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but when the feed has been equally good during both seasons what reason can be assigned? It may be due to failing potency in the sire in some cases, but not in all.

Some families of cattle, it is true, are noted for the long line of prize winners that they turn out generation after generation; but this is not always the case. Many breeders who exhibit largely will tell you that they do not depend on any particular family for their exhibits of young stock, as one year the calves from certain cows may be the best, while the next year the prize winners may be of a totally different family.

The influence of the male on his offspring is evidently, therefore, a movable quantity. This rule holds good, too, in the human race. One who has investigated the subject says that it will be generally found that the firstborn resembles the father most, and this is especially noticeable when there is great affection existing between the parents. He says that where the father is dark-haired and the mother a blonde, the first-born will oftentimes be the darkest haired of the children, the color of the hair getting lighter in each successive child as the influence of the mother begins to assert itself.

OUR "OLD TIMERS"

An Appreciation

The lonely lives of early Pioneers,
Have oft been told in story and in song;

The hardships they endured in bygone years,

The trail they blazed when Canada was young

And wild, with all her cruel untamed fears,

When, stout of heart, they ever battled on;

Fired with a glorious hope that yet wou'd come

The day, when they would hew for us, a Home!

Do we appreciate just what it meant,

To bravely dare the unknown with a smile;

With toiling ox-cart, cross a continent,

And leave the old home many a hundred mile.

To sever boyhood's ties where they had spent,

Bright days "Down East" or far in Britain's Isle,

And face a lonely fate in wilds unproved

Far from the loving care of all they loved.

To rear a rude log shack upon the waste

In loneliness for months, for years to stay;

To face "King Blizzard's" might, a whirl through space,

To stagger helpless through his blinding spray.

Without a human voice—a kindly face,

To welcome them, and cheer a closing day!

To battle Winter's frosts and Summer's heat,

Paving the pathway for an Empire's feet.

His little home beneath the Heaven's blue,

Became to him more dear than stately hall;

His table beckoned to the wandering few,

His luxuries were dreams—or none at all

He'd work "Old Buck" the long, long summer through,

(And then he'd kill and eat him in the fall!)

Glad when the year's monotony would end,

He hailed the wandering Red man as a friend.

Then came, at last, the happiest of hours,

When from afar he brought his fair young bride;

Adding new beauty to the prairie flowers,

To rough and tough it with him, side by side;

To cheer him through the shadows and the showers,

And rule his little home with wifely pride.

To share his hardy toil with sweet content,

The honored "mother" to the settlement.

Then would the bachelor boys come dropping in.

Drawn by the magnet of a woman's smile;

Enjoy a good square meal—a yarn to spin

About the latest tenderfoot—and so beguile;

The many weary hours, and still within,

That bitter, homesick longing for a while.

Then mount the pony—bareback—ride away,

Vowing they'd never "batch" another day.

No petty malice his broad nature knows,

Hope crowded from his heart all selfish spite;

The wild ravine for him still nursed the rose,

The darkest days shone forth some ray of light;

He conquered Self in conquering other foes,

Rough sod will make the dusty share gleam bright.

And life's hard knocks the gold in him refined,

Repaid in sturdy limbs, contented mind.

And kindly memory through the mist of years,

Has increased all his joys an hundred-fold;

Has smoothed the ruffled places, dried the tears

Of sorrow, shed in those dim days of old;

Their mark is left; a majesty he wears,

In simple dignity; a heart of gold.

Known only to the Child of Nature, who

Has lived her life, the simple and the true.

Oh! Let us not forget how much we owe,

To those rough hands, those sturdy work-worn backs;

Who gave their buoyant youth, their manhood's glow,

To rear us mansions from their tiny shacks;

Who made the wilds, the golden fields we know.

True veterans of the Plowshare and the Axe!

Who far and wide the Union Jack unfurled,

And made our land "The Granary of the World."

And now, for him, War's long gray shadows fall,

The home he toiled for in the balance swings;

His Motherland for Freedom stakes her all,

And spreads abroad her wide protecting wings;

And we, her children, hear the Trumpet's call,

With all the dread anxiety it brings.

