

Fresh contributions are most urgently needed to feed the starving women and children of Belgium, who will surely perish but for outside assistance. Canadians who will give out of their plenty to help succor this suffering nation may send contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund, 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, or to The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Mabel Maysey's Dishonorable Deed

By W. R. Gilbert

I WAS staying with Mabel Maysey at her lovely house in Newport. Mabel and I had been at school together and later had spent two years "finishing" in France and Germany. Then we had come home and the next time I heard of her she was engaged to Gerald Maysey, awfully rich and a rare nice fellow.

Six months later they were married and after seemingly endless globe trotting had settled down in New York, at least when they were not at one of their country places.

That was fifteen years ago and since then Mabel had never missed having me to stay with her twice a year, more especially when she went to Newport.

"Let us have a quiet evening together, Winnie," she had said one afternoon. And I had heartily agreed, for the bustle and fatigue of dinner parties and balls for the last three weeks had thoroughly tired me.

We had drifted into Mabel's boudoir, chatting and laughing over the old times. Mabel languidly exploring an old and long-forgotten trunk the while and bringing forth first one thing and then another, which served to call up old memories and faces that night. Mabel was in high spirits and she filled the room with rippling laughter, as I told her of a serio-comic experience I had had in Italy a few months back.

But suddenly I noticed she was no longer attending. Instead, she was gazing with thoughtful eyes at a little silver casket she held in her hand, and which had evidently been brought to light from the depths of the trunk beside her.

Slowly she opened the delicate silver box and took from it a visiting card. Then she put it back and closed the box with a tiny snap.

"Mabel," I said, "you look quite serious. There must be some tragic tale connected with that card!"

Mabel started, then she smiled. "There is a story, Winnie, but it is hardly tragic—at least to the person most concerned."

"Do tell it me!" I begged, forgetting my own unfinished story.

"Listen," said Mabel. "I will tell you the story of how I once did a dishonorable deed—no, don't open your eyes like that. Wait until I have finished and then you shall pass judgment."

"It happened eight years ago. Gerald and I were staying in this very house and I was giving a dance—one of the biggest of the season."

"I had staying with me at the time a very beautiful girl. Her name was Cynthia Carruthers. She was an English girl and in her first season all London had gone wild over her—one of her admirers, a Major Bewshire, had even followed her over to this side. Well, on the night of the ball, Cynthia came to me—I knew she was in trouble or difficulty, but had not asked her anything, knowing all would come out sooner or later. And it did that evening—"

"It appeared there were two men—only two—whom she really cared for. Both were to be at the ball, and both, she expected, would propose to her."

"The poor girl was nearly distracted. She could not decide which to accept and came to me as helpless as a child."

"The two men were Major Bewshire and Charlie Carston—you have heard of him?"

"Both were handsome. Major Bewshire had money. Carston was then at outs with his father, and without his aid was practically poor, but I knew Charlie to be straight and felt certain the old man would come round. Of Major Bewshire I had my suspicions—chorus, cards, drink—nothing perhaps out of the way, but still it was there all the same. Charlie Carston, as I have said, I liked."

"Well Cynthia," I remember saying, "you must take Major Bewshire and give up Carston."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, and when I

said 'very well then, take Carston, you silly girl,' she had burst into sobs and said she could not give up Bewshire and so on. In fact, the girl simply did not know her own mind and begged me to decide for her."

"Very well," I said, "I will do so—or rather I shall help you to decide for yourself. But you must promise to abide by whatever decision we come to."

"She promised."

"You see this box," I explained, "and you see these two cards. On them I have written the names of your two admirers. You will draw one from the box, and you must accept the man whose name you draw."

"Cynthia turned very pale. Then she reached for the box and with trembling fingers drew out one of the cards."

"Well," I said, "and who is the lucky man?" and she whispered 'Carston.'

