

## Troubled With Weak Heart. Was All Run Down.

Many people are unaware of having anything wrong with their heart till some excitement, overwork or worry causes them suddenly to feel faint or dizzy, and have an all-gone sinking sensation.

On the first sign of any weakness of the heart or nerves, you should not wait until your case becomes so desperate that it is going to take years to cure you, but avail yourself of a prompt and perfect cure by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. Thomas A. Stevenson, Harris, Sask., writes:—"I was troubled with weak heart, and was all run down for a long while. I was almost in despair of ever getting well again, until a friend recommended me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. After the first box, I was much better, and three boxes cured me. I am now, as well as ever, and will highly recommend them to any one else troubled with a weak heart."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25.

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A horse in the field is worth two in the barn. You can't prevent Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, or Curb from putting your horse in the barn but you can prevent these troubles from keeping horses in the barn very long. You can get

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AULTVILLE, ONT. MARCH 24th, 1912:  
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JOSIAH REDICK.

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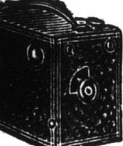


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## About the Farm

### Speed the Old! Hail to the New!

Written for The Western Home Monthly  
By Frances

The Old Year's tattered banners  
Are drooping in the dust;  
His armour, once so brilliant,  
Is fleeced and stained with rust;  
His hair is white, his flowing beard,  
Floats dragged and untrimmed;  
His brow is care-worn, and his eyes  
With many tears are dimmed.

"My back is bent with burdens;  
My heart is sad," he said;  
"I see a waste of plenty,  
While millions starve for bread;  
Earth's sons walk close at Sorrow's side;  
The gift of life brings woe;  
My books are blotted, crossed and scored,  
So clean twelve months ago.

"But, lo! there are some pages  
That shine like burnished gold;  
Entries that flash with diamonds,  
The worth can ne'er be told;  
And, read those sparkling, glinting lines  
All pearl-encrusted o'er,  
A tempted soul refused the cup  
That blasts forevermore."

An item wrought in silver—  
My rapt attention drew,  
"I thought of God and mother,  
That sin, I could not do."  
And then the Old Year lightly touched  
These words in living light,  
"A tiny gift and self-denied  
But precious in His sight."

"Much evil is recorded,  
For Satan has his toll;  
But some white deeds will balance  
And equalize the whole."  
He closed the book; upon his face  
A radiance seemed to shine,  
That lightened up his features, and  
Relieved each grief-stamped line.

The New Year's gilded pennons  
Are flaunting o'er the way!  
He comes! a brave, young-gallant  
A-thirsting for the fray!  
And men press forth in haste to greet;  
For while this life shall last,  
The future calls us to retrieve  
The errors of the past.

—Frances.

### The Londoners on their Homestead

Written for The Western Home Monthly  
By Lionel Kingsley

WE lived in London within sound of Bow Bells, and the grime of the city had begun to grow distasteful. The Lord Mayor's huge coachman interested us no more, and all was profitless. So, fired by the pamphlets that the benevolent Canadian officials rain broadcast, we decided to homestead.

The packing was a problem. We took all our furniture, including three bicycles—for one of the boys and two of the girls were enthusiastic cyclists—on reading from the railway guides to fortune that, "for miles the rolling lands are smooth for the aspiring plow, etc."

We arrived in the land of promise and in due course took up our homestead, 20 miles from a railway station. No more daily papers flying in to the breakfast table, no more postmeals a dozen times a day. No! we had to buckle to. The younger ones soon found that cycling was out of the question. One could walk just twice as quickly, and nuts and bolts went everywhere. But ingenious minds turned them to use. The girls had mechanical belts and instead of having a gasoline engine they fixed their cycles on struts and run belts from the back spindles on to the churn, stone, etc. Instead of smoothly rolling over English roads they now sat stolidly in the barn and pedalled furiously. It was just like the "Home Exercisers" one gets at home. They got so expert at last at this new method of transmitted power that they could tell by the miles registered on their speedometers when the butter was done. So ingenuity rose to the occasion.

The piano came in a fearfully toneless condition. But our musician—greatly daring—bought a tuning key, an instructor (or destructor, rather) and bravely essayed to tune it. The result was that no one could ever play on it again. Pride went before a fall in this case.

It was when we got to actual grips with farm life that we went awry. It was all so strange to us. We had little pigs born to our great sow, 15 of them. They fed all the time, but, alas, they never grew. It was a strange case. At three months of age they were the wonder of the neighbors and of the agricultural colleges. Dwarfed specimens, but oh, so happy! With a regard to us who thought only of the profitable side of them, they hilariously turned up for their perpetual meals. And then they began to die. Perhaps our reproachful eyes were too much for them. By twos and threes they went into the land of shades. So ended our first litter.

If our farm did not show much profit it provided good sport. Boar hunting was particularly gamey. We borrowed a neighbor's boar for breeding purposes, and conveyed it safely to our place in the wagon. Then it escaped, and for six long weary hours we chased it. Hour after hour it defied a hunting posse of five people. I vaulted over lumber, it slid between our legs, it grinned at us around corners. And all this just at the beginning of the thaw, the girls so aroused that they ran after it in the slushy snow in carpet slippers. Hunger alone tamed it, and then came retribution, for the sows would have none of it, and it eat not and slept not but under great difficulty, and with much tribulation of spirit. For Isabel, our pet sow, and Anabel the second best, cast not the light of their favor upon it, and somersaulted it, and harrowed it all over the pigsty. With such a father, and such a mother, how could the little dwarf pigs have turned out otherwise.

Cows were also a trial, but we soon got to take mishaps as part of the game, so that when one of the cattle fell down the well—its front legs in it and its hind uncomfortably resting on one edge of the well—we took it for granted that this was some of the routine of farm life, and cheerfully passed three hours in hauling it up. We almost sawed the brute's head off in our endeavors, but we did it eventually, and our joy was so great that we put it to bed at once with a hot mash. And the knowingness of that cow was so much that it actually fell down the well again next day. But it did not get a hot mash a second time, it got a hot smash.

Our ignorance was pathetic. Our splendid mare foaled as we were driving home with it in the shafts from a party. Foaled a half mile from home in the absolute darkness. Light had to be got and one of the girls ran to the house for lamps, and it was a sight to make cats laugh to see her endeavoring to run along with lighted table lamps under her arm. Every now and then the wind would catch her, and there would be an eclipse. Perseverance conquered, however, and mare and foal were victoriously brought safe to haven.

Take it all in all, we loved not homesteading. Our land grew crops principally of stones, which are not exactly profitable.

Still, it was a glorious time as long as we kept up the illusion that we were farmers. It took a lot to dampen our spirits—even the torrential rains could not do it for long. We had almost decided to evacuate our farm when something happened, and a glorious change came over our spirits.

The sun shone and our crops grew, actually grew. They didn't rot as hitherto they had done, but, in defiance of all the rules of ill-luck, flourished golden heads of corn up towards the Manitoba heavens, and such is the adaptability of human nature, that as we looked back at the comfortable house which by this time we had built, we decided that things might be worse, and that the free air of the prairie provinces

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