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Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Address all letters to—

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WINNIPEG, MAN.**

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1911

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Temperance Talk.

The Spider.

By Frances, Port Morien, B. C.

'Will you walk into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly;
Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy."
Those words were written long ago,
But still their truth applies,
The spider lies in wait and weaves
And watches for the flies!

He has such brilliant "parlors,"
All fitted up so fine,
Your eyes are almost dazzled with
The glitter and the shine.
But O! the silly flattered flies!
Attracted by the glare,
Find, when within those parlor walls,
The web that's hidden there.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
That voice so sweet and bland;
It charms away the children's bread
To deck those parlors grand.
His furnished parlors are the price
Of precious, human souls,
Their cry of hopeless agony
Forever upward rolls.

How well those shining "parlors"
Their cunning nets conceal,
And "gambling hells" and "drinking dens"
To poor, weak men appeal!
"How long, how long must we endure?"
A suffering nation cries!
For yet the subtle spider waits
And watches for the flies.

The day will come, when as he sits
And ogles for his "fly."
The "parlors" will be swept away
"In twinkling of an eye."
The spider called upon to face
The victims of his snare,
While calls for vengeance on his head
Will ring upon the air

A Wail From the Drunkard's Home.

The following is the extract from a letter, I will read it as I can then better answer it.

"Once before I asked your prayers in behalf of my husband. Since that he has been more under the influence of liquor than before. Our darling children are sorrowing as few young people sorrow. What am I to do? What can I do without the aid of my husband? Why does not my Father in heaven answer me? Will you pray that my husband may hate the wine cup, and that I may be faithful and patient? I must save him from the destroyer. You know the promise 'that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.' Oh! pray for him who now lies sleeping such a sleep—oh! pray, pray for him!"

Such a wail as this interprets the evil of intemperance more than a thousand lectures could; yet this is one instance out of ten thousand. Every neighbourhood has just such suffering. How little, in comparison with this, is the ordinary sort of suffering to be thought of! How little that which comes from the pain of sickness, or disappointments in business, when you come to such anguish as is depicted here, and consider the sufferer a child reared by most tender care, with exquisite feelings, so that every sensibility is prepared for exquisite joy or suffering. There came to her the blossoming of love and the eager expectations of life. Then the awakening: now every cord of that heart is stretched to be played on by the fierce hand of anguish. There is baffled love, mortified pride, intensest anguish on behalf of the children—not from one thunder crash of summer, but day by day, week by week, and month by month. You might go by the house and never know that a column was rising to God full of anguish from it; you might meet the person and never suspect she covered a wounded heart. What are those troubles we hear of, when children are suddenly destroyed? A boat is swamped, and some boy or girl sunk like lead to the bottom, or some sidelong blow sunders the head of the family. These are great afflictions; but what is death compared to life and the presence of death in life? What suffering like that which begins in the heart and never leaves it—that drags down the very cords of life? We are commanded "to remember those in bonds as bound with them."

If a young man has fallen into bad habits, some say, "Well, it is a great pity," others are indignant, and say: "What a fool to throw himself away!" How many remember to sympathize with the father and mother, and make the case their own? How many think, sympathize, and pray as they would if the trouble was brought to their side? How many go to the household, share its grief, and feel as though bound with them? When such cases as this come to our notice, every man must feel how precious are the efforts made to restrain this dreadful evil. Our unknown friend and petitioner desires us to pray, and says there is nothing left but prayer. I think that is important; but we must not suspend the patience and work of faith and hope. Drunkenness is a disease as much as paralysis, gout, or insanity. We are to remember one of the effects of intoxicating drinks is to take away moral stamina. We are to look upon such as our patients—not as monsters before God. They are to be borne with and treated as if they were paralytics or had any other chronic and stubborn disease; and we are not to give them up because for months and years our efforts have been unblest. We are too apt to treat them as if they were responsible. Drunkenness takes away will-power. God knows it is not safe to release any from their responsibility, yet God measures it and makes a great difference when they have incapacitated themselves by intoxication. There have been final restorations in such cases, and though they are as hopeless as any that are to be found, we are to work and hope for beneficial results.

Weak Men, Read

Perfect health and strength denote the absence of disease. When you are weak it means that you lack that which is the foundation of strength—of life itself—Electricity. You may be afflicted with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Weak Kidneys, Nervous Debility, Sciatica, Constipation or any of the numerous diseases which lead to an early breaking down of the system. If you have any of these troubles they should be attended to at once. You have tried drugs, and found that if they even stimulated you they did not cure, but left you with some new trouble as a result of the poison they put into your system.

It is pitiable to think of the vast number of men who go on from day to day suffering mental and physical torture as a result of their weakness, while right at their doors other men are being cured of the same disease. One who has not known it himself cannot realize the feelings of a man in an advanced stage of Nervous Debility, nor does he hear it, for these men do not talk of their troubles. Even when they are fortunately led to use the remedy which is now so well known—Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt—and are cured by it, they do not mention it to their closest friends; hence the prevalence of this trouble, and the means of cure are appreciated only by those who have had experience. And yet I have thousands upon thousands of grateful patients who are willing to testify to their cures by

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

and who would be glad to share their knowledge with others if written to. I send the names of these men to any one who requests them. There is not another remedy in the world to-day that has proven as effective. Its cures speak volumes for the good work it has accomplished. My confidence in my method enables me to offer to any man or woman who will offer me reasonable security to use the Belt at my risk and



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Pay When Cured

If I don't cure you my Belt comes back to me, and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

BACK AND LEGS CURED.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir—The Belt I purchased from you last November has given me the best of satisfaction. It has cured my back and my legs and I am a new man. I am 44 years of age but I only feel 18. I can do a hard day's work now and not feel it. If this is of any value to you, you are perfectly welcome to publish it. Wishing you every success with your Belt, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. Penson.
Transcona

I cannot take up more space with these extracts, but if you will send me your address I will mail you free my beautifully illustrated book, along with testimonials from thousands of grateful people, who have been fully restored to health and strength.

This appliance has cured in almost every town and city in the country, and if you will write to me I will send you testimonials given to me by people that are probably well known to you. My Belt not only cures weakness, but Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Kidney Trouble, Nervousness, Constipation, Indigestion and Stomach Trouble. I have a beautiful 80-page illustrated book, which I will mail, sealed, to any address, FREE. This book is full of lots of good, interesting reading for men. Call to-day. If you can't call, send coupon for Free Book.

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