

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

THE BRILLIANT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF BRITAIN'S ARMIES, ON HIS FAVORITE HORSE

"We shall have to hold here a while, if we all die for it."
—Haig to his division in the desperate days of Mons.

Winnipeg, Man.

November, 1918

Join Our Christmas Club

—GET A PIANO TO-DAY

HERE'S the way to get a really high grade Piano—a Standard Canadian Piano, made by Canadian workmen in factories owned by Canadians—at the lowest price in Canada, and on such terms as you never heard of before. This club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation. It costs you nothing to join this club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind.

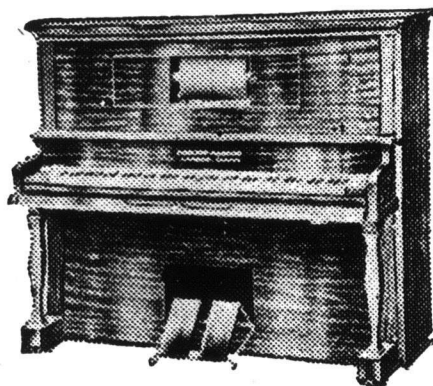
This club is to be organized at once, and will be limited to 100 members. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is on the market for a piano. By joining the club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy you will obtain every club advantage if you select your piano on or before the 31st December, 1918.

But remember, while you may have till December 31st to make your selection, the club will be closed immediately 100 members enroll, owing to the approaching shortage of pianos. Join now is the safest way.



Style Colonial
Regular \$400. Club price **\$335**

CANADA PIANO CO.

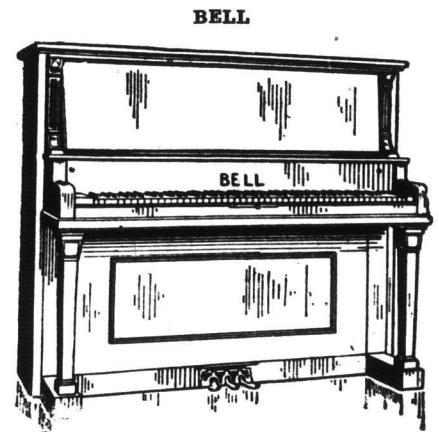


Latest 88-Note Player Piano
Regular \$725. Club price **\$650**

Secret of the Club Offer

This club is run in co-operation with the best and oldest firms in the world, such as Chickering, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Cecilian, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Doherty, Canada Piano Co., Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Co.

REGULAR Pianos are featured at SPECIAL prices and on SPECIAL terms. You have FORTY styles of Pianos and Player Pianos to choose from in genuine Walnut, Mahogany and Oak cases. Illustrated catalogues with REGULAR and CLUB prices and terms mailed free on application.



Style 28
Regular \$475. Club price **\$425**

This is the Whole Plan of the Winnipeg Piano Company's Christmas Club

1. Your choice of any make of Chickering, Nordheimer, Gerhard Heintzman, Cecilian, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Doherty, Canada Piano Co., Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Company's Pianos or Player Pianos at special club prices until the 31st December, 1918.

2. The terms are one-fifth cash down and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.

3. A special discount for all cash or extra instalments paid.

4. The piano will be delivered when you join, or later, if you wish it.
5. The monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to date from when the piano is delivered.
6. Every instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" or "ands" in the guarantee — just a straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.
7. If, after thirty days' trial, the piano is not satisfactory, we will give you your money back on return of the piano.
8. If the piano is satisfactory after thirty days' use, the club member has **eleven more months** in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without **one penny's loss** for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in price (and we sell 90 different styles of the best pianos in the world).
9. A beautiful \$15 Piano Bench with music receptacle to match the piano is included without extra cost.
10. Freight paid to your nearest station.
11. Come into our store or **write** and select the style of case you prefer, in Walnut, Mahogany or Oak; this is all you have to do.
12. Each and every club instrument will be personally selected by our president.

GET OUR LIST OF SLIGHTLY USED PIANO BARGAINS AT FROM \$225 TO \$325

Privilege is given the purchaser to exchange within one year for any New Piano sold by us of equal or greater list value at the time exchange is made—all payments made being placed to the credit of the price of instrument for which it is exchanged. Club open now, and closes 31st December, 1918. There will be a big demand for memberships. Take no chances. Be on hand early or drop us a line asking for any further particulars you may desire. You will then be registered on our books and become a member of the Club.

Why Piano Prices will be Higher Later on

Scarcity of skilled piano labor, shortage of materials point only too plainly to similar conditions to those now obtaining in both England and the United States. In England the government has ordered a reduction in factory outputs of 80 per cent, and in the United States plants have been reduced 66 per cent. This means fewer pianos and these at greatly increased prices. Save money and buy your piano today.

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DIRECT FACTORY REPRESENTATIVES
STEINWAY, GERHARD HEINTZMAN, NORDHEIMER, CHICKERING, HAINES, BELL, SHERLOCK-MANNING, DOHERTY, CANADA AND LESAGE PIANOS.
EDISON, COLUMBIA, EUPHONOLIAN AND PHONOOLA PHONOGRAPHS.

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GERHARD HEINTZMAN
Club offer **\$455**

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Club offer **\$455**

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and many others

Larger Than Ever

OUR enrolment for September 16 was the largest on record. We have arranged for others to begin work in October and November.

It will pay you to attend

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**Success Business
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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XX.

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 11

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address 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.

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.

A Chat With Our Readers

The month of November means the start of the subscription season in real earnest. September, and even October, may be bright and warm; but November generally, if not always, means real winter, with heavy snow, effectually preventing all outside work, and November evenings are always dark! And so it is that just about now the average western household make plans for their annual supply of reading matter. When making up your list of papers, do not forget The Western Home Monthly—a cheery companion, indeed, to have around your hearth. Among the most discriminating households, The Western Home Monthly is generally first choice; and can you wonder at it? It is really two publications rolled into one. It both instructs and amuses, interests and teaches. It has a serious side and a humorous vein. It makes you laugh and it makes you think. Surely, it is a very versatile publication, and it should be in every home in the west—not as a luxury, but as a necessity.

Those of our readers who keep in touch with the important events of the day—and nowadays one must be a very heavy reader, indeed, in order to keep abreast of the times and be able to discuss intelligently those things which are changing the face of the map and re-writing history—well, to resume, some readers may have noticed the increasingly alarming reports from Ottawa on the high cost of living. The prices of all necessities and most unecessaries continue to jump several points every month, until the most conservative individual may be pardoned for wondering where it will all end. Among things which have increased in price must be included everything connected with the printing trade. Labor, paper, ink, machinery, type cost far more than formerly, certain articles having increased in price over a hundred per cent. The dollar of before the war is now only worth a little over 50 cents from a purchasing point of view, and you have probably noticed this when you have gone marketing. Every thing, almost everything, costs more. Most publications cost more—50 per cent more, in many cases—and it is somewhat remarkable that The Western Home Monthly is one of the few commodities that costs the subscriber no more than it did in 1914. As explained above, it certainly costs us more to publish it, and if raw materials keep on aviating we shall, in self defence, be forced to protect ourselves; but we have managed to weather the storm so far without throwing out any S.O.S. calls to our subscribers for more money, and it is our ambition to be able to get along without putting up the price of the paper. You can help us achieve this by a generous response to our subscription appeals and by occasionally getting us new subscribers. A little missionary work for us is, indeed, appreciated; and it works both ways, for co-operation on the part of our subscribers encourages us to get out a bigger and better magazine. November, December and January are the three busiest months of the whole year for our circulation department because thousands of subscriptions fall due within those ninety days. We shall be particularly friendly this year to those readers who do not wait to be reminded of the fact that their subscriptions have expired. Take a look at the address label now and see how your account stands.

At a time like this, when the possibility of a paper shortage is causing great anxiety to many publishers, it is more important than ever for our readers to take us into their confidence and freely criticize the contents of this magazine. We do not wish to retain any features which are not popular—we would prefer to substitute others, if only you will let us know your likes and dislikes. We are not thought-readers, hence the necessity of correspondence, and we want you to thoroughly understand that suggestions are always carefully considered and, if considered feasible, carried out.

A little extra pocket money at this season of the year is always welcome. Write to the circulation department for full particulars of the plan, also for a list of attractive premiums which we are offering in return for a very, very little of your time.

The mails still bring us in some very nice letters from readers who feel that The Western Home Monthly is of real help to them. It is no easy matter to edit a publication which pleases most of the people most of the time; hence, kind words are always acceptable. "I first became acquainted with The Western Home Monthly in 1910, and ever since then, if I did not get the paper each month, I should think some very important part of my reading matter was missing. I intend to take The Western Home Monthly the rest of my days. All my subscribers are delighted with the magazine; in fact, I do not remember getting a single complaint about it. It is never any trouble to get renewals."

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

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BAKER'S COCOA
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If you have a friend at the front he will appreciate a Jaeger Sleeping Bag. Send it to him now for a Xmas Gift. An undyed Camel Hair Blanket will also be appreciated. These are useful gifts which he can use at all times and which will give him warmth and comfort.



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Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35 per set, also actual value for OLD GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND DENTAL GOLD. We send cash by return mail and hold goods for 15 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to

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4-POUND FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS
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Take off the trimming when soiled and dip up and down in a bowl full of Lux suds—rich, copious, creamy. Never rub. Press out the water. Rinse carefully and stretch to dry. Your fabrics will be fresh, clean and sheer as when new.

The Lux way means economy in fine things—it washes them splendidly.

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Editorial

The Beginning of the End

EARLIER than the most optimistic had predicted has the collapse come. The forces of brutality, deceit and tyranny have been compelled to yield to the forces of justice, humanity and open-dealing. God reigns on Earth as in Heaven. The world is safe for democracy.

Looking backward, there is much to regret; but still more to be thankful for. Looking forward there is much to cause apprehension, but still more to fill all hearts with buoyant hope.

The great menace of militarism will no longer threaten a world. The small states will be secure in their independence, and self-government will become the right of all peoples. No longer will the Balkan States be the scene of bitter racial feuds, and no longer will the Turk offend European civilization with his hated presence. Poor old Russia freed from the leadership of the Bolsheviks will in time become a brotherhood of happy nations. Poland will stand fast in the liberty for which it has yearned these many centuries. No longer will the uncivilized tribes in the Dark Continent be in bondage to the brutal savages of mid-Europe. The Mittel-Europe scheme, the Mittel-Afrika scheme, are now and forever impossible. Thanks to the heroism of our men-in-arms, thanks to the Great Fleet, which night and day guards the trade routes of the world, thanks to the wise leadership of our generals and the political sagacity of our statesmen, thanks, above all, to the God of Battle, who is still the Prince of Peace, the world will never again stand in the same danger, and men and women will be free in their quest of truth, happiness, and wisdom.

Unity

THROUGH four years of suffering the world has learned the necessity and value of co-operation. It was co-operation of the German peoples which enabled them to challenge the world. It was co-operation among the Allies that enabled them successfully to meet the challenge. If the full fruits of victory are to be enjoyed still further unification is imperative. That is the one outstanding lesson of the Great War.

Unity among the Allies arose from necessity rather than by design. It came about just as it was needed. At first there was a measure of military unity, but this was not equal to the task of meeting an enemy who had interior lines and facilities for moving his troops. And so there sprang into existence the inter-Allied War Council. Still later the strategic direction of the forces on the West Front were entrusted to a single leader—the incomparable Foch.

In the naval field the submarine menace led to co-operative action. Since America entered the war, her navy has acted with that of Britain under practically a single command. And this is marvellous, for navies are proverbially independent and self-sufficient.

Then in the economic field there has been co-operation, but it came by slow degrees. First there was the Commission Internationale de Ravitaillement—a department of the British Government acting for the Allies. Then in succession there appeared the inter-Allied Chartering Executive, the inter-Allied Wheat Executive, the inter-Allied Commission on Finance and Supply, the inter-Allied Maritime Transport Council, the Central Munitions Council, the inter-Allied Food Board, and many subsidiary committees of various kinds.

Thus the Allies learned to pool their resources—of men, money, transportation, defensive power, and natural productions. Better still, they learned how to take concerted political action. They have all consistently held to the motto framed for them by President Wilson: "The world must be made safe for democracy."

Spiritual Unity

YET it is necessary for unity to be more thorough than this. As was said by a writer in the Round Table:

"The deepest lesson of the war is not the need for an Allied General Staff; or for an International food and shipping strategy; or even for a League of Nations; or for a 'Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World.' It is the need for moral and spiritual unity; for a new world within to match the new world without. At bottom what this war betokens is the breakdown of a civilization. It is the collapse of an order of society. It is the end of an epoch of human history—the epoch that opened with the discovery at the end of the eighteenth century of the means for vastly increasing the material wealth of mankind, and closed abruptly at the beginning of the twentieth because the government and peoples of the world had used these discoveries predominantly and with increasing concentration, to forward designs dictated by individual or national selfishness. Prussia led the way down the decline; she to her the judgment of mankind, which future

ages will confirm, has already apportioned the blame. But Prussia did not sin alone. She merely applied and perfected with devilish knowledge and relentless and inhuman persistence, the faith and practice of contemporary European society. Machpolitik is no monopoly of the German General Staff. It is known and practised also nearer home in many an office and workshop; and 'business is business' has proved no less adequate a cloak than 'war is war' for the domination of the strong and the oppression and impoverishment of the helpless. The future historian, looking backward from 1914 will find omens of the coming storm no less in the writings of men like Cobden, with their easy gospel of alliance between God and mammon, than in the brutal frankness of Bismarck and the polished cynicism of Buelow, and it will rank as one of the strangest and most tragic ironies of history that the characteristic philosophy of the 19th century, an age reputed to be at once so rational and so virtuous, should have drawn the modern world inexorably down the easy slope of self-interest into the depths of evil and unreason, experience of which alone so it seems can avail to teach men the fundamental laws of life. The only true and enduring foundation for the new order and for the League of Nations which already in men's minds has become its symbol is the conscious adoption by both governments and peoples of standards of conduct and methods of dealing which, discarding the shibboleths of the counting house, look not to profit and aggrandisement but to mutual service and self-sacrifice. With clean hands and a pure heart the peoples must enter the Temple of Peace or the League of Nations will remain as the Germans still regard it an idle or hypocritical phrase, and the lesson not of the 19th century, but of nineteen centuries will have been learned in vain."

Unity Within the Nation

THE words just quoted have reference primarily to world-conditions to international relationships. They have also a meaning when applied to conditions within the nations. For ourselves, as a people, there has to be learned and obeyed, the law of living together. That law is "Each for all and all for each." That law is not as yet in high favor universally. For though ninety and nine may feel the promptings to live the higher life, there is always to be found the one who is shot through with selfishness, and who insists on following the maxim of the jungle: "Each for himself and the devil take the hindmost." In every calling in every community are to be found those whose practice it is to fatten on their fellows. They extort all the traffic will bear, make profits beyond the dreams of avarice, and satisfy every selfish propensity at the cost of flesh and blood.

Now, there is no building up a nation in this way. All forces must be linked up in friendly co-operation. Racial, religious and commercial antagonisms cannot be permitted to endure. A ruling caste within the nation is just as hateful as that German Thing among the nations. The only law of life for world or for nations is the Golden Rule. "The Galilean has conquered."

The Value of Courtesy

THERE is one thing that parents should always teach their children — the grace of courtesy. Naturally enough, in a new country, where everything is so unconventional excessive courtesy is not held in high esteem. Yet every man even in a busy land dislikes rudeness and incivility. Three classes of people are particularly apt to be lacking in courtesy—the newly-rich man the public official and a member of a powerful class organization.

There is nothing which is a finer test of a man than the possession of wealth. He who has it, and who at the same time preserves his dignity, his friendliness and his simplicity, is the finest type of manhood, but he who because of his fortune gives himself airs and confounds self-assurance with wisdom, is despised above all others. Some of the finest characters in the West are men who are known to be very wealthy. In the same class, however, are some whose souls have shrivelled until only the wrinkled husk is left. The saddest of all sights is a body that does not contain a living soul.

The public official who is lacking in courtesy is well known. "It is not the highly placed officials, however, but the petty jacks-in-office who are the most bumptious; their belief in their own importance appears to be in direct proportion to their specific levity."

The following story indicates not only the absurdity of official self-importance, but tells how discourtesy should be dealt with. A smart young clerk in a certain suburban city hall once tried to snub and make needless trouble for a quiet, shabby, elderly man who had requested an item of information at his

counter. To the young fellow's discomfiture, the old gentleman revolted so far as to free his mind somewhat as follows:

"My friend, let me ask if I am in your service, or you in mine? I'd always supposed my tax-money helped pay you and these other chaps here, to work for the city to the best of your ability. And as I'm a citizen of the city I'm one of your bosses, and I object to being treated as if I was no better than dirt; besides which, on your own account, you want to be a little mite civil, or some day you'll be hunting another job. It never struck you in just that light before, maybe, but it's so all the same."

The third class of people who are in danger of becoming discourteous are members of powerful organizations — such as unions, trusts, successful churches. A man feels quite as great as the whole organization with which he is connected. The lack of courtesy shewn by members of the military class in Germany sprang from this feeling that each officer in the army represents in himself the might of the whole army. Insignificant members of unions, junior members of successful business concerns often act as if they were lords of creation. It is just the same thing showing out in another way. It is detestable in every case, and so we urge parents to counteract every tendency to such action in their children. The finest thing in any man is that he is a gentleman. The finest thing in any woman is that she is in every sense a lady.

The Law of Service

WITH this thought in mind it is easy to commend an editorial utterance of the "Montreal Witness," which during its sixty-three years of publication has on all moral questions taken such a firm stand.

"But hitherto men have been chiefly interested in providing for themselves. Men must be born again into new conceptions of their chief end in life to make these rules real. But much will be gained when society is so organized as to demand it of them. The new law of the Church will be that which St. John called a new commandment in his day though it was that which the Church had had from the beginning: That ye love one another. What a change this would make at the very fountain head of all the world's betterment. It is coming. It is on every breeze. The venerable primate of the Church of England in Canada in addressing the recent Synod said the time had arrived for the Church to put off its aloofness and work heartily with other Christians, as they had learned in the trenches. The same note is echoing round the whole sky, and the spirit of it from one part under heaven to another part under heaven. When the Church gets together in loyalty to a common master, it will go forth conquering and to conquer."

A Soldier's Prayer

GIVENCHY Village lies a wreck, Givenchy church is bare;
No more the peasant maidens come to say their vespers there.

The altar-rails are wrenched apart, with rubble littered o'er.

The sacred sanctuary lamp lies smashed upon the floor,

And mute upon the crucifix He looks upon it all,
The great White Christ, the shrapnel-scarred upon the eastern wall.

He sees the churchyard delved by shells, the tombstones flung about,
And dead men's skulls and white, white bones the shells have shoveled out;

The trenches running line by line through meadow fields of green,

The bayonets on the parapets, the wasting flesh between—

Around Givenchy's ruined church, the levels poppy red

And set apart for silent hosts, the legions of the dead.

And when at night on sentry go, with danger keeping tryst,

I see upon the crucifix the blood-stained form of Christ,

Defiled and maimed, the Merciful, on vigil all the time,

Pitying His children's wrath, their passion and their crime.

Mute, mute, He hangs upon His Cross, the symbol of His pain,

And as men scourged Him long ago, they scourge Him once again—

There in the lonely war-lit night to Christ the Lord I call:

"Forgive the ones who work Thee harm. O Lord! forgive us all."



To make your skin fine in texture - lovely even when seen closely

MANY a face that is attractive at a glance, loses all its charm when seen closely.

For your face to be truly lovely, even when seen closely, the texture of your skin must be fine and smooth, the pores should be *hardly visible*.

The skin of your face is more exposed to wind and dust and cold than any other part of the body. Its delicate pores contract and expand under the influence of cold and heat. Irritating dust is carried into them. They clog up and become enlarged.

This is why it is so important, in order to keep your skin fine in texture, to use the proper method of cleansing and stimulating it.

This famous treatment has helped others

Dip your wash-cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the *cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of

soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible finish by rubbing the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. It will strengthen the small muscular fibres and gradually rebuild a smooth-textured skin. Within a week or ten days you will notice an improvement, but remember that you cannot correct in a day what years of neglect have caused. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you that greater smoothness and finer texture you *can* have.

For a month or six weeks of this treatment and for general cleansing use for that time, the 25c cake of Woodbury's is ample. Get a cake, and begin tonight the proper treatment of your skin. Woodbury's is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake with booklet of famous treatments and a sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial Treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 6211 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Conspicuous nose pores — how to reduce them

A special treatment for reducing conspicuous nose pores is among the famous treatments given in the booklet you get with each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



Blackheads How to get rid of them

If you are troubled with blackheads, try the treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap



What's in a Name?

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Nan O'Reilly

THEY will tell you that Arcady has ceased to exist, but I know of a place where the people still live in all simplicity; where truth and honor yet dwell; and where love remains the beautiful coming together of unsullied young hearts. Perhaps you say that no such place exists, that human nature is the same the world over, but I have been there and you haven't, and so I know that by some miracle of chance Eden has escaped pollution. Yes, Eden is the name, strange to say, of this spot untouched by the sordid waves of progress and commercialism. It lies fifty miles from the railroad, in the heart of a mountain district, surrounded on all sides by mighty hills that stand sentry-like to shield it from modern materialism. Almost never does a stranger settle within its boundaries; only the children of its children's children make up the scanty population.

Nothing ever happens in Eden, so that is partly why the story of Duncan Avery has become the legend of the neighborhood. The first act of his little drama is practically the same as that told of every successful country boy; the second act is different, and for all the Edenites knew, the curtain fell at its end. But there was a third act, the scene of which was laid in New York, and according to my opinion, it was the most interesting.

Had Duncan Avery spent his boyhood anywhere but in Eden, his individuality would not have been so startling. But to the placid-minded country people he was "queer." Being queer meant that though he swam and fished, skated and coasted with the other boys, there would come times when their rough sports lost their charm, and he would hurry away from them, perhaps to the dim green woods where he would dream away the time; perhaps to the bank of the little river that sang through the countryside. By its brink the dreams would become reality, and he would build, build, build. Some inner command seemed urging him on, and, even as a child, he fashioned strange things. Sometimes it was a dam to hold back a tiny inlet; sometimes a bridge to span a miniature lake; sometimes an underground channel. And none of these were the clumsy attempts of a child, but in them was a cunning, a foreshadowing of destiny, a touch of that divine fire that men call genius.

But he never went alone on these expeditions. By his side, gay in his happiness, serious in his gravity, grief-stricken in his sorrows, trudged another small figure. They called her his shadow, little Mauyra Shannon, but she was more like his sunshine, with her bright hair glinting like an aureole about her face.

One never-to-be-forgotten week he established her social status forever by building her a wonderful doll's house with five rooms and a front door, while she sat beside him, concocting delicacies from mud—"our supper" for "our house" as she explained.

And so she went on through the years when they ceased to be children, watching close beside him as he devoured any and every book that came his way. And come they did. The neighbors had grown used to seeing his eager little face light up as they placed their scanty treasurers of learning into his hands, knowing he would guard them as a sacred trust. Over and over he read them, and when they had exhausted their possibilities, a travelling book-agent wandered into Eden. It was a propitious time, for, by infinite patience, the boy had hoarded together a few dollars and for these the man gave him—the Key to the Universe. It was a book on engineering (I have forgotten the title), but it was a wonderful work. There was a resume of the accomplishments of yesterday's great engineers; a word on the men of to-day; but most of all there was a forecast of the field open to the men of to-morrow.

To Duncan Avery, with his young mind filled with chaotic plans and aspirations, the book acted like a magic mirror. In a flash he saw his future take shape before him, with all that had been vague desire solidified into definite intention.

The day he reached his final decision Mauyra was, as usual, sitting beside him. He had been re-reading the wonder book, but at last he finished and putting it down took her hands in his.

"I'm going away, Mauyra, dear," he

said, "out there somewhere," with a vague sweep of his hand, "where I can learn to build, and when I come back, you will come with me and make the supper for our house always?"

It was a statement rather than a question, but the boy or the girl thought nothing of that. Neither did she doubt his return. The only pain was that he was going away, going to leave her for years, with that awful, aching emptiness in her life.

He went in the ill-fitting country clothes you have seen caricatured hundreds of times, the proceeds from his little patrimony hung round his neck in a bag. He went, and for six years the town saw nothing of him. But (and here begins the second act) every week of those six years a letter came to Mauyra from some part of the world, and at rarer intervals, books. At first they bore the postmark of New York, but later some came from Paris and others from Rome. And they were not letters dwindling in ardor or determination, but messages brimming with dogged perseverance, growing enthusiasm

details, it was the same dear face that had haunted her dreams for six long years and which was never to leave her again.

But to the man's eyes, surfeited with New York and its sophistication, the years had done wonderful things to Mauyra. He had left her a slim child; he found that she had flowered into a beautiful womanhood, graciously built, with the supple strength won from out of doors. Her cheeks were warm with health, and from under the aureole of shining hair, her eyes looked out, deep and untroubled.

But he never told her this. Only the morning when he came for her, and they walked hand in hand to the little church and were married, he looked at her curiously. She was dressed in white, some soft, trailing stuff, fashioned quaintly by herself. She seemed gifted with instinctive taste, for though the dress conformed to no style, it was distinctively lovely. She had caught up her curls with an old amber comb of her mother's, and crowned them with a wreath of early rosebuds. She might have stepped from a portrait when she came to him, and as he drew her close he said simply, "You are very beautiful, Mauyra." That was his only tribute.



General Allenby, in command of the British forces in Palestine, has virtually wiped out the Turkish army operating between the Jordan and the Mediterranean. Nazareth, the home of Christ, shown in the picture, has been occupied by British cavalry units after an advance by them of sixty miles from their original positions. Jesus of Nazareth still looks from the hills and sees the heathen Turks being driven out of the Holy Land in the face of Christianity.

over success, and increasing impatience as the time for his return grew nearer. For he was going to return, he was coming back to Mauyra, not because he had failed and needed consolation, but because he had won and wanted her to share his laurels. He did not tell her this. He simply said that he was in a position now to have her with him and asked if she were ready to be married and leave Eden for New York.

"I know how hard it's going to be for you, darling, to come away from that paradise of an Eden into the strangeness of New York, but you're all alone now, and I've wanted you so long, that it seems like flirting with Providence to wait any longer."

And she answered that of course she should hate to leave Eden, but that she would follow him to the ends of the earth, even to New York. So he came.

Mauyra met him at the station, riding fifty miles on horseback to do it. In her eagerness she was almost under the train wheels as he leaped down the steps and caught her hungrily in his arms. She saw nothing strange in him except the added six years. Of course his clothes were a little queer, but above such minor

They left for New York that night, Mauyra now in a short, full frock of grey cloth, with a long blue cape to cover her. It was not till they were on the train that Duncan's look of adoration changed for a moment to amusement, and he suddenly laughed.

"Where's your hat, little wife?" he questioned.

Mauyra put a hand to her uncovered curls, and then laughed too, a quick, lilted laugh that made their fellow passengers smile in sympathy.

"Hat, why I never wear a hat in summer. Do they in New York?"

So the first thing they did on reaching the city was to buy a hat.

Duncan sent her in alone to choose it, but when she was gone a few minutes, she came running back.

"Now, you come in and guess which one it is," she pleaded. So Duncan followed, and instantly pointed to a soft, droopy gray straw with only a broad scarf for trimming.

Mauyra clapped her hands like a pleased child, while the sympathetic saleslady procured hatpins.

"How did you guess it?" she demanded, but her husband only smiled.

Then he took her home, to a place outside New York. Not knowing New York, Mauyra hadn't an idea that she was being ushered into one of the most fashionable suburbs of the big city, nor that the little house had been designed by a famous architect, a friend of her husband. Neither did she realize that this same husband had developed into one of the most prominent engineers of the day. All Mauyra knew was that the people had lovely gardens (though not as large nor really as nice as those back in Eden), and that the house suited that instinctive love of the beautiful which was within her. She was like a child. The little dwelling was full of the most wonderful contrivances that Duncan, of course, had invented for lightening her work. For, needless to say, she was going to do her own work. Who ever heard of such a thing as letting anyone else cook Duncan's suppers, or dinners or breakfasts? Wasn't that what he had asked her—always to cook his suppers? But strange to say, on some of these points, Duncan proved obdurate. She might cook, but every day a woman came in to sweep and scrub and wash. Yet, even at that, Mauyra found chances to run the marvelous vacuum cleaner, to use the shining new iron that grew hot without fire, and the numberless other queer things the small house seemed full of.

The women came in to see her, and were very sweet. Mauyra didn't know that they called first from curiosity or on account of her celebrated young husband, and then because they found it strangely restful to sit and watch the slim fingers darning Duncan's socks, or even, as it sometimes happened, to be entertained in the kitchen, by a distracting Mauyra muffled in blue gingham, who could not stop the creation of the great, soft ginger cookies destined for Duncan's consumption for merely social purposes. On these occasions the refreshments were usually served hot from the oven to the covert delight of the blase society women.

To Mauyra it was the natural course of events. She was simply continuing to act as she had all her life and, as yet, she saw no reason why, because she had come to New York, she should revolutionize her whole method of existence. In fact, she thought that most of the women around her were doing the same thing. To be sure, when, hatless, she ran down the street to return her calls, the women seemed dressed very elaborately and very idle, but if these facts sank deeply into her consciousness, it was only with the reflection that it was rather bad taste to look like a party in the afternoon, or that they must be poor housekeepers to have nothing at all to do.

When in their long evenings together she prattled on to her husband of all she had done, he smiled happily and held his peace. Then he began asking out his friends. The first night some of them came Mauyra, at Duncan's request, put on the soft, trailing dress she had been married in, and fastened up her curls with the amber comb. Then, covering up her loveliness with a great frilled white apron, she went down to fry the chicken and stir up the baking powder biscuits.

She came in then to meet them, her soft cheeks scarlet, and Duncan, his eyes keen with love, watched the startled admiration leap into their faces. They followed her out into the famous architect's dining room and ate fried chicken and baking powder biscuits such as they hadn't had in years. Dinner over, they helped Mauyra carry off the dishes, and then went back to the living room, where she sat in the lamplight and listened to their clever talk. Now and then she added a remark from the broad knowledge gained out of Duncan's books, and again her husband watched the quickly veiled surprise spring into every man's face.

When they were going they shook hands till it hurt.

"May we come again soon, Mrs. Avery?" pleaded one man who was a well known writer. "By George! I haven't had such a bully evening in years."

And come they did, not once but many times, while Duncan's smile deepened and grew till it became a permanent fixture.

Then one night about two months after they came from Eden, Duncan brought home tickets for the theatre, and then and there began that third act of which Eden never had an inkling.

Up till that night, Mauyra hadn't left the suburb. In the endless discoveries to be made around home, she had had

neither time nor desire to go beyond, and the man had been reluctant to break the charm of the long evenings spent together. Remember he was making up for six long years spent without Mauyra, but at last he began wondering if he weren't selfish. There was so much for her to see, and even though it meant a certain loss to him, there would be the charm of seeing New York again through her delighted eyes. So the tickets.

At first Mauyra wasn't wildly enthusiastic. She had planned on spending the evening with Duncan, but seeing how eager he was to please her, she ran off with an air of anticipation to put on the little gray frock and the soft droopy gray hat, and so off they went to the theatre. It was a gay, rollicking musical comedy, with plenty of lights and music and pretty girls. The dazzling glitter of it charmed Mauyra. She leaned forward in her seat, lips parted like a child's, when suddenly she heard Duncan murmur:

"George, that girl's a peach!"

Mauyra turned startled eyes first to Duncan, then back to the stage. She followed his eyes to where the leading lady stood, short-skirted, French heeled, French coiffured.

"Wha—what's a peach, Duncan?" she faltered. But Duncan only smiled the tender little smile he kept for her, and went on watching the show.

Then and there the play lost all its fascination for the girl. Never had she heard Duncan speak that way before; never had he used that tone to her; never had he called her a peach. And evidently to be called a peach, was about "the top of admiration." She looked miserably at the leading lady, with eyes suddenly opened. How stupid and countrified they all must have thought her. Perhaps, and her heart missed a beat, perhaps Duncan was even ashamed of her, for she was as different from the girl on the stage, as day is different from night.

This girl's hair was drawn close to her head, and covered her ears in strange, flat curls. Her arms and neck were unnaturally white; her dress glittered with opalescent, and was made as Mauyra had never seen a dress made before.

She furtively looked about at the other women in the theatre, at those sitting complacently in boxes, and though they weren't, perhaps, as gorgeous as the stage beauty, the great majority Mauyra decided, were peaches. They all wore their hair plastered down; their cheeks were almost uniformly rosy, and their bare arms and necks that gleaming white.

That night on the way home, she was strangely silent; tired, her husband thought. He didn't know that while he stayed down to read the paper she was staring with hot eyes into the mirror, at the soft hair that rioted over her shapely head, at the rosy arms and neck, and the simple gray frock.

"I hate you," she whispered miserably to her image. "You aren't a peach. You're, you're dreadful!"

From that night on, no hyperbole bestowed on Helen of Troy was so ardently sighed for, as Mauyra longed for that one, pregnant, monosyllabic barbarism—peach, to be applied to her, and by Duncan. She felt she must reach the peach standard or somehow Duncan would lose the love he had for her. Her cheeks burned as she thought how blind she had been, parading before his friends in her home-made clothes, and many a tear was shed over the little trousseau she had labored on so lovingly. She made Duncan take her out night after night, somewhat to his dismay, to theatres and cafes, and always she listened for that:

"George, that girl's a peach!" with heart-breaking eagerness. Then the peach would be subjected to minute examination and the result stored away for future reference.

For Mauyra was planning, and the result of her planning led her one day to the house of her next door neighbor, a Mrs. Hazlett. As luck would have it, she went to the one woman out of the whole suburb who gave her the wrong advice, but the girl had chosen her because she conformed most closely to the sum total of her observations. In other words, she was a peach. Any other of the women would have told her she was beautiful as she was, but Mrs. Hazlett saw only the tribute to her own fashionableness.

"Do I know a good hairdresser, my dear?" with much effusion. "I certainly can recommend Marcelle, though I must

say she's frightfully expensive," and so it began.

She took the girl day after day to town where Mauyra spent the money Duncan had been so generous with, but which she had found no use for up to now.

Day after day, unknown to her husband, she went to the competent Marcelle, until at last with infinite struggling she had learned to flatten the gorgeous hair into a wig-like fixture.

Mrs. Hazlett's corsetiere came next to mold the gracious, flowing lines into the rigid demands of style.

Followed Mrs. Hazlett's boot-man to pinch the lovely, springing feet into the latest fad of the hour, and Mrs. Hazlett's modiste to fashion the short-skirted bizarre costume of the day. Last came Mrs. Hazlett's milliner to top the outrage with a toque.

Then, one day, all her preparations complete, Mauyra put on her new clothes and sat down to wait for Duncan. Dinner was ready, the dinner he especially liked, and the long low living room was very homelike in the lamplight, but to the girl everything seemed strange and unreal. She felt as if she were living in a nightmare. Her heart was sick with the horror of the things she had on, sick with the fear that even now she had not won the longed-for epithet.

Suddenly she heard his whistle on the path; his step on the porch; his key in the lock; heard him drop something heavy on the floor. Then he was in the room. She rose unsteadily and stood before him. Her strained eyes saw amazement in his face turn to pain, and pain to horror.



One of the large German guns donated by them to the British War Museum, the said donation being in the form of a capture from the Germans, by the Canadians, in the sector where they have been giving such a good account of themselves during the past few weeks of the fighting.

"Mauyra!" the name was a cry. "Mauyra, what have you done?"

He came towards her, pulled her to him. Then her frozen heart gave way and the tears spilled over from the lovely eyes, spilled and left their track in the "touch of rouge that was so effective."

"Don't you like it, Duncan?" she quavered. "I did it for you."

"Like it! Good God, it's a sacrilege!" he stormed. "Tell me what damn fools taught you this, and I'll wring their necks." Then he saw that he was frightening her. "Quick, Mauyra, dear, take it all off. Wash your face, and put your hair up the old way. Take off those awful things and put these on." He ran out to the hall, bringing back a huge parcel. "It was a surprise, dear. You know it's your birthday. I saw you were getting short on clothes, so I took one of the little white ones to Madame Duphon for measurements. She has made you this to try, and sent some other things with it. Hurry and put them on, dear. Then come back. Pitkin, the big man I told you about, who put me on my feet, is coming out for dinner. If he ever—"

But Mauyra was gone. Still in a dream, she tore off the hateful garments and opened Duncan's box.

In it lay a gown, a triumph of Madame Duphon's art, layer upon layer of filmy white tulle, with tiny pink rosebuds peeping through the mist. That was all, that with a little wreath for her hair, and a pair of childish white slippers to match the frock. But it was Mauyra, Mauyra

of the riotous curls, and the sweet uncarved lips; Mauyra of the lovely flowing lines, and the gracious springing feet.

She only stopped a moment to stare into the mirror with shining eyes. Then she sped down the stairs, but on the way she stopped, arrested by voices. There was Duncan's, and another, a big booming voice that must belong to Pitkin.

Shy, undecided which way to go, she hesitated, and as she wavered the voice boomed.

"It was good of you, Dunc, to ask me out so unexpectedly to-night. I've wanted very much to meet your wife. It isn't a very elegant way of putting it, old fellow, but you know what all the men are saying about her—that she's a peach."

Then came Duncan's voice, tender, hushed.

"I never tell her, Pit, how beautiful she is. I want to keep her unspoiled, as she was in Eden, but that's just what she is, Pit, she's a peach."

Fear, The Hoodoo

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Grace G. Bostwick

Failure, poverty, insanity and indeed most of the ills of the flesh are directly traceable to its course. In fact, since the days of Job when that much-tried individual bewailed "that which I feared has come upon me," has man found his fears justified.

The woman who worries all her days for fear of madness generally ends her life in

the satisfaction of eminent specialists that fear lies at the bottom of most if not all the discords of the human family. Do away with fear and you turn danger into mere adventure. For, generally speaking, it is the man who is afraid that loses his head, and incidentally his life.

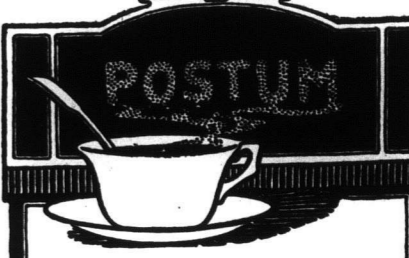
There is no greater protection than fearlessness. It guides a man out of the direst peril in perfect safety. It swings him into avenues of success and well-being more quickly than any other quality. It brings to him respect and love and honor for it is a rare possession and greatly to be desired.

