

A Money-Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It *must* be Bovril.

Look Over Your Summer Things

Dye them with Maypole Soap



Dozens of things you wore last summer need freshening, to be as good as new.

This you can do with Maypole Soap. Cleans and dyes at one operation. Freshens, brightens everything at small cost. Twenty-four beautiful, lasting colors, for dress goods, cottons, woollens, ribbons, laces, cushions, parasols, etc. Colors, 10c. Black, 15c.

At dealers or sent postpaid, with book "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

MAYPOLE SOAP, The Clean, Easy Home Dye

BENGER'S FOOD

is for Infants and Invalids and for those whose digestive powers have become weakened by illness or advancing age.

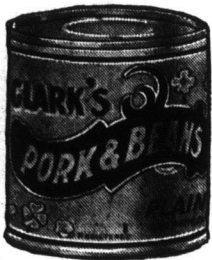
If the digestive functions, however weak, can do any work at all they should be given work to do to the extent of their powers. In the easy process of its preparation the digestibility of Benger's can be regulated to give this work with extreme nicety.

The "British Medical Journal" says—"Benger's Food has, by its excellence established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

Colts forty-five from the holster slung at his side. "Thar's as good a gun as ever barked. I kin drive a nail with her every shot. Kin shoot the pipe outen yer teeth. Done her many a time." The sailor continued to calmly smoke his pipe. Finally he burst out, "Do you call that a gun? Gun be blowed! What'd you think of a gun ut weighed fifty tons. One shot out of ut ud blow yer old ranch house to Davy Jones. That's wot I calls a gun." "I never seed nor hearn tell of such a gun as that afore," said the cowpuncher. The veteran sailor made no reply, and the cowpuncher glanced somewhat uneasily, at the heavy navy revolver, and magazine rifle, which adorned the walls of the neat shack of the sailor. His shack was always clean, spick and span.

The cowpuncher took his leave, mounted his pony, and started for headquarters. As he slowly rode away, he muttered to himself, "Durn it all! A gun as heavy as fifty load o' hay! Beats all! That chap's purty cute. Only thing I know on as'll start him is some kind o' shenanigan." He reached headquarters, told them about his visit, saying to the assembled ranchers and cowboys, "That thar sailor chap's no kind o' tenderfoot. Only thing as'll scar that feller off is some kind o' shenanigan. Savvy? Some kind o' ghost bizness." "Bah! said the cowboys, ghost business and get lead in yer carcass fer yer pains." "Waal" drawled the cowpuncher, who had just visited the sailor, "somethink like that ull work. I tell yers I ben and know. The crittur

not occurred to him that he was being victimized. The sailor was now intently watching the cowboy, and gradually the whole thing dawned on him. He said nothing, but slowly arose, and on pretense of examining from whence the strange sounds proceeded, slowly approached within reach of his loaded navy revolver. Deftly he snatched it from the wall, and the cowboy found himself looking into its ugly muzzle. "Move a limb und I plug yeh," said the sailor. The cowboy continued to gape into the ugly muzzle. "It's bamboozle is it? Yes, or no. Quick now." "Yes," said the cowboy. "Git!" commanded the sailor. The cowpuncher got, and was glad to go, the sailor covering him with his weapon as he went.

The other cowboys never could get anything out of "Charlie" about the affair, but they knew that it had failed.

They gave up bothering Mr. Jones. He got his patent. Other homesteaders came and settled. Ranchers and cowboys disappeared. The railroad came. Mr. Jones sold his farm to the railroad company for a townsite.

Mr. Jones may sometimes be seen sitting in the rotunda of a first class hotel, in Victoria, British Columbia.

Society is Not Life

While its narrow round is sounding its brass and tinkling its cymbal, life is going fiercely on, down in the narrow street where we struggle for bread, out in the barn-yard where the feathered folk are stirring to spring industries and the patient beasts are waiting our demands.

Life is here, in the kitchen, where the woman must, with consummate cleverness never to be excelled by any art or accomplishment, minister to the bodily wants of a few of her fellow-creatures.

