

scamp, you, I will pick them up now, but when you are older you will do it yourself," he runs and laughs. The boy is now three, and throws coat and cap on the floor. I wonder when he will become of age. I can imagine when he is ten times that old he will still be lacking a few years, and if it is not his coat and cap it will be something else, pyjamas, underwear, or boots will be there for tired mother to pick up and put away with a sigh as she wonders why he cannot remember to do it himself. Who is at fault? Mother's love spoils many. That is only one case, but I have found a solution for nearly every time when a young man has not come up to standard. I do not mean that it is always his parents. There are a few who go astray with the best of teaching, but not 95 per cent of them. There is too much love from mother, and quite often thoughtlessness from dad, in nearly every home. They do not waken up to their children's wrongs.

My letter is rather long, so I will stop. My pen runs away on topics that interest me greatly.

Could any of your readers take orders for embroidery? I have read over my letter and it gives the impression that I am a "whirlwind" on bringing up children. I will leave that for others to decide. Am I married or not?

Just Guess.

A Word from B.C.

Dear Editor:—For a long time I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly, and I enjoy especially the Correspondence Page. I have not seen any letters from British Columbia in print for some time, so if I may I will fill in the gap with a few random words.

My home is in the sunny Okanagan Valley, where you prairie people get all those delicious varieties of fruit. Right now the fruit season is in full progress. At any moment of the day loads of luscious fruit may be seen rolling into the packing houses to canning factories to be packed or canned by lively Okanagan maidens garbed in clean blue overalls, just like "Hokus Pokus" says she wears.

"Bubbles," although I am not of the fair sex may I suggest a name for the man who does his own housekeeping. "Mr. Luckyboy" I would name him. Won't some of the prairie readers of either sex of my own age, 18, write to me. My address is with the editor.

Peaches.

Ladies Write "Light Hair"

Dear Editor and Readers:—For the last few years we have been taking The Western Home Monthly, and I find the Correspondence Page the most interesting.

There certainly seems to be a lot of lonely bachelors out West. I am working out on a farm, and am lonely myself, for there are not many girls out in the country.

I am intending to go to the city for the winter, so I will be pleased to hear from some of the ladies about my own age, which is 20. If I see this in print I will perhaps come again.

Light Hair.

A Proud Canadian

Dear Editor and Readers:—Although I don't take your wonderful magazine myself, I have it sent to me by my mother, and I do enjoy reading it. I have had it sent over a good bit of Canada and the United States, and my friends there thought it was really good. In your May issue there was a letter from "A Lonely Bach," who had his flapjacks eaten by the dog, and he is asking for the recipe for another batch. Did the dog eat the recipe too, I wonder.

I agree with "Happy-Go-Lucky," but just think what the small town people would think of a girl who just goes out for a good time.

I enjoy farm life. During the war I drove a four horse team and liked it

fine. I am a Canadian and proud of it, but I lived in the U.S.A. for five years. I like the people there too, and they are easy to get acquainted with, and you can sure have a good time there.

Well, now this is getting rather long for a first letter, so I will close, hoping to see this in print. Wishing the magazine and readers every success, I remain

Irish.

LONELY

By Elsie C. Taber

Silence reigns from wall to wall,
Noiseless footsteps, voiceless echoes,
Calling to each other, call,
Fall and die away, and all
The world is empty.

For a form has left its chamber
Gone from its accustomed places,
And the echoes soft are calling,
Calling to the empty spaces—
"All is love!"

She is gone my own beloved,
Loved, and lost to me in going;—
And the cobwebs down are creeping,
And the wind without is weeping
In the gloom.

She has gone out from my keeping,
And the shadows dark are sweeping,
But she does not lie there sleeping,
And the dreary house is empty
Like a tomb.

Has she gone, or is she speaking?
Ah! no sound of laugh or greeting;
And my tired heart seems sleeping—
Nought to cheer it into beating—
Into time.

For my Agnes has gone roving
She, my heart is ever loving
Will she come again to meet me?
Comfort, cheer or joyous greet me,
In the room?

Come, return my precious rover
Leave your friends, and to your lover
Turn your dainty footsteps hither,
Or my weary heart will wither
Ere you come!

It happened in front of the village post-office.

An old farmer was holding his frightened team while an automobile rushed by. "Queer how horses are so skeered of them things," said one of the loafers.

"Queer?" grumbled the farmer. "What would you do if you should see my pants coming down the street with nothing in them?"



Mending is One of Mother's Multiplicity of Duties

Unfortunately, it is usually necessary for the busy mother to leave the mending until some quiet hour when the children have been got off to bed. This necessitates working by artificial light, with unusual straining of the eyes.

It is this straining of the eyes which makes one feel so tired after mending, sewing, shopping, or doing fancy work.

When you think of how constantly the eyes are employed, and of the continual changing of the focus to suit the distance of the object viewed, you may not be surprised to know that the optic nerve consumes an enormous amount of nervous energy.

For this reason straining of the eyes brings on fatigue, and often leads to nervous breakdown.

There is no magical way by which exhausted nerves can be restored.

It takes time and patience in order that the depleted nerve cells may be nourished back to health and vigor, but you may be sure of satisfactory results if you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly.

We know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the vital substances which go to the upbuilding of the nervous system. We have the utmost confidence in its curative properties, because we have seen it tested in so many thousands of cases. But how are we going to prove this to you unless you try it? You are the one to be benefited, so it remains for you to make the test.

Try it when you feel tired out and discouraged. Try it for sleeplessness and irritability. Try it for nervous headache and indigestion. It is not a mere relief, for this reason you must persevere in its use until the lost vigor is restored to the nerves. The fact that the results are both thorough and lasting will encourage you to continue the use of this food cure until you feel strong and well.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of the genuine.