

Farmer's Binder Twine Co.

Bound for Success

If the Farmers Stand Loyally and intelligently Behind the Guns for Co-operation a Little Child can handle the Deal and Win Hands Down.



Eight Thousand small Shareholders united in true Co-operation. Talk of it. Dream of it. Few can realize it. Farmers are you going to intelligently stand by the Company that gave you your freedom from

Monopoly, Combine, Trust,

or do you desire your children to be slaves, worse than the serfs of Russia, through your indifference and scepticism. If we have no farmer binder twine agent in your locality arrange for one immediately. The nation is in danger through trusts and combines, that unless headed off will crush the agricultural vitality out of this country.

Joseph Stratford,

General Manager.

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When writing advertisers please mention Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter vein.

Get Your Hammer.

When you're very low in spirits, when this world becomes a bore, When you've blown in every dollar and can't borrow any more; When you think that Dr. Osier hit it right on "Age of Man," When you'd like to see it brighten as across the sky you scan; Don't despair, my suffering brother, here is something you can do, 'Tis a blessed freeman's privilege and it's satisfying, too. Get your hammer and your anvil, put it where it will be heard, Beat it loud and long and steady, give a pound for every word. Hit up John D. Rock-a-feiler and his mooted mission pile, Say he stole his many millions, call him heartless, wicked, vile. Take our good friend Thomas Lawson, knock him left and knock him right, Knock his warnings, knock his pleadings, knock his copper out of sight. Then there's Andy of the heather—who is he, I'd like to know, Handing out a bunch of lib'ries, just to make a worldly show? Don't forget J. Pierpont Morgan, knock him hard as anyone. Don't the trusts make all our troubles on the earth, the moon, the sun?

But I won't go on, dear brother, for I've made it very clear That you needn't feel unhappy while our millionaires are here. Don't be skeered they'll never hear you, anyway it isn't wrong, 'Cause it makes you feel lots better when you soak it to 'em strong.

His Heir.

"When I am grown up, daddy," said the bright youth, "I hope I'll be just like you." "My boy!" said the parent, glowing with fatherly pride for that he possessed a son who was able to discriminate as to the attributes of true perfection. And he fingered a sixpence absently, and patted the bright youth's sunny head. "Yes, dad; it'll be simply ripping not to have any hair to be combed and pulled by your sister when she is cross!" The sixpence slipped back to the paternal pocket, and the little innocent heard with hurt surprise the stern command to go and play.

A Prayerful Pose.

Dorothy's mother had company, and her father was asked to put the little six-year-old to bed. This had happened so seldom in her experience that she climbed into bed without saying her prayers. Just as he was leaving the room she called out, "Oh, papa, I forgot to say my prayers."

He came back to the bed and said, "Now, say them while I stand beside you."

To which the little one replied: "Why, papa, I can't say them lying down. Mamma and I always say them on our hind legs."

Just a Model.

A certain Leavenworth man came down to his office the other day, grinning all over his face, says Albert T. Reid. All morning long he hummed and whistled, till his partner asked him what he'd had.

"My wife told me this morning that I am a model husband," he answered proudly.

"I don't call that much of a compliment," said the other.

"I'd like to know why not?"

"Well, you just look that word

'model' up in the dictionary," was the advice.

To the dictionary he went, and this is what he read: "Model—a small pattern; a miniature of something on a larger scale."

His Version.

"If wishes were horses—" didactically began Professor Twigg, the village schoolmaster, in the midst of a recent session of the Sit and Argue Club. "If wishes were horses—" "Just so!" raspingly interrupted the Old Codger, who always had to have his put-in. "But if wishes were automobiles, every confounded benzine wagon with a begoggled city monkey a-driving it, that goes past my place faster than an old-fashioned jog-trot, would stop stock-still, clasp its hands agonizedly over the pit of its stomach, give an ear-splitting screech, and blow up so high and thoroughly that for miles around its fragments would strew the sea, figuratively speaking! That's what would happen if my wishes had anything to do with automobiles, and don't you forget it!"

Pat's Advice.

A few days ago Mr. O'Brien, a land agent in the west of Ireland, met a tenant, and having heard of his marriage, saluted him with, "We'll, Pat, so you have taken to yourself a wife." "Yis, yer honor," said Pat, touching his hat, "I have." Mr. O'Brien, looking comically at him, said, "Well, here am I; I can get no one to take me, and I feel very lonely sometimes." Pat, looking confidentially, said, "I think I can put yer honor in the way." "How, Pat?" "Do as I did. Go where you are not known."