Children are taught the necessity of sanitary precautions conducive to health. Why not teach them the necessity of mental sanitation by the elimination of fear? Why not teach them that there is nothing to fear in all God's beautiful universe but their own wrong thoughts?

The evils of childhood are the direct result of fear. Hatred and untruthfulness and disobedience have very root in that black soil. Displace this destructive force by a constructive quality such as greater faith in the prevalence and power of good and what an awakening would result! It would turn this old world over with the sunshiny side up and sweep the clouds of daily living into oblivion!

Let us pause for a space and ponder this question of fear—the monster which has destroyed a greater number of worthy people than all other evils combined—and which has never yet been glimpsed by human vision. Then let us be valiant! Let us look into the shadows and see the fears which beset us as the falsities which they are in truth. Not positive, but negative, mere nothings, in fact. And let us cultivate the power of faith in good which leads to highways of increased peace and usefulness!

Like measles, whooping cough is highly contagious. It is a widespread and dangerous disease for which familiarity has bred contempt. Any malady that yearly kills ten thousand children in the United States may justly be regarded as most serious. If bubonic plague were to take that number of lives in this country in one year, the whole world would maintain a quarantine against us.



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Try a Tin

Guardian Pro Tem

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Gertrude E. Forth

Of course, you must go," said Madge, with an emphatic nod of her daintily-poised head as her sister re-read the one brief sentence on the ominous slip of yellow paper.

"Aunt Mary very ill. Come at once." "If Jack were not off on that hunting trip," objected Mrs. Masson, "— and the twins with all their sweet lovable ways are such a handful to manage."

"Oh, they're perfect dears and we shall get along beautifully," returned Madge confidently, for already the plump prettiness of the six-year-old twins had completely won her heart.

Mrs. Masson with an immaculate Bobby and Betty, comfortably ensconced in the back cushions of the big car met her at the depot that afternoon, and as she felt the embrace of pink dimpled arms around her neck she mentally voted her little nephew and niece the prettiest, most adorable morsels of humanity in the whole world.

"Why I love them half to death already," she continued as Mrs. Masson still hesitated.

"We're going to have a perfectly splendid time, I brought my brushes and oils along so we can plan delightful little excursions to the woods."

"But the twins need such constant

agricultural ambitions. She only knew that it was "some place" in the country, which to her spelled isolation, isolation from everything that meant life, gay sparkling life. She would never forget the hurt look in his eyes and as his tall form swung slowly down the street she half regretted her wilfulness but pride kept her stubbornly silent; and now she had run away from operas and dances for two whole weeks. It was almost too good to be true.

"Oh, Auntie Madge, look at those nice, white flowers, I want some," piped Bobby from the depths of the back cushions, and as Madge looked across the flower-decked woodland her own beauty-loving soul was charmed by the wealth of bloom that met her gaze, and she was quite as enthusiastic as her young nephew to gather the red and white trilliums that reared their gay heads here and there. Had she after all painted the country in false colors to suit her own selfish ideas?

Almost unconsciously she acted on Bobby's proposal to gather the "nice white flowers," and it was not until the early dusk of evening settled down upon the landscape that they started homeward laden with various trophies of the woods.

"We've had the best time," reflected Betty happily as she compared her huge bunch of trilliums with Bobby's equally generous one.



Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is here seen congratulating the victorious Canadian troops on the Western front, on their splendid work in smashing through the German lines.

supervision," demurred the devoted mother.

"They are to be reared according to a carefully chosen set of hygienic rules which you will find in a grey book on the chiffonier.

"It's sweet of you to undertake the management of everything, Madge," she added, beginning to pack her suitcase.

An hour later she was kissing two rosy faces good-bye, and giving a few parting injunctions to her pretty young sister.

"See that the malted milk is exactly the temperature the book states, and don't let Bobby eat orange pulp, just juice. If they show any symptoms of illness send for the doctor immediately," and with "use the car all you like" and a wave of farewell she was gone.

As Madge steered the big "seven-passenger" down the homeward road she began to think for the first time that perhaps after all she had assumed a tremendous responsibility, but a glance at the two little figures sitting demurely in the back seat promptly dispelled such an idea as preposterous.

Why, they looked perfectly angelic in their white summery suits and they were meekly obedient to her slightest wish.

She was glad at the prospect of two weeks in the quiet, green country. It would give her time to think. Perhaps she had been too hasty in declaring that she would never bury herself alive in some out-of-the-way nook, and that she decidedly preferred to remain in the city and devote her life to art.

It had all ended so abruptly in one foolish quarrel. She had not even inquired the particular location of Harry's

"Please tell us a fairy story," begged the twins when precisely at eight o'clock they were tucked in their little white beds, but before the gallant young prince had rescued the beautiful princess from a horrible fate, two pairs of eyes were closed and two curly heads lay still upon the pillow.

Madge had had no opportunity to consult the grey book, the doctrines of which she was to follow religiously with unquestioning obedience. To her dismay she found that bedtime stories were in high disfavor. It even hinted at their disastrous effect on the nerves in after life.

"So there's blunder number one," said Madge. "I wonder what theory it advances next."

"The pulp of an orange is exceedingly indigestible, children should be given only the juice," she read, accordingly the next morning when two sweet freshly-clad twins sat down to a carefully prepared breakfast they were gently cautioned to take only the juice of their orange, but Bobby, with the perversity of childhood, much preferred the pulp, and his efforts to evade his aunt's pretty brown eyes were fairly successful.

"Let's play Noah's ark," he suggested to Betty, who was always his admiring follower.

Madge consulted her books of directions and learned that the hours between nine and eleven were to be set apart for recreation. So she promptly despatched them to the upstairs playroom to enjoy life as only children can.

"How could Mrs. Stanton misjudge them so in declaring them the most mischievous young imps in the neighborhood!" exclaimed Madge, indignantly.

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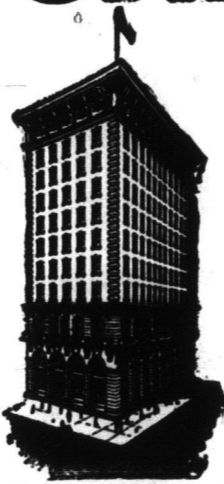
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Sealed Tight—Kept Right

"Why, they're perfect angels. I'm going to cut some flowers for the table now," and taking a basket on her arm she went into the garden. "I must gather some mauve sweet peas for the dining-room, a few of these lovely—" but the sentence was never finished for a smothered wail of distress broke in upon the summer stillness.

"Auntie M-a-d-g-e! Auntie M-a-d-g-e!" floated down from the upper story. What could have happened the dear young innocents?

That childish shriek of terror evidently betokened some dire calamity and filled Madge with a vague fear as she turned hurried footsteps toward the house.

"Auntie Madge come quick! it's a really truly flood." Drip! Drip! Drip! The water lay in soft pools on the drawing-room carpet.

"The best rug in the house," sighed the perplexed young housekeeper as she rushed upstairs and picked her way through the rapidly increasing stream that issued from beneath the bathroom door.

"Open the door at once," she demanded sternly.

"I can't find the key, and the flood's gettin' bigger," was the muffled response.

Madge's quick wits came to her aid. Remembering a long ladder that stood in the garage it was only the work of a moment to drag it to a position beside the window through which her anxious eyes beheld the two young adventurers up to their knees in a "really truly flood."

The gay Noah's ark was floating serenely on the surface of the water but the poor, foolish animals had wandered out one by one to meet a watery grave in the rising tide.

As the twins were being handed down the ladder to safety, Bobby remarked enthusiastically:

"Gee, Aunt Madge, we had a real flood, didn't we?"

Madge decided it was her sacred duty as guardian pro tem of her enterprising young nephew and niece to bring them to a full realization of the magnitude of their offence, accordingly they were compelled to spend the remainder of the day in a big room upstairs which boasted of neither toys nor picture books.

"Say," exclaimed Bobby, disgustedly, "tain't no fun stayin' here."

"I wonder if the elephant and the georaffe and the spotted cow was all drowned," queried Betty, tearfully.

"I wish we'd just 'tended there was a flood, don't you, Bobby?" she added, regretfully; but Bobby was a true sport, and his daring spirit was not daunted in the least by the unexpected turn events had taken.

"Naw," he replied, "only I wish the hippopotamus hadn't gone out and got drowned."

The two sulprits had ample time for reflection as they stood at the window and turned longing eyes toward the orchard so tantalizingly near. But if their young aunt hoped that true, deep repentance would be the fruit of their term in exile she was doomed to disappointment for their little hearts grew rebellious rather than penitent as the long hours dragged by. Bobby found vent to his feelings by giving the locked door a series of vicious kicks thereby leaving several dints on its smooth surface, then assuming a don't-care attitude he strutted around the room as he had seen grown-ups do.

What was that square hard block in his pocket he wondered? What could it be? Oh, yes, now he knew, it was the square of bluing that old Martha had carelessly left on the back porch. He remembered picking it up to color the water for his sad boat. How he wished he had his foot and a tub of water! he and Betty might have a tolerably good time then. But Auntie Madge was so mean not to leave them one thing to play with. Just then a bright idea occurred to him, so startling that he was almost too dumb to tell his fellow prisoner.

"Oh, Betty, let's put a blue boarder all round the window of indigo, broadly and brightly colored."

Betty's eyes were fixed on the blue boarder with admiration. "I was always a hero in my play," she was content to share the glory of the case with Bobby.

Yes, Bobby was a hero in his case. He had a plan. He was going to get some blue boarder and put it all round the window of indigo. Bobby was a hero in his case. He had a plan. He was going to get some blue boarder and put it all round the window of indigo.

at one side of the room while he was operations at the other. The broad board of indigo was nearing its complete end when the door opened admitting Aunt Madge, who seemed cross and not at all appreciative of their efforts at decorative art.

"Perhaps, it's e'cause it's mama's new paper," volunteered Betty.

"But ain't it nice and blue!" said Bobby admiringly.

Mrs. Masson had been absent only two days, but in those forty-eight hours Madge recalled frequently her blithe retort when her sister suggested the responsibility of caring for two six-year-olds. The twins were pretty, a fact when even the most prejudiced would be forced to admit for no one could resist the charm of their blue eyes and fluffy curls. In desperation Madge turned to the grey book in the forlorn hope of finding some provision for emergencies that might arise.

"Plenty of fresh air," caught her eye. "The very thing! I shall take them to the woods to-morrow and they can gather flowers and chase butterflies while I am busy with my sketch book. Here at least they will not attempt to change the color of the landscape, and they will have ample space to dispose of their surplus energy," she thought comfortably.

The next morning the sun looked down in a most friendly manner on the little picnic party that sallied forth to the maple grove half a mile distant. The twins arrayed in spotless white linen were the very embodiment of happy childhood. They had even forgotten the supperless going to bed the day Tiger in an unfortunate moment had broken a piece of fine Dresden china when he was shut up in the parlor. To-day, glorious to-day was theirs, and Auntie Madge had promised a fairy story as they ate the lunch which they now proudly carried between them in a pretty raffin basket.

"Oh, Betty, I hope it's lemon tarts and lady fingers with pink frosting," whispered Bobby, his eyes growing bright with anticipation.

Madge lost no time in finding a suitable place for her easel. On every hand were delightful bits of landscape which her artistic eye did not fail to appreciate.

"Here I can find plenty of material for my nature sketch to exhibit in the

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fall competition," she said to herself hopefully.

Last year she had captured the championship at the Academy and a bright future was predicted for her in the field of art, but somehow the effervescent enthusiasm that had placed her in the foremost ranks seemed lacking now, and this she knew was fatal to the result she hoped to attain, however, she resolutely began to put on canvas the rolling plain, the group of poplars, the shining lake, and the mild-eyed cattle grazing along the shore.

"At twenty-three to feel one's zest in life ebbing away is indeed a serious condition," she reflected.

"Madge Drayton, you should be ashamed of yourself," was her verdict as she sat in self condemnation. "Here you are with all your senses and not an ache or pain."

She was using light swift strokes now, and the poplars had grown until they lifted dainty branches against an azure sky. The peaceful cows were still lacking to complete the rural picture when two hungry little voices reminded her of the lunch basket and their own keen appetites. When the last lemon tart had gone the way of all its predecessors and the "giant story" had been brought to a satisfactory termination, Madge sat down in the shade of a spreading maple with a "just out" book which she had tucked in her suitcase before leaving the city. Press commentators were lavish in their praise of it and her friends raved about it as the author's most popular work, but in vain she tried to concentrate her attention upon the exploits of the hero. This fair June afternoon reminded her of another day in early summer only a year ago when a tall form walked out of the house and down the street without a word of farewell. She had hoped he would come back. She wanted him to come back to tell her that for her sake he would give up his mad infatuation for farming and that he would remain behind a desk in town in order that she might continue to enjoy the luxuries the city afforded. But he had left coldly aloof, he had not even written, and doubtless by now he had forgotten her very existence.

The soft June sunshine peeping through the branches saw her eyelids close and the book fall unheeded to the ground. For certain reasons of their own rather than because of ethical principles the twins jointly agreed that it would be decidedly wrong to awaken Auntie Madge. Some subtle fascination drew them to the easel where the silvery poplars shivered in the breeze and the grassy upland needed only the peaceful kine to bring it to completion. Bobby's young soul was filled with an irresistible longing to get hold of those interesting-looking tubes, to squeeze them and watch the paint ooze out in its own wonderful way. He had never been told not to touch them so he concluded there would be no harm in doing so, and perhaps Aunt Madge would be glad to find the picture finished when she awoke. He seized the palette and in an incredibly short time cows of every color and dimension were wending their tortuous way across the canvas, the last purple creature was just reclining stilly on the lake shore when the sleeper awoke. Bobby's white linen suit also bore evidences of a very intimate acquaintance with every color in the paint box, and it was unanimously decided to bring the party to an abrupt close.

That night Madge wrote to her sister telling her that the twins were remarkably well and happy and that they displayed such marvellous originality she expected great things of them some day. She did not mention, however, just what form that originality had taken. For two days they had been phenomenally good. Bobby had only climbed the forbidden apple tree twice and Betty assured Aunt Madge of her undying affection a dozen times a day, but in this period of comparative peace the fly appeared in the apartment.

"Let's go over and see Mr. Gray Man," proposed Bobby, and Betty needed no further urging. The next moment they were skipping across the daisy-dotted meadow toward the great stone house that stood in stately grandeur against a background of sedge pines. Mr. Gray Man had taken a particular fancy to the twins, and he often took them riding in his car for their private delight. His beams and the pines were objects of never-ending interest to Bobby and Betty.

They were now standing with expectant faces

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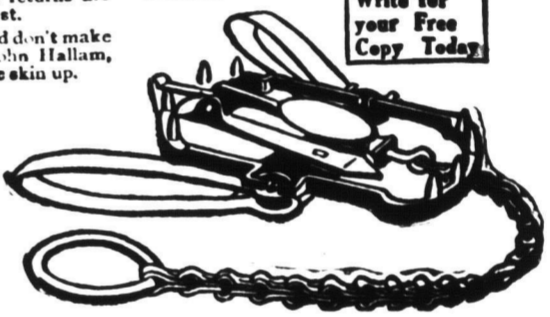
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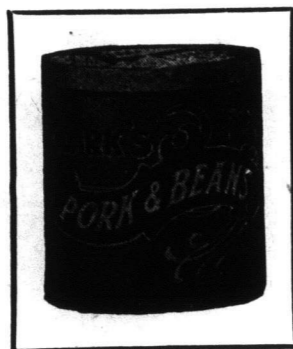
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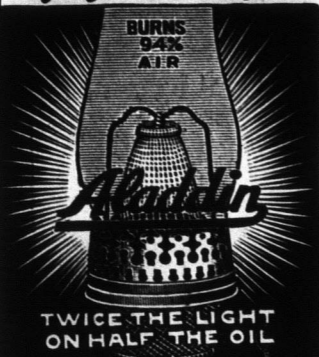
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they rang the bell, but their repeated rings met with no response.

"Come out into the garden, Betty, Mr. Gray Man always gives us flowers and he wouldn't mind if we took a few. Come on," he coaxed as Betty hesitated.

It was almost dusk when two tired, happy children trudged their homeward way carrying an armful of June roses.

"Bobby Masson, I'm positively ashamed of you," Madge scolded, when she heard the explanation.

The next morning two subdued little culprits bearing the evidence of their guilt in their arms and also a brief, business-like note expressing regret for the act committed and a promise that it should not occur again, started for Mr. Gray Man's. An hour later they returned laden with the choicest flowers of the wonderful garden.

"I just knew Mr. Gray Man wouldn't care a bit," declared Bobby triumphantly. "He's the nicest, bestest man in the whole world, isn't he, Betty?"

"Auntie Madge, are you going home to-morrow?" queried the twins almost tearfully, for Madge had announced her intention of returning to the city on the two-thirty train providing their mother arrived earlier in the day.

"Yes, dear," replied Madge, regretfully, "but we're going to have a nice, long car ride this evening." Madge was beginning to revel in the green freshness of the country, the broad fields and the blue sky, the sense of freedom too ap-

pealed to her. To-morrow she would be hemmed in by brick walls.

"I wonder," she began half aloud as she put the car on low gear, but her soliloquy was destined to remain unfinished for with a deafening report the back tire went down.

"Well," said Madge, optimistically, "perhaps we can call on someone who lives in this house to come to our rescue."

"Why, this is where Mr. Gray Man lives," cried Betty, clapping her hands gleefully.

"And there's Mr. Gray Man coming down the walk now, and he looks just as nice as ever," added Bobby joyfully.

The twins ran eagerly to meet him.

"Gee! Mr. Gray Man, it was a real blow-out and Auntie Madge is tryin' to fix it up."

"Auntie Madge!" repeated their companion slowly, giving a hand to each. He was walking with long rapid strides now for the slender figure kneeling by the battered tire looked strangely familiar.

"Could it be?" he wondered.

Madge was so intent on making a thorough examination of the gaping rent that she was unaware of his approach until Bobby announced proudly, "This is our Mr. Gray Man, Auntie Madge."

"Oh! If I had only known," he murmured, taking both her slim, white hands in his own brown ones. "Two whole weeks wasted! I fancied Bobby's aunt was a very austere maiden of fifty or thereabouts and instead I have found you."

"Oh! Madge, it was cruel not to let me know."

Madge made no reply. He looked browner and handsomer than ever standing there in the dusky twilight. She had often rehearsed their first meeting to be in readiness for the occasion when it should arise, but now it was in vain that she tried to recall those formally polite phrases, instead she found herself contentedly listening to his deep-rich voice as he told her of his wonderful plans for the future.

"Why Auntie Madge is cryin'," observed Bobby in an awed whisper.

"Yes, but she's laughin', too," said Betty, "and Mr. Gray Man looks most awful happy. I just heard him askin' her to come to the garden and help him 'range the 'lyssum border.'"

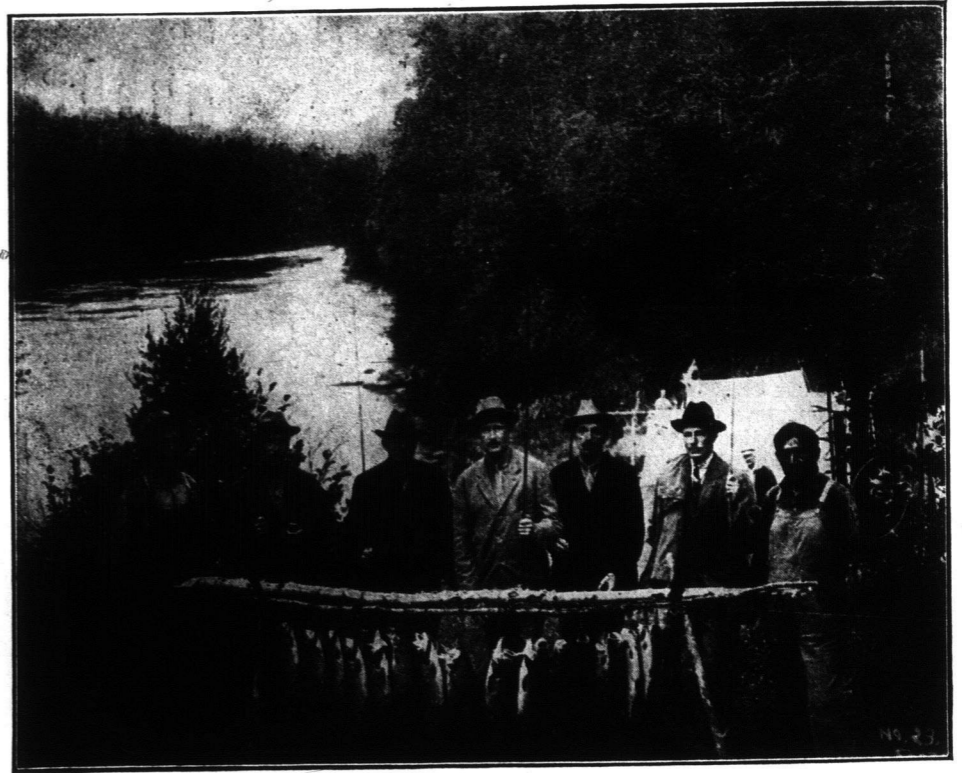
"Let's go and see Polly parrot," suggested Bobby, leading the way to the wide verandah where a very sociable Polly flaunted her gay plumage and chatted senselessly to anyone who chanced to pass.

"Say, Auntie Madge, do you like Mr. Gray Man, too?" queried Bobby as he tumbled off into dreamland that night.

And Auntie Madge's only answer was a soft kiss on his round, rosy cheek.

Bread, the Staff of Life

Whoever first said that "bread is the staff of life" did not have in mind the white bread to which man has become accustomed the last twenty-five or more years, but had in mind the real bread, that which was made from the whole grain



Prince Arthur of Connaught and party, with their catch, at Robinson Pool, Nipigon, C.N.R.

flour, such as whole wheat, whole rye, whole corn.

More than likely, he who wrote it had in mind the tasty and nourishing corn breads made from the whole corn, because there is no better bread to be made than this.

At the present time, necessity demands that we should give up the use of wheat for breads, and that we should use substitutes, the best of which we have in corn. It is a great pity that mankind generally is not aware of the fact that the neglected corn is far richer in the nutritive elements than wheat, that it contains a greater amount of nitrates, and a greater amount of fat than wheat flour does.

When we mention wheat flour, we have in mind the whole wheat flour and not the denatured white flour which is totally deficient in food value and is, without doubt, the cause of the rapid increase of consumption, anaemia, cancer and other fearful diseases, because while these white flour products satisfy the appetite and fill the stomach, they fail to feed the system.

Stern necessity demand that we use substitutes in place of wheat, but even if this necessity did not exist, if there were no war to win, it would still be of the greatest importance to mankind generally to use corn, barley, rice and other products in place of the wheat flours formerly so extensively used, and if the American people learn to do this, they will thereby save more lives within a decade than will have been killed during the entire war. This is saying much, but it is a great truth.

Socks for Soldiers

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Milo Milton

YOU know the kind:— Gray, tired little women with troubled eyes; those who speak softly and endure mutely, who strive and work and travail without ever a word of complaint.

It was Mrs. Steinburg's good fortune to be like that and yet—different. The difference was not at first noticeable because it lay deeply concealed under the surface of her prosaic self. It was like a dormant earthquake, and if she was conscious of it, no one, not even Mr. Steinburg, was aware.

If a person you know very well suddenly develops abnormal characteristics, it is altogether surprising, isn't it? The shock breaks through the dead wall of unvarying routine and upsets everything. The night grandma shot the poor burglar—an incident that really occurred in our own family—we all felt very much like Mr. Steinburg did when his quiet, unassuming, reticent wife announced calmly that she purposed becoming a member of the Red Cross Society, and would straightway begin knitting socks for soldiers. If Mrs. Steinburg had poured gasoline over the polished floor of the kitchenette and then touched a match to it, the result would not have been more startling. Mr. Steinburg sat up. He adjusted his spectacles. He rose trembling to his feet.

"Gott in Himmel!" he exclaimed. "Are you mad?"

To all appearance she was. Her eyes snapped with unusual fire, and she returned his gaze without even flinching. Something which Mr. Steinburg had never seen there before, was depicted in that cool, steady look. Open rebellion it was, and a challenge in every flick of her long, brown eyelashes. That identical moment the automaton had ceased to be, and in its place stood a creature of flesh and blood, a woman—wilful, determined and resolute. Mr. Steinburg gasped. Then he rubbed his eyes and stared again. He continued staring for a brief space, vainly endeavoring to adjust and regulate his befuddled brain.

"I said," repeated Mrs. Steinburg quietly, "that I intend to join the Red Cross and knit socks for soldiers."

She spoke with an air of assurance. Craven fear and abject submission had flown to the winds. Her attitude and determination were not to be questioned.

It is well to state right here that Mr. Steinburg was accustomed to obedience. It had been his practice and the policy of his race to rule with an iron hand. In his own home he was lord and master. For better or worse, he made the laws that governed his wife and family.

"Knit socks for soldiers!" he almost shouted. "You haf a mistake made mein good woman. It must not be. I forbid it."

Thus had he settled the matter. He had placed his seal of disapproval upon the proposal and left the room, confident that his verdict would be accepted.

Yet, strangely enough, in the garden, where he made his way a few minutes later, he was overcome by sudden disquiet. His wife's new mood was a glaring contrast to her previous conduct. Her meekness and her blind submission to his right of authority had been a commendable and accepted phase of their domestic arrangement. During all of the twenty years of their married life, never once had he occasion to doubt her loyalty. She had been a good and sensible woman, depending upon him, obeying him in all things, gratifying his slightest whim. Very seldom, indeed, had it become necessary to punish or reprove her for failing to carry out exactly and expeditiously the dictates of his fancy. The fact that she was not a person of his own nationality, had never troubled him. A poor working girl when they had first met, since their marriage by careful teaching, assiduous training and the exercise of that inalienable right of every husband to rule in his own household, she had come gradually to accept his own views, beliefs and aspirations.

He had taken especial pains to acquaint her with conditions existing in his own country. He had inspired in her a respect for this land she had never seen. By constant repetition and reiteration he had induced her to understand something of the German mind, the German aim, and the glorious heritage of the German

people. At the beginning of the war he had been careful to point out to her the underlying causes which had provoked such a conflict, and the necessity of conquest in order to spread the doctrines of a race, which, like the crusaders of old, had come to reform an unbelieving and unenlightened world.

Often he had told her of his relative in the fatherland, of his brother, the brave, dashing captain of Hussars; and of his uncle, the famed General Von Girtling, who had distinguished himself in a previous war with the French.

After a time his mind reverted to more important matters. Sitting there in the shadow of a friendly maple, whose silhouette ran out to meet the fringe of velvety lawn, he dismissed his wife completely from his thoughts and took up again the weighty problems of his profession, that of assisting the fatherland. For, despite a residence of thirty years in Canada, he still adhered to the principle that "might is right" and that "once a German always a German." Believing thus, he had certain well defined duties: to perform, duties that ran a

complete circle of intrigue, incendiarism and conspiracy. Without doubt, he was an indispensable link in the chain which some day would bind the nations of the earth.

He took great pride in the fact that he had, in a small measure, contributed to the successes already achieved. He had worked silently and well; given of his time and his purse; and risked everything, sometimes even life itself, in an effort to further the cause of kultur and world progress.

For these things he had neither asked nor expected any special favors or commendation. What he had accomplished was donated without thought of reward; but it is a strange truth that he who strives without hope of recompense is among the first to receive it. At least, his experience had proven this inexplicable rule. Honors had been heaped upon him, and unexpected wealth and trust of men in high places. Long ago he had ceased to do the self-imposed tasks. From an amateur in espionage, he had risen gradually to a position of influence and authority. Many times had he accepted and fulfilled important missions that had required the exercise of all his faculties. On numerous occasions

he had faced obstacles as grim and unyielding as the gray mountain ranges that overlooked the Pacific.

Even now he was engaged on such an undertaking. Who could guess that the solemn, blue-eyed, blinking man of fifty, who sat in the shade of his own garden, stoically smoking an old clay pipe, was other than what he seemed—a thrifty working man enjoying the fruits of his own toil? So far as appearances went, he was innocent of all wrongdoing. Not even, a few moments later, when another person appeared, paused and leaned lazily against the fence paling, apparently to avail himself of the opportunity to engage in commonplace conversation with the garden's inmate, was there anything to arouse suspicion. Outwardly, the two men were laborers and nothing more. In speech and dress they bore, it is true, a certain resemblance, but who, by any possible stretch of the imagination, could associate the two, and the type they represented, with the crafty, diabolical and oftentimes clever machinations and manipulations of the German paid agents.

For a short while they conversed, then, motioning the other to follow, Steinburg re-entered the house. They proceeded directly to the living room, a spacious,



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BANNATYNE AVENUE
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airy apartment, where, with a sharp, incisive voice, altogether different from the tone employed when previously conversing outside, Steinburg bade his guest be seated. He himself stood, his face puckered in thought. Suddenly, without a word of explanation or apology, he turned and strode into the adjoining room, returning soon after with a bundle of papers and a letter file. He deposited these carefully on a little table and was in the act of sitting down when his gaze became attracted by the three windows overlooking the garden and the street. Neatly patterned lace curtains swelled inward, permitting a light breeze to flood the compartment. With a significant gesture, Steinburg straightened up again and went over and began fumbling with the sash.

"A little heat won't hurt us, my friend," he observed, speaking in German.

Afterward, the interview began. With the exception of an occasional exclamation, it was carried on in tense undertones. Steinburg did most of the talking, from time to time, pausing long enough to refer to the letter file or the papers in front of him. For two hours the conspirators sat, so deeply absorbed with the business in hand that neither heard the low creaking of a rocking chair in the room adjacent or the busy click clack of delicate steel needles in the hands of a contented but determined little woman. In fact, Mrs. Steinburg's near proximity was not observed until twenty minutes later when the visitor rose to depart. Catching sight of her through the open

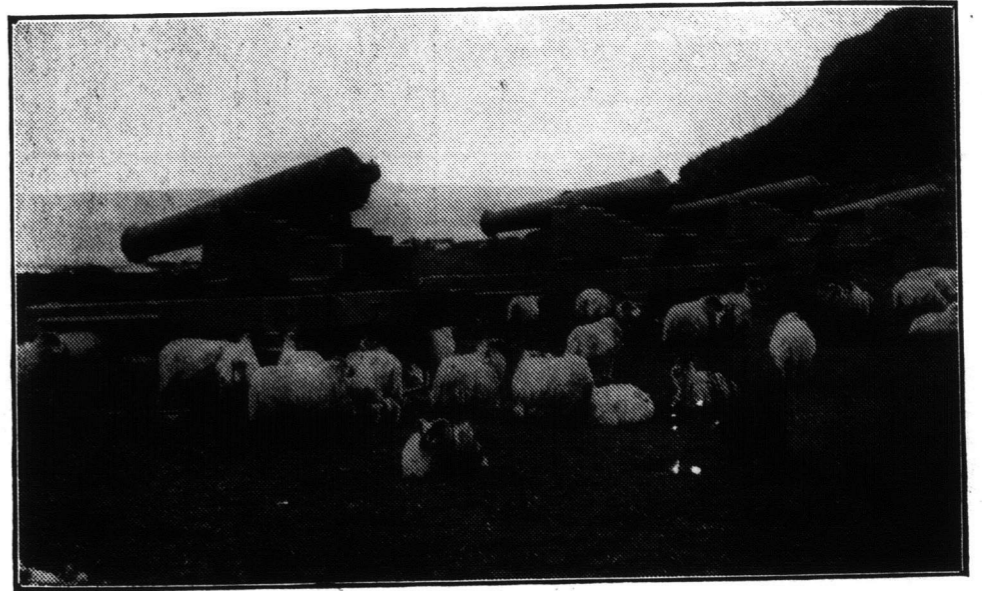
That evening he ate his supper in a little restaurant off Hastings Street. It had been his intention to return home, but somehow he dreaded to meet his wife face to face, even though he knew that in punishing her he had acted solely in the interests of what he considered to be right. If it became necessary, he would do the same again. His purpose, like the great beacon light of military Prussia, must never grow dim, must never fail or falter. He and all his kind were subservient to the requirements of the Fatherland. What mattered the outraged feelings of a woman? If it came to that, what was life itself compared to the ideal for which they strove—a new Germany dominating the world.

Shadows fell across the street, then gray twilight and the calm of descending night. Traffic had settled to low ebb, while thousands of shimmering lights gleamed from store fronts and electric signs or blazed forth in a straight and dazzling path along the curb. For an hour he sat, then moved by a vague impulse, he got up and crossed the room to a telephone booth.

"I'm coming home in half an hour," he informed his wife.

She made no comment. There came no answering voice; only the dull throbbing of the instrument. He hung up the receiver with a savage impatience that boded ill to the unfortunate Mrs. Steinburg.

"I'll break your splendid spirit, mein goot woman," he consoled himself as he proceeded homeward



The cannons shown in this illustration are not of the 1918 type, but are captures of the Crimean War. The scene is at St. Andrews, Scotland, famous for its golf links and University.

doorway, he nodded pleasantly and passed out into the hall. There was the low thud of receding footsteps on the walk outside and then ominous and oppressing silence.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Steinburg, blinking furiously. "What? Haf you soon already begin this accursed business of the Red Cross?"

"I have not joined the society yet," said Mrs. Steinburg calmly. "but I was over to Mrs. Tulle's a while ago and I got some Red Cross yarn, and, and—Well, you see I've begun knitting," she finished almost brusquely.

"For soldiers?" he inquired threateningly.

She nodded. German atrocities did not begin nor end in Belgium. With a snarl, he swept the precious skein from her lap. In a rage, his other arm flashed forward in a half circle and his open hand struck with brutal force upon the smooth, pale cheek.

The incident was closed. At least, that was the opinion of Mr. Steinburg, who immediately slipped into his coat and was hurrying off to keep an appointment with a subordinate, who lived in another part of the city. As his feet turned from the gravel path leading to the street, he produced a soiled blue handkerchief and feverishly mopped his flushed and angry face. His act had been warranted, he thought, and it pleased him to believe that the vexing question had been settled for all time. Circumstances, he argued, had forced him to mete out just punishment for his wife's wrongdoing. She had been guilty of a grave offense. It should not be said that a dependant of his had been guilty of disloyalty to the Kaiser and the cause which he himself so ably upheld.

He had gone only three blocks when some one touched his arm. Instinctively he jerked away, a sudden fear in his heart.

"It's me—Theda," was the breathless announcement. "Come quick! It is important what I tell you."

Together they hurried forward a few hundred yards, finally turning aside into the shadow of a deserted arcade.

"Listen!" breathed Theda in German. "Somebody has told! Every shipyard in the city is strongly picketed. Eisenman and Umbach are both under arrest. All our plans are in the hands of the police and the military authorities. An hour ago your house was searched and a policeman and plain clothes men are there now waiting for you to return."

In the dark, Steinburg's eyes blinked like a cat's.

"Who?" he gasped. "Who—"
"We don't know for sure yet," replied Theda sourly, "but one of our informers who lives across the street from your house, said that just at sundown he saw your wife go out and nail the Union Jack up over the door."

Sir Edward Elgar's "The Spirit of England" was performed for the first time in its complete form by the Royal Choral Society, London, at its first concert of the season. It is in three parts. "The Fourth of August," "To Women," and "For the Fallen," the text is three poems by Laurence Binyon. Ernest Newman, speaking of the work says that Elgar has expressed the enduring emotions of the war better than anyone else has done or can hope to do either in music or in poetry, it awaits an American production.

The Other Man's Town

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

BECAUSE he was first in a fight, ahead in all the school sports and champion speller, he was called Cock-o'-the-walk Percy. They said of him that he was born to lead, and careers were mapped out for him in all spheres where the calcium burned brightest. Percy was a specialist in vim. The quiet, methodical, plodding school mouse was to him the apotheosis of decay. For the benefit of such as they Percy had some stunts in mental and physical development to be marvelled at. One of these was Thomas Cumford and he strove to emulate Percival Laurance not in the slightest degree.

Not that Thomas was nowhere in sports or study. He was, in fact, the equal of Percy, but what he accomplished was done quietly, and while nobody said he was born to lead, it was conceded that he was a pretty smart fellow. He would probably be a college professor or a writer of some sort.

Most of Percy's schoolmates knew several years later that he was mayor of the progressive town of Maybridge but few of them knew tht Thomas was mayor of the classic town of Stonecope.

Percy dropped off at Stonecope one day on his way home from a convention. He wished to congratulate his old school-fellow on his achievement. He could scarcely believe it, but then it was a dead town, which probably would have elected the undertaker if Thomas had not been around looking for a job!

It seemed he made a mistake by starting to boast about the advances Maybridge was making in the industrial world and then to comment upon Stonecope thus:

"Yours is one of those beautiful towns that stand out like a new monument in a cemetery. It may be that we pay more attention to keeping alive in Maybridge but the fact is we are miles ahead of Stonecope in business activity and general up-to-dateness. You have lovely buildings, clean streets and all that but there is a hush to the place that suggests something solemn—as if business had knocked off for the day to go to a funeral."

"We do things quietly, to be sure," replied Cumford, smiling, "but there's no mistaking the fact that we do them. The difference between Stonecope and Maybridge, if you will have a comparison, is the way in which the early bird goes after the worm. It is all in the kind of bird. One, so eager and ravenous takes no time to wash its face. Stonecope prefers to take its bath before breakfast. In many respects Stonecope is more up-to-date than Maybridge."

"Nonsense!" repudiated Percival Laurance. "The very air of Maybridge is vibrant with the urge of the alert. Why, you haven't even a street car line here!"

"We haven't considered it necessary. We have a perfect telephone system and a central quick delivery service. No store employs its own delivery wagon. The Central Transportation Co., with fast motor trucks and cyclecars have specified routes and call at all the business houses for parcels. Then we have a five-cent jitney service which is much quieter than street cars. Many people have saved car fare so long that they now own their own automobiles. We have a statute against noise. That may be considered contrary to progress but we don't think so. We have no loud industries and no black smoke. I understand Maybridge gets its sustenance from the smelters close by?"

"Oh, yes. It is mining that has put Maybridge on the map," replied Percival, loftily.

"And of course that means the sulphur smoke nuisance," said Thomas, quietly. "It is too bad you have not succeeded in legislating down that drawback. I don't see how you can possibly grow anything."

"We do grow things. That is one of the ways in which Maybridge is marvelous—the things we do against great odds. The sulphur nuisance has been somewhat minimized and we are going in for parks and street beautification."

