MAGIC

BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE HIGH STANDARD OF GILLETT'S GOODS

5 THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
NEW STYLE LABEL

FREE! THESE SIX MAGNIFICENT PRESENTS (10 Pieces) **FREE!**

GIRLS—Here is the chance of your life. Write us to-day—quick, and in a few days you can have all these magnificent presents without spending a single cent. Just see what you get: This big, handsome, silvered, folding Doll Carriage, richly enamelled and made like a real big $18.00 baby carriage—the handsomest Princess Doll you have ever seen, a real Parisian baby, nearly 18 inches tall and dressed in the newest style from hat to shoes complete—a marvellous solid metal gold-enamelled doll-bed with canopy top, bedspread, mattress and all, and the cutest little French Bisc baby doll all ready to dress up and take for a ride. Then we give you this magnificent solid gold shell ring set with three sparkling jewels, and the dandy 5-piece Doll's Fairy Kitchen Set. It is great. Look but not lead, every girl who wins these ten beautiful gifts can also get this magnificent sterling silver chain-link watch as a free extra present without selling any goods to secure it.

Girls! It is easy. We want every person in the land to try our newest and greatest perfume, the famous "Parisian Hearts of Flowers," so write to-day and agree to sell only 36 of our big 10-cent size among your friends. They are so handsome and delicious that they just go like hot cakes. Eight of the loveliest odors—White Rose, Lily of the Valley, Jasmine, French Carnation, Wood Violet, Heliotrope, etc. Everybody wants them, and our big 10c. size will perfume more articles and last longer than a dollar's worth of ordinary perfume. It is easy to sell them; No money in advance. Simply sell the perfumes, return our $3.00 and all these magnificent presents, exactly as represented, are yours. We are bound to introduce this famous perfume no matter how much it costs us and we will arrange to stand payment of all express charges on your presents right to your nearest station. Don't miss this chance. Write at once to

NATIONAL PRODUCTS LIMITED Dept. R 77 TORONTO, ONT. 40

Labatt's 27

ALE --- STOUT --- LAGER

PURE — PALATABLE — NUTRITIOUS — BEVERAGES

FOR SALE BY WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE

LOCAL OPTION—Residents in the local option districts can legally order from this brewery whatever they require for personal or family use. Write to

JOHN LABATT, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA

James McParland, Agent, 339-341 King Street East.

MODERN MARTYRS!

The age of martyrs is not passed. There are thousands of women all over the country enduring physical torture and mental anguish almost beyond description. They are not victims of persecution, like the martyrs of old; they are not called on to face the scaffold or the stake, but their sufferings—borne in silence and hidden from the world at large—are scarcely less intense.

These ladies, as a rule, are women and girls of refined and sensitive temperaments. Knowing that their sufferings are due to a disordered condition of the female functions, their native modesty deters them from seeking relief in the earlier stages; and when they do consult a physician, they usually get some drug mixture to take internally, which is not more effective for troubles of this kind than it would be for a toothache, a bruise, or any other strictly local ailment.

The seat of the trouble being in some one of the female organs, the remedy, to be effective, must act on this portion of the anatomy.

This is the secret of the success which always follows the use of ORANGE LILY in derangements of this kind. It is a strictly local treatment. It is absorbed directly into the parts that are inflamed and congested and its beneficent, soothing influence is noticeable from the start. The irritation of the delicate membrane is relieved, the congestion is overcome by the discharge of the watery matter which served to oppress the nerves and cause mental depression; the nerves are toned and invigorated, and the sunshine and joy of life again becomes part of her being. Read the following letters:

Archer, Ont., Feb. 1, '09.
Dear Mrs. Currah:—I received your kind letter some time ago, but was feeling so well and not needing medicine, that I neglected replying sooner. I must say I have more confidence in ORANGE LILY than in any other thing I have ever used. Before I knew or found out anything about this medicine, I doctored away hundreds of dollars, and when I thought I was dying with inflammation of the womb, a box of ORANGE LILY was sent me through the mail from a friend. The first suppository I used I was greatly relieved, and in a few months completely cured. That was nine years ago this winter, so you can imagine with what esteem I hold the ORANGE LILY. I am thankful there is such a relief for poor, suffering women, for I have been one of them and can sympathize with others. Your sincere friend, MRS. NORMAN WEAVER.

Trenton, Ont., Dec. 4th, 1909.

