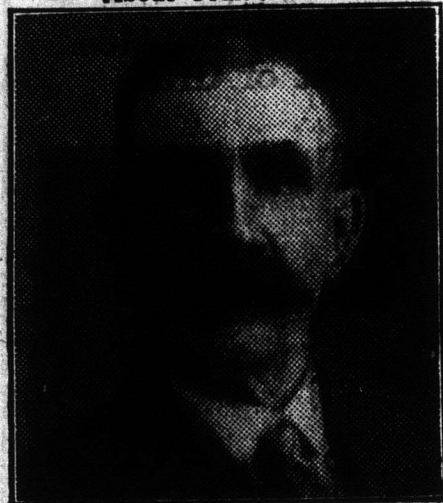


WILL WE EVER WALK ON AIR?

Train Of Thought Inspired By a Letter
About "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. D. McLEAN

Orillia, Ont., Nov. 28th, 1914.
"For over two years, I was troubled with Constipation, Drowsiness, Lack of Appetite and Headaches. I tried several medicines, but got no results and my Headaches became more severe. One day I saw your sign which read 'Fruit-a-tives' make you feel like walking on air. This appealed to me, so I decided to try a box. In a very short time, I began to feel better, and now I feel fine. Now I have a good appetite, relish everything I eat, and the Headaches are gone entirely. I cannot say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives', and recommend this pleasant fruit medicine to all my friends'."

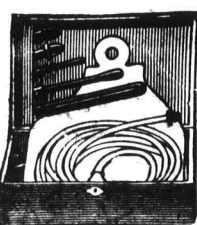
DAN McLEAN.
"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is daily proving its priceless value in relieving cases of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Trouble—General Weakness, and Skin Diseases. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

"W. H. M. Appreciation"

I am a stranger to the west, and just the other day picked up a copy of your paper at a house I was visiting. Its contents interested me intensely, and I can honestly say I have never come across a magazine so chock full of interesting news, common sense, and such a spirit of comradeship. I am a great magazine reader, and in my opinion it is positively unequalled by any other one journal. The illustrations and reading matter are first class: it seems to talk to one about all current events, just what they want to know, and just what they think about. Life as it really is seems to be from cover to cover, the main idea, and that is what one wants. Every phase of life seems to be dealt with, and the reading matter proves such an agreeable change from the everlasting unreality of present day fiction that I can only wish I had seen it before.

With the same curiosity that made me come from England two years ago, I am trying to see a bit more of Canada, and am living on a farm. Needless to say I am very, very lonesome, and coming from a big city, the prairie seems so endless and uninteresting. It occurred to me that there might be other lonely people willing to correspond. I love writing letters, and try to make them just as wide awake as I can, so if anyone wants to talk about Canada, the Old Country, music, men and women, in fact everything in life and how it strikes you, just drop me a line. I am convinced that there are some people who each long Sunday don't know exactly what to do with themselves, whereas a letter and exchange of ideas goes a great way.

Wishing The W.H.M. continued and ever increasing success, I beg to remain,
"That Little Cockney Girl."

"Three Years Subscriber"

Man, June 21, 1915.
Dear Editor—I have been a reader of The W.H.M. for about three years, and as long as I can raise the price of a dollar I will still have it come, as it always is a monthly welcome guest. I always enjoy reading the correspondence page, which is very interesting, and also the rest of the book, from which one can get a lot of useful information. I am a poor hand at letter writing. I wrote once before, but I guess the W.P.B. grabbed it. I did not see it in print, but hope it will do better this time.

This is a terrible war, and does not seem like ending yet. It is going to ruin many thousands of homes. It will not bear the thinking of. I have a brother there. He went as soon as it started; got wounded, but is back again now to the front. I came from Norfolk, Eng., some five years ago, and I am one of The Bachelors. I purchased a quarter of a section, but last year had bad luck and got hauled out, but crops are looking fine up to the present. I have been brought up to farming all my life, and think it is one of the healthiest occupations one could wish for, especially in Canada, as one is sure enjoying pure air all the time.

Well, I must ring off, or this will be too long. Wishing The W.H.M. every success, will sign myself,
"Bachelor 27"

"Homesteads for Women"

Sask., July 10, 1915.
Dear Editor and Friends—One of your correspondents says that if women had the right to homestead they would only

prove up their land as a speculation. They could not be expected to farm it! Why could they not, W.H.M.? Now take for instance myself. I want a homestead. I am not afraid of work. I can plow, disc, harrow, run the drill, mow and rake, and often load and haul hay for the stock by myself. I care for and harness the working horses, and I have often stooked grain, yet I have not the height, weight or strength of the average woman.

