ISSUE NO. 18, 1905.

THE GIRL WHO FOES TO THE CITY ALONE.

"I know of nothing more pathetic," said a woman to me lately, "than the one face one is sure to find at every boarding house in New York—the face of the girl who has just come to conquer the city. To me such faces are more tragic than an army with banners. Why doesn't she go home?"

Now, why should she go home—the girl who has just come to conquer the city? The women who are the heads of their professions did not go home, and they are not going to keep their places always. Who will take their places if that army of eager, confident young women at the boarding house tables of New York should suddenly go home?

There came a girl to New York, three years ago, who went to see one of the successful women in her profession.

"My dear young friend," said the successful woman, "go home. I have an average of 10 girls a day who come to me as you have come. I know girls of refinement—college-bred and clever—who cannot earn $5 a week in this town. Go home and stay there."

"But you didn't go home," suggested the girl.

"That was because I didn't know what I was daring," replied the successful woman.

The girl did not go home, however. She stayed, and now is earning a salary almost equal to that of the successful woman—for New York is indeed a fairy city if one knows a little magic oneself.

To every girl who has come here to make her way I should like to say two things:

First, know yourself; that bit of advice has never yet been equalled.

Second, if it is not your pride, nor your desire, nor your discontent at home, but your sober judgment of your own ability and perseverance that leads you to believe honestly that you can win—then stay.

Given health, and with no pressing call of duty at home, any girl who understands her own personality, and who stays in the belief I have just mentioned, holds her future in her own hands. In her own hands! There, alas, is the rub; for upon the way she juggles the future with her own clever hands everything depends, far more than on the intervention of fate.—February Success.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect helth. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11

HORRORS OF WAR.

Wounded and Dead Lie in the Field of Battle for Weeks.

Frederic Villiers, the war correspondent, whose work is known everywhere and who lectured in Toronto after the war between China and Japan, states that a prediction often made by Archibald Forbes has come true. Forbes used to say that "the time would come when armies would no longer be able to take their wounded from the field of battle." Villiers says "tha day has come—we are living in it."

In the present war Villiers has seen stretches of battle ground on which the bodies of dead and wounded have lain for twelve days, the dead unburied, the wounded untended, while over them incessantly passed shells and bullets. For a soldier of either army to attempt to rescue a wounded comrade—a father, son or brother—would mean instant and useless death. Wounded men have existed somehow amid the dead under these conditions, and have been found yet alive after twelve days. The searchlight, which preserves perpetual daylight on the battle ground, the engineering of scientific trenches, machine guns, rifles point blank at 200 yards and with a range of 2,000—these things have made war more terrible now than ever before in history. "Red Cross societies," says Villiers, "and scientific text books—they sound well and look pretty, but as for 'humane warfare,' was there ever put into words a mightier sarcasm?" Villiers has been through many campaigns, and knows what he is talking about.

The man who knows nothing of war but what he has read in heroes' tales imagines there is nothing easier than for a truce to be arranged for the burial of the dead, while the Red Cross people on their errands of mercy go safely about picking up the wounded. That simple order of things never existed, perhaps. But now it is much worse. Two army corps confront each other, and by means of scientific trenches get within a distance sometimes and at some points of one hundred yards. Not a living thing can show itself above the surface. These opposing fighters are under telephonic orders of a commander twenty miles away—the front of battle may be ten or forty miles long. The order may come from one side to rush the trenches of the other. Men are massed in the trench for a sudden rush, and they know they go to almost certain death. To be wounded is considered worse than to be killed in such a charge. It means a lingering death within fifty yards of a man's own army, or the man lying in the open gets bullet after bullet, but none in a vital spot to end his suffering. There can be no truce where armies are in this close and deadly grip—with the fate of nations at stake. War is what it is, and it grows to be so horrible that nothing remains but to inform the whole world of its nature, so that in time the whole world will discountenance it.—Toronto Star.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Many Uses of Kerosene for Domestic Purposes.