Mrs. F. E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.—
Dear Friend,—I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lily has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my housework during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb and ovaries. The pain would run down the groin, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so went to our leading town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced (I'll forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might, in time, be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so filled out Dr. Coonley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and he diagnosed the disease the same as my local doctor, so I decided to take Dr. Coonley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerate Massage, two packages of Herbal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lily. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain even during menstruation now. I often say, "I won't let you take $100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Coonley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering womankind, and shall continue to sound its praises wherever I have an opportunity.

Yours gratefully, MRS. T. H. HATTON.

ORANGE LILY as a remedy for these ills, as well as for leucorrhoea, painful periods, irregularities, cancers in their earlier stages, tumors, displacements, hemorrhages, and all ovarian troubles, has long since passed the experimental stage. So confident am I of this that I will send ten days' treatment, which is worth $5 cents, to any sufferer ABSOLUTELY FREE. The treatment is inexpensive, used at home, and no physician is necessary. Send at once for the

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

which will demonstrate that ORANGE LILY will cure you. Enclose stamps, and address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT., Can. Rep., Coonley Med. Inst. Delays are dangerous. 11

"For Sale by leading druggists everywhere."

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE.

The Judgment House—A Novel by Sir Gilbert Parker—The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

An intensely interesting book is this new novel by the famous Canadian author, Sir Gilbert Parker. It has been some years now since he has produced a book, but this one was well worth waiting for. It is, without doubt, his masterpiece so far as it surpasses even "The Right of Way," "The Weavers," and the "Seats of the Mighty." "The Judgment House" is a story of international interests. The destinies of nations are interwoven with the lives of the two heroes—one a millionaire, a pioneer of the Cecil Rhodes type; the other, a diplomat, with his finger on the pulse of the world. The heroine, like Cleopatra, influences the careers of empire-builders by her beauty and her cleverness. The scene is laid in London at the time of the Jameson raid in South Africa, and the consequent result, the Boer war. Rudyard Byng had returned to England after amassing a fortune on the Rand, where the uprising seriously threatened his holdings. Ian Stafford, of the British foreign office, cherished strong ambitions to serve his country on a grand scale. Both men were in love with Jasmine Grenfel, a beautiful and accomplished girl who broke her engagement to the diplomat to wed the millionaire. Her infatuation for the former affords the subject for many an interesting chapter. By her aid Stafford was enabled to form an alliance with powerful European nations, which left England free to deal with the Boers without fear of interference. His intolerable life at home, strengthened b the lure of the old, free South African life of the plains and hills, compelled the millionaire to go to the front as head of a cavalry regiment. Stafford, to escape the meshes into which his love for his friend's wife had led him, enlisted also, and in an heroic charge against the Boers he fell. Jasmine had also gone out as a nurse, and the tragic battlefield became the scene of a reconciliation between the estranged couple.

The story is brilliantly told. It holds one's interest enthralled throughout. At times it is intensely dramatic. One realizes that Parker's last work is his best, and hopes that his next book will not be so long delayed as this.

THE BLUE WOLF.

The Blue Wolf, S. W. Lacey Amy, The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto.

"The Blue Wolf" is a love romance of an Alberta prairie ranch. It is the tale of a Toronto 'Varsity graduate, who married the most popular girl at college, and settled upon a lonely western ranch. He was one of a quintette of lively students who had formed a firm friendship. They had all loved the same girl, but McTavish had won her hand and heart. Later he grew jealous of his friends, and while visiting at the ranch, each met mysterious deaths. The story introduces the "Dreamers," a fanatic religious society, at enmity with all who oppose them. McTavish, for his own purposes, allied himself with their leader. The "Dreamers" had a secret place in the Cypress Hills, and here their strange religious rituals were practised. McTavish's jealousy has affected his mind, and in his madness he planned to destroy the last of his college chums, who had come on a visit to the ranch. So he lured his friend to the top of the mountain, where in a grotto, McTavish had constructed an instrument he called a reflectophone. He had discovered the secret of sound direction. He could collect any sound, magnify it many times, throw it against the reflectors, and turn them in any direction he pleased. Thus he had been enabled to produce the hideous cry of a dying wolf which had brought fright to all on the plain. Thus, also, in collusion with Maskin, the leader of the "Dreamers," he had reproduced a voice that affrighted his followers and kept them in subjection to his will. McTavish's work was done, and he pitched the machine over the ledge to smash on the rocks below. Then, in his madness, he seized the last of his little band of friends, intending to hurl him over the ledge to death. But, during the fierce struggle that ensued help came in the form of a corporal of the Mounted Police and his friends, and the intended victim was rescued. Of course, there are several love stories mixed up with the other events, a touch of cowboy color, and glimpses of the good work accomplished by that splendid body of men, the Northwest Mounted Police. "The Blue Wolf" is a wierd story, containing good descriptive writing and some brilliant dialogue. Possibly it would appeal more strongly to western Canadians, on whose broad prairies the scenes are laid.

