



Let me talk to you about being "Run-Down"

When your system is undermined by worry or overwork—when your vitality is lowered—when you feel "anyhow"—when your nerves are "on edge" when the least exertion tires you—you are in a "run-down" condition. Your system is like a flower drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping flower—so "Wincarnis" gives new life to a "run-down" constitution. From even the first wineglassful you can feel it stimulating and invigorating you, and as you continue, you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new health—new strength—new vigor and new life. The result will delight you.

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

WINCARNIS

The Wine of Life

Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

Representative for the Dominion of Canada:—Mr. Frank F. S. Ball, 103, St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal. Phone No. Main 3079. Telegrams "Daphn," Montreal.

Special Fall Offer

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE
FARMER, Winnipeg - - \$1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg 1.00
REGULAR Price- - \$2.00

Snap Offer

Both for One Year
\$1.00

This offer does not apply to those living within the City of Winnipeg limits or in the United States of America. It holds good, however, to Great Britain.

..... 1914
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed \$1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and The Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.
SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL NOW

mouth entrancing; "the sun got so hot over at the station while I was waiting, I turned giddy, so I run over to the post-office, and Mrs. Peters was standing in the side door and she called me in, for she said I was white as a table-cloth, and I was all of a tremble. She bundled me in on the lounge and fanned me, and then run out to get some cold water. I was laying there, sort of gasping, and listening to Jim Peters pounding the letters, when all at once there come Mrs. Prince's voice a-bawling through, a-telling how glad I was to go along with her for the sake of 'duds,' and calling gran'paw an old herring, and—"

She broke off breathlessly, and the sapphire light in her eyes flashed indignation.

"And so," she began afresh, after a few minutes, "Madam Prince went to the city, and I—came home. I don't know whether she missed me or not when she got on the train, but I reckon she's discovered by now that I wasn't so crazy to chase after her— Why, gran'paw—the cabin door had blown slightly backward, presenting an interior view of the room — 'I don't believe you've eat a scrappin' of dinner; I see the table standing just like I left it. I must boil you some coffee— Now, gran'paw, you take and stop. Ain't I here? Ain't I going

swept its prestige to the winds. The mill vanished in a night and prosperity with it. Pinette however, saw a future there. He waited and worked while he waited. By day he lined track and tamped ballast—by night he combed the shores for driftwood. Soon he had a goodly store of it, an enviable pile of it. Driftwood is only firewood, reasoned his neighbors, because they used it that way. But Pinette could never use all his that way, nor did he mean to do so.

Pinette had ambitions. Moreover he was industrious. Was it not stated that he threw together a shack in which to live? Might he not build a better house? When he started it his neighbors thought he meant to keep pigs. He would use up his driftwood that way. What other kind of a pen or building would anybody put up the way Pinette was doing anyway? He laid the boards down flat and built a square inclosure by placing the boards in the same manner as one would lay bricks. Of course he had to dovetail the corners and he did it wonderfully well. It looked like a pig pen for a long time. He worked slowly because he was not an expert carpenter. Besides he would have it all ready for the winter so there was no rush. When he had it three feet higher than his tallest inquisitor he announced proudly that it was now ready for the roof. Of course the lamin-



Steers brought into a French camp to feed one of the brigades. Photo by Underwood & Underwood

to stay here?" The girl's voice grew suddenly quivery and her lips began to scatter kisses roeklessly about the old man's head and face.

"Stop, gran'paw," she besought; "don't you hear me telling you I never went? I'll never go an eanch from home again, gran'paw. I don't care a lick about Mrs. Prince and all the hats she can buy in a year— She can't get me away from you any more, gran'paw, nor nobody else can, and—there, now—"

Uncle Jabez reached out and gathered Honey's plump right hand into his two old unsteady ones.

"Oh, Honey," he sobbed, rocking back and forth with the pink fingers held close against his breast, "oh, Honey! — oh, Honey!"

John slipped silently around the corner of the cabin and was quietly effaced by the whispering corn-blades.

DRIFTWOOD COTTAGE

By Chas. Dorian

Long before our bungalow was built we were trying to decide upon a name for it: the bungalow is a reality long since and yet it stands unnamed. We invariably revert to Pinette, or at least to a discussion of his cottage and how simply he announced the name of it, a name altogether appropriate.

Pinette was getting along in the world. He had been a section man on the railroad and lived in a shack he himself had thrown together. He got the lot for a song. It was close to the railroad track but fronted on the lake. Algoma was a prosperous town in those days, boasting of the only mill on the north shore of Georgian Bay. But adversity in the form of a flood

ated idea stopped right there—the roof was like any ordinary gambrel. There was a window in it facing the lake and a hooded stove-pipe through its centre high enough to carry sparks a long way off. This was foresight, because the roof was tar-papered.

It looked pretentious when finished. The rank growth of grass and small sumach around it gave it a very pretty setting.

There was a threatened boom coming to Algoma. It was to be advertised as a summer resort and tongues dripped with the news. It was suggested to Pinette that since style was coming to Algoma and he had the most unique cottage in the country he should name it.

"The name," announced he, "is easy. If you can call it anything better than 'Driftwood Cottage' then you'd better get into the business. I'm engaged to put up another just like it for one of these boom fellows and I guess I'll just go into the business. I've been savin' money on the section job and this is my chance to get into business. That house cost me altogether, including glass, hinges and stovepipe just fifteen dollars and forty cents. Johnson, the grocer let me have all his empty boxes and I lined the house with them. There isn't a warmer cottage anywhere. It won't cost much more to put style on to it—just a few shingles." Here for some unaccountable reason he blushed, but it was discovered afterwards that Bessie Avord told him that it would be a dear little cottage if he'd only shingle it over. I haven't seen it since he and Bessie were married but I have heard of the pretty shingled cottages at the Algoma summer resort, all of them with names ending alike, as "Jetwood," "Greenwood" some of them combining the names of the owners, as "Blountwood"