

GOT DIARRHOEA FROM DRINKING BAD WATER.

People moving from one place to another are very subject to diarrhoea on account of the change of water, change of climate, change of diet, etc., and what at first appears to be but a slight looseness of the bowels should never be neglected or some serious bowel complaint will be sure to follow.

The safest and quickest cure for diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, pains in the stomach and all looseness of the bowels is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mr. Ernest Jeffery, Moose Jaw, Sask., writes: "A few years ago, when I first came out to Canada, I went to the harvest field to work. Somehow or other the water did not agree with me. I had the diarrhoea so bad that blood was coming from me, and I thought my last days had come. One of the harvest hands advised me to take Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and before I had used the bottle I was able to go to work again. My advice to all is always keep a bottle of this wonderful diarrhoea cure on hand."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past seventy years, and has been used in thousands of Canadian homes during that time, and we have yet to hear of a case of bowel complaint where it has not given perfect satisfaction.

The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.

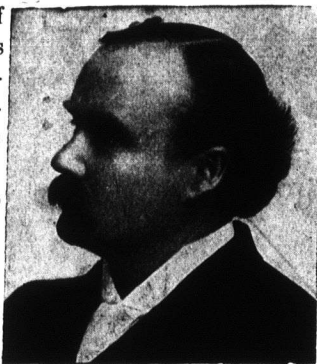
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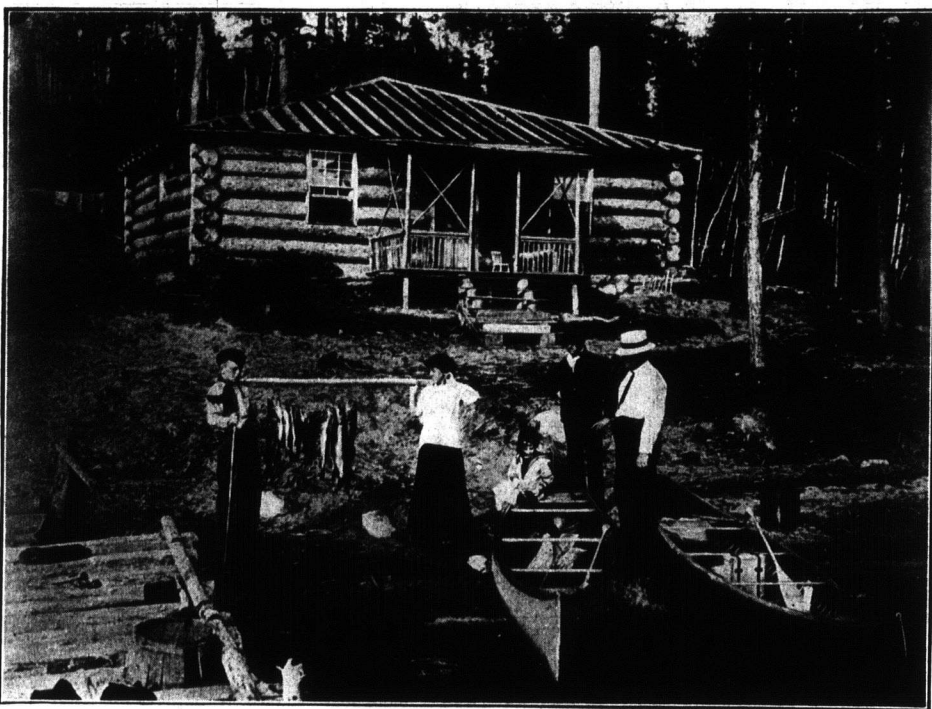
Correspondence

An English Correspondent

Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

Dear Editor:—I rather think it will appear cheeky of me to write to you, but my brothers, who have been in Canada some years, always send me your wonderful book and I read it from cover to cover, for I am very, very fond of it. I think it the very nicest and the most sensible monthly I have ever read. Everything in it is that sort of reading that helps your readers to develop that which is best in them and religion in its proper place in it. You are not afraid to give of your best, and even the piffle that some of the boys and girls are accused of writing in their letters is worth while reading, for I always think one can tell character so well by how one writes, and your correspondents are so varied. I just revel in their letters, and I seem to know some of them so well through it. I reckon they are a very lovable lot. We, here in England, would be so afraid to let ourselves go (as we say here) in our letters like you do there, and I think it's just that freedom you have we envy you so much. I always go straight for the letters first and I just feel about wound up ready to come straight to Canada before I have half finished them, for Canada has always been such a wonderful place to

