falls back on dancing or cards, she is often at her wit's end to know just what to do to amuse her guests, especially if the majority of them are strangers to one another. The first our is usually dreaded, when a penalty of silence seems to be imposed on every one, and the feat of "breaking the ice" is indeed a most difficult thing. One of the best things for this purpose is a conversation party. Have attractive little programs made, either your monogram or that of your honor guest's, if you have one, with a little water-color or pen-and-ink sketch gracing the cover. Within the folder or on the other side, if it is a straight card, have as many numbers as you desire conversations. Opposite each number have written a subject for conversation. Distribute your programs among your guests, and have the men engage certain young women for conversations, just as the would engage partners for a dance. After every one's card is completely filled, the hostess rings a bell. The two who are to converse are permitted to go where they wish to carry on their conversation. At the end of a certain period, usually from five to ten minutes, the hostess again rings her bell, when the men leave their partners and hunt those for the next subject to be discussed. In this way every one gets an opportunity to talk with every one else. It is often the case that the prescribed subject is never even thought of; but if the guests find something of more mutual interest to each other, so much the better.

### "Kitchen Minded."

This epithet is applied to women who are too much engrossed with domestic affairs. The word is evidently meant as a reproach. No doubt there are women who give too much time to the kitchen, as there are others who give too little. Who will undertake to decide just how much time is enough? That a woman should grow like the place in which she spends most of her time is not strange. She might become parlor-minded, but many of us, like George Eliot, enjoy a clean kitchen best of all. What we all need is broad contact with life along with our specialty.

### Entertaining and Instructing with Stories.

A girl living in a neighborhood where there were many children discovered that her chief accomplishment consisted in telling stories. She called on the mothers of these little friends, with the result that a story-hour was organized, in which she both entertained and instructed ten to fifteen children each week with a carefully selected series of stories—myths, historical facts, and simplified tales from our oldest and best writers. Each child was charged the modest sum of ten cents an hour, which netted the story-teller a pleasant little sum, and returned the mothers a sense of safety and satisfaction for the expenditure.

Anyone can gratify the very natural desire to play the music of the masters by obtaining a Goulay-Angelus Piano. It places the boon of good music within the grasp of those whom circumstances or temperament have deprived of the accomplishment of playing well by hand.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Terminator. It never fails.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.