

are very necessary in this time of war. I would not try to take from the honor of being a soldier, but I also say that tradesmen, professional men, farmers, etc., and their wives and daughters are very necessary all the time, although the papers may say nothing about them; they may never be called heroes, but they may be true patriots just the same. I contend that the man who stays at home and cares for those dependent on him, or the man who provides for and rears a family to be useful and industrious citizens is doing his country as great a service as the man on the firing line; and greater than one that leaves his family to shift for themselves. I think that this kind of patriotism is just as good as that of the soldier. However, I still say honor to those who go to fight for our country, and due honor to those who remain at home.

When I think of the reams of poetry that will be written after the war, about daring deeds and glorious victories, I fear that that little poem, "The Farmer Feeds Them All," will be lost entirely. I hope some one will give their opinion of this subject, or pull my letter to pieces—either will be interesting.

Yours truly,
Thistle.

Who Will Help?

Harehills P. O., Sask., Dec. 6th, 1914.
Editor Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor—We have been constant readers of your estimable paper for the past year or so, and especially interested in the Correspondence Column. We read about the awful lonesomeness of some. We are bachelors but happily are not troubled very often with the complaint, as we have lots to do, baking bread, fighting the cat (who is an awful thief) and playing football with the biscuits we make, besides visiting bachelor neighbors, among

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

whom is "Happie Willie," who wrote to your column last winter.

We would like to have some of the girls give us a few hints on washing, as it is a year ago since we washed the shack floor, and we are having to put a new one down this winter, which we hope to keep clean.

We feel that it would be nice to have a girl now and then to take to dances, card parties, etc.—someone like "Just a Girl," in November issue.

Well, it is pretty nearly supper time, so we will have to get busy and cook some pork and potatoes, after which we usually indulge in a game of cards and a smoke.

Should like to see this in print and hope some of the girls will write. Our address is with the Editor

Amateurs Both.

Which Is The Happier?

Scandia, Sask., Dec. 18th, 1914.

Dear Editor—It is time for me to renew my subscription to The W. H. M., and at the same time will try and write a few lines and see if it will pass the waste basket. I have been kind of busy farming during the summer, but not too busy to read The W. H. M. Just now a bachelor has more time than money, so I can spare half of my time in reading and corresponding. I like very much the way The W. H. M. is conducted all through and I do not pass by the corresponding column, either. I am sure it has passed away many lonely moments, for the bachelors as well as all its readers.

This year has been kind of hard on the settlers in this district as the crop was a total failure. But everyone seems to have good hopes of better luck next year, so we are going to try again to raise a crop.

I do not remember of ever reading a letter in the Correspondent Column from a married man or woman—mostly from the lonely bachelors. I suppose all married couples are so well pleased and their time is so well taken up that they have no time for corresponding, but I, for my part, would like to see a letter in The W. H. M. from them. We bachelors would like to hear from those that have hitched

up in double harness, and find out how they like it. We, Us and Co., have kind of figured on accepting a partner when the chance comes, so a few instructions from those who have gone through the mill would be appreciated. Here is something to discuss: "Which is happier, a married or a single man?" I will sign myself
The Village Blacksmith.

All Want The W. H. M.

Olds, Alta., Dec. 13, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have just finished reading the letters from the readers of The W. H. M. I am a student of the Olds School of Agriculture, which I can say is one of the best institutions of its kind that there is. The W. H. M. comes to this School and there is a kind of a scrap among the boys for this paper.

I take great interest in such letters as "Eastern Girlie" writes, probably because I am an Easterner myself. I also, as she does, take great interest in all kinds of sports, and I think that all young men and women should enter into this sort of pleasure. The very best men and women of to-day have been in some way connected with sports, but at work or play, always keep this motto in front of you: "Play the game."

I would be glad to have this letter published and hear from some of the charming sportswomen of the East.

I think "Sweet Alice" has a style that would cheer any western homesteader up.

Well, I must close, as they are calling supper in the dining hall. Oh, how I long for the time when I will be in some other little shack on a homestead. Well, good luck to everybody,

Yours truly,
Bashful Bingo.

"I wish I knew where to go this summer." "You have been away every summer for years. You ought to know where you want to go." "No; all I know is a lot of places where I don't want to go."—Washington Herald.

The Two Shades

By Louis Dodge

Late in the night, when no man saw or heard,

Two Shades returned to earth from some far place,
And came together for a ghostly word,
Though hands met not, nor face looked into face.

"Alas," complained the first, "the years are few

Since here I dwelt and mingled among men;

Ties had I many, comrades who were true,

With whom I had full share of honors then.

"But now none speaks my name in praise or blame;

They go their happy ways who shared my lot;

I have no fragment left of goodly fame—

Dead but a day or two, but quite forgot."

"Full fifty years have passed since that I died!"

Thus said the other—"And my place is kept

By one who dreams that I am by her side,

Who weeps to-day as then she sorely wept.

"One speaks my name when that her heart is sore;

Hunger is hers a little time each day;

And so she loves me; and forever more

Will love me as when first I went away."

"Strange," said the first, and sadly turned to go,

"I was a father fond, a husband mild—

And who were you, that are remembered so?"

"I," said the other, "was a little child."

MAN WHO NEVER SLEPT

Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy, effect most striking results.

A recent letter from Mr G. Arthur Felton, the man who never slept, recalls the story of a cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, which aroused great interest in Great Britain last year. Here was no ordinary insomnia, but almost unswerving wakefulness night after night, with no hope of relief, till in the end came Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and then blessed rest of natural and refreshing sleep.

Now writing from 6, Chipstead Villas, Chipstead-road, Coulsdon, England, Mr. Felton says:—"I am delighted to tell you I feel very fit—never better in my whole life." The story as originally given was so extraordinary, the cure so remarkable, that we feel justified in publishing it again for the benefit of our Canadian friends, that sufferers from sleeplessness and nerve failure may know how wonderful is the curative power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Here is the story:—

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets freed me from the terrible affliction of sleeplessness and nerve failure," said Mr. Felton, "when nothing could give me even temporary relief. In 1905, as a result of an accident, an operation had to be performed, after which I suffered from neurasthenia, and ultimately nerve failure. I was taken into a special institution, only to be turned out after months of treatment as hopelessly incurable. I had claimed compensation for my accident, and even the Insurance Company declared that I should never work again. I could just get about with the greatest difficulty, dragging my right foot along the ground, and my right hand hung helpless. Then came sleeplessness. Do what I could, or take what I would, I hardly ever slept night or day. For five years altogether I never could have slept more than a few minutes at a time, for I heard every hour strike every night. Often I wished I could die. Sleeping draughts of opium, and injections of morphine had no effect whatever—I was always awake. No torture of the inquisition could equal mine; but somehow I lived through it. Relief came at last with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and oh! how grateful I was—how blessed the man who could devise such a remedy! Almost from the first dose I improved. I began to get a little sleep, then to sleep right through the night, and that gift of sleep was more to me than all else that life can hold. That was only a year ago, and now I am a strong, healthy man again. Friends tell me it is a modern miracle, and I think it is."



Mr. Arthur G. Felton.



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and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching motherhood. All Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

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