

historic old bell) when the sound of foot-steps mounting the winding stairs far below stayed him. In another moment a Belgian private, capless and panting, sprang upon the landing and stretched out his arm to seize the rope.

Smith had only time to reflect that of course it would naturally be a Belgian that would recollect the legend and hasten to proclaim the cheering news to the people of the land, when the Prussian raised his own rifle and fired. The shot intended for the Canadian, missed him by a few inches and found a mark in the Belgian's heart. Quick as a flash Private Smith avenged the deed by a well aimed shot at the Prussian cowering in the corner. The man threw up his arms and fell forward on his face dead. Smith leaned over the gallant Belgian who lay gasping upon the stairs he had so lately mounted. He, too, had received his death blow, and even as Smith stooped over him, he breathed his last. Then the brave young private of the 90th Rifles seized the bell rope and rang the news of "a victory in the land." Across the lagoons and sand dykes, across the canals and tulip gardens the joyous sound travelled. Smith pulled the rope until his strong arms ached.

Then he carried the body of the young Belgian in the dusty uniform down the stairs and out into the early sunshine. Reverently he laid him down in the shade of a yew-hedge. As Smith rose he caught sight of the metal disk that hung about the dead man's neck, and which every soldier carries for identification, and stooping he read the name upon it. It was Albert Heerwyck.

Two days later on the road leading out over the hills from G— to the battle line, wound a column of the 90th Rifles, the men somewhat refreshed and brightened up after their short respite in the town. They were returning to their solemn work in the water filled trenches. Near the centre four men carried the dead body of Albert Heerwyck, on a stretcher.

#### SHE QUIT

But It Was a Hard Pull

It is hard to believe that tea or coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did this woman. She tells her own story:

"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not, quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years." Tea is just as injurious as coffee, because it, too, contains the health-destroying drug, caffeine.)

"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it.

"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally I asked myself what's the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?"

"So I got some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I now like Postum better than the coffee.

"One by one of the old troubles left until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any medicine, can do all my house work and have done a great deal beside."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

Here's a Reason for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

Private Smith bore a heavy heart as they neared the little village of V— three miles out, where the old woman of the auberge had run out with her joyous exclamations of "Albert, Albert." It was sad tidings he was bringing her.

The road was rutted, and disfigured by dead bodies of men and cattle, and all of the farm houses were only dismal shells now, for even in their retreat the dastardly Prussians had taken time to satisfy their lust for destruction.

At last they entered the straggling, stony village street. As before, there was no sign of life here and the men tramped stolidly and in silence up to the door of the little auberge with the jutting out second storey.

Smith and his stretcher bearers advanced under the low doorway with their burden—and then stopped short.

For, lying within the humble little room, stretched upon her back on the sanded floor, was the old woman—the mother of Albert Heerwyck—with a bullet wound in her heart.



Captain Turner of the "Lusitania" who stood by his ship till she sank

#### Prehistoric Builders

How the people of prehistoric times hewed out the great stones,—larger than any that are quarried to-day,—hailed them from distant hills, and lifted them to the very top of their pyramids and fortifications will probably forever remain a mystery.

Near Cuzco, in Peru, there is an ancient Inca fortress formed of granite and limestone boulders, some of which are as large as a house, with edges as carefully trimmed and fitted as the parts of a picture puzzle, and the surfaces as smooth as on the day they were set up.

The secret of this marvelous skill has been lost in the ages, but the modern descendants of the ancient builders relate legends that, to their simple minds at least, explain the mystery. Mr. S. S. Howland has told some of these in Scribner's Magazine.

The one most credited by the Indians is that far back in the mountains a plant grows, the juice of which, spread upon the surface of a stone, will cut it through as with a knife, and not deviate from the line that has been painted with it, and also that a little of this juice rubbed upon the surface will smooth it as a brook smooths a pebble.

To support this story, they declare that in the mountains lives a bird that makes its nest in holes on the sides of steep cliffs. To do this he brings in his beak a bit of a shrub, which he holds against the stone, until in a very short time it has eaten away enough rock to furnish the space required. They also insist that many, many years ago some Indians working among the ruins of Tiaguanaco discovered a great closed cistern. They forced off the lid; it was full of a thick, greenish liquid. In their anxiety to make use of their find as a place to keep their grain, they ladled out the stuff and threw it broadcast over the great stones and columns amid which they were working. What was their wonder, on returning the following day, to find that everything that greenish fluid had touched was broken and split up into small fragments.

# Williams'

## Shaving Luxuries

### Stick, Powder, Cream



You get in Williams' Shaving Soap a soap that instantly provides a rich, creamy, abundant lather—

a lather that stays moist on the face, softens the beard and leaves the skin refreshed—

and you get in addition a choice of four convenient forms, so that you may have the shaving comfort that Williams' Shaving Soap guarantees in the form you like best.

Send 4c in stamps for trial size of any one of the articles shown.

Address Dept A  
The J. B. Williams Company  
Glastonbury, Conn.  
U. S. A.



## Mason & Risch Pianos

"FROM FACTORY TO HOME"

17 WESTERN BRANCH STORES

The Mason & Risch Piano is an instrument which embodies in surpassing measure all of those qualities which make the possession of a high-grade Piano so desirable. "To own a Mason & Risch Piano is to possess the Best Piano Built." It is a compliment to your good judgment, and a dividend to your pocket-book, for it is sold to you at the lowest price it can be sold, direct from Factory to Home.

It is needless to pay more.  
It is unwise to pay less.  
Write for booklets to-day.

### MASON & RISCH LIMITED

WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.