

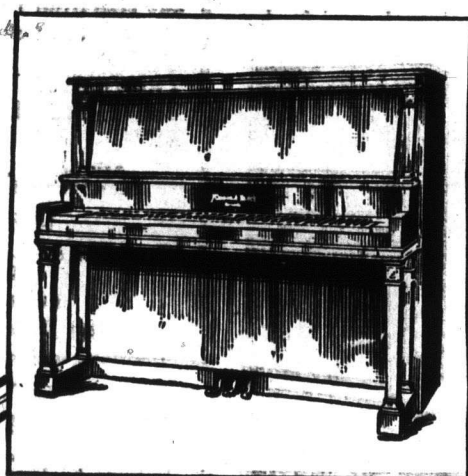
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Correspondence

"Great Sport"

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been taking a great interest in the correspondence page in "The Western Home Monthly," and am now taking the liberty of writing a few lines. My chum, Tiddly Winks, and I have great sport reading the letters together.

By way of introducing myself, I am short with medium brown hair and brown eyes, and am very fond of good sport.

I would be very pleased to hear from any who would care to write. I will leave my address with the Editor.

Wishing the club every success, I remain,

Jolly Seventeen.

Let Us Help One Another

Dear Editor,—I notice that in your magazine for November the correspondents are few and scattered. I know that there is always enough to do, and plenty of work to occupy everyone's time, but even so, that excuse is but a poor one. Surely, in these times of horror and bloodshed we should be more united than ever; it should serve but to bind us more securely together, and the motto of the soldiers at home should be the same of the ones at the front: "United we stand." From far and wide, east and west, we should come together in thoughts. We ought to write our experiences on the field of life's daily battle. Give advice and offer a helping hand. Actions, of course, are the best, but often words count very much. They help and steady, encourage and cheer. They in reality make up a person's life, not only when speaking face to face, but when written as well. Good and beautiful books give one good and beautiful ideals; they inspire one to face difficulties and hardships with a smile and an unutterable longing to accomplish that which is good and beautiful. Why should not letters be able to do the same, if written in the same spirit?

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way,

With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?"

Oh! a trouble is a ton, or a trouble is an ounce.

A trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts;

But only—how did you take it?

At this moment I happened to look out upon the sinking sun in the west. It is a ball of fire, and the clouds above it purple and crimson and streaked with pink, and even on the blue heavens, high overhead is a beautiful pink hue, as if a veil of light rose had been drawn over a mantle of blue. The red and purple reminded me that somewhere in Flanders and France our men were shedding their blood and laying down their lives for us. Somewhere here on this side of the Atlantic, watching the same glorious sun sink to rest, were others mourning and weeping for those heroes. How were we taking our little troubles safe and sheltered in our home? It was not my trouble I saw, but the way I was taking it.

I teach a small country school in an isolated place in the west. The children are not many and neither of a quiet good behaviour, nor apt scholars. I have my troubles and more than once have decided to give up, but here I am still holding on, even if I face every Monday with a shiver and look forward to Fridays as days of joy, which never seem to come quick enough.

If this letter is fortunate enough to pass the W.P.B. I will sometime again speak to the correspondents of The Western Home Monthly through its columns.

I will sign myself

Freckles.

Will "Freckles" kindly mail her name and address to the Editor, so that letters intended for her may reach her without delay.

Chief Pleasure—Letter Writing

Dear Editor and Members,—I have just been reading the last issue of our splendid paper and decided to write a

few lines to the correspondence column. I would like very much to become a member. One of my chief pleasures is letter writing, and I would be very grateful if someone would correspond with me. Would be very pleased to hear from some of the soldier boys, as I have one brother who has enlisted and I'm proud as Punch of him, too.

My home is in a rather lonely part of Saskatchewan, though it is very pretty.

Some of the members write very interesting letters. I see someone was talking about girls wearing overalls. I am a farm girl myself and when I help outside, as is often the case, I wear them and think there is nothing better.

Must close now, hoping to hear from someone and wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I remain

Shamrock.

Why Call Them Slackers?

Dear Editor,—Will you pardon my intrusion and allow me a space in your correspondence column. Being an English girl, I may get turned down but I feel I would like to write a few lines. Well, about slackers, I think it is a hard word to use. What must the boys think who are working indirectly for their country? We all need food, therefore why call the boys slackers who are busy on farms doing their best to get us flour for our bread for the coming months. There are some interesting letters in your paper from time to time, and it gives one a good idea what your country is like. I would be glad of some Canadian correspondents, as they would be very interesting to me, if anyone would care to write to me my address is with the Editor. Yours sincerely,

English Peggy.

Prize Rider

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have one correspondent through The Western Home Monthly and I look for his few lines as often as I look for the paper. I was just wondering how many cowboys write to The Western Home Monthly. I wish I was a cowboy, but am afraid skirts would not look very good on a saddle, but never mind, I can ride horseback without a saddle. We have ladies' pony races at our fair and I have won three firsts. I have a horse to break in to ride now; she has never had a bit in her mouth, so I am going to have a jolly ride soon.

I helped stook during the harvest and drove a stook wagon all through thrashing. I have been working outside since harvest. We must not call all the men who are not in khaki shirkers, as I think, mostly all the districts in the Dominion are like the one I live in. Nearly everyone who can go has gone. I must close now, wishing your paper every success.

Flora.

Took the Men's Place

Dear Editor,—It is a long time since I have written to your wonderful paper, so I thought I would try again. I am going to use a different name this time, though everything seems to be quieted down in the correspondence page at present—no discussions about overalls or bachelors. As far as overalls go they are all right, my sister and I both wore them all fall, and we stooked and drove binders. We went to the farm and worked as it was almost impossible to get men; then we helped to thresh. I think it is all right for a change, but I would not want to be at it too long.

I would like very much to know who Spitfire is, as she only lives about ten miles from my home. She and Pocahontas seem to be very strong minded. Hoping to receive letters, I remain

Tomboy Ted.

Gets Lonesome

Dear Editor,—For sometime I have been receiving copies of The Western Home Monthly through a kind friend, who has been forwarding them on to me. I enjoy very much the different articles that appear therein, also the correspondence page. I think it a very clean and interesting book, and would like to join. Will send in my subscription shortly.