Always having due consideration for the danger inherent in the use of easily inflammable substances, the following detail of the domestic uses of kerosene by Mary Taylor-Ross in "What to Eat" will be found of interest to all housekeepers:

Kerosene is of great use in washing white clothes. One or two tablespoonfuls, put into the boiler, while the water is cold, and gradually heated to make an emulsion, will do away with much rubbing and consequent wear and tear on the clothes. If one doesn't care to use the oil for the entire washing, soiled pieces, like towels, may be put to soak in cool water over night, with a spoonful of oil; they will come white much more easily in the morning.

Nothing makes windows, mirrors and piteure glasses so bright and clear as very hot water, to which a spoonful of kerosene has been added. Use a small clean cloth; wring dry, and rub it over the glass, after the framework has been washed or wiped down with an oiled cloth. Go to the next window and wash in the same way, inside and out, and then go back to the first window and wipe it dry with a large, clean cloth. All the windows in a room can be made clean and sparkling in half an hour by this method.

Paint that has been washed in the spring, or woodwork of a natural finish can be made bright and clean in the fall by merely rubbing it down with a cloth dipped in kerosene. Always use clean flannel or wool rags, and discard one every few moments, for there is no use rubbing with soiled cloths. These cloths, if washed out at once, will be clean with very little work, for the oil helps make them white.

When the kitchen sink is rusty, and the set tubs, from neglect, become coated with accumulations of wash waters, rub them over with kerosene.

When, in the spring, the zinc lining of the refrigerator is found to be covered with small white spots, rub the zinc with kerosene. Leave the refrigerator open for several hours, and then wash with hot water, soap and a little ammonia. The spots will have disappeared and the refrigerator will be clean and sweet.

Tme zinc underneath a range or stove should never be wet with a drop of water, unless the water is wiped up with a dry cloth at once. If water spills on the zinc accidentally, wipe it up at once. Wet a cloth with kerosene, and go over the zinc every other day, and it will have the peculiar white shine that a clean zinc always has. If it has been neglected for a long time, or improperly cared for, wash first with ammonia and ashes, then wipe these up with soap and water, and wash the zinc with kerosene, as if the oil were water.

When a sewing machine runs hard, oil it all over with kerosene, and then sew awhile, or run the machine without sewing, to allow the oil to reach every crevice. Wipe away all the kerosene and oil again with some good machine oil. The machine will seem like a new one; it will run so much easier.

Kerosene oil will remove dirt from one's hands, after blacking the stove, more quickly than soap and water. Pour a little in the water and wash the hands with it, then wash in luke warm water, then in hot with plenty of soap and a stiff nailbrush. Finish off the hands with lemon and then rub in any good lotion.

After handling a paint brush, kerosene will remove the sticky feeling better than anything else.

Studies of the Vernacular.

This is the conversation that took place between the girl with the two-storey pompadour and the girl with the aeroplane hat, on the Wentworth avenue car:

"Seer, Jen!"
"Watcha wanta me?"
"Wanta askeesumpin. Ooze cummin out choor house t'moranight?"
"Awquitcherfoolin!"
"Aintafoolin. Oozacummin."
"Awka moff. Aintnobdycumin."
"Inobetternthat."
"Betchadollar taint."
"Betchadollar thiz."
"Awka moff!"
"Seer, Jen! Joomeentetellme, Imalyre?"
"Srite. Ooze binastuffin yuh?"
"Nobaddizbinstuffinme. Ino wottimataws inabout."
"Awka moff! Nothininit allsame."
"Sawl overtown."
"Wotsawlovertown?"
"Bouchooantomjackson."
"Oozee?"
"Core shoo don't know.'
"Core si don't."
"Betchadoo."
"Say! Juno Lilsimmons?"
"Bettido. Ullo! Ear sware Iga toff."
"Wel, g'by!"
"G'by!"—Chicago Tribune.

Christ Has Risen.

(By Susan Coolidge.)

Christ has risen—else in vain
All the sunshine, all the rain,
All the warmth and quickening,
And renewal of the spring.
Vain they were to charm our eyes,
Greening earth and gracious skies,
Growth and beauty, bud or bloom,
If within their fast-sealed tomb
All our dearer dead must dwell,
Sharing not the miracle.

