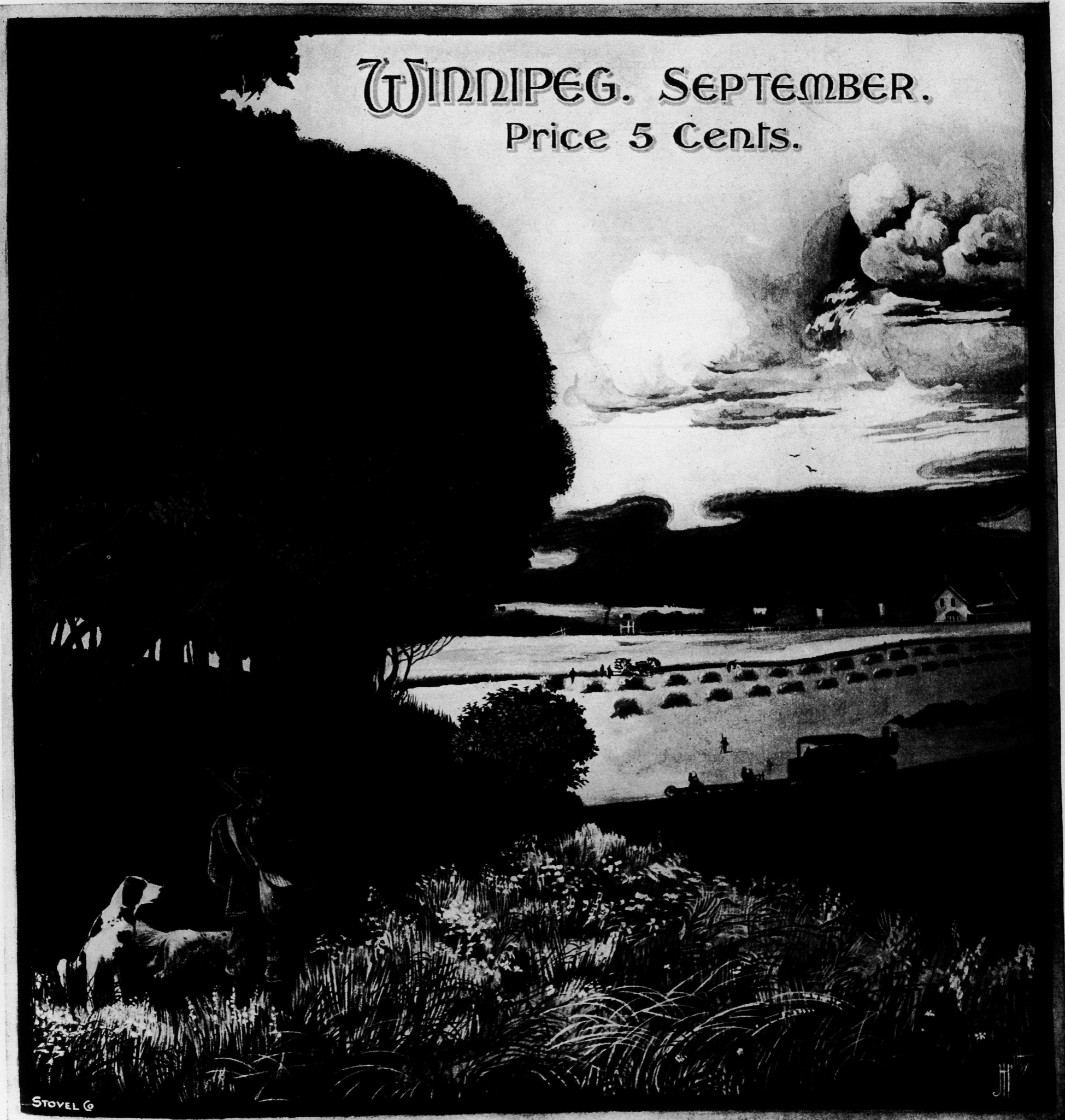


THE  
WESTERN  
**HOME**  
**MONTHLY**

WINNIPEG. SEPTEMBER.  
Price 5 Cents.





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# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. IX. No. 9.

WINNIPEG, CANADA, SEPTEMBER, 1908.

PRICE { 5c. per copy.  
50c. per year

## AN UNSTAGED MELODRAMA

By Esther Griffin White

Who Stole Old Blankensop's Five Hundred Dollars? A Fine Mystery Story, with a Genuine Surprise at the End.



"A little old man—a little, timid, meek old man, with a beard like an attenuated goat, a neat high hat, and a shiny frock-coat . . . came in at the door. . . . A low 'ahem!' caused the Old Man's heels to come down and his hands to begin fumbling with some letters on his desk."

### The Bookkeeper's Story



SOMETHING'S up," mumbled Tommy, stopping at my desk.

The Old Man and the Junior Partner were closeted in the back room. That always meant that something was up or down. Stocks, maybe.

