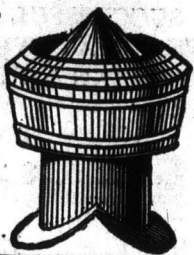


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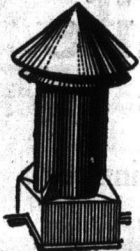
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But listen—I hear the Father coming and must leave you now. He will attend to all your wants, but before you leave the mission call and see me again. For the present, goodbye my friend."

In spite of self-restraint the two hands clasped in impulsive warmth. The Father, a heavy, bearded man, with huge spectacles half-obscuring a kindly face, entered—their hands unclasped, and the Sister quietly resigned her patient to his charge.

"Ah, you are looking better now," said the Father cheerfully when they were alone. "You were very near death's door when we carried you into the mission. Your poor feet and hands are sore yet from bruises and cuts, and your clothes are just rags. Never mind, we will find you other clothes before you leave us. In a few days you will be well again. Meanwhile rest here in peace. But how did you come to be in such plight?"

The man told with more detail the story he had already related to the Sister. He added that he was returning from a trapping expedition on which he had been two months away.

"Then," said the Father, "you have not heard of the great war. We got the news by the last packet. England, France and Russia are already at war with Germany and Austria, and it is said that other nations will be drawn in yet. The Germans have invaded Belgium and Northern France. They have devastated the country, they have despoiled a peaceful people, they have shattered our old cathedrals. Mon Dieu! Their work is horrible. Were I twenty years younger I would myself throw aside my cassock and don the soldier's uniform to fight against them. But England is with us—they cannot win."

The news struck the stranger like a thunderbolt. He sat up and excitedly asked how such a war had begun.

The priest shrugged his shoulders. "There is the mystery. To us it looks as if it had begun because Germany was ready and wished it to begin."

When Le Jeune's excitement had faded, he lay back with closed eyes and pondered. The priest quietly left him then.

In the evening he heard the bell toll again for service in the little, wooden chapel. The priest had drawn the blind of the one window in the room, so that the exhausted man could look through it and out upon the lake and the far-stretching forest beyond. He saw the Indian fishermen paddling their canoes, and throwing long shadows in the sunset glow. Lithe and graceful in their frilled buckskin clothing they seemed to float like mystic figures in a dream, and the faint splash of their paddles was as the far-off echo of liquid music from some fairy land. Nearer the dogs were barking and the squaws calling raucously to the black-eyed papooses that waded and fought by the shore.

But Le Jeune's brain was then, like the receiver in a wireless station, capable only of recording those sounds to which it was attuned. A dark-robed Sister prayed in the chapel for recovery for him, and mastery over herself, and even as she prayed the great peace of the evening of northern solitudes descended on his soul.

As the shadows deepened, the echoes of the chapel bell, and the liquid murmur of the lake, rocked him away like a smooth-sailing ship and landed him in the France of his boyhood again. He saw the farms of the Benoits and Le Jeune basking in the glow of the Norman summer. He recalled the thrill of the day when he lay by the brook, and caught a glimpse of Lucille's summer dress as she walked over the little foot-bridge toward him. How awkwardly he had addressed her, how shyly she had responded, and yet some irresistible impulse drew them together. Then the bliss of the secret meeting and the stolen caress, and at last the discovery that had torn them apart. Then it was that they had learned that in France the parents make the marriages, and Lucille was destined for another.

It seemed vain to fight against the inexorable social customs of their native land. He had gone abroad to heal his heart-sickness in the open air and adventurous life of the Canadian wilderness; and Lucille, rather than marry another had gone into the church. By what strange destiny had their divided trails led out to the world's end to meet in one of civilization's narrowest spots? It mattered not. Lucille was near him again.

Under her dark robe and white banded brow he saw again the girl in the summer dress of his twentieth year, and dreaming of her he slept in peace.

But during those days of his convalescence he did not see Sister Anita again. The kindly old priest alone attended to his wants, but he comforted him by the many kind inquiries the Sister sent. He had been told of their early acquaintance, and priest as he was, was still human enough to understand.

Crisp northern air and substantial food soon wrought the change that enabled Francois Le Jeune, naturally rugged and strong, to stand upon his feet again. The forests were blackening fast, and in the sharp mornings a fringe of thin ice encircled the lake. A resolve had settled in his mind, and he knew that he must be moving. He had with him some money that he pressed upon the priest in return for the buckskin trousers and moccasins and rugged clothing with which he supplied him.

In the evening he went to the little chapel where he saw Sister Anita sitting among the Indian children she taught. She did not look at him, but he knew that they felt each other's presence and were struggling toward self-mastery and peace. On the night before his departure, long after all the rest had left the chapel, she remained behind to pray. Outside the door he waited with folded arms, looking out upon the lake. At last she came, a quiet, black figure in the dusk.

As she passed he placed his hand gently on her arm. "Pardon me, Sister, but to-morrow I leave, and I must speak to you."

She turned toward him and spoke softly. "Yes, my friend. I am sorry you must go—but perhaps it is best."

"I am going," he said, "to enlist in the Canadian forces, and help to fight my country's battles in the war. Do you think I do right?"