"That is fine. I'd like to see Maybridge, now, and again in a year from now to measure your advancement. You know, you are telling me about a wonderful town and it really may not have progressed at all—just grow'd up, like Topsy, with the usual amount of turveyism that looks like progress."

"Come to Maybridge, by all means," invited Laurance. "And if you can find any lack of up-to-dateness, I'll donate to your town anything that will start a new movement for progress."

"Well, now, that's a nice offer," said Thomas, with a pleasant laugh. "But, I do not see that we need any new move-

ment in that line. Tell you what we do need, though. We should have a sixty-foot flag pole and a twenty-foot flag in Victory Park. We are planning a big celebration for the great allied victory that is coming."

"Not a bad idea. I'll donate the flag, the pole and all the trappings if you can show me wherein Maybridge is not a real, live, up-to-date town."

"I accept," said Thomas, offering his hand.

"Let me know the day, Tom, and I'll give you a royal time," said Laurance.

"No, thank you. I'll go unannounced and as an ordinary visitor. I want that flag and pole!" smiled Tom.

Maybridge lies one hundred miles almost due north of Stonecope. It was a cold day in early spring when Thomas

Cumford arrived. His train was twenty-minutes late arriving and Tom considered this a good omen. Of course it was no fault of Maybridge that the train was not up to date but there was something for which Maybridge was to blame. The train bulletin board was marked "On time!" Tom stood glaring at it while hotel porters buzzed around him. The board was dated "19th," while it was actually the twentieth!

"One of the little things our friend the mayor overlooks when he thinks of progress in large terms," he said, half-aloud.

"Beg pardon, sir?" intruded the raucous voice of one of the porters. "Hotel Maybridge—autobus around the corner, sir."

Seated in the bus he made a note in



Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Amberola — Only

\$100

After Trial!

Yes, we will send the New Edison Amberola, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records, on free trial without a penny down. On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison Amberola, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. Seize this opportunity! Send coupon now for catalog.

Edison's Favorite Invention

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last his efforts have been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. Read our great offer.

Get the New Edison Amberola in Your Home on FREE TRIAL!

Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits, with your favorite, old-time melodies—with everything from grand opera to comic vaudeville. Roar with laughter at the side-splitting minstrel shows. Then after trial, send it back if you choose.

month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for \$1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon now for full particulars of this great offer

Rock-Bottom Offer Direct!

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only \$1. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a \$1 payment and a few dollars a

New Edison Catalog FREE!

Your name and address on a postal or letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—while this offer lasts. Write NOW!

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors, Dept. 108 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. UNITED STATES OFFICE: Edison Bock, Chicago, Ill.

To F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 108
355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

Name.....

Address.....

his "progress book" about the bulletin board and before putting it away inserted another paragraph:

"Advertisement in hotel bus announcing the coming of the play, 'Smith's Uncle' on May 4th."

The Maybridge Hotel was of city proportions, five stories high with a three-storey electric sign on the roof. A street car was standing opposite the main entrance and the motorman pounded the gong savagely:

"Why does he ring the gong so much?" Tom asked the hotel clerk.

"Oh, that's the suburban car—leaves every half hour. He's just calling attention to the fact that it's about ready to start."

"Then, it's sometimes late starting?" asked Thomas.

"No, er—why?" inquired the clerk.

"Why, if people know it leaves every half hour and left on time there would be no need of the extra announcement."

"That's right," agreed the clerk, who was much amused at the idea. Tom produced his note book and made another entry, "No discipline in street car handling." Before putting it back in his pocket he made another insertion, "Card in hotel window morning of May 20th,

announces concert to be held in Spooner hall on May 19th, in aid of Red Cross."

After breakfast he walked along the main streets. In one store window was a pile of empty cigarette cartons that had been built up like a house of cards. They were weather-stained and fly-specked and among them was a poster advertising the coming of the play "Out There" on March 17th! Across the street a bill board called attention to a circus that was due last summer and a play that had come and gone weeks before. In another store window was a display of snow shovels, suggesting scant respect for the vernal equinox in that quarter.

He boarded the suburban car and studied the ads. displayed on the panels. One house was impressing the necessity for heavy overcoats, another, the need of storm doors and windows. The car itself was dirty and ill-ventilated. A young man came in and lounged on one seat and planted his boots on the seat opposite. Tom instinctively examined the seat he occupied to see if any mud stains were there and discovered that he had sat on a spot of grease.

"Does this car," he asked the conductor, "meet another car coming back?"

"Yes, at the half-way," droned the conductor.

"Then, I'll get out there." The conductor followed his glance to the spot of grease and went confusedly away to collect the fare of the straddling youth, who by this time had lighted a cigarette.

Looking out the window Tom observed that there was at least an excellent automobile road, but on a telegraph pole a short distance away was a sign, "Closed For Through Traffic."

Now, what could that mean? Traffic was running right by, regardless of any detaining sign. He asked the conductor.

"Oh, that! That's a sign they forgot to take down—they were repairing this road last summer!"

At the "half-way" he noted that the car in the siding backed out when the other passed and jotted down in his book the necessity for a through siding as a mark of progress.

Before entering his hotel he began reading a news bulletin in front of a news stand before he noticed the date—May 18th.

In the evening he went to the theatre. The curtain caught his eye, not because of its exquisite art but the reverse, and especially because of a string of blotches

all the way down the centre, as if someone had thrown a pot of brown paint high up and the curtain had received the descending splash.

The picture, which was an illustration of a rock-bound coast with a castle imposing its dungeon head where the sea assailed its walls, and where sailboats ran dangerously close, was ringed about with local ads. One of them read:

"The songs sang in this theatre may be purchased at O'Doran's." Tom asked his neighbor where O'Doran's might be.

"Used to be opposite the theatre," was the reply, "but they ain't been here for near a year now."

"And that stain on the curtain—how long has it been there?"

"Two years, at least. I ain't been here more'n that!"

This led to an inquiry about several other ads, which adduced the information that more than half of the firms represented had not been doing business for a year.

Leaving the theatre, Tom glanced upward to see what the big electric sign displayed, and found that what it emphasized most was total darkness. He asked the hotel clerk why.

"War time saving," he was told. He had a good room in the hotel and was generally pleased with the service. If there was one thing in which Stonecope was deficient it was in the management of its hotels. Here was one equal to any of the big hostleries.

There were magnificent store buildings in certain blocks and the town had the air of prosperity common to large cities. But the little details condemned it. The show Tom had seen the previous night was still advertised as "coming" up to noon next day.

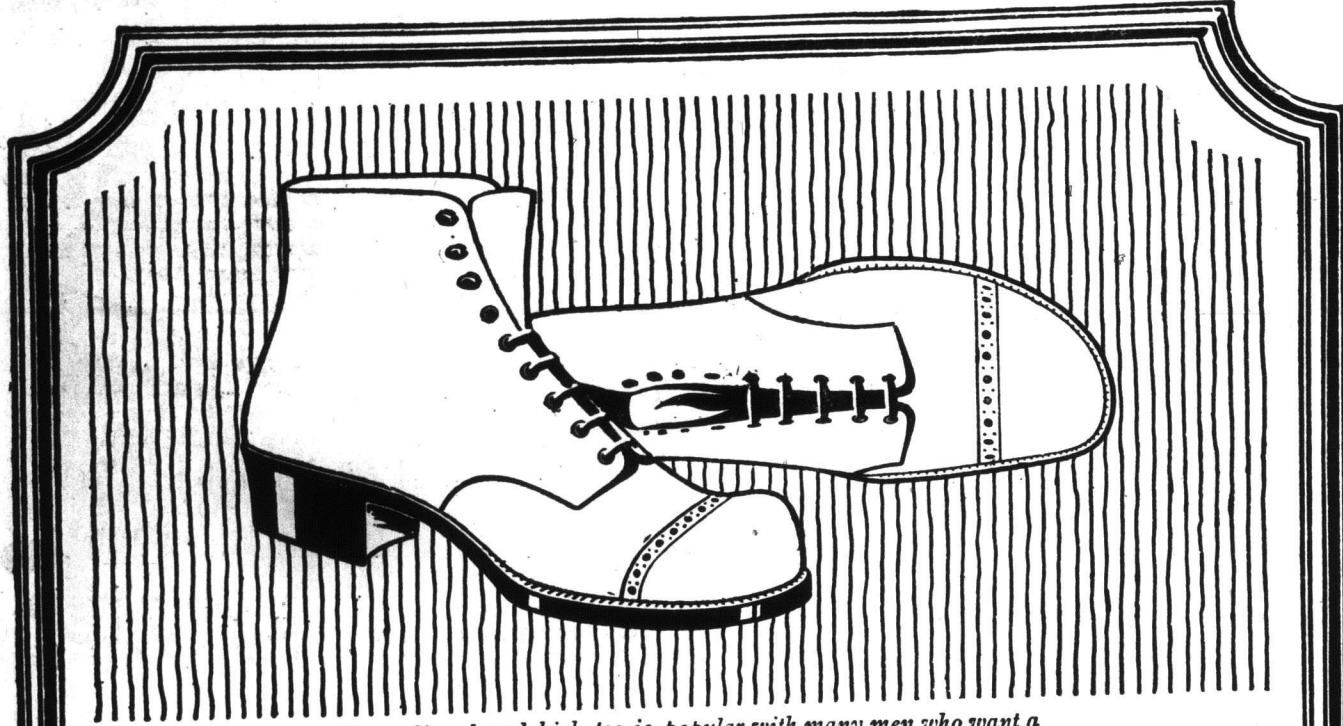
"Altogether," he told Mayor Percival Laurance, who was greatly surprised to see him. "You have a miniature Pittsburg here but you owe me the patriotic emblem just the same." Bit by bit he unfolded the proof and was taken around in Laurance's car to verify most of it. Not a thing had been changed except the station bulletin board. There was something he had not previously seen, though. It was a pile of packing cases and boxes on the curb alongside a clothing store in the "Mawriss-Perlmutter" section.

"Here's one who has removed all the signs of trade," countered Tom, pointing to a recently vacated store. "But look at the name still on the window."

"Oh, come now," expostulated the mayor of Maybridge. "Isn't that carrying it too far? When a man moves out he isn't supposed to remove all trace of his business, is he?"

"In Stonecope, yes," replied Tom. "When a business man moves he must remove all traces of his occupancy before he locks the door, in other words he mustn't forget the cat. We have a by-law that no name or advertisement liable to mislead shall be displayed. If it is necessary for the town to remove such signs or advertising matter, the actual cost will be charged to the one responsible, plus a special tax of from one dollar to one hundred dollars according to the gravity of the offense. For instance, Jones & Co. move from A Street to B Street. If the A Street store bears the name, 'Jones & Co.' twenty-four hours after that firm has moved, the Town Commissioner has the sign removed and the firm are taxed a dollar besides the cost of removal. Suppose within a year they move again and repeat the offence, the fine is five dollars. Moreover, if this firm displays an ad. announcing a concert eight hours after the event, the ad. is removed for them and the fine is five dollars, considered as a second offence. If this occurs after the second offence regarding the failure to remove the name plate, the fine is ten dollars, and so on until the hundred dollars is reached. After that they are forbidden to do business in Stonecope. Needless to say, the maximum has never been reached. These offences rarely happen the second time, in fact, and so Stonecope keeps eternally up to date."

And the mayor of Maybridge was forced to admit that the tip was worth more to him than the cost of a new flag and flag-pole for Stonecope.



The medium broad high toe is popular with many men who want a roomy wide-fitting shoe. Blucher: black or brown leathers, \$6 to \$10

The High Cost of Whims

THE United States Government has found it necessary to issue strict orders regulating the styles of shoes. Why? Because the high cost of fads imposes a burden all along the line—upon manufacturer, dealer and consumer, and upon the Government itself.

Such action may be avoided in Canada, if you—the consumer—will co-operate with the manufacturer in reducing the demand for extravagant styles—if you will buy prudently, for service rather than for effect.

To do this will be a direct benefit to you. You will get better and longer service, more comfort, and your shoes will be quite as neat and attractive. You will need fewer pairs of shoes in the course of a year.

More than that: you will help to cut down needless extravagance, to reduce superfluous stocks on the dealers' shelves, to keep prices down, and to release essential supplies of leather for our forces overseas.

A.H.M. War-Time Selections offer Special Service Value for Men, Women and Children. Ask your dealer for them.

AMES HOLDEN McCREADY LIMITED

"Shoemakers to the Nation"

ST. JOHN MONTREAL TORONTO

WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER

When you buy Shoes look for—



—this Trade-mark on every sole

A Man that was "Sot"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Gordon Redmond

BOARDING the local express, I dropped into a seat alongside an old gentleman of countrified appearance, and we drifted into conversation. After a few preliminary commonplaces, he went rambling off into the following curious yarn:

The remarkablest thing I ever see was a thing that happened over to Abe Wilson's, here a while back. It all come of old Abe being so pig-headed, and I don't know as "happen" is the right word, seeing as how old Abe pulled the thing off himself; but it was like this:

Abe had been wanting a gasoline engine for a long while, to run the feed chopper, and gather the eggs, and do odd chores around the place; and one of these fresh young traveller fellows heard of it and come scooting out to Abe's place one day in an automobile, to sell Abe, as he called it, although what he wanted to talk that way for I don't know, because what he really wanted to sell was a gasoline engine, and not Abe at all.

I always did admire to hear a smooth talker, but this fellow laid miles away over anything I ever heard in that line. You'd think, to hear him talk, that he'd been born among engines and brung up on gasoline. He knowed them back and front, inside out and upside down. Seemed there wasn't a thing about gasoline engines that he didn't know.

Abe says to himself, here is a man that knows his business. This kind of thing ought to be encouraged.

So he signed up for an engine, paying part cash and giving notes for the rest. The engine come, in due course, and give good satisfaction. Once in a while things would go wrong, but it was always something that Abe could fix by looking it up in the directions.

One day, however, she quit cold, and do his darndest, Abe couldn't fix her. And what was more, he called in all the wiseheads in the district that thought they knowed all about gasoline engines, her together again without a map.

Everybody had a different theory. Some said it must be her bronchial toobes that was plugged up, and they opened her up there, and left her open; and some said her circulation must be poor, and they took her apart in other places, and left her apart; and they carried on like that till that poor old critter was all tore to bits and scattered so that the oldest man in the world couldn't put her together again without a map.

Abe was in a fix, for the busy season was coming on, and pretty soon he wouldn't have no time for fooling around with gasoline engines; and his supply of chop was getting low besides.

But one day as he was working over the remains with a monkey wrench, and not doing much only tearing a chunk of skin off his knuckles once in a while, and gradually getting madder and madder, till he was like to explode, who should come waltzing along but this fresh young traveller fellow, out collecting notes.

"Well, dog my cats!" he says, "If you ain't the very man in all the world I was a-dying to see. This old pile of scrap iron you sold me has quit cold, and do my darndest, I can't get her going again. I've had every Tom, Dick and Harry in fourteen townships that thought he knowed anything at all about gasoline engines to look at her, and there ain't one of 'em has any idea what the complaint is or how to cure it. I surely am glad to see you. Now you dig right in and fix her, and I'll—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say, you go ahead and fix her up, and—"

"Fix who up?"

"Why this old junk heap you sold me for a gasoline engine. Can't you see she's looking sick?"

"Me fix a gasoline engine! Well that is rich. Why man alive, I don't know a monkey wrench from a cold chisel. Me fix a— Well that is good. Why, bless your soul, I couldn't fix a wheelbarrow."

Old Abe looks at him kind of hard, and says:

"This is no time for joking, young fellow."

"Who's joking? I ain't joking. I couldn't fix a gasoline engine to save my soul."

"I thought you knowed gasoline engines from the ground up?"

"So I do, from a selling standpoint, but that's as far as my knowledge goes. Me fix— ha! ha! ha! Wait till I tell that to the boys."

"Hold on, young fellow," Abe says, for he was getting riled. "You let on to me when you sold me this machine that you knowed all about gasoline engines, and that means knowing how to fix them when they go wrong, I reckon. I've sot my mind on having you fix her, and when old Abe Wilson gets sot on a thing, that's all there is to it. Anybody'll tell you that, that knows me. So you can just peel off some of them slick-looking duds, and put on these here old overalls, and go to work as soon as you like. There's lots of tools laying around, and there's a book of instructions at the

house that you can have if you need it."

"Hold on," he says, "you measly little sawed-off son of a sea cook. I have said that you are agoing to fix this here engine; and by jing you will fix her, or I'll take it out of your hide."

"I'll have the law on you," he hollers.

"Not so loud," Abe says, "My hearing is good. I heard you the first time. As I was a-saying, there is plenty of tools laying around loose, and a book of instructions at the house that can be had for the asking. So you dig right in and fix up that old engine, and I'll keep the door locked so's nobody can get in to bother you while you're working."

That last was a joke, but he kept the door locked just the same, only handing in feed and water at the regular hours, and bedding the young fellow down for the night with straw and horse blankets.

For two days that spunky young cuss didn't do a thing but set on a box and swear by note. And mind you, he could swear, too. I reckon he was brung up where they know how. Why, he could of went straight into a lumber camp without further training, and give lessons on it.

He wouldn't eat, along at first, but he

got over that, and when he finally seen the old man was in earnest, he puts on the overalls and calls for the book of instructions.

He was a horse to work, when he got started, and a smart fellow, too, but it took him three days to find out what was wrong with the engine and get her started again. Some diddling little thing in the sparker, it was; spring getting weak, or something.

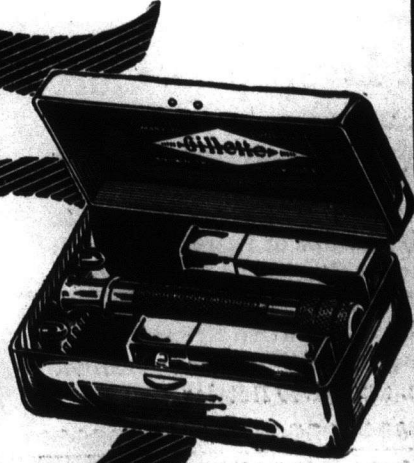
His hands was blistered, and skinned considerable from the wrench slipping and letting his knuckles ketch on a bolt-head once in a while, but he grun and bore it. Couldn't do nothing else.

And you never seen a tickleder fellow than he was when he got her all together and started her up. He was for rushing right off and striking his company for a job experting, and he forgave old Abe, too, and says:

"If you ever come to the city, this here is my address." And he wrote it on a card, and Abe paid him the note he was owing. It was a sickening thing to see the way them two carried on. Abe always sends him a turkey at Christmas, and they have been lifelong friends ever since.

The Gillette Razor

Still \$5



How many of the every-day needs can you buy now as cheaply as before the war? Clothing has gone up; food has gone up; coal is almost a luxury; and war taxes have nearly doubled the price of tobacco and matches.

But the Gillette Safety Razor still costs the pre-war price—five dollars. There has been no advance, though wages, materials, and the hundred and one items entering into the making of a Gillette Razor have soared.

Increased Output Keeps Down Cost

New and improved processes have helped to lessen production costs, but the big factor has been increased output. Light, power, supervision, and other "overhead costs" remain very much the same whether the factory is run to capacity, or not.

Our great objective, then, was to increase the output so much it would offset the advance in wages and materials.

Here is the interesting thing. War, which increased the cost of labour and materials, also provided the increased demand.

The Allied armies are literally a vast congress of Gillette users! Where we sold one razor in 1913 we now sell more than ten. The production of Gillette Blades has increased in even greater proportion.

Many people with friends at the front buy Gillette Blades in carton lots and slip a packet into letters going overseas—some are bound to escape the submarines and other perils of war.

Five dollars is still the price, and figured out on the basis of years of service, the Gillette provides about the most inexpensive enjoyment the average man can have.

The richest man alive cannot buy better shaving service than the five dollar Gillette will give you.

Gillette Razors and Blades may be purchased from Jewelers, Druggists, and Hardware Stores throughout Canada.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., OF CANADA, LIMITED,

Office and Factory: 65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

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When the Break Came

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. J. Campbell

WHEN Ben Clark bought the little rocky farm at the foot of the ridge, but little money of his own went into it. Dan Morris, a wealthy land owner and money lender, living up the valley, had furnished the bulk of it. Morris was always ready to accommodate those needing money, providing they paid the highest rate of interest possible to charge under the laws of the state, and paid it promptly. It was said many a reported sale of land to this man had been but the foreclosing of a mortgage.

Two years had passed and Clark had done fairly well. The interest on his loan each time had been promptly met. Then a streak of bad luck came and he was laid up with the fever. Gradually his money dwindled away, and when at last he was dismissed by the doctor, but a small part of his savings remained. Things had now begun to look rather dark.

As our story opens he was as yet unable to do much work, but in a short time hoped to be able to resume his duties upon the farm. Nobly his wife had stood by while her husband lay ill. In fact she had done all the chores on the farm. Continually she had refused to worry over their ill-luck and even now held fast to the hope that all would be well.

This morning Clark had decided to visit the woods pasture where their three cows were kept, and had just started down the lane leading from the barn lot when a small auto drew up along the fence and a man climbed out. Without a moment's hesitation he climbed over the fence and advanced to where Ben stood.

"My name is Barnes," he said by way of introduction, "and I represent the Superior Oil Co. as scout and geologist. If you are going down to the woods and don't care I'll walk along with you and explain my mission here as we go along?"

So the two men tramped on down the lane and into the small patch of timber, just at the break of the hills. As they walked along, Barnes explained that he had been in the neighborhood for some time prospecting, and that he had found indications for oil very favorable, the trend crossing the south part of Clark's little farm.

By this time they had reached the rough part of the woods and Barnes said, if Ben felt able, they would climb a rocky point near as he could better point out and explain what he had found.

Clark, having become rather enthused, agreed, and together they began the ascent of the rocky point. In a few moments they had reached the top, and Barnes, who was in advance, turned to Clark and said, "I will step out on this flat rock overhanging the little gully, and then I'll be better able to show you."

Suiting the words to action he stepped out upon it. But recent rains had cut away a part of its anchorage and

with a grinding noise it slipped forward and pitched over the edge of the break, carrying the geologist with it.

For a second Ben stood speechless. But gathering himself together he hastened down the way they came and then into the chasm, calling to Barnes as he did so. At first he received no reply. Then faintly a voice came around the bend.

Hurrying forward he soon stood beside the stranger, who lay flat on his back, a nasty cut across one side of his head and one leg doubled under him. "That was a pretty bad fall," he said as Clark came up. "I guess it stunned me for a while as I don't remember what happened after I pitched over. It feels like one of my ankles is broken," and a spasm of pain crossed his face.

Ben stooped over and they removed the shoe. He could not move the foot for the pain was too severe, so they did not know if any bones were broken or not. Then Barnes attempted to stand on the other foot, but sank back to the ground with a groan. "I can't stand, Mr. Clark, the pain is too severe," he said.

"Well, there is but one thing to do," replied Ben. "That is get you to the house and call the doctor. Now, you lie perfectly quiet and I'll go and hitch to the spring wagon and haul you home. I won't be gone long," and he hurried back through the woods and up the lane to the barn.

Clark soon reached the house and informed his wife what had happened. Together they hitched a horse to the wagon and drove down to the woods, where they found the injured man sitting on the stone which had been the cause of the mishap. He greeted them with a smile and, after some effort, was loaded into the wagon and the journey to the house was begun.

Arriving there he was given a spare bedroom and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, after which Clark drove down the road about a mile to one of his neighbors, who had a telephone, and called up Dr. Hunt, their family physician. In less than an hour that gentleman had arrived on the scene.

A careful examination of Barnes' injuries was made, but no broken bones were found. So, after dressing the wound in his scalp and bandaging the injured ankle, he returned to his office, stating that he would call again in the morning. Meanwhile, instructing his patient to remain perfectly quiet and off his feet and that in a few days he would be able to be out.

As the doctor drove a car similar to that of Barnes, it was run into an empty shed until he should be able to use it again, and preparations were made by Clark and his wife to care for the injured geologist for some days.

That evening after supper, as they were sitting in Barnes' room, he said to them, "I am sorry I didn't get to show and explain to you the result of my work around here. Also that I was unexpectedly injured. But perhaps good may come out of it all anyhow, who knows?"

HER LITTLE GIRL

COUGHED UNTIL SHE FAIRLY CHOKED.

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RHEUMATISM

A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

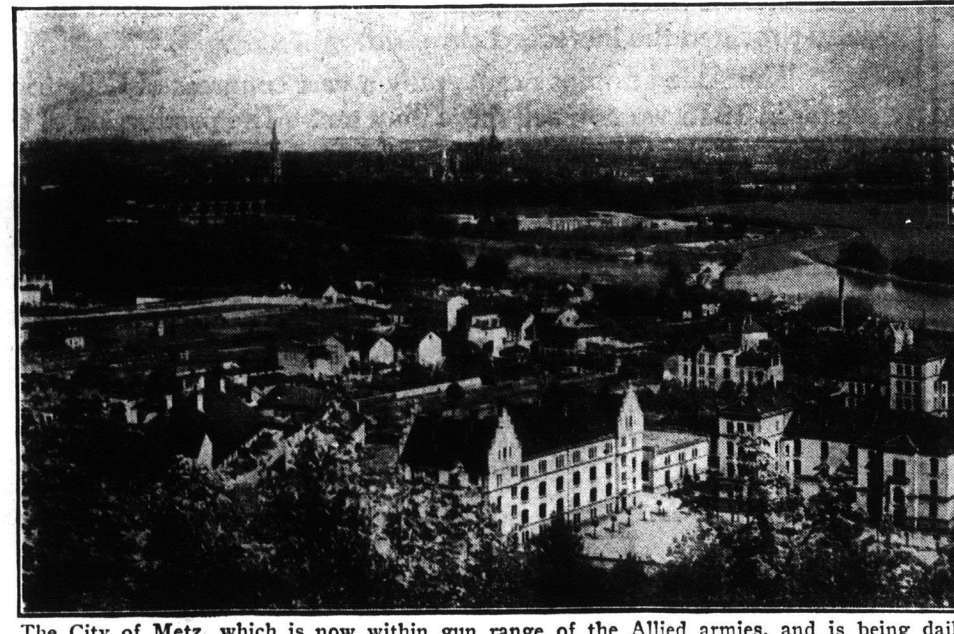
In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 316E Gurney Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.



The City of Metz, which is now within gun range of the Allied armies, and is being daily bombarded by the Americans, who are steadily advancing under fire of the enemy. Every endeavor is being put forth by the Allies to save the city's cathedral and art buildings, a lesson in decency which the outrageous enemy may not appreciate. It was here that Marshal Bazaine, of the French army, surrendered to King William of Prussia in 1870, but 1918 will see the reverse of that surrender.

I am satisfied there is a pool of oil here, and I believe your land, or at least a part of it, is on the favored spot.

"The Superior Oil Company, by which I am employed, is composed of conscientious men who believe in taking the advantage of no man. When I get out of here and report, I hope to turn in a lease on your land, for my instructions are to lease as well as scout, if I can. To-morrow, when I am not feeling so badly shaken up, I shall explain the terms of our leases, royalties, etc."

The next morning dawned bright and clear and Barnes found his injuries much better, though rather sore. He was unable to leave the room and anxiously awaited the coming of the doctor. So he was not surprised when a panting auto drew up in front of the house and a moment later a loud knock was heard at the hall door.

Clark, who had just come in, answered the knock and found it was not the doctor, but Dan Morris, the money lender. In a second he knew what his presence meant. The interest on his mortgage must or soon would be due, and he hadn't the money to meet it. Then his high hopes for the future toppled and fell. In a moment his bright dreams were shattered and the old life of toil, skimp and save still faced him. It seemed his bad luck was never to end.

"Clark," said Morris, "I was passing this way and thought I would stop and inform you, thinking perhaps it had slipped your mind, that the interest on your mortgage will be due day after to-morrow. As I am needing a little ready cash, I hope you will meet it promptly," and the man of money rubbed his hands together and beamed on the poor farmer.

"Mr. Morris, I am sorry, but I can't meet it all unless I sell something. I have been sick a good while and had to use a part of my savings. I will pay some of it, and if you can wait on the balance a little longer, I will try and sell something and pay the note in full then."

Morris cleared his throat. "Well now, Clark, I counted on this money sure, when it was due. I don't see how I can grant any extra time; and that's bad business policy anyhow, not meeting your obligations when due. I always do and that is why I have builded myself into the position I now hold," and he seemed to expand by his own self praise.

"That, perhaps, is true, but I would have to sacrifice to meet the demand at once," replied Ben, "and I had hoped leniency would be shown me, taking into account I have been prompt before and would have been this time but for the sickness."

"Well, I am sorry, but I can't help what has occurred to you," blustered Morris. "All I can say is I expect my money when due," and he turned to go.

Just at this moment a voice came from the spare room. "You two come in here, I have something to say."

Clark motioned for Morris to enter

and the two walked into Barnes' room. When they were well inside he turned to them and said, "I couldn't help hearing the conversation between you two. Now I have this to say, Morris, if you happen to have those notes with you, produce them and I think we can arrange for their payment."

Morris' face flushed and he spluttered out, "No, I haven't them here, they are not due until day after to-morrow. I didn't know there was anybody staying here."

"Well, there is, and it seems well that there should be. Mr. Clark has been very kind to me and I think the time to repay in a measure has arrived. I would like to know just how much he owes you? Will you state the amount of the notes and mortgage?" And Morris, knowing Clark would, named the amount.

"Very good," replied the injured man. "Day after to-morrow Mr. Clark and I will be in town. You come in also and we will meet you at Lawyer Peak's office. Bring the notes and mortgage. That is all, good morning."

"But I don't want to release the mortgage, I merely want the interest," whined Morris.

"Can't help that," replied Barnes, looking him squarely in the eyes. "You would have foreclosed on Clark at once. Now that will not be necessary. Simply do as I say," and Barnes resumed reading some papers he had in his hand.

During this conversation Ben had stood looking at first one and then the other, too surprised to speak. So much so that he did not escort Morris to the door, but when the chug of that gentleman's machine was heard, he turned to Barnes and asked, "What do you mean, I don't understand?"

The geologist calmly laid his papers on the table and said, "That old shark ran up against a snag, I think. You have been good to me and I am going to repay you. I am prepared to offer you so much for a lease on a part of your land," naming the part and the amount. "Also, so much as a royalty in case we strike oil. You will have the rest of the land to farm, and if we win out you won't need to farm long."

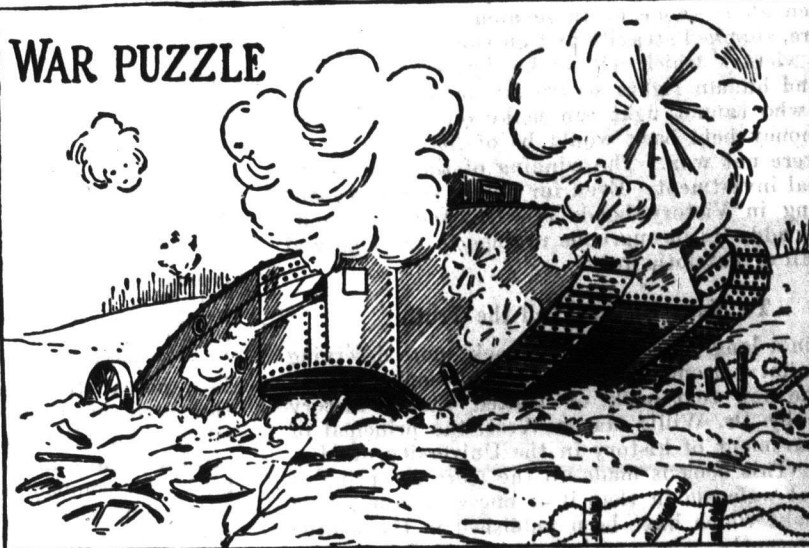
The result of the conversation was the lease was signed, the notes to Morris paid and the mortgage released. Barnes assuming a part of it. And then Morris was told of the oil prospects. This did not sweeten his temper. Then to add to its bitterness all the land he now owned was considered entirely out of the oil trend, which was later proven to be a fact.

In less than six months from that day the huge drill bit sank into the oil sands, and with a roar the brown liquid spouted over the derrick. Then there was rejoicing in the Clark home, in which Barnes, the geologist, joined, feeling almost as happy as they, for he had repaid a good turn and brought prosperity to a fellow man.

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Above will be found the picture of a modern Tank of the kind that is being used with such success in the present war. At a glance the Tank appears to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny the faces of several soldiers will be found. There are 11 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them." WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Four Thousand One Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.) Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest. This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

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Ships of the Italian, British and American navies destroyed the Austrian naval base of Durazzo, in Albania, sinking a great part of the enemy fleet. Italian and British cruisers, protected by Allied torpedo boats and American submarines, succeeded in making their way through mine fields and, avoiding attacks by submarines, got into the harbor shown in the picture. Austrian ships anchored there were completely destroyed.

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The Philosopher

The Only Way to Win the War

By the time these words are set forth in printer's ink on this page of The Western Home Monthly, the Victory Loan drive will be under way. It is to continue until Saturday night, November 16. The Canadian people are to be counted upon confidently to make this Victory Loan a success which will give the world convincing proof of their staunch, enduring loyalty to the Canadian manhood at the front and to the cause of freedom and justice, in defence of which that manhood at the front so worthily represents our country. The West will not be found wanting in doing its duty in the Victory Loan drive, as the men from the West have not been found wanting at the front. While they are offering their lives, we at home are not going to hold back our money, which is necessary to the winning of the War. Not one thing will win the War. Neither munitions, nor ships, nor food, nor guns, nor airplanes, nor money, nor men alone—none of these alone, but all in full measure, supplied steadily and on time, are necessary to the victory which will make democracy and liberty and human rights secure in the world! Those of us who cannot fight can make our money fight. Any money held back would be of little use if the War were not won. The winning of the War is the essential investment. Even for purely selfish reasons investing in Victory bonds is wise, and thus self-interest adds its incongruous urgings to the high and clear call of patriotic duty.

To Make History Tell the Truth

Not in a long time has a new book, more deserving of a cordial welcome, come to The Philosopher's table, than the new text book of United States history written by Dr. Willis Mason West, the principal of the department of history in the University of Minnesota. This book is made all the more deserving of a cordial welcome in that it is one of a number of such books which have been published in the United States recently, whose writers are guided by a sincere desire to present truthful, unprejudiced views of old controversial questions, and to give credit where credit is due. Before the war this tendency was becoming manifest with gratifying results. That it will be increasingly in evidence now is to be taken as assured. Treating of the American Revolution, Dr. West says that the British demands upon the American Colonies were reasonable in some respects, and while they were oppressive in others, the colonies were better off under the form of government provided by Great Britain than were many other nations under their own government at that time. In any event the struggle was an inevitable upheaval; it was part of the thousand-year old movement of the British people towards political liberty. Equally frank is Dr. West in his treatment of the war of 1812, in which the United States sided with Napoleon the despot, against (to quote Dr. West) "the only hope of European freedom." The book makes it plain that the United States of that time was exceedingly jingoistic and believed it could "lick all creation." Its chief virtue was that it undoubtedly could fight, and always fought fair; but its diplomacy was far from being above reproach. It is impossible to estimate the importance of such writing of history as we have in this book of Dr. West's. It is a fine and courageous thing for any country to tell the truth about itself in any feature and to permit the truth to be told to the youth of the nation.

The Stopped Clocks of Europe

One of the Canadians at the front has remarked in a letter that in England and in the portions of France he had been in on his way to the war zone he had noticed not a few stopped clocks on public buildings. In the towns and villages in the war zone, needless to say, there are many stopped clocks—most of them wrecked. Every one of those stopped clocks is emblematic. What the onrush of Germany upon civilization more than four years ago was designed to do, was to stop the clock of civilization and set it back. That clock cannot rightly register human progress again until the brutal Prussian militarism that counted so confidently upon dominating the world is eliminated from the world.

The Kaiser's Eyes

"In his eyes shone the defiant gleam of a Prussian King," writes the Essen correspondent who wrote for the newspapers of Germany the report of the Kaiser's speech to the munitions workers there. Maniacs' eyes always gleam. Truly the eye is "the window of the soul." In reading recently the life and letters of the late John Hay, who was United States Ambassador in London and afterwards Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's cabinet, The Philosopher

noted that in a letter from Paris in 1868, Hay wrote about the strange faculty Napoleon III had of appearing to drop a film over his eyes when he wished to conceal his thoughts. Hay described him in that letter as "looking through the dirty windows of his eyes." A striking figure of speech. Napoleon III neither succeeded in concealing his insanely ambitious designs, nor had he prophetic vision; and in both respects the Kaiser resembles him.

In Regard to Citizenship

A reader of The Western Home Monthly sends The Philosopher an editorial he has cut from The Battleford Press, which deals in a thoughtful and searching way with a subject of the highest importance, and sets forth some constructive suggestions in connection with the matter in question, which should have the attention of every Canadian citizen concerned in the country's progress and true welfare. The Battleford Press says:—

Authorities tell us that so receptive and retentive is the child's mind that what is instilled into it previous to the age of seven years is very rarely thrown off in later life. Almost any form of political or religious dogma can be implanted in the childish mind, and rarely does the child in later life succeed in completely shaking off its influence.

Germany is suffering to-day, and the world with her, because of the fact that the exploiting class of that country prostituted to its own use a knowledge of what can be done with the youthful mind. Then, too, we have Russia as another horrible example, only in its case the child has grown up without any training save in the ritual of the state church.

If it is possible to create better future citizenship by training the youthful mind along that line, should not the subject be given a prominent place in our day schools, and be given much more direct attention in our Sunday schools?

Is it not all too true that Canada's greatest need is the need of rightly informed and public-spirited citizenship, with a keen understanding of what citizenship means and what its obligations and duties are? Our country needs, above everything else, such citizenship, that will study public questions solely from the viewpoint of the public good, and that will not be swayed by personal interest and by factional feeling. Without that there cannot be democracy in the full and true sense of the word. It is easy to ask the question: Could not more be done towards implanting such conceptions of citizenship in the minds of Canadian children? The answer may be made that practical conceptions of citizenship do not come until maturity. But undeniably the whole subject is one that deserves earnest attention.

A Contrast

"We must each do his duty to the Fatherland, you in your factory, I on my throne!" This is a sentence from the speech made by the Kaiser to the workers in the Krupp munitions plant at Essen. Could there be a more striking example of the blind egotism of that criminally-minded prater about his Divine right to autocratic rule, than that he should thus suggest the contrast between himself and the German factory workers? None of those factory hands capable of service at the front have been left at home in Germany. All are suffering deprivations; and there can be but few who have not had relatives killed in the War. But the Hohenzollern family has suffered no deprivations; and neither the Kaiser nor any one of his six sons has suffered even a slight wound. Nobody belonging to that family can enter into and understand the feelings of ordinary humanity.