Crocus tips in shining row,
Welcome, for your sign we know.
Every bud on every bough
Has its message for us now,
Since the Lord on Easter day
Bursts the bonds of prisoning clay,
All the springtime has a voice,
Every heart may dare rejoice,
Every heart no more a prison,
Join the chorus, "Christ is risen!"

An Extinct Canary.

(Weekly Telegraph.)

Teacher—Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.

Little Bessie—Dick.

Teacher—Dick? What sort of a bird is that?

Bessie—Our canary at home; the cat extincted him.

Get SCOTT'S Emulsion

When you go to a drug store and ask for Scott's Emulsion you know what you want; the man knows you ought to have it. Don't be surprised, though, if you are offered something else. Wines, cordials, extracts, etc., of cod liver oil are plentiful but don't imagine you are getting cod liver oil when you take them. Every year for thirty years we've been increasing the sales of Scott's Emulsion. Why? Because it has always been better than any substitute for it.

Send for free sample

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists
Toronto, Ont.
50c. and $1.00. All druggists

Nerve Needed in a Jailer.

(New York Tribune.)

Mobs hang and burn because they have found it safe to hang and burn. We do not believe a jail has been broken open in ten years where the custodian could not, with determination and courage, have preserved his prisoner, or at least made such an example of himself and the mob as to have aroused his State effectually to put down lynching for the future.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Guessing Match.

A guessing match about cats is entertaining, says the Woman's Home Companion. Write out the following list for each competitor without giving the answers, which are here printed in parentheses, and the one guessing the largest number wins:

A dangerous cat (catastrophe).
An aspiring cat (catamount).
A cat that can swim (catfish).
A cat that can fly(cat-bird).
A cat that will be a butterfly (caterpillar).
A library cat (catalogue).
A cat that asks questions (catechism).
A cat's near relations (catskin).
A cat that is good to eat (catsup).
A horned cat (cattle).
A cat that throws stones (catapult).
A tree cat(catalpa).
A water cat (cataract).
A cat that favors the grapes, (Catawba).
A cat that covers acres of grounds (cataclysm).
A subterranean (catacomb).
A cat, that living, appears dead (catalepsy).
A cat prized as a gem (cat's-eye).
A cat with a cold (catarrh).

THIS MESSAGE IS FOR WOMEN

Dame Bradette Cured of all her Pains by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Suffered for Years Before She Found Quick Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

St. Rose du Degele, Temiscouta Co., Que., April 24.—(Special.) — Suffering women all over Canada will read with feelings of interest and relief the experience of Dame Amedee Bradette of this place.

"It gives me pleasure to be able to tell," says Dame Bradette, "that I am cured of all the ills I suffered for a number of years. I found in Dodd's Kidney Pills quick relief from all my pains. I only had to take one box to bring back my health, and in five months I have had no return of my trouble."

Those troubles known only to women always spring from disordered kidneys. The female organs are entirely dependent on the kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure the kidneys. That is why they always bring health, strength and cheerfulness to weak, run-down suffering women.

Favorite Dishes of the Famous.

Napoleon's favorite dish was a bean salad.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of roast goose.

Andrew Jackson surrendered to ice cream at first taste.

Stonewall Jackson delighted in buckwheat cakes—in season and out of season.

Henry VIII. was extremely fond of beans, and imported a Dutch gardener to raise them.

Charles Sumner's private secretary tells of the statesman's sweet tooth for chocolate creams.

Washington was noted for his fondness for hickory nuts and the amount he could consume.

Louis XV. was extravagantly fond of a dish made of the eggs of various birds, which cost $100.

Lincoln in the days when he did his own marketing, often stopped at a certain shop for his favorite—gingerbread. He used to say: "It swells up and makes me feel as if I had had something."—What to Eat.

Just Why He Listened.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

"My daughter was practicing her new concert piece this afternoon," said the woman next door.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bitter. 'I heard her."

"How was it?"

"Why, I simply couldn't get away; that's how I was."

TWO ARCTIC BABIES.

Commander Peary's Exjerience With Some Tiny Musk Calves.

