

Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success.
My address is with the Editor.
I will sign myself

"Rosie."

Is It Right?

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your interesting paper. I do not take it myself, but my friend does. She is also writing to you.

I think the letters are very interesting. I want to subscribe for the paper soon myself.

I am very much interested in the war on account of having so many friends and relatives in it. There is many a time I walk a mile or so to get the paper off the train when I know that there are a bunch of returned soldiers coming to Winnipeg to see who they are.

I have gone to every dance around here this winter, so am fairly good at dancing. Do any of the readers think there is any harm in having dances to raise money for patriotic purposes? Some people around here think there is. I would like the readers' opinion through the correspondence page.

I live on a farm not very far from town, but spent most of last summer in town.

The girls here have a baseball team and we play against other teams.

How many of the readers enjoy riding horseback? I like it fine. I very seldom use a saddle either.

Hoping to see this letter in print. I will sign myself

"Miss Farmer."

Keeping The Home Fires Burning

Dear Editor:—In looking over The Western Home Monthly for February I notice the correspondence page is almost a thing of the past. I believe the war is responsible, as every one is too busy to write. One thing this war is teaching us, that the Canadian men and women are noble and brave. The men are gone to fight for liberty and righteousness, the women are bravely keeping the home fires burning, and in every spare moment are knitting. Formerly on the streets of any city you would meet women with a dog under their arm, or led by a string. But now it is the knitting bag. But there are still occasionally to be seen the silly fashion crazy ones. But where you see one woman mincing along on high heels and pointed toes, with bare neck and chest in the middle of winter, you see at least five sensibly clothed walking with a sure tread and an earnest look in the face, as though life meant something more than following the latest fashion these days. What do the correspondents think of feeding useless dogs when there are so many starving children in the world to-day? If this escapes the scrap basket may write again.

"Isabel."

Wants More Correspondence

Dear Editor and Readers:—For several months I have taken great interest in the correspondence column of The Western Home Monthly, but have always been too bashful to write.

I think the correspondence column great, but was so very disappointed when I found only three letters in the February number. I do hope it isn't going to be left out for good. Come along all you old-timers, "Kentish Hog," "Mere Bachelor," "Kentish Hog," "Lonely Bachelor," "Freda," and "Pocahontas," and many others, where have you gone to; surely not forgotten the dear old Western Home Monthly!

I am keeping house for my brother on a farm, and like it very well, but being used to town I get lonesome at times and try to forget my lonesomeness by reading or writing. I am very fond of all kinds of good literature and think it is a very great help to pass one's lonely hours. I am very fond of writing letters, but I have not had enough correspondents. Won't some of you boys and girls cheer me up by writing to me? I promise to answer all letters I receive.

I like all kinds of sport, horseback riding, dancing, skating, motoring, playing cards, etc.

Isn't this war a dreadful thing? I want to train as a nurse as soon as I am old enough. I think there would be nothing better for me than to go as a nurse and do my little bit towards relieving the poor suffering soldiers.

Looking forward to hearing from some of your readers, and wishing The Western Home Monthly all success.

I do hope this letter will escape the W.P.B. My address is with the Editor.

"Bashful Wild Rose."

Overalls are "Jake"

Dear Editors and Readers:—I have just been reading the correspondence page in The Western Home Monthly, and thought I would try my luck at entering your merry circle.

I agree with "Tomboy Ted" about wearing overalls. As I have often worn

them, too, and, believe me, they are "jake."

I was helping to stook a little last fall, and hauled grain to the elevator at threshing; but did not use the overalls then; the skirts had to do.

I live on a farm a little way from a village, and don't get lonesome very often, as I have enough to do to keep busy.

I will close, wishing the club continued success.

"Raindrop."

It is only within the memory of living man that legislation has undertaken to protect domestic animals from the cruelty of their owners. Ownership was held to be absolute by most, but there was one man in England a hundred years ago who could demonstrate the untenable nature of this theory. This man was Thomas Erskine, one of the greatest lawyers and advocates of his age. A tradition sur-

