

Correspondence

One Has a Hudson

Dear Editor,—Having long been an interested reader of your columns, I must at last break in on you. Why this silent reserve in a time like this, when we no longer think of much but try to win the war? I am living not far from a one-time battle ground, that of Cutknife Creek. What an entirely different war was that Rebellion. The one thing about this war that appeals so much to me is that war is God's housecleaning. It was inevitable. The world in general was polluted with sin, and people needed bringing to their senses. But the hard thing to understand is that so many of the blameless should suffer. I do not believe in conscription, except in the cities, for, believe me, it is the "Man behind the man behind the gun," as the poem goes, who keeps the

world in bread. The farm boy does not rest on a bed of roses either winter or summer. It looks all very well to see photographs of what women are doing on farms, but farming would soon lose its vitality if left alone to them. However, it shows great pluck and courage for them to attempt it, and many are working hard. This is getting to be a warlike letter, so here's to another topic.

How many of you are interested in Indians? Aren't they degenerating rapidly? Anyone living near many of them would soon notice it. Whenever I see an old, scarred and miserable-looking Indian it makes me feel as if the whites should never have intruded into their precincts. The Indians have always been constantly pushed back—pushed back—and were often deceived and defrauded. The Indian of to-day will say so little, but who knows their blind souls? Knowing as they do that at one time their roving

lives were free, but yet not unrestrained. As a teacher my aim is to get where I can yet learn more about them. By this I am not a full-fledged missionary, only a beginner at the task of teaching young farmers and their sisters.

By way of confession, I credit myself with having five brothers and sisters, enough to lead them a merry chase.

Excuse me, some of you girls, if I tell you that one brother, inclined to pass remarks, says he longs to see some of these little dolls that always sign themselves "Dolly Dimples," "Blue Eyes," "Brown Eyes," "Little Lassie," "Curly Locks" or "Lonely Girlie" and he will come right after them in his little old—not Ford, but Hudson. Now, do you see through it?

Would anyone care to correspond. Would you "Gladioli"? I must sign, "Strides."

To Help Uncle Sam

Dear Editor,—I am living on the prairie in "Sunny Alberta," and life out here is rather lonely for some of us. I am tired of this lonely life and farming, so I am going to enlist, but I won't don the Canadian uniform, as I am to help Uncle Sam.

I think if the girls ask the boys to come and take them to picnics and dances, etc., there wouldn't be so many lonely girls and boys in the West, but they won't do that; they expect the boys to have all the "spunk." In my opinion they will have to wait a long time for boys of my set to come around.

Now, I must ring off. I am only a young boy.

"Bashful Kid."

Will "Soldier's Sister" and "Strides" kindly send their names and addresses to the Editor, so that any correspondence intended for them may be forwarded.

Must Measure Up With the Boys "Over There"

Dear Editor,—May I have a small corner of your valuable page to express my views? I notice some of the readers think too much is being said about slackers. Flora says as much good can be done on the farm as in the trenches. Quite right, Flora, but is it being done? In my estimation a slacker is the man or woman who at home is not standing behind the boys in the trenches. It is impossible for us all to go to France, but we all have a part to play in this war. We are facing a great crisis just at present. Our country, our homes and all that we hold dear is being held in the balance, and, readers, do you realize that it is the actions of the people at home that is going to turn that balance either for or against us? I do not worry over our armies in France. Four years' experience has proven that they are trustworthy, but I do tremble when I think of them all going on having a good time at home, little realizing that the man in the trenches is standing between their homes and Hell. Did you ever stop to reason why the war has lasted so long, or why there is no likelihood of an early peace? Surely it is not because the allied armies have been afraid of making personal sacrifice, but because the ones at home have thought and lived too much for self. We have got to measure up with the boys "over there." When those men return, what sort of an account are you going to give them? Are you going to be able to look them in the face and say, "We stood behind you with every minute of our time," or are you going to slink away shamefacedly, knowing that while those men were giving their best, you were living for self and self only? Four out of five of my brothers have enlisted; two of them have made the supreme sacrifice. One has been a prisoner of war for two years, and the other is at present in the front lines. So I know something of what the war means, and it hurts me to see the lack of appreciation shown by the large majority of people at home.

"Soldier's Sister."

Fond of the Correspondence Page

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of The W. H. M. for a long time, and I think it is a very good paper. It contains good instructive and entertaining reading, and I am especially fond of the correspondence circle, as it is a great thing to brighten up the lonely readers. I am a young bachelor farmer with blue eyes and light hair, weigh 150 pounds, and of a quiet disposition. I would like to hear from some of the readers, as I feel rather lonesome sometimes. I must bring this letter to a close, and thanking the editor for the space, will sign myself,

"A Lonely Farmer."

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.



HAYING SEASON

Some town folks think that labor-saving devices have driven hard work from the farm. But, while the hay loader and the hay unloader, the self-binder and the separator, and all the machines of modern farm life have lightened toil, there is still enough of it left—and more than enough for most farmers.

Farming has its attractions, but at its best, it is a well man's job.

Away back in the sixties, in the strenuous days when this country was in the making, when scythes and sickles were still in use, Dr. Chase devoted himself to keeping men and women strong, to rendering them capable of performing a long day's work with the least possible fatigue. And therein lies the secret of the PERMANENCY of his success. Fifty years have gone, a half century crowded with innovations, and through all this time Dr. Chase's Remedies have retained their usefulness.

The mechanical engineer and the skilled physician have each in their way contributed to the happiness of mankind; one by reducing labor, and the other by keeping mankind fit for labor. Unfortunately the labor-saving devices of the engineer are not within every hay maker's reach. All mows are not equipped with horse-lifted forks or slings, and if they were, strong

backs and steady, untiring arms would still be required in meadow and mow. In these strenuous days when men and women are called upon to do an unusual amount of work, when many—especially women—are obliged to do unusual work, there is a greater need than ever before of making provision for health.

Hard work effects the breaking down of myriads of cells in the human body. These cells when broken down, become so much ash—so much waste matter—which left in the blood poisons the system. It is this poisonous waste matter in the blood which makes you feel completely tired out after a hard day's work.

The kidneys were designed by nature to filter these poisons from the blood and they must be kept healthy and in good working order. This is just where Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills befriended every man and every woman with hard work to do.

You can't pitch hay or do other heavy farm work with a lame, weak, aching back, and the quickest way to get the back right is by regulating the kidneys with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. You can buy them at any place where medicines are sold at 25c a box or by mail from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Why not let the Dr. Chase Plan of Health help you through the hard work this season?

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

One pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co. Ltd., Toronto