On the 4th of July, 1899, in a broad, level valley in the heart of Ellesmere Land, I came upon a herd of five musk oxen. When they saw us they ran together and stood back to back in star form, with heads outward. This is their usual form of defense against walrus, their only enemies in this land. After they were shot I discovered two tiny calves, which till then had been hidden under their mother's long hair. Such funny little coal-black creatures they were, with a gray patch on their foreheads, great, soft black eyes, enormously large, bony, knock-kneed legs and no tails at all.

With the falling of the last musk ox my dogs made a rush for the little animals, which, though wild-eyed and trembling with fear, showed a bold front to the savage, unknown creatures which surrounded them. Fortunately, I was too quick for the dogs, and rescued the little fellows.

Then I hardly knew what to do. I had not the heart to kill them myself, nor tell my Eskimos to. Finally I thought I would try and get them to the ship, fifty miles away, though I did not know how I was to do this over the miles of mountains and rough ice.

After the dogs were fastened the little fellows stood quietly by the bodies of their mothers till all the animals were skinned and cut up, and when we were ready to start for camp and put a line about their necks to lead them away they struggled so violently at the touch of the rope that I knew they would soon strangle themselves to death, and had the ropes taken off. Then we tried to drive them, but could not. Then I remembered my experience years before at far-off Independence Bay, and told Ahngmaloktok to throw one of the musk skins over his back and walk off.

With a baa-a- the little fellows were at his heels in an instant, and, with noses buried in the long hair trolling behind him, followed contentedly, while the rest of us kept off the dogs.

In this way everything went nicely, and we scrambled along over the rocks, waded across two or three streams and walked through an exquisitely soft, green little patch of meadow, cut by a gurgling crystal brook, until we reached the iceboat where the sledge had been left.—St. Nicholas.

NERVOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, and kindred ailments take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nervine. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12

The Mikado's Costly Advertisement.

(Japan Herald.)

We predict a boom in Japan's commerce after the war. The country has been brought prominently before the world in a way that it has never been before, in spite of the stream of tourists which has poured into the country. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the tourist element has done the country any good and whether it has not created the impression that Japan is a land of dreams where a few pleasant months may be spent in idleness.

The thousands of people who write to me, saying that

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs. cannot all be mistaken. There must be some truth in it.

Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 310

THE PLUCK OF FATHER LACOMBE.

Bidding the Blackfeet stop firing and hide where the Cree shots could not reach them, Father Lacombe raised his Cross in his right hand, a flag of truce in his left, and marched straight out in the face of the firing line, shouting on the Crees to come out and parley. The Blackfeet could hardly believe their eyes when they realized what he was doing—marching straight in the face of certain death. They called to him to come back. They would fight to the end and die together; but he marked right on. Bullets fell at his feet. Two or three balls siffed past his ears singeing his hair. Again the Blackfeet shouted for him to come back, but he was beyond call, and the bullets were raining around him like hail.

If the sun that rises over northern snow fields ever witnessed a more human piece of unconscious heroism than this solitary figure advancing against the firing line—I do not know of it.

Suddenly, he was seen to reel and fall drenched in blood. A bullet had bounced from the ground, striking him in the shoulder, and glancing up grazed across his forehead. Demons could not have restrained the Blackfeet them. To the triumphant yell of the Crees they sent back counter shout that set the ravine ringing. They were no longer on the defensive. A whirlwind rush of rage carried them past all bounds of fear. They only waited to see the priest on his feet—for the force of the bullet had been broken by the shoulder wound—when, with yells of fury, they poured volley after volley into the Cree bluffs, running from hiding of snowdrift to brushwood, pressing the hostiles back and back till, before midday, the fighters were in walking distance and a Blackfoot snarled out—"You have wounded your priest! Canaille! Have you not done enough?"

Wounded the man who had nursed them, too, through the smallpox scourge? The Crees were dumbfounded. Besides, they were beaten: and they probably reasoned that if a handful of men taken by surprise put up this kind of a fight, the same men on the aggressive with daylight to aid them and couriers scurrying to bring back the absent hunters, could coop the Cree company up in one of these ravines and exterminate the entire band. Besides, thirty of their braves were dead, fifty wounded; and retreat on horseback over deep snow with fifty wounded to carry could not be made with as great speed as the return of Blackfeet warriors might warrant.

