

THE HIGHEST THIBETAN AUTHORITY

Tired?—Nature's Sweet Restorer



Semi-ready Clothes

are absolutely Right!

THE H. D. BIBBY CO.



TIBET'S NEW RULER VISITING A MONASTERY

The Pontiff of Tashilhumpo, says Lieutenant-Colonel Waddell, in his "Lhasa and Its Mysteries," is known to Europeans as the "Tashi" (vulgarily "Teshu") Lama, after his place of residence. He devotes himself more absorbingly to spiritual matters than his brother Grand Lama a Lhasa. In consequence of this he has a superior reputation for piety and learning, so that he is given the title of "Great Gem of Learning" (Pan-chen Rimpo-che).



Abounding in stimulating goodness, a most healthful and pleasing beverage. Its sustaining and invigorating qualities are beyond dispute.

OXO

Our source of supply

The OXO cattle farms are far and away the biggest British cattle farms in the world *anted* outright in the fluid beef industry. OXO is the only British fluid beef whose makers guarantee that every ounce of their beef comes from their own cattle.

You would be careful in buying milk from a milkman who bought supplies from other people and mixed them with his own—wouldn't you? In fact, if a lot of milkmen came along, one of whom got *all* his supplies from his own healthy cows and the others got their supplies partly from their own cows and largely from outside sources,

you would give your custom to the man who got *all* the milk from his own cows—wouldn't you? It is just the same with fluid beef. Firms who have to buy raw material from somebody else cannot guarantee from *actual personal knowledge* that the beef is absolutely healthy.

OXO guarantees every ounce. INSIST ON OXO

MADE BY THE FIRM WHICH

OWN THEIR FARMS

And do not merely lend their name to somebody else's.

OXO is now sold both in Bottles and in Cubes (boxes of 4, 10 or 20 Cubes) by all Grocers, Druggists and General Stores.

ASEPTO SOAP POWDER

sweetens the home

Is Your Home "Surgically Clean"?

The greatest guarantee against illness—against disease—is cleanliness. Let Asepto help you keep your home clean—"surgically clean."

For Asepto sterilizes everything it washes. Everything touched by water in which Asepto has been dissolved—and only a little Asepto at that—is left absolutely antiseptic, sweet and clean.

Ordinarily the application of disinfectants requires considerable work. When Asepto is used, it enables one to carry on a complete course of sterilization ALL THE TIME without any additional work—both clean the home and **KEEPS** it clean. Yet Asepto is more than merely an antiseptic—more than a germicide; it is also a soap powder—as good as the best soap on the market.

It is the fact that both its soap and germicidal properties work toward the same identical end that makes it so effective. The soap qualities of Asepto loosen and remove the accumulated uncleanness—the germicidal qualities sterilize the cleansed surfaces.

Do not get the idea, however, that Asepto is of value only as a disinfectant. It is far more than that. Try it in your washing—on anything. The way it cleanses will amaze you.

With Asepto, you don't have to rub or boil clothes—you just put them to soak in water in which Asepto has been dissolved, leave them there for a couple of hours and then rinse them and hang out to dry.

Or for washing dishes and greasy cooking utensils—use Asepto. A single package of Asepto will make into two gallons of the best soft soap you ever used. And it will cost you only five cents, too. Tell your grocer to include a package of Asepto with your order—all good grocers sell it at five cents.

THE ASEPTO MFG. CO. ST. JOHN, N.B.



A SURE CURE FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS

Ten Days' Treatment Free
ORANGE LILY is a certain cure for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissue. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief; the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, and the circulation is rendered normal. As this treatment is based on strictly scientific principles, and acts on the actual location of the disease it cannot help but effect a cure of all forms of female troubles, including delayed and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc. Try it, it will pay for itself in a few days. A Free Trial Treatment, consisting of 10 days' worth, will be sent free to any suffering woman who will send me her address. Enclose 2 stamps and address, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAN, Windsor, Ont.

THE WOMAN WHO WAITS

Wife Who Gives All—Asks Nothing in Return

By DOROTHY DIX.