Settlement of Our Vacant Lands

The great national problem of not alone making generously adequate provision for returned soldiers who choose to go on the land, but of securing the best possible settlers for as much as possible of the vacant land of the West—industrious, thrifty, intelligent settlers, whom Canada shall never have reason to regret having welcomed to make their homes on Canadian soil—has been compelling the attention of all Canadians who are thoughtful and who look to their country's future. Already there are intimations that the Dominion and the nine Provincial Governments are planning to co-operate in the carrying out of a comprehensive policy. It is interesting to consider the available area for settlement in this country. The area of Canada, exclusive of water, is given as 3,603,910 square miles. At the present time all that area is neither available nor suitable for settlement. The area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and Hawaii, is 2,970,910 square miles. Climatic conditions have not deterred settlement from spreading out over all that vast area. When the United States (which has an average density of population to-day of 23 persons per square mile) had, in 1880, a population of 50,000,000 people, that is to say, one-half of the present population, its people were to be found in every portion of its area. When Canada has 50,000,000 people, or six

times its present population, the great majority of its people will be found within one-third of its area, because settlement seeks the areas most easily brought under cultivation and yielding the best returns. The total area of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta is 557,830 square miles, of which a belt of about 200,000 square miles consists of plains and prairie lands, together with lightly timbered areas. To-day the population of this favored Western belt, counting in all the cities and towns, is less than five persons per square mile. How long will it be before this average has become 50 per square mile? There will then be 10,000,000 people between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. It may come sooner than anybody now realizes. For in the years to come the greatest natural heritage which Canada possesses—the first foot of soil in the three Prairie Provinces, which, as Professor Shaw, of Minnesota, has written, "is worth more than all the mines in the mountains from Alaska to Mexico, and more than all the forests from the United States boundary to the Arctic Sea, vast as these are"—will be a magnet of greater drawing power than ever to home-seekers.

The Plight of a War Prophet

In the October issue of The World's Work, J. B. W. Gardiner, who had won for himself the position of being regarded as one of the best informed of the writers about the War, had an article (written probably in August) in which he dealt with the question of how much the Allies could accomplish on the western front in the 1919 fighting. After a discussion of the whole matter, he decided that the most that could be accomplished this year would be to drive the Germans back to the Hindenburg line, which the Germans would hold, and that next year the Allies would have to prepare a great offensive against that line. But before the end of September the Hindenburg line was smashed! Which shows how unwise it is to be a prophet. When will the War end? When the Allies in overwhelming numbers enter the valley of the Rhine.

The Hope of the Future

It is noteworthy how in Great Britain the War has focussed attention upon the young life of the nation, as it has never been focussed before. In every nation the hope of the world is fixed upon the young. In every nation the great tasks of the years to come will come upon those who are children to-day, and upon children yet to be born, when they grow up to be men and women. In Canada, as in every other country, the children of to-day will have to carry on the world's work to-morrow. Where the War has made world-reconstruction necessary, it is the children of to-day who will have to do it to-morrow. Therefore there is need to conserve child life, to nurture rising populations, and to provide every possible means of securing the fullest development, physical, mental and moral, for the children of to-day. So it is that in Great Britain, where life is now so tremendously tense and keyed up to one absorbing purpose, time has been taken to pass a public education law of vital importance. For the future no boy or girl in Great Britain will be allowed to leave school to engage in any employment before the age of fourteen, nor can there be a full day's employment until the age of eighteen is reached. Methods of education, too, are being completely overhauled. There is no work of greater national importance in any land.

No Secret Diplomacy

The effect of the continued successes of the Allied armies and of the Bulgarian defection was, first of all, the two so-called "peace proposals," both planned at Berlin, but the initial one launched from Vienna. In both, the masters of the Teutonic alliance showed plainly that they were counting upon what they could achieve by astute trickery in secret negotiation. Indeed, "the Royal, Imperial and Apostolic Majesty of Austria," in the first of those notes, explicitly invited all the nations at war to send delegates to "a confidential discussion." But the free peoples of the world have made up their minds that there shall be no more secret diplomacy and no more secret treaties. It has been one of the advantages of absolutism, and of the disadvantages of the common people of the world, that secret deals were made by dynasts and diplomats. There will be no "confidential discussions" with the diplomatic servants of the regimes which rule by treachery and Teuton militarism. The free peoples are fighting for the reign of law in international relations and the triumph of justice over "the mailed fist." Human rights can be made secure only by all international dealings being carried on above board and in open daylight, and all treaties being public.

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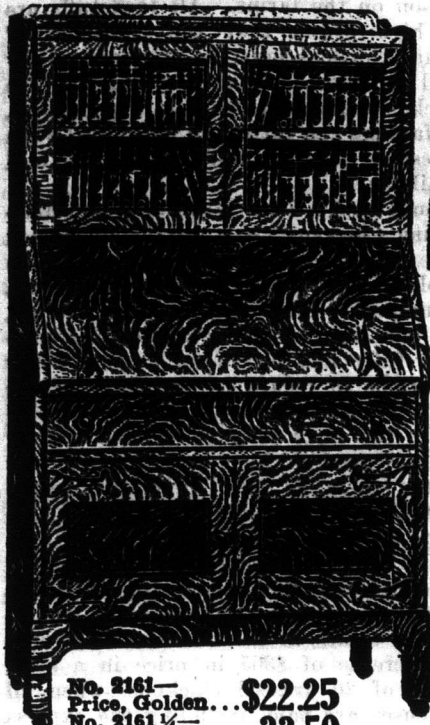
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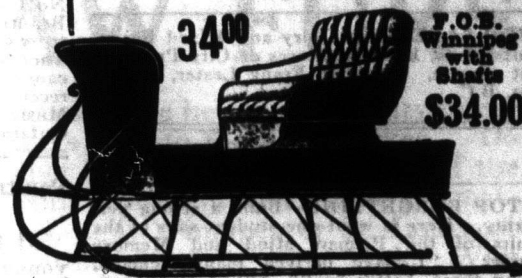


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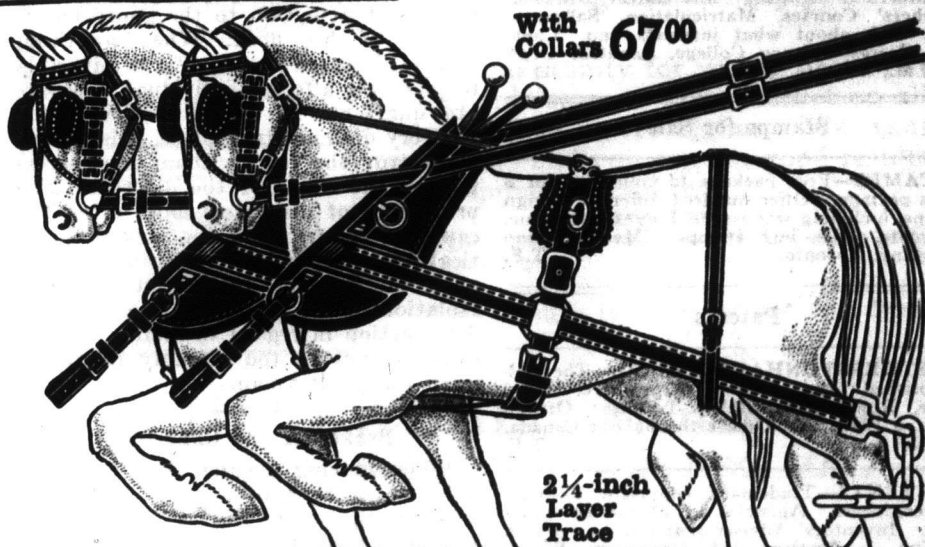
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No. 6080—PIANO BOX CUTTER—Body is standard size, painted black; decorated and with seat trimmed in cloth. Arm rails and dash rail are nickel-plated. Back of the body fitted with a boot. Gear is painted green and striped. Steel shoeing on the gear, and the knees and crossbeams are well ironed and braced. Shafts are two-bar shifting cutter style, for use, either side-draft or centre-draft.

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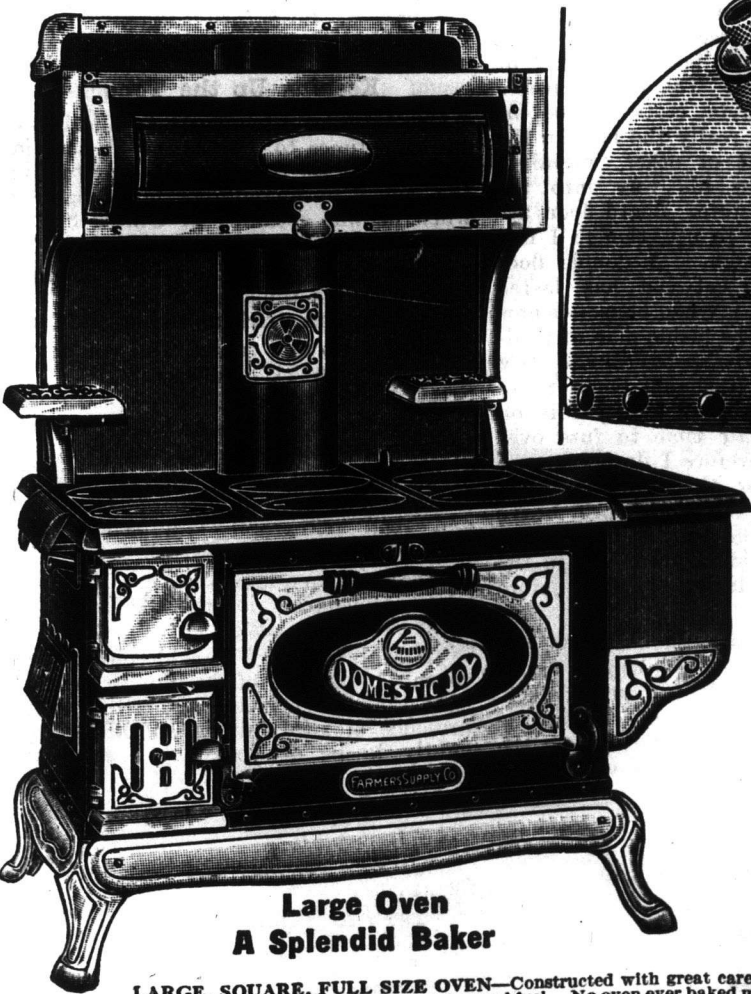


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BRIDLES—1/2-in. leather cup blinds, with brass spots.
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Poultry Diseases Responsible for Big National Loss

At least fifty per cent of the chickens young ducks and turkeys, and ten per cent of the adult birds, die each year from diseases, many of which are preventable. This is an annual national loss of probably millions of dollars that should be avoided to a large extent.

War conditions make it imperative that farmers and poultrymen as far as possible should stop this enormous leak. To do this, every breeder should pay strict attention to the general conditions of his flock. When anything unusual is noted in a fowl it is advisable to place the affected individual in separate quarters. If within a short time recovery does not take place, it is unwise to destroy the fowl without first ascertaining the cause of the disorder. The prevalence of disease is more often the cause of failure than the lack of practical knowledge and the extreme importance of keeping the quarters clean. Isolation of all ailing fowls and immediate action in regard to finding out the cause cannot be too strongly impressed upon the poultryman.

Brake for the Gang-Plow

When moving a gang plow from one field to another over hilly ground, it will run up on the horses' heels, as the tongue is made for guiding the plow, not for holding it back. I hit upon the scheme of looping a stay chain about the frame of the gang just above the back wheel with the hook end of the chain hanging free. When going down hill I hook the chain to one of the spokes of the wheel and cause it to drag and act as a brake. Hang the hook up on the gang frame when not in use.

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood

These splendid autumn days usher us towards our Manitoba winter, which is never "a joke," and the proper housing of our flocks of fowl is a matter to be carefully considered. The backyard poultrykeeper may be loth to part with all the family pets that have been raised by the good wife and family. If these birds are well bred the wise person will keep the pullets over the winter and arrange to build a neat little house or fix up the existing colony house with a roll of building paper or some shiplap or boards to make it comfy. It should be well banked with earth and located to face the southeast to get as much sunlight as possible and be sheltered from the north winds.

Should a new house be decided upon, I would advise sending for the bulletin sent out by the extension department of the Manitoba Government, No. 15, "Poultry Houses for Town and Country," or circular No. 49, "Backyard Poultrykeeping." Both of these bulletins have working plans of excellent poultry houses of different sizes. The cut shown here is a splendid house for 100 hens. Has a gable roof, size 14x28 feet, and can be built at the cost of \$1.25 per hen. The man with the large flock of laying hens should follow this plan. Two yards neatly fenced with real poultry fence are shown in the design, one yard faces south for the spring days, and the other yard is on the north side of the hen house to be used in hot weather. This is a new idea and a good one. In this way the ground in the yards can be kept clean and sweet, as it is an easy matter to grow some grass in each yard. This house and yard has been tested at the Manitoba Agricultural College and found a success. In regard to the price of the house, if a farmer can manage to do the work of building himself, the cost will be considerably less, though the lumber should be of good quality: 2x4 scantling can be used for the framework. Poplar poles laid across the joists will do for a ceiling. If strong enough to hold the two feet of straw needed to make the straw-loft, which is quite an essential in a good hen house for the roosts, I always use straight poplar poles, peeled and free from knot-holes, and the bulletin also advises the use of poplar pole perches. The most sensible floor, one of concrete, costs a good bit these days, but is really the best in the long run. No rat or other "varmint" can possibly gnaw his way into the house through concrete. Board floors are now too expensive to use, though I find them durable enough. A double floor with tar paper in between has lasted well for 16 years in my hen house—is now as good as new. The inside plan of poultry house No. 1 in the bulletin is very simple indeed, as it should be to make cleaning an easy matter. Busy folk on the farm have little time to fuss over their chickens, therefore I do not advise the trap nest for the ordinary farm flock, as it entails too much work. Leave trap nesting to the fancier and secure some good laying stock from him in the fall when he is reducing his flock before winter.

All poultry houses should now get their fall cleaning before winter really sets in, while the flocks are out of doors. Tuberculosis seems on the increase among farm flocks in particular, so the thorough cleaning and white-washing of

the old hen house is most important. Izal sprayed with a force pump into every crevice of the house will disinfect it when once cleaned. The ladder style of roost should be discarded forever from our hen houses as no doubt this careless method of making the roosts spreads the disease. The droppings are scattered into the litter on the henhouse floor, where the hens are fed in winter, and presently the whole flock are picking up disease germs with their food.

Prices of chickens are very high so far, and there are few birds being shipped, but no doubt this is due to the busy season on the farms. All foodstuffs are so high priced that the consumer of spring chickens must be prepared to pay well for them. After Thanksgiving the chicken trade will open up a good deal, as farmers can fatten up their fowl when threshing is done and plenty of feed available.

Bulletin No. 7 on "Fattening and Marketing Chickens" is a particularly good one and any farmer can get a copy on application to the Extension Department, Winnipeg. The author, Prof. Herner, has gone into all the details of this business fully and clears up a good many questions in regard to shrinkage of the birds en route to market, etc. Apparently the busy man or woman with a flock of good chickens to sell, had better fatten them as per directions, secure crates from reputable dealers, and ship them alive to the market.

The gain in price for dressed poultry does not pay the grower for the extra work entailed, unless time is no object, as the tables in the bulletin show only an increase of \$365 in price in a shipment of 20 dressed chickens, when all expenses are paid, including the express charges. Rather a small profit in killing and dressing 20 fowls. If these fowls are not dressed and packed perfectly, the sender will be docked in price, as well as having to supply his own crates. Dealers all supply shipping crates of live poultry. From present indications there is little chance of wheat in our war ration for our laying hens this winter. However, by using good judgment in feeding the oats, barley, etc., we are allowed, I maintain hens can be kept laying. Next month I shall take up winter feeding in particular.

Keeping Up the Tone

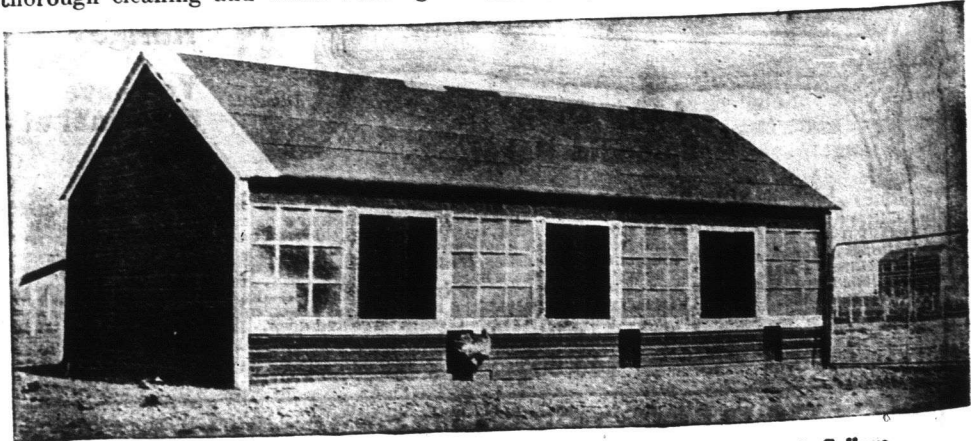
One mistake often leads to another—and sometimes to a third—as it does in a story that the Secretary of War told in the course of an address not long ago when he was speaking of United States army regulations.

One hot day recently a private sat in a train with his tunic unbuttoned. Presently a sergeant strode up to him and said: "Button up that tunic! Did you never hear of by-law 217, sub-section D? I'm Sergt. Winterbottom."

A gentleman in the seat behind tapped the sergeant sternly on the shoulder. "How dare you issue orders," he said, "with a pipe in your mouth? Go home and read paragraph 174, section M, part IX. I am Maj. Carroll."

At that a gentleman with a drooping white moustache interposed from the other side of the aisle.

"If Maj. Carroll," he said coldly, "will consult by-law 31 of Section K, he will learn that to reprimand a sergeant in the presence of a private is an offense not lightly to be overlooked. I am Gen. Atchison, retired."



Sample of House for 100 hens recommended by Manitoba Agricultural College

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Judging From Appearance

"If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me."

A popular lecturer last summer chose for his subject "Success." In his introduction he said he selected this particular topic because he knew little about it—that we are inclined to talk most about that which we know least. This past year I have listened to a great deal of criticism upon various conditions and believe there is a great deal of truth in the statement of the man who lectured on "Success." We are inclined to judge from the appearance of the surface.

A fruit man who brought strawberries and peaches to me during the summer displayed boxes with big fine sound fruit on the top layer. When I removed the top layer I found little withered decayed berries, so unlike the top layer were they that they did not deserve the same name. I know girls whose outward appearance seems beautiful yet their surface hides a withered decayed heart.

Last summer a girl of this type was in my home for two or three days. She seemed too good to be genuine—her gentle voice and manner were really so perfect that they suggested artificiality. I was not surprised to learn later that she is a tyrant in the home—a family traitor.

Then there is the girl whose heart is true gold but whose appearance is deceiving. I have in mind a girl of this type whom I have known seven years. Last summer she needed a rest and I suggested that she board a month. When she applied to a certain boarding place for respectable young women, they had no room for her. Upon inquiry I learned they did not like her appearance. Yet I know the girl very well and a purer nobler girl is hard to find.

A young man worked on my grandfather's farm about fifty years ago. One day he loaded a big wagon with wheat and drove to the nearest market forty miles distant. After he and my father had taken the grain to the elevator and finished their lunch they started to buy supplies. As they passed a music store the young man said: "Let's go in here." My father reluctantly followed. The clerks smiled cynically as the big awkward sunburned fellow asked if he might try one of their pianos. I think my father smiled, too, for though they had worked together several months he had never heard the fellow mention music.

In those days a piano was a real luxury and there were none in the community.

But the young man in overalls, in spite of their amusement at his request, began to finger the piano. Then such a wonderful melody of sound came from his inspired mind and cultivated training that amusement changed to amazement and amazement to admiration. Soon a crowd gathered from outside until the store was filled to the doors for never had there been in the place a musician of such ability.

Finally the big fellow in overalls, unconscious of the spell he had created, stood as if in a dream, turned to the manager and said: "Thank you, I have had a treat. I have been homesick for the piano for some time. When I passed your store and saw this instrument I could not resist the temptation to come in. Thank you."

On the way home the young man told my father the story of his life. He belonged to an aristocratic family in the Old Country—had longed for adventure and met with hard luck. Too proud to write to his parents for money he determined to make his own way honestly.

Whenever we expressed our opinion of a person from their outward appearance my father would relate this story.

One time a girl came to the city and I met her at the train. She was tired of the country. She told me of a man on a homestead who wanted to marry her. He was clean and honest and industrious. I asked her why she did not accept his offer. She replied that she would rather marry a city fellow.

Two or three years later she came to my door in great distress. She had married the city chap with his polished collar and checked suit fresh from the tailor's shop—and he had deserted her leaving her hopelessly stranded.

Anyone can buy laundered collars but we cannot buy honest hearts that beat under the farmer's uniform.

And so when we hear so and so about this girl and that fellow and we feel this or that organization is not doing what it should, let us be careful about falling in line with the crowd of critics until we see beneath the surface.

O, we do need to sweeten our souls for clearer vision to understand the condition of the heart of people.

"No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy,
And loving wisdom of the heart."

Where Women Live

A wonderful article has been written by Madeleine Z. Doty. The title is: "Warriors of the Spirit." She refers to the women of England. The following quotations will help every girl or young woman or older woman reader:

"My three weeks in London were days of radiant spiritual delight. Neither black dresses, nor shortage of butter and sugar, nor all the anguish of the great world battle could blot out or suppress



In this, a British official photo, is seen an American doctor of the United States army, examining the wound of a British Tommy, who is on his way, afoot, to the Field Dressing Station, from the front line trenches.

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Women's Fur Coats

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PLAIN MARMOT COATS—45 inches long; large, fancy square collar; deep cuffs, and reversed border around bottom; finished with large crocheted buttons on sleeves and pockets. Extra special style and value. Price..... **\$100.00**

MUSKRAT COATS—45 inches long, from very dark, heavy furred skins, with large storm collar and deep roll cuffs; best Skinner's satin lining; large crocheted button to match. Price..... **\$150.00**

PLAIN HUDSON SEAL COATS—45 inches long; full box back; has large, square roll collar and deep cuffs. Lined with best quality silk poplin and broadcades. Quality of coat unsurpassed at our price. Price..... **\$225.00**

HUDSON CONEY COATS (Look like Hudson Seal)—A very choice, dressy coat of good heavy fur. Has large square storm collar and deep cuffs of American sable (similar to Alaska sable); lined with fancy silk broadcades. 45 inches long. All sizes. A limited quantity for..... **\$145.00**

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BLACK WOLF—Large shoulder cape; collar extra wide over shoulders and across the back; finished with paws only; fastened with tie strings; lined with soft silk crepe. Price..... **\$23.00**
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this triumph of the spirit. Life was no longer a thing of days or even years. It had leaped beyond the ages, and down the dazzling pathway of the future shone victory and triumph. I felt it in all sorts and kinds of women, in the factory worker, the teacher, the stay-at-home mother, the suffragist, the woman preacher and artist. Each had left self and personal gain behind. The eyes of each were turned toward the little children of to-morrow." She says further:

"One of the great women in England is Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence. She and Emmeline Pankhurst will go down in history as the famous leaders of the militant suffrage movement. But Mrs. Pankhurst was the body, Mrs. Lawrence the spirit. When the militants took to smashing windows and burning houses Mrs. Lawrence protested. She would give her life for the cause but she would not hurt others. Her way of winning was through the spirit. It was the woman's way. She left the organization. To-day she continues true to those ideals. Her method of service in the great world struggle is through the spirit. She urges women to be warriors of the spirit. She goes back and forth through the land speaking. I heard her many times and wherever she went, hearts were unlocked to her and there came a great determination to die if need be for the race to come. "Not only in her impersonal life, but in her personal does Emmeline Pethick-Lawrence spread inspiration. Her country home is in Surrey, not far from George Meredith's old home. It is a white house with lattice windows out of which Kate Greenaway might have looked. There is a high green hedge around the house and smooth, green lawns, and when luncheon time comes, a table is spread out of doors. All the story-book pictures of England come true here. Inside the house is all white, and there are gay-colored chintzes at the windows, and bowls of flowers everywhere. It is a sort of fairy-book house, and the spirit of the place fits the surroundings. Beyond the kitchen is a sitting-room for the maids. Here they entertain their company and play their own piano. At the kitchen door lean two bicycles. Every afternoon the maids ride off into the deep, cool, English country. Everywhere in this little home there is gladness and song. The birds sing outside, and the maids sing within, and one's spirit mounts and mounts until it touches the stars, and one's being mixes and mingles with the sky and the sunshine and the flowers until one loses identity and becomes part of the universal, and there grows in the heart a determination to make the beauty and wonder of life a reality for the little children to come.

"Mrs. Lawrence's children are the world's children, for she has none of her own. But never was there a better mother. She cherishes with passion all who come to her. She is like the earth, warm and radiant. Big and little people feel the depth of her spirit. One day a tiny child of seven sat upon her knee with arms wound tight around her neck, and a little voice whispered in her ear: "Shall I tell you what you are like to me? You are as tiny as a daisy and as big as the whole world."

The Maternal Heart

There is no woman in this wide world I admire more than the one with a maternal heart. She may be a teacher, a nurse or a business woman who blesses the lives of children by the wisdom of her help, and the inspiration of her personality.

Many successful business men acknowledge their gratitude to some woman who first gave them the vision of their place in life.

There are sisters of great men; there are friends of famous men; there are teachers of learned scientists and there are inspirational leaders of successful business men. I care not who they are, such women are real mothers in the true sense of the word. The following lines by Theodosia Garrison in *The Woman's Home Companion* express the feeling of the woman with the maternal heart.

I Have No Son in This Crusade

"I have no son in this crusade,
Hence every mother's son to me
Is dear as that one child might be
Who never in my arms was laid,
Not mine to share their joy who made
The small, swift feet go carefully;
The little lad that mothers see
In this young soldier unafraid,

That sight I must miss utterly.
Yet by the prayers my lips have prayed,—
By hope, by pride, by fealty,—
By all I would to serve and aid,
My heart hath known maternity,
I spake not truly when I said
I have no son in this crusade."

Heroines of Service

In one airplane factory on this continent a large part of the work is done by girls. They pack the parts of the machines, stuff bags with excelsior to protect delicate mechanism from injury, work on the wiring, solder joints of wire, and cut copper pieces. They also sew the linen wings on the planes and do practically all the work of preparing the wings for flight.

Reports show that women are engaged in railroad tank painting, hardware industry processes, garage management, and ranch work, as well as many other industries untried by them before the war. Processes in hardware industries include the work of screw machine hands, spot welders, gas welders, dip braziers, and drill press and bench work.

In France Mlle. Jane Guillemin, as inspectrice of women labor for the Ministry of War in Paris has directly under her charge 16,000 laborers—not men, but women and girls.

One of the outstanding features of the war has been the determined way in which women have thrown themselves body and spirit, into works of all kinds.

When Madame Shuman Heinck offered her services free to the U.S. government she said: "I'll go where I am most needed. If you want me to go to France to scrub floors in hospitals, send me." But she was needed more to sing to the soldiers. With her three sons in the American army she offers all she has.

When the war is over I wonder if a valuable set of books will be published under the title of Heroines of Service, where the deeds of mothers of men, Red Cross nurses, volunteer aids, women of the Salvation Army and Y.W.C.A. workers and the thousands of others in war work will be recorded.

But the deeds of the noblest can never be published. They are written in gold on the pages of eternity.

You Can

We hear so many young women regret their position in life. One said to me the other day: "It is a pity for a girl to see a place in life she would like to attain and yet never be able to realize her ambition." I turned to her and replied: "You may if you will. It all depends how much you want that attainment."

There is a story in the Youth's Companion about a young man who wanted to be a great speaker. He asked a woman public lecturer if she thought it would be possible.

"How much do you want to become a lecturer?" she asked.

"Why, I want it very much," he answered promptly.

"But how much?" she persisted. "Are you willing to work to the limit of your strength? Are you willing to go hungry? Are you willing to go shabbily dressed that people will laugh at you? Are you willing to give up everything in the way of pleasure for it? Are you willing to fight when it seems there isn't a chance of winning?"

He hesitated only a moment. "I believe I am," he said slowly.

Several years later he met this woman. He had become a powerful platform speaker.

"But it's worth all it cost," he said to her and now I am busy telling other young people that there isn't anything in this world that is worth while that they can't have if they want it badly enough to pay the price."

"Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the one who thinks he can."

Music in a Girl's Life

It seems to me that music is almost a necessity in a girl's life. There is a choral society in every village of Wales. Between village and village, between city and city, there are competitive tests. How much this means to the people of

Wales—and to all the world, for wherever Welsh people live there is music. It was my good fortune to know about fifteen Welsh girls at one time. Most of them were in domestic service. They were the happiest girls I ever knew. At all of their little parties they sang, for in the Old Country it was a habit. For twelve miles about any village or town center in Wales the people came walking in every Sunday evening to attend rehearsals for practice in sacred music, hymns and

chorals. In northern England and in Italy there is the same musical feeling. These are hilly countries and somehow the isolation makes them feel the necessity of song.

Robbins Battell tuned all the life of the lower Berkshire Hills to lofty music. There is wonderful social power in music. Music is not a mere accomplishment—it is an educative force and has great influence in character building. It is surely a balm for a troubled girl who is

lonely, for it tunes her life with joy.

“Every day’s a song to me
A song of hope and cheer,
A song of peace and faith and love
Let day be bright or drear,
Every day’s a song to me,
And I have naught to fear.”

When we realize the value of music in our lives we understand harmony in relation to life, for
“Our lives are songs. God writes the words

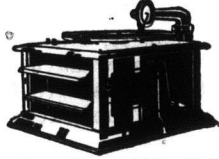
And we set them to music at pleasure
The song grows glad or sweet or sad,
As we choose to write the measure”

Southern Corn Bread

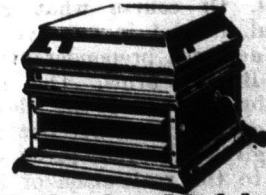
2 cupfuls corn meal, 2 cupfuls white flour, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls fat, 6 teaspoonfuls baking powder, milk to make paste.

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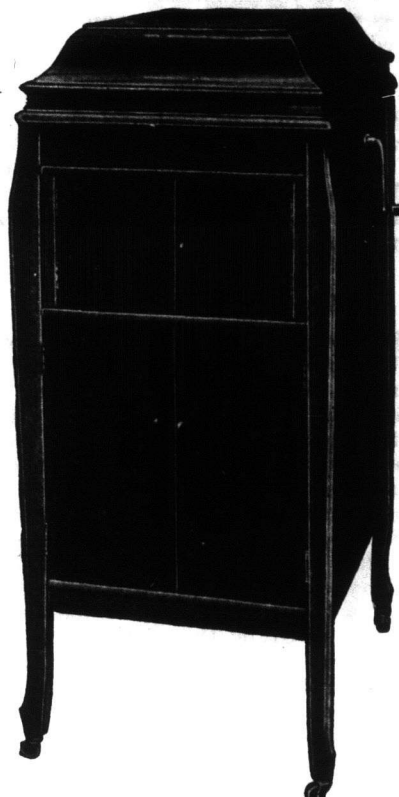
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Write Us To-day

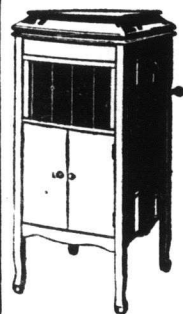
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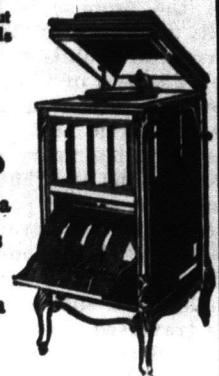
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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

A Noble Beginning

One of the most interesting episodes, if one may so say, of the world war is the conquest of Palestine, now almost completely wrested from the detested Turks. Of course what gives this consummation special interest in our eyes is the fact that it has been achieved preponderantly by British generalship and British arms. The achievement of General Allenby is one of the cleanest and most decisive chapters of the war. But there is another element that gives the event great significance: it opens the door to the realization of Zionism. After years of education and propaganda Zionism came within the field of practical politics in the larger sense when Foreign Minister Balfour declared that the British Government gave its official adhesion to the program of the settling up of an autonomous Jewish State in Palestine. On July 24th of this summer an event of striking import took place at Jerusalem: the corner-stone of a Jewish University was laid on the Mount of Olives. Representatives of three great sects participated in the ceremonies: the Jewish, the Mohammedan, and the Christian. The foundation of a Hebrew University under the circumstances actually obtaining was a stroke of insight and genius. The early establishment of a national Hebrew University on the site in question will exercise a great influence on Hebrew national development. It goes without saying that the Jews have both the brains and the money to develop a notable university. The event pledges the nascent state to intellectuality from the outset. One remembers in this connection that the founding of Harvard in 1636 influenced profoundly the whole history of New England. The intellectual predominance of New England in the American Republic may in no small measure be attributed to the presence of the puritan founders of Harvard. A brilliant young Jew, forwarding to me an account of the ceremonies which attended the laying of the corner-stone of the University at Jerusalem, closed his letter by saying: "The new state begins its career by building not a fortress but a University."

Balfour's Oratory

The mention of the name of Mr. Balfour in the foregoing reminds me of something. During my visit to Washington a year ago I had the opportunity of hearing him speak several times. In the course of letters written by me at that time I took occasion to analyse the elements of his remarkable power. A friend of mine the other day took the ground that I had presumed to question the fact of his being an orator. What I did try to say was that his achievement as a speaker is due to his at least apparent spontaneity and ease. There are some men that attest themselves obviously as orators. Viviani is of that type. When you think of Viviani you think first of the orator. When you think of Balfour you think first, and most of the gracious personality and of the accomplished mind. His oratory is a by-product, as it were. His richly-stored, highly-trained mind adapts itself to the occasion. If it calls for a great sentence, the great sentence is forthcoming. If it calls for nonchalant, easy utterance—that is what you get.

Sweeping Judgments

Sweeping, inclusive judgments are nearly always dangerous. Burke, for example, said: "I do not know how to lay an indictment against a whole people." The case of Lloyd-George illustrates this point. Years ago I read Matthew Arnold's analysis of the genius of the Celtic races. It is piquant, by the way, to realise that the Prime Minister of Great Britain speaks Welsh in his own family circle. At any rate, Matthew Arnold, in the essay in question, declares that the Celtic genius always stops short of the greatest achievement. It is, he says, full of promise, but the promise is never completely realized. The Celt, according to Arnold, dreams great dreams, but never quite fulfils them. Surely Lloyd-George pretty well disposes of that contention. He has undoubtedly been the Savior of Britain in this mighty struggle. He has been first, with, one may say, no second. His spirit has never quailed. I heard Mr. Rowell say a short time ago that to watch Lloyd-George at close range is a sort of perpetual miracle. No matter who is cast down, the premier is always full of spring and resiliency. His abounding vitality has been a marvel. Who would have said that the Celtic temperament would have sufficed to carry him through what he has traversed since 1905? The absolute storm centre of the fiery Budget struggle of 1909, in the forefront of Britain during the ten years that preceded the war—by all odds the stormiest period in the social

history of Britain—he has since the outbreak of the struggle been successively Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Munitions, Minister of War, and finally Premier and all but Dictator of Britain. On the tomb of Goldsmith in the Middle Temple one reads, if I am not mistaken, the Latin words: "Nihil tetigit quod non cœvit—He touched nothing that he did not adorn." One might adapt these words to Lloyd-George, and say "He has touched nothing that he has not energised." His policies are instinct with life. He has the vital touch. They talk of "the Nelson touch" in naval strategy. We might speak of "the Lloyd-George touch" in politics and national direction.

Venezelos

We all ask ourselves, what have been the outstanding disclosures of the war? There would, no doubt, be general agreement with respect to some of these: the wholesale perversion of the German national character, the constancy of France, the monumental achievement of Britain, the sagacity and soundness of Wilson. But, although not cast in so large a mould, perhaps, one feels like adding, the judgment and fidelity of Elutherios Venezelos. Through thick and thin he has never wavered in his adhesion to the cause of the Allies. The temptation in the Balkans was undoubtedly strong to jump with the apparent winners. That of course was what Bulgaria thought she was doing. Venezelos has had a terrific uphill fight. The pro-German Constantine was evidently popular. His court was pro-German. His Queen was German. The military establishment was staffed with pro-Germans. The King was apparently well-enough liked to carry at least half his people with him. But Venezelos never wavered in his conviction that the Entente Allies must win. The eventful success of the Saloniki venture is a splendid vindication of his judgment. When we remember what a blow the Bulgarian surrender has been to the cause of the Central Powers, we are justified in saying that the world owes a great debt of gratitude to Venezelos.

Topography in War

I have just read a most illuminating book by a Columbia University Professor on "Topography and Strategy in the War." I wish I had come upon it much earlier. It throws a flood of light on a lot of things that were most mysterious to me. The author shows for one thing that the whole French strategy has been based absolutely on the physical configuration of the country. The location of the great fortresses that stud eastern France—such as Belfort, Verdun, Laon, Soissons, and the rest—has been so to say determined by geology. Again, not till I read this book did I begin to understand the early campaigns of Grand Duke Nicholas in the east. His objective was Berlin. His starting point was Poland. But Poland was simply a Russian promontory thrusting itself into the heart of enemy territory. North of this lay east Prussia. South of it lay Galicia, that is to say, Austrian territory. Before Nicholas could move into Germany he had to protect his flanks. Hence the Galician campaigns, and hence, also the immense forays into the hill and lake country of east Prussia. The vastness of the scale of operations in this war staggers the imagination.

