

It Takes Oats from Wheat Making a 99% Perfect Separation



This wonderful Chatham Separating Machine solves the problem of preparing clean seed grain. It is absolutely guaranteed to make a perfect separation of oats, wheat, white caps, broken weeds and straw, at the rate of 20 bushels per hour or better. The white caps, oats and absolutely clean wheat come out separately. It is the greatest invention ever offered the farmers in the Canadian Northwest, because it will increase their profits enormously! It is not a fanning mill. The

CHATHAM Separating Machine has a riddle composed of over 4,500 pieces of wood and metal. It handles mixed oats and wheat so perfectly that not one oat is left in a bushel of wheat.

Two of these machines can be attached together and run with one crank, thus doubling the capacity. The machine is strongly built—nothing to get out of order. A boy can operate it.



Section of Riddle. The wheat goes through but the oats does not.

Sold on Time
No farmer in the Northwest who has oats in his wheat can afford to be without this machine. Let us send you a **FREE BOOK** that tells all about the machine. Let us quote you a special price on the Chatham Separating Machine to introduce it in your neighborhood. Write at once and we will also make you such easy terms that you will never miss the money. Address

The Manson Campbell Co., Ltd., DEPT. 76, Brandon, Man.
Factory at Chatham, Ontario.

The Celery Label is Your Protection

The bunch of Celery printed in colors on every label of every bottle of Kola Tonic Wine is for your protection. Imitators might mislead you in a name but none but the sterling article—the preparation that has rebuilt thousands of wretched stomachs and nervous systems—dare use the Celery label. It appears only on the genuine.

Kola Tonic Wine, to a heated, overworked, feverish stomach, is as cooling, soothing and comforting as an application of rich cream on a scalded member.

A sun-burned spot pains and irritates when brought in contact with any hard substance—that's just the trouble with your stomach—you hear from it when you take food because it is unfit to handle it. Kola tonic Wine is made from Kola, Celery, and Pepsin. will heal the irritated membrane, regulate the digestion, enrich the blood and make you feel like you used to feel, the only condition that makes life a pleasure.

To take our word regarding the muscle-making, nerve-building and digestive organizing qualities of Kola Tonic Wine is unnecessary. Here is the story of the man who has tried it—let him tell you in his own words:—

"About six years ago my stomach seemed to fail me, so much so that everything I ate soured, causing fermentation and chronic indigestion. I was forced to wash out my stomach frequently as nothing seemed to agree with me. I spent hundreds of dollars in search of a remedy. I went to Kellogg's Sanatorium, Battle Creek, Mich. There were 800 patients in attendance there, but the doctors seemed unable to solve my case, and after leaving the sanatorium, a friend advised me to try Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine, which I did and made a complete cure. After using it I gained in

weight 42 pounds. I most heartily recommend Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine to any person who, like myself, has been thus afflicted and who is spending money in vain search of a cure. It is without doubt a positive cure for sour stomach, fermentation and aggravated cases of indigestion, and a great appetite restorer."—J. C. Cameron, Medicine Hat.

This is but one of the hundreds of testimonials and recommendations in our possession. If you would like to know more about what Kola Tonic Wine has done for others, write for our booklet "Proofs that Prove," and other facts about the Kola Nut from that genius South African Kola tree. This literature is none the less interesting for being free. Write now, mentioning this paper, to the Hygiene Kola Co.; 326 Smith Street, Winnipeg. Manufacturers of Kola Tonic Wine.



The Genuine is Labelled thus.

Kola Wine the beverage is for Sale everywhere over Hotel and Refreshment Counters.



The House of Quality and Style.

Our Fall Stock is all ready for your inspection. Fine Tailoring, Ready to wear Clothing, Hats, Furs and Furnishings for Men and Boys. Dependable goods at popular prices. We pay special attention to mail orders. Samples sent anywhere on request. Livery and Court Tailors.

THE 2 MACS LIMITED.

Everything Men and Boys wear. SPARKS & BANK STREET. "BUSY CORNER," OTTAWA.

Advertisement kindly mention The Western Home Monthly.

A Mad Christmas.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.



