

"Outposts of Empire"

(Words and Music by S. A. Wigley, Edgerton, Alberta, Canada).

1.
Oh scouts in the far distant Homeland,
We're watching by forest and ford.
We're guarding the Outposts of Empire,
Our fathers have won with the sword.

Chorus.
Then rally round the Flag of your
Country,
Shame it never by deed or in word
And guard well the outposts of Empire,
Your fathers have won with the sword.

5.
Will you rally round the Flag of your
Country?
Shame it never by deed or in word?
Will you guard well the Outposts of Em-
pire
Your fathers have won with the sword?
Chorus.

"We'll aid you to wait in the forest,
You may sleep while we watch by the
ford,

Scout Song
Bugle

Outposts of Empire

Directed Music by S. A. Wigley
Edgerton
Canada



2.
Oh scouts in the peaceful old Homeland,
All sheltered from trouble and harm,
Prepared and ready we'll find you
When the bugles sound out the alarm.
Chorus.

3.
Oh scouts at your ease in the Homeland,
In the world as men take your place,
Lest the sickness of luxury stay you,
And you fall far back in the race.
Chorus.

4.
Of scouts in the dear old Homeland
If frozen we fall on the plain,
If we die in the heat of the desert
Or sink in the pitiless main.
Chorus.

We'll stand where you stood in the
desert,
And keep what you've won with the
sword.
We'll rally round the Flag of our Coun-
try,
Shame it never by deed or in word,
We'll guard well the Outposts of Em-
pire,
Our fathers have won with the sword."

* * * * *
V. 1-4 sung by "Old" Scout.
The Answer to be sung by all Scouts.

Puss in the Corner

Is a game that charms the very wee
ones. The four corners of the room are
occupied by the four pussies; the other
children stand in a group in the middle.
The pussies raise their fingers, beckon to
each other and call "Puss, puss, puss!"

Preparing the Way

It was the Sunday of the first heavy
snow. A handful of people came out to
church in the morning, and plodded home
through the snow, which, still falling,
filled their tracks and left no record.
Nearly all the afternoon the snow con-
tinued to fall, without a breath of wind to
drift it, and lay a foot deep on the level.

Along toward evening Jerry Wilcox
hitched up to the new snow-plow he had
nailed together out of boards he found in
the shed, and riding on his plow, with two
horses plodding before him, made a good
wide path from the back door to the barn
and round the front of the hen roost and
the hog pen. This was the important part
of his work, but it was easy to drive round
the front of the house and plow a path to
the gate, and then to clear the walk in
front of the house. The whole enterprise
thus far had taken little time in propor-
tion to that which would have been re-
quired for shoveling.

Jerry reined in his horses at the end of
the house lot, and was about to drive
round to the barn. Then he noticed that
something still remained of day, and the
horses were seeming to enjoy their outing.
It occurred to him to drive on to the meet-
ing-house—not that any one was likely
to get out after such a storm; but if any-
body should, why, the path would help.

And so down the street he rode on his
snow-plow, the light snow curling away
from the front of his plow like a wave be-
fore the bow of a ship; and when he came to
the gate of the meeting-house he turned
in and left a good path to the door.

Then said Jerry to himself, "I might as
well plow round to the minister's door.
He will have to come out, anyway." At
the parsonage gate he remembered the
Widow Stevens, who lived a few doors
farther on, who always liked to go to
church, and it seemed a pity to have her
floundering through the snow, so he went a
little farther. And because it was not
worth while to come back on the same side
of the street, he crossed over, and made a
good path in front of the houses on the
other side.

Then he thought of Deacon Graham, on
the cross-street, and his own Sunday-
school teacher round the corner, and he
might as well plow round that way and go
home by another route.

All this Jerry did, partly from the joy
of activity, and partly, and increasingly,
with the thought of helping a little. When
he had cared for his horses and done his
milking and eaten his supper, he thought
he would go out to church, and just see if
anybody did get out. His mother said,
that, since there was so good a path, she
believed she would go to church herself;
and Jerry's father decided to go along,
too.

The crabbed old janitor had been think-
ing all the afternoon of going to the parson-
age and suggesting that the bell be not
rung nor the church lighted that night.
The minister had more than half expected
him. But when the janitor started to
wade to church he found a good path, and
became more optimistic, and went instead
to the meeting-house, and rang the first
bell and lighted the church.

A number of families, hearing the bell
and looking out, were surprised to find a
path, and, having been housed all day,
thought it well to stir out and go to meet-
ing. And so it happened that the minis-
ter looked over the largest evening congre-
gation that had assembled since the
weather got cold.

The text, happily, was, "Prepare ye the
way of the Lord"; and the lesson was that,
besides those who are to do great things,
the world needs those who in faithfulness
prepare the way for them.

Said the minister, "I find an illustration
close at hand for the lesson of the evening.
Few of you would have come to church
this evening had not someone thoughtfully
plowed a path. If the sermon of to-night
does any good, a share in the joy of the
accomplishment of that good belongs to
him who prepared the way for the mem-
bers of the congregation to come to the
house of the Lord."

Jerry's face was red with the winter air
and the exercise, but it grew redder as the
flush of embarrassment stole round to the
very back of his neck. Everybody said it
was one of the best meetings he had ever
attended, and that the sermon was un-
commonly good.

No
Corns

Next Sunday

In 48 hours your corns
will be gone if you use
this simple method.

Apply Blue-jay tonight.
Tomorrow you will not even
think of the corn. Day after
tomorrow the corn will be
loosened. Simply lift it out.

Some people keep corns year
after year, merely paring them once
in a while.

Some people use old-time treat-
ments, and think corns can't be ended.
They wrong themselves. A fam-
ous chemist has solved the whole
corn problem. And his invention—
Blue-jay—now removes a million
corns a month.

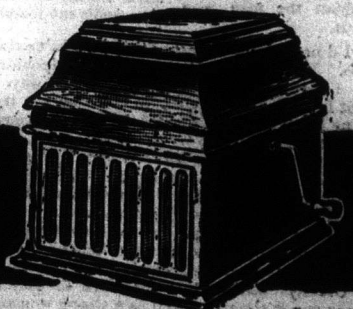
Go try it. Note how the pain
stops instantly. Note how gently
Blue-jay undermines the corn. Note
how soon the whole corn comes out,
without any pain or soreness.

Next Sunday you can be as free
from corns as a barefoot boy. And,
so long as you live, you will never
again let corns bother you.

Blue-jay
For Corns

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