The author is a former Sydenham, Ont., boy, who has had wide experience in the west. For a time he was a newspaper publisher at Medicine Hat, and has of late been a frequent contributor to magazines.

Weird Titles For Books.

"A Most Delectable, Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At," is the title of a pamphlet published in 1626. Quaint titles were the rule in those times, and particularly in Puritan writings. Perhaps the sober-faced Roundheads liked sugar-coating on their spiritual fare.

Another title of that period is "A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust Cast Upon John Fry," and another is "The Snuffers of Divine Love."

Cromwell's time was particularly famous for title pages. A book on charity is "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breches." We also find "High-Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness," and "Cramts of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant."

An imprisoned Quaker published "A Sign for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

About the same time was also published "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion"; "Salvation's Vantage Ground of a Louping Stand for Heavenly Believers," and "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters Through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant." The author of the first work speaks directly to the point.

Then come "A Reaping Hook, Well Tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop, or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation"; and "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis' Handful of Honeysuckles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, now Newly Augmented."

With My Books in Winter.

Winter is a blustering lout,
Listen to his roaring rout!
Let me shut the racket out,
Double lock the door;
Mind and body both at ease,
Now I can do as I please,
I have warmth, contentment, peace,
Should one wish for more?

Ah, how bright, how cheerful looks
Yonder hearthfire! and my books,
Ranged on shelves or stored in nooks,
Make a brave array!
All for use are, none for show,
They are books I read and know,
That is why I love them so,
My true friends are they.

Noble prose and dainty verse,
Novelists, philosophers,
Drammatists and travellers
I have close at hand;
When some favorite I pick out,
Dream of all it tells about,
What care I for winter's rout?
I'm in Fairyland.

—Charles W. Hubner in Atlanta Constitution.

Literary Notes.

Messrs. Jack (Edinburgh), and Copp Clark (Toronto) announce that their "History of the British Nation," by A. D. Innes, has been such a great success that they have been forced to go to press with another large edition. They have also in preparation an impression on superior paper, with additional plates to meet a widely expressed demand.

The Copp Clark company announce for publication shortly "The Bishop's Purse," by Cleveland Moffatt. It is now some years since Mr. Moffatt's last book, "Through the Wall," made such a hit. The new story relates the exciting adventures of a clever woman thief.

In books lies the soul of the whole past time; the articulate audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream.—Thomas Carlyle. (1795-1881.)

BABY'S OWN TABLETS ALWAYS DO GOOD.

Mothers, whether your baby is suffering from indigestion, colic or worms, or from some other form of childhood ailment, you will find Baby's Own Tablets a sure relief. Thousands of mothers use nothing else for their little ones. The Tablets always do good—they cannot possibly do harm and are equally good for the newborn babe or growing child. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A One-Sided Arrangement.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why is it that Hendrix is able to dress so much better and live in so much finer style than you do? I understand that his salary is no higher than yours?"

"The explanation is very simple. He has a daughter and I have a son. My son has to pay the expenses for both whenever they go anywhere together."

At the ripe old age of eighty-six years, John Wright, Brockville, passed to his reward on Wednesday morning. The deceased was one of Brockville's oldest and most highly respected citizens.

Women's Hair Made Glorious

Parisian Sage Stops Falling Hair and Dandruff.

Nothing so detracts from the attractiveness of women as dull, faded, lusterless hair.

There is no excuse for this condition nowadays because notice is hereby given to the readers of the Daily British Whig that Parisian Sage, the quick acting hair restorer, is sold with a money back guarantee at 50c. a large bottle.

Since its introduction into Canada, Parisian Sage has had an immense sale, and here are the reasons:

It is safe and harmless. Contains no dye or poisonous lead.

