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SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

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 Lands 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 \$5.00 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,

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

The Awakening of Moses

Written for the Western Home Monthly by M. E. Ryman

MOSES isn't a bad man. He doesn't drink, nor swear, and he doesn't use much tobacco; but he seems to have only one aim in life, and that is to get all the property he can, and to do it by pinching and slaving till we are worn out; and I don't see the use of it. We've a plenty and to spare, for all our needs.

He wasn't always this way. Why, before the babies came, he couldn't get enough for me; and after they came, he was always bringing home something for them and me. I often had to caution him about getting so many things, for we didn't need them, and I thought we ought to save what we could to educate the children when the time came.

He would always laugh, and say, "Never mind, ma, they won't be babies but once, and if we don't enjoy our twins now, we never will."

One winter the diphtheria raged terribly. Many a home was left desolate.

Donald took it first, then Dorothy, and in a few days they were both gone.

We buried them both in one coffin; somehow it didn't seem so lonesome to think of them both together, just as they had always been all their short little lives.

From the east porch, I can look across to the cemetery and see their grave with its slender white column, and I always sit there in summer after the work is done up; and in winter, my easy chair always stands by that window. Though it has been twenty years since they died, it is lots of company just to watch their resting place; and, somehow, I seem to love all children better, especially twins; and it's a real treat when someone comes, and brings their babies along for a visit.

Moses feels differently. He never stops on the east porch, or looks out of that window, if he can help it. He never speaks of the children, and doesn't like me to; and always has business away from home whenever there are children here.

He is just wrapped up in his horses and cattle and sheep, but it's all for the money side of it. He doesn't want anything around unless it has a gold edge to it. He has even talked of ploughing up my flower garden, because it takes up so much land, and doesn't bring in any money.

Years ago, if I was sick, or ailing, he would be all sympathy, and ready to help me; but now he never seems to care, as long as he is not put to any expense.

We are getting along in years now, and it seems as if we might be able to live together to the end; but things have been getting worse and worse, and at last I made up my mind that I couldn't stand it any longer.

When Dana Hartley died last week, leaving his frail little wife and twin babies almost destitute, I felt as though it was our duty to help them.

Dana was born the same spring as our babies, and his father and mother were our best friends. I do not know what we should have done that terrible winter the children died, if it hadn't been for their kindness.

They were well-to-do, but Mr. Hartley lost everything in some kind of a speculation, and died leaving a heavy mortgage on the home farm that belonged to his wife. She died soon after Dana was married; and now Dana is gone.

He managed to pay off the mortgage, but he had to sell off part of the land and all of his stock and machinery to do it.

I wanted Moses to help her a little for old times' sake; we could have done it, and never felt it a bit, but he only said he'd no time to run around for other people for nothing.

Well, as I said before, I'd made up my mind I couldn't stand this narrow contracted life any longer, so when Moses came in last night after the chores were done, and the supper things all cleared away, I told him just how I felt about it, and that I was strong and healthy, and could earn my living much easier somewhere else, and do as I pleased with my earnings, and that when the mail stage came by to-day I was going to leave. I had my trunk all packed, the house cleaning was all done, his clothes were all in good order, and I was leaving everything in good shape. That I had tried living

his way for twenty years, and now I was going to live my own way, and do as I thought right regardless of what others thought about it.

Moses sat staring at me for some time after I had finished speaking, but his face had a queer ashy look on it.

At last he said, "Ma, are you crazy? You don't mean it! You can't mean it! You never mentioned such a thing before in your life. Why, ma, what will become of the milk and butter, and the chickens and ducks, and the turkeys and the geese; and who will make the garden? Why, ma, you can't do it!"

"Well," said I, "it doesn't make any difference to me about those things. I've suffered too much to let them stop me now, and I'm going."

"Where will you go?" he asked.

I didn't mind telling him, so I said, "I am going to stop a while with Kathie Hartley. She needs someone there, or those babies will soon be motherless, as well as fatherless."