"What sort of wives do men want?" a woman writes in a letter to me. Then she goes on to say, "I am a poor woman, married to a poor man, but I know how to work. I am industrious and thrifty, and I keep my home as neat as a pin and there is never a penny wasted in it. When my husband comes home at an evening there is always a good hot supper waiting for him, and my little blue-eyed baby girl of three is always clean and tidy waiting to welcome him."

"But he does not notice either one of us. He does not even kiss the child, and he only growls at me to hurry up and put the meal on the table. Then he gobbles it down and as soon as it is over he fixes himself up and goes out to spend the evening with his men and women friends. When he does not get home until three or four o'clock in the morning."

"But I love him and try to be patient and just wait for I know that the time is bound to come when he will get sick or old and then his companion won't want him and he'll come back to me."

This is a bona fide letter that I have copied word for word, just as it was written, and to me it is the most touching and pathetic thing that I have ever read. It is in it the tragedy of unappreciated love; of a dog-like devotion that links the hand that strikes it; the humility that gives all and asks nothing in return; the loneliness of dark nights of desertion, lit only by the faint hope that the wanderer will come back when every other door is closed to him.

Such a woman as this and such a scene as she describes has been the theme of a great painter. In the gallery at Rotterdam hangs a picture by Leys, which shows a poor, plain woman, sitting in a poor, plain room. Her hands are quietly folded in her lap, and her attitude is one of dull, hopeless expectancy. Her face is turned toward a window through which you cannot see, but in her eyes, in her whole figure, are the passion and the pain, the loneliness and the anguish of every woman who ever sat and waited.

It is a picture that is sad, as is this letter I have quoted, with the tears of the woman who waits.

Oh, the women who wait—what a great sternhood of grief they make! There is a lodge of sorrow that knows no distinction of rank or class, for every woman, rich or poor, high or low, who has set with quivering heart, and helpless and impatient hands, just waiting for the man she loves to come back to her, is a sister to every other woman who has bided her hour in Getsemane.

are knotted and calloused by hard work. Her husband is gay and pleasure-loving and selfish, and he has left his dull home, and the tired woman in it, to follow the light and the laughter that he craves. Younger, prettier and fresher women, in beautiful clothes, and with soft, white hands, smile upon him, and among them he finds one to whom he whispers the words of love and lavishes the money that belongs to the wife.

The wife knows this, and she knows that she is powerless to help herself, despair and beauty. She cannot invest. She cannot summon back her own herself again with the romance in which her husband once saw her. She cannot appeal to his sense of duty, because no man ever yet loved for the sake of duty. She cannot even hold him tied at home, for he will go. So he goes, night after night, goes to the other woman, goes to his club, goes to the saloon, goes to the card table, goes to waste in rioting the money that the family needs, perhaps leaving the wife at home after a dreary day to stand a lonely, dreary evening just waiting for him to come back.

Sometimes it is an unfaithful husband for whom the woman waits. She knows all about the other woman, and her friends tell her that she should divorce the dastard who has betrayed her, but she loves him and refuses. She waits—waits through the long, bleak years for the time to come when old and weary, sick and worn, he, too, has been forsaken for some one younger and handsomer, and he will turn again home.

Sometimes the woman who waits is a mother who waits for the coming back of a wayward son. Hour after hour she sits listening for the shuffle of a drunken step coming up the street, her soul torn with a thousand fears and a thousand shames, her hands waiting to drag him across the threshold and to hide him from the world.

Sometimes it is a prodigal daughter who has run away from home for whom the mother waits. Everybody else has forgotten her. Everybody else has cordoned her off, but her mother keeps the light always burning in the window, and waits—and waits—and waits for the wanderer while her own hair bleaches with sorrow and her own eyes grow blind with straining looking down the broad road for the pitiful figure, broken and bruised, that will come stumbling home at last to mother.

Oh, the women who wait for sick beds while the night for life and death goes on! Oh, the women who wait in the bleak shadow of the walls of penitentiaries to have given into their patient, stricken, abandoned body from the scaffold, or to take back some son, or husband, or brother who is forever branded with prison stripes! What agony is theirs! How long the hours in which they daily wait.