He Spoke His Mind.

Two Irish farmers who had not seen each other for a long time met at a fair. They had a lot of things to tell each other. "Sure, it's married I am," said Murphy. "You don't tell me so," said Moran. "Faix, yes," said Murphy, "and I've got a fine, healthy bhoys which the neighbors say is the very picture of me." Moran looked for a moment at Murphy, who was not, to say the least, remarkable for his good looks, and then said, "Och, well, what's the harum so long as the child's healthy?"

Her Last Request.

A certain Irishwoman, on her deathbed, called her husband to her side. "Patrick," she said, "I've a last rayquist to make of ye." "I couldn't rayfused ye annything, Mary, darlint," responded the sorrowing husband. "Patrick," said Mary, solemnly, "I want ye sh'ud lave mother ride in the carriage beside ye

to me funeril." "'Tis too much ye're askin' of me, Mary!" cried Pat, springing to his feet in desperation. Mary, however, was determined on this point, and Pat finally yielded to her "last rayquist." "I'll lave her ride be me side," he promised, weeping bitterly, "but mark ye, Mary, darlint, 'twill shpoil the day fur me entoirely, that it will!"

An Effective Speech.

Congressman Fred Landis, of Indiana, has apparently determined to make a reputation for himself as an orator. A year or so ago Landis spoke at the unveiling of a monument to Abraham Lincoln, in which speech he employed a number of beautifully rounded periods and somewhat obscure phrases, among them: "Abraham Lincoln—that mystic mingling of star and clod." The sentence was loudly applauded. After the speech a friend of Landis approached him, and, repeating the phrase, said: "Fred, what in the name of heaven does that mean?" Putting his arm around his friend's shoulder, Landis replied: "I don't know, really, but it gets 'em every time."

Worth the Money.

Timothy Woodruff, the New York politician, says that an old chap in business in a town not far from Buffalo, recently discovering that his safe was out of order, telegraphed to the maker in Buffalo to send down an expert.

When the man arrived he discovered that the vault, which was an old-fashioned affair and locked with a key, could not be opened. After a hasty examination the expert took a piece of wire and began to dig out a mass of dust and lint from the key. He then opened the safe as quickly as one could desire. With a sickly smile the old merchant meekly asked:

"What's the charge?" "Twenty-five dollars," was the reply.

"Does any one know you're in town?"

"None save yourself." "Then here's fifty. You will do me a favor if you'll get out of town by the first train. If anyone knew that I had paid a man twenty-five dollars to dig the dirt out of a key for me I'd never do another dollar's worth of business in this part of the state."

He Wanted to Know.

"Young man," began the dignified gentleman in black dress, "have you fully considered the future? Have you made provisions for the hereafter? Is it not time—"

"Pardon me one moment, please; but are you a minister or a life insurance agent?"

Literal Interpretation.

Bobby—Do I have to go to school, mother?

Mother—Of course, Bobby. Bobby—Why, mother, I heard you tell father last night that I knew entirely too much.

How to Cure Rheumatism

I searched the whole earth for a specific for Rheumatism—something that for any physician could feel safe in prescribing—something that we could count on, not only occasionally, but with reasonable certainty. For the ravages of Rheumatism are everywhere and genuine relief is rare.

After twenty years of search and experiment, I learned of the German chemical I now employ. And I knew then that my search and my efforts were well rewarded. For this chemical, in combination with others, gave me the basis of a remedy which in the cure of Rheumatism is practically certain. In many, many tests and difficult cases this prescription has with regularity justified the confidence I had in it.

Many cases are sometimes reached by a single package—for sale by 40,000 Druggists.

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Tablets

I don't mean that Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Tablets can turn bony joints into flesh again and never fail—that is impossible. But they will with reasonable certainty drive from the blood the poison that causes pain and swelling, and then that is the end of the pain and swelling—the end of the suffering—the end of Rheumatism.

Any Rheumatic sufferer who writes may receive my little book on Rheumatism, including professional advice as to diet, etc., free. With the book I will also send without charge, my "Health Token," an intended passport to good health.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 99, Racine, Wis.