

THE NEW HOME OF
THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.



Canada's Greatest School of Business.

The school, which, for the past 30 years, has been growing in greatness and increasing in strength and popularity, until it was found necessary to erect this splendid building and equip it with magnificent furnishings and grounds at a cost of nearly \$30,000 THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

College reopened for the 31st school year in the new premises Tuesday, Sept. 4 with students registering from Newfoundland on the East to British Columbia on the West.

The English Speaking World is our Field.

Manitoba and the North West provinces sent twelve and province of Quebec sent six to Chatham last year, while a very large number in same territories took our Home Training Courses in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Penmanship.

Our beautiful catalogue will tell you much about this high class business school and the grand work it has accomplished during the past 30 years.

Our Home Training Department.

We can give you instruction at your home in Bookkeeping Shorthand and Penmanship.

If you cannot come to Chatham write for—Catalogue C which tells you all about our home courses.

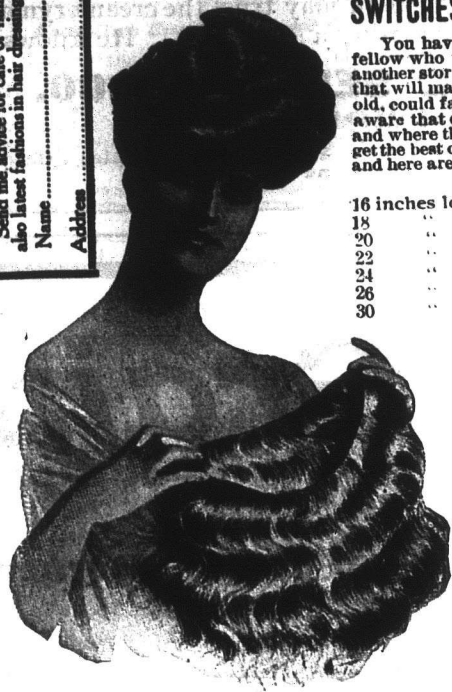
If you wish to attend at Chatham write for Catalogue H.

We allow railway fare up to \$3 to students from a distance. Good board and room with private families at \$2.50 to \$2.75 per week.

Write for the catalogue you want, addressing:

D. McLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM, ONT.

CUT THIS OUT
Send me advice for care of hair
also latest fashions in hair dressing
Name _____
Address _____



SWITCHES! SWITCHES!! SWITCHES!!!

You have perhaps heard the story of the young fellow who fell asleep at the switch. However, that is another story. We wish to tell you the story of a switch that will make you so enticing that no man, young or old, could fall asleep while in your company. You are aware that our stock is the largest in Western Canada and where the largest stock is there you will be able to get the best choice. Send for our booklet on hair goods, and here are our prices, on switches:

	straight	wavy
16 inches long	\$1 to \$1.50	\$2
18	\$1.50 to \$2.50	\$3
20	\$2.50 to 3.50	\$4
22	\$3.50	\$5
24	\$5	\$9
26	\$7	\$10
30	\$10	\$10

When ordering, send sample of hair, state length of switch wanted, and whether curly or straight.

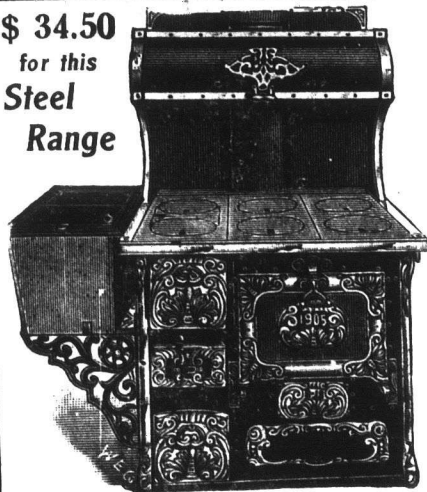
Our stock of Transformations, Gloria Curls, Pompadours and Bangs is one of quality.

We also make switches from your own combings.

The New York
Hair Store,

SEAMAN & PETERSON
Y.M.C.A. BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

\$ 34.50
for this
Steel
Range



This magnificent Steel Range, lined throughout with asbestos improved fire box, burns coal or wood equally as well, ventilated fire back which insures an even degree of heat through the oven at all times. This is a feature which is not found in the ordinary stove or range, but which is so necessary to give satisfactory results in baking. It is fitted with a splendid 15 gallon reservoir. Altogether this is a range that would sell by the ordinary dealer at from \$15.00 to \$50.00. Our price only \$34.50. Weight complete crated for shipment 500 pounds. If after you have given this range a fair trial in your home, you find that it does not fully meet your every expectation, ship it back to us and we will at once return your money together with freight charges both ways.

Send for our New Fall and Winter catalogue, it will be mailed free.

