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## 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 have found the cure. With mail, free of any charge, my home treatment will reach you 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 the cause of these ailments and the cure. Leucorrhoea or Whittish 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 here caused by

complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you nothing to give the treatment, 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 you are troubled with any of the many ailments of women, you will find that you 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 the ailments which make women weak and unhappy. Write to me your name and 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. 56 - - - - - WINDSOR, ONT.**

one I loved." And she carried out her intention with the assistance of another member of the family, and the Bible was decently buried. They went their way, thinking no more of what they had done.

The dwelling came into the possession of another family that same spring, and, strange to say, this family were without a Bible, though prominent in social circles and well-to-do in all the temporal affairs of life; still, they cared nothing for either the church or the Bible, and had grown altogether out of the habit of such things, as is the case, alas, in too many families at the present day.

On one occasion several months after the burial of the Bible, I think it was the September following the May in which it was done, it was decided to make a lettuce bed in the garden, and several were standing—by while one was digging and preparing the place for the bed. Suddenly the hoe was plunged into a soft object, and they found upon examination the old Bible buried in the garden. The grandmother in this family, who was standing by, looked at it cautiously and curiously, and, turning to the others, said, "Children, we have no Bible; this has been sent us from the Lord."

It was very wet, and, of course, much disfigured, but she took it in her arms, carried it into the kitchen, put it in the oven, and dried it out thoroughly. She then sat down and read chapter after chapter. By the reading of these tattered pages she became converted, and with wonderful spirit and feeling made known the news to the rest of the family. They began at once to examine and read the Bible, and everyone of the family was duly converted, and is now a member of a church.

Truly the Bible was sent from God, and in its resurrected body it manifested that spirit and life which Jesus said it would manifest; and this dear old book has become a lamp to the feet and a light to the path of every member of that household.

### Common Mercies.

The common mercies that we all share are received by us as a right. We even grumble when the weather does not suit our convenience, when it is too cold, or too hot, too wet or too dry. But God appoints the world's weather and arranges the course of the seasons, and we could not do it as he does, nor manage, for the good of the world, the order of nature. On the whole, for the good of the whole, the rain and wind and shadow and shine, the stars and the sun are so ordained, that all people are benefited. Does this seem trite? It is not more trite than true.

What a blessing would come to us in our heart-lives if we could learn to receive every gift, however small, with a certain gladness, praising our Father when there is a fine day, and equally singing a psalm of joy when the rain comes pouring down from the clouds taking every glancing sunbeam, every silver raindrop, every fleecy flake, just as a little token straight from heaven!

We might do far worse than at times to sit down and count our common mercies. A beautiful lyric of Robert Louis Stevenson expresses a little of what is meant by common mercies. I insert it as a whole, for it has been often to me an inspiration and a comfort.

You and I forget that we hold in fee much that none can ever take away from us, that the man of many dollars and multiplied securities has no monopoly of sunset or the glory of dawn

## In the Day When We Give Thanks.

"Were there not ten cleansed," asked the Master sorrowfully, "but where are the nine?"

Of ten men rescued by our Lord from the grasp of an incurable and loathsome malady, only one came back to give the Lord his praise.

In a proportion not unlike that recorded in this incident, most people render thanks when they are delivered from a peril, healed of an illness, or helped over a hard place. A cynic has said that "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come," and indeed, looking about the world and surveying human nature, one finds singularly few persons who practice toward God or man the virtue of genuine thankfulness.

Take, for example, the familiar experience of anxiety over a loved one suddenly prostrated by violent pain, perhaps to be cured only by the knife of the surgeon. Or, for instance, the coming to the home of croup or fever under the malignant spell of which a little child gasps for breath. In an agony of supplication we call on God to save the precious life. Our thoughts flying upward are prayers. We feel as though we cannot let go the divine strength that is able to scatter the evil influence and reinforce the failing vitality. But when the danger passes, and the joy of health returns to the home, and the sufferer is restored to the wonted activities, we often forget to magnify the goodness that brought to us the blissful change.

We are on the ocean and the ship is tempest-tossed. Or we are in a railway accident, and while others are injured, we escape. Or the storm and the accident come before or after our journey, and for us there are clear skies and soft airs, and there is unimpeded progress and a speedy arrival at our journey's end. Whatever be our salvation or our immunity, it is a legitimate cause for praising the love that never forgets, though far too frequently we forget and go on our way, just as if there were no Father in the universe, just as if there were no overruling Providence to guide and guard us at every point and station of our lives. We are seldom so grateful as we should be for the good hand of our Father in our daily lives.

### An Allegory.

The Lover of Beauty passed by where the Rose grew. He bent above the tree and plucked from its branches the rarest and best of its blossoms—a beautiful, pure, White Rose.

The Lover of Beauty delighted in his flower, caressing its petals, and wore it where the world might see it and know it to be his. Into the heart of a great city he bore it, into a room that was his studio; and placing it where his gaze might most easily rest upon it he drank again of its loveliness.

The Lover of Beauty took palette and brush and reproduced the rose; tint for tint, petal for petal, curve for curve; till the rose on canvas looked as pluckable as the real flower had done when he gathered it to himself.

But for want of care the gathered Rose drooped its head and wilted. The Lover of Beauty, beholding this, exclaimed:

"The thing is faded, its beauty has departed. I have used it as I desired, I no longer want it, why should I keep it? I will cast it away."

Opening a window he threw far out into the street below the Rose once pure, once beautiful, once his. And it fell where was sin and the dirt. The Lover of Beauty found another Rose with crimson tints and a deeper fragrance.

The Man passed by where the  
White Rose fell. And he who loved  
flowers not alone for their beauty,  
but because God had made them flow-  
ers, saw a Rose crushed to earth,  
bruised and broken.

Stooping down, the Man lifted from the mud the stained and battered blossom, wiped it carefully clean, and hid it away against his heart, where he lovingly and shelteringly wore it forever and ever more.

## The Old Lady at the Window.

This is the story of a mother and a daughter who came under the shadow of a great sorrow. The mother had carried the spirit of youth well into old age, and the daughter who had cared for her had found joy in their relations. But the mother lost the ability to walk, and the infirmities of years grew more heavy upon her, so that the pendulum of her life swung daily between her bed and her chair in the window and no farther.

Her daughter up to this time had enjoyed a large measure of freedom, consequent upon her mother's good health, but now there remained only the daily care of the home till the end should come.

Not without heartaches, and misgiving, but with courage and filial affection the younger woman took up