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'Allenburys' Foods

The milk of a healthy mother confers a degree of immunity to infection to the young infant. Many mothers, however, though willing, cannot nurse their babies for various reasons. In such cases the greatest care should be taken in selecting a proper substitute. Ordinary cow's milk cannot be regarded as a safe food for infants; it is acid, contains indigestible curd, and is almost invariably contaminated with harmful germs. By using the "Allenburys" Foods, which are free from all dangerous organism, and effectually replace human milk, security for Baby is ensured and vigorous growth and health are promoted. The "Allenburys" Foods are largely used and recommended by the Medical and Nursing Professions; they have stood the test of time and have become a household necessity all over the world.

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From birth to 3 months.
In tins at 50c. and \$1.

Milk Food No. 2.
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In tins at 50c. and \$1.

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From 6 months upwards.
In tins at 30c. and 60c.

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"Infant Feeding &
Management"—64
pages of valuable in-
formation for every
mother.

SIMPLEST AND BEST



The Allen & Hanburys
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66 Gerrard Street East,
TORONTO

52

A Tonic of Proven Value

Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT

à la Quina du Pérou

EVERY successful Preparation brings forth its crop of cheap imitations, and Wilson's Invalids' Port has proved no exception to the rule. Imitations are worthless, many are positively dangerous, and should be rigorously avoided. Wilson's Invalids' Port has been honestly and pharmaceutically prepared for a quarter of a century and has never varied in the quality and blend of its pure Oporto Wine and Peruvian Cinchona Bark. It was destined from the first to achieve the highest pinnacle of fame and to stay there. It is recommended by more physicians of note than any other tonic on this market has ever been.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

None genuine without this trademark

Wilson

signature on each bottle.

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13 more championships won by owners of Belle City hatching outfits. Makes
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The Coming of Comfort Stanley

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

The verandah of Mossley Farm was cool and shady of a summer afternoon. It was on the east side, and only in the morning could the sun get a chance to peep in at the windows through the banks in roses and jasmine, sending their scented sprays in a hippling shadow dance over the red-tiled floor.

Mrs. Osborne stood with her knitting among the shadows of the doorway, herself in a study in neutral tints.

She had been a village belle twenty-five years ago, when masterful Seth Osborne bore her away from all rivals; perhaps it was because of these same rivals he was so keen to win her.

Strangers looking on the lonely, cosy farmstead, its rich acres, gardens, and orchards, wondered that the mistress should be so poor spirited a creature.

But when they saw the master they wondered no longer. Five-and-twenty years with him accounted for the furrows on the wife's brow, the blue eyes robbed of their lustre, the patient curve of lips that were moulded for smiles.

Maggie Osborne had made a false start, and she had never recovered her lost ground, she had merged her will in that of her husband, and it had been bad for her and worse for him.

The grip of the tyrant tightened as time went on till it crushed the vitality out of her. That was why Maggie Osborne, after twenty-five years, was like a pale blurred impressionist sketch of pretty vivid Maggie Newton.

She had had no share in her only son, except the agony of bringing him into the world. He was Seth Osborne's lad, to be nursed, clothed, and schooled as his father ordered.

The lad had his father's spirit; there were outbreaks of rebellion, when the poor mother could only stand by powerless to save him from rough handling. Seth in time chose as a wife for the son Arnold Farmer Nicholson's Nancy, a rare hand at poultry rearing and butter making.

She was a plain young woman four years Arnold's senior, but that did not matter since Nicholson could give her a dowry. Seth's foot was down that Arnold should marry Nancy Nicholson.

But Arnold could plant his foot too. He refused to put the question to Nancy, the truth being that he had a sweetheart elsewhere, and he meant to marry her and none other.

He gave no reason for his refusal, except at three and twenty a man has a right to choose for himself.

There were fierce outbreaks of rage from the father, and dogged revolt on the part of the son, who finally was driven from home.

That same afternoon, while Mrs. Osborne stood among the shadows with her knitting a young girl was walking briskly up the steep rise from the village to Mossley Farm.

There was an odd blend of courage and fear in her brown eyes, a clear pink came and went in her cheeks, her red lips were set in a firm line.

In truth she knew she had started out on a daring errand, but she had a strong will and a dauntless spirit, and she meant to carry it through if possible.

A thrill shot through her, and she halted on her step a second, at the sight of a big muscular man in corduroy trousers and grey flannel shirt, open at his strong sinewy throat.

A short, grizzled beard nearly covered his face, and what could be seen was tanned as if by walnut stain. His whole appearance was of the land, and the smell of the fields clung to him.

It was Seth Osborne's boast that he was no gentleman farmer above his business. "It takes the master's eye and the master's hand to make a farm pay," he said. If he had lived in another age he would have added a master's lash.

He gripped the upper bar of the gate, and glowered down at the girl from under his grizzled brows.

"What's your will, lass?" he asked, roughly.

"Please, sir, is this Mossley Farm, and are you Mr. Osborne?" she asked.

This is Mossley Farm, and I am Seth Osborne. What of that?" he growled.

"I saw in the paper that you want a girl for the poultry. I have come seeking the place."

He gave her a long stare, summing her up, as he would have done the points of a horse.

"Well," he said at last, "you do look a tidy lass. But what do you know about poultry?"

"Mother and I had a cottage on Dartmoor after father died. Then," her voice trembled, "mother died, and I went among strangers. Have been a mother's help. Here are my references."

"References!" He waved them brusquely aside. "They're mostly lies. I take f'k on their face value, and yours pleases me. I'm willing to try you. Mind your work, and I'll keep you on. Shirk it, and I'll give you the sack. What's your name?"

The question came like a pistol shot. The girl started and flushed.

"Comfort Stanley," she replied.

"Eh, what? Stanley's not a name of these parts."

"We're Devonshire folks," she said. "Father had a church on the moors."

"A poor parson's daughter, eh? Why did they call you Comfort?" He gave her an odd searching glare.

"Mother gave me the name, because I came a month after father died," she explained.

"And left you in a world of cold comfort!"

His mouth twisted sourly, "Well, come along with me, and see the mistress. She's poorly in health most times, so I'm giving her an extra hand with the fowls."

She followed him to the rear of the house. Mrs. Osborne looked up at the sound of his heavy step. The new maid noted the shrinking fear in the blue eyes.

"I'm bringing you a poultry maid, Maggie," he said bluntly. "She'll save you some steps of a morning." The eyes he turned on his wife seemed to crave forgiveness for something he had robbed her of. It was as if he was trying to make it up to her.

FOOD QUESTION

Settled with Perfect Satisfaction

It's not an easy matter to satisfy all the members of the family at meal time, as every housewife knows.

And when the husband can't eat ordinary food without causing trouble, the food question becomes doubly annoying.

A lady writes: "My husband's health was poor, he had no appetite for anything I could get for him, it seemed."

"He suffered severely with stomach trouble, was hardly able to work, was taking medicine continually, and as soon as he would feel better would go to work again only to give up in a few weeks."

"One day, seeing an advertisement about Grape-Nuts, I got some and he tried it for breakfast the next morning."

"We all thought it was pretty good although we had no idea of using it regularly. But when my husband came home at night he asked for Grape-Nuts."

"It was the same next day and I had to get it right along, because when we would get to the table the question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts' was a regular thing. So I began to buy it by the dozen pkgs."

"My husband's health began to improve right along. I sometimes felt offended when I'd make something I thought he would like for a change, and still hear the same old question, 'Have you any Grape-Nuts?'"

"He got so well that for the last two years he has hardly lost a day from his work, and we are still using Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville, in pkgs. 'There's a Reason.'"

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.