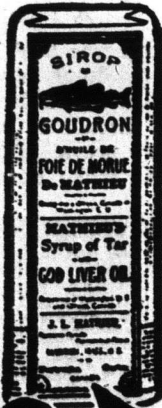


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What will you do with Wilkins?

Continued from page 2

Joseph Johnson was the purchaser without doubt.

"What's up his sleeve?" was the query in many circles.

"I'll ask him," said Giggs, who had gone as far as he could in his canvassing.

"We need eighteen thousand dollars to complete our subscription list," he told Johnson.

Johnson's clear grey eyes twinkled and his clear complexion glowed.

"How much you got?" he asked.

"Twenty-two thousand," was the reply.

"Give it to me and forget about the monument," suggested Johnson, smiling.

Giggs, of course, misunderstood.

"Do you mean you'll undertake to have it erected if we turn over the funds to you?"

"Nothing of the kind!" blazed Johnson, his clear skin reddening. "I've already published my sentiments about this piece of rock."

"Well, we'll just have to postpone it until our funds swell to the right proportions."

"I paid thirty thousand for the 'corner of decay,'" said Johnson. "If I was looking for a cheap way of showing my patriotism I could have saved twelve thousand by subscribing to your fund. No, my friend, I've something better. Keep your eye on the new Johnson corner and you'll see."

What Giggs saw that afternoon was a string of drays drawn by twenty horses on which were cushioned two beautifully fashioned sticks of timber, glistening white. He saw them taken to the Johnson corner and spliced—and later erected in the center of the concrete base. When it was completed this flag-staff overtopped the tallest roof, its golden cap but a flash of light in the sky. The vault wherein the flag was kept had a moveable prism roof. From this vault the flag was to be raised and lowered, for it was an immense flag, fifteen by thirty feet. Around the base was a concrete walk with branches connecting the corner sidewalks in three places. The intervening spaces were sodded.

An inscription in bronze letters on the periphery of the foundation read: "Erected to the Spirit of Patriotism which Inspired the Sons and Daughters of Canada. 1914-1918."

At sunrise next morning Johnson and Giggs with heads bared saw Wilkins raise the new flag.

"He has a life job," Johnson explained, "and one he will like and all it will cost me is what I made in my business between August, 1914 and November, 1918. And as long as I live in May-bridge I will be up at sunrise to see Wilkins raise that flag and at sunset watch him lower it."

"Me too," affirmed Giggs.

Doris, the Peacemaker

Continued from Page 37

is nothing to forgive," she said unsteadily. "You were quite right."

He was beside her in a moment, her hands gathered close in his. "But I wasn't," he objected. "I had no right to criticize you. You are better than I." She shook her head at that, but he went on unheedingly. "Forgive me, and we'll forget this week's misery. We've both been unhappy, dear."

She started to answer, but words failed her, and instead, she crept into his waiting arms.

Later, as they walked together back to their charges, she was able to finish what she had wanted to say.

"I have been so blind, Craig. Yet I really was sincere in it all. I didn't realize that I was doing things from a selfish motive." She held out her slender finger on which Craig's ring again shone, and looked thoughtfully at it a moment. "It was a symbol before," she said thoughtfully, "of my own selfishness. But now, it must be a seal of our united devotion to others."

"It will," he said reverently. "A sacred seal."

Priscilla's Decision

Continued from Page 22

afford to pay a margin on the profit. Later the trustees came in to draw up the contract with her. The chairman, a well-to-do German farmer, said, "You are drawing a salary of seventy dollars a month, you are getting a furnished house almost free, and after we considered all this, we thought you would be willing to do the janitor work, the sweeping and dusting and such like for nothing. What do you say?"

Suddenly all the dissatisfaction, all the weariness, all the unrest swept over the tired girl. All her devotion, all her work were at that moment it seemed wasted. She was the paid servant of these people, and what was there ahead of her?—Resignation, placidity and loneliness. Then Priscilla said evenly, "I will not sign the contract, I will not stay." She opened the door and the august body filed out.

Later, much later that night, a girl entered the station of a town and sent a telegram to a rancher in the south country. Alberta had lost another teacher and Robert had won a wife, but when the train pulled out of the little station of that windswept town, a girl sat alone in a seat. She was letting herself think for the last time of a soldier on his last leave, of a soldier who would not return, and as the train moved on she heard the voices of children in a playground.

To this day Blank Hill school is suspicious of a woman teacher, and glibly quotes the vagaries of Priscilla as an argument against the whole species. "You can't depend on them," says the chairman, "they don't know a good job when they've got it."

WOOL GROWERS HONOR MISS E. CORA HIND

Author of "Woman's Quiet Hour Page"
Presented with a Flock of Young Ewes
By Miriam Green Ellis

Brandon, Man., March 4.—One of the most unique tribute that was ever paid to a newspaper representative was that shown to Miss E. Cora Hind, commercial editor of the Manitoba Free Press, at the Brandon Winter fair to-night. Just before the regular programme began, Miss Hind was called out into the ring, where a pen of 26 young ewes was awaiting, and on behalf of the wool growers of Manitoba, George Gordon, of Oak Lake, presented to her this little nucleus of a flock of sheep.

Mr. Gordon made it very evident that the sheep breeders appreciated the work that had been done by Miss Hind on behalf of the sheep industry in the province, and of agriculture generally.

J. D. McGregor, president of the Brandon Winter Fair, concurred in what had been said by Mr. Gordon, and added that on behalf of the Brandon Winter fair, he voiced general appreciation.

Miss Hind was overwhelmed by the gift, and in a very few words thanked the men for their magnificent gift. Plans have already been made whereby the sheep will be well cared for till Miss Hind has made arrangements to care for this addition to her household. Mr. McGregor stated that it had been the intention to have a big Collie dog and a shepherd's crook to complete the gift, but these had not been procured as yet.

Among the contributors to this gift were: George Gordon, Oak Lake; L. J. Ruston, Rocanville, Sask.; Wm. Knight, G. H. Hutton, Calgary; W. I. Smale, J. D. McGregor, E. C. Harte, Kenneth MacGregor, Dr. Coxe, A. D. Gamley, Hugh Gilmour, J. S. Monroe, J. R. Hume, John Strachan, D. W. Agnew, F. E. C. Shore, R. L. Lang, W. I. Elder, J. G. Barron, Hillon MacGregor, J. B. Davidson, F. W. Cillyer, James Turner, H. H. Simpson and two or three others.

The types will often play pranks with what a reporter tries to say—as, for example, in this extract from an English newspaper:

"The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of pale bridegroom. She was attended by the hat, and carried a bouquet, the gift of the pink taffeta silk and a large dark-blue bridegroom's two little nieces."

No wonder, says "London Opinion," the large dark-blue bridegroom turned pale!