A Cree advanced to parley.—Agnes C. Laut in April Outing.

Building Up the Canadian Northwest.

When the Dominion of Canada decided to build up its Northwest Provinces by inducing immigration its first step was to map out an advertising campaign, says the Philadelphia Record. The number of incoming settlers had been averaging about 15,000 per year. Under the direction of the Minister of the Interior nearly $200,000 was spent in setting forth the attractions of the great Northwest, and an immigration boom immediately followed. Last year 128,364 settlers, nearly 50,000 of whom hailed from the United States, took up their residence in Canada, and the tide is still increasing. The Dominion has officially demonstrated that advertising pays.

The Sunlight way of washing requires little or no rubbing. You should try Sunlight Soap. Will not injure dainty fabrics.

3B

English as She is Spoken.

(The Teacher.)

A reading lesson was being conducted in a class-room, when one of the boys, not noted for distinct enunciation, was called upon. He read: "The horse was runnin' down the street." "Begin again and do not forget the 'g.'" said the teacher.

"Gee! the horse was runnin' down the street," the boy repeated, in a well-meant effort to comply with the teacher's requirements.

FREE! LADIES, send name and address and you will receive a sample of SLOCUM'S COMPOUND

PENNYROYAL TEA.

Every mother and lady should use it. Used successfully by thousands of ladies. 25c. size for sale by all Druggists, or direct DR. T. A. SLOCUM, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.

"Control," But Not Operation.

(New York Herald.)

It is evident that the question of municipal control of public utilities is about to be forced upon the attention of New York in a practical way.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

It depends upon what our esteemed contemporary means by "control." New York has already determined to grant no franchises in perpetuity.

It will eventually own the new subway and other important little utilities. The people approve of municipal ownership, but if by "control" the Inquirer means their "operation" that is a very different matter. Philadelphia has given us a significant object lesson as to the dangers of that sort of "control."

THOSE WORRYING PILES!— One application of Dr. Agnew's Ointment will give you comfort. Applied every night for three to six nights, and a cure is effected in the most stubborn cases of Blind, Bleeding, or Itching Piles. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Eczema and all itching and burning skin diseases. It acts like magic. 35 cents.—15

A Thousand to One.

Personal solicitation is undoubtedly the most efficacious method of selling goods, but it is also the most costly. Moreover, the prospective buyer is often inaccessible to agents; he lives in perpetual fear of being talked to death, and when he grudgingly grants an interview he is in anything but a receptive mood. Where the salesman cannot penetrate the newspaper is accorded a ready welcome. What the seller has to say through its advertising columns is attentively perused and duly considered. Given an eloquent "ad." writer, with something worth writing about, and the newspaper will make a thousand sales where the typical "young man of pleasing address" will make but one.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

The Toothless British Lion.

We regret to learn that the Army Council has decided to abandon the experiment of providing recruits with artificial teeth, which was begun a few months ago. The experiment has confessedly been a failure. It looks as though the British lion may within a measurable time be no longer able to show his teeth to any aggressor, for the good reason that he will have no teeth, natural or artificial, to show.

A Matter of Spelling.

(Lowell Courier.)

There was a young lady from Worcester,
Who uscesed to crow like a roocester;
She uscesed to climb
Two trees at a time
And her siscester uscesed to booscest her.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa.

D. H. BASTEDO & CO.
77 King Street East - Toronto

RAW FURS. We are paying highest New York prices for all kinds of Furs. We buy all the year round. GEN SING ROOT. We sell Seed and Plants. Every farmer should have a Gen Sing patch. It will pay better than anything else he can grow. Send for catalogue.

DEAR SISTER:
If you will send me your name and address I will send you something you should know all about. Send no money. R. S. M'GILL, Simcoe, Ontario.

Folly of the Fakir's Victims.