He bows his head to hide his bitter woe.

Then stands erect and bravely bids us "Go!"

Once more his back is bent behind the plow,

Once more that brave old countenance is lit;

With Faith's high hope (ne'er higher than 'tis now),

Tho' seared with sorrow, as he does "his bit";

To shield his country from the Tyrant's blow.

To feed the hungry; keep her fighters fit.

The furrow's length is dimmed with unshed tears,

For loved ones called to War's unending fears.

"Old Father Time" is calling one by one,

Our grand "Old Timers" to their last long rest;

Their noble task for Canada is done,

They've opened to her sons her last best West;

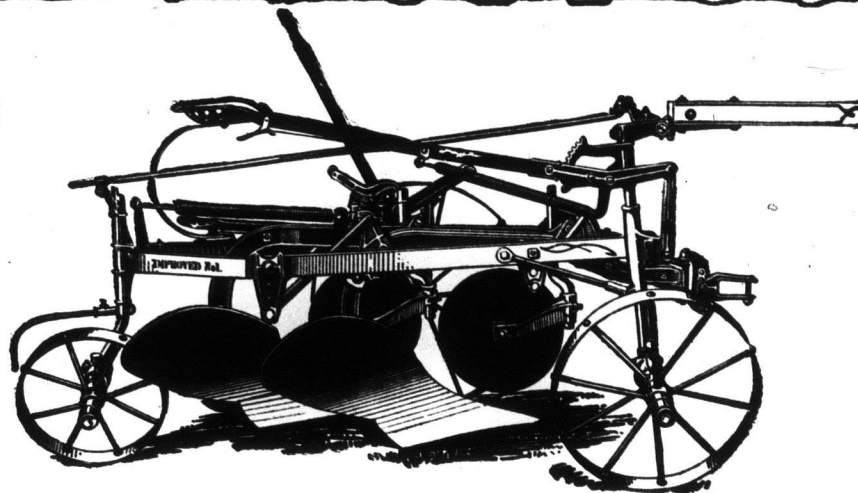
A million homes reflect the dying sun,

Sinking in glory o'er the Rockies' crest.

And our "Old Timers" slowly one by one,

File their Eternal Homesteads with the Blest.

—A. O. B.



The Plow it Pays to Use

SEE the Oliver Improved No. 1 Gang Plow.

It is a model of strong construction, light draft, close adjustment, ease of operation—the result of 59 years of good plow building.

Getting down to details, compare the heavy one-piece bar steel frame, the bracing, the bail hangers, the wheel connections, wheel bracket bearings and control rod adjustment, with those of any other plow sold in Western Canada. The Oliver No. 1 leads them all. The plow beams with their rigid bracing; the long, strong frog that makes the foundation of the plow bottom; the longer, stronger, sharper point of the Oliver share; every feature that means good work and long life for the tool, is found in this Oliver plow. Look it over carefully; compare it point by point with any other gang plow offered.

In this same good Oliver plow line are tractor plows, sulkies, disk gangs, prairie and brush breakers, and walking plows to meet every possible plowing condition. See the local dealer for full information about any plow in the Oliver line, or write the nearest branch house below.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont., Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.



Six Rose-Bushes For You!

A garden of roses! How enchanting it is to loiter between the green-leaved bushes and to pick just the blossoms whose delicate color and perfume appeal to you! The Western Home Monthly offer you your own rose-garden of six hardy everblooming roses of the choicest varieties.

The rose-bushes you will receive are strong, healthy, one-year-old pot-grown plants which will thrive in any good garden soil and bloom the first year if given ordinary care.

Our Offer

We will send you the 6 rose-bushes— if when sending your own subscription to The Western Home Monthly, you also send the subscription of one of your friends. If your subscription does not expire for some time, you may send your renewal in advance. We will send you the roses and extend your subscription for a year from its present expiration date.

The roses will be mailed to arrive at the proper time for planting.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Winnipeg

I accept your offer and enclose \$2.00. Send the roses and The Western Home Monthly for 1 year to

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