Old Age and Childhood

I have just heard a mother coming up the stairway with a little boy who needed to be put to bed. My thoughts ran to a little old woman whom years ago I used to go and turn down the covers for, when, for her too, the day was over. Between the two terms of childhood and old age, how short and feverish the course we run! Childhood has to be fostered; old age has to be helped and protected. For just a little while we strut and bustle about for ourselves. I often think of a word spoken by Macbeth about dead Duncan: "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." How strange and pathetic our febrile activity must be to the olympian gaze of God! I often think the world must look to God pretty much as an ant-hill does to us. As you look down at ants do you not wonder, what in the world are they toiling and moiling for? I suppose they too love and hate, fight and are at peace, do business with each other, are distinguished and obscure, aspire and are cast down. What must God have thought of the world of men and women during these last four years? What rushings hither and thither; twenty millions of men transported over all the seas; vast armies moving over three continents; huge fleets upon the seas; grim

struggles underground; navies fighting in the clouds; battalions dying in the swamps; cities sacked, children murdered, women ravished, towns burning, the air torn with detonations rivalling the thunder, clouds of gas creeping along the face of the earth. What hideous irony it will be if all this does not eventuate in a new world made safe for children, for women, for small nations, for honest, laboring men and women. Surely mankind will now have learned its lesson! What punishment is too severe for the men who let loose this horror upon the earth?

Autumn Thoughts

Autumn has come again. Each season in the revolving year has its quota of suggestions for the mind of man. Nothing about autumn is so suggestive as the yellowing and falling leaves. They inspire a strange pensiveness. They bring to us the message of the frailty and the futility almost of terrestrial things. If man becomes too absorbed in things material, it is surely not because Nature does not do its best to remind him that he is but a sojourner and a pilgrim. Probably no race has had so acute a sense of the fragility of human existence as the Anglo-Saxon. Of this sentiment Shakespeare is, as usual, our chief interpreter. There is a wonderful passage on this theme in "The Tempest," the last of his plays. Prospero, the magician, has called up the spirits that wait upon his call, and has exhibited them as a sort of pageant for Miranda and Ferdinand. At a signal from the wizard the spirits vanish, and then Prospero says: "These our actors, as I foretold you, are all spirits, and have vanished—into thin air. And, like the baseless fabric of this vision, all will vanish. The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea all which it inherits shall dissolve, and leave not a track behind. We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and all our little life is rounded with a sleep." Anyone who knows this famous passage will see that I have not quoted it exactly, as my mind falters a little in quoting it. But anyone can see what a high, grave spirit pervades the lines.

What Have We to be Thankful For?

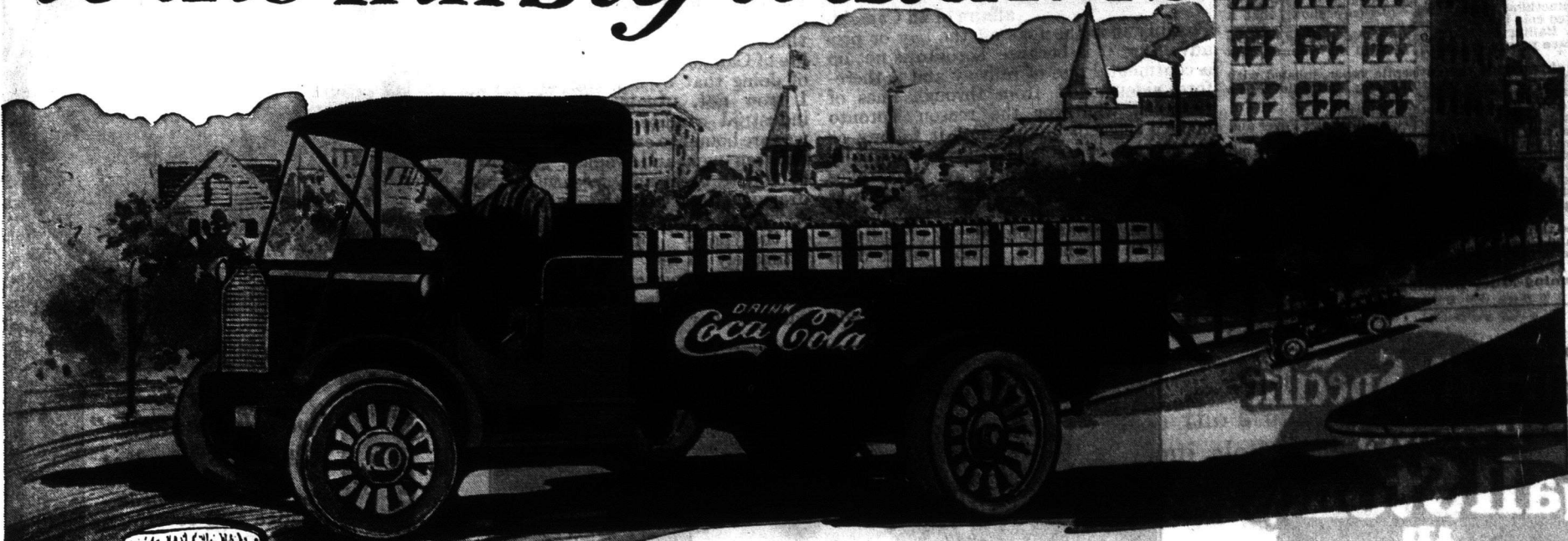
The second Monday of last month was selected by the Dominion Government to be Thanksgiving Day. With the whole world under the shadow of the Great War, which has brought bereavement to many Canadian hearts and grief to every heart that, though not knowing actual bereavement, pulses in sympathy with human agonies and human sorrows, we Canadians can truly feel, as a nation, we have many things to be thankful for. While our own land has not known what invasion by hostile armies means, Canada's sons have proved their manhood by their rallying to the cause of humanity and freedom and acquitting themselves in battle with a spirit that has won the admiration of all the world. Our land is blessed with abundance of all good things; but the lesson of this war-time Thanksgiving Day to us is surely not to associate our giving of thanks with material blessings. The real blessings of life are not what the hands may grasp, but what the heart may hold. These are the greatest and deepest things of life—the joys of children, the happiness of youth and love, the privileges and duties of parenthood, of bringing up healthy boys and girls to be noble men and women, the serene influences of home life, the aspirations of manhood and of womanhood, and our national ideals and our duty to our country and to ourselves to do our part to let nothing destroy those ideals and high purposes for which true Canadianism stands.

A Boyish Humiliation

The citing of that Shakespeare incident reminds me of another incident of the vanished past. I went to the university when I was sixteen. I had been fond of reciting, in the small village schools in Quebec that I had attended. Shortly after my arrival at college an elocution contest was announced. I entered the lists. There was much talking about who was going to win. "Brer rabbit lay low." I thought to myself: "I'll be the dark horse. I'll show them a wrinkle or two." The fateful night arrived. My hopes beat high. I selected Felicia Hemans' "Marius in the ruins of Carthage." I have long since forgotten all but the first two lines:

"'Twas noon, and Afric's dazzling sun on high
With fierce resplendence filled the unclouded sky."
On some word in these two sounding lines I faltered. My memory broke, and all the rest of the piece was a night-mare. I vanished in a cloud of mortification, and never recited in public again.

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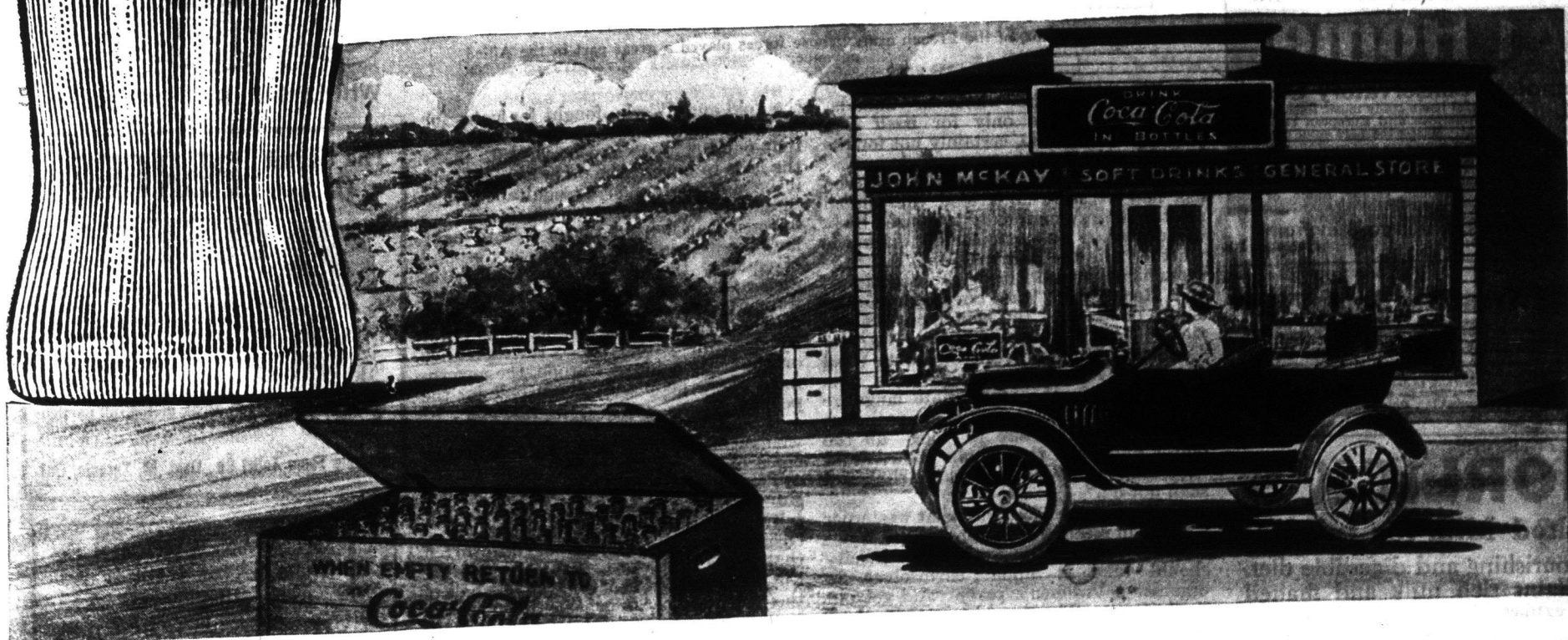
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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Some of the women of Toronto have organized a woman's party and announced a platform. This is absolutely characteristic of Toronto. If there is one thing above another that Toronto dwellers feel capable of doing it is running the affairs of all Canada.

Possibly it is the fogs off the bay or peradventure it is because Toronto is not on a continental line of railway and is therefore sidetracked from through lines of thought; whatever the reason Toronto lacks a sense of humor and it follows as a natural consequence, Toronto equally lacks a sense of proportion and takes itself far too seriously. This does not mean that there are not plenty of brainy people in Toronto, and plenty of individuals with a sense of humor but it does mean that Toronto as a city, when it takes an idea into its civic head or into the head of any gathering of its citizens, thinks it

been sound in the past and they have therefore a certain Dominion standing that may make for mischief in the present instance.

Already this ill-digested and in many features unjust and absurd platform, is being circulated and women and women's organizations all over Canada asked to subscribe to it. It is to be hoped that no single organization in the west will give it heed for a single instant.

What need is there for a "woman's party" in Canada? Was it not one of the bright hopes of the enfranchisement of women that they would help to loosen the strangle hold of "party politics" on the life of Canada? Would there be any hope of doing that by starting another party? I trow not. Again, the war, and the industrial conditions arising out of the war are bound to create many antagonisms between men and women, is there need to add to them and accentuate them by dragging them into the realm of politics. A "woman's party" presupposes a return to the "party" form of government and ultimately to the "woman's party" being returned to power and governing the country. That is the aim of all political parties. For long, long years, those of

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General Berthlot, of the French army, whose forces played a great part in the Allied advance.

can speak for the whole of Canada, whereas it speaks only for itself and possibly old Ontario, certainly not for the newer portions of that great province.

Ask any unfortunate man or woman who has had occasion to attend the annual meeting of any nationally organized body in Toronto, it makes no earthly difference whether it is the National W.C.T.U., the Dominion Swine Breeders' Association, the Red Cross, the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Masons, the Dominion Association of Civil Engineers, the National Council of Women, or the Canadian Wool Growers' Association, they with one accord, but in the appropriate language of their various organizations, anathematize Toronto for its desire to "hog" all the offices and "run the whole show," and "tell the rest of Canada what it shall and shall not do."

This being the case, and when westerners will rise in meeting and answer it, it is not surprising that a few women of that city should take it upon themselves to organize a "woman's party" and get out a platform. That is, they are to be congratulated. The "woman's party" is a very real thing. It is a party of the "old guard" who fought for votes for women, fought for them on the ground that one sex alone had no right to make the laws to govern the other sex. Would it be any more just or equitable for a "woman's party" in power to make laws for men than it has been for men to make laws for women? Is not the very ground of equality that government shall be of men and women together for men and women? Men and women together make up the people and is not democracy, for which our men are dying by the thousands on the battlefields of Europe, the government of the people, by the people for the people?

By all that we hold dear let every woman of the west rise up to fight this course of "party" by it "woman's party" or "men's party" and let men and women get together and, soberly, thoughtfully, you peacefully and strive for a basis of government on a platform, if that is the last thing that will make for the upbuilding of the party, on this half of the North American continent, which will, in the meantime, have the benefit of the very best government that the world has ever known.

It is a party of the "old guard" who fought for votes for women, fought for them on the ground that one sex alone had no right to make the laws to govern the other sex. Would it be any more just or equitable for a "woman's party" in power to make laws for men than it has been for men to make laws for women? Is not the very ground of equality that government shall be of men and women together for men and women? Men and women together make up the people and is not democracy, for which our men are dying by the thousands on the battlefields of Europe, the government of the people, by the people for the people?

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THE MAN WHO HOLDS the largest trade is usually the man who advertises regularly and judiciously. The Western Home Monthly is a first-class advertising medium.

Woman's Conference The conference is called by the National Council of Women and the presidents of the Women Grain Growers and the Home Economic societies and will be open to every society of women in the province no matter what its size or the nature of the work that it is doing. All that is necessary is for a delegate to bring with her a proper letter of credentials from the secretary of her society showing that the society agrees to the arrangement of pooling the railway fares.

This idea of pooling the railway fares is an excellent one and is one of the good things instituted by the Grain Growers and enables the smaller and financially weaker societies to have representation at many gatherings which otherwise they could not reach. It is the real spirit of co-operation and cannot be too highly recommended. The programme for the conference is not yet fully drafted as all time possible is being allowed for suggestions to come in from various organizations. It is known however that laws relating to women and children will receive much attention and that who shall and who shall not be future citizens of Canada will have the place in the discussion which its importance deserves.

This conference should give an excellent opportunity for the women of Manitoba to put the ban of their unqualified disapproval on the "woman's party."

There are many things which women, with their newly acquired citizenship

should get together upon and the conference should be productive of much good.

There will be three distinctly western books on the market for Christmas this year. Personally I am always glad when a new western book, that is true to the west, comes in time for Christmas.

New Books The old lavish Christmas giving is of course a thing of the past, and rightly so. Liberty bonds and thrift stamps should absorb our dollars these days. Nevertheless there are a few whom we should remember, the children and the far-away friends to whom the year has brought family losses. A book that may lighten a heavy hour or that may please the children is always a safe gift.

The three books that are coming out are by three people who may be safely trusted to give us something good to send to our friends. First there will be "Three Times and Out" the story of Private Simmons who was two years a prisoner in Germany, told by Nellie L. McClung; second, "The Cow Puncher," by Robert Stead of Calgary, whose "Kitchener and Other Poems" was so welcome last year. The new book links the old cattle days of Alberta up with the war, I understand. Lastly there is a book of verse for children by Mrs. Eccleston MacKay of Vancouver. This book has beautiful illustrations. The publishers promise that all of these books will be on the market in good time for the Christmas trade.

The Building of a Nation

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Hannah D. Eby

A Thinking People

IN this strange sad time the thought life of the world is developing leaps and bounds. The period of reconstruction is upon us, and patriotic Canadians are groping after the best with an intensity and singleness of purpose hitherto unknown. The hungry heartache felt by our people has become a national cross made sacred by the noble self sacrifice that caused it. The mere materialistic is sinking into insignificance, and the responsibilities and opportunities of leadership are heavy. Ideals are high for a nation is thinking.

A Real Danger

The title "Canadian" is strong enough to draw from the heart of every ally a thought of gratitude, honor and trust, while that of the enemy stops in terror and his face blanches with fear. But while our boys "over there" are showing the world what it means to be a Canadian and a soldier, we at home face an enemy which, unchecked, needs only time to break our Canada into a hundred pieces. In certain sections of our country there are alien settlements made up of those who are out of touch with its language and institutions. Here we have a little Germany, there a little Austria. Here a Doukhobour settlement and there a Russian. In many places courts and public business cannot be carried on without interpreters. These people call themselves Canadians, but there is no medium for social communication, and they know nothing of Canadian patriotism and ideals. Here they are right in the heart of Canada with the same ideas of life and government which, during the last century, has kept middle Europe a hot-bed of anarchy and revolution. There are hundreds of schools in Japan, China and India studying in English while there are hundreds in Canada in which it is seldom heard.

If our country is to become strong and take its rightful place among the Christian nations this state of things must cease. We must have one common language, the Anglo-Saxon, and we must have a common attitude toward Canadian ideals of life and character.

Our Hope Lies in the School

How can this unity be attained broken as we are into nationalities and divided into sects, denominations and classes? The only way in which we can become welded into a nation is through the Canadian public schools backed up by our higher educational institutions. An ever increasing responsibility with its accompanying opportunity is being vested in the teacher, Canada's foremost leader,

If the government will in a measure nationalize the schools, public and private and authorize the teachers to use only the English language, the foundation for a nation would be laid. Until this is done we, in the West, can see no hope of unity, for a nation "Divided against itself cannot stand."

Would it not be possible to place the studies throughout the provinces on a more uniform basis? A pupil coming from Ontario finds himself lost in Alberta's grading, while a professional representative of one province is required to pass a technical examination before he can practice in another. These things may seem immaterial but they divide and hold asunder just the same.

Respect for the Flag

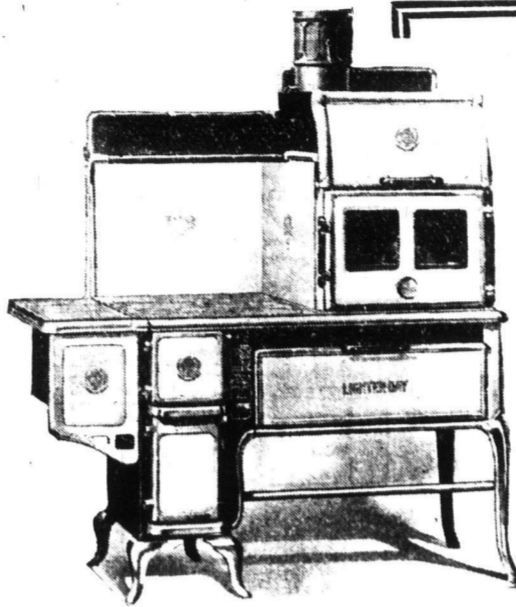
Then we have thought that in the building of a patriotic democracy such as we wish Canada to become the children could be taught more respect for our flag. Every child between the Atlantic and the Pacific, north of the border, should learn to salute our national flag. Then at each children's gathering on the raising of the flag every hand would salute, and every heart would respond to the wave of patriotic fervor created, while unconsciously there would be forged an unbreakable bond of nationhood.

National Strength in Character

This Canadian patriotism which we are seeking will amount to little, however, if it does not find its inspiration in the individual life and character of the people. Character, that is what counts in a nation as in an individual, and this all important thing is not acquired by haphazard dashes now and then. Each person makes himself by his conscious and unconscious conduct towards all that pertains to his everyday life, and a nation is strong or weak according to the strength of the moral character and ideals of its people. And again we say that the kind of nation we build depends upon our educational leaders, and the daily life of the boy and girl in the public school.

Frankness and Honesty Becomes a Habit

Our Canadian law says: "Thou shalt not steal," and just punishment is quickly meted out to the one who breaks it. But this does not prohibit stealing. How then can we build up in Canada a love of honesty so strong that all dishonesty will be reduced to a minimum? By constantly leading the child from Grade 1 up along the path of perfect frankness. By letting him know that to look with covetous eyes upon that which belongs to another is the way a thief is built.



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By teaching him that copying is thieving, that cheating is lying, that pretending to be what one is not, is mean and contemptible, we can in time through the child, go a long way towards ridding our nation of these things. "The child is father of the man," and it is the child who deceives, copies and cheats in school who becomes the thief, swindler and grafter in national life.

Service a Part of the Daily Life

In every school the atmosphere should be one of service. The girl who chews gum should not be told with an autocratic air to "put that stuff in the basket." She should be led to see that her act is not only detracting from her own personality, but it is offensive to others, and degrading the class, and if she will not give it up on her own account she must for the sake of others. Then every lesson in history, literature, biography should emphasize the fact that the life that serves is the life that counts, that we are members one of another, and the only way to advance is to advance together. Hearty co-operation in work and play should be the motto of the school-room.

Do Away with Class Distinction

There is one great lesson which we as Canadians must learn. That is "All men are brothers." Black or white, bond or free, master or servant, all are a part of a common humanity. We each have fallen far short of the ideal manhood which God intended for us, and because we ourselves need a living loving sympathy we should learn to extend that courtesy to all around us. How sad it is to see the attitude of little girls of seven years towards others in the same school. Cheap jewelry, laces and fancy slippers

Care of Farm Machinery

By Allan Campbell

A good deal of money is locked up in farm machinery and the annual depreciation in value represents a serious bill of expense. There are several ways in which this annual loss may be checked. Of course the question of shelter is a very important one, and a rough, cheap shelter is far better than none at all. An ordinary leanto of rough boards that will at least partially obstruct sun and rain, will be well worth while. The constant exposure of farm implements to every mood of the weather just hastens the end of their usefulness.

A very important point is judicious lubrication of the bearings. A new machine pulls out nicely oiled in every part then along comes a dust storm and a mixture of sand is added to the lubricant and the wearing out of the bearings is immediately speeded up. It is a good plan to clean off axles from old grease and oil from time to time and give them a fresh start. Coal oil pumped into bearings that have been repeatedly oiled will expel a miniature stream of ink-like fluid which is a mixture of dirt and oil. It is better for the general efficiency of such machines as binders, gang plows, etc., to always have an oil can attached to them. A good safe way of carrying an oiler is to get a tin can as near as possible to the size of oiler you favor, then pierce two holes opposite to each other on the open end and loop in a piece of copper wire to make a bucket handle. This little bucket will be handy to fasten to any implement and stand a great deal of rough usage without dropping the oiler.

The average period of usefulness of farm machinery in this country is said to be five years; this period may be doubled by proper shelter.

One of the best demonstrations of the old adage "Money saved is money earned" is the careful use of farm machinery. Of course there is no place on the farm for an implement that does not earn its shelter space. There are many implements that appeal to one for their different merits, but to purchase each implement for its special recommendation would mean an enormous outlay and idle capital for a good deal of the year together with greater chance of depreciation on account of an inevitable lack of storage room. In the interest of economy there are a good many machines and implements that could be passed over, but there is one deserving of special mention that should be worthy of a place on every farm, both large and small. The implement in question is the duck-foot cultivator, which for the width of four feet cuts out the weeds and leaves a nice clean path in its wake. The frequent use of such an implement on summer fallow troubled with persistent weeds will save the necessity of subsequent laborious plowings and labor involving other machinery.

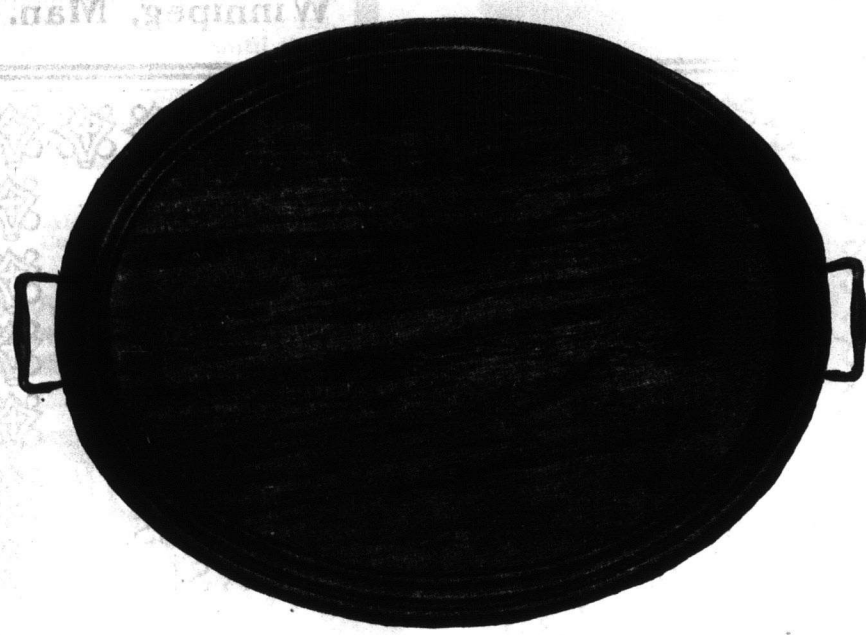
A good plan is to have all implements run under cover as soon as they come from the field by the weather wet or fine, and in that way establish a habit. A stray piece of machinery left out, becomes an example which is likely to be soon followed, to the detriment of all classes of machinery. The fall is a good time to make sure of the welfare of the machinery and implements. Plow shears should be greased, and wagon axles, instead of being left in a state of doubt until the spring rush comes, are better attended to with the general round up in the fall.

Buy Victory Bonds

Put the finishing touch on Kaiser Bill—Buy a Victory Bond, buy a big one if it pinches it does not matter in so great a cause.

HAVE YOU FRIENDS in the "Old Country" who would appreciate some extra delicacies for Christmas? We have a special series of Home Comforts as well as Soldiers' Comforts. Write to our Overseas Hamper Department, HUDSON'S BAY STORE, WINNIPEG.

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CURER



The onion crop at Kildonan, Man.

are welcomed to the class room and the playground every time, while the plain little girl with the neat patch on her dress too often stands alone, especially if Mary has whispered to Jennie, "Her father dug that ditch in front of our house, for I seen him, that's what he works at." How I wish I could take Canada's children to-day, and dress each in a uniform, comfortable, clean and inexpensive, and keep it so dressed for the whole duration of its school life. Throw out accessories which might lead to class distinction, and for just one generation diverting the mind from outward show, place the premium upon loving sympathy and ability.

If for one generation the child could be taught to know that it is not the pupil but the class; not the class but the school; not the school but the community; not the community but the nation that counts. That he himself is a living part of this great whole, that wherein he fails the nation fails; that honesty, brotherhood and service are the things worth while; what a nation we would have. Surely the call for leaders would be speedily answered.

Canada's Needs

Canada needs a common language, a standard course of studies, a high ideal of life and character, and a stronger bond of brotherhood. Canada needs a generation of boys and girls trained not only to earn a living but to live a life, at its best in service for itself, for humanity and for God. But Canada's greatest need is for one thousand clear-sighted leaders in whom is to be found a measure of unselfish steadfastness like unto that of the man of Galilee.

"Old Muskie" The Rogue

By Levi T. Pennington

YOU must go; that's all. There will be some way, you'll see." Carl Mills and Lee Henly were separating for the night. They were close friends; and although Carl's father was the most prosperous man in the community, and Lee was the son of a poor widow, they had always been together, and had been leaders of the class that had been graduated from the local high school the month before.

To-night they had been discussing for the hundredth time their plans for the coming year. Carl was going to college in the autumn,—that was a settled thing,—and Lee longed to go as he had never longed for anything before in his life. There was nothing to prevent his going but the lack of funds. His mother was to spend the winter with a married daughter, ten years his senior. He had a scholarship in the college and a chance to pay his way in part by working in the college library. But that would take all his spare time, and he was sure that he would still lack about one hundred dollars of having enough to carry him through the first year.

Both boys dearly loved Lake Wannawasso, on the shore of which they lived. It was, indeed, one of the most beautiful of all the inlets of water which a half-century ago knew the dip of the Indian's paddle and the ripple of his birch-bark canoe. There may be other waters as clear and sweet as those of northern Michigan, but the native and the enthusiastic summer visitor find it hard to believe it.

Both Lee and Carl spent much of their time in the employ of the people at Forest Lodge during the summer, when the Chicago fishermen, headed by the wealthy Camerons, were there for three months.

Lee was in Mr. Cameron's special employ, and from him had learned the art of bait-casting. At the close of the previous season, Mr. Cameron had given him his longest and strongest maskinonge casting-rod; it was too heavy now for Mr. Cameron, who found his casting arm seriously crippled by rheumatism.

It was but a few days after Lee's last talk with Carl Mills that he heard Mr. Cameron and Mr. Gardner discussing the fine collection of mounted fish belonging to Mr. Cameron in Chicago. Mr. Gardner was speaking of it in glowing terms, and was especially praising a maskinonge in the collection.

"Yes," said Mr. Cameron, "that certainly was a fine fish when Smithson took him out of this lake five years ago; but I had set my heart on a bigger one. I wanted one that would weigh over fifty pounds when he came out of the water, and that one weighed only forty-three. I'd gladly give one hundred dollars for a specimen caught with hook and line that would tip the scales at fifty pounds or better."

"Do you think you'll ever find one?" asked Mr. Gardner.

"I hardly know," said Mr. Cameron. "Two years ago one was netted in the river near Detroit which was over that weight, but I did not learn of it until too late; and, anyway, I want one that is caught with hook and line, and the story of whose capture I can know."

Two weeks later, one morning when Mr. Cameron had decided that he would not go out upon the lake, Lee Henly paddled a light canoe out across Forest Lodge Cove and practised with his casting-rod. In this cove there seemed to be no fish at all, although elsewhere in the lake fish were plentiful. At one point here three great elm-trees with spreading tops had fallen into the lake years before.

There they still lay, water-logged, their hundreds of branches forming a miniature jungle under water, just off the bold shore. Merely for practice, Lee dropped his casting-bait near these treetops, and started to reel in.

Then he almost fell from the boat, for there was a great swirl in the water where his minnow was spinning along, a broad tail came out and hit the water with a tremendous splash, and he struck but did not hook the fish, which, however, he saw to be enormous.

That night he said to Carl Mills, "Carl, I believe I see a chance for college."

"What is it?" asked his friend.

Then Lee told of the conversation he

had heard, and of the great fish that had given him a strike. "And I believe that he weighs over fifty pounds, and that I can catch him if you will help me," he said.

There was but one day in the week, however, that they could try for the big fish, for both were employed that year every week-day except Tuesday, when Mr. Cameron went to the town fifteen miles away; and on Tuesday they dared to fish only in the very early morning, for fear that some of the fishermen at Forest Lodge would learn that there was a great fish there, and catch him. They did not want to be unskilful, but Lee was confident that none of the rich fishermen needed the fish as he did.

The first Tuesday morning brought them not even encouragement. Although Carl paddled the boat all about the cove, and Lee did the best casting of which he was capable, no strike rewarded them; and when they saw the first stir about Forest Lodge, they hastened to another part of the lake, and left "Old Muskie," as they had already named the big fish.

When the next Tuesday morning came, again they were out. The boat was kept as great a distance from shore as Lee could cover with his longest casts, and just as the casting-minnow fell straight out from the middle treetop, there was a great swirl in the water. Lee struck, and the reel began to sing as the great fish started a tremendous run; but in an instant the line came back slack. The saber-like teeth of the maskinonge had cut it off like a knife.

"And what can we do about that?" said Carl, as Lee sadly reeled in the useless line.

"I don't know yet, but I have an idea," said Lee.

The next Tuesday morning Lee was not ready to try for the big fish again, although it was almost torture to stay away from

the old treetops. He promised to be ready the next week, and he was. What he had done had surprised his mother, who knew that he had been saving every cent in the hope of going to college. He had sent away to a fishing-tackle house for their largest first-class silk line, and received one hundred yards of line that was tested to fifty pounds. He had sent to an electrical supply house for their smallest unbound copper wire, and had received a spool of it, almost hairlike in its fineness. Both purchases had been expensive for him.

From "Old Injun Jake" Lee had learned the art of doing splicing and of braiding many strands. He unbraided the silk line for a considerable length, and weaving in one by one the copper wire lengths that he had cut from the spool, he joined the wire to the silk with a joint that would readily pass through a line-guide, and continued to braid till he had a six-foot, flexible copper leader that would sustain his own weight, united to his one hundred yards of line with a joint as strong as the line itself. Thus did he provide against the teeth of Old Muskie.

Tuesday morning the boys were again fishing in Forest Lodge Cove at daybreak. Again Old Muskie struck, and unable to cut the line, rushed into the interlacing boughs of the submerged treetops.

For a while the strain on the rod indicated that he was surging back and forth among the treetops, but soon the dead pull showed that the old warrior was no longer making a fight.

Rowing in, the boys found the casting-bait fast on one of the limbs. When they got it loose and pulled it in, they found that one of the treble hooks was gone. Old Muskie in his rush had caught one of the hooks upon a branch and it had held, while the one that was in his mouth had pulled from the minnow, and the big savage of the lake was again at liberty.

Lee made a change in his minnow before the next Tuesday morning. Instead of using the treble hooks that were fastened

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with screws into the sides of the minnow, he bored a hole in the body of the wooden bait, and using again his copper wire, passed it back and forth through the body of the minnow and through the eye of the treble hook on each side. He knew that no fish would break all these strands of copper wire, although he felt that Old Muskie might break the hooks.

The next Tuesday morning Lee again hooked Old Muskie. Again the big fish got to the treetops, and again Lee felt the dead pull that meant that he had no longer a fighting fish to deal with. Reeling up as Carl paddled the boat toward shore, Lee found that Old Muskie had entangled the line among the branches, and getting a chance to use his great strength, had broken the heavy silk line. Lee was delighted to see that it had been broken above the point where he had spliced it to the copper leader.

"What can you do about that?" asked Carl.

"I'm not sure," said Lee, "but every time thus far the old fellow has run straight away from the direction in which I was reeling my minnow. I believe that if we come at him from near the shore he will take a run toward the open lake, and we'll have a chance at him."

During the week that followed, Lee again spliced a copper leader to his line. Again he "made over" a big casting-minnow, and when Tuesday morning brought its opportunity, Carl put the canoe along the shore, but as far out as the end of the submerged treetops. Three casts were made, each farther and farther forward, without results. The fourth, however, a perfect cast of over one hundred feet, which fell just beyond the farthest treetop, was rewarded; the water broke in a great eddy as Old Muskie took the bait. Lee struck with all his might, and pulled with all the force he dared to use although he was pulling almost straight back toward the treetops.

As he had hoped, Old Muskie pulled the other way, and with a tremendous rush, left the treetops, and started toward the channel into the open lake. Half-way across he gave an astonishing leap into the air, showing the boys for the first time just what a monster they had succeeded in hooking.

Hope more lively than any they had felt before filled the hearts of the young

fishermen, as the monster maskinonge rushed across the cove. But instead of hitting the narrow open channel into the main lake, he rushed across the wide bar, through a veritable forest of bulrushes.

Then the fight was quickly over. The fish had been hooked only on the treble hook in the rear of the casting-minnow; the hooks on the side dragged through the rushes, and caught upon so many of them that the hook was torn from the mouth of Old Muskie, and again Lee reeled in his line without the big fish at the end of it.

Both boys sat in the canoe for several minutes as blue as boys could be. It certainly was discouraging. But presently Lee raised his head, and with a flash of the eyes said, "I'll catch that fellow yet!"

And Carl Mills, with admiration and determination both on his face, said, "Right! And I'll help you do it!"

A big maskinonge lives a life much like that of a rogue elephant in its isolation.

He selects some spot,—a cove filled with lily-pads, a bend of a river, or a sunken treetop like the home of Old Muskie,—and there he will stay, month after month, if not year after year. So there was little danger of Old Muskie's leaving Forest Lodge Cove that summer unless he was caught or killed or died the mysterious death that comes to the great fish of the streams and lakes.

Lee Henly and Carl Mills knew this, and they had been learning more and more of the habits of this particular maskinonge. In every new thing that they learned they felt that they had one more aid toward the final capture of Old Muskie and the realization of Lee's ambition for college that year.

Lee had learned that hooking the big fish was the easiest part of the work of capturing him. He decided that he must provide by every possible means against the entanglement of his casting-bait.

With this in view, he made a wooden

casting-minnow himself. He took a spinner and the glass eyes from an old one he had used, and from a bit of red cedar he whittled out the shape for the body. He had bought a very heavy, although not a very large, hand-forged treble hook. He took a heavy, spring-steel wire, and had the old blacksmith at Kessler's Corners weld an eye in it through the eye of the treble hook. He put on the back spinner, and passed the wire through the wooden minnow. He used no front spinner, as it might catch in the rushes.

The front eye he made in the wire himself by bending and twisting till he was sure beyond all question that it was safe. Then he fastened his copper leader into this eye, put the glass eyes into the head of the minnow, and with careful painting his bait was complete.

The season was now growing late. College was to begin September 23rd. On Tuesday, September 9th, Carl and Lee set out at daybreak on their quest. They fished long and carefully, but got no strike. They left the cove for half an hour, then tried again. This time the great fish struck, but was not hooked. Soon Forest Lodge was astir, and fishing for Old Muskie ended for that day.

Then came the last day. Carl was to leave for college the following Monday. "We just must get him this morning!" he said, as they pushed out from the landing with the first glow of daylight. They knew a little later in the day would be better, but they felt that they must lose no time.

Carl worked the canoe down the shore, the little craft slipping through the water as quietly as a floating swan. Lee outdid himself in length of cast, for he did not wish Old Muskie to take fright because they were too near.

At the fifth cast the big fish hit the bait. He rushed savagely at it, and closed his jaws down squarely upon it. Lee struck as if for his life, and drove the hooks deep into the fish's jaw, and with click and drag both on the reel and his thumb adding to the pressure, he pulled all he thought his tackle would bear—pulled straight back toward the treetops, which he was most anxious to avoid.

Stubbornly the big fish pulled in the opposite direction, and with a rush started across the cove. So fast did the line run out that Lee's thumb was almost blistered, but he held it hard against the spinning reel, and the fish rushed on across the cove.

Straight through the forest of rushes he dashed, and Lee and Carl held their breath, as the line cut through the water. Lee held the rod high, Carl sent the canoe along the track taken by the fish; and in a few dizzy seconds Old Muskie was through the rushes and out into the open lake. And now Lee made no effort to check him, but let him run as far as possible from the shore, although he continued his mad rush till less than thirty feet of line remained on his reel.

Forest Lodge was quickly awake and astir. Mr. Gardner was just at the landing for a trip across the lake, when out in front of him came the canoe as if being towed by the great fish, which leaped high into the air.

He rushed into Forest Lodge and roused Mr. Cameron and all the rest by beating upon his door and crying, "Get up! Get up! Your fifty-pound maskinonge is hooked, and by a boy!" No further call was needed, and the beach was soon lined with a score of fishermen and their wives hastily, and some of them grotesquely, dressed.

