

THE BLOOD IS THE STREAM OF LIFE

Pure Blood Is Absolutely
Necessary To Health

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" PURIFIES

These Wonderful Tablets,
Made of Fruit Juices, Are The
Best Of All Tonics To
Purify And Enrich
The Blood.

Pure, rich blood can flow only in a clean body. Now, a clean body is one in which the waste matter is regularly and naturally eliminated from the system. The blood cannot be pure when the skin action is weak, when the stomach does not digest the food properly, when the bowels do not move regularly, when the kidneys are strained or overworked.

Pure blood is the result of perfect health and harmony of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

"Fruit-a-tives", by their wonderful action on all these organs, keeps the whole system as clean as Nature intended our bodies to be clean.

"Fruit-a-tives" tones up, invigorates, strengthens, purifies, cleans and gives pure, rich, clean blood that is, in truth, the stream of life.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50 trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

TYPEWRITERS SAVE MONEY

I HAVE been fortunate enough to secure a limited number of the world famous Standard Typewriters, and offer you a rare opportunity to secure one—any make—at a Great Saving—but you must act quickly, these are not shopworn or damaged machines, but each and every one is Guaranteed to be Absolutely Perfect. Write for my special list of Underwoods, Remingtons, Oliverts, Smith Premiers, L. C. Smith's Billing Machines. You Can Save Money.

You cannot afford to let these wonderful offers pass. Write now before you forget it. Don't wait till the last moment—the lot will go quickly, so write now, before you do another thing.

B. J. Murfin, Box 222, Guelph, Ont.

LADIES—

For a short time only. Send us your combings. We will make combings for 50c. oz. into a switch any length to suit you.

For prices in hair or transformation write us. Send sample.

ELITE
Hairdressing Parlors
207 Ederston Block, Winnipeg, Man.

ly that of cutting the hands off the Belgian boys so there need never be any fear of them being able to fight.

Well, I guess I have written enough, if not too much, so will close, wishing the Editor and every one a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

From your new friend,
"Alfred the Second."

The Canadian's Wife

Calgary, Alta., Nov. 18, 1914.

Dear Editor—I read Freda's letter with great interest; what she says about the men is largely true. Canadian men seem still to have a very old-fashioned idea of the uses of a wife. This is what a Canadian man said to me the other day: "I can cook better than many girls. I can even darn my socks. I don't need a wife." No. He certainly doesn't, if that's all he wants her for. Well, perhaps I have not been long enough in this country to judge and am still too "English" and too much of a greenhorn. (By the way, I find to be English is considered almost as much a capital crime in these days and in this country as to be German.) Talking of greenhorns, let me tell you some of my experiences. I was born in this country, but left it as a tiny child and lived in the Old Country. My brothers and sisters remained in Canada. I came back a little while ago and the first thing I wanted to learn was to ride. My brother put me on a horse, told me to dig my heels into its sides if I wanted to make it go and to hang on to the horn if I was afraid of falling. And then I went out on the prairie alone. I shall never forget that ride nor the "day after". I felt like the little boy in the song who "couldn't sit down for more than a week, when I was a boy at school." I remember the first time I tried to unsaddle; it all seemed a hopeless confusion of buckles and straps; and of course, I undid all the wrong buckles. And then that cinch! I imagined that it was just loosened. I had no idea the strap came out of the ring altogether, and I did not see why everybody was so amused when I came into the house and said I did not know whether the saddle pulled off over the horse's head or his tail. But I have learned better now. My brothers and sister tell me there is some hope for me, although I am so "beastly English, don't you know." I should like to correspond with any men or girls who have been in the same boat with me.

Greenhorn.

Canadians at the Front

Saskatchewan, Nov. 17, 1914.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor—If you will permit it, I should be pleased to join your circle of "criticism." Before saying my say allow me to congratulate you on the way the Western Home Monthly has improved since 1903. I am not sure if you are the same editor as then, but your October issue is O.K. I intend to lay mine away for future reference when sad memories recall visions of our Canadian Boys.

I don't agree with "Conetta" if the bachelors she refers to as having lots of time are homesteaders; it's the city ones who have "time to burn." I am batching it and after looking after fifteen head of stock and cooking, there's not much time for taking the rust out of one's brains.

I say "Freda" do you take those spasms often? I hope not. Say, in regard to that maid of 50 with one thousand dollars, perhaps those "male elements" were in the clutch of some loan shark and intended to "kill two birds with a single stone" pay the debt and get a nice, loving wife. Were you sitting at the window watching and wishing someone would trot up your verandah steps? Well, now, "High School Kid," you must be some cook. Say, I have been a judge of cooking all my life—that's my business. Just send some of your pies along, I will judge them and award the prizes accordingly.

