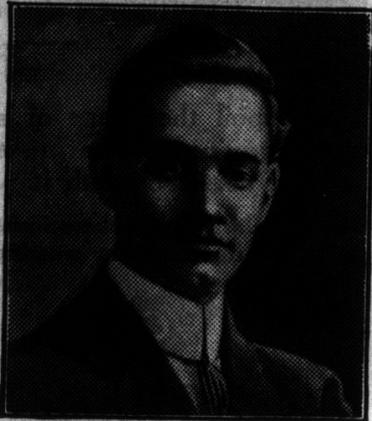


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A friend advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and from the outset, they did me good. After I had started the second box, I felt I was getting well and I persevered in the treatment. I can truthfully say that 'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine that helped me.

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With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression under the skin you which defies all the have tried. Perhaps swollen, the joints same with the the skin may be dis- may be wounds; allowed to com- you of the You may have hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, I can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will. Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

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OINTMENT and PILLS, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/6 and 2/9 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

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will be an aggrandizement beyond all calculation of the joy and exultation of yours."

"Sans Dissimulation."

Pray don't think this is a love letter of mine. I only happen to have a copy of it, the real letter was written in 1820. I also have the answer. Will send it later. Was sorry to disappoint "Hotcake Pete," but as my bill was full I know he won't mind much. "True Blue's" letter in the April number was good. I quite agree with her in a great many things she wrote. One was, some girls getting so untidy after marriage. I have seen that myself, and it must surely be a sad time for the "good man" of the house.

Well, Mr. Editor, if I don't soon get out you will be putting me out in the rain, and I don't like that much.

Again I wish to thank those letter writers, but will not ask for any more correspondence at present.

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, and best regards to everybody.

"Handy Sue."

"Facts About Masculine Cooks"

Melville, Sask., June 7th.

Dear Editor,—Hello everybody. Many thanks for the kind letters, and such of them as I have not answered yet I will attend to shortly.

"Just Me," I think you're right. I like the way you talk. Come again soon.

"McTavish," you get me "riled" a bit because you were so unjust as to compare men-cooks to women-cooks, ending up your remarks with a flourish as if to say, "There now, I've got you all!" Listen here—when a masculine cook goes to work he dons a white cap and apron, enters a clean kitchen and does nothing but cook. Why shouldn't he produce the best of eatables? If he had to jump and run to answer the bell, or to see that the baby didn't fall into the well, or to stand and talk to tiresome callers while his pies scorched, or to go and set the table or hustle around and sweep three or four rooms I guess there would be a big "holler" from him. I've seen men cooks at work and they always had a raft of women to clean up after them. Their cooking no doubt is the best, but why shouldn't it be under such pleasant circumstances?

Well, Western lasses and lads, I guess you're all pretty busy now watching the wheat grow. We have a garden, and I work in it every day. Oh you weed-lets! It reminds me of my farming days down East, for you know though I am an ex-teacher I am a farmer's daughter, and am quite accustomed to thrashing the big yellow pumpkins.

My brother-in-law farms just west of here, and he and his wife and two children have proved up on a lonely homestead, and have had their hard times like everyone else, but are now fairly comfortable. They like the prairies. I was up to Saskatoon last week. Any of the members come from round Colonsay? Can't say I like Eastern Saskatchewan, but up round Prince Albert they say it's real nice. I was at a real Western hop. Say, it was great, and we never broke up until "daylight did appear." Pretty soon the threshing will put a stop to all our loafing, etc. I expect to help my brother-in-law then. My brother works nights down at the railway, but he expects to quit in August, and go out on the homestead to try his hand at threshing wheat.

Hello, "Dido," excuse me for not writing sooner in answer to your last, but I've been away. When are you going to call again? Also "Bert"—I forgot the last part of it, for I've mislaid the letter—come again.

I heard two fellows discussing this magazine on the train. They were taking turns reading it. One said: "Say, ain't this the best little old paper going!" And the other one said "You betcha. My wife counts the days between its monthly appearance, and it's a scrap who's to get it first when Benny brings it from the P.O."