THE MACDONALD MAIL ORDER, Limited
662 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg, Can.

"DEPT M"

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter vein.

Beauty.

By Lloyd Mifflin.

Foredoomed am I to serve her. Where she glows,
There is my heaven. These famished lips are vain
To kiss her naked feet, altho' in vain—
The Nymph illusive comes, elusive goes:
I reach to fold her to my heart,—she flows
Wave-like away, and with a sweet disdain
Beckons me on to where I see remain,
Rising resilient from her step, the rose:
So, panting after Beauty all my days,
I trace her footings o'er the wind-swayed wheat,
Drawn by her blown hair fluttering in the glades.
Or white arms luring down Idalian ways.
I am her thrall, and she, a splendid cheat,
Fadeth forever, tho' she never fades.
—From Everybody's Magazine.

Be Like the Sun.

Be like the constant sun and shine;
Be like unfermented wine;
Be like rosy morning's glow;
Be like light on drifts of snow;
For all this means your mind of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout the year.
Fulfil your duties with a smile;
When over-tired rest a while.
Speak gently both to friend and foe;
'Tis better thus through life to go.
For all this means your mind of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout the year.
Helen Van-Anderson.

A Reverie.

I see myself in a garden,
Where all things fair have birth;
Where bloom and fragrance mingle
and meet—
Heaven's heritage to Earth:
In the midst of encircling beauty
Where waves of fragrance flow;
And messages divine are borne—
The unseen undertow.

I feast my eyes on the color
That burns like a lake of fire,
That gleams and glows and shimmers
And quivering throbs as lyre:
While the incense rises upward,
Mounts to the dreamy sky—

Conundrums.

Why is the theatre like a bird? Because it has wings and flies.

What is that which Adam never had, never saw, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

What is the difference between a young baby and a nightcap? One is born to wed, and the other is worn to bed.

Why is the letter "I" never too late? Because it is always in time.

What insect does the blacksmith manufacture? He makes the fire-fly.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

Why is a telephone like a good little boy? It speaks only when it is spoken to.

Why is life the greatest of all riddles? Because all must give it up.

What's the difference between the Prince of Wales and a jet of water? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown into the air.

What is the difference between a sailor shut up in jail and a blind man? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to see.

When do one's teeth usurp the function of the tongue? When they are chattering.

What flies forever and rests never? The wind.

When is the newspaper the sharpest? When it is filed.

As It Appeared to Bobby.

The day of the annual intercollegiate football game was approaching, and for the last week or two Bobby had heard little else talked of among his older brothers and sisters. Sunday came and Bobby was taken to church. In the course of the service the pastor, as usual, gave out the parochial notices for the following week and, having concluded, was about to announce a hymn to be sung when Bobby, who had been listening intently, piped forth to the edification of the devout:
"Oh, mamma, he didn't give out the football game!"

His Answer.

"John," exclaimed the indignant other half of the combination, "do you see this blond hair on your coat just where one of the buttons is missing?"

"Yes, my dear," meekly replied John.

"Well, sir?" she queried in a tone that demanded an explanation.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the head of the house, as he winked at the cat. "I put the hair where you found it for the purpose of attracting your attention to the button which has been missing for nearly a week."

The Extent of His Sorrow.

Irishman (to shopman): "I want somethin' for mournin' wear, but I don't know exactly what the coostum is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

Shopman: "It depends a little on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have a black suit, a black band on your hat, and black gloves. For some one not so near and dear you may have a broad band of black on your left arm, or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant."

Irishman: "Och, is that it? Well, then, gimme a shoestring. It's me woife's mother!"

Bald Attempt.

At one of his gatherings during an electoral campaign, the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was frequently interrupted by a man in the body of the hall, who resented his uncompromising remarks upon political opponents.

The knight bore his trial with admirable good humor till, seeing an opening for scoring a point, he said:

"Now I'm going to tell you something about the late Liberal Government that will make my friend's hair stand on end," indicating with a smiling nod, the vigorous critic in the body of the hall.

"Wrong again!" shouted the irrepressible one, removing his cap and displaying a head smooth as a billiard ball. "It can't be done, boss!"

Out of Joint.

Mrs. Gregson had not been able to patronize the poulterer's this year, but she did not on that account mean to leave herself entirely at the tender mercies of the local butcher. Hence the visit of her youngest son.

"Mother's compliments," said the latter, "and she's sent me to show you the big bone you sent with the meat this morning."

"Tell your mother," said the man of meat sarcastically, "that the next time I kill a bullock without bones in it I'll make her a present of a joint."

The boy trotted off with the message, and presently returned.

"Mother's compliments," he said breathlessly, "and she says that the next time you find a bit of sirloin of beef with a shoulder of mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"