It cures dandruff in two weeks, by killing the dandruff germ.

It stops falling hair.

It promptly stops itching of the scalp.

It makes the hair soft and luxuriant.

It gives life and beauty to the hair.

It is not sticky or greasy.

It is the daintiest perfumed hair tonic.

It is the best, the most pleasant and invigorating hair dressing made.

Fight shy of the druggist who offers you a substitute, he is unworthy of your confidence.

Made only in Canada by the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package.

All reliable druggists, department stores and toilet goods counters have Parisian Sage Hair Tonic. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. J. B. McLeod guaranteed it.

SPRING WITH THE BIRDS.

Nature Lover's Picture of What May Now Be Seen.

Toronto Globe.

The gulls we have always with us, but their graceful outlines in pearl and white and their easy course through calm and storm insure a perpetual welcome. They beckon toward the shore, where the whistlewings and bluebills gather in large flocks on the turbid water recently cleared by the storm. There are a few sawbills in the flock, but interest centres in the half dozen mallards that keep apart from the winter ducks, as if to call attention to their announcement of spring. They have come from the milder south with their most welcome message. On the shore the message is more eagerly proclaimed by three killdeer, running along so hurriedly that their slender, stilted legs are invisible. Their double breast-bands of black distinguish them among the plover family as they pause to pick hurriedly among the winter's refuse on the sloping sand. On nearer approach the reddish-brown on their backs is visible. They show a tendency to hide behind the low willow bushes, already turning pale yellow in preparation for the great awakening. It is a double assurance to hear the familiar, startled call as the killdeer take wing and pass with undulating strokes over the disturbed water. These shore-waders make an unreasoning response to the migrating impulse, and reach the southern extremity of our pair of continents, ever beyond civilization's destructive advance.

Another voice of spring, the call of the song-sparrow, rises from the bushes that sheltered the killdeer on the shore. There is life in the bushes, the little, grey, moving forms appearing momentarily, and retreating out of sight. Song-sparrows and tree-sparrows are freely associating among the close twigs of the willows and making their way along the shore as if by a common purpose of understanding. Less timid and more tolerant than the killdeer, a robin, big and rich in spring plumage, hops along the shore where they took flight. He darts his hungry beak into the wet sand with that happy confidence familiar on our lawns in summer mornings. A few shrill syllables come faintly over the water from the island of dead rushes. The redwings can be seen rising momentarily in spasmodic flight against the grey background of the lake and settling out of sight among the withered tufts and masses. They must be gathering the seeds of the water plantain and other weedy aquatic growths. By a wayward impulse they move irregularly along, as if determined that their rich contrasts of scarlet and jet shall be seen and admired.

In graceful silence three grebes swim into the restricted open from behind a point of matted marsh grass. Their appearance is the surprise of the day. They are Boelbell's grebes, the giants of this strange family, which combines the habits of the bird and the aquatic reptile. Their gracefully-curved necks show the red tints of spring, and as one turns to preen the feathers of his back with his long, yellow bill he displays the pearly gloss of his breast. In the exciting advent of these distinguished visitors the two-horned larks, friends of the lonely winter, following their crouching, devious, parallel courses among the stones, are almost ignored.

SEA TURTLE WAS USED.

By 15th Century Medicos to Cure Leprosy.

A French historian, in connection with the alleged cure for tuberculosis now being advanced by Dr. F. F. Friedmann, calls attention to the little-known fact that the medicinal use of the sea-turtle is by no means of recent date.

On July 8, 1483, King Louis XI. of France sent George the Greek, master mariner, to the Cape Verde Islands to seek "various things touching nearly to the well-being and health of our person." The Cape Verde Islanders had the reputation of possessing a cure of leprosy, a report of which had been brought back to France by a traveller from the coast of Guinea at about the time King Louis was in declining health. According to the recital of this traveller, the big sea turtles were caught by the islanders when they came out on the beach at low tide to feed. They were at once killed, and their blood caught in large tubs. Persons afflicted with leprosy bathed in the blood, and afterwards ate of the turtle's flesh. This treatment was kept up for two years, at the end of which time the patients were usually completely cured of the dreadful disease.

This record would tend to show that Louis XI. was a leper. That such was the case had been rumored by chroniclers, but the reason of the expedition to the Cape Verde Islands now published for the first time, throws much light on the psychology of Louis XI., his ill-humor, and his sedulous avoidance of mankind during the last days of his life. The wretched man evidently believed himself smitten with leprosy. He was, however, never fated to test the efficacy of the sea-turtle remedy, for he died August 30, 1483, before the return of the expedition.