Meanwhile, Lee and Carl had begun working together to regain the line that had been run out. The victory could never have come to the young fisherman but for the masterly way in which Carl handled the canoe. He made it almost a part of Lee. It moved with his motion always responsive, always steady.

When the fish went out toward the open lake, the boat went with him, that he might go as far as he would. When he made a wild rush for the shore, the paddle sent the boat off at an angle to his course, that the steel rod might exert a pull sidewise, and thus turn him from his course, and back toward the open lake.

And all this time, Lee was putting on his tackle all the strain that he dared holding the line so taut that his arm ached before the fight had been on ten minutes—and it lasted fifty-five.

When Old Muskie would leap frantically into the air, fiercely shaking himself down would go the tip of the rod, clear



The Germans have been forced to abandon huge stores of loot in their hurried flight from France. Collected by organized looting parties, great quantities of supplies were foraged from occupied French towns. This French Official Photograph shows a huge collection of books taken from the public library of Montdidier. The books were piled behind the enemy lines to be taken away, but the French advance was so rapid that their plan was thwarted.

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below the surface of the water; and when he would "sound," the tip of the rod pulled upward relentlessly. Whatever the direction of the rushes of the big fish Lee Henly were ready to baffle and turn aside, to hold back and to weary.

"Pretty fight!" said Herbert Gerrish to Mr. Cameron, who was watching in silence, but with keen admiration.

"Fine!" said Mr. Cameron. "Never saw a better."

"Think he'll land the fish?" asked John Newby.

"If he does not now, he is bound to do it some day," replied Mr. Cameron. "That fish might just as well give it up now as any time. I know Lee Henly."

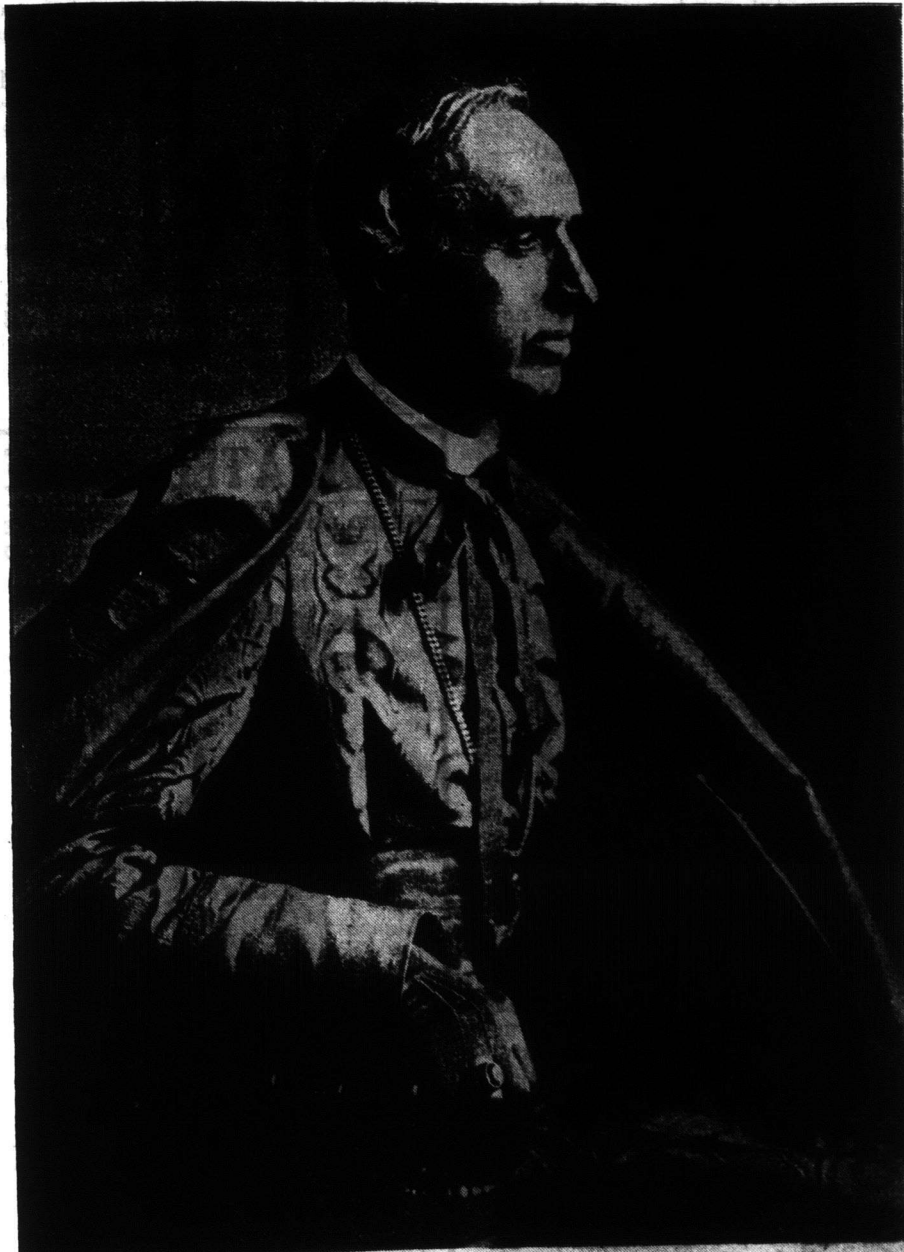
Indeed, it began to look as if victory was near. Slowly the rushes of the mask-

had not Carl, with a mighty stroke of the paddle, backed the canoe so quickly that Lee was almost thrown overboard. But the fish was saved.

The fight was nearly over. Gradually they forced the maskinonge toward the sandy beach. Mr. Cameron had got a big, long-handled gaff-hook, and now forgetful of his rheumatism, waded out waist-deep into the water. There was a brief but decisive struggle that went hopelessly against the fish, and Mr. Cameron gaffed Old Muskie and dragged him ashore.

Lee and Carl stepped out on the beach both of them on the verge of collapse.

There was a great fish supper at Forest Lodge that night. The skin, head, tail and fins of Old Muskie were carefully preserved and sent to the best taxidermist



*Mon Seigneur, reconnaissance et une
paternelle benediction.
J. D. J. (and) Maria, sub. de St.*

Although a prisoner of the Germans in Belgium, Cardinal Mercier, archbishop of Malines, and primate of that stricken country, has succeeded in despatching a message of cheer to the brave Belgian soldiers striving to liberate their land from the oppression of the foe. A newspaper brought to Paris from the interior of Belgium by an escaped Belgian quotes the cardinal: "To you all I send my paternal benediction. You have not reached the end of your task, but I know that no one of you thinks of abandoning it before it is rightly finished."

Cardinal Mercier has been proclaimed "the greatest hero of the war." His heroism in risking life and liberty by voicing against the oppression of his flock, has made his name an honor to Belgium and an honor to Christianity throughout the world.

in Chicago; but there was enough left of his fifty-three-pound body for the company gathered about the big "Oak Halls" dining-table. On the right of Mr. Cameron sat Lee Henly, and on the left, Carl Mills. Mr. Cameron and the Forest Lodge people were jubilant. Carl found a fifty-dollar bill under his plate, and Lee found a check for one hundred dollars.

inonge were becoming less fierce. Carl had the gaff at hand for Lee when he was ready for it. Lee, fearful of a rush under the boat, dared not work the fish round for Carl to gaff, but kept him at the end of the boat where he himself might use the big hook.

But what he had feared came to pass. The big maskinonge did make a run under the boat. He was straight in front, when with a lightning-like dash he made a half-circle and went under the boat from the side.

With a quick motion of arm and wrist Lee threw the end of the rod over the prow of the canoe. It was all there was to do, but the rod would surely have struck the end of the boat, and something would probably have broken and the fish escaped



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And as the meal progressed, the story of the capture of Old Muskie was told substantially as I have told it to you.

There is little more to tell. I might tell you about how Lee Henly worked his way through college, after the catching of Old Muskie had given him his start. I could tell you of his work to-day as general manager of the business house of Cameron, Page & Co. of Chicago. But that would be the story of Lee Henly, and I started out to tell you nothing but the story of Old Muskie, whose mounted body is now in the private office of Mr. Cameron himself, where Lee Henly sees it every day.

The Orator at Essen

He has summoned you, workmen to Krupps',
Summoned the workwomen, too!
You have barked to the praise of his troops.

And now he is praising you!
Yet do not mistake—'tis not for your sake
Such "fatherly" care is shown:
You at the hammer, you at the lathe—
It is all for Me-On-The-Throne!

He is telling you now how his fleet,
At Skagerrak struck that blow!
How is U-boats consumingly eat,
Like worms, at the life of the foe,
Yet onward they bear, as though never aware!

How is it they have not known?
You at the hammer, you at the lathe—
Go ask it of Me-On-The-Throne!

Now, One "up above" he invokes
To witness his anguishing grief,
His pains to procure from these strokes
A "strong German peace" as relief.
Alter Gott knows, to lighten your woes,
He has left unturned not a stone.
You at the hammer, you at the lathe—
Your pity for Me-On-The-Throne!

But your war-lord has resources still—
Dialectic! Perhaps it will cheer:
Here's something your hunger may fill—
The "Yes" of Heaven"—and (hear!)
The "No" of Hell"—as a binding spell.

He's afraid—if the truth he might own
You at the hammer, you at the lathe—
What think you of Me-On-The-Throne?
Edith M. Thomas.

Jonas Ebbitt a Stubborn Man

"That Jonas Ebbitt," observed Caleb Peaslee as he leaned upon his hoe and addressed Obed Gunney, "is the stubbornest man in Dilmouth. I wouldn't be surprised if he was the stubbornest one in Maine."

Mr. Gunney nodded his head in confirmation. "Ebbitt is sot," he conceded, mildly, "but what fetched him into your mind right at this minute?"

"Oh, I jest got to thinkin'," Mr. Peaslee replied. "Last night Jone had a chance to show how 'sot' he could be, and I happened to be there when he done it."

"Jest what shape did his sotness take?" Mr. Gunney wanted to know, and Caleb chuckled.

"He'd come down to the post office by way of the beach road," he began, "and he'd got gravel into both of his shoes. 'Stead of takin' off one shoe and dumpin' the gravel out of that and then puttin' it back on again, he took 'em both off. I d'know why. I presume likely he done it to be different."

"When he went to put 'em on again, he took up the left shoe fust and tried to put it on to his right foot. Mebbe he'd have shifted it to the other foot if Lem Piper'd kep' his mouth shut; but Lem ain't gitted that way."

"That's the wrong shoe you're tryin' to put on that foot, Ebbitt," Lem says, and Jone's mouth came together like a trap.

"I guess I know full's much 'bout my shoes and feet as you do, Lem Piper," he snapped out, "and 'less it makes some gret difference to you, I'm goin' to put these shoes on to suit myself!" So Lem, knowing that talkin' wouldn't change him, jest watched him, and so did the rest of us.

"Well, by workin' and twistin' he managed to get the left shoe on to his right foot, and then he started on the other one, and by the time he'd got that one on I don't b'lieve a day's work would have tired him more. His fore-

head was all of a sweat, and they must have hurt him like time, but he never showed a sign of changin' 'em."

"He sot there a spell, to make it appear that he hadn't been doin' anything out of the common, and then he said he'd got to be gittin' long home."

"My way laid along with his, so I started with him. I wanted to get home, of course, and besides that I wanted to see how he'd make out to cripple home with them shoes on the wrong feet. He didn't act very tickled to have me along, and only granted when I told him I'd bear him company."

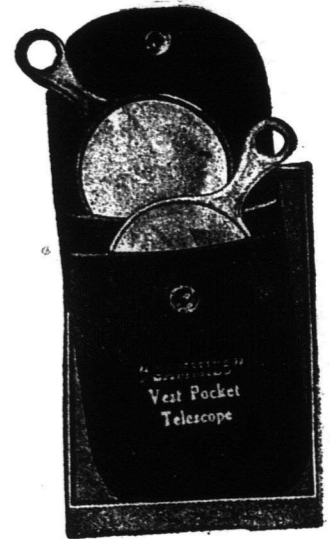
"We fin'ly fetched up at his place, and Jone didn't waste any time in sayin' good night to me. He jest hobbled up that path to his door, walkin' on the sides of his feet and groain' every time he sot foot on a hubble. He fairly fell into the door, and for what took place afterwards—well, I dessay Jone thought the winder was open."

"Winder was open?" repeated Mr. Gunney, wonderingly, and Caleb nodded. "I hadn't taken more'n a dozen steps," he explained, "when I heard the sound of glass breakin', and something struck within ten feet of me in the road. I took pains to go and pick it up, and it was a shoe—'bout such a shoe as I'd seen Jone put on to wear home."

"And from the way it come out through that winder there so spiteful," Mr. Peaslee concluded dryly, "I thought that Jone had sort of give in for once that he was wrong."

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Music in the Home

Singing Hints

Self consciousness is the one thing not wanted or needed in singing.

He who can entirely forget his body will sing greatly.

It is not the voice that needs to be changed, but a person's false beliefs about voice.

Hope, faith and courage are three necessary qualities in singing.

The only reason there are singers to-day is that the spirit of singing is so strong within their minds that all the material, mortal, man-made methods of singing cannot quench their desire to sing. Such persons will sing in spite of methods.

Beware of the false teacher.

Any thought which makes singing more difficult than speaking must be cast out.

Until you mentally become master of your voice it will constantly play you false.

Ignore teachers who talk about "scientific methods" of singing.

Music as Necessary as Food

Music is the universal language, the most widespread form of entertainment in the world. The savage hardly knows why it pleases him, but it is as necessary to him as eating. In our modern civilization music marks its devotees with a culture given only in a lesser degree by the other arts. Its charm to the learned or the ignorant is not ephemeral, but is as enduring as the human race itself. It appeals equally to the mind, the imagination and the emotions. It is a science as well as an art. To understand and appreciate it, to teach it to one's children, is a duty everyone owes to his own happiness. Music to-day is not a luxury, it is a necessity for every one of us.

Saxophone Playing is no Passing Craze

The leading clarinet player in one of the large orchestras believes that there is now and will continue to be good openings for saxophone players. This is interesting especially as the saxophone is considered by some to be the most easily mastered of the reed instruments. Indeed, one leader has said that saxophone playing can be learned with less than half the practice necessary to become proficient on the clarinet.

The popularity of the saxophone has increased enormously in the past couple of years until now it finds a place in theatre, cabaret, restaurant, dance and concert orchestras in bands and quartets and even in solo playing. It is understood that players of the saxophone, whether they use it as their main instrument or as a double, are now in constant demand for good positions.

Modern Instrumental Music

The versatility of great masters of music was not fully appreciated until compositions for solo instruments of various kinds were written giving an opportunity for skill in performance as well as composition not all excelled in the writing of operatic or choral works but gained undying fame in the realms of instrumental music. Modern instrumental music as a distinct art is of comparatively recent date and comprises a wide range of music from a single instrument to a "full orchestra."

As the opera developed, the orchestra was enlarged and improved. The harpsichord in Italy became the most useful member in the orchestra through its being used as the conductor's instrument. This fact gave great possibilities for the advancement of clavier music. The Italians have been the pioneers in the invention and the use of most art forms. In this school the efforts in composition were entirely opposed to a polyphonic style desiring rather to use the folk lore and dance times and to develop highly organized forms in this new harmonic style. Starting with the harmonic forms composers began to elaborate these elements in composition, a great stride was made in this way when composers learned to work out a single subject or melodic phrase representing a definite musical

idea, repeating and varying the same thought or phrase, having the tendency of unifying a movement. Scarlatti (1689-1757), whose modifications wrought so wonderful a change in early operatic writings, paved the way for the great instrumentalists who succeeded him. Jean Rameau stood much in the same light regarding the French school. His works, however, show a great advance in the freedom of expression. The German school was diametrically opposed to these schools in that they retained the polyphonic idea of the early writers. In the suites of all the writers of this time the idea of development of a single subject pervaded and was carried to a more highly artistic finish than attained by other composers. John Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) put the stamp of greatness on all former styles and all other names pale in the domain of instrumental polyphonic music. As the Fugal came to be adopted as the highest form of

this school, so the sonata form developed through the Italian and French school and was perfected by Beethoven in the German polyphonic school.

Music Makes People Law-Abiding

Does music keep people out of jail? It has often been said in print that music was brought into the world to uplift and beautify our humdrum mechanical lives. A public school principal regrets that his teachers are only giving one and a half hours a week to the study of music. He regrets this because he says through music and its educational value young people become better citizens, more useful members of society and more efficient servants of the state.

But now a man comes forward and submits figures to show that musicians give 'em jalls a wide berth. Out of somewhere about 150,000 professional musicians in the United States it

is said there are only 15 in the nine largest penitentiaries throughout the republic. This makes a good showing when the corresponding figures are considered—39 out of only 57,000 bankers in these penitentiaries; 33 out of 115,000 lawyers; 22 out of 150,000 physicians and 6 out of 35,000 painters or artists. It begins to look as if music keeps you out of jail or at least helps to.

Encourage Song Habit Among Children at Home

The three R's in school have long since become famous. Vieing with them in fame now are the three S's of the home—Sustenance, Sleep and Sociability. And to this euphonious list Dr. Wm. Byron Forbush urges the need of adding a fourth S—Song.

Dr. Forbush believes that song should be the recognized accompaniment of



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work as well as of play, and he interestingly comments on the whys and wherefores of this statement.

"This morning as we went out to the road a colored delivery boy went by singing at the top of his voice. One of us remarked: 'I guess he has been to a revival.'

"Why did we say that? Why should it be a matter of comment that anybody should sing at his work? Yet it is unusual, is it not? At least for Canadians? Italians do. They sing grand opera while digging ditches.

"We are not a singing race. Yet it is as natural for a little child to sing as it is for a bird. He is sensitive to rhythms and lullabies even in the cradle. 'The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol' go together as soon as he begins to get about alone. He croons to himself before he can sing any words.

"The musical capability of children is much greater than many suppose. Mr. H. Augustine Smith once said that of boys and girls taken at random from the streets of Chicago he could use 90 per cent in his children's choirs.

"Why is it that music dies down in the throats of the children while they are growing up? There is plenty of singing in the school. As I rounded the corner by our village school last week they were still singing the multiplication table as I did when I was a boy.

"I think it is more because we have made music too much of a secluded art. It has been something to be 'performed,' not used. We have associated it with the piano teacher and arduous practice, with the trained soloist and quartet in church and with the occasional, high priced concert. We listen too much and we sing too little.

"The thing to do is to give song a regular and definite place in the home life. Let the little ones imitate our own lullabies and carols. Teach them very early finger-plays and motion-songs. Turn their games into song.

"Disdain not the toy musical instruments; whistles, kazoos, jews-harps, tiny pianos. When you use 'canned music,' don't merely listen to it, sing with it.

"Revive the old custom of a regular singing period. Try to have it daily, 'between the dark and the daylight.' Always have it Sunday.

"You may be proud if you can help develop a musical artist in your home. It is better if you can encourage a singing heart."

and the concert-going public were seeing the reasonableness of it.

As Lambert Murphy, the tenor, who visited Canada as one of the assisting soloists with the Mendelssohn Choir pointed out, "as it is the average recital programme is too long without having encore after encore added. Even if the applause is sincere, wouldn't it be a better idea to have the audience leave with a sense of not having had enough, rather than take a chance that they have had too much? Some people whom we are trying to educate to know and appreciate a high standard of music are easily surfeited. Isn't it much better to have them leave the hall saying, 'I really would have liked another number' or 'the concert wasn't half long enough.'"

But according to this singer, the evil is coming back stronger and with the aid of artists themselves. Mr. Murphy says further of the annoying and growing evil of the concert stage which after having lain dormant for some time is again springing into favor, "it has no official title, but I call it 'stealing encores.' Some of the ruses used to get the opportunity of reappearing are amusing. The first and simplest method is to rush on the stage in spite of thin applause and nod and smile to the few who are making the diminutive noise. This always encourages a few more who applaud automatically with their neighbors.

"This is the contagious type who get the habit from the person in the next seat and who never fail to work up enough enthusiasm for another song. The artist then steps back to the piano, and with a patronizing but infectious smile we get the much desired (?) encore.

"In a recent concert, a soprano rushed off the stage after her last group, and in so doing accidentally caught her dress in the scenery on the side of the stage. 'Oh, dear' she exclaimed, as she appeared to have great difficulty extracting the seemingly intricate folds of her gown. This started a titter and mild applause in the audience, which together with nods and laughter from the soprano, gradually assumed an impetus that eventually developed into a roar of applause. Nodding her head over her shoulder in assent that she would sing again in response to their insistence, she finally succeeded in freeing her gown."

Taking Good Care of Clarence

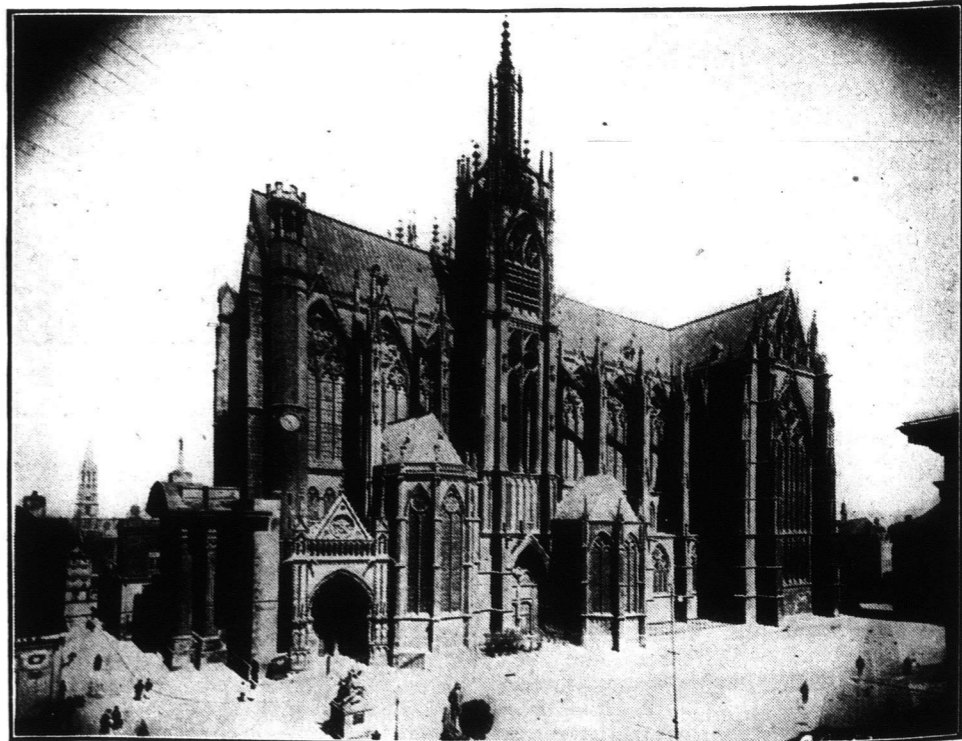
Clarence's school attendance had been perfect until one bright June day, when he failed to appear. The next morning, however, he was in his accustomed place.

"Clarence," observed the teacher sternly, "you were absent from school yesterday without excuse."

"I have an excuse all right, ma'am," said Clarence. "The circus was in town, and pa and ma and Aunt Susie and Uncle Henry and Cousin Bill all went to take me."

820,219 Encores—Without Reason

A musical wag has made public his estimate that in Canada during the past musical season there have been given 820,219 encores—without reason. It was thought that the encore evil was being gradually stamped out altogether. It had become quite the thing in some places to accept the decision of no encores. Performers were heartily in accord



Although the city of Metz is under constant bombardment by the American, yet the cathedral is not their target, as is customary with the Boche. The cathedral is a magnificent Gothic structure of the 13th-16th centuries. The entire cathedral was restored in 1830-35. The tower is 387 feet high and commands a wonderful view of the surrounding city, as it is located directly in the centre of the city. In the foreground is the Place d'Armes, and is adorned with a statue of Marshal Fabert, a native of Metz, who distinguished himself in the campaigns of Louis XIV., and which undoubtedly by this time has been utilized by the Hun for shrapnel.

The Home Doctor

Colds

Colds may often be aborted if treatment is instituted as soon as the first symptoms make their appearance, though they are bound to run their regular course if they are once allowed to become well seated. The ends to be sought in cutting short a cold at its beginning are the more vigorous elimination of the waste matters in the body and the stimulation of the functions that perform this duty. The child showing symptoms of a cold should be given a hot bath, followed by a brisk friction, and placed in a warm bed; this treatment will induce free perspiration. A simple cathartic, with perhaps a soap-and-water enema, will clear out the digestive tract. In many cases these procedures, together with free ventilation of the sleeping apartment and a brief sojourn in bed, will put an end to the difficulty. Children of school age may be given the well-known "rhinitis" or "coryza" tablets, whose principal ingredients are quinine, belladonna, and camphor. In colds of any severity, however, the patient should be shown to a physician, both because many diseases of much greater seriousness begin so exactly like an ordinary cold that only an expert can make a proper diagnosis, and because the onset of such grave complications as extension of the disease process to the ear passages or to the frontal cavities might not be detected by the untrained observer until irreparable damage has been done.

For a cold in the head once fully established, the most effective relief measures are nasal spraying or douching. For the former a nasal atomizer and an oily spray such as pineoleum are required; for the latter, the glass nasal douche with a solution of boric acid, listerine or glycothymoline. These solutions should be used warm, and should be made with boiling water, to insure freedom from germs. A sore throat, with or without swollen tonsils, is usually greatly benefited by gargling or spraying with one of the above solutions, or with hydrogen peroxide, and by the use of a cold wet pack about the throat, applied at bedtime and left on during the night.

Laryngitis patients are relieved by the inhalation of steam impregnated with compound tincture of benzoin, or even of the unmedicated steam from the spout of a boiling teakettle; a large funnel of paper may be used to conduct the steam toward the patient's face. A mustard leaf applied over the "Adam's apple" will usually greatly reduce the hoarseness. In bronchial colds, where the cough is usually a troublesome feature, many of the simpler cough lozenges to be had everywhere are useful, and they are generally attractive to children. Any cough remedy containing opium or cocaine in any form is only safe to use when ordered by a physician, and then with the strictest obedience to directions.

Many "cold cures" and "grip remedies," which are on the market contain one

or another of the coal tar products, such as phenacetin, which are depressing to the heart and distinctly dangerous; the catastrophies which have resulted from their use in the hands of the inexperienced form one of the strongest arguments against attempting to treat illness without a doctor.

Croup is an enemy of childhood so dreaded that many mothers shudder at the sound of its name. An attack of croup is the result of a spasm of the vocal cords, and this in turn is caused by a catarrhal inflammation of the laryngeal mucous membrane. It is not common after five years of age. The attacks occur at night, the child being awakened by paroxysms of coughing and a struggle for breath. The hard metallic cough and the noisy breathing, which can often be heard in the next room, are characteristic. The pulse is rapid, the face drawn, and the nostrils dilate with every indrawn breath. A seizure may be over in a short time, or it may last several hours.

The object of treatment is to relax the muscular spasm in the larynx, and as moist heat is the most effective agent for this purpose, the child may be put into a hot bath, or a sponge or wash cloth saturated with hot water may be applied to the throat.

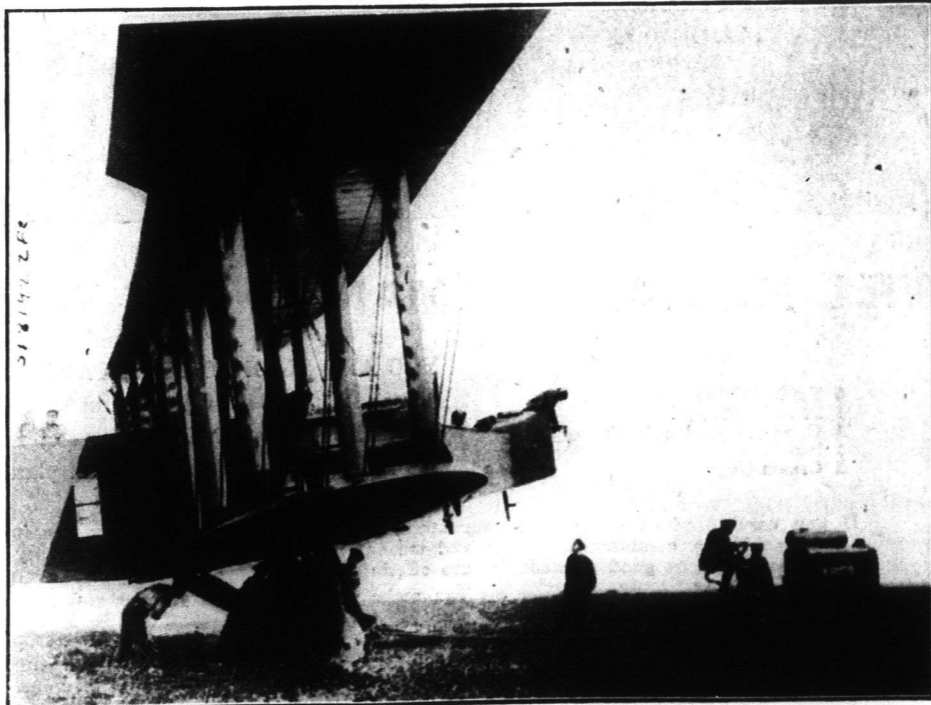
An emetic, such as wine of ipecac in teaspoonful doses, is another means for relaxing the spasm. Treating an attack of croup by steam inhalation is also perfectly practicable without the frame and curtains to enclose the crib which form the regulation croup tent; an open umbrella over the head of the crib, covered with a blanket, will answer the purpose very satisfactorily, and a substitute for the long-nosed croup kettle may be improvised by slipping a paper cylinder over the spout of an ordinary five-o'clock teakettle, the alcohol lamp for which may be placed close to the crib. A still simpler procedure is to hold a pitcher of hot water so that the steam from it may rise into the face of the patient. Compound tincture of benzoin may be added to the boiling water, as suggested above for the treatment of simple laryngitis. (A few drops of camphor in boiling water is also alleviating, face and hands covered with thick towel.

To prevent recurrent attacks, the measures to be recommended are those already given for the prevention of respiratory catarrh with other manifestations. Investigation should be made as to the presence of enlarged tonsils or adenoids.

Getting Rid of Children's Diseases

By Dr. C. C. Pierce, Surgeon, United States Public Health Service

The so-called "children's diseases" are a continual and very serious menace to the public health. The toll of lives that they take annually is vastly greater than most people imagine; and a distressing aspect of the case is that nearly all of the victims are small boys and girls, who are thus robbed of their chance to grow up.



This British official photograph gives a striking idea of the magnitude of the new bombing planes now being used by the Royal Air Force on the western front. This monster plane is being towed into position by a motor tractor prior to its taking the air. The participation of these planes in recent raids on German cities have caused havoc and consternation wherever they have made their presence felt. The city of Cologne recently felt the severe hand of the bombers. Informants state the attacks have been a factor in undermining the morale of the German people. Hindrances in factory and munitions work have been experienced.

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The diseases in question have spread all over the world, and it seems improbable that the human race will ever get rid of them. But if the public at large would adopt a few simple, common-sense precautions, the number of deaths from them would without question be vastly reduced.

It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that those maladies owe their prevalence mainly to popular ignorance.

The generally accepted belief is that children are bound to catch them, and that there is little use in trying to guard against them. Moreover, most people imagine that they rarely kill. There could be no greater mistake

Whooping Cough

Whooping cough is one of the great killers of children. In the United States alone it destroys the lives of more than ten thousand small boys and girls every year. Measles is annually responsible for the death of more than eleven thousand American children—not including large numbers who succumb to the bronchopneumonia that quite commonly follows it. Not only do these and other children's diseases take heavy toll in death, but too frequently they are followed by after effects that cripple the child or shorten its life. And yet people say, "It's only the measles" or "Whooping cough doesn't amount to anything." It even happens sometimes that a mother deliberately exposes her child to infection, in the belief that the child can hardly escape the disease in the long run, and that it is better to "have the thing over and done with."

The belief that children's diseases are taken in a milder form by the young than by adults is widely accepted. That belief is exactly contrary to fact. Not only does a person's liability to catch them decrease with age, but the percentage of cases that terminate fatally is greatly decreased. The longer measles or whooping cough can be postponed, the less liability is there of infection, and the greater likelihood of recovery. If a child



Preparatory to their withdrawal toward the Belgian frontier, according to reports, the German forces are looting the town which has been their principal military base in France. The Military Governor is compelling the inhabitants to supply the departing soldiers with all means of transportation, which includes even wheelbarrows and baskets. It is also reported that the residents are being sent to Belgian towns on the German frontier.

escapes those complaints during the first five years of life, the danger from them is comparatively small. Nearly nine-tenths of all deaths from measles occur in children under five years of age; and few die of whooping cough after the fifth year.

In the fall, when warm weather no longer invites the open window, and when ventilation is correspondingly restricted, the schools are opened and children are gathered together in large numbers under conditions that favor the distribution and spread of communicable diseases. Small boys and girls do not, as a rule, have any instinct of cleanliness, which is the basis of sanitation. Furthermore, they commonly practice certain habits of social intimacy, such as "trading gum" and exchanging bites of apples or candy, that promote infection. Often when a child appears in class with a cough, or what seems to be a bad cold, no one pays any special attention to the matter. Yet that child may be suffering from incipient whooping cough or measles.

In measles, whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever, the contagion is spread chiefly by the moist, invisible particles thrown from the nose and throat in sneezing or coughing, or even in speaking. The sneezing during the early stages of measles is particularly infectious; that is why the disease increases so noticeably during the colder months, when children are crowded together in the schools. By the time winter has fairly arrived, it may be epidemic.

It often happens that a child goes to a party and engages in games in which the small players are brought into close contact with one another. Perhaps among the little guests there is one with reddened, watery eyes, which are sensitive to light. His eyelids are a little puffy, and he has a hard, high-pitched cough. The other children pay no attention to it; but quite possibly a dozen or more of them become infected, and about ten days later begin to sicken with a trouble that the family doctor promptly declares to be

measles. Kissing games especially spread such contagion.

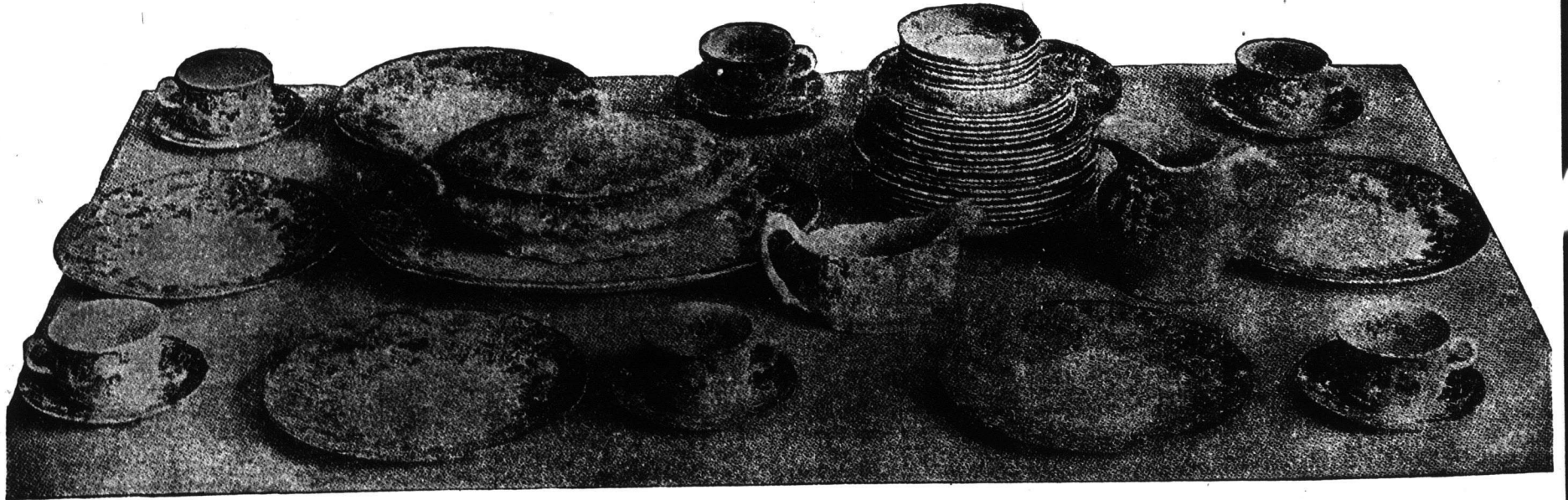
Obviously, the mother of the sick child should at least have suspected that something was wrong, and should not have permitted him to go to the party. She has made herself responsible for much suffering, and possibly for one or two deaths.

Measles is one of the most contagious of known diseases. It is second of all the causes of death among infants up to two years of age. It kills more children than scarlet fever. In the state of New York during the last ten years it has taken one thousand more lives than scarlet fever. The Maine Board of Health reports that in that state during many years measles has caused more deaths than scarlet fever, and almost as many as diphtheria.

The infection of measles is probably not transmitted by scales of falling skin, as is commonly supposed, but by a germ that breeds and multiplies in the throat and nasal passages, and that is thrown out in the act of sneezing, coughing or speaking. The sufferer always has a cold, with fits of sneezing. Inasmuch as the only source of contagion is the patient, it follows that he should be rigidly quarantined. A child sick with measles should be isolated as carefully as if he were suffering from smallpox; and when measles is known to exist in a community, no child with a cold in the head should be permitted to come into contact with other children. Those, with a few other common-sense precautions, will prevent the malady from spreading.

Of the after effects of measles, bronchopneumonia is most to be dreaded. It very commonly kills. The child is perhaps allowed to go out too soon, or in other ways is not guarded properly, and in a sudden onset of inflammation of the breathing tubes and lungs terminates fatally. In many cases measles is followed by tuberculosis of the lungs; and among other dangers against which the attending physician must be on the alert are possible inflammations of the ear and eye. Lest the patient's eyesight be damaged, bright light is carefully excluded from the sick room.

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You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS

YOU ARE SURE TO BE GREATLY PLEASED. This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you.

Remember

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 46 pieces and is made of the best English semi-porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG

Household Suggestions

When Eggs Are High

When butter and egg prices tend upward, a valuable culinary asset of our household is a simple recipe. From this independent of these high-priced commodities, we variously evolve cake, pudding, or warm bread, atoning by detail of preparation for the substitution of less expensive ingredients.

