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## Synopsis of Canadian NORTH-WEST

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 100 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

**W. W. CORY,**

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B. — Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

**Roses** NEARLY ALL THE ROSES SOLD IN Manitoba are imported and most of these are budded stock or grown in greenhouses. Such roses are useless for outdoor planting. We have more Roses than all other growers in the West combined. Also all other Trees, Shrubs and Fruits that will grow here.

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## ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

### Grief and Power.

God sent six children to the Manse,  
And one was crooked and strange,  
And often through the hushed sad house  
Half-frenziedly would range.

And none in such dark time could skill  
To calm that spirit wild—  
None but the grave strong minister,  
Who fondly loved his child.

And so through many a weary night,  
He sat and talked and sang,  
And soothed the lad the while his heart  
Was torn with many a pang.

Then, when, with calm face vigil-pale,  
He stood before his flock,  
And great truths from his struck heart  
Poured

Like streams from Moses' rock,  
And every hearer owned his grace,  
And tears wet every cheek,  
From pew to pew the whisper went—  
"His lad's been bad this week."

### Peculiar Customs

A mountain tribe of Asia Minor is even more merciless than the Armenians. They keep their new-born babies covered with salt for twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks sprinkle their babies with salt; and even in some parts of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth, but in a much more humane manner, by rubbing a little behind the ears, or by placing a pinch of salt on the tongue, or by filling a little paper with salt and placing it under the garment. The mothers imagine that this will give their children health and strength and keep the evil spirits away from them.

This custom, when carried to excess, is cruel, the salt inflaming the skin and sometimes causing such intolerable tortures that the child dies in convulsions but the ignorant and superstitious mother, believing that the salting process hardens the child, that without it the babe could not grow up into a healthy man or woman, hardens her heart to its cruelties.

It is not known definitely how this odd custom originated, but probably some ancient innovator, observing the preservative power of salt in keeping meat sound, reasoned that it would be a good thing to salt down young babies for a few hours, and thus impart something of the strengthening and preserving qualities of the salt to the puny offspring of man.

### Calling Etiquette.

Do not examine the cards in the card-basket. You have no right to investigate private affairs.

It is usual to wear street dress in calling—a dark suit, with gloves of a dark shade. Light-colored suits are permissible in warm weather. Overshoes must be removed in the hall.

Be at ease and self-possessed. Listen rather more than talk. There is a happy medium between talking too much and talking too little, and the man who finds it is a fortunate being.

A formal call should not exceed fifteen minutes, and when that time has expired, rise and depart gracefully.

If making a call where all are strangers, at once announce your name, and upon whom you have called.

If you call on a lady and find her absent, and she expresses her regret at the occurrence when next you meet, reciprocate her regret, and do not carelessly remark that it made no difference.

If you have been smoking on your way to make a call, throw away your cigar before you ring the bell. It is not very polite, however, to call on a lady with your clothes permeated with tobacco smoke.

A married gentleman should always speak of his wife as "Mrs. Brown" never as "my wife."

### Little Stories from Real Life. "The Halter Snake."

Mine uncle was afraid of snakes, and in Pennsylvania the "black racer" was plentiful a generation ago. He had been chased by a snake, or thought he had, several times, and was always on the look-out for one whenever he went outside the farmhouse door. He had a horse that he was very fond of, and one day he went to the pasture to catch it. Old Jim had been turned out quite a while and was rather frisky, and after Uncle Hiram had run after him for a few minutes he happened to hear something moving in the grass behind him, and when he looked around, he discovered, to his horror, that there was a tremendous black snake following him. He gave an involuntary shriek and started for the house at full speed, but, no matter how fast he ran, the snake seemed to keep up without difficulty. The poor boy had a long and hard run, it being about three-quarters of a mile from the field to the house, but he finally reached there in safety, but fell over on the back porch with exhaustion, too much played out to even answer his mother when she tried to find out the meaning of his condition. He finally gasped out: "A black snake chased me all the way from the pasture, and I thought it was going to get me sure." Then he got up and started for the house, but he saw the snake again and nearly knocked the wind out of his mother, trying to get past her into the house. But she grabbed him and saw what the matter was. "Hiram, look at that halter strap, isn't that what was chasing you?" she asked. Hiram looked, and when he realized that he had nearly killed himself running from an old leather strap, which he had held in his hand all the time, Grandma says that he fainted dead away—whether from grief or shame is not known. But to this day, and Uncle Hiram is fifty-five years old, the mention of the "halter snake" is enough to make him "silently steal away," like the Arabs.

### Bombs for Hail in Switzerland.

In a note which he recently presented to the Academie des Sciences, M. Vidal shows the efficacy of the new hail-destroying bombs which he has invented. On the first of August of last year, a severe storm which was condensed on the highest summits of the Bernese Alps at altitudes above 10,000 feet, came down through the narrow valley of the Rhone. With great speed it passed across the northeast end of Lake Lemman, over the rich plains of the Vaud canton, then ended at the Lake of Neuchatel. All the localities were much damaged by hail, except the small towns of Lonay and Ech-

chens. These were the only places where the bombs were fired into the air, and this seems to be a good proof as to the efficacy of this means of preventing hail. Besides this, M. Vidal brings out a point in meteorology discovered during the storm and hitherto completely unobserved. The clouds seemed to have been banked in, and were only allowed to follow a certain path. It is remarked that all the localities which lay higher than 2,200 feet altitude escaped damage by storm. We thus have a valuable indication as to the height of the storm-clouds, and it seems certain that they kept at a very short distance from the ground. He considers that even when formed at a high altitude in the upper layers of the air or on the snow-covered tops of mountains, the storms tend to approach the soil, and the more so, as they are more highly charged with water or hail. It is due to the low altitude that the rockets and bombs against the hail are so effective. They are easily fired, and explode in the air at 1,200 or 1,500 feet altitude. He proposes the study of the map so as to find the habitual paths of storms, then to place advance guard posts which protect a certain region by firing the bombs and prevent the rain from changing into hail. The question of protection against storms is a scientific problem, and the official observatories could greatly aid in the solution, which is so important in the agricultural districts.

### His Wit Saved Him.

In the early Indian days, when both judges and attorneys literally "rode the circuit," a newly-elected judge, noted for his lack of personal beauty, was plodding along on horseback between two country seats one summer day.

Suddenly he was confronted by a hunter, who unslung his squirrel rifle from his shoulder and ordered the horseman to dismount. Somewhat startled by this peremptory command, the jurist began to remonstrate.

He was quickly cut short, however, by the remark: "It's no use talking. I long ago swore that if I ever met a plainer man than I am, I'd shoot him on sight."

The judge, sizing up the situation, promptly got off his horse. Folding his arms, he faced his assailant and said, "If I am any plainer than you are, for Heaven's sake shoot, and be quick about it."

Needless to say, his wit saved him.

### Far Better.

A fine specimen of the *Taurus hibernicus* made its appearance in the Bow-street Police Court recently. "You ducked your head," said the magistrate to Patrick Lane, who charged Joseph Kavanagh with shooting at him in the Strand. "Faith, and I did, your worship. It's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead all your lifetime."

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