Frank Black's Favorite Poem.

At the funeral of Frank S. Black the following poem, entitled "Simplicity," was read at the request of Mrs. Black. It was a favorite of ex-Governor Black. Meredith Nicholson wrote it:

It power were mine to wield control
Of time, within my heart and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay
What I hold dearest, I should pray
That I may never cease to be
Wooed daily by Expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;
That I may feel, till life be spent
Each day the sweet bewilderment
Of fresh delight in simple things—
In snowy winters, golden springs—
And quicker heartbeats at the thought
Of all the good that man has wrought,
But may I never face a dawn
With all the awe of wonder gone,
Or in late twilight fail to see
Charm in the stars' old sorcery.

R. H. Cross, merchant of Jasper, has sold his stock of dry goods, etc., to Omer Brown, of Delta. Mr. Cross leaves in a few weeks to spend the summer in Vancouver.

ENJOYS FISHING AND SHOOTING AFTER BEING INVALID IN BED

GIN PILLS Brought Strength Back Again To New Brunswick Sportsman.

Kidney and Bladder trouble may quickly bring you to the sad state Alex. W. Stevenson was in.

He was an invalid using a crutch and cane for sixteen months. In this state he sought and found relief in GIN PILLS. Now he goes shooting and fishing as of yore.

The first state leading to the invalid's bed may be the very time when you recognize the first symptoms of Kidney and Bladder trouble, when you have constant Headaches, Pains in the Joints, Swollen Hands and Ankles, frequent desire to urinate. It may be when you feel the urine hot and scalding or when you have specks floating in front of your eyes.

These are the times when the marvelous results of GIN PILLS are appreciated. These are the very periods when they should be used. Don't wait for repeated occurences of these signs. Take GIN PILLS at once. Keep the invalid's bed as far away as possible. Get close to the health which allows you to enjoy your outdoor life, and which makes your indoor time also a pleasure.

PERTH, N. B.

For two years I was an invalid, incapable of work of any kind, sixteen months of this time I was unable to move without the assistance of a crutch and a cane. During this time I was treated by all our local doctors as well as taking treatment from a specialist in Chicago, but did not improve any, and had about given up hope of ever being of any use again, when a friend advised me to try GIN PILLS. This I did, and with a two months treatment was as well as ever I was. This was four years ago, and I have had no return of my trouble since.

I still use a box or two a year as a preventative and am enabled to go fishing and shooting in the Spring and Fall, and lay out on the ground at night without any inconvenience. It is a wonderful medicine and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all sufferers from Rheumatism. ALEX. W. STEVENSON.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—money back if not satisfied. Sample free by writing: National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto. 161

The Consumer's Dollar

will go a long ways with a wise selection of foods that supply the greatest amount of nutriment with the least tax upon the digestive organs. The consumer's dollar will purchase ninety-two

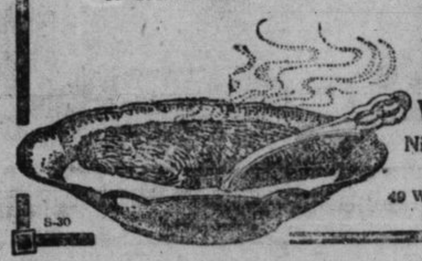
SHREDDED WHEAT

BISCUITS

each one of which makes a complete, warm, nourishing meal when eaten with hot milk and a little cream. Contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less.

For breakfast heat the Biscuit in the oven a few moments to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. It is deliciously nourishing and wholesome for any meal with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, preserved peaches, pineapple or other fruits. At your grocer's.

MADE IN CANADA
A CANADIAN FOOD FOR CANADIANS



The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

S-30

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

An Ideal Tonic For Women

Sick headaches or biliousness are unknown to women who use Abbey's Effervescent Salt regularly, because it tones up the entire system.

Mildly laxative in its action Abbey's Effervescent Salt has immediate effect upon the torpid liver and sluggish digestion and produces rich, red blood that makes for vigorous health. It's a pleasant, invigorating drink at all times—but especially beneficial in the morning before breakfast.

Take a Bottle Home To-day. 36

Two Sizes, 25c. and 60c. At all Druggists.