

"Reply to Information"

Dear Editor—I notice in the correspondence columns for July that "Information" would like to correspond with some one at Shellbrook, but does not state if Shellbrook, Sask. I have been a resident of above place mentioned for over six years, was in business, and may know "Information's" friend. Am sending my address, and if I can be of any assistance to "Information" regarding lost friend, will gladly give it.

Am a subscriber to the Monthly.
C. E. M.

"There is a Medium"

Dear Editor—I have read with interest the letters in the correspondence columns of your paper. Do you think "Rags" is really fair when he says that the Western girls are either too still and formal, or else gushing. I am a Western girl, and I do not think that the girls act any other way but natural.

I suppose you heard of the great flood in Edmonton, when the Saskatchewan River overflowed its banks. Many homes were taken down the river, and others completely ruined. It will mean a great loss to the people in the flats.

I am an assistant in a post office, so you see I have quite a bit of time on my hands and would like some of the correspondents to write to me. I will try and answer all letters.

"Scotchic."

"Life is What We Make it"

Sask., May 26, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column for some time past. I have been tempted to write before but never got at it. I thought that when sending in my subscription would be a good time to write the page.

I am, like a good many other correspondents, a bachelor homesteader, having homesteaded here in southwestern Saskatchewan about two years ago. Homesteading is a job in a class by itself, if you

would allow my opinion. Life at it is, in a great many cases, quite a good deal like what one makes it. I hear some of the correspondents, "Just Me"—for instance, saying that the girls of the circle pity these "Western Bachelors" too much. I am of the opinion that there are a good many bachelors that do not deserve pity, and that they do not wish for anything else than the life they are leading. But I would also like to state that I think the great majority of bachelors in this west are bachelors of circumstances, rather than by choice. I am of the opinion that a person is better to batch a year or two and prepare a home than to ask a girl to share life with him when he hasn't a roof to cover her head. Patriotism is a great topic in the columns at present, and a worthy topic it is. I think this war with its consequences is a terrible thing. Is it possible that the German autocracy had all the consequences considered when they prepared for this war? If so there's nothing in my estimation that can be meted out to them that can adequately punish them. I sincerely hope the war will soon be satisfactorily ended.

As this is my first offence I'd better not make it too lengthy, or it might hit the W.P.B. I would be pleased to correspond with any that would care to write.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I beg to remain,
"A Scissor-bill."

"Thinks Some Bachelors Are Contented"

Dear Editor—Having been a reader of your valuable paper for a year or so, I thought I would pluck up courage to try and gain admittance into your jolly columns, so here goes. Some one was discussing whether a bachelor keeps as happy and contented as a married man does. I for myself think he does. I have been in a bachelor's room which was as clean and nice as though he had a wife, and also I have been into a mar-

ried man's home that looked as if there was no woman in it. So some must be contented, don't you think? I can just see poor old Ed. pulling a long face over my letter. I would like some sensible folks to write, as I am alone out here, and have no young companions. So please write, and I promise I will answer all letters received. I am fond of all sorts of cooking, and so on, and a person who has plenty of fun in him. I hope I shall see my letter in print, and please write, all of you. My address is with the editor.

"Lonely Peg."

"A 'Solemn' Confession"

Dear Editor—Having been an interested reader of the correspondence column, I would like to say a few words and make myself known to our correspondents. At the present time I believe there is hardly anything of interest to talk over but this terrible war. I have a brother at the front since last month, and it is a trying time for us all while he is doing his part. However, let us hope that "Kaiserism" shall be once and for all squashed.

I am a rancher's daughter, and like the life fine. I am fond of all kinds of sports—dancing, tennis, riding, etc.—am 20 years of age, cranky, hard to live with, etc., so if any member is too scared to write, I would like them to "write and tell me." My address is with the Ed.

With best wishes, I remain always,
"Irish Brown Eyes."

A Standard Medicine.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, compounded of entirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary effect upon the digestive organs, have through years of use attained so eminent a position that they rank as a standard medicine. The ailing should remember this. Simple in their composition, they can be assimilated by the weakest stomach and are certain to have a healthful and agreeable effect on the sluggish digestive organs.

A Mere Matter of Curiosity

He was a long, lank countryman. He entered the car, and took his seat next to a well-dressed man of middle age, who sat evidently absorbed in his morning paper. Immediately he had seated himself he began a rapid fire of questions directed at the gentleman with the newspaper.

He asked him how many miles an hour he thought the train could go at its full speed; and if he didn't like the looks of the country through which they were passing; and he thought of the chances for crops down his way; and if he didn't think the trusts were bleeding the country; and wasn't he of the opinion that politics had gone to the dogs, anyway, and the whole land going to ruin; and didn't he think that Premier Borden was the greatest man that ever lived; and what was his opinion in regard to the present war. At last the man with the newspaper grew impatient.

"My friend," he said, "I've answered a number of your questions, and now, if you have no objections, I'd like to have a chance to read my paper."

"Sure," the interrogator replied. "I won't bother you any more; but, stranger, there's just one more question I'd like to ask. Just answer me this one, and I'll shut right up. I see you've got just one leg. How'd the other one come to be off?"

"If I answer this, you'll promise not to ask another question?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you. That leg was bit off."

The recipient of this piece of information stared hard at the gentleman with the newspaper, his jaw dropped and his eyes grew wide, but he made no comment.

"I've given my word for it," he said, "and I'm not the man as goes back on his promise, but I'll be goldarned if I wouldn't give a peck of the best potatoes on my place to know what it was this side of Perdition that could have bit that man's leg off."

NERVOUS PROSTRATION

Dyspepsia and Flatulence. More proof of the invigorating powers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the famous British Remedy of World-wide popularity

The power of Dr. Cassell's Tablets to overcome nerve weakness, and ills that come of nerve weakness, is well shown in the case of Mrs. Spencer, who lives at Wood Lawn, 124 Coldharbour Lane, Camberwell, London, England. She says:—"I'm delighted to tell you that Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done me a wonderful amount of good; in fact, they have set me up so thoroughly that I'm sure I never felt better in my life."

"I was dreadfully run down when I commenced taking the Tablets. My nerves were all on edge, as it were, and I was so weak that it was an effort to do anything, or even to get about. Any sudden noise would make me jump, and at all times I was extremely nervous. When going upstairs I used to feel that I should fall, and I had a queer idea that somebody or something was coming behind me. My general health, too, was seriously affected. I suffered much with dyspepsia and flatulence. The wind seemed to get all about my body—I could feel it even in my arms. Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me of all that. They did me more good than anything else I ever tried, more good than any treatment I tried. They have altogether made me feel ever so bright and well. And I had suffered for years! Now I am not a bit nervous, my health is splendid, and I feel quite strong. Certainly I shall always praise Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

This is no exceptional case. Hundreds of instances could be cited where Dr. Cassell's Tablets have restored health and well-being, even in extreme cases of nerve weakness, and the awful despondency of neurasthenia. The explanation is that Dr. Cassell's Tablets nourish and vitalise the nerves, renew the functional powers of the system, and so compel health where older-fashioned methods are quite useless. When you feel run down, when your work becomes an effort, don't wait for more serious symptoms. Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and you will be astonished at the bright, new health they will give you.



Mrs. Spencer.

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Surely the honest truth set out in the above authentic testimony is sufficient to prove that Dr. Cassell's Tablets will do all that is claimed for them. Guaranteed perfectly safe for even the youngest babe, Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a reliable remedy for

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and are specially valuable for nursing mothers and young girls approaching womanhood. All Druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