"Certainly Francois, it is right and noble and like yourself. Be sure that I shall think of you and pray for you as a brother, wherever you may be."

"God bless you—yes I must say it, I do not think it is wrong—my only love. With your blessing I will fear nothing."

He pressed his hands against his breast and looked down at her with yearning eyes. "Francois," she said with gentle rebuke, "it is to God's blessing you should look and not to mine."

Pressing the tips of her fingers together she raised her hands above his head the dark folds of her dress falling back from her arms as she did so. "And may God indeed bless and protect you, and bring you in safety through it all, and whatever your fate may He teach you to think with kind and holy thoughts of me even as I will of you, remembering that love may sometimes be denied its earthly pleasures only to shine forth in nobler purposes."

As she moved to withdraw he seized her hand, and bending, pressed his lips warmly against it.

"Good-bye, Lucille. God bless you evermore."

She drew her hood closely about her, and passed on in silence hiding her tears in the bosom of the night.

It was a night of rain and blood on the sodden fields of Ypres. Under a blanket of darkness the Sergeant of Scouts crept with his squad out toward the German trenches. He motioned his men to pause, and raised his head like a dog on scent. From the enemy's trench a searchlight flashed, and bullets sang around them. The Sergeant doubled and fell prostrate with outspread arms.

"The Sergeant is hit," said one of his comrades. "Let us pull him out."

Through the leaden hail they dragged him to safety. He breathed still, and was moved to the military hospital.

"No chance," said the doctor feeling his pulse. "He is hit in a vital spot. A pity. He was said to be just about the very best of our scouts."

The Scout Sergeant lay and muttered as he tumbled on his pillow. He seemed to be groping through a dark wood, and spoke of fallen trees.

"Trees, trees everywhere. Shall I never get out. God, how hungry I am and sore! It gets darker and darker, and—"

Then raising himself in bed he stretched out his arms and cried: "A bell! A bell! The bell in the wilderness."

And so it rang his soul into the peace that dwells above the din and smoke of war.

At that very moment, far out in the northern wilderness the bell sounded across the wintry landscape calling to prayer. The stars glittered in the tingling frost, and the northern lights flickered in a vibrating arch across the sky. They caught the dying echoes of the bell and bore them away until its faint reverberations, were heard above the din of war five thousand miles away by a soul so near the Invisible World that the echoes floated it away.

And even as the Sister knelt to pray in answer to its summons, echoes of the answering cry beat on her with inarticulate pain. In terror and sorrow indefinable she sank upon her knees. The tears welled from her eyes, and then with locked hands she prayed herself into peace and murmured:

"Father, Thy will be done."

### Why Bobby Was Late

By Blanche E. Wade

Our Bobby found an angleworm  
Upon the dusty road;  
He had to help him through the  
grass

To find his safe abode.  
And then in Mr. Spider's web  
He saw a struggling fly;  
Untangling him took time, of course,  
But then, it paid to try.

A nice, fat Mr. Beetle Bug  
Was very nearly drowned  
Right in a puddle—oh, so deep!  
When Bobby happened round.  
Another bug, turned downside up,  
And kicking fast with fright,  
He had to topple back again,  
To make its world look right.

Miss Ant was tugging hard to get  
Her supper home on time;  
So, up and down, and over grass,  
Bob had to help her climb.  
A caterpillar was the last  
He saved from some sad fate.  
In running mother's errands, then,  
No wonder Bob was late!

### Do You Breathe?

Are you one of the many persons who, without being really ill, are never quite well? Do you grow tired very easily? Is your sleep often broken and your digestion imperfect? When you give your hand to a friend does he sometimes say, "Oh, how cold your hand is"? Do you constantly wonder why your skin and hair do not seem to be in a perfectly healthy and vigorous condition?

Of course there are many possible causes for all these things, but before you make up your mind that you are a predestined semi-invalid ask yourself one question: Do you breathe? You must certainly breathe enough to keep yourself going, because there you are; but what a pity it is, that when nature has given you a good set of lungs, and all the oxygen you need, you should not use a little more of it, and see whether the physical drawbacks that are so annoying do not disappear. We must all economize somewhere, but we ought not to begin with oxygen, when it is a free gift—ours for the taking.

The trouble is that we are too indolent. We read a paper about proper breathing, or we listen to a lecture on the subject, and it all sounds so simple and so easy that we determine at once to breathe deep and earn the deep breather's reward. All that day we breathe, and that night we even do some of the suggested exercises to expand our lungs; the next day or the day after we forget the exercises, habit grips her slave again, and we go back to live a life of self-imposed starvation in the midst of plenty.

If shallow breathers would only give their lungs a fair chance to show what they can do, they would find the gains not only physical, but moral and mental. Much dull-mindedness and irritability is caused by the poison that poor breathers accumulate in their systems—poisons that they could literally blow away by deep, slow breathing. Do you feel depressed and blue for no particular reason? Does the house "get on your nerves"? Then go out and breathe fresh life into yourself in the open. If that is impossible at the moment, stand in an open window and do your breathing exercises for five minutes only. You will find the world a different place and yourself a different person.