It is the woman who has walked across the fields on a wild winter night to help a sister woman in her hour of trial, the woman who has dressed the new-born baby, and composed the limbs of the dead, learned the rude surgery of the farm, harnessed horses, milked cows, carried young lambs into the kitchen to save them from perishing in the rough March weather—it is she who has seen life.

INSOMNIA

Leads to Madness, if Not Remedied

"Experiments satisfied me, some 5 years ago," writes a Western woman, "that coffee was the direct cause of the insomnia from which I suffered terribly, as well as extreme nervousness and acute dyspepsia." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee, because it, too, contains the health destroying drug, caffeine.)

"I had been a coffee drinker since childhood, and did not like to think that the beverage was doing me all this harm. But it was, and the time came when I had to face the fact, and protect myself. I therefore gave up coffee abruptly and absolutely, and adopted Postum for my hot drink at meals.

"I began to note improvement in my condition very soon after I took on Postum. The change proceeded gradually, but surely, and it was a matter of only a few weeks before I found myself entirely relieved—the nervousness passed away, my digestive apparatus was restored to normal efficiency, and I began to sleep restfully and peacefully.

"These happy conditions have continued during all of the 5 years, and I am safe in saying that I owe them entirely to Postum, for when I began to drink it I ceased to use medicines.

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

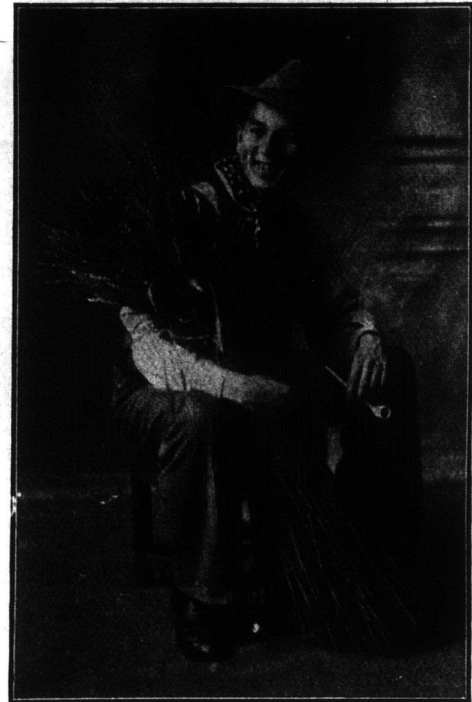
Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c. and 25c. packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c. and 50c. tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason for Postum."

—sold by Grocers.



A diligent Spring brings a bountiful harvest

aint afeered o' nuthin' livin'. It's only some kine o' shenanigan as'll get him. Thar's Charlie thar, as uster to be with Buffler Bill's Wild West, and learnt the trick o' puttin' his squawk whar' it hadn't order be nohow. Yer know how he's worked the gang out. Mebbe we could work him in on this bizness."

"Charlie," had learned the art of ventriloquism and could "throw his voice." It was accordingly arranged that he should visit the sailor, and "scar him inter fits."

Some men who follow the sea are very superstitious. Probably they are made so by the dangers which constantly threaten them, at any rate some are so superstitious that a slightly peculiar circumstance will be construed into an ill omen.

Our excellent friend was of this type. It was his weak point, and the only weak point in his nature, consequently when "Charlie" visited him one evening, and began to throw his voice he became very much disturbed.

Uncouth, unaccountable noises proceeded from the roof, and further corners of the shack. Strange voices addressed him. He asked the cowboy if he heard anything. The cowboy said he didn't. The veteran was nonplused. "Charlie" saw this and immediately proceeded to tell a ghost story, saying that a terrible triple murder between cowboys and cattle rustlers, had taken place upon the very spot upon which the shack was built. The cowboy said the spot was haunted.

The sailor then fell to fixedly watching the cowboy. He had seen the thing practised in shows, but somehow it had