

Photography Revolutionized BY NEW INVENTION Films, Plates and Dark Room Made Unnecessary New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes

Mr. Edmund F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer. The camera has a fixed focus lens and there is no delicate focusing mechanism to get out of order or for you to learn to operate.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Company, of New York. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell models A, B and C at half price. The regular price of Model A, which takes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is \$5.00, but it will cost our readers only \$2.50. Model B (regular price, \$10.00) which takes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, will cost only \$5.00, while Model C (regular price, \$15.00), which takes both sizes, will cost only \$7.50. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover express charges, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading, and the powders make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model A is $5 \times 8\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ inches in size and weighs 2 pounds 4 ounces. Model B— $6 \times 9 \times 10$ inches, weight 2 pounds 14 ounces. Model C— $6 \times 9 \times 10$ inches, weight 3 pounds 2 ounces.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon Camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards ($2\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$) can be bought for 1½ cents each ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ for 3 cents, and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Company sells flashlight lamps for 80 cents, which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera is so simple that any little boy or girl can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. There is no customs duty to be paid, as the Gordon Company will ship to you from their Canadian factory which is near Toronto. All orders and letters, however, must be sent to their office, which is at 1810 Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. When ordering a camera under this special offer, be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE WINNIPEG WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

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find her a chair. In the days that followed, while the great steamer ploughed its way unceasingly through the grey and livid expanse of water, Amy paced the deck continually, pausing often at the forward end to watch the rushing lines of foam made by the bows as they cleft their way into the dim distance in which the American continent lay enshrouded. In the second-class she found a few friendly souls, and here she learnt that a young woman, travelling out to a situation, had been found to supply the place of maid to Madame Carsetti. Of the singer herself she caught but infrequent glimpses. Sometimes, like the flight of some wonderful tropical bird, the prima donna, surrounded by her suite, would swoop across the deck, filling the air with laughter and perfume and leaving a flutter of whispered comments and admiring interest behind her. It was quite obvious also that the lady had entirely forgotten her own insignificant existence, and for this fact Amy was profoundly thankful.

The last morning arrived. Most of the passengers had flocked on deck, anxious to catch the first glimpse of the statue which heralds the approach to the great Western city.

Amy had remained below, and the elderly woman who shared her cabin having gone on deck with the rest, she brought out her valise and set about her modest packing. Almost the first object that met her eyes was the rolled manuscript of her father's songs, and the sight of this brought back in full force the hopeless failure of her undertaking. Amy belonged to the order of women who rarely find relief in tears, yet somehow, as she held these ancient sheets in her hand and thought of all that might have been, a wave of uncontrollable misery swept over her, and, leaning her head against the rail of the berth, the tears welled up in her eyes. Grey and leaden was the turbid water without, grey and leaden was her life. A sob shook her frame, and then another, and abandoning herself as she had never done before, she wept unrestrainedly. A sound behind her caused her to lift her head, and she was horrified to see, standing in the doorway, the person of all others she most wished to avoid. Madame Carsetti was dressed in shore-going costume. A Parisian gown trailed its graceful folds around her; magnificent feathers swept the brim of her picture hat. She stood uncertainly a moment on the threshold, then moved further into the cabin.

"Miss Veenter?" Her glance fell on the tear-stained face, the crouching form, and the next instant Amy was conscious of a gigantic embrace composed chiefly of chiffons, lace, and perfume. "It is Miss Veenter. Oh, la pauvre chérie. You weep, and it is perhaps because of my unkindness. I have been rude and cruel, is it not so? But I confess to you I had forgotten, but how completely forgotten! And this morning Lesti, he speak of you, and I say, 'I will go and see her myself. I will ask her to forgive me. Oh, la, la! I am bad; I am wicked.'"

Amy looked up into two brilliant eyes, beseeching her with softest radiance. The singer had put her arms round the kneeling girl and was wiping her eyes with a microscopic piece of cambric. Her voice, which Amy last remembered shrill with rage, was now incredibly soft and sweet. But Amy could not stay her tears; it seemed as if a tempest had been loosed in her soul.

Madame Carsetti drew her gently to a seat beside her.

