

the country. "St. George," I think "Gipsy" could do her share of work on the land. I have put up hay and worked on the land, and I like it fine. I like "Sky Scrapper," like the way "Starlight" spoke about the girls, calling all the boys "slackers," for there is a difference between the "slackers" and the boys who are needed at home. Those boys who are hanging around the cities and towns doing nothing are the ones I call slackers. You don't need to be afraid of being called a slacker, "Sky Scrapper." What would we do if it wasn't for the farmers?

As this is my first letter to your paper I will close. If any of those lonesome bachelors and girls care to write I will try to answer all letters. Wishing you all success.

"Wild Rose."

Taking Their Brothers' Places

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write a few lines, as I have been interested in the letters in the Western Home Monthly. I think some of the letters fine, and for doing our part in the war, I think those who stay on the farm are doing their bit pretty good. By the way "Sky Scrapper" spoke the girls must be scarce around there, but they are plentiful out here, and are in overalls taking their brothers' places. I like "Orange Blossom's" letter. Wishing the paper and friends success.

"Seldom Swift."

The Connoisseur

"My dear! I'm absolutely daft about old furniture! Why on earth didn't you tell me before that there was an antique shop across the river?" demanded Janet Vose, excitedly.

Her friend, Myra Hastings, paused in her tea-making.

"I didn't know you cared so much for antiques," she said, frankly. "Besides, I'm not sure that Morrison has anything at all good. He's very ignorant of values, and the whole countryside has been pretty well ransacked, you know. But we'll walk over after we've finished tea, if you like." Then, a little abruptly, "Will you have cream or lemon?"

"Lemon, please. What luck if the man's an ignoramus, as you say! I simply love to get the better of antique dealers; they're always such awful sharks."

"But in this case do you think it's quite fair?" asked her friend, briefly.

"Yes, I do," laughed Janet. "My motto is 'All's fair in love, war and old furniture hunting.' Now do hurry with your tea. I begin to scent bargains already, and," persuasively, "the walk will be lovely."

She was right. The late October air was like mellowed wine, for autumn had roamed leisurely through the country that year, and the distant hillsides seemed to sweep endlessly, a burnished glory of gold and red. In completest contrast stood the dingy little antique shop, its windows a-clutter with old blue plates and dull brass and pewter candlesticks. Miss Vose sighed for a minute with rapture on the threshold, then darted in to conquest. With practised glance she quickly ran over the possibilities of the shop, dragged out two Windsor chairs, beat down the price set on a pewter platter, and was almost ready to leave when her eye fell on a quaint red and blue bowl at the end of the counter. Immediately she pounced on it.

"How much is this?" she demanded. "Well, I wa'n't intendin' to sell that," the man began, hesitatingly.

"I'll give you three dollars for it—not one cent more!" she cried, excitedly, mistaking emphasis for persuasion.

"Well, I don't know as—"

"It's not worth even that," she interrupted again. "But I want it to match some other pieces, and—yes, I'll take it with me. No, Myra, it isn't a bit too heavy. You may send the chairs and platter."

Half-way down the road Miss Vose gasped out, "I was so afraid he would change his mind! It's a treasure, my dear, a perfect treasure!"

In the shop one of the inevitable bystanders drawled, "Ye didn't seem very keen to git rid of your old culch to-day, A-a."

"Well, the fact is," Mr. Morrison replied, settling himself in the Windsor

rockers and beaming on all the world, "the fact is, my wife got that bowl with a pound o' tea, but the young lady, she seemed so possessed to have it, that I thought I'd let it go."

The connoisseur, too far away to hear the laugh that followed, clasped the treasure tighter in her arms, and toiled on all unaware.

A well-known oculist of New York City tells a story of one of his patients who proved rather more than a match for him. The patient was a quaint old fellow from one of the rural counties of the state, fifty years of age or more, who strolled leisurely into the doctor's office, and after taking an optical inventory of the place, including the doctor himself, remarked that he was afraid

his eyes were "gitting a leetle out o' kilter," and he guessed the doctor had better "take a peek at them."

He was seated and, as a preliminary, was invited to look through a prism at a photograph.

"Why, now," said he, after squinting awhile, "this is curious. I see two photographs. What makes me see like that?"

The doctor, who is something of a humorist and inclined to be jocose with certain of his patients, replied that this phenomenon was certainly very interesting, and that while possibly it indicated some slight abnormality, it yet had its compensating advantages.

"With double vision you have a great advantage over me, for example," he continued, smiling, "for you will be able

to see twice as many beautiful things in the world as I can. You will have twice as many friends. Your family will be doubled. You will have twice as much real estate and two pocketbooks instead of one, and when you hitch up your horse to drive out, you will have a span."

The old fellow did not say much in reply, but seemed to be pondering it; and meantime the doctor completed his examination, and having made the appropriate prescription, it came time to receive his fee, which in this case was ten dollars.

Very slowly the old man, still pondering, drew forth a roll of bills, and carefully selecting a five, looked hard at it for some moments, then proffering it, said quietly, "Here's your ten dollars, doctor."

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