

Was Troubled for Years With Kidney Disease

And This Treatment Cured Me—This Statement Endorsed
By a Baptist Minister.

The great majority of people are familiar with the extraordinary curative powers of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. But for the benefit of those who are not we continue to publish from day to day reports from persons who have been actually cured.

The case described in this letter was an extreme one, and the writer was in a very low condition when he began the use of these pills. The cure was so marked that Mr. Mosher's pastor did not hesitate to vouch for his statement.

By their unique combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure in



MR. MOSHER.

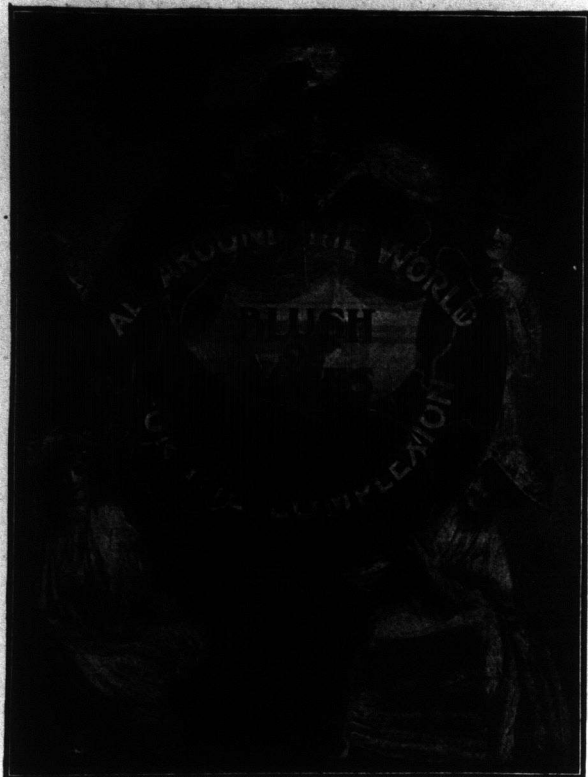
complicated cases which defy the action of ordinary kidney medicines.

Mr. W. H. Mosher, Brockville, Ont., writes:—"I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and firmly believe there is no medicine to equal them. I was troubled for years with kidney disease, and this treatment has cured me. When I began the use of these pills I could only walk from my bed to a chair. Now I can go to the field and work like any other man. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are an excellent medicine."

This statement is certified to by the Rev. E. H. Emmett, Baptist minister of Brockville, Ont.

By awakening the action of liver, kidneys and bowels Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure Constipation, Headaches, Chronic Indigestion, Kidney Disease, Liver Complaint and Backache. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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Mrs. McConechy, Suite 5, Credit Foncier Bldg., Regina, Sask.

the girl he wants for a wife is very good. He sure knows the kind of a girl he wants.

Does anyone know if a girl can take up a homestead in Peace River? If so would they write me about it.

I hope to see this in print. Would some of the members please write. Will answer all letters and cards.

I will close, wishing the paper every success.

Blue Bird.

Which is the Best Place?

Goodlands, Man., Mar. 6, 1915.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your valuable paper ever since I came to Canada, nearly three years ago, and I look forward to its arrival every month with the eagerness of greeting an old friend. I am pleased to notice that "Scout" does not admit that he can get along without the ladies, for there is no doubt that a good woman around the house and farm certainly helps to keep things moving in proper order. I am an Englishman, 24 years old, and as I am thinking of taking up a homestead shortly, would like some of the readers in the "circle" to give me any information as to the most favourable place. I shall be very much obliged. I hope the Editor won't look upon me with disdain, because I am not a subscriber, as I intend to be, if ever I manage to get a homestead, for there is not the slightest doubt that "The Western Home Monthly" is the best paper for farmers it is possible to obtain. I will answer all letters with pleasure. Wishing the paper ever greater success—I am,

E. A. Notts.

Where Duty Calls

Man., Feb., 1915.

Dear Editor—Having just finished reading the correspondence columns of The Western Home Monthly I thought I would like to join the ranks if the editor will spare me a little corner of his valuable paper. I will just add here that The Western Home Monthly has been coming to my home for at least the last ten years, and all enjoy it very much. However, like some, I do not think the correspondence the most interesting part of the paper.