"What shall I do, then, to comfort you, my poor child? What shall I say?" Her eyes fell on the rolled manuscript still clutched in Amy's hand. "What have you there? Music? You compose, perhaps? What is that you say?—your father's songs? Come, then, I know what I will do; I will sing one to you, and then you will forgive me, hein?"

She drew the girl's arm through hers and together they went out of the cabin. Amy felt dazed and limp, but behind it now there was the dawning sensation of joy. They came to the state-room she remembered so well, now, thanks to the maid, miraculously tidy. In the corner stood the bijou piano. Torriano was summoned and ran his nimble fingers

over the keys. Presently the pure and noble tones of the great lyric soprano filled the little room and gathered in an incredibly short space of time a crowd of passengers outside the window. Amy felt as though she were in a dream. It was a dream surely that the notes she knew so well should be soaring heavenward borne on one of the finest voices she had ever heard.

"Torriano, it is magnificent!" cried the singer. She seemed to have forgotten Amy completely. "I will sing them all, but not now. Put them in my repertoire, Torriano; they suit my voice a merveille. Oh, there she is, the little Veenter! Mon enfant, your father is a genius; his songs will live. I, Carsetti, will make him famous."

"I wonder how the child is doing," said Uncle Max that evening, as they sat down to their game of chess after supper. "Do you think the Carsetti has sung one of your songs yet, Adelbert?" The older man shook his head as he set the men. "Not yet, Max — not yet," he answered. But he was wrong.

Windmills in the Brain.

Many people seem to spend a considerable part of their life in fighting imaginary foes—things which have no existence—like the vampires and gorgons, and monsters of less threatening form, which live only in fable and legend and myth. In all departments of life—religious, political and social—there are men and women who strain their powers in violent attacks upon phantoms and bogies of many shapes and of varied degrees of horrid complexion. And when we come down to our individual selves, most of us have to admit that we have occasionally played the part of Don Quixote in tilting with all our might at windmills, under the delusion that they were giants, "two leagues in length or m. re." We suffered severely, getting the worst of the battle, and perhaps some faithful Sancho Panza rebuked us for our folly. "Did I not tell your worship they were windmills? And who could have thought otherwise, except such as have windmills in their head?"

We often dwell too much on what people think of us and say about us. We magnify a casual, careless remark, until it becomes in our eyes a most cruel reflection upon our character, or even our sanity. Sometimes a person of jesting ways cracks a joke at our expense, and we misunderstand the meaning and the intention, and regard the jest as a downright serious statement. The windmill in our head begins to revolve; we have uneasy days and sleepless nights, and in the end we discover we have only suffered the penalty of our folly.

It is usually the very "sensitive" folks who are plagued with windmills in the brain, and who fancy all sorts of things which have no real existence. The best plan for such people to adopt is to tilt at one of the thousand real giants, who strut and brag and threaten, and block the path of human progress, prosperity and happiness. Real warfare of that kind is the best cure for the "sensitive," and for all who carry windmills in their heads.

The Goal in Sight.

To look upon the most exalted forms of beauty, such as a sunset at sea, the coming of a storm on the prairie, or the sublime majesty of the mountains, begets a sense of sadness, an increasing loneliness. It is not enough to say that man encroaches on man so that we are really deprived of our freedom, that civilization is caused by bacillus, and that from a natural condition we have gotten into a hurly-burly where rivalry is rife—all this may be true, but beyond and outside all this there is no possible physical environment in which man can supply that which give the tired soul peace. They are happiest who have the least; and the fable of the stricken king and the shirtless beggar contains the germ of truth. The wise hold all earthly ties lightly—they are stripping for eternity.

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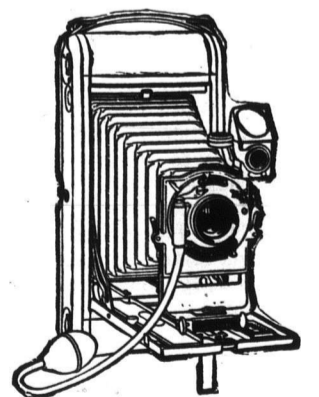
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