God pity the woman who waits, and God pity the man who on the day of judgment shall have the tears that he has made her shed rise up to accuse him!

Being able to "take" one's own pulse is a doubtful accomplishment, because the heart has some peculiarities the importance of which are sure to be overestimated except by physicians and much uneasiness occasioned in consequence. Irregularity of the pulse is natural to no small number of people without other signs of disease. It may also be simply a transient symptom, due to errors of habit or other causes which, disappearing, leave no trace behind.

Stops a Cough In One Night

The Story of Sufferers From Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh Proves the Value of Catarrhoxone.

A cough may be catarrhal, but dry tickling in the throat, it must be accompanied by partial stoppage of the nostrils and shortage of breath. Often there is a gagging in the throat, and every two or three hours coughs have a hundred different causes, your's may be due to any of the following:

- Inflamed Throat
- Bronchitis
- Asthma
- Enlarged Tonsils
- Pneumonia
- Inflammation
- Croup
- Stomach Disorders
- Pleurisy

The cure is simply upon which physicians are relying to-day is Catarrhoxone. It removes the cause of the cough, doesn't soothe it. Catarrhoxone is a soothing, healing, expectorant, direct cure and cures the conditions that cause the cough.

Catarrhoxone is infinitely superior to cough medicines, tablets, sprays and emulsions, which for the most part are of no practical value except to ease the cough for the time being. Often liquid cough remedies contain opium, morphine and cocaine. With Catarrhoxone you take no drugs—you employ Nature's way—just inhale Catarrhoxone's soothing, healing vapor and relief and cure follow promptly.

It's simply wonderful to think how quickly a bad throat or catarrh can be cured with Catarrhoxone. Its rich balsamic vapor is carried along with the breath to the innermost recesses of the lungs, bronchial tubes and chest, making it impossible for the germ of any disease to live. This soreness in the chest is at once alleviated—phlegm is loosened and ejected from the throat, old-standing coughs are removed.

REMEMBER THIS: you breathe Catarrhoxone and it will cure you. Buy the large size, guaranteed, costs \$1, and lasts two months; smaller sizes, 25c and 50c. Beware of imitations and insist on "CATARRHOXONE" only.

SHREDDED

Keeps the Brain Clear and Keen, Because it Promotes Health.

To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.



MONUMENTS

Handsome and Newest Designs.
Granite and Marble
Raised letters a specialty.
Finest possible execution by pneumatic machinery, much superior to hand work. Best equipped shop between Toronto and Montreal.
S. J. KILPATRICK & CO.
Kingston, Ont.

THE ARTIST WON.

His Nerve and His Drawing Made Editor Weck.
New York Press.
The editor had given the artist an order to illustrate the story and had drawn a rough diagram of the kind of sketch he wanted. It must show a deer vaulting in a high leap over a clump of bushes. The artist read the manuscript, made the picture and sent it in. It was well done. The deer was a magnificent fellow, with a pair of antlers that the most ambitious black might well be proud of. The editor took one look at the drawing and then in disgust returned it to the artist with a letter stating that the figure must be redrawn because "the story plainly states that the buck was yearling, consequently he would have had only spike horns and not the kind of antlers you have depicted."

The artist was not, however, dismayed. He stood pat for antlers. With courage born of unmovable conviction he returned the drawing unaltered to the editor and wrote him: "Composition demands antlers. Changes manifested by ten-year-old buck." The editor was struck so dumb by this manifestation of nerve that he actually took time to study the drawing. He let his imagination picture the spike buck instead of the majestic whorled beauty and finally decided that the artist knew a thing or two, so the editorial blue pencil was brought into requisition, the buck's antlers were redrawn and the picture, minutes, and the periodical left both

\$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men --- Free

Send Name and Address Today— You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back, brought on by excessive, unnatural drink, or the abuse of youth, that has cured so many men and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and cheaply, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it. This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and "nerve failure" ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy to confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with a harmful patent medicine, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: "Dr. A. E. Robinson, 2035 Lusk Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$2.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing their prescription, like this—but I send it entirely free."