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## OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR AND HEALTH

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## Woman and the Home

### A Simple Request

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,  
Make me a boy again, just for to-night.  
Give me a go at the food that they fry,  
Let me make bold with a green apple pie,  
Then let me sink to my innocent rest,  
Free from all care as to what I digest;  
Confident, even in moments of pain,  
That mustard or ginger will soothe me again.

Fain would I seek with a juvenile zest  
The cupboard instead of the medicine chest;  
And drink from the spring where the germs roam at will,  
Instead of from crystal drafts, foaming or still.  
Give me not wealth nor the badge of the proud,  
Nor a place on the platform, high over the crowd.  
But give me, oh, give me my old appetite—  
Make me a boy again just for to-night!

—Washington Star.

### Mr. Peaslee on Discipline

Mr. Peaslee had been watching young Henry Coburn's efforts to quiet the noise that his two sons—five and seven years old respectively—were making. Henry had attempted to control them by his voice, and had failed completely; so now, with a restraining hand on two sturdy little shoulders, he was inducing them, as he said, to "listen to reason." He returned to the little group of neighbors upon his porch, flushed and apologetic.

"They mean to mind," he explained, "but they get to making such a racket in their playing they don't hear me. When I get my hands on 'em, they do as I tell 'em!"

The corners of Mr. Peaslee's mouth curled up into a smile.

"They're like Mac Dyer's oxen," he said; "they can't hear you hollerin' 'Whoa!' until you're where you can make 'em listen, and then they're as biddable as a shepherd dog."

"Mac was working for some one over round the Great Pond," Mr. Peaslee went on, "whether it was Jed Lumbard or Butler Skeele or who it was, I forget, and he had a pair of young cattle to work with, yardin' hemlock. The cattle hadn't really got their growth, and they were as spry as a couple of red squirrels, and not wanted to mindin' when anyone hollered at 'em."

"Mac was twitchin' the logs along with 'bout twenty foot of chain hitched to the yoke, and a fid hook on the end of the chain—a good big fid hook that was six inches 'cross the bight, and big 'nough to take in quite a tree."

"He got 'long all right except for one thing—'bout once a day he'd f'git, and take his eye off'n them cattle for a minute, and then away they'd line for the camp, two mile off, and Mac would have to quit and go after 'em. Hollerin' 'Whoa!' to 'em didn't have any effect, but Mac couldn't help hollerin', and that was the way they'd kiver that two mile—the cattle ahead humpin' themselves along ten mile an hour, and Mac behind 'em bellerin' 'Whoa!' until they could hear him clear out to Amherst."

"That four-mile trip every day took time and hendered Mac in his work c'sid'ble, and whoever it was Mac was workin' for finally told him he'd have to learn them cattle to mind his voice, or else some one would have to drive 'em that could make 'em mind."

"Bein' afraid of losin' his job kep' Mac a mite more careful that day, and he'd yell at the cattle if they so much as wiggled an ear while he was workin' off to one side of 'em, and he kep' at 'em so sharp that they minded pretty well, and Mac begun to think he'd mastered 'em."

"The next mornin', though, it was cold and sharp, and they acted restless and unsatisfied; so Mac kep' as handy to 'em as he could, and kep' his eye on 'em all the time—and then, 'bout the middle of the forenoon, jest as he was stoopin' to lay holt of the fid hook, they started!"

"He had time to git both hands on the fid hook and start with 'em, but the first jump they made tailed him out behind like a yardstick. By'n'by he got his footin' and ketched his breath, and so they snaked him along, with him a-hollerin' 'Whoa!' so loud that Lafe Willett,

comin' up the log road a half a mile off, could hear him as plain as if he was jest round the next turn.

"Jest before they got to Lafe the road angled a mite,—not 'nough so but what Lafe could see the whole actions,—and right in the bilge of the turn there was a young birch, mebbe five inches through, and as solid as a rock wall, and Lafe could see Mac driftin' sideways as much as the speed would let him, to get in line with that tree. Jest before he got abreast of it he put every mite of strength he had into one cast, and let go of the hock, and it sailed off to one side as flat as a plate, and snubbed round the trunk of that birch—and when it did he hollered, 'Whoa!' and jest at that instant the cattle fetched up so solid that it almost yanked the horns off'n 'em! Lafe said it turned their yoke, and for a minute he thought it had broke their necks, they was sprawled out so flat; but then the nigh one let out a bawl like a scared youngster, and so he knew that one was alive, anyway."

"When Lafe got up to 'em, Mac was settin' right where he'd been flung, and he acted as tickled as a boy."

"Did you hear me when I said 'Whoa!' to them oxen?" says he. "They heard me, and they stopped jest as quick—right on the word, seemin'ly. That's all you've got to do with cattle—make 'em hear you, and let 'em know you're in earnest!" he says.

"And mebbe, Henry," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "it's the same way with children. Jest make 'em hear you—"

"Oh, well—" said Henry Coburn fondly.

### Encouraging the Children to Save

By Elizabeth Robinson Scovill

Thrift is not one of the natural virtues of childhood. All the necessities of life are provided for a child, and he receives them as a matter of course, neither questioning their source nor speculating whether they will continue or not. Many children can have almost anything they want for the mere asking, so there is no incentive to save. For them putting money by for a rainy day merely means having more to spend on the next rainy day when they are in want of amusement.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon the wise expenditure of money and particularly upon the power of living within one's means. This is only possible to the large majority of persons by their having the power to save; if this is not their natural disposition they will never acquire it unless they are taught it in childhood.

Before a child can save he must have some money that is absolutely his own to dispose of as he pleases. This may be given him as an allowance, but it is better that it should come in the form of wages for some task performed—honest recompense for honest toil. No matter how trifling the work is he should be made to do it faithfully and to the best of his ability, and the remuneration should be paid as punctually as any laborer's wages.

When the child has the money in his hand it is the mother's part to guide him in its disposal. It is here that the foundation is laid for the habits of a lifetime.

Teach him first to think of others, and to put aside something, if only a penny, for those who are poorer than himself. When he has accumulated enough to be of use, let him buy a few flowers or a little fruit for a sick child or an old person, and give it himself, to show him practically the value of sympathy. Try to instill into his mind the fact that money is a trust, not to be expended solely for self; that a part is due to those who need, and that he must share it with them if he is a faithful steward.

Next let him lay by a portion for the future. Some end not too distant should be chosen at first—a thing that he wishes very much to possess and can buy if he saves enough to do so; a little journey that he may take if he has the money for the expenses; something, whatever it may be, that he can attain in a reasonably short time. This will impress upon him as nothing else can the advantages of being forehanded, as one expressive idiom has it.

Lastly, let him have a little money to spend on passing pleasures—candy, if that is a treat to him, or whatever he likes best; only make him know that self-indulgence should come last, not first,