

## Had a Bad Attack of Diarrhoea and Vomiting

Had the Doctor Eleven Times

BUT DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD  
STRAWBERRY FINALLY CURED

Mrs. Wesley Pringle, Roblin, Ont., writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. When our little boy was three years old, he had the worst attack of diarrhoea and vomiting I ever saw. We called in our doctor, and he came eleven times from Tuesday morning until Saturday night, but still no change. We expected each moment to be the last of his suffering, as the doctor said he could do nothing more. Mr. Pringle was going up town on Saturday night, and was advised to try your great and wonderful medicine. He got a bottle and about 9 o'clock the first dose was given, and was kept up, as directed, and when the doctor came on Sunday, he said, 'What a wonderful change; why! your little boy is going to get better.' Then I told him what we had been giving him, and he said, 'Keep right on, he is doing well.' 'I often think as I look at my boy, growing to be a man, what great thanks I owe to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.'"

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ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Land Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent, and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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## Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

### Appearance First

Sask., Aug. 16th, 1914.

Dear Editor—Please may I join your merry circle, as I am not satisfied as an onlooker any more. I have been a reader of your valuable paper for six years. It was first given us to read by our neighbors; then some kind friend sent a couple of years' subscription to my sister. When I first saw your paper I was too young to take any interest in the correspondence page, but I certainly do enjoy the letters now.

I quite agree with Canadian Frank and Bismarck not liking the idea of being pitied as bachelors by strong, healthy men looking for some one to pity them in their free and healthy life. Now, you bachelors, rouse yourselves and memorize the letters of A.N.S. Lassie and Pharos. I think they give an excellent cure for the "blues," as you call it. In the hustle and bustle of life one hasn't time to think, whereas the bachelor has his quiet evenings to read or study, whichever he may choose; and when he tires of that it takes a little rust from our brains to exercise them a bit. But, Bismarck, I don't quite agree with you in saying girls place too much importance on their looks. Would you like to have someone stirring your porridge with their dressing gown and hair not combed? No, girls, you don't have to neglect your appearance for your work, nor your work to always appear neat. First appearance is everything, you know.

Before I close I must say I enjoyed the letters of "Arthur-at-the-Gate" and "Sunset Bill," though I think, "Sunset Bill," you are inclined to be a flirt, are you not? I suppose in your case, then, you regard marriage as a failure, since you can love anyone you take in your arms. Well, perhaps, I am mistaken, as I am but nineteen and haven't had your experience. My address is with the editor to any who care to write. I will answer all. Thanking you for your valuable space. Will sign Conetta.

### Men vs. Women

Melville, Sask., Sept., 1914.

Dear Sirs—Have read with pleasure and interest many of the letters in the correspondence column, though, unlike some, it is not the first thing I turn to upon the arrival of the magazine, as I prefer the stories, which are always good. I cannot help commenting on the letter of Sunset Bill. It looks as though he were in the habit of hugging the girls all right, and he does not seem to care which girl it is, so long as it is a girl. It makes me "mad" to hear the female sex run down continually for the very faults which are so glaring in the male sex—flirting, fickleness and overfondness for dress. Sunset Bill is a flirt, and also fickle, and if he isn't conceited, well—put me down for a bad guesser. And he isn't the only one either.

Now, girls, you don't understand the men, not one of you. I have had enough experience with the opposite sex, both in business and socially, to "know the critters" fairly well, and though I am no gosling, I have not reached the old maid stage yet, being still under twenty-four. So listen and profit by a few pointers: In the first place, know this, that everything masculine from a bishop to a bartender will bite at yellow hair, no mat-

ter whether its natural or—just peroxidized. Yes, they will all go crazy over that color, and the sillier and shallower the owner, the better they will like her. Another thing, men declare with one voice that they want a girl that can cook. This is the biggest joke on record. I knew two sisters once, both equally good-looking, but the eldest had the advantage—so I thought—over the younger because she was an AI cook. You should have seen the bread that girl could make, and the doughnuts and pies, and lovely puddings! Gee whiz! it makes me hungry now just to think of it. Well, of course, they both had young men friends, but the younger sister had three to her sister's one. Why? Search me! She couldn't boil a pot of water without burning it. The elder was dark, the younger fair. I myself have never had a fair-haired girl friend. Somehow I don't trust blondes. I leave them to be the playthings of the men.

Men form their judgments of girls from the street-walking type. There is little chance for a husband, for the girl who is to be found in her mother's kitchen. You may stick at home all day and all year, darn socks, cooking washing, etc., and your dressed-up sisters who parade the streets ogling the men will carry off the "prizes" every time. So, girls, don't take that old-fashioned fib about good cooks too much to heart.

Men say they have no use for the girl who follows the fashions too devotedly. Another fib. A man is as proud as a peacock to be seen in a stylish girl's company, and if by any chance he has to escort a plainly dressed or a somewhat "shabby" girl he will take all the back streets and hike along in the shadows of the buildings for fear he may be seen with her.

Another point is this: Men like a girl best of all who has financial prospects. I doubt if even the yellow-haired lassie can win out in competition with the plain or even homely girl who is heiress to a good farm or a neat bank account. I once knew an old maid—well she was 46 then—who had always been turned down for more attractive girls. She was no slouch either. She was a bit high-minded, a bit of a blue-stocking, and, oh! how the men hate brains in a woman. It is a positive brand on a woman to "know" things of any account—things other than silly chit-chat and petty gossip. Well, at 50 this old maid came into one thousand dollars from her brother-in-law who had no wife or children to leave it. What happened? Why, the male element of her town soon wore a pathway to her door in good weather and bad, in rain and mud, slush and snow and everything else. It was like sugar to flies. Some of them came to admire her for her real intrinsic value, for her real self and charm of manner. She turned 'em all down, though, flat. Yep! She is still unmarried, and from choice. I think the sexes ought to know a little bit more about one another. The home-loving girl will rush into marriage with the rolling stone and all her home-making qualities are wasted moving about from one place to another at the husband's whim. The crazy, "gadding" girl marries the good business man who likes a quiet fireside in the evening and can't have it because his silly wife drags him out to parties, etc., at night.

I am through with my "lecture" now, so don't think I'm going to fill up a full page on the faults and foibles of men. Women have their failings, too. Why don't some of you talk about looks, music, art, etc.? I know nothing of the latter, but would be glad to talk of books or music any time. I think we should "lift" the tone of this correspondence column. Would be pleased to get letters from any who care to write. My address is with the editor. Wishing The Monthly every success, I am yours very sincerely, Freda.

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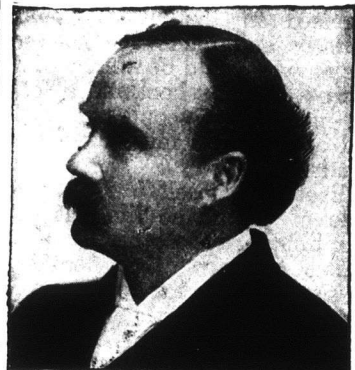
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