In its original form this recipe calls for one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk, one heaping cupful of flour (more if not highly absorbent), and one teaspoonful each of baking powder and vanilla. These ingredients are mixed and baked without special care. This, however, is in times of plenty. We substitute one tablespoonful of cornstarch for the egg, rubbing it to a paste with sugar and shortening. The latter is fat trimmed from cooked fresh meat, and "tried out" with a raw potato sliced into the pan to absorb the meat taste.

Milk and flour are beaten in by degrees alternately. In baking the oven is kept at high temperature until the mixture is fully raised and browning then cooled and the baking finished slowly.

We vary this by different flavors—by adding cinnamon and cloves to one-half the batter and pouring light and dark alternately into the pan, by baking in patty tins, or in layers with various fillings. The layers, filled with canned fruit, and eaten with cream sweetened and flavored, provide a delicious "short-cake," and a loaf cake becomes an excellent pudding if sliced and served with pudding sauce.

But to return to the original recipe. Reduce the quantity of sugar to one tablespoonful, omit flavoring, add one teaspoonful of salt, and we have a palatable warm bread that we vary by baking in loaves, sheets or in muffin pans. Another delicious warm bread requiring no eggs is made from one pint of sour milk, one teaspoonful each of soda and salt, one tablespoonful of shortening, one-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of cornmeal, and graham flour enough for a batter that will drop in lumps from the spoon. Bake in a moderate oven.

Our eggless pancakes, mixed at bedtime, require one cupful of cornmeal, scalded with one cupful of boiling water, two cupfuls each of flour and sweet milk, one tablespoonful each of shortening and molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a yeast cake dissolved in a tablespoonful of warm water. Beat hard and set to rise. If too thin, add a little flour before baking.

The reasons for the far-reaching dietetic value of the egg are not to be found wholly in its direct contribution to the amount of nutrition, valuable though that is, but chiefly in the capacity of the egg to render other food more palatable. Take any cook book and count the number of times each food ingredient enters into the recipes. The egg will lead, possibly rivaled by milk and wheat flour. Add the cook books of the other half of the world, where milk and wheat are rarities and the egg has no rival.

Notwithstanding the pressing need of eggs for our allies the Food Administration is urging the increased consumption of eggs at home. And this is quite right. Man is a creature of habit and most of us have the meat habit. Advice to substitute vegetables for meat for the most part falls on deaf ears, but eggs are a substitute for meat which the most confirmed meat eater will gracefully accept. The eggs is the meat rose without its thorns; all the flavor of the animal protein is there, and the toxic animal wastes are absent. Moreover eggs go further. The occasional exaggerations that one egg is equal to a pound of steak is sheer nonsense. In the laboratory the food values of eggs and moderately lean meat are about equal. But the chemical food tables do not tell everything. On the one hand they miss the small quantities of harmful elements in meat, and on the other they miss the fact that a man who will eat a half pound of steak in a restaurant will order two eggs weighing but a fourth of a pound and be content with it as the "meat order" of his meal.

One dozen eggs weigh one and one-half pounds. If meat is worth forty cents a pound then eggs are worth sixty cents a

dozen. But in practice they are worth more for three reasons. First, they are a more commendable food dietetically. Second, they will go further pound for pound in serving. Third, they are an ingredient in general cookery that has no substitute. All things considered the intelligent food buyer can well afford eggs until they reach a price per dozen equal to twice the price of his favorite meat.—From "Eggs for Health and Economy," by Milo Hastings in May "Physical Culture."

Health Corn Bread

2 cupfuls corn meal, 1/2 cupful barley flour, 1 cupful whole wheat flour, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls fat, 7 teaspoonfuls baking powder, milk to make paste.

Process of making: Make into thick batter that can be placed in well greased pans with spoon. Have about an inch thick. Have oven hot enough so it will bake to a nice brown in from 20 to 25 minutes.

Soy Bean-Corn Bread

2 cupfuls corn meal, 1 cupful soy bean flour, 3 cupfuls water, 1/3 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls honey, 7 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix all the flours, salt, sugar and baking powder. Melt the butter or butter substitute, and mix this and the water with the dry ingredients. Make into smooth batter and place in well greased baking pans. Bake a dark brown.

As a perfect meat and bread substitute this has no equal. It is more perfectly balanced than would be a meal of the finest meat and bread and costs much less.

Canada's War Cake

2 cups brown sugar, 2 cups hot water, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 packet seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves. Boil altogether 5 minutes. When cold add 3 cups flour (bran and white).

Home-made Yeast

4 medium sized potatoes, 1 quart hot water, 1 yeast cake, 1/4 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Directions: Wash and pare the potatoes, put through a meat grinder into a dish containing the hot water. Boil for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Then add the sugar and salt and allow mixture to cool. When lukewarm, add a yeast cake. Keep at ordinary temperature for 24 hours, then keep in a cool, dark place in a sterile jar. Use 1 cup of this yeast instead of 1 cup of water and a yeast cake when making bread. Save the last cupful of yeast to start another batch, using it in place of the fresh yeast, according to directions above.

Scotch Oat Crackers

2 cups rolled oats, 1/4 cup milk, 1/4 cup molasses, 1 1/4 teaspoons fat, 1/4 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Grind in the food chopper or crush the oats and mix with the other ingredients. Roll out in a thin sheet and cut in squares. Bake for 20 minutes in a moderate oven.



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About the Farm

The Cackle

It is welcome in the morning
And again at early noon,
Oh! the cackle, cackle, cackle,
Sure—it never comes too soon;
If the north wind shrilly whistles
And it snows to beat the Jews,
Just the lay of cackle, cackle,
Always drives away the blues.

But to hear the cackle, cackle,
There's a secret you must know,
'Tain't the hen that's got her comb froze
And a standin' on one toe—
Nor the one down in the orchard
Wadin' in the snow and ice,
No; before you hear her music
You must treat her kind and nice.

So to get the sweetest music
We must feed 'em twice a day,
And be sure to give 'em water
If you catch the joyous lay;
Oh! the cackle, cackle, cackle,
Is the sweetest song we know,
It's the big hit of the season,
And is bringing in the dough.

Make Farm Power More Efficient

Efficient motive power is a most essential factor in increasing agricultural production.

Since the horse is our main dependent in performing farm work, he is given first consideration. To increase the efficiency of our horse power:

1. Treat the horse kindly and give him the best of care.
2. Water him frequently. It increases his endurance and power.
3. Feed regularly a uniform ration.
4. Feed about one and one-third pounds of grain and one pound of hay for each hundred pounds live weight.
5. Feed heavier for severe work conditions.
6. Allow rest periods occasionally.
7. Watch the horse carefully. Drooping ears, unsteadiness of gait, short and quick breathing, and a sudden ceasing to sweat are danger signals demanding prompt attention.
8. If the horse suffers a heat stroke, remove the harness, protect him from the sun, apply cold to the head—either water or ice—wash out his mouth and nostrils, and sponge his entire body with cold water.
9. Provide as cool a place as possible for the work horse at night.
10. Avoid overspeeding and fretting.
11. Eliminate lice, worms and flies.
12. Groom the work-horse thoroughly.
13. Clean the collar every time it is put on the horse, and keep its bearing surface hard and smooth.
14. If possible, sponge off the work horse, especially where the collar and other parts of the harness have left their marks when he comes in from work. Sponge out his mouth, nose and eyes. Wash his shoulders every night for a few weeks with cold salt water.

Some folks have toughened themselves by being out-of-doors in all sorts of weather; but nobody ever saw a plough, mowing-machine or other farm tool that was made any better by that kind of treatment. It can't be done!

Building Up a Herd

By Prof. Tisdale

1. It is more profitable to breed and rear good young stock to maturity than to purchase the average cows for sale, which are usually the animals least profitable and desirable in the neighbor's herd.

2. The cheapest way of building up a good herd is to raise it. The feed costs of good rearing in Canada range from \$16.00 to \$24.30 for six-months' calves, \$24.00 to \$45.00 for 12-months' calves, and \$37.00 to \$74.30 for 24-months' heifers, the variation depending on the methods of feeding, feeds available and market values of these feeds.

3. Calves of poor type and breeding are not worth rearing, but good calves properly bred will be worth at least 20 per cent and up to 100 per cent more than their feed cost at two years of age.

4. Calves of good size, strong constitution and large capacity will, on the same feed, make greater growth and better gains than small, weak, narrow individuals.

5. Good rearing of calves is most profitable, as shown in such results as:

Earlier maturity in size.
Earlier maturity in profitable production.

Greater production throughout the whole life time.

More valuable and in greater demand at the highest price.

Healthier stock.

More durable animals.

Better able to consume most profitably all cheap farm-grown roughages, and convert these into milk.

6. The calf reared on its dam costs 25 to 50 per cent more than the pail-fed calf, and the more productive the cow the greater will be the charges against the calf.

7. Pail-fed calves, reared to six or eight months largely on whole milk, make gains which cost \$14.40 to \$18.75 per cwt., which is several times the cost when a properly-fed substitute for whole milk is used.

8. Skim-milk fed sweet and at a temperature of about 90 degrees Fahr., is the best single substitute for whole milk, and may reach a value of 70 cents per cwt. or more in feeding young calves. However, skim-milk may be improved by the addition of a good cream substitute such as flax-seed jelly, oatmeal, or a well-balanced calf meal.

9. Buttermilk, if fed uniformly as to acidity and temperature, may have a slightly greater value than skim-milk. Great caution must, however, be taken to start calves at a greater age and very gradually.

10. In feeding calves to six or eight months of age on rations composed largely of skim-milk or buttermilk and a good cream substitute, gains may be made at a cost of feed amounting to from \$2.00 to \$7.15 per cwt., this amount varying with the character and price of meal, and the ruggedness and thrift of the calves.

11. If well started on mother's milk, calves may be well reared on calf meals without whole or skim-milk. However, greater care and attention must be paid to these calves, and even so, gains cost from \$5.00 to \$15.41 per cwt., or nearly double the cost where some skim-milk is used.

12. In order to rear the best and cheapest cows, all pail-fed calves should be



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taught to eat, at an early age, cheap and nutritious farm-grown roughages and grains. The best roughages are grass, fine alfalfa or clover hay, swede turnips, mangels and ensilage. Of the grains, oats and barley are unexcelled.

Killing and Dressing Poultry

Nearly everyone has at one time or another killed fowl for the table, or perhaps for market. The necessity for killing in a proper manner for the latter purpose can be readily understood, and the following paragraphs, therefore, from Bulletin No. 67, of the Quebec Department of Agriculture, will be found very useful. The directions herewith given for killing and dressing fowls for market are very clearly stated and complete:

"There are different ways of killing a fowl. One of the best is to bleed it by severing the arteries in the neck. From the ceiling of the room in which the killing is to be done, the fowl is suspended by the feet at about the height of the shoulder. Any stout cord with a short stick in the end will do to wrap round the bird's feet. The wings are crossed at the back so that the bird cannot flutter. In that position it is ready to be bled.

For this purpose a particular kind of killing knife is necessary. The blade of the knife should be of a heavy piece of steel, about two inches long, one-quarter inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick on the back. It should be ground to a sharp point with a straight cutting edge, the slope of the point being taken from the back edge rather than from the front edge. The handle should be fairly stout so that it can be grasped readily.

"It takes but a fraction of a second to suspend the bird for killing, and when all is ready the head of the fowl is taken in the left hand and the killing knife in the right hand. With the thumb and forefinger of the hand the mouth is forced open by pressure and the knife is inserted into the mouth with the blade pointing toward the back of the head. The knife is then forced up to the juncture of the head and neck where the arteries come down on each side of the neck; these are severed, which causes the fowl to bleed freely.

"Immediately after the fowl has been bled, the knife is forced into the roof of the mouth. This is done by withdrawing the knife from the juncture of the head and neck, turning it over so that the back of the knife now passes along the upper beak into the groove in the roof of the mouth. It is immediately forced into the brain cavity, so that the brain is pierced. If the brain has been pierced properly the bird will squawk and it will also make a convulsive movement which tends to loosen the feathers located along the feather muscles. Proper piercing of the brain makes plucking much easier, whereas if the brain has not been properly pierced, the feathers are hard to pluck and the skin is frequently torn badly. Just as soon as the bird has been bled and the brain pierced, a blood-can, which is weighted in the bottom, is hooked on to the lower mandible to catch the blood; it also prevents the bird from moving its body too much. The sooner the bird is plucked, the better. Experts can pluck a fowl in less than one minute. The birds are always plucked dry; it gives them a much nicer appearance and they will keep longer. In dry plucking, rapidity of movement is necessary. Different pluckers have different ways of plucking, but we have found the following order to be convenient and rapid: neck, breast, wings, tail, legs, back and body.

"As soon as the blood-can has been hooked on the beak, a squeezing motion with the fingers round the neck from the base toward the head removes the feathers of the neck. The soft feathers covering the breast are removed readily by a sort of rubbing motion, rubbing the opposite way the feathers normally lie. Then the wings are held firmly in the left hand and the main wing feathers are removed with one jerk by the right hand, and the main tail feathers are given a slight twist which should remove them with ease. The thighs and legs are easily plucked in much the same manner as the neck; then finally the back and body of the bird are plucked. After plucking has been completed pin feathers may be removed by using a dull, round-bladed knife. Care should be exercised not to tear the skin. Even small blemishes lower the market value of the dressed bird.

"After the bird has been dressed the head and feet should be washed with a stiff brush. The vent should be squeezed and if any food remains in the crop an opening should be made just above the shoulder and the food taken out.

"The head should be wrapped in parchment paper. Then the bird should be placed where it will cool properly, because it is necessary that the heat pass out of the body as soon as possible after the fowl has been killed. Proper cooling prevents bacteria from developing, and tends to keep the fowl much longer."

Give Hogs Mineral

Furnish your hogs with mineral in some form. It is essential for the maintenance of their bodies. Hogs need mineral to facilitate digestion and produce bone. The following mixture is especially good for hogs in that it furnishes salt and at the same time rids animals of worms:

- 1 bus. Soft Coal
- 1 bus. Ashes
- 8 lbs. Salt
- 4 lbs. Sulphur
- 4 lbs. Air Slaked Lime
- 2 lbs. Copperas

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

Mix all the ingredients except the copperas. Dissolve the copperas in a quart of warm water and add to the mixture. This mixture should be kept before the hogs at all times. A self-feeder compartment or a trough can be used for this purpose.

Keep the Dairy Cow Clean

Clean milk is impossible if the cows are not kept clean. Dirty udders and thighs cause direct contamination of the milk, for clinging dirt particles are rubbed off into the milk by the milker. The tail in switching will brush off particles from the thighs and flanks into the pail. The udder should be brushed clean with a brush or clean cloth previous to milking. It is advisable to wash off the flanks and thighs occasionally with soap and water, and it is recommended to wash the udder off every time previous to milking and dry thoroughly with a clean cloth. Some dairymen keep the hindquarters clipped, which is a good practice, for then these parts are easier to keep clean.

Feeding Dairy Cows

"The scientific feeding and profitable management of dairy cows makes it necessary to treat each cow as an individual feeding unit. Dairy cows should at least be tied up or put into stalls and stanchions for the feeding of the concen-

trated portion of the ration. If the grain is spread over hay or ensilage in a large manger in the feed lot many of the cows will not receive their portion of the grain because bigger and stronger individuals will keep them from the manger and rapidly gorge the grain.

"A general rule which can be used as a guide to feeding grain is to feed from one-third to one-fourth as much grain per day as the cow gives milk per day. Then, again, when cows are dry, or during the period just before calving, special feeding is necessary, and good cows should not be permitted to secure their feed from a common manger.

"The coarser or rough feeds, such as silage, hay, stover or straw, can be fed to cows in the feed lot, but even in this case much feed will be wasted unless care is exercised in limiting the amount of roughage in the feed lot at one time.

"Each dairy cow is a separate working machine, and all good dairymen will study the special needs of each cow as an individual and adjust the feed, treatment and care necessary to secure the best results from each cow."

In Selecting Birds How to Eliminate All Non-Productors

In the poultry yard every farm has its slackers as well as workers. On the average farm from twenty to forty per cent of the flock should be culled and con-

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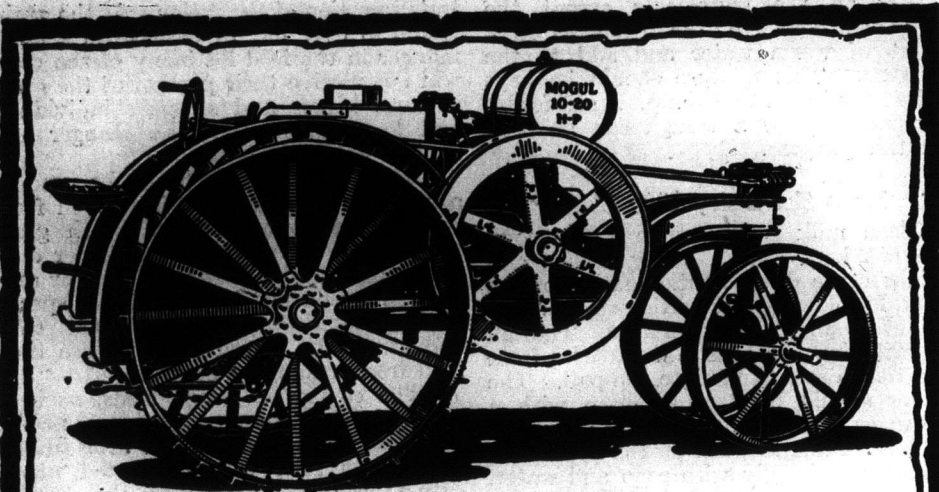
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There is such a great demand for these machines that we cannot promise as early delivery as you may desire. Send for catalogues now, make your decision, and send in your order as soon as you can if you want an International Harvester kerosene tractor without delay. Address the nearest house listed below.

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Agents wanted to sell these washers and other high class articles.

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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly by your "looks." Therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist

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ADVERTISING RATES

in *The Western Home Monthly* are \$2.80 per inch, and there is no better value among Western advertising mediums.

signed to the meat market. Due to lack of system and knowledge, most farmers have been marketing their best layers and retaining the "big, fine looking hens," along with those that have been "family pets" for the last five years. We need not labor under delusions any longer. There is too sharp a contrast between the high and low producing hen, for us to grope along blindly. Two methods of selection will be dealt with: (1) summer and fall selection; (2) the quality test.

By intelligent culling we mean the elimination of all slacker hens, without any reduction in the egg yield. It also means higher flock averages, lower grain and labor bills, and greater profits.

The comb is the health certificate of the hen. The shriveled, dry, scurvy looking comb of the low producer indicates lack of blood circulation and vitality; while a full bright waxy comb of the heavy producer means vitality and strong blood circulation.

In most cases a late moulting hen is the heaviest layer. She generally defers changing her feathers until the latter part of October or November, and quickly moults in again. The opposite is true of the drones; they usually commence in July or August, moult very slowly, taking from one month to six weeks longer than the producers, then wait until the warm spring weather before trying to perpetuate themselves by laying eggs.

The other method of selection by the "quality test" system can be applied at any season of the year with pronounced accuracy. It is not necessary to winter a large number of hens, to feed and care for them for six months and wait for the signs of production, mentioned in above test, to appear.

A Test for Egg Capacity

Dealing with the pelvic region, which corresponds to the udder of a dairy cow, we look for the same characteristics in the egg sack of the hen that we do in the udder of a heavy milker, quality and capacity.

Capacity is generally measured by the width or number of fingers that can be placed perpendicular across the abdomen, between the breast and the pelvic bones. This distance varies greatly with different hens. The non-producer has only one or two finger capacity. The slacker, or non-profitable hen, may have from three to six finger capacity, the same as the heavy layer, but it lacks quality, and we measure quality by the flexibility and fineness of the egg sack. A hen with large capacity, but having a thick, fat, flabby egg sack, or an inflated egg sack, will not produce nearly so large a number of eggs that a hen of equal capacity having an egg sack that is thin, mellow and contractable. Therefore, we say the greater the capacity combined with contractability of the egg sack, the more eggs we can expect.

Capacity determines the length of cycle—quality determines the rhythm when applied in conjunction with capacity. Both are necessary characteristics of a heavy layer. They indicate the possibilities of the individual mechanism within the hen. The actual efficiency in egg production will then rest with the person operating the machinery.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

Detecting Choice Layers

My wife called my attention one day to the pelvic bone test for detecting choice layers. She had forgotten just where she received the information, but thinks that it was probably in one of the farm papers. I have followed the test carefully since, and I am greatly convinced of its importance. I am giving it here, because I believe all keepers of chickens should know the test.

To apply the test measure the width between the horns of the pelvic bones with the fingers. If three fingers will lie easily between the horns the hen is in all likelihood a choice layer; if two fingers lie between the horns the hen may be a fair layer, but is assuredly not the best; if only one finger can be inserted between the horns the hen is a very poor layer, and should be culled from the flock.

Colic in Horses

Colic in horses usually means indigestion. It may consist simply of a few spasmodic pains from which the animal quickly recovers, or the indigestion may terminate in inflammation of the bowels, which often proves fatal within 24 hours. Some forms of indigestion are complicated by bloating, and the internal pressure may rupture the animal's stomach or cause it to die of suffocation.

Most cases of colic can be prevented by careful feeding. Sudden changes of feed should be avoided. Also, feed in a stage of curing, such as new oats or newly cut grass, is always dangerous for horses. Heavy grain, such as corn, should have bran or oats added to give it greater bulk and render it lighter.

It is a good practice in feeding work horses to precede the evening grain ration with an allowance of hay. This gives the animal time to become somewhat rested and cooled, and the more concentrated feed will be much less likely to cause indigestion. The drinking of a liberal amount of cold water is likely to chill the intestines and cause colic.

The symptoms of colic are too well known to need description. The trouble, however, is complex, and unless recovery is rapid a veterinarian should be called. One quart of raw linseed oil mixed with two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, if given at an early stage of the colic, will help remove the undigested material from the horse's bowels and thereby give relief.

A common method of drenching a horse is to pass a loop in the end of a rope around the upper jaw just back of the incisors. The other end of the rope may then be fastened so that the horse's head will be raised and the medicine, when poured into its mouth, will run down into the animal's throat. Oil should be given slowly, a swallow at a time; and upon any indication of choking, the head may be instantly released, as the inhaling of oily preparations into the lungs is likely to cause pneumonia.

Colics which are apparently mild at the beginning may quickly develop into dangerous complications, and a colic that exists for 12 hours will often kill the animal. Colics which are caused by a twist or tie in the intestines or a rupture of some portion of the bowels are incurable.



While General Mangin was bombarding the German positions on the western front, his artillery discovered the location of this German 88 mm. gun mounted upon a truck. The first shot aimed at the gun struck it clear amidships and cut it in half, separating the gun from the carriage.

Fash

A Good Waist, 26 very effective of material and silk, together, The waist 34, 36, 38 measure. 24, 26, 28 measure. yards of and 5 yard skirt. The foot. To separate to any ad each patt

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WAIST 2643



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A Go Service. slight fig be finish cotton check o fabrics a could h sleeves

Fashions and Patterns

A Good Style for Matronly Figures. Waist, 2643; skirt, 2618—This will be very effective in almost any combination of materials. Batiste and organdie, crepe and silk, linen and pique, could be used together, or one material could be used. The waist pattern 2643 is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt 2618 in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material for the waist, and 5 yards of 36-inch material for the skirt. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock. 2632—Repp, voile, poplin, gingham, chambrey, gabardine, plaid and check suiting, all are nice for this style. The closing is effected on

is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Work Uniform. 2614—This is just the thing for housework, canning and other duties, which require practical and comfortable attire. The style is a one-piece model, with its fullness held by the belt at the waistline. The closing is effected at the left side. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 7/8 yards of 44-inch material. The cap, cut in medium head size, will require 5/8 yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Dress for Mother's Girl. 2621



the left side of the panel. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

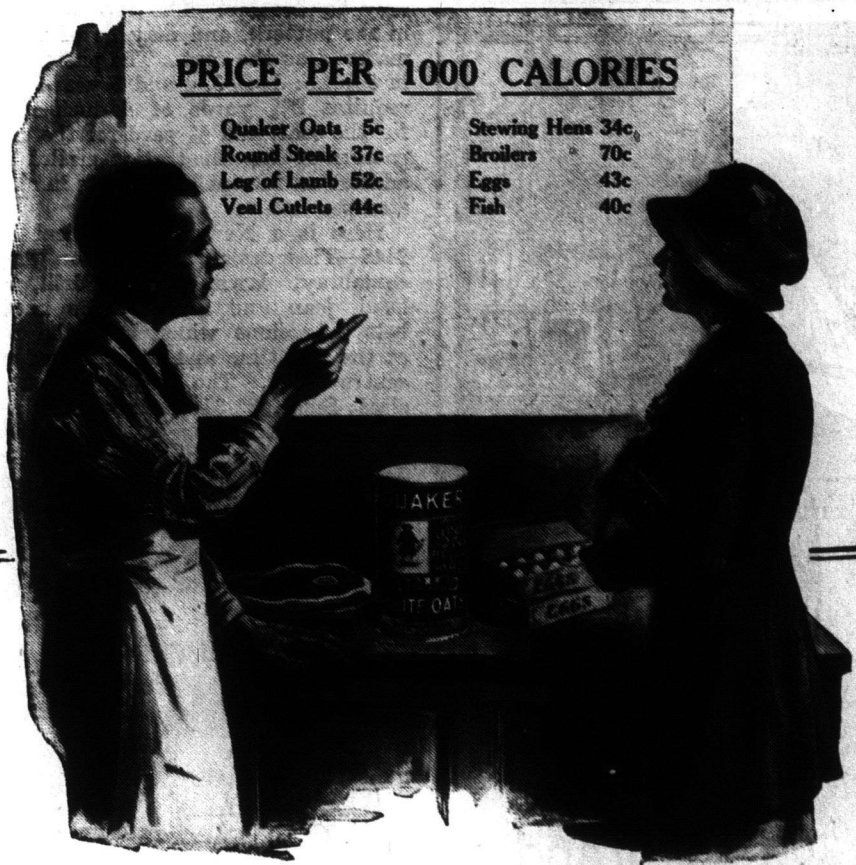
A Splendid Dress for School or General Wear. 2379—This model provides for sleeves in two different styles. The fronts are laid in a deep plait at each side, to form a panel. The fullness is held over the sides and back at the waistline, under a straight belt. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Style for Business or Home Service. 2636—This is a fine model for slight figures. The skirt and waist may be finished separately. Satin, silk, serge, cotton or wool gabardine, velveteen, check or plaid suiting and all wash fabrics are desirable for this model. One could have the dress of satin, with sleeves and belt of crepe. The pattern

—This is nice for gabardine, check or plaid suiting, serge, silk, or velvet, also for gingham, galatea, chambrey, seersucker, and percale. The waist closes at the side. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 6 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal Undergarment. 2221—This model combines envelope drawers and a corset cover. It is nice for muslin, crepe, cambric, lawn, dimity, batiste and silk, and may be trimmed with lace or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34 inches bust measure; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 and extra large, 44-46. Size medium requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Style. 2615—You may have this in velvet, corduroy, serge, chevot, fur and pile fabrics, such as plush. The fronts are double-breasted. The lines of this model are very simple and it is



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Quaker Oats 5c	Stewing Hens 34c
Round Steak 37c	Broilers 70c
Leg of Lamb 52c	Eggs 43c
Veal Cutlets 44c	Fish 40c

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Compare food cost by calories, and you'll use more Quaker Oats. The calory is the energy unit used by governments to measure food.

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Cost 8 to 10 Times Quaker Oats**

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We use just the queen grains—big, rich and flavory—in making Quaker Oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

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Except in Far West

Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, 1/2 cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place. Let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Pancakes

2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/4 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 table-spoons hot water, 1 teaspoon baking powder (mix in the flour), 2 1/2 cups sour milk or buttermilk, 3 eggs beaten lightly, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cr 2 tablespoons melted butter (according to the richness of the milk).

Process: Soak Quaker Oats over night in milk. In the morning mix and sift flour, soda, sugar and salt—add this to Quaker Oats mixture—add melted butter; add eggs beaten lightly—beat thoroughly and cook as griddle cakes.

Quaker Oats Muffins

3/4 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/4 cup flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, Canada

(2022)

SASKATOON, Canada



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Graceful and
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We can make up Switches from your own combings at a trifling cost. Catalogue free on request.

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easy to develop. The cap is furnished in the pattern, and may be of the same material as the coat. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for the coat, and 1/2 yard for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Here is a New and Practical Apron. 2446—This design is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, drill, indian head, jean and alpaca. The back has belt extensions which hold the fulness at the waistline and are fastened at the centre front. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Here is a Popular Suit for Your Small Boy. 2613—This model is good for serge,

skirt pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require about 6 1/4 yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress for a 38-inch size. Width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 yards, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Dress in Tunic Style. 2631—This is a good model for combinations. The underskirt and trimmings could be of plaid or checked suiting and the tunic, waist and sleeves of serge. One could also combine silk or satin with crepe or gabardine, in this way. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.



gabardine, velveteen, corduroy, galatea linen, drill, khaki, cheviot and flannel. The belt and collar may be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Costume. Waist, 2640; skirt, 2616—This model comprises ladies' waist pattern 2640, and ladies' skirt 2616. The waist is one of the popular tie-on models, and the skirt has a smart plait trimming at each side. Chiffon taffeta in a new shade of green, with matching crepe and self-covered buttons, would be nice for this model. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The

Wise and experienced mothers know when their children are troubled with worms and lose no time in applying Miller's Worm Powders, the most effective vermifuge that can be used. It is absolute in clearing the system of worms and restoring those healthy conditions without which there can be no comfort for the child, or hope of robust growth. It is the most trustworthy of worm exterminators.

A Pretty Frock for Slender Figures. 2369—This is a season for straight lines and simple styles. The model here shown is lovely for velvet, serge or satin. It may also be made of velour, gabardine or voile. The dress is loose fitting, and closes at the left side of the front under the collar. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Style for the Little Miss. 2637—Gingham, chambray, galatea, repp, poplin, gabardine, voile, plaid and checked suiting, all these are nice for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 4 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

For House or Porch Wear. 2408—You will want this pretty model. It is lovely for percale, gingham, seersucker and lawn. It will make a smart little dress for business or outing, in appropriate

Could Not Work
ON ACCOUNT OF
SEVERE HEADACHES.

Headaches are generally caused by some disturbance of the stomach, liver or bowels, and although not a serious complaint, the cause should be removed before they become habitual and make your life miserable.

You will find that Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will remove the cause by moving the bowels gently, safely and surely, refreshing and strengthening the stomach, toning up the liver, and thereby banishing the headaches.

Mrs. J. Armstrong, 7 Harris St., St. John, N.B., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you concerning the good I have received from using Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I had such severe headaches I could not do my work, but after using two vials of your pills, I can now do my work with comfort and pleasure."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills contain purely vegetable matter and do not gripe like harsh mineral purgatives do. Price 25c. a vial at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

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FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud. Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years.

Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.

materials. You may have the sleeve in wrist or elbow length and finish the dress with or without the pockets. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Junior Suit. 2633—This style will be smart with jacket and skirt of serge, and underwaist of jersey cloth, linen, or other contrasting material. One could omit the jacket and join the sleeves

to the underwaist, and so have a dress, simple and practical. This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Frock for Mother's Girl. 2639—For this pretty style, batiste, voile, repp, silk or gabardine could be used. It is also nice for gingham and other wash fabrics. The straight skirt is joined to an underwaist, which may be of lining. One could have serge for blouse and sleeves, with skirt and trimming of plaid

or check suiting. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Cool, Practical and Comfortable Apron. 2623—This is a good model for gingham, chambray, percale, drill, khaki, lawn, sateen or alpaca. The belt is a good style feature. It has the pocket attached. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4 yards

of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

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WARM, STYLISH SET OF BLACK WOLF one of the very very special values offered, fine silky jet black fur which will give real service. SCARF is wide on shoulders trimmed with head, tail and paws as shown, MUFF is large, roomy and warm, trimmed as shown, sateen lined, silk poplin ends and wrist ring, scarf lined with silk poplin. A rich dressy set at a very moderate price.
M 898, Price Per Set Delivered..... \$85.00



STYLISH COAT OF NORTH-ERN MUSKRAT made from the finest selected skins, length 60 inches, cut full and roomy, finished with full belt. Note the deep sailor collar and the handsome reverse border effect on the skirt. Lined with guaranteed satin Venetian. MUFF to match, cut in reverse effect to match border on coat. Sizes 34 to 44.
M 712, Coat Delivered..... \$155.00
M 713, Muff Delivered..... \$28.60

Snappy—up to date—of course—but more than everything else, in every HALLAM Fur Garment there is sterling quality, which means long wear. You see HALLAM buys the Raw Furs direct from the Trappers for Cash, and every skin is carefully inspected—sorted and matched.

Then Hallam selects the best and most suitable skins, makes them up into the famous Hallam Guaranteed Fur Garments and sells them by mail direct to you for cash.

With over 32 years' Experience in the fur business, we are able to select and guarantee the Skins used in Hallam Furs and to give unexcelled values for the money.

And how easy for you—simply look through HALLAM'S Fur Fashion Book, select the articles you think you like and send the order to us by mail; no time wasted—no noise—no waiting in a busy store—no bother—and no urging by an anxious sales clerk—then by return you receive your furs—the whole family can examine them in your own home without interference—and at your leisure.

If you like them "Nuff-Sed," but if you are not satisfied for any reason, simply send the goods back and we return your money in full at once, as this is our Positive Guarantee under which all HALLAM FURS are sold.

You Cannot Lose—be up to date, BUY YOUR FURS BY MAIL FROM HALLAM

It is easier—more pleasant—and cheaper.

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It is larger and better than ever—showing a wonderfully extensive range of Fur Sets and Fur Coats—we do not think there is a fur book published in Canada equal to this—it contains 48 pages and cover, with over 300 illustrations of beautiful furs—photographed on real living people—thus you see how the furs actually appear—it also gives a lot of valuable information about Fur fashions, and what leaders of fashion will be wearing.

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DURABLE, WARM COAT OF MANCHURIAN FUR, 60 inches long, made from jet black glossy, full-furred skins. It is very full and roomy and just the garment for hard wear and warmth combined. Lined with farmer's satin, finished with pouch pocket, fastening with large crochet buttons. Deep storm collar and lapels, deep cuffs on sleeves. Sizes 34 to 40. MUFF to match in barrel shape trimmed with head and tail, satin cuff and ring.
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HANDSOME SET OF NATURAL GREY CANADIAN WOLF, beautifully soft, full-furred skins are used. Scarf is in wide cape effect, giving great warmth and protection. MUFF is in the new "Canteen" shape roomy and warm, lined throughout with grey silk poplin, muff has wrist ring, silk cuffs, etc., trimmed with natural heads, tails and paws.
M 886, Scarf Delivered.. \$24.00
M 887, Muff Delivered.. \$8.60

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— WAS CONFINED TO BED. —

Mrs. George Gray, Hopewell Hill, N.B., writes:—"I had kidney trouble for over three years, and was so bad I was confined to my bed. First I contracted a bad cold and it went to my kidneys, and I suffered dreadfully. I got the doctor, but he did me very little good. I tried all kinds of kidney pills, but got very little help. One of my neighbors came in to see me and told me to get Doan's Kidney Pills and give them a good trial. I used five boxes and they have cured me so that I can sleep all night without being disturbed, and I feel better in every way. I cannot say too much in favor of Doan's Kidney Pills."

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Children

The Bear's Second Tale

True to their promise the Brother Bears arrived the following afternoon. This time as they looked up at the nursery window they saw three small noses flattened against the panes. Chrissie, Geof and Jackie were evidently on the look out for their furry friends.

When they were all seated cosily round the fire and the bears had politely enquired after the children's colds, Geof exclaimed:

"You know that it is my turn to choose the nursery rhyme to-day; do you know the story of

Jack Spratt had a cat,
It had but one ear,
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear."

"Oh, yes," answered Bear, "I know all about that"; and, clearing his throat, he began:

Once upon a time there was a little princess who was very beautiful and had long, curling hair and the bluest of blue eyes. She had no brothers or sisters, and I am sorry to say she was rather a spoiled child and was always accustomed to have her own way. Taking everything into consideration she was not a very naughty little girl, but she had one fault that very often caused a great deal of pain to those about her. It was this: She did not seem to mind how much she hurt other people's feelings, and she was always making personal remarks about other people's peculiarities, which were certainly not good manners and were often unkind.

It happened one sunshiny day that Princess Antoinette, for that was her name, was taking a walk with her governess in the beautiful woods near the palace, when they chanced to meet an old woman gathering sticks. Now the country in which little Princess Antoinette lived was very cold in the winter, and this poor old woman had almost lost one of her ears from frost bite. The quick eyes of little Antoinette at once noticed it, and she remarked to her governess in a very loud shrill voice, "Oh, look at that funny old woman, she has only one ear!"

Now, unhappily for Antoinette, the old woman was a witch, and what was worse she was not noted for her good temper. She heard the rude remark of the little princess, and slowly rising from her stooping position she drew herself up to her full height.

"Little girl," she said in a stern voice, "why do you make game of other's misfortunes? Until you can learn kindness and sympathy you shall know what it is to suffer yourself." She raised her hand as she spoke, and Antoinette trembled at her angry words.

"You think," went on the old woman in an angry voice, "that because you are a princess you can say what you like and no one dare interfere, but you shall be a princess no longer. Behold!" and again she raised her hand, "I change you into a cat," she paused for a moment, and then hissed out, "a cat with one ear!"

Antoinette giggled, she was just the

very least bit frightened, but she did not believe that the old woman's words could possibly come true. She turned quickly round to look for her governess, but as she did so, stumbled over something soft and furry that was lying on the ground near her feet. At the same moment she fell forward on her hands. No! they could no longer be called hands, for when she looked at them she saw nothing but a pair of furry claws, and she realized with a terrible shock that she had fallen over her own tail, and that the words of the old witch had indeed come true. She tried to call for her governess, but the only sound she could make was a melancholy "Meow," which echoed and re-echoed through the stillness of the woods.

"Ha, ha," chuckled the old witch. "So shall you remain until you have learnt to feel for others' misfortunes," and she turned and stalked out of sight.

Antoinette sat up and raised her pay to her head. Yes, it was true, she had only one ear! At that moment she heard a loud barking. Now, as a little girl, Antoinette had never been afraid of dogs, but with her cat-like body she seemed to have been endowed with a cat nature. As she heard the yarking she was seized with an uncontrollable terror. Up went her tail and she plunged into the depths of the dark and gloomy forest. On and on she rushed, until at last utterly exhausted she sank down under some tall ferns and fell asleep. How long she slept she never knew, but when she awoke it was dark. She was surprised however to find that she could see as well as if it had been broad daylight.

