

"WORLD WIDE"

A Weekly reprint of Articles and Cartoons from the leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

This remarkable and most readable journal has pushed its way, in a short time, beyond all expectations—chiefly owing to the goodwill of its rapidly growing constituency. Without wisdom of its own, "World Wide" reflects the wisdom of the age—the day—the hour—the moment. Without opinions of its own, "World Wide" beats to the tick of modern British and American thought. "World Wide" has found its place on the study table. Preachers, teachers, writers, and thinkers generally have hailed it as a new and most welcome companion. As a pleasant tonic—a stimulant to the mind—"World Wide" has no peer at the price, no equal among the journals of the day.

An effort is made to select the articles each week so that due proportion is given to the various fields of human interest—to the shifting scenes of the world's great drama, to letters and science, and beautiful things.

As someone has said "World Wide" is a feast of reason—an intellectual treat.

Regular readers of "World Wide" are kept in touch with the world's thinking.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

PRINCIPAL PETERSON, LL.D., McGill University, Montreal, says: "I am sure 'World Wide' ought to have a highly prosperous career before it, and the price at which the paper is offered to annual subscribers should put it within the reach of all."

S. E. DAWSON, LL.D., KING'S PRINTER, Ottawa, says: "I take a good many papers, but 'World Wide' is the only one which I read without skipping."

PRESIDENT TROTTER, D.D., of Acadia University, says: "I look eagerly for your weekly collection of good things, and recommend the paper warmly to my friends. To a company of four men I exhibited your bill of fare and passed a favorable comment thereupon. Three of the four at once handed me their subscriptions. I beg to enclose the names and the amount."

PROFESSOR J. H. RHODES, West River, N. B., says: "'World Wide' is a delight to me. Read every word."

"Almost every article in almost every issue you feel you would like to put away among your treasures."—Editor, "Telegraph," Welland, Ont.

"Permit me to add one more appreciation from the Far West. 'World Wide' is a mine of information. Good to have, hard to do without."—Jno. Nicholls, Editor, "Sun," Grenfell, Sask.

"I must say a word of praise for 'World Wide' which I have read constantly from the first number issued. It is a gem in every way. Its articles are well selected, and in its get-up and size it is ideal."—W. Grieve Nichol, M. D., Montreal, Que.

"From a wide choice of publications, Canadian and British, etc., 'World Wide' must be singled out as a collection of articles chosen with fine discrimination and literary taste, and dealing with the most advanced thought and effort of our time. To be a regular reader of 'World Wide' means to partake of the intellectual life of the present day."—The Rev. C. E. and Mrs. Dobbs, Oak Bank, Man.

5 cents a copy
\$1.50 a year.

Post paid to any postal address the world over.

Sample copies
Free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
"WITNESS" BUILDING MONTREAL, CANADA.

and compelling them to keep pace with older people. It is not an uncommon thing to see tiny tots of two and three years of age, encumbered with heavy coats down to their boot tops, hauled along the streets by the arm and threatened or punished when they lagged. One case in particular I remember; that of a woman hurrying into a store holding the hand of a little girl. The child could not have been more than two or three years of age, and the poor little creature was bent nearly double. At first I thought she must be deformed, but upon following them I discovered that it just couldn't keep up and was literally limp from fatigue. On another occasion I overheard the following conversation between a mother and her little boy who had just returned from shopping and had entered the hall of an apartment block on the way to their own suite.

"It was the child's voice I heard first saying plaintively: 'Mamma, I can't walk up stairs; I'm so tired.'"

"Well, so am I," was the sharp rejoinder, and then there came the sound of little feet slowly climbing the stairs.

These are only two of many such instances that have come under my own notice; in fact, it is impossible to walk down the streets of a city without seeing the same thing many times over, and the question has occurred to me over and over again: Are the tiny feet that fail to keep up with our own a burden and a drag upon our lives?

It is true the mother must go out sometimes, and if she has no one to leave the children with, she must take them. And she is tired. There is no question about it; the woman who has shopped for even a couple of hours with one or two children to care for is tired, perhaps more tired than they. But there is just this difference. The woman is tired by choice, while the children are dragged into it without even the choice of resistance.

Granting that these little ones are a trouble sometimes, who is responsible for that? Everyone knows that a baby cannot walk as fast as a grown person, and the time for the latter to consider their own comfort is before the little lives are brought into this world. Having brought them here, they are responsible for their health and happiness, and this is not a burden imposed by some unseen power, but a responsibility they have undertaken.

While mothers unquestionably have rights as well as children, nothing can excuse the cruelty to be met with on the streets of towns and cities every day. Give the little ones more time.

During the dizzy days of the old year when the time from sunrise to sunset was far too short to accomplish half the things the busy brain had planned, I could understand why no letters came to my corner, but now, when the mothers and daughters on the farm have more leisure than at any other time, I might expect to hear from the readers of the "Quiet Hour."

Some of these long evenings when the children are away to bed and the chores done for the night, and the "good man" of the house has taken the newspaper and settled down by the stove to read, won't you take pen and paper and write me a dear homey letter such as only those can write whose hands are busy all day in toil for others?