I saw in the papers a few days ago, the King and Queen, Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts visited the "Boys" at Salisbury Plains. They thought they were the finest body of men ever gathered together. I say: "Hurrah for our Canadian climate!" I wonder if the Royal Party thought or imagined the homes these "boys" came from. We all know it is impossible to grow good wheat from poor seed. I guess

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

the King paid as great a tribute to the mothers of those boys as to them. I think I had better close my "say" as I see the editor frowning. I would like correspondents. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. I beg to remain, Grousenheimer.

Some Useful Hints

Delano, Alta., Nov. 22nd, 1914.

Dear Editor—As this is the first time I have taken the privilege of using your correspondence columns, I hope you will find me a small space in that interesting part of your paper.

I have now been taking the W.H.M. for some time. It appears to me that some of the fair correspondents seem to think that no bachelors can get along without them, but I guess they have another thought coming. As I am a bachelor living on my homestead in southern Alberta and been batching for the last four years, I guess I ought to know something about it, and should any one care to write I could give a few useful hints with regard to household duties. I quite agree with "Handy Sue" when she says that a strong mind and a stout heart will win in the end, but I am afraid that the "day" will be a long time coming unless some of the Eastern girls get busy and hike for the West.

Should any one care to correspond, I will try to answer all letters. My address is with the editor.

Yours sincerely,

Hotcake Pete

P. S.—Would "Handy Sue" please write?

Pioneering in the West

Saskatchewan, Nov. 21st, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been an interested reader of this column for some time now, but have just picked up courage enough to write.

My attention was drawn by "Just a Girl's" letter in the November issue. About woman homesteaders and the life being too rough for them, especially unmarried women: well, (1) I do believe in homesteads for women, because women should have equal rights with men, and (2) they have just as rough work any time on the farm, if they will do it, which sometimes they have to. Experience is the best teacher and I remember something about pioneering when we came west. (3) Why should it be harder for unmarried women to homestead than for married women? "Just a Girl" please tell me that.

Say, I think "Votes for Women's" letter was just great. Well, I was just thinking of a few hints as to cooking, but am afraid it would take a little too long, but when you make bread, never forget to put yeast cake and flour in it. Savy?

And "Aura Lee," I think "Manitoba Pearl" is just right about the bachelors laughing about the Eastern girl's sympathy. I have seen a great many of them, but have failed to see all those heart-broken poor, hard-worked creatures the Eastern people seem to think them, and the poem in the November number, written to "Aura Lee" is perfectly true. I can and will, some other time, just state a few more true facts about the West. I shall not take up any more of your time now. I am,

Yours sincerely,
Scotch Lassie.

The Women We are Afraid Of

"I don't think I'm dull or stupid, but I am frightfully lonely. I wonder why it is I make no real friends." I heard a girl say the other day at the end of a tirade against the behaviour of neighbours, and the dullness of her life.

"We are all afraid of you, my dear," answered the woman she was talking to. "No one can hear you talk without knowing how critical you are, and how apt your tongue is at pointing out shortcomings. Our only chance of escape is to keep out of your way."

"Anyway, that's better than being dull," said the girl.

"Is it? I'm not sure it is," was the answer. "Those unkind things you say are very witty, I know. Perhaps that is why they rankle so, and make us afraid it will be our turn next. You seem to regard your acquaintances as mere pegs on which to hang your jokes, and I am afraid none of us like being held up as targets for laughter."

"It's only my way," said the girl.

Neuralgia of the Heart

This Letter Tells of Wonderful Change
Effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. James G. Clark, Fosterville, York County, N.B., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from what the doctors said was neuralgia of the heart. The pain started in the back of the neck and worked down into the region of the heart. Though I had taken a lot of medicine of one kind and another, I could not get anything to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"When I began this treatment I could not rest in bed, except by sitting upright, on account of the dreadful pains about the heart and the quick, loud beating. The change which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has made in my condition is wonderful. It has entirely overcome these symptoms, and is making me strong and well. If this statement will help to relieve the suffering of others, you are at liberty to use it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a true tonic and the greatest of nerve restoratives. 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50; all dealers, or Edmansons Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!

Brooks' Appliance, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful, new discovery that cures rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves, no plasters, no lies. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. BROOKS, 1705 B State St.
Marshall, Michigan.

How I Cured My Superfluous Hair

A Friendly Scientist Showed Me
How to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO
GET RID OF YOURS TOO

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance. There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair, and I think I tried them all but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.

But, notwithstanding all my years of disappointment to-day there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness and will tell broadcast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my own cure after all else failed. Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 381, E.C. No. 625 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

NOTE: Mrs. Jenkins, as her photograph shows, is a lady of refinement, and for years was well known as a Society Leader in Scranton, Pa.

FREE Violin Outfit
for selling 20 pictures or 20 pages post cards at 10c. Order your choice. OCT. 641 CHICAGO

When writing advertisers please mention
The Western Home Monthly.