

THE Greatest of Tonics
PSYCHINE
 (Pronounced Si-KEEN.)
 FOR ALL
THROAT AND LUNG
TROUBLES

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' SUCCESSFUL RECORD

MONEY can buy advertising space, but it can't buy a quarter century's successful record of wonderful and almost miraculous cures of the most difficult and intricate cases of throat, lung and stomach troubles. Such is Psychine's record. Thousands of cases given up by leading doctors as hopeless and incurable have been quickly and permanently cured by Psychine. It is an infallible remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption, indigestion, loss of appetite and all wasting diseases.

"My son had a terrible cough and was wasted to a shadow. Doctors said he could not live. He used Psychine, it cured him."—Mrs. J. Rangier, Brockville.

"After taking \$5.00 worth of Psychine my lungs are well and life is

again worth living."—Mrs. I. Richards, Marriots Cove, N.S.

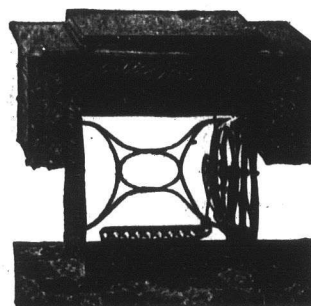
"My lungs are now sound as a bell after using Psychine."—H. Robbins, Bridgeburg, Ont.

"Psychine saved my life."—A. Walden, 7 Cornwell St., Toronto.

Psychine Never Fails Psychine has no Substitute

AT ALL DEALERS, 50c and \$1.00 A BOTTLE

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto



THE WINNIPEG BALL BEARING Automatic Lift Seven Drawer, Drop Head Sewing Machine. Elegant designed, exquisitely finished, brilliantly hand polished. A most beautiful and desirable **Serpentine Front Cabinet**, equipped with the latest and best **Automatic Lever Lift**. It is the most complete, the most durable as well as the **Handsome** Machine ever offered at any price. The Head is designed on symmetrical lines, high arm and full length, made of the very best materials and all wearing parts Case Hardened. **Latest Improved** in every detail, a complete set of **Most Modern Steel Attachments** and a full set of accessories makes this the **Simplest, Easiest Operated** machine made.

\$27. is our Special Price for the Winnipeg Machine. You cannot obtain its equal elsewhere under \$75. Three Months Free Trial and Guaranteed for 10 years.

OUR OFFER! Mail us your name and address saying you would like to have our New Sewing Machine Offer, and you will receive by return mail **free** the most liberal offer ever heard of. Don't buy a sewing Machine of any kind on any kind of terms until after you receive our offer. Write to-day for further particulars.

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The Wingold Stove Co. 311 NOTRE DAME AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

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The Montreal Fur Manufacturing Co.

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BRANDON, MAN.

The Western Home Monthly is the best magazine for the price in America. One dollar in advance will pay for three years' subscription. Remit to-day.

Woman and the Home.

Just Once in a While.

Just once in a while if we'd think to convey To those who walk with us life's devious way, In glance or words, half the joys that abide In our hearts because loved ones are close by our side; If we'd think but to garb in words, tenderest dress A phrase that were sweet as a mother's caress, Care's road would be shortened by many a mile; If we'd think to be thankful just once in a while.

Just once in a while, if we'd lay down our load Of worry and work by the side of the road, And a bit of the love that we're feeling expend On sister or brother, on parent or friend, In words that would tell them their nearness makes light The path which alone we would grope through the night; How oft we'd be blessed with an answering smile, If we'd think to be thoughtful just once in a while.

Just once in a while if a hand were but pressed, A shoulder but patted, a word but addressed, That would thankfulness speak to the ones by our side, Would not joy spur the feet to a magical stride As they wended their way down life's main-traveled road? Would not griefs slip away and thus lighten the load? For ourselves and for others we'd shorten each mile, If we'd think to be thankful just once in a while.

The Life of a Bride.

A woman may know that she has ceased to be a bride only—

When she finds herself saying uncomplimentary things to her husband. The first time her husband criticises her frocks.

When she discovers she is jealous. When he grows economical with his kisses.