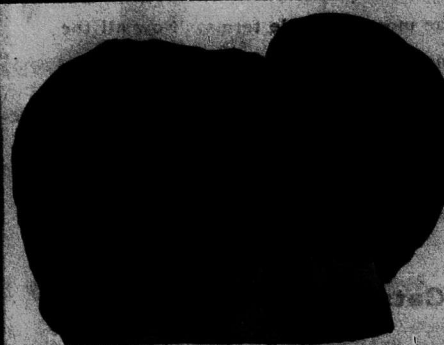
What will you tell me? Why, everything. It is the little things that make up life. Tell me about them. It is astonishing to me the valuable, practicable information farmers' wives have stored away in their brains and never think it of enough importance to pass along. You have learned so many, many things that might help other women and save them from having to find out by hard experience as you did. It is not, I am sure, because you would not be glad to reach out the helping hand, but because you do not think the things you know of any importance. That is the trouble with so many of you women. You are too modest. You think you don't know enough or else that you cannot express it as well as someone else. And there you are all wrong. It is not profound or learned subjects that interest the reading public—it is matters of every-day life.

I have lived a great deal among women on the farm, and I know that in the art of cooking and housekeeping of all kinds they are unsurpassed; that they know better than any other class of people, and how to make a little go a long way. And I have also noticed this, that every place I went the woman had some one thing she could make better than anyone else. One woman had a peculiar way of cooking hams, another prepared eggs in a most delicious manner, while still another had a different kind of specialty—that of making beautiful rugs. She had some lovely patterns and her rugs were, perhaps, the most beautiful hand-made ones I ever saw. So it was in every home, there was something they could do particularly well or some clever device to add to the comfort of the inmates.

But the women did not think they were clever. Bless you, no! They were the meekest women on earth and would speak with a flush of shame on their cheeks of their own lack of opportunity and consequent deficiencies. They did not seem to count their long ex-

perience anything in the balance when weighed against educational advantages. Perhaps one of these women will read this article, and if so, I hope she may be induced to write to "The Quiet Hour" about anything which touches her life. I shall look for some letters next month and I

hope you won't let me be disappointed. You would help me so much if you would and I'm sure you would if you can only help you to see how you could. Remember the editor is going to look for letters next month addressed to E. C. H., Editor "Quiet Hour," Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



Palmer's Hair Goods

We import the finest cut hair in the world and make it up in our own workrooms under the eyes of the most skillful European experts.

Our products in Natural Hair Switches, Pompadours, Transformations, Toupees and Wigs are equal to those of the famous makers on the Continent.

If you want the best to be procured in America, write to us.

Illustrated Catalogue Free on Request.

J. PALMER & SON, LTD.

105 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST

156 PIECE SET FREE



For selling GOLD MEDAL VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS. What is sicker than fine China? It is always useful, something you can always depend on, especially when you get it by your own efforts, and without having to go into your pocket for one cent. That is our offer. You do not have to lay out one cent. We give you 156 Gold Medal Seeds in elegant 50 piece tea set of finely finished china, beautifully decorated with delicate flowers and leaves in colors, and edged with gold, all carefully packed, for selling only 1 dozen Gold Medal Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c. a package, each containing a good 15c. worth of the very finest seeds. The Vegetable packages contain Radish, Beet and Cucumber. The Flower packages contain Sweet Peas, mixed; Climbing Nasturtiums, mixed; and Mignonette. The seeds in each package are so different in appearance that they can be recognized in an instant. Our packages hold more than 3 ordinary 5c. packages and are glad to get them for 10c. and besides, we put in each a prize ticket good for 10c. package free. Gold Medal Seeds sell easily because they are something everybody wants, and you know anybody likes to get 15c. worth for 10c. Just try the Seeds and you will soon have your 10 piece set, and when you get the set we will show you how you can easily get the remaining 126 pieces for nothing. Say you will do your best and give us your name, age and address, write plainly—a post card will do. Gold Medal Premium Co., Seed Dept., 15 W. Toronto.

63 Pieces Rogers 25 Year Silverware



GIVEN FOR
SELLING
GOLD MEDAL
SEEDS

Here is the greatest opportunity ever offered for getting 63 Pieces Rogers 25 Year Silverware Free. Not one cent to pay. We will give you 1 dozen 25 Year Rogers Fancy Engraved Tea Spoons for selling only 5 dozen Gold Medal

Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c. a package, each containing a good 15c. worth of the very finest seeds. The Vegetable packages contain Radish, Beet and Cucumber; the Flower packages contain Sweet Peas, mixed; Climbing Nasturtiums, mixed; and Mignonette. The seeds in each package are so different in appearance that they can be recognized in an instant. Our packages hold more than 3 ordinary 5c. packages, so people are glad to get them for 10c., and besides, we put in each package a prize ticket good for 10c. package free. Gold Medal Seeds sell easily because they are something everybody wants, and you know anybody likes to get 15c. worth for 10c. Just try the Seeds and you will have your 63 Pieces Rogers Tea Spoons, and when you get the spoons we will tell you how you can easily get the other 51 pieces for nothing. Understand, this is Genuine 25 Year Silverware, with the name on every piece. Say you will do your best and give us your name, age and address, write plainly—a post card will do. Gold Medal Premium Co., Seed Dept., 15 W. Toronto.

YOUR FORTUNE FREE Send 2c Stamp and Birthdate
Prof. Ramesses, Dept. W.H.M., Stratford, Conn.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention
Western Home Monthly.