

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

CONSULTATION FREE

Mrs. COATES COLEMAN

PHONE MAIN 996

224 SMITH STREET

Great Bargain Offer

The Western Home Monthly

AND THE

Farmers' Telegram & Family Magazine

BOTH FOR
ONE FULL
YEAR FOR
ONLY

\$1.25

The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine is essentially a family newspaper with features of interest to every member of the home. The Telegram's exclusive war news service is recognized as the best in Western Canada.

"The Farm and Its Interests," "Sunday at Home," "The Poets' Corner," "Woman's Domain," short and serial stories are only a few of the many features that have made The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine the most popular newspaper published west of the great lakes.

SPECIAL NOTICE

We will also include free and postpaid to the first five hundred people answering this advertisement the famous Canadian war picture, "The Charge of the Canadians at Ypres." This is a picture of a real war scene, and has been immortalized by the great British artist, R. Caton Woodville. Take advantage of this Great Bargain Offer to-day.

USE THIS COUPON

Enclosed please find \$1.25. Mail to my address for one year, The Western Home Monthly and The New Farmers' Telegram and Family Magazine and the Canadian War Picture.

Name

Post Office

Province

HECLA

Warm Air
FURNACE

Its easy looking after
a furnace with
**FOUR SEPERATE
GRATE BARS**

Shake one or all to suit
the fire

GET GUARANTEED HOUSE HEATING PLANS & BOOKLET - FREE
If you are interested in Hot Water or Steam Heating ask for
our Booklets on Automatic Boilers & Hydro-Thermic Radiators

Coupon: **CLARE BROS. WESTERN, LTD., WINNIPEG**

Please send me "Comfort and Health," also your guaranteed
house heating plans.

NAME ADDRESS

The Best Magazine Value Available—

The Western Home Monthly at \$1.00 a Year

looking in her direction, and he continued as if in a hurry to get his tale over). "My uncle came to my rescue and paid it back. I did it in a moment of dreadful temptation. I needed the money to help one who was in a worse state than I should have been had I merely suffered imprisonment. And, incidentally, I may say that with that money I did save a life." He paused and shuddered, then went on slowly: "Now I know that I was entirely wrong. We may not do evil that good shall come of it. But I was younger then and though, of course, that was no excuse, still, Dora dear, it may be some palliation. I had not met you in those days either. If I had, methinks the wondrous effect of your goodness and sweet innocence would have kept my hands unsoiled. However, I soon saw that the only way to satisfy my conscience was to pay back to my uncle every penny he had paid for me. Then I could start afresh. Year after year I have saved, giving him a greater part of my salary, that is why I had to ask you to live so simply. The last payment was made this morning, and, as I now consider myself reinstated in his eyes, and to my own conscience, too, I intended to come to you, Dora, to tell you the whole tale, and—"

"Intended?" Teresa hissed out the word. "You surely don't believe that, do you?" turning to the wife.

Mrs. Hamilton glanced with a quiet dignity towards the scornful woman. "Yes, Miss Porter. Strange as it may seem to you, I still believe in Mr. Hamilton and I always shall do so. To have sinned once is not to be for ever sinning."

"What?" cried the other woman amazed. "You know the truth, and you can still forgive him?"

"Would you forgive the man you loved?" asked Dora.

"I could not love a thief!" Again the dreadful word rang out in the room, seeming to fill its every corner.

With a glance of unutterable disdain, Dora turned from Miss Porter and walked across to her husband, who, his tale finished, had thrown himself in a dejected fashion into the nearest chair, where he now sat, his head buried in his hands. She placed her little white hand on his shoulder:

"My husband," she said in a voice of infinite tenderness. "I believe you, and I love you still, not for the sin, which I detest, but for the whole-heartedness with which you have endeavored to repair the past. That is as if it had never been, and so it should be to all others. We cannot do more than make restitution." She glanced at her visitor as she said this, then turning again to her husband, she whispered: "I love you, Jack. Isn't that enough for you?"

He rose and faced her, and, for a moment, these two gazed at one another oblivious of any looker-on. In Jack's eyes there was such an appealing for pardon, such boyish adoration and longing. It evoked all the maternal solicitude which every woman always feels for the man she loves. She could not but show, in her answering eyes, all that filled her soul. Love, forgiveness, tenderness, sympathy, each strove for the mastery. Was it any wonder then that Jack drew his wife to himself and clasped her to his breast in a passionate embrace?