"I suppose I really am a cat," she thought to herself, for she could still think as a little girl and this made her punishment all the harder. "I wonder," she went on, "if I shall eat mice; I believe I could do with a nice fat one now, I'm frightfully hungry."

She sat up and stretched herself, and as she did so she saw a light shining through the trees in front of her. "I wonder what that can be," she thought to herself, "I must see if I can find out." Off she scampered again, running towards the light, which appeared larger and larger the closer she came to it. At last she made out that it shone from the window of a small cottage that stood by itself in the heart of the forest. "Now perhaps I can get some supper," was her first thought. But, alas, she found that even when standing on her hind legs it was impossible for her to reach the knocker. She beat on the door with her paws, but they were too soft to make any noise. "I must try my voice," she said to herself, so she sat down on her tail and uttered a series of ear-piercing caterwauls. This was more successful, for in a few minutes the door was opened by a little stout, rosy old woman, who, bending down to Antoinette, stroked her gently on the head.

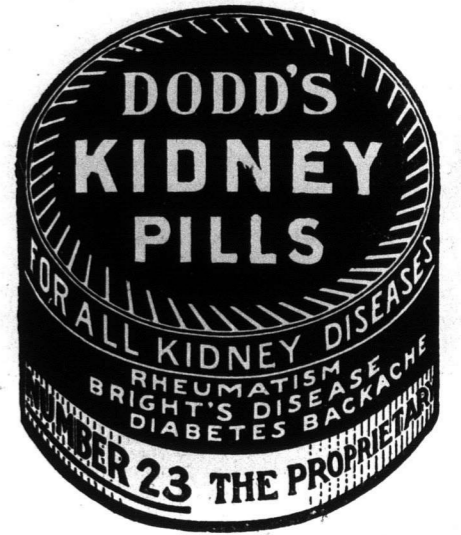
"Poor pussy, poor pussy," she said. "Are you hungry, and how have you lost your ear?"

"Meow, meow," answered Antoinette, rubbing herself up against the old lady's white apron.

"Jenny, Jenny, who are you talking to?" called out a man's voice from inside the cottage.



Collies in watchful repose before camera.



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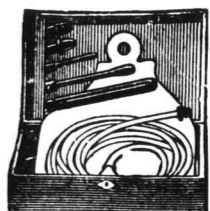
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"A poor stray cat, my dear," answered his wife. "Come puss," and stooping down she picked up Antoinette and carried her inside.

What a comfortable room she saw as she jumped from the old lady's arms. There was a table near the fire on which was spread a most tempting looking tea, and the kettle was singing merrily on the trivet.

"Why, the poor cat's hungry, as sure as my name's Jack Spratt," exclaimed the old man who was sitting at the table, busy with his knife and fork. "Come, puss, puss, puss," he called, and pouring some milk into a saucer he set it near the fire for Antoinette. How good it was to the poor hungry little cat-princess, she quickly lapped it up, and then he gave her some pieces of bread and butter which she ate ravenously.

"I wonder where she comes from," the old lady said. "I think we will keep her if she will stay with us." And it was in this manner that the Princess Antoinette took up her abode with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt. To be sure it was a very humble home compared with the splendid palace to which she was accustomed, but it was a home, and Antoinette had quite made up her mind that even if she could find her way back to the palace, which she very much doubted, she would never go home as long as she remained a cat.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt were very, very kind to her, and as the days went on she grew fond of the old couple and she began to wish more than ever that she could once again be a princess, and now, strange to say, it was not altogether for her own pleasure, but also because she felt that she would like to be able to help her friends who had been so kind to her in her great need. And that help which she so longed to give, was really needed now by the old couple. When they first took her in they were fairly prosperous and comfortable, but of late old Mr. Spratt had been ailing and not able to go to his work every day as usual. Sometimes he would miss a whole week at a time, and this was a serious trouble to people of such small means. Then, again, "times were hard," the country people said, for there had been a drought that spring and the crops were poor and there was a shortage of grass for the cattle, so that many necessary things became dearer, and altogether the old people found it hard work to make two ends meet.

Now Antoinette had made it her habit to trot round with old Mrs. Spratt just like a little dog, and she would often go with her to the village shop on her little shopping expeditions. Now it so happened that one day poor old Mr. Spratt was unable to get up, and the next day he was no better, and Mrs. Spratt could not leave him as he was almost helpless with rheumatism. She wanted to go to the village to get some butter, as they had none in the house.

"What shall I do, Pussy Cat?" she said half to herself and half to Antoinette, who stood rubbing herself against the old lady's skirt.

"Meow, meow," answered Antoinette, which, if only Mrs. Spratt could have understood pussy language, meant, "Send me, send me," and at last she really did seem to understand, for she looked down at Antoinette and said, "Will you go for me, pussy?"

"Meow," answered Antoinette.

"Go along, good pussy," she said to Antoinette, and opened the door for her to go out. Off rushed Antoinette with her tail up in the air and went straight away to the village shop with her little bag hanging round her. She squeezed in at the half-opened door and jumped up on the counter.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Jones, the old lady who kept the shop, "that is Mrs. Jack Spratt's cat, and if she hasn't got Mrs. Spratt's bag tied round her."

She opened the bag and read the note. "Humph," she said rather scornfully, throwing down the coin on the counter. "She won't get half a pound of butter for that. However, I'll put her in a bit, and she proceeded to wrap up a minute morsel of butter and put it into Antoinette's bag. "Tell your mistress butter is done," she said, "and get off my counter, Seat!"

For once Antoinette was glad that she was a cat. She arched her back and spit at the woman savagely, which she could not well have done had she been a little girl. Then she jumped down from the counter and hurried away.

But her adventures were not yet ended. Just after she left the village street she heard the sharp yapping of a dog, and as she turned a corner she saw a gray cat, somewhat larger than herself, and dancing round it was a large, black puppy, yapping and barking and evidently intending to make a spring at the cat, who she noticed was lame and unable to run away. Now, as I have told you, Antoinette had all a cat's terror of dogs, yet the kindly feelings for others' misfortunes and troubles that had been growing in her heart since her strange transformation, would not allow her to pass on and leave the poor lame cat without help. She made a sudden leap, and with an angry meow dug her sharp claws into the nose of the impudent, teasing dog. He turned tail and ran howling away, and Antoinette looked round to see if she could help the gray cat. What was her surprise to see standing near her a young and handsome prince, but of the gray cat she could see no sign.

The prince politely raised his plumed hat, "Pardon me," he said, "did you see a pretty white cat here just now with a bag tied round her?"

Antoinette looked hastily for her precious bag of butter. What was her amazement to find that instead of it being tied round a pussy cat it now hung round the waist of a pretty embroidered muslin dress, the very dress she had been wearing on that dreadful day when she had met the old witch in the wood. She glanced at her hands, they were no longer on the ground, and they were hands, real hands, and not paws. In a moment it flashed upon her that the spell was broken . . . she was Princess Antoinette once again.

"I am afraid I have startled you, lovely maiden," said the prince, as she stood speechless, "but I am most anxious to find that white cat for she has done me a great service. Some weeks ago a wicked witch, being angry with me because I would not marry her ugly daughter, turned me into a lame, gray cat. My fairy Godmother, whose advice I sought, could not do anything to help me, but she told me that the spell would be broken when I met with a kindness from a stranger. I have wandered about since then, and though I have met with many threats and much unkindness, the white pussy was the first to strike a blow in my defence. Therefore, if you can tell me where she has gone, I shall be most grateful to you."

Poor Antoinette burst into tears, and it was some time before she was able to tell the prince all her strange story. As she ended the long tale of her adventures she said:

"I suppose I have really learnt to be sorry for others' misfortunes, and I am so glad that now I shall be able to help my kind old friends."

It would take too long to tell you of the joyful welcome Antoinette received at the palace, and of how her parents helped her in carrying out her kind intentions towards her old friends. They never knew what it was to be poor again, and among their most cherished possessions was a large portrait of the princess, on the frame of which was engraved these words:

"Jack Spratt had a cat,
It had but one ear,
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear."

When Princess Antoinette grew up she married the handsome prince, and she never forgot the lesson that she had so painfully been taught, and no one was ever more kind or considerate to those in trouble than was the Princess Antoinette.

"What a lovely story!" exclaimed Christie as Bear finished his tale and he and Forbear rose to go. "Can you come again tomorrow?"

"Yes," answered Bear, "and then it will be Jackie's turn to choose the story. Goodbye, little friends," and away they went.

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-	1	-	13	9	14	21	20
5	-	2	5	6	15	18	5

WHEN WILL THE WAR BE OVER?

CAN you answer this question—When will the war be over? Every boy and girl wants to know. You can, if you are able to read this puzzle. The answer is contained within the 48 squares above. What is this answer? Solve it, and valuable prizes await you.

HOW TO SOLVE IT

The above squares hold the answer. It is in one sentence of nine words, containing forty letters. Each letter is represented by a number, and that number is the position of the letter in the alphabet. For instance, A is represented by the figure 1, as it is first in the alphabet, and so on. Now, to help you get started, we will tell you that the first letter in the puzzle is "W," because W is the 23rd letter in the alphabet. Get to work and figure out the words in the sentence, and try to find the answer to the great question, "When will the war be over?" It is not easy, but it is worth while trying for.

THE PRIZES

- 1st—Five Horse Power Auto - \$150.00
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- 6th—Full-size Football - 5.00
- 7th to 10th—Self-Filler Fountain Pens, each \$2.50 - 10.00
- Also 10 Extra Prizes for Boys and Girls, each \$1.25 - 12.50
- Total Value of Prizes - \$235.00

Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, hand writing, and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received, and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

What Others Have Done, You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes—
Shelton Pony and Cart, Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shelton Pony, Beatrice Hughes, Hasmere, Sask.
\$100.00 Cash, Lyric Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
\$25.00 Cash, Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
\$25.00 Cash, Florence Nesbitt, Armprior, Ont.
We will send you names of many others, too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy or girl will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The contest will close on March 31st at 6:30 p.m.
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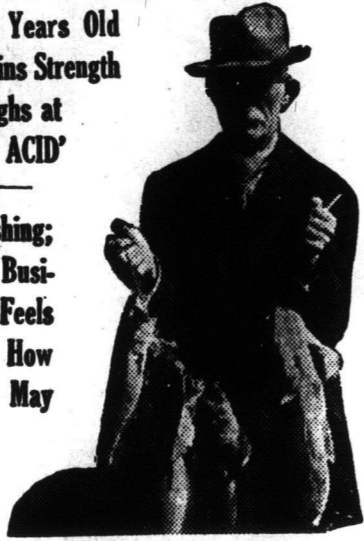
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"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army, over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take well-aimed attempts to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT.

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this trouble. If any reader of The Western Home Monthly wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a postcard or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 40-E Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now! You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

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Correspondence

How a Soldier's Wife Braves It

Dear Editor:—I am one of many subscribers to The Western Home Monthly, and a soldier's wife having four small children to battle with, while Pte. '35 is doing "his bit" in France. Sometimes life seems very trying to me, especially when I am alone with my dear babies, but I do not mean to grumble in the least.

I see in your paper where the question arises, "Does Marriage Kill Love?" Well, I think where the young folks get too strong-headed and selfish, it always happens so. One thinks himself better than the other and love flies out of the window, leaving one moping in the corner, while the other goes his own way to seek a little comfort.

I have seen women who even forget their husbands "over there." They would become vain and selfish, and then the law would step in and take away their little ones, because they proved to be traitors to their husbands. A pretty face and form is a lure, and when a woman knows this she should safeguard against it and stand firm beyond all, as the boys do against the Huns.

I have learned many a lesson since I have been left alone. My strong mind keeps me in safety, because where one is weak the other should be firm and steady. It takes a woman to ruin a man, and it also takes a woman to make a man. "The hand that rocks the cradle" should always be steady and true in all things.

I am now sharing my spending money with our wounded boys, and also sending my portion "over there." We have no Red Cross Depot here, so I am trying to do all I can on my own. It takes little, and I can see how much it means to the boys. All that we can do will never repay for the good deeds of the boys who are now sacrificing so much for us. I, myself, am quite contented and am doing all I can to help others to bear their burdens.

Wishing all the soldier's wives and children success. I beg to remain,
A Soldier's Wife.

Suggestions for Raising Money Wanted

Dear Editor and Readers,—It is quite a long time since I wrote to your interesting page, but I have always been very interested in reading the letters that are being published every month. Some of them are very good indeed. I agree with "Sky Scrapper" that "Does love grow less after marriage," is not a very good subject to be discussed through this page. I am sure there are many more interesting things than that, which one could choose, but I shall leave the choosing to readers who have more time and talent than I.

I am kept very busy at the bank where I have been working for the past two years. This horrible war has caused most of the young men on our staff to resign, and the majority of it is now young women who were never engaged in banks until the war started. I started out as stenographer but am now doing the teller's duties, and I like the work fine, although it is rather hard on a person's nerves, especially at this time of the year when we are kept busy with customers all day long.

Are any of the readers interested in Red Cross work? I would like to hear from any one who is, as I am secretary of a young people's society here, and often have to plan means of raising money so if the members have any suggestions I would be pleased to hear from them either through this page or direct to me. My address is with the editor.

"Business Girl."

Will "Cutie Curls" kindly send her name to the Editor so that any letters intended for her may be forwarded.

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Work Before Play

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your paper for the last three years and enjoy the correspondence page as your letters are very interesting. I am a farmer working a section of land and like it very much. I am about twenty years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, weigh 160 pounds, very fair complexion, dark brown hair, blue eyes and people consider me good looking. I go to church and Sunday School every Sunday, but still I enjoy dancing, skating and also a friendly game of cards. I am quite a sport and like a lively time, but always see my work all finished, and do not neglect any of it for my good time. I have a Dodge car and also a motor cycle. For winter I have a covered cutter and a team of drivers. Now, dear editor, I will close for this time, and if any girls care to correspond with me, my address is with the editor.

"Happy."

Where the Shamrock Grows

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your magazine since coming to the West, and enjoy it very much, especially the correspondence page. I came from the land where the shamrock grows, and I keep house for my brother on a farm in Alberta. I enjoy country life although I do get lonely sometimes. We had a very dry summer and the crops are poor as a result, but we must just hope for a bumper crop next year. I think overalls are fine for women who work outdoors, but I have never had occasion to wear them yet. I would like to correspond with some of the readers wishing the W. H. M. every success, will sign myself,

"Irish Blue Eyes."

Do Unto Others

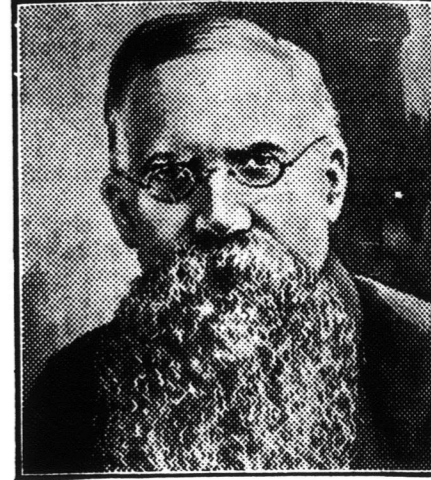
Dear Editor and Readers,—Here I am again perhaps "Butting in" as "Phillis" will say. Well, Phillis, I was reading your letter in the September issue and I do not agree with you. Yes, we love the West because we are free and easy. You in Ontario seem to be so secluded when you speak of "Blushing to dance at a public place." Now, Phillis, you just come West to where you have no picture shows or rinks, and you would be only too pleased to go to a dance in a public building. I do not believe in being so narrow minded. If you go to a dance it is not to say you have to associate with every Tom, Dick or Harry. A girl can keep herself a little reserved but not get too proud. I think, should you come West for a while you, perhaps, would get a different notion in your head. I was brought up in a city in England, but I just enjoy the fun you can get at a dance in the West. Please, Phillis, put that notion of blushing to dance in public out of your head.

Now then you, "Sky Scrapper," I note you are calling down dancing. Now we are not meant to go around week in and week out with a miserable face. That does not help Tommy very much. How many people, if you go from house to house collecting for Red Cross, will respond? They now want something for their money, and with a dance you can interest a larger crowd and get more money in less time than when collecting. So you just go to a dance and reckon you are helping more than you would if you stayed at home. There is no harm in dancing at all. Some folks who have narrow minds think it is wrong. I have been in the West for five years and attend all dances and have seen nothing to kick at simply because I go there to enjoy myself not to look and find fault with others. I note some quote scripture, Well scripture does not teach us to be distant with any of our brothers and sisters. "Do unto others as you would like others to do to you," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Snubbing is not doing these, but I do not get along well with preaching. I am very poor at that, but I honestly believe it is right that we should mix with others a little more than we do. Even the person with the blackest character wishes to amend some time, and just put yourself into his shoes if every way you turn you were snubbed by some fool-headed person no better than yourself. My motto is "Help all lame dogs over stiles."

Please do not think I have no one in the

A CRIPPLE FOR THREE YEARS

Helpless In Bed With Rheumatism Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. ALEXANDER MUNRO

R.R. No. 1, Lorne, Ont.

"For over three years, I was confined to bed with Rheumatism. During that time, I had treatment from a number of doctors, and tried nearly everything I saw advertised to cure Rheumatism, without receiving any benefit.

Finally, I decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. Before I had used half a box, I noticed an improvement; the pain was not so severe, and the swelling started to go down.

I continued taking this fruit medicine, improving all the time, and now I can walk about two miles and do light chores about the place."

ALEXANDER MUNRO.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PAINS IN BACK AND SIDE

Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Kansas City, Kansas.—"I suffered from pains in my back and side caused by a functional derangement. I was nervous and had headaches most of the time. So many people recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me, I tried it and after taking six bottles I am well. I do not think the Vegetable Compound can be beaten for woman's ailments."—Mrs. L. TIMMERMAN, 3011 N. Hutchings St., Kansas City, Kansas.



Women who suffer from headaches, nervousness, backache, the blues and other symptoms of a functional derangement should give this famous root and herb remedy a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such ailments of women after other medicines have failed.

If you want special suggestions in regard to your condition, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of long experience is at your service and your letter will be held in strict confidence.

trenches. Our family can count thirty on active service, and I do not spend all my time dancing, for I knit for the Red Cross and the Daughters of the Empire, both societies, of which I am a member. I also write to lonely boys and send them smokes and chocolate. So if we each do a share it will be different. (Do more and talk less of what you do.) I thank you, Mr. Editor, for the time I have taken. Your old friend

"Kentish Hop."

"Have a Heart"

Dear Editor,—Will you please give a small space in your correspondence column for another of your readers out here in France. I may say the W. H. M. is looked forward to from month to month like our weekly letters from home. I notice that there are not many letters in the columns from boys out here, so I hope you will excuse this intrusion.

Some of the members write very interesting letters, but all the girls seem to have a word against the poor bachelor. Girls, please "have a heart" for the poor fellows. I don't want any of you to think that I am a bachelor, as I am not yet, but may be if some kind-hearted girl doesn't take pity on me soon.

Re slackers: I don't think all the boys that are still at home should be called slackers. Although I have passed my third year in the thick of the fighting I know that there are many boys in Canada that cannot come to help us here, much against their wills on account of several things. Still many of them are doing great work for their country, and I think it is hard lines on them to be called slackers. I know if I were one of them, it would be a hard blow to me to be called a slacker. Yet there are a few that are real slackers.

The farmerettes in overalls have a big place in my heart, and I am proud to see the way the Canadian girls are coming forward to help and do their bit in the great war. Great praise is coming to them all, I think. As for wearing overalls, I believe they are the proper dress for the girls if they are doing farm work. Some think it is not lady-like for a girl to be dressed in overalls, but remember it is not the dress that makes a lady.

I would be glad to hear from any of the correspondents if any of them will please write first. Our time and news is rather limited, but I will promise to answer all letters as interestingly as possible. It is marvellous how a letter will cheer one up in the bluest of times, so someone please "have a heart" for a lonely soldier in France.

Thanking you, dear editor, for your kindness.

"Gunshot Bill."

With the French Army

Dear Editor,—Although I have been looking for The Western Home Monthly since I got to France, I have not had the pleasure of receiving it. For the past few years I have been a reader of the W. H. M., and while in Canada one of its correspondents.

For the purpose of joining the French army, I left home on June 10th, sailed from New York on the 21st of same month, and landed at Bordeaux on July 4th. The editor would certainly not allow me the columns of space, it would require to give you a slight idea of what such a journey is like in war time. I'll just say that now I am in a training camp near Brest where so many Americans are landing every day. I have had the pleasure of meeting some of them who had been over in Canada, and we have been writing to each other ever since. Once in a while they send me magazines that they get through the Y.M.C.A. I enjoy very much reading them and will be very glad when I get the W. H. M.

I would like to hear from any of the readers that my letter may interest and promise to answer all letters promptly. My address is with the editor.

"Rainbow."

Very Fond of Reading

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your column for years, and I certainly enjoy reading it as I am very fond of reading. I live on a farm, and I would as soon work outdoors as do

housework. I have been wearing a farmerette suit this summer, and think they are just the thing for working in the harvest field or doing any kind of outside work in.

If anyone cares to write my address is with the editor, and I will be pleased to answer all letters. Hoping I have not taken up too much space, I will sign myself

"Farmerette."

Views on the Love Discussion

Dear Editor,—Although I have read the W. H. M. regularly for several months, I have never before ventured to write, although I have intended to do so, but you know the old proverb about procrastination.

I have read with great interest the discussions on the page and think it an excellent way to exchange ideas on

various subjects. This last discussion on the subject of love lasting after marriage has been interesting, but isn't it a great pity that there is room for argument on the subject? Love should last and I believe the reason it does not is that in many cases either the girl or man or both enter married life thoughtlessly. I am a teacher and have lived in several communities and in different kinds of homes, and I have noticed that in many cases there has been real love on one side but not on the other. After marriage there has been a drifting apart until apparently there is mere toleration.

As for having Red Cross dances, I do not think it is wrong. It seems to me that we are able to do better work when we have a reasonable amount of pleasure to keep up our spirits. Without it we are liable to become pessimistic. Furthermore, I think that many people will give in this way who will not otherwise. Fortunately, this class is in the minority.

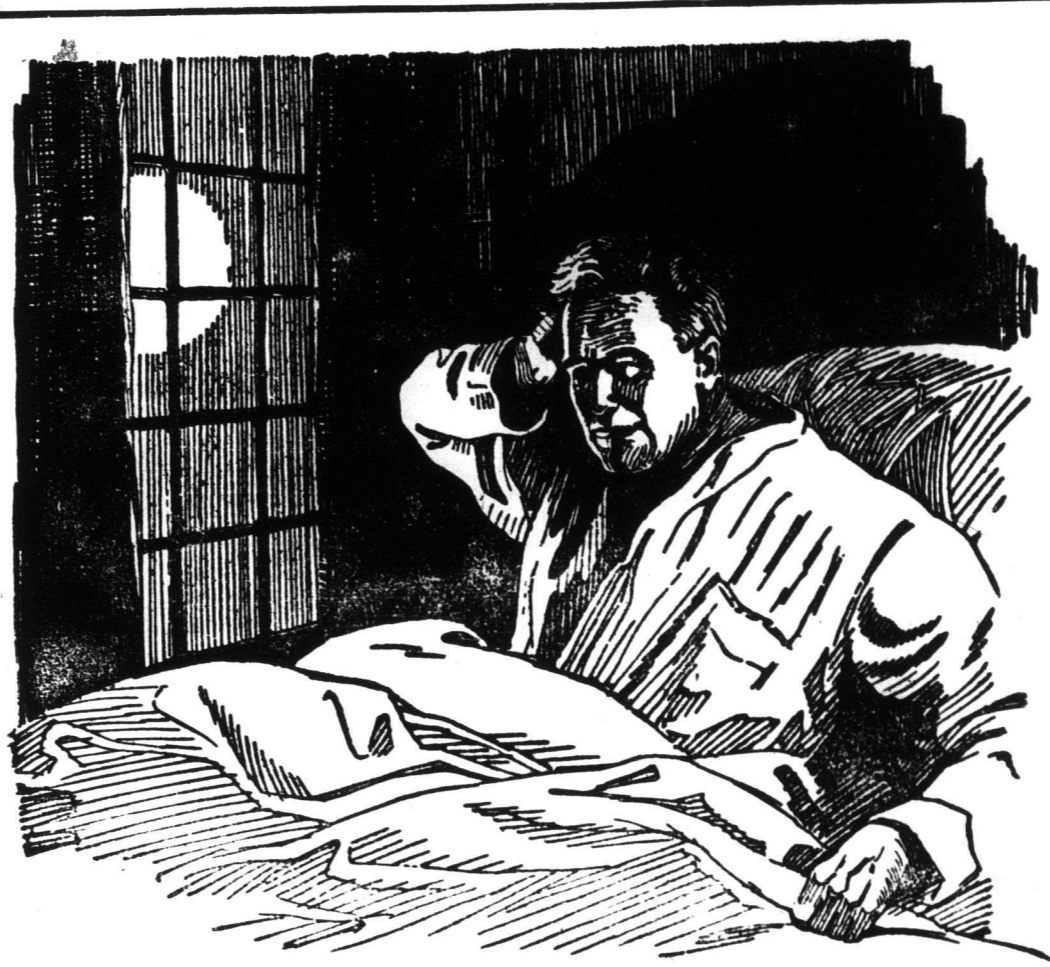
I admit that I might change my mind on the subject if I had dear ones in France. I don't know.

Like most young people I am very fond of dancing, skating, horseback riding, reading, music, etc., and although I was brought up in the city, I like country life very much for it seems saner.

If any one cares to write, I will try to answer all letters. My address is with the editor.

"American Girl."

Wretched from Asthma.—Strength of body and vigor of mind are inevitably impaired by the visitations of asthma. Who can live under the cloud of recurring attacks and keep body and mind at their full efficiency? Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy dissipates the cloud by removing the cause. It does relieve. It does restore the sufferer to normal bodily trim and mental happiness.



He Cannot Sleep

IT isn't the body that craves rest, but the mind.

When you are bodily tired you can usually fall to sleep at the first opportunity.

But when the nerves are irritated by anxiety and worry rest and sleep seem to be impossible.

The mind seems to be most alert, and you are thinking, thinking, thinking—first of one thing and then of another—often matters of little or no importance. But you simply cannot sleep.

Sleeplessness is the most common and often the first indication of a breaking down of the nervous system.

The object of sleep is to allow the body to rebuild tissue and the nerves to recover tone. Sleep is the ideal condition for this process.

If you cannot sleep you worry, and worry breaks down nerve cells at a tremendous rate, so that instead of laying up nerve force for the demands of the day you are using up the reserve.

The nerve centres are sometimes likened to storage batteries. If you continue to consume the nervous energy in reserve, without paying back, these centres become sooner or later depleted, and you find yourself a nervous wreck.

After a sleepless night you get up

feeling tired and lacking in mental energy. Your day's work seems more than you can face, and you become down-hearted and discouraged.

The future is not bright, for you must realize that the natural result is exhausted nerves, paralysis, locomotor ataxia or some form of helplessness.

In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is found the most natural and the most rational treatment for the nerves imaginable, because this food cure contains the vital substances which go to the building up of the blood and the depleted nerve cells.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does not induce sleep, but it does restore the nervous system, and after you have been using it for a few days you will begin to find yourself resting and sleeping naturally.

A little patience is necessary if your nervous system is greatly exhausted, but you will be encouraged by the benefits obtained to keep up the treatment until the exhausted nerves are fully restored, and you feel the energy and snap which means success and happiness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box.

What the World is Saying

A Chilly Outlook for Hunland

Germany faces a long cold winter with the back door wide open.—*Calgary Herald*.

No Substitute for Man Power

Germany is an expert on substitutes, but she can find none for man power.—*Halifax Herald*.

Where Loyalty May Fail

Don't fool yourself that you have a loyal heart if your stomach is aiding the Huns.—*New York Sun*.

Hohenzollern Camouflage

The new German Chancellor is merely the coat of white paint on the sepulchre.—*Glasgow Herald*.

His Heart is Black

It is said the Kaiser's hair is quite white. If so, it is probably the only thing white about him, unless it be his liver.—*Ottawa Journal-Press*.

A Crushing Realization

The German people are beginning to realize now for the first time who is going to win this war.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Bridging the Atlantic

There are at present 155 ships flying the British flag carrying American troops exclusively.—*Baltimore Herald*.

It Ought To

Conservation and thrift ought to help in eliminating the habit of making silly and useless gifts for Christmas.—*Vancouver Sun*.

The World's Greatest Liar

Kaiser told the Essen workers that he had left no stone unturned to bring about peace. No, nor any fruit tree uprooted.—*Minneapolis Journal*.

The Cowering Kaiser

The All-highest cowering in a cellar during a British air raid on Mannheim typified a beaten Germany.—*London Truth*.

An Assured Certainty

To avert possible disappointments in the German Great General Staff, we may assure it that the third million American troops will be just as good as the first and second millions.—*New York World*.

Plenty of Hun Prisoners

No more Chinese labor is being imported into France. There are enough Germans behind the lines to do the work required.—*London Daily Mail*.

The All-Highest's Squealing

After a careful reading of the Kaiser's latest speech we are reminded that a hog never makes more noise than when he is caught under the gate.—*Toronto News*.

A Needed Admonition

Colonel Roosevelt warned the United States against becoming a "polyglot boarding-house." The admonition is needed in Canada, too.—*Toronto Globe*.

William and John

Both of civilization's greatest enemies—Emperor William and John Barleycorn—are gradually being shorn of their potency for evil.—*Edmonton Journal*.

Progress in China

Nothing could better illustrate the spirit of progress than the statement that parts of the old walls of China are being torn down to build highways.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Progress of Prohibition

The United States Senate has declared for a bone-dry Republic beginning July 1, 1919. It will be a neighborly way of celebrating Dominion Day.—*Brockville Recorder-Times*.

The League of Nations

Sir Robert Borden speaks for the whole Canadian people when he approves the formation of a League of Nations for the preservation of peace.—*Victoria Colonist*.

The Editor's Socks

Socks costing above \$1 a pair are to be taxed. Whenever they catch us paying a dollar for a pair of socks we'll cheerfully pay the tax.—*Detroit News*.

The Hun Way

The Kaiser has confiscated all the property of the Salvation Army in his kingdom, and by imperial order dissolved the organization. So the Huns have found one army they can lick.—*Saskatoon Star*.

Overlooked in Their Haste

The Teuton claim that the retreat was premediated is completely disproved by the fact that some churches were found still standing in the evacuated area.—*Toronto World*.

A Great Change

The Kaiser says that Germany will weather all storms, which is a different tune from that of a while ago when Germany was going to do all the storming.—*Ottawa Evening Journal*.

It Has Lost Its Shine

It seems a long time since the Kaiser delivered one of those periodic outbursts of his about "the shining sword." But then, of course, it's lost considerable of its shine.—*Duluth Herald*.

Characteristically Prussian

"As God has given beasts teeth and claws, man also needs the sword," said Admiral von Koester. How characteristically Prussian to put man in the category of the beast!—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Shorter, and Longer

Owing to the scarcity of cloth, it is announced, women next year will wear their skirts shorter. Mere man, for the same reason, will continue to wear his last-year suit a little longer.—*Toronto Star*.

Safety First for Them

When the Crown Prince says, "We are fighting for our existence," he is speaking for the Hohenzollerns. But the Hohenzollerns are not doing the fighting.—*Lethbridge Herald*.

A Despicable Creature

A facetious London journalist has nicknamed the Kaiser's unfortunate offspring the Half-Crown Prince. If he had ever travelled on this side of the Atlantic he would have known that the name is unsuitable. A half-crown is worth twice as much as thirty cents.—*Hamilton Herald*.

Long-Headed Husbandry

Britain has the greatest crop in sixty years, thanks largely to war enthusiasm and the multiplied use of machinery. The London Daily Mail acclaims it as "headlong husbandry." It is long-headed husbandry, too.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A Contrast

In defeating woman's suffrage the United States Senate has shown itself less democratic and more reactionary than the British House of Lords, which recently assented, without hesitation, to the enfranchisement of 6,000,000 women.—*Galt Reporter*.

Costly Treasure

The German Chancellor speaks of the Crown and the dynasty as the "most precious treasures of our political life." This is true if their value may be measured by the blood and treasure that Germany is paying for them.—*Westminster Gazette*.

A Comparison

If you ever looked out of the window of an express train and saw an elderly lady with a bird-cage and an umbrella signalling it to stop and pick her up at a cross-roads, you have an accurate picture of how Lord Lansdowne looked to the Englishmen he is calling upon to stop fighting.—*St. John Telegraph*.

Wonderful Work

The United States Secretary for War has publicly acknowledged the services of the British mercantile navy in transporting American troops. This handsome acknowledgment will touch John Bull, who wouldn't advertise the thing himself.—*Belleville Intelligencer*.

Unconquerable France

In France there is a fine crop this year, which is being garnered by old men, women and children. Next year the hardy workers should have a larger territory to labor in. The enemy is being made to yield his stolen ground.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

The Butter Regulation

Canadians are asked to limit their butter consumption to two pounds a month apiece, in order that Britishers may have more than half a pound a month. It is not a great measure of self-denial, but is greater than the measure of the patriotism of those who will not comply.—*Montreal Gazette*.

Prompt and to the Point

It is pointed out that President Wilson's reply to the Austrian proposal for a peace parley was made exactly thirty-three minutes after the delivery of the document, and contained exactly sixty-eight words. No war waste, either of time or words.—*Kilmarnock Herald*.

No Quitting Before the End

We believe it would be a shocking mistake to encourage any idea that the end of the war is definitely in sight. Every plan now laid and every motion now made in the United States should be shaped by the strong probability that American soldiers will be fighting in Europe one year from this date—twice as many as are there now, and fighting twice as hard.—*New York Tribune*.

Morally Bankrupt

"Character is destiny," the old Greek proverb says. Germany's moral deficiencies will prove her final undoing. There is nothing she can say, no pledge to which she can put her signature, that will satisfy the honorable nations of the earth. They are compelled to fight against her until she is no longer capable through other broken promises of menacing the peace and freedom of the world.—*Providence Journal*.

A Sanguinary Scoundrel

Talaat Bey says that the war has exhausted itself, and that its continuance is useless. It will not have exhausted itself until it has delivered Talaat Bey into the hands of those who can call him to account for the Armenian massacres for which he is directly, personally responsible.—*Chicago Tribune*.

An Exhibition

The College of Arms of Canada held an exhibition in the Victoria museum in October, and asked all who had pictures of family coats-of-arms to send them in. If the college would only guarantee to have on show the arms of the knights created in the last few years in Canada the museum, we imagine, would be filled with curious visitors.—*Brantford Expositor*.

Proportional Representation

Several countries, namely, Belgium, Finland, Switzerland and Japan, have adopted the proportional system of representation. It will certainly be established in France in the near future. It is recognized as being the most equitable, the most democratic electoral system that exists.—*Manchester Guardian*.

A Hun Utterance

"As nature needs storms, as God has given beasts teeth and claws, man also needs the sword." Thus Grand Admiral von Koester in an address to the German Naval League, in which he also stated that Germany must have colonies and free trade on the seas. It is equally true that those who take up the sword needlessly are apt to perish by the sword. That has happened frequently in history and history has been repeating itself since the beginning of time.—*London Chronicle*.

Thermometers

It is a wonder that somebody hasn't yet suggested that we discard the Fahrenheit thermometer because it is the invention of a German. In this connection The Buffalo Courier points out some strange anomalies. In all English-speaking countries the Fahrenheit thermometer (German) is in universal use; in Germany they use the Reamur (the French instrument); in France they use the Celsius (Swedish), and in Russia they use the Leslie (English).—*Kingston Whig*.

George the 50-50th, So To Speak

Some men achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them. Mr. Lloyd George is having it both ways. At the great banquet to the allied missions in New York the first telegraphic account of the proceedings stated that after the mayor had proposed the toast to Mr. Lloyd George the orchestra played "God Save the King," and that there was an outburst of cheering. However, the incident is not likely to cause any controversy, for it now appears that Mr. Lloyd George's name was substituted for that of the King owing to a telegraphic error.—*London Daily News*.

One of Many School Problems

Down in Ontario public attention has been aroused in an unusual degree in regard to the whole subject of the public educational system of that province. One of the questions which is claiming attention is that of the time children should be kept at school, Dr. Cody, the new Minister of Education, in the Ontario Government, has said that "it is uneconomical to chop off education at the age of fourteen." This is true, but is it not also true that it would be worth while to get rid of the causes which operate to retard the progress of pupils at school? Certainly every pupil should be kept at school long enough to acquire to get the full measure of education which the school is capable of imparting, but there are great differences in the development of growing boys and girls, and it often happens that the causes which retard them could quite easily be remedied, if they were diagnosed correctly and then rightly dealt with. Thus could a great waste of time, both for pupils and for teacher, be done away with, with results which would be enduringly advantageous.

WHY VICTORY BONDS ARE ISSUED— AND WHY YOU SHOULD BUY THEM

Since the world began, it has been necessary for the people of every nation to support their fighting men, as we are now called on to support Canada's army.

Before there were any nations, there were tribes. And when one tribe made war against its neighbors, the old men, the boys, and the women were called upon to work harder and eat less in order to provide weapons, food and clothing for the warriors.

It is the same in Canada to-day. All the people who are not away fighting must do something to support the men who are defending our homes and our freedom.

But the war of to-day is on a vaster scale than those early tribal conflicts. Our fight for freedom is being waged with marvelous and costly weapons—and so requires the skilled labor of many industries.

But the most wonderful thing about this war is the Victory Bond which enables everyone to loan his money to help pay for those wonderful guns and aeroplanes and shells.

Victory Bonds are simply "pledges of repayment" given by the Canadian Government to the people in return for the money they loan.

And because the Government *must* have these loans in order to carry the war through to final Victory, the rate of interest offered is higher than any Government ever pays on loans in times of peace.

Thus the Victory Bonds of 1918 enable you to subscribe your share—not as a gift, but simply as a loan—and the Canadian Government pledges itself to pay you interest on that loan every six months.

It is your imperative duty to buy Victory Bonds. It is also good business—Because you could not find any place where your money will be at once as safe and as certain of earning good interest as it will be in the Victory Loan 1918.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

PURITY FLOUR

Government

Standard



FOR BAKEDAY SATISFACTION
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PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)

You can use it with your favorite re-
cipes from the Purity Flour Cookbook.
Equally good for Bread, Biscuits or
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USE IT IN ALL YOUR BAKING

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