For myself I just love it, and I've got about a dozen friends who say the same. One of them keeps the W.H.M. on file from year to year. Another one sends it around to relatives in Ontario, and

it's "read to rags" by the time it reaches its last recipient. Good luck to the good old W.H.M.!

Have any of you girls had serious ideas of taking up homesteads and working them? Now I say its all O.K. if we didn't have to do both indoor and outdoor work. There was a lady wrote in to the Free Press about this scheme, but it struck me at the time that she must be well off and able to hire good kitchen help. Otherwise she must have the strength of a horse, to be able to do it all. I know a few women like that who are strong as oxen, and who expect that all other women should do as much heavy work as they do.

"Good bye all." I've just let my glasses fall, and "bust" 'em, so will quit. Best of wishes to everyone.

Freda.

"Views on Patriotism"

Edmonton, Alberta, June 10th, 1915.

My dear Mr. Editor,—As one of your first subscribers, and not having written you for some time, pardon me for occupying a small space in your next issue. I have enjoyed exceedingly the letters in this issue, particularly "Right Ho! Thistle" who expresses my own sentiments along those lines. There is more in patriotism than swinging swords, flying flags and singing national anthems. While these are factors let us see to it that our patriotism is along the right lines and agreeable with our faith.

It seems most unfortunate, that in this so-called age of civilization, that we should be in the midst of a great war, in which the great powers of the world are involved. Let us hope that the end may be soon, and this may be the last war. Canada has responded to the call with the best of her sons and other assistance.

Knowing Saskatchewan as I do I would advise "Farmer's Son" to apply to Dominion Land agent at Regina for land in the Indian Head, Qu'Appelle and Sintaluta districts. These have for years been recognized as the best farm belts of that province, not belittling other portions where first class crops are grown.

What do the readers think about the temperance movements in Alberta and Saskatchewan. Would like to have some discussion. Is it not time that we should have prohibition?

Thanking you, and wishing you every success

"McDuff."

"Making Himself Heard"

Alberta, June 9th, 1915.

Dear Editor,—I have been a silent reader of your excellent paper for some time, and think it's about time to make a noise. I like your correspondence column best. Then the stories, which are always good. I do not see many letters from "Sunny" Alberta, though it is anything but "sunny" to-day. A good number of the correspondents have been having some inky battles about the question of girls and men, and their merits and blemishes. I have three cousins and two uncles in the army; one was wounded at Ypres.

Say "Bill and Jake" were your heads aching often, grinding out that sentimental poem. Alberta can grow apples too. We have ten trees bearing this year and four last. We had three and a half bushels off four trees last year, and expect two and a half off one this year. We also have one bearing plums. I think that apples can be grown in Alberta if proper care is taken. It is the hot sun and cold nights of March and April that scorches the south side of the tree. This can be avoided by wrapping the tree trunk in newspapers during the winter.

This is a great country for mixed farming. The land is a heavy loam, and is about half clear and half wooded. We grow wheat, oats and barley. They all grow well, but wheat is likely to be frosted, but the Marquis is better than the Red Fife for that.

Should any of the members care to write they will find my address with the Editor.

I think "Farmer's Son" ought to come to Alberta. I will sign myself

"Sunny Sam."

Entire Family Stricken With Cholera.

Youngest Child Died.

The chief symptoms of cholera are vomiting, and purging occurs either simultaneously or alternately, and are usually sudden and very violent, and the matter ejected by the stomach has a bilious appearance and a nasty bitter taste. On the first symptom appearing Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be taken, and the trouble cured.

Mrs. E. Slade, 376 Logan Ave., Toronto, Ont., writes: "When I first arrived in Canada, nearly four years ago, my entire family was stricken with cholera, from which the youngest child died. Soon after a friend recommended Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and acting on this advice I administered it to all who were suffering, with the most gratifying results. Since that first attack my children have been subject to stomach troubles, but on the first symptoms I resort to "Dr. Fowler's," and it always brings relief. I have immense faith in this medicine, and always keep a bottle on hand. Also I never fail to recommend it to anyone who is similarly troubled."

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" see that you get it.

It has been on the market for the past 70 years.

There is nothing "just as good."

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