Teresa saw she was de trop in this household, and tears listened in her eyes as she realized all the love she had once so ruthlessly thrown away. She turned to go, but Dora heard her and, holding out her hand to this woman who had so unfeelingly come to slander her husband, she said: "I forgive you. Will you not let us, at least, part friends, for the sake of the love which once you gave my husband?"

Teresa seized the hand held out to her, and kissed it hastily.

"I am not worthy," she answered back; then, hurriedly, without a look at Jack, she left the room.

"O Dora! How generous you are!" exclaimed the man. "You have, surely, shown her what real love is, and that it can stand a test, when it is truly worthy of the name—Love!"

Strange!

"I'm sorry to say, Mr. Jones, that your boy is very backward in his studies."

"That's strange!" At home in conversation with me, he seems to know it all

The Value of a Letter

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by S. Hester Fenton

Add a letter to your contribution to the Red Cross work. Tuck it away in the toe of that sock, or put it in the pocket of that pyjama suit you have so carefully made. The personal touch conveyed by a letter means so much to the recipient; and it is a little thing for you to do. Perhaps you don't like letter-writing? How many of our soldiers like fighting? What kind of letter should you write? Search your heart, and you will find the answer. What is the man, who will wear that pair of socks or that suit of pyjamas doing for you, and for the world? He is making it possible for you and mankind to live in honour and safety. Then tell him in no uncertain words how much you appreciate the sacrifice he is making. Tell him that you have faith in him. Let him feel that the nation is backing him. Tell him all the cheerful news you can. Do not fill your letters with lamentations about the horrors of war. God knows he has more than sufficient knowledge of them. What he needs is a message of cheer to help him bear them. So friends, be optimistic; be cheerful; above all else express your gratitude to him as an individual for the work he is doing, and your faith that such splendid efforts will be crowned with success. In short let him know that the womanhood of Canada is with him.

I know these letters bring cheer and encouragement, for I have written many and many and varied have been the replies. For various reasons one does not hear from all, but the percentage of replies is large. I am told that every soldier looks for a letter, and that those who do not find one are disappointed. It is hard to realize the monotony of a soldier's life. It is a monotony of hard work, ever-present danger, discomforts of the trench, and lack of home comforts. Anything that we at home can do to break that monotony we should do. Parcels, newspapers, letters, we send to the boys from the home town; but the letters mailed in our Red Cross socks often go to the boys not well supplied with personal friends.

I want to tell you of one letter written by a soldier's widow and received by a soldier in the British Army. The writer, a dear friend of mine, lost her husband near the Dardanelles. He was major in the British Army; for some years he lived on a ranch in Western Canada. When war broke out he was called Overseas, and he was killed almost immediately. His wife carried on the ranch in his absence, and is still serving her country in that way. In addition she works untiringly for the Red Cross. By a strange chance her letter reached Billy, a young sapper working not far from the scene of her husband's death. He replied, and in return received a letter and a parcel. Billy was grateful. Other letters followed. The lonely boy found a confidante, and to her he told much of his story. He is an orphan, and out of his meagre pay, has been helping to support a younger brother and sister. Billy is ambitious, but he had no older and wiser friend to direct his efforts, instead he had family burdens and responsibilities that seemed too heavy for him. Mrs. A. has adopted him. He is working in the electrical branch of the Service. His adopted mother sends him regularly an electrical magazine, and has sent him certain technical books, which he is studying. When the war is over he intends to come to Canada, work on the ranch in the summer, and with the help of my friend go through college.

What a change that letter wrought? Billy was a lonely, discouraged boy, with heavy burdens. Other fellows received letters from home. Not he! But a letter from a large-hearted mother woman changed all this. He now has a definite ambition, and regularly receives cheering inspiring letters. The work he is doing for his country he can put to practical use later. Of course Billy may not come to Canada. There is always that chance. If he does not the loving thought will not have been in vain. The knowledge that someone cares is helping him now, it is making him a more efficient soldier. If he is spared Canada will benefit, for Canada has need of ambitious young men.

Put a letter in that sock. Who knows what cheer and inspiration it may bring to some lonely soldier?