



BABY CAMERON-WALLER.

Brought up from Birth on Virol.

80, Aldridge Road,
Balham, S.W.

Dear Sir,

This is my youngest son, aged 2 years. He was brought up from birth on Virol, and this photograph shows the result. His six brothers and sisters were all Virol babies and are splendid children. I cannot speak too highly of what Virol has done for them all, and I recommend it wherever I go.

EDITH CAMERON-WALLER.

VIROL

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the earth, huge mine hollows and hills—will be taken by some of your future fellow naturalists as traces of the Ice Age,—or of the Germanistic Funiosio Period. We are all getting our pictures taken for exchange, for no matter what occurs, this tent crowd will never forget their English camping days—Tent No. 7.

Another mobilization rumour, so all the men are sleeping with kits packed and coats handy. I, being on draft, am exempt from all duties and am supposed to be C.B. (confined to barracks) for the time—also, this being Friday night, the men had to scrub out tent and have kit inspection—I must quit for a while, my chum is going on hospital guard.

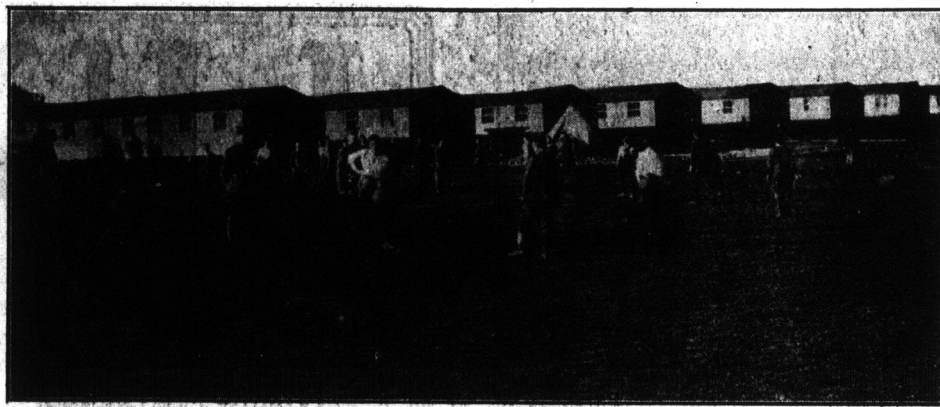
Just had a letter from my cousin in London. He writes in great spirits; he was just leaving for France—he is Infantry. The crowded Channel was a bit rough last night—wonder if I will meet him in France? It's in the air "Going to France!" "Going to France!" it rings. We are all excited, for, since my name was called on parade I cannot tell the minute I may go—Alas! I may be "substitute man" and not get away after all unless someone is ill—I can feel the winds from France on my cheek as I write this—Hurrah for France.

The hospital guard were numbered four, three men and my chum the Bombardier. Easy job with only two pri-

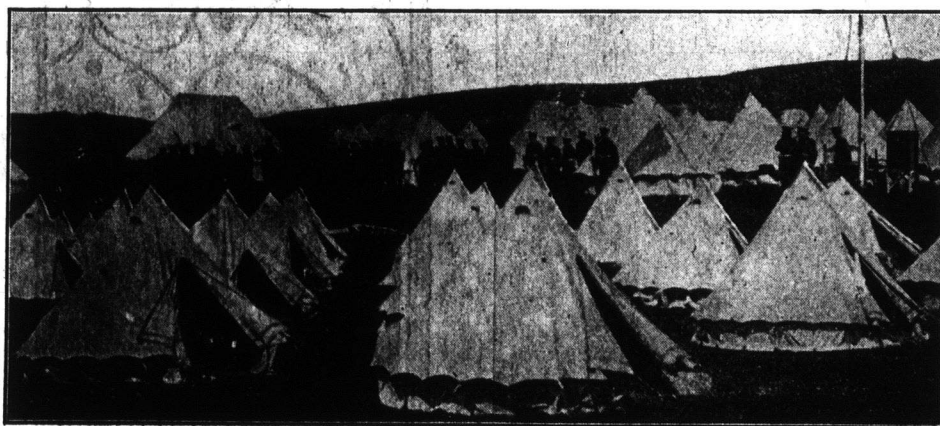
at three he was doing a two-step around the tentpole—we all thought it was another air raid and up we jumped; a minute later we were sitting on his head—there was some doings! He said he had cramps; first man I ever saw dance with cramps. I send you some more illustrations. As we cannot take our cameras with us I auctioned mine, getting about full price for it. —Say! these tent auctions are the limit. You can buy most anything you don't need at more than it's worth. No use my sitting up all night, it's past midnight now, our draft is in separate sleeping quarters, so if they want me they'll have to waken me. Good-night.