"If our babies had lived, I should have had them to love, and your miserliness would not have hurt so much; but they might have had to suffer the shame and privation as I have done, and I am glad they are gone."

Moses sat in his chair by the fire with his head between his hands, and didn't say a word, so I took up my knitting and put it away, then I lit a lamp and went to bed.

I don't know long Moses sat there, but about daybreak I heard him go out; and a little later I heard him drive out of the yard.

A little after sunrise I got up, and got the breakfast for the men, then I fed the chickens and all of the rest of the poultry; but still there was no sign of Moses coming, and it was getting on towards eight o'clock. At last I heard the buggy coming, and would you believe it, Moses drove right round to the east porch, and if he didn't have Kathie and the babies with him.

He called out real cheerful like, "Here we are, ma! Take the babies, and I will help Kathie out. They are all ours now, and we are as hungry as bears, for I wouldn't let Kathie stop to get a bite, except for the babies."

When Moses was going out after they had eaten their breakfast, he stopped at the door and said, "Take things easy to-day, Hilda Renolds will be out on the mail stage. She'll stay till after Christmas, so you and Kathie won't have to work so hard, for we'll have to have extra men to carry on the Hartley place too."

After the morning's work was all done up, and Kathie and the twins had lain down for a nap, I took my pan of potatoes out on the east porch to peel.

Pretty soon Moses came around and sat down on the steps. I peeled away, waiting for him to speak, but he sat there for some time, looking off to the cemetery; then he turned, and laid one hand on my knee, and said, "One can't get away from the ache, can they ma? Nor crowd it out, nor crush it, nor do anything but just bear it?"

And somehow, all of a sudden, I understood how it had been with him all these years; so I said, "No, Moses, the only thing to do is to accept it, all the pain, all the heartache, all the loneliness, and just bear it, and some day we shall understand."

Moses didn't say anything more for some time, but just sat looking off toward the little grave on the hill.

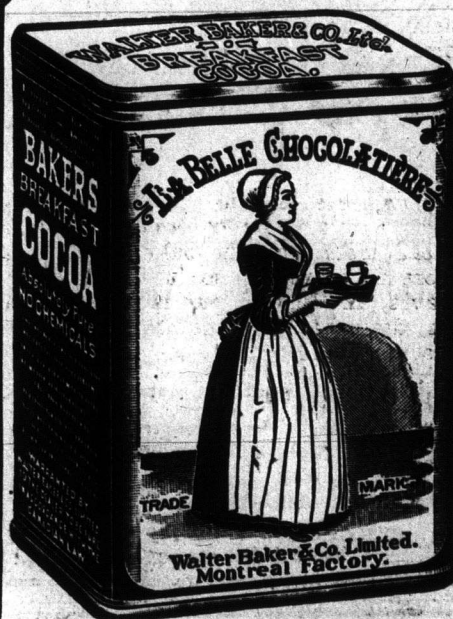
I finished peeling the potatoes and waited.

At last he turned around, and, taking both my hands in his, said, "You didn't really mean what you said last night, did you, ma? You couldn't, you know. Why, what would I do? I never could see things just as you could, perhaps I never can; but I guess I can be a little fitter to live with, now I've waked up."

"We'll adopt Kathie, legal you know, seeing we've no near relations to need what little we'll have to leave, and try your way of living. But say, ma, you didn't really mean it, did you?"

And come to think it all over, I guess I didn't; and maybe Moses isn't the only one that's waked up either.

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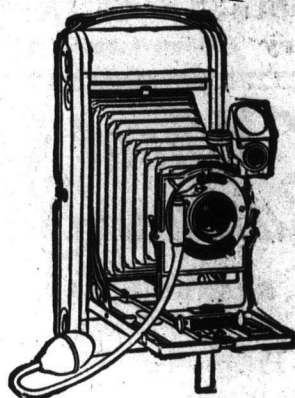


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