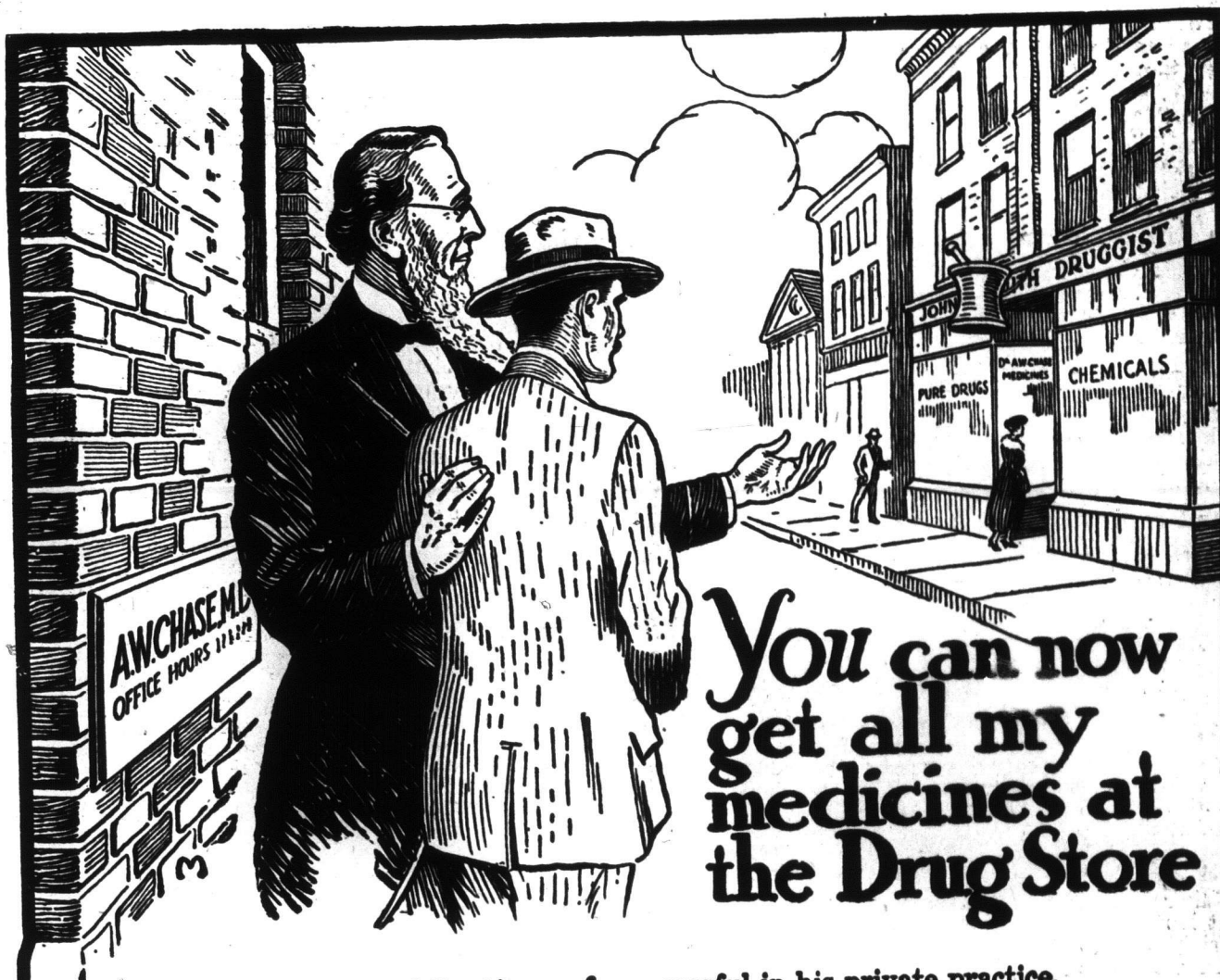
vives at Hampstead, the residence of Lord Erskine, which Mr. Charles G. Harper has put into his book, "Rural Nooks Round London," and which shows how this legal authority would have administered more recent laws.

It is related that the celebrated Lord Erskine, walking one day on Hampstead Heath, saw a ruffianly driver shamefully thrashing a miserably ill-cared-for horse.

My lord remonstrated with the driver on the cruelty of it; whereupon the fellow retorted, "It's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" and started whacking the wretched animal worse than ever.

Erskine, greatly annoyed, laid his walking-stick over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked my lord—this is the drawing-room version, not a verbatim report, which would read rather differently—what business he had to touch him with the stick.

"Why," said Erskine, "the stick's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"



You can now
get all my
medicines at
the Drug Store

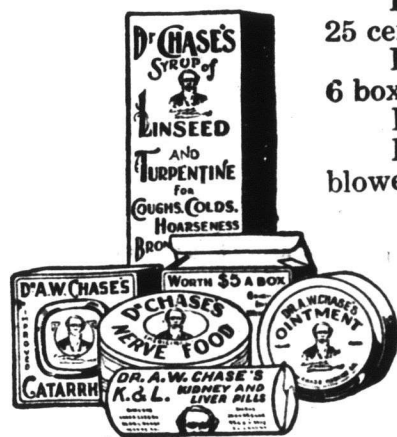
AFTER the publication of his Receipt Book Dr. Chase found himself overwhelmed with the demand for his services and his medicines. Not only did patients come from many miles to throng his office, but the mails were filled with letters ordering medicines.

Rather than disappoint his patients and admirers, and always anxious to relieve suffering, the doctor decided to give to the people the great prescriptions which had been so thoroughly tested and so remarkably suc-

cessful in his private practice.

And so it came that Dr. Chase's Medicines were placed on public sale at nominal prices. To-day you can scarcely find a drug store that is not stocked with a full line of these medicines, and that home is the exception where there is not one or more of them in use.

Like most articles of exceptional merit and large sales Dr. Chase's Medicines are widely imitated, and substitutes are frequently offered in their place. On this account it is very important that you should see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy. They are printed on every box for your protection, and imitators do not dare to use them.



Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, 5 boxes for \$1.00.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food (Pills), 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.75.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Catarrh Powder, 25 cents a box, blower free, 5 boxes for \$1.00.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Liver Cure, \$1.00.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Backache Plaster, 25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00.

All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.