Another day and the draft still here. The aerial picket and the guns sent a Zepp dizzying out to sea last night and she fell some ten miles off. They say this makes thirty-eight Zepps lost since war broke out.

I am not taking any pictures now, everything seems so common, excepting the things we must not snap, I fear I cannot send you any from France—against the law. Two of our boys had their cameras taken away from them lately, they got too busy with them—I am just trying to fill in this letter until the call comes—I was just watching the aeroplanes and likening them to birds sailing over us. On a fair day like this great numbers are out on practice spins and big "Silver Queens"—dirigibles—are floating along



General view New Camp, Sandling—Physical Exercise



Under Canvas at Shorncliffe

soners to guard, two men and one for relief and, the Bombardier can take a walk and then drop in for inspection. —Main guard is easy, too, no marching up and down outside the guardroom—every two hours I had to take a new guard up to the quarantine tents, change and bring the old one back. Odd, one of my last guardsmen came from Cobourg and knew all my chums—I constantly run across friends over here. Picket is just going out to watch for Zepps—no more of that for me—no more sleeping on the cold stones of the square until a big rumble is heard overhead and a few "whizz bangs" knock down a few old sheds. No more, I am C.B., on draft, waiting for the word.

We were just reading the last published letter of mine in the tent, when "Hospital Guard!" and the boys left me to take two "nuts" to the "Nut Factory". So I am all alone with the W. H. M. and the letter. I think those "nuts" are as sane as any of us, but they are "slackers" and fed up with the war; and are trying to sneak back to Canada.

Just had a letter from our last draft—now in France—they were ordered off on bath parade. Bath too full, too many waiting, started back for camp; just then an H. E. (high explosive) struck that bathhouse and scattered it all over the scene; and a lot of poor chaps cashed in. I can hear the guns across the Channel "booming"; seems as if they were calling me.

Last night one of the "nuts" came in about twelve and tumbled in in his clothes;

too—there's a flock, just like a flock of gulls over our white tented city now. Big black clouds are rising and the whole lot have turned and are scurrying home—just as birds seek shelter from the storm. I have finished my crocheting and will mail you the results, a mat—Yes, it is!—for a certain good friend. A lot of us have learned the art and it does help to pass the time away. It's after dinner now and no call yet—you dear folks are just about getting up in Canada now—I wish I was—"DRAFT FALL IN WITH FULL KITS!" ! ! ! Did you hear that clear over in Canada—it sounded loud enough? Good-bye! Goodbye!

Note to the Editor.—Our boy is uninjured so far—a dead shell struck close beside his horse, as he was rushing ammunition up to the guns; saving a mud bath, he escaped that time. He is well. His last picture, taken in a little French village, a very crude one, too—I guess this will apply to both picture and village—shows him sadly aged. He naively remarks, "I look too glum in it; I can't see the reason." Poor lad!—B.D.

Fair Widow: "Yes, I have made up my mind that when I die I shall be cremated, as my husband was."

Gallant Captain: "Dear lady, please don't talk about such dreadful things. Consider how much better it would be in your case, to—er—to cross out the C!"

The Trees

By A. H. Kendall

In winter time the trees stand brown and bare

And this is why,
Their prettiest suits would all be wasted were

No people nigh;
In chilly days few folk do walk
About the land, or sit to talk,
And if they got smart things for winter wear

No one would care.

Then suddenly each tree doth hurry up,

Using, I ween,
For thimble, just a fairy acorn cup

To sew the green;
Swiftly the pretty gowns are made
And great the wealth of varying shade,
Gently the branches murmur as to say
"Now look our way."

And when the frocks begin to show some sign

Of daily wear,
They have them fuller, just to seem more fine,

And e'en take care
To call the aid of cleaner, Rain,
Who makes them look quite fresh again;
Some that were trimmed with white now wear instead
A touch of red.

In autumn time the pretty gowns grow old,

Their day is past,
So the trees quickly dye them red and gold
To make them last;
And once more change them into brown
As they come softly rustling down;
Wrinkling their leaves they say "We've done our best,
Now let us rest."

New Fruits and Old

So popular has the grapefruit become on our tables that it is difficult to remember that thirty years ago it was almost unknown. With improved methods of transportation and cultivation, how many other delicious fruits, as yet exotic or rare, may have become as common as oranges and bananas by the time the young folk of to-day are middle-aged! Not many of us are yet acquainted with the plumcot, that interesting fruit, half apricot, half plum; nor have we yet tasted the guava, the durian, or a dozen others.



You Can Snap Your Fingers

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POSTUM

"There's a Reason"