

Good Chance for Girls in B.C.

Waldeck, Sask., June 12, 1915.

Comrades All,—I enjoy reading The Western Home Monthly very much, and I have just been reading the letters on the Correspondence Pages in the June number. So I thought I would try and write a letter, too.

It seems that "Scout" has been getting into trouble with the fair sex. Hope he gets a real good talking too. Won't hurt him a bit. Then perhaps he'll mend his ways. Eh?

I notice that a lot of people wish information regarding homesteads. If any of you write to me I can give you information concerning homesteads and pre-emptions in Sask.; also about homesteads in B.C. Father was in there last winter (in the Peace River district), and likes the place fine; in fact we are going to move in next winter. He says it is an ideal place for ranching, as well as farming. I can also give you information about it, also addresses where you can send and secure maps and booklets about it. Girls there's a good chance for us in B.C.; we can obtain homesteads there at the age of eighteen. I intend to get a homestead when I go. Dad tells me if I do he will give me a registered mare and two head of cattle. So I think it is worth it. Don't you?

Aren't the wild prairie roses lovely now? Around our place the prairie is nearly covered with them. I am very fond of flowers, and sometimes when I get lonely I take a walk. They seem almost like companions.

Don't you think it would be nice if we discussed music and books in the Correspondence Column?

Well, I hope I shall see this letter in print, dear Editor, and hoping some of you people will write to me. I will sign myself

"Miss Grace."

P.S.—My address is with the Editor.—M.G.

The Magnet of Faith

A crew of fifteen men once left a burning ship in mid-Pacific. They were thousands of miles from land. They left the ship so hastily that they had no time to take oars, or sail, or any other tackle or gear with which to produce motion. They were only able to snatch at some food and water. They lived for six weeks in that boat, and the last three and twenty days they dreamed every night of feasting, and woke every morning to the same starving comrades, vacant waters—for they passed no ships—and desolate sky. Yet these men never lost their courage, because they perceived from the outset that their boat was in the current of an equatorial ocean, a current which those who knew the geography of the sea were aware would slowly but surely carry them at last to land, which it did. Sometimes the patience of hope in the Christian life has to be exercised in that way. No oar and no sail; no strength and no light; for many days neither sun nor moon, nor stars appearing, but only the magnet of faith pointing steadily to the Rock of Ages, and the current of eternal nature of His who is what He is, bearing us on to the promised land.—John Laidlaw, D.D.

What Makes Milk and Butter Yellow.

That the rich yellow color demanded by the public in dairy products is primarily due to the character of the cow's feed is demonstrated by recent experiments carried on by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in co-operation with the Missouri State Experiment Station. For some years dairy experts have been studying this question. Their conclusion is that, although to some extent a breed characteristic, the intensity of this yellow color may, with certain limits, be increased or diminished at will by changing the animal's rations.

Chemical tests show that the yellow pigment in milk consists of several well-known pigments found in green plants. Of these the principal one is carotin, so called because it constitutes a large part of the coloring matter of carrots. The other yellow pigments in the milk are known as xanthophylls. These are found in a number of plants including grass, but are especially abundant in yellow autumn leaves.

These pigments pass directly from the feed into the milk. This explains the well-known fact that fresh green grass and carrots increase the yellowness of butter, the only standard by which the average person judges its richness. On the other hand, a large proportion of these pigments is deposited in the body fat and elsewhere in the cow. When the ration is changed to one containing fewer carotin and xanthophyll constituents, this hoarded store is gradually drawn upon and in consequence the yellowness of the milk does not diminish so rapidly as it otherwise would. This yellowness increases, however, the instant the necessary plant pigments are restored to the ration.

Green grass is probably richer in carotin than any other dairy feed. Cows fed on it will therefore produce the highest colored butter. Green corn, in which xanthophylls constitute the chief pigment, will also produce a highly-colored product. On the other hand a ration of bleached clover hay and yellow corn is practically devoid of yellow pigments and the milk from cows fed upon it will gradually lose its color. It is, of course, indisputably true that the breed does influence the color of the milk fat; but vary the ration and there will be a corresponding variation in the color of the milk fat in each breed.

In cows of the Jersey and Guernsey breeds the body fat is frequently of such a deep yellow color that some butchers and consumers look with disfavor upon beef from these breeds. For this prejudice there is absolutely no justification.

The yellowness of the fat springs from the same causes as the yellowness of the milk fat and there is no reason for objecting in one case to the very thing that is prized in the other.—U. S. Dept. of Agr.

Father and Child

You are so helpless and I so strong,
Oh, but the way is so lone, so long!
Would I might fare with you thus away,
Down to the dusk of your latest day,
Wee little wanderer out of the dawn;
Would I might walk with you on and on,
Even as now, in the day's decline,
Holding your frail little hand in mine,
Guiding your steps o'er each rugged mile,
Greeting with kisses your childish smile,
Kissing the tears from your dimpled cheek—

I am so strong and you are so weak.

You are so helpless—am I so strong?
Oh, but the way is so lone, so long!
Would you might fare with me thus away,
Down to the dusk of my latest day,
Brave little waif of the vanished dawn;
Would you might walk with me on and on,

Even as now, in the day's decline,
Still with your warm little hand in mine,
Guiding my steps o'er each rugged mile,
Soothing my fears with your trustful smile,
Kissing the tears from my with'ring cheek—

You are so strong and I am so weak!

E. O. Laughlan.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent pains or purgings follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than men.

NURSE'S KIDNEY TROUBLE

Glowing account of the efficacy of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the great British remedy of world-wide renown

Two years ago Nurse Dowdeswell of 37 Alfred Street, Gloucester, England, wrote to say that Dr. Cassell's Tablets had cured her of acute kidney trouble, and saved her from operation, and she now tells her story for the benefit of fellow-sufferers in the Dominion. She says:—

"I am pleased to say that I have had the best of health since I told you of my cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets some two years ago. People remark on how well I look. When I think of what I suffered before I knew of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I feel I can never sufficiently praise your splendid medicine. Kidney trouble had reduced me to such a state of helplessness that I could not walk alone. I had undergone two operations, and taken endless medicine, but nothing helped me.

Often I was in frightful pain, pain that lasted for hours at a time. I was also a martyr to dyspepsia, and so weak and spiritless that I used to wish I could die and be done with suffering. Although, as I have said, I was twice operated on for kidney trouble I got no relief at all. I was urged to undergo a third operation on my left kidney, but by that time I was taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the benefit was so apparent that I refused the operation and persevered with the Tablets. Then I mended rapidly, I had no more pain, the dyspepsia, too, was cured, and I began to gain flesh. In a remarkably short time I was thoroughly well and strong.

"Now, if ever I feel a little run-down—and my work as a nurse is sometimes very trying—I take just a dose or two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they never fail to set me up again. They are just splendid."



Nurse Dowdeswell.



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

This cure is a personal story, the accuracy of which is beyond doubt. It is given freely and gratefully with a view to pointing a way of relief to fellow sufferers. Try Dr. Cassell's Tablets to-day and know at first hand their remarkable power to renew health and fitness. Take them for Nervous Breakdown, Neurasthenia, Kidney Trouble, Malnutrition, Nerve Failure, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Wasting, Infantile Weakness, Anaemia, Stomach Disorder, Palpitation, and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. 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.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul-street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.