

## The Deadly Rush!

What a raging, tearing, hustling age we live in—motor cars, locomotives, flying machines! Almost from the cradle to the grave, we rush through life at express speed, flying here and there, working like steam engines, and bolting our meals! Of course, we have to pay for this deadly rush, and we pay for it with all kinds of troubles, of which the greatest is indigestion! Your stomach, through the undue tax you put upon it, loses its ability to do its work thoroughly. Then, instead of your food being digested and turned into blood to repair the waste of your body, it sours in the stomach and creates gases which poison your blood, lower your vitality, and create disease. Indigestion is at the root of all such troubles as pains after eating, loss of appetite, furred tongue, headaches, biliousness, sleeplessness, constipation and "nerves."

If you want to cure and prevent such troubles as these, take Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, and all will be well. The syrup enables your stomach to do its work properly, and it also gently stimulates the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it aids digestion, makes food nourish you, cleanses your blood, and gives you health and vigor. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the herbal remedy, is made of a unique combination of curative extracts of roots, barks and leaves, which have a more beneficial action on the organs of digestion than any other medicine known.

Mr. Robert King, of Maple Ont., writing on February 18th, 1910, said:—

"A few years back I suffered very much with chronic indigestion, so much

so that I had to live chiefly on milk and eggs for quite a while. The doctor said my stomach was very bad indeed, although I knew that long before he told me. I gained absolutely nothing from taking ordinary medicines, and should probably have been ill now had I not had the curative properties of your Syrup brought to my notice. Mother Seigel's Syrup produced an excellent effect almost immediately, and has completely removed the cause of my ill-health."

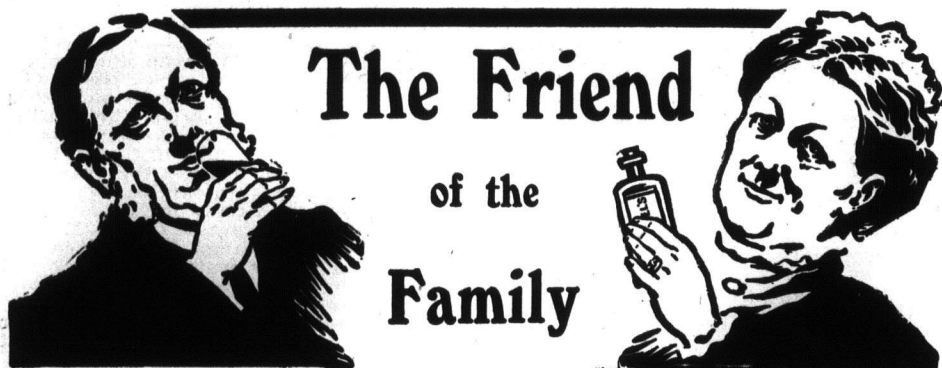
If you have any form of stomach or liver disorder, Mother Seigel's Syrup will just as surely and permanently cure you. Put it to the proof—today!

Mr. David Hickie, of Lorne, Restigouche Co., N.B., writes under date of January 18, 1910:—"For about five years I suffered continually from liver complaint. I used only one bottle of Seigel's Syrup and was entirely cured. It is now over a year since I took the medicine and I have not felt any return of the sickness."

"I feel I should like to add our testimony as to the benefit we have received from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup. We have never been without the Syrup or the Pills for twenty years, in the old country as well as in Canada. We have several neighbors here who have tried it and found it splendid."

Mrs. M. Irons  
Beckenham, Sask.  
April 22, 1910.

Mrs. Barnstaple, of Scatarie Island, Cape Breton, Co., N.S., writing on Feb. 20, 1910, says:—"I have taken Mother Seigel's Syrup for indigestion and disordered stomach, and have found it to be a certain cure, and I look upon it as the finest stomach medicine procurable. I have also used the Pills, and results convince me that the claims put forward for them are in no way exaggerated."



Mother Seigel's Syrup is the friend of all who suffer after meals, because it aids digestion. It is the friend of all who have headaches, biliousness, constipation or dizziness, because it banishes such ailments, root and branch. It is the friend of all who feel "seedy," because it clears away the poisonous products of indigestion, which clog the system and make you feel run down, brain-fagged, out-of-sorts. Better still, it tones and strengthens your stomach and liver, regulates your bowels, makes food nourish you, and thus prevents, as well as cures, all stomach and liver disorders. Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard household remedy, "the friend in the cupboard," in hundreds of thousands of British homes, and is unequalled as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy.

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mr. Chas. St. Stearns, 362 Richmond St. W., Toronto, writes:—"My digestion became deranged about a year ago and very soon my general health was affected. I had no relish for food, and when I ate I always suffered from sharp pains. I lost in weight, which was not unnatural, I suppose, as I ate much less than I was used to. I also had frequent headaches, and a general feeling of heaviness from which nothing seemed to relieve me. Then I turned to Mother Seigel's Syrup and now, thanks to that remedy, I am fully recovered and in my normal good health."—15/2/1910. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, and it will cure you!



**CURES**  
Biliousness  
Headaches  
Constipation  
Indigestion

The dollar bottle contains 24 times as much as the 50 cents size.

A. J. WHITE & Co., Ltd., Montreal.



### Bachelors—Eyes Front!

England.

Sir,—Having read with great interest the letters from the young folks in the correspondence column, I beg permission to be allowed to become one of the number. I would like to correspond with some lonely bachelors. I am 19 years of age, dark brown hair and dark brown eyes, clear complexion, 5 feet 4 inches in height; am fond of music and dancing, happy and cheerful disposition. Any of them caring to write first I will gladly answer their letters. They will find my address with the editor. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, and hoping I haven't taken up too much space, I remain—Dolly Daydreams.

### Married Ladies, Please Note.

Toronto, Ont.

Sir,—Would you let me inquire through your correspondence column if there are any young married women who would like to correspond with one in a similar position. It seems to me there would be much to interest both of us; the distance is so great that things must be very different. I am very anxious to know all I can about the West, as I hope some day to accompany my husband if he takes up land out there. No need to describe myself, except to say I am quite young, and have a four year old girl. Would enjoy corresponding with Western women. My address is with the editor.

Toronto Matron.

dainty repast, the menu consisting of "jelly cake," made from delicious jelly fish; "rock buns," made from rocks found only in the depths of the ocean; "sponge cake," from my own sponge bed; "floating island," and other delicacies.

Oh, dear! I hope you won't think my chat too long to print. As the seaweed is drying in my hair, and my scales are losing their lustre, I must now dive.

Wishing the W.H.M. and you, Mr. Editor, a bright and prosperous New Year, Mermaid.

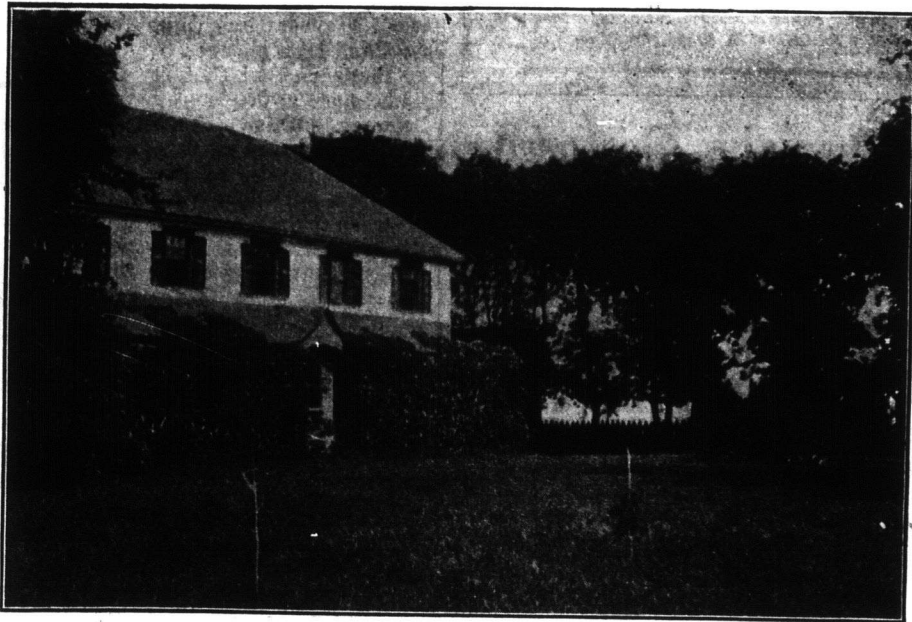
P.S.—My "cave number" will be with the editor. Matrimonially inclined? Oh, no! Who ever heard of a modest mermaid so inclined?—M.