When she begins to nag. When he becomes sarcastic about the food.

When she does not mind coming to breakfast in curl papers.

When he tells her how pretty some other woman looks.

When he begins to eulogize his mother.

When a meal becomes so quiet that she can plan a whole frock between the courses.

When he begins to go to his club. When she begins to hunt up her old friends and enjoys calling on them.

When he comes in late for dinner.

When she forgets to come home from the matinee in time to greet him before dinner.

Broaden a Child's Mind.

Expand the child's mind by showing him from time to time scenes from all sides of life. Take him to-day to studios, and let him see how pictures are made; next week to silk factories, to learn the poetry of labor; and afterward to a brickyard and an iron foundry, not forgetting the claims of great churches and monuments upon an elevating education.

The alternation of city and country is a delightful stimulant. When travel is possible, we should give the child glimpses of mountains and sights of the sea, and let him become acquainted with mountaineers and fishermen, even as he ought in town to know something of the ways and thoughts of the workmen, so that he may come to feel sympathy with all sorts of people, and understand the merit of labor.

Actual experience of this kind is worth infinitely more than the theorizing in schoolbooks. It is not particularly interesting to a child to read that he should be grateful to all the people who supply him with his daily comforts to the farmer, the baker, the manufacturer, the builder. But when he sees how grain grows, and is converted into flour, how furs are brought from blocks of wood, and

threads woven into cloth, the whole history of the objects about him is revealed. The different parts of life become connected, and he gets a sense of the thread of harmony which runs through it all. And he has a moment of satisfaction, coming through a feeling of kinship with the world which is more useful than gratitude upon general principles.

Give Praise to the Wife.

It is often noticed that some men are scrupulously polite and courteous to every other woman, but are rude, insolent and overbearing to their own wives. This is a great mystery to the spectator. Then another class of men, often good men, too, think it a sign of weakness, or at least a waste of time, to speak words of kindly appreciation to the often overworked wife. The man of this description is usually a self-sufficient person, but there are many who without meaning any unkindness take all things for granted.

The wife of an unappreciative man is a woman whom no old maid should envy, for her loving toil seems all in vain. A wife's one redress is to master her husband, and it is never pleasant to any true-hearted woman to feel that she has to master her husband in order to live comfortably with him. The man who never praises his wife will find fault with everything on every possible occasion. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault—easier than the proverbial sliding down hill. It gets to be a habit with some men, and they are hardly conscious when they are exercising it.

Why cannot a man show his wife that he appreciates her efforts to please him? Why cannot he praise the pudding of his wife as well as the cooking of his neighbor, Mrs. Jones? Why cannot he speak kindly of her mince pie, and charitably of her sponge cake? Why cannot he say that the new hat is becoming to the face of the woman who loves him? Kind words make his wife happy, and no decent man ought to withhold them, and he will find that the general run of affairs will be smoother all round.

Our Home Chat.

Susan B. Anthony is dead. The greatest woman of her time has laid down the responsibilities of this life. While she did not live to see all the things for which she struggled realized, she was spared to see a great and commendable change in the sentiments of the world in regard to the rights of women. Miss Anthony was a martyr not only to the blindness and selfishness of men, but to the foolishness and ingratitude of women. She came to her own and her own received her not. Every pioneer, in whatever line of life, is a martyr to a degree at least, so she bore for her sex odium and scorn; she did for women what a mother might do for her children—bore the griefs alone which they might have made lighter by their encouragement and co-operation.

Fifty years ago this great soul took up the cross for women. She went about seeking to awaken the world to the injustice being done them, and the world answered her by gathering mobs together to stone her as they did the disciples of old. Men insulted and women derided her, but the years have borne fruit. She lived to see the heads of all the greatest institutions of learning which this country can boast gathered together in her honor and eulogize what she had done for the cause of liberty and the advancement of her sex. Thank God she lived so long.

Her last thought was for the work—what it might be carried on. It is to be hoped that her death may awaken some who have never yet realized what the future meant and help to bring about the things that make for the intellectual advancement of women and the growth of the mental and spiritual evolution of the whole world.