I am glad to see that a new subject has been introduced. I can quite agree with "Thistle" in the new subject he has introduced. I do not think we have any right to look down on our brothers who remain at home. There are many who would be only too glad to join the ranks if it were not that duty demands that they should stay at home. Of course he who offers his life for his country is a hero, and we are proud that we have so many here who are offering themselves for this glorious cause, but it is often easier to go into danger than to stay at home and see loved ones go, and we must think of the mothers and wives who have borne so bravely this trial. I think there is no truer patriotism than this, and we hope that many of those brave fellows may return, and I will say in conclusion that I heartily wish there had been no such occasion to test the loyalty of the sons of Canada. —Wishing The Western Home Monthly success.

A. K.

Contented With Life

Kerobert, Sask.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for the past six years, and take great interest therein.

I notice that several of your correspondence, including "Thistle," wish a true definition of "love." I wrote to you four years ago on this identical subject. I was single then, now I am married; and as "Thistle" wishes the opinion of married people I will endeavour to give mine as briefly as possible.

There is much diversity of opinion on this subject, but all true love means sacrifice, whether it be that of a mother, friend, lover or life-partner, or any other relation. Love without sacrifice is non-existent and vice-versa. Take the Scriptures, for instance. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that we might be saved. A mother will sacrifice almost any worldly pleasures rather than neglect her child. A true friend will stick to you through

thick and thin, and the blacker you are painted the closer he will stick. I have proved it, hence I know whereof I speak.

I was bereft of mother and only sister when four years old, and until I was seventeen I did not understand the meaning of love for home was given me. A brother many years older than myself sought me out, and bestowed upon me a wealth of affection that few experience, and I returned it in like measure, for my heart was starved. Since then, during my life, I have met with exceptionally good friends—one died two years ago after twenty-one years of real friendship. I have two now, one of fourteen years standing, and one ten years. The latter I have not seen for six years, but we write to each other every week. These friendships have not existed without sacrifice, petty jealousies, etc., have interrupted their even tenor many times but they have only served to knit us closer together.

I have always found that if you want a friend you must be one. And when having met the right one do not hesitate to show your appreciation and love. Sometimes one is deceived. I have been in more than one instance, but the fact did not deter me from still having faith in human nature. Good friends are scarce, and when found should be treasured, for their price is far above rubies.

And now we come to the vital question—the love of a life-partner. How very careful one should be in choosing such. Many young people enter into it all too lightly. As I said in my former letter there are two specimens of love, both of which are real according to the individual. There is love as a passion, and love as a principle. The former appeals to the physical nature in its various forms. But the latter is inspired by a higher motive. I can best describe it by comparing it to a mother's love for her child which is pure, unselfish and God-like. Such a love will live on through eternity; nothing can alter it or destroy it.

Before a couple marry they should each ask themselves: Will my love stand the test of poverty, sickness, isolation from friends, etc. Am I willing to go to the remotest corner of the globe with my partner if need be? Willing to share every hardship without complaint? If not, then you had better ten thousand times remain single. For no marriage is a flowery path; there are a hundred and one things to contend with, and unless you are prepared to bear and forbear you can never secure happiness.

I knew my husband five years before I married him, was engaged to him three years, and have been married nearly two years. He did not marry me because I was young, good looking, brilliant, or rich, for I can neither claim one or the other. I, on the other hand, learnt to love him because he commanded my respect. I studied him, compared him with others, noted his love for his mother and sisters. He neither drank, chewed, or used bad language. He smoked in those days, but has since quit. Our courtship days were anything but smooth. We never quarrelled, but outsiders made themselves objectionable, some saying that he was too good for me, and others that I was too good for him. Our love was put to the severest test in more ways than one, and very few, I venture to say, would have come through the fiery furnace unscathed. I knew that he was the only man for me, and I was fully convinced that I'd never regret the step I finally took. We have had a hard struggle since we were married, and many things to contend with, but our love burns brighter than ever, and we are happy and content with each other.

Truly, love is worth seeking, is worth keeping when found, is worth hardship, privation and many other sacrifice, save honour, for love without honour is nil.

Love is the greatest blessing in this world; it is the Divine spark straight from God. Without it this world would be cold indeed. Hold it not lightly my fellow-readers. Be assured that it will repay you ten thousand fold for any sacrifice you make in its cause.

I would rather be poor as I am, with the wealth of love I possess of husband and friends, than rich in this world's goods minus love.