"That evening Carston proposed. Cynthia accepted and they were married shortly afterwards, with the old man's consent and blessing, and a good fat check. Five years later, when Carston had become a master of finance, and Bewshire had shot himself at Monte Carlo, I met Cynthia. From a beautiful girl she had grown into a beautiful woman. She had two darling boys, and was as happy as a woman could be. I invited her here. One evening she showed me a visiting card. It was one of my own and on it was written the name 'Carston.' It was the card she had drawn on the evening of the ball five years before. She told me she treasured it as her most priceless possession and—and this, Winnie, is the other."

"I see," I said, "the other on which you had written the name of Major Bewshire."

"No," said Mabel quietly, "on which I had also written the name of Charlie Carston."

Waste and Want

By Leonard Keene Hirschberg

We are acquainted with a farmer who teaches his children by pointing out the mistakes of other people, but he goes at it in a peculiar way. He is progressive, thrifty, successful, gets the biggest crops, owns the finest house, and has the most friends of anybody in his community. He owns an automobile and enjoys nothing better than taking his little family upon frequent "joy rides."

"The man who lives here must be very, very wealthy," he comments in a deferential tone as the auto carries them by a poor, dilapidated-looking house in a weedy, neglected-looking yard.

"Why, father!" The children are incredulous. "Why do you think so?"

"Because he can afford to leave his implements out in the weather. A man can't afford to do that unless he has a great deal of money to buy new tools with."

The children look puzzled, but interested; they only half understand.

"Here," continues the farmer, "is another wealthy man—very wealthy."

"Why?" comes in one breath from the youngsters.

"Because he can afford to let the weeds grow in his crops. He wouldn't do that if he needed money."

The children understand now. It is an object-lesson in thrift; and for the rest of the ride they pick out the homes of the men who are so wealthy that they can afford to be slothful. There is always the same tone of deference that the father has used, but there is a sparkle of fun in their bright eyes, indicating a complete comprehension.

It is entirely possible to learn from the mistakes of other people without being harsh or uncharitable in spirit.

Appliances for the Relief of Rupture

It is stated on very competent authority that one person out of eight, including men, women and children, is ruptured. And notwithstanding the fact of this frequency, rupture is but little understood by any save those who are so afflicted.

It is just as essential that a person afflicted with rupture should wear some form of support for the weakened part as that a cripple should use a crutch or an artificial limb. And the usual "drug store" truss is said by experts to be about the poorest excuse of a contrivance that could be offered. The steel band that partly encircles the body and the hard pad that is pressed into the opening of the rupture are both wrong in principle and in operation. The steel spring is not only a torture and a torment, but it brings the pressure onto the side instead of bearing directly against the ruptured part, and has a very decided tendency to cause a double rupture rather than to effect a cure of a single one. And the hard pad presses into the rupture, instead of spreading over the wound and bringing the parts together, so that Nature may complete the healing.

The best appliance for the holding of rupture that has ever been brought to our attention is an automatic air cushion made of soft, pliable rubber, that has a tendency to bring the edges of the rupture together and hold them firmly in place. There are no steel springs in connection with this appliance and nothing to bind or torment. The cushion is so constructed that it is ventilated automatically with every movement of the body.

A letter addressed to the Brooks Rupture Appliance Co., 161A State Street, Marshall, Mich., will bring by return post a booklet giving complete information.

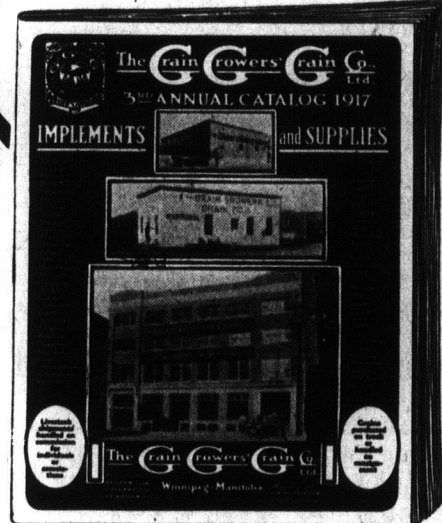


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