The people who attempt to get rich quickly by putting their money in wild-cat schemes have been getting some hard lessons lately. If investors could stop to consider that if the deceivers who concoct these schemes and foist them upon the public had one-tenth part of the paying investments they advertices so liberally they would under no conditions part with the stock fewer lambs would be shorn. A really good and profitable business does not need to advertise the sale of the stock to any great extent, as it will sell itself, and there are always plenty of shrewd investors willing and ready to purchase. It is a case of investors seeking the investment, not of investment seeking the investors.

KIDNEY DUTY.—It is the particular function of the kidneys to filter out poisons which pass through them into the blood. When the kidneys are diseased they cannot do their whole duty, and should have the help and strength that South American Kidney Cure will afford in any and all forms of kidney disorder. It relieves in 6 hours.—14

Feats of the Photographer.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Photography has caught the fastest express train in motion by means of the cinematograph, and it also shows the growth of a flower. A bud which bursts into bloom in, say, sixteen days, is exposed to a camera every fifteen minutes during the sixteen days, and when the pictures develop from the films are assembled in order in the moving picture machine the observer may see to his delight, all in a minute or two, the gradual breaking of the bud—the blossoms open, close by night, and reopen in the morning, the leaves grow under the eye, the stamens peep from cover, and, finally, the full blown flower.

FITS Liebig's Fit cure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is confidentially recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from

Epilepsy, Fits, St. Vitus' Dance,

or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, THEN SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE and try it. It will be sent by mail prepaid. It has cured where everything else has failed. **CURED**

When writing mention this paper, and give full address. For sale by all druggists.

The Liebig Co., 179 King St. W., Toronto

Together.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

The days that we have spent together,
In summer and in winter weather,
With hearts like lead or like a feather—
The dear, sweet days we've spent together!

The days that we have spent together,
In russet fields as brown as leather,
In prairie paths and moor and heather—
The dear, sweet days we've spent together!

The days that we have spin together,
In stormy and in peaceful weather,
And love has been the blissful tether,
In dear, swect days we've spent together.

Good Rule to Follow.

(Brooklyn Life.)

Clementine—Arabella, would you run after a man?

Arabella—Yes, I would; if a man's worth having he is worth running after.

A Woman's Trust in Newspapers.

(New York Press.)

A woman hardly ever can have as much faith in her husband's judgment as in some newspaper clipping she is always cutting out.

MICA ROOFING

For steep or flat roofs, water proof, fire proof, easily laid, cheaper than other roofing. Send stamp for sample and mention this paper.

HAMILTON MICA ROOFING CO. 101 Rebecca St.
HAMILTON, CANADA

$100.00

GIVEN AWAY IN CASH FREE
For Correct Answers to this Puzzle

Each of the four lines of figures in the centre of this advertisement spells the name of a large city in Canada. This is a bran new puzzle and can be solved with a little study, as follows: There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and we have used figures instead of the letters in spelling. Letter A is No. 1, B No. 2, C No. 3 and so on throughout the entire alphabet. Can you think out the names of three of these cities? If so the money is surely worth trying for. Three correct answers win.

EACH ONE OF THESE FOUR LINES OF FIGURES SPELLS THE NAME OF A LARGE CITY IN CANADA. CAN YOU NAME THREE OF THEM.

THIS IS THE GREAT PUZZLE

13	15	14	20	18	5	1	12
17	21	5	2	5	3		
20	15	18	15	14	20	15	
15	20	20	1	23	1		

CAN YOU SOLVE IT FOR GOLD

It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle, and if you are correct you may win a large amount of cash. We do not ask any money from you. We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise. It does not matter where you live. We do not care one bit who gets the money. If you can spell out the names of three of these cities write them plainly, and mail your answer to us with your name and address, plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you promptly. We are giving $100.00 for correct answers and a few minutes of your time. Don't delay. Send in your answer at once. Address THE GERMAN PINK PILL CO., Dept. 907 Toronto, Ont.

INDURATED FIBRE WARE

There is nothing in the market approaching the quality of

EDDY'S

make of this ware. See that EDDY'S name is on the bottom of each pail and tub.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO