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when the shooting of other game is permitted, and at this time of the year bear are to be found in the same place as moose. Many a bear has owed his life to the fact that a sportsman refrains from taking an easy shot at Bruin for fear of frightening a moose that he believes to be near at hand. However, when the moose has been killed the pursuit of the bear fills up many an exciting day, and there is no limit to the number that may be killed. When the blueberries are plentiful there is no difficulty in choosing ground, as there are few berry patches which do not receive visits from bear. One piece of advice may be reiterated to those who contemplate a hunting trip in Canada, namely, that arrangements should be made well in advance. Guides only make their profession a side issue in most cases, and are mainly recruited from men whose living is made in the lumber camps. Thus it takes time for a letter to reach them, though there are few that will not leave the lumbering business to go on a sporting trip, for in most cases these men have taken to guiding more from a love of sport than for the money they make out of it. It is also well to make a deposit with the guide when booking dates. This ensures his being on hand when the visitor arrives. Many guides have lost some of their faith in human nature, from having made all preparations for a visitor failing to materialize, or only sending word at the last moment. In many cases a guide may have refused some other party for the same dates, and at the best he is left with several idle days on his hands.

Culture of Indian Rice

Written for The Western Home Monthly by G. W. Bartlett, Gladstone, Man.

The Wild Rice, *Zizania Aquatica*, is distributed throughout the whole breadth of Canada, preferring sluggish but not stagnant waters, with soft muddy bottom, from one to three feet in depth. It is very abundant throughout the Laurentian region of Central Canada, wherever the waters are not too rapid. The presence of this grain attracts the wild geese and other water fowl to this region in immense flocks.

The seed is highly nutritious, and in the early days of the fur companies formed an important article of food for the voyageurs, who encouraged the Indians to gather it for the trade.

It is a tall stout grass, with a hollow stem divided into compartments by transverse walls. The large broad midrib of the leaf is slightly to one side like the shaft of a feather. During early summer the leaves float upon the water, but in July the flowering tops develop, first the pistillate, and later the staminate below. Before the pollen of the male flowers of a plant is ripened the ovaries are fertilized from other plants, a common device among grasses, to secure cross fertilization. After this, the seeds develop rapidly, and when ripe in early September they fall into the water, where they remain to germinate in the spring.

The Indian method of harvesting the rice is to shake the tops of the plants over the canoe. Proper attention to this neglected cereal would save much hardship for the Indians of New Manitoba, as the harvesting could easily be done by the squaws and children, while the men were engaged at the fisheries.

Merely as a food grain the wild rice commands three times the price of the white rice; while grain of guaranteed germination is so rare, and the demand so heavy, that it commands its own price.

Many attempts have been made to establish this grain in the streams and ponds of various parts of the country, as cover and food for ducks and geese. Most of these attempts have been complete failures, and the Ottawa Experimental Farm officials, in response to many enquiries from correspondents, are making a careful study of the whole problem. The investigation, though far from complete, has located the chief cause of failure.

As stated above, the ripened seed in its native habitat falls into the water immediately, and is thus prevented from drying out. Dried grains are almost worthless as seed. The natural infer-

ence is that the seed should be planted at once; yet such a course would often expose the costly seed to destruction by water-fowl. In such a case it is found possible to preserve the vitality of the grain by storing during the winter in water at a temperature from 32 to 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The seed must on no account be allowed to freeze up in the storage vessels.

Given proper seed, water of right depth, and a soft muddy bottom, in which to plant the rice, it has been found by repeated experiments that wild rice is as sure a crop as our common field grains. Once a good stand of grain is secured the field will take care of itself.

In our own country there is an ever-increasing demand for the seed of this native grain, as a means of attracting the water fowl. For the same reason the English sportsmen are manifesting a keen interest in introducing it into Britain. Those who wish to engage in rice cultivation for the financial returns which it offers, need only to make a reputation for seed of good germinating power, in order to obtain an unlimited market, and fancy prices for their harvest.

A Lullaby Song

By Alice May Douglas

Let me tell you how the lambie puts her little one to sleep,
When the shadows to the home-fold call the downy sheep,
Baby Lambie finds sweet rest on its mamma's wolly breast,
While the mamma says, "Baa, baa, baby mine, how dear you are!"
Then the mamma puts her mouth—just like this—
Down to Baby Lambie's mouth for a kiss.

Let me tell you how the birdie puts her little one to sleep,
When the shadows through the branches softly, softly sleep,
Baby Birdie finds sweet rest on its mamma's downy breast,
While the mamma sings, "Coo, coo, here's a good-night kiss for you."
Then the mamma puts her bill—just like this—
Down to Baby Birdie's bill for a kiss.

Let me tell you how the south wind puts the little flowers to sleep,
With the stars, the bright-eyed stars, watch above to keep,
South wind each wee flower caresses, smoothing back its silken tresses,
Giving it a good-night kiss—just like this, and this and this.
Then each blossom drops its head—Shr-shrrrr.
And the south wind whispers low, "Shrr-shrrrr."

But They Drank

A number of years ago a certain firm of four men of Boston were rated as "A1." They were rich, prosperous, young, and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to find out how they were rated at the Commercial Bureau, and ascertained that these facts were recorded, and was satisfied; but at the end these words were added "But they all drink." He thought it a good joke at the time, but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity. That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their description.

You think that time can never efface the rankling bitterness of certain memories. But the day will come when oblivion will mercifully veil what now seems unendurable, leaving you the stronger and the wiser for the tribulation. We cultivate the powers of the memory; we should likewise cultivate the power to forget, and pray that constant practice may conform in us the habit of putting out of sight and out of mind all that is hateful to remember.

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