Now all this sounds like boasting, but I only wish to show that a woman can farm if she wants to as well as a man.

My father says if I could take up a homestead he would help me until I got a good start. I would never sell my land unless it was to buy again in a more convenient locality. I know men who homesteaded just for the sake of a two or three thousand dollar bill paid at the end of the three years, and they were away to the east or the States. After this war is over there will be many women who will not be able to marry. Will they be obliged to spend all their days in hot dusty offices or in other women's kitchens?

Many of them love the farm. Why should they be deprived of the right to a free homestead and above all a chance to have a home of their own?

I have written to The W.H.M. before, but as my old pen-name is known I will, with your permission, try another. Best wishes to all,

"Wait and Hope."

Two Irish Coleens

Dear Editor—We have been eager and interested readers of the correspondence page for many, many minutes, and with many sighs we laid it down forever.

While down swimming to-day we lost our thinking caps! That accounts for our inability to command a pen!

We are two Irish coleens, not much good for anything but good enough for a fellow, so we are taking this means of obtaining one, as we look better at a distance. But that needn't stop you boys a thousand miles away!

Just come to the conclusion that "Rags" certainly is rags.

Say, "Irish Albertan," what does Ma "Nature" look like? And are you a good runner? We are of the opinion you must be, or you would have been knocked out before this. Look up your letter in the July number.

"W.H.M.," you have another think coming. There isn't such a thing as love; it's only "an unseen hand tickling the heart."

Owing to agonizing pains shifting from one limb to the other, the outcome of a speedy and superstitious game of baseball yesterday, we are not in as excellent trim to harmlessly criticize any more letters, or to tell "Irish Albertan" how we enjoy sandy land minus trees, namely, the prairie.

We have seen lots of life but we've managed to keep out of deep water so far, as we are the

"Floating Twins."

Fond of Sport

Alberta, June 8, 1915.
Dear Editor—I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time, and so I made up my mind to write. But if the editor thinks it is not worth putting in, there is plenty of room in the waste basket. My brother has been taking The W.H.M. for about a year, and I think it is a very nice paper to read. The first thing I do is to look at all the pretty pictures, and then I read the letters. I am a farmer's daughter—ore that's always looking for more fun. I love dancing, skating, riding horseback, etc. Isn't this war terrible? I'm sure you all wish there would soon be peace.

Now, dear Editor, while wishing The W.H.M. every success, and its readers special success, I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. I will sign myself,
"June Rose."

For Burns and Scalds.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will take the fire out of a burn or scald more rapidly than any other preparation. It should be at hand in every kitchen so that it may be available at any time. There is no preparation required. Just apply the oil to the burn or scald and the pain will abate and in a short time cease altogether.

HAD CHOLERA MORBUS.

SO BAD COULD NOT SIT UP.

Attacks of cholera morbus are caused mostly by indiscretion in diet, the use of unripe fruit and new vegetables, and usually occur during the hot summer months.

On the first sign of this very weakening trouble Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be taken.

Mrs. George Lee, Ruthven, Ont., writes: "I was taken with cholera morbus, and I was so bad I could not sit up any more than five minutes at a time. My husband said I looked as if I had been sick a month; he got me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I took the whole of it in one day, and it completely cured me. We are never without it in the house for I don't think it can be beat."

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry see that you get "Dr. Fowler's," as imitators have gone so far as to imitate our wrapper both in color and style, and have adopted similar names, such as Strawberry Compound, Wild Strawberry Compound, Extract of Strawberry, etc.

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past 70 years, and is acknowledged by all who have used it to be a sure cure for all bowel complaints.

Price, 35 cents.

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if you wish. The land will support you and pay for itself. An immense area of the most fertile land in Western Canada for sale at low prices and easy terms, ranging from \$11 to \$30 for farm lands with ample rainfall—irrigated lands from \$35. Terms—One-twentieth down, balance within twenty years. In irrigation districts, loan for farm buildings, etc., up to \$2,000, also repayable in twenty years—interest only 6 per cent. Here is your opportunity to increase your farm holdings by getting adjoining land, or secure your friends as neighbors. For literature and particulars apply to

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A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c. (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.