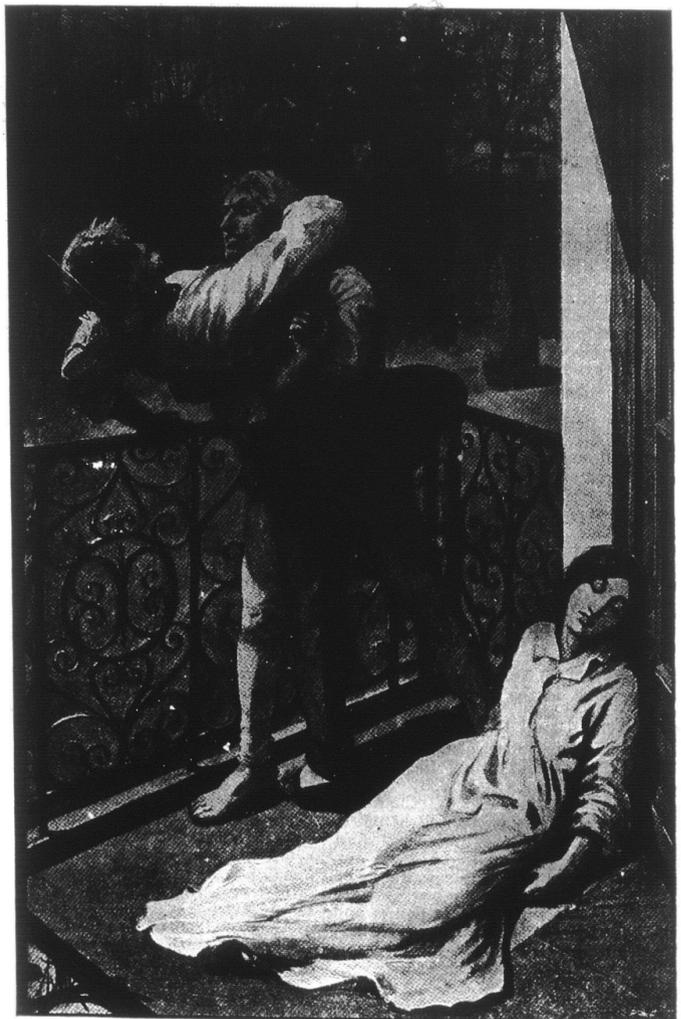
CERTAINLY if there is one time more than another when a bachelor commences to doubt whether his state of single blessedness is the most desirable form of existence, it is at Christmas-time. The joys of the season are essentially domestic joys; and everyone is either looking forward to convivial meetings with a circle of relations

and friends, or a happy reunion within his own family. At such a time a middle-aged bachelor with no relations feels rather out of it.

Now, although I must plead guilty to many years of bachelorhood, I never was one of the misanthropical type. I was single (observe the past tense) not from principle, but merely from force of circumstances; and I was never addicted to shutting myself up with my books and a cat and growling cynical remarks at the pleasure-seeking world. On the contrary, I am of a somewhat jovial disposition, and was always fond of society. Christmas-time I liked to spend at a jolly country house, and could turn my hand to charades, dancing, romping with the villagers or children, conjuring, and many other ac-

complishments. In fact, I may say, with due modesty, that I once heard myself described by a country hostess as an "extremely useful sort of man."

The idea of spending Christmas in my solitary rooms, with only my landlady and her domestic to talk to, was a contingency which I had never contemplated for a moment; but last year I was very nearly brought face to face with it. I generally had two or three invitations, at least, to select from, and chose the one where I should be likely to meet the most interesting set of people; but on this occasion my usual invitations did not arrive. The Harwoods, with whom I spent the Christmas before, had lost a child and were in mourning; the Houldens were wintering at Nice (Mrs. Houlden was delicate); and at Houghton Grange both the girls were married, and the Christmas house-parties were things of the past. These were my stock invitations; and as I recollected others amongst my circle of acquaintances to whom something or other had happened since last year, it slowly dawned upon me that if I desired to avoid a Christmas in London, I had better make arrangements to remove myself either to a Northern hydropathic establishment which I had occasionally honored by my presence, or to a Brighton hotel, where I was sure of falling in with some pleasant company. Just as I had arrived at this melancholy decision, however, a letter came which afforded me the greatest satisfaction. It was an invitation to spend a week or two with my old friend, Fred Hallaton, at his place in Leicestershire; and with the vivid recollection before me of a pleasant Christmas spent at Gaulby Hall some three years ago, I lost no time in penning a cordial assent to the welcome invitation. A few days later beheld me, followed by a porter carry-



"He slowly forced me backwards against the outside rail."