brought them to a stop, with the question: "What do you mean?" "Oh, nothing," carelessly answered the other, "only you seem to have all the work to do." I was much amused then and I am now whenever I hear or read about anyone praising themselves. I always hear the words, "Is your trumpeter dead, that you have to do all the work?" But of course, I know all the time that these are some of the boys from which has come such a noble army of the bravest and best to help the Mother Country in her need, and we in England love and honor them for it. We know it's our best who emigrate and our gratitude will be undying to them for all their sacrifices. I would love to correspond with some of your readers but I know I am outside your ken, not having entered the promised land yet, but I wish you every success with the W.H.M. and I only trust I may have the privilege of reading for many years its valuable pages, for since I have been in my position here, as the assistant matron, it has cheered me up even more than it did at home, where, since mother died nearly six years ago, and for two years before that, I tried to fill her place (because the last two years of her life she was a great sufferer). Now the younger ones have grown up and a younger sister is able to take my place. Having learnt



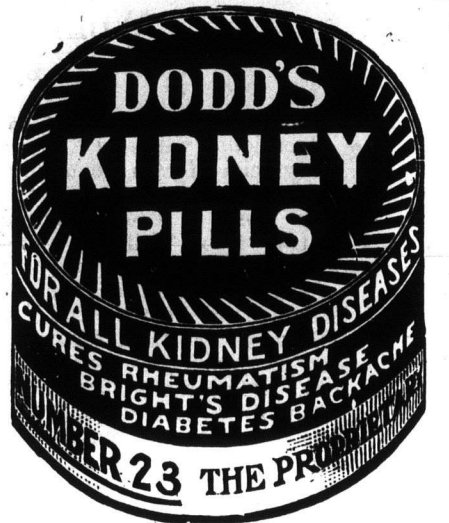
At Canyon Lake Ont. where Fish is Plentiful

me, and often when I have been writing to my brothers out there I have said how greatly I should like to come, but they are of the opinion that Canada is not the place for their sisters, that the life would be too hard for them on a homestead not fully developed. I have gathered from your correspondents that they have many hardships and very great difficulties, but if they could only realise what compensation they have, I don't think they would find it quite so tedious. I have a brother just now in England after eleven years absence. (Came over as a soldier of course. He is now in Kent.) He being more fortunate than some, has been able to spend nearly a week at home. In a letter I had from him the other day, he said: "Canada is a great country. It's a true saying you never know what's good until you have passed it by." I feel very sympathetic with the boys who have a lonely struggle in Canada. My other brother out there in Alberta, I guess, finds it is harder work to remain behind and look after the stuff than it would be as a soldier, but I feel sure he is doing his bit just the same. What strikes me so forcibly in your letters is how grown up your young people are. It's so amusing to hear of a lad of twenty being a poor love-sick boy, as he signs himself, and "Prairie Lad," who says he is between 20 and 25, is a splendid combination of old age in his advice, and extreme youth in describing himself. When I read your boys' and girls' letters describing their looks and qualifications, I am reminded of a quiet inquiry I once heard someone make when another was telling them all the good points about themselves. As they were in the midst of their wonderful merits a quiet query of, "Is your trumpeter dead?"

dressmaking she is able to be a little more independent of the housekeeping money than I could. The war having made such a difference I feel I ought to launch out on my own, but it has been a very difficult position—far different than I anticipated; but until I feel comfortable about them at home, I want to stay because it's near home, and I can go each week but it's the strain of always having to be in charge of those either mentally deficient or those no one else can put up with, that makes one value a book where you can slip away from your surroundings and forget for a time in the interest of reading, of others' doings and sayings. So you see I have something to be grateful for to the W.H.M. because that helps me to do it. I suppose one is not considered to be young at 33, but it doesn't matter what our age is. We are always interested in the young and I think very often it helps us to feel young too. Again thanking you, trusting I have not wasted too much of your valuable time.—Assistant Matron.

In Sympathy With Lonesome Pine

Dear Editor:—I am a reader of your very pleasant paper and enjoy it every month. I have always read the letters first. I would like very much to join your merry column. I am a farmer girl. We moved to the West quite a few years ago. It was quite a wild looking country then, the few settlers that were in were many miles apart, and the nearest town between forty and fifty miles away, so I have a good idea the kind of life "Lonesome Pine" lives in the mountains. I think "Friday's" letter of July number was very good. As for girls wearing



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