### Another Opponent to the Doctor.

Viscount, Sask.

Sir,—Am still reading the W.H.M. with pleasure, and I am afraid the long winter months out here on the Western prairies would pass too slowly if it were not for the regular visit of your valuable magazine. I have not seen any more about the "Doctor," but he was a little radical in the October issue. He was actually mean with the farmer. I must admit that; but we must excuse him. And why? Just because he is a doctor, and they have failings, same as all others. I am not going to rake him down; neither will I arouse his enmity, as I might get sick some time. But then I would look for a good doctor.

The November issue of the W.H.M. contains many good letters, and I enjoy reading them. There are so many different opinions, so many different



Court of Bishop of Rupert's Land 1880.

### A Voice from the Deep.

Newfoundland.

Sir,—Can you find room for the scribbling of a "Mermaid"? What was that? Did I hear you answer in the affirmative? I hope so. Well, this being a beautiful day, with a cloudless sky and not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the water. I have borrowed sepias from the cuttle fish, a pen from the pen fish, and made my way to a large kelp-covered rock, whereon I may pen a few lines to your excellent paper, which even a mermaid finds pleasure in reading. And as the Western bachelors sometimes describe their surroundings, perhaps it would not be out of place for me to give a little description of mine. Well, imagine the daintiest of sea caves, the walls of which are hung with pink and white coral, the floor strewn with starfish and periwinkles, the many niches adorned with growths of sponge, sea urchins and anemones of various shapes and colors. Then I have some very interesting neighbors, the largest and most important being the whales, some measuring sixty and seventy feet in length, and the octopus, with its ten long arms—I have known some which measured between twenty and thirty feet; the much-sought-after cod, the silver-scaled salmon, and a number of others. Some of my neighbors have the name of being ferocious, but no one ever heard of them attacking a mermaid! Oh, no! they are quite sociable.

Could some of the Western bachelors call on me some evening? I should take pleasure in setting before them a

ideas, and I think it does a person good to get in contact with others, if only through the columns of a periodical.

I will give a description of myself this time. I am 24 years of age, height 70 inches, weight 170 lbs., fair complexion, grey eyes. People say I am awkward, and I will not deny it. I will be pleased to exchange postcards with any lady correspondent for pastime; a fair exchange is no robbery; and I will answer all cards promptly. I will not take up more of your valuable space this time, but you might hear from me later. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign—

Oliver Ex-farmer.

### Would Like to Exchange Amateur Photographs.

Carman, Man.

Sir,—This is my second letter to the W.H.M., but as my first letter did not appear in print I am summoning up enough courage to write again. I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper only a short time, and find the letters very interesting. I have gained several correspondents through the W.H.M., and would like some more. Some of the ones that wrote to me quit writing at about the third letter. I think they were disappointed in not finding in me an angel or some other impossible being. I am 5 feet 9 inches, weigh 140 lbs., have dark hair and blue eyes, and am twenty years old. I do not use tobacco in any form, neither do I indulge in alcoholic drinks, and I don't think any gentleman who has any respect for himself or his friends would do so either.