Tommy's interest, however, was only alleged. I knew it, and looked up with an expression intended to be interpreted. "Well—well—pass on." I knew I should see Tommy twirling my ruler in his hand and fixing one of his hypnotized stares on the Stenographer. This always annoyed me excessively. I regarded it as in odious taste, impertinent, outrageous and not to be tolerated.

"Mayn't a cat look at a queen?" gurgled Tommy, shifting his glance to mine.

"Change the 't' in cat to 'd' and you'll have it," said I, snappishly, and wondering why I wasn't an engaging young athlete like Tommy.

Tommy got very red, and looked at me fixedly. I immediately begged his pardon. I was, of course, ashamed of having said it. Besides, Tommy is big. "You know my passion for puns," mur-

mured I, weakly, looking out of the corner of my eye to see if she had heard.

"That ain't no pun," said Tommy, haughtily, bethinking himself to his typewriter, which he rattled ferociously.

I chewed my pencil, and looked at the Stenographer. After all, I'm glad she heard. It gave me a chance to look at the ravishing curve of her throat, as she tilted up her adorable little chin disdainfully. I am a connoisseur in Beauty.

Just then the door ripped open, and the Old Man bounced out, followed by the Junior Partner. The Junior Partner never bounced; he undulated.

While we all entertained a murderous animosity toward the Old Man, who spent his time blustering and bullying his employees, we held the Junior Partner in supreme contempt. In newspaper notices of local doings of a various nature he was invariably referred to as "one of our most representative young men." This on account of a position attained through pulls and his own magnificent impudence. But though he might be Superintendent of St. Mark's Sunday-School and a member of the vestry, though he led a class weekly at the Y. M. C. A., though he might be toast-master at public banquets of business men's organizations, though he might lead all the cotillions in a manner

to make the gods green with envy, though he might be a director in the Heavy-Weight Magnates' Club and a trustee of a Deaconesses Home, we knew him for an insolent young brute, a hypocrite, a sycophant, a sneak and a coward. It was my superlative ambition to kick him out of his own front door, followed up with a pugilistic exhibition of my prowess. But then I am not big, like Tommy. So the Junior Partner continued unlicked of me.

To-day he wore his sanctified smirk, but behind it I saw something—a lurking something. Was it fear? Was it triumph? Was it cunning? Was it—But I am too much of a psychologist.

The Old Man flopped down in his chair and began reading the morning paper. There is a tradition in Hinsdale that the Old Man is in the strenuous class; that he is a Busy Man. This is to laugh, as the saying goes. The only thing at which the Old Man works hard is to sustain his reputation as a Pillar of Society. Practising most of the exalted virtues in public, and a majority of the vices in secret, he wears a perpetual expression of Afraid-I'll-Be-Found-Out.

A little old man—a little, timid, meek old man, with a beard like an attenuated goat, a neat high hat, and a shiny frock coat buttoned up tight and close, came in at the door. In a mirror over his

desk, placed there to reflect the door, the Junior Partner saw him enter. A low "ahem!" caused the Old Man's heels to come down and his hands to begin fumbling with some letters on his desk. (The Old Man and the Junior Partner do good team work. It's part of The System.)

"Why, good-morning—good-morning, Mr. Blankensop," says the Old Man, in his character of genial Pillar of Society. "I'm sorry I can't talk over that little matter with you just now. Very busy—very busy with some technical matters that need attention. We've arranged—"

"But—" began old Blankensop, in the Bull-of-Bashan voice which belied his shrinking exterior.

"—to investigate," went on the Old Man, as if no one had spoken, "and you can call in to-morrow if you are down this way."

"I won't be down this way to-morrow," roared old Blankensop. "I'm here to-day. You see me. What I want to know is where's my five hundred dollars." This with alarming directness and startling distinctness.

We all grinned over our ledgers joyfully.

The Old Man began to splutter, but before he could say anything more the Junior Partner, bland, smiling, jumped into the breach.

"My dear Mr. Blankensop," says he,

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The Subscription price to the Western Home Monthly is 50 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is One Dollar a year, while subscribers who reside within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States, are requested to send 25 cents extra to defray delivery charges.

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We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

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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.

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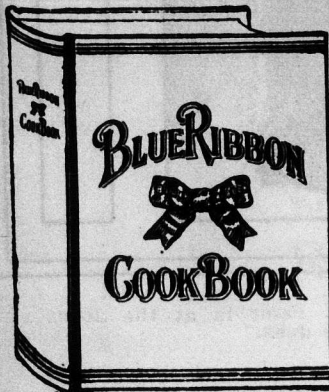
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To every present subscriber or reader who will send us one new subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for one year at Fifty cents, at any time before Oct. 31, 1908, we will send Free by mail, **Twelve Beautiful Post Cards** and a neat **Post Card Album**, bound in boards suitably printed over, and having spaces to hold 24 cards.

The twelve post cards are of fine quality, beautifully printed, no two alike, and include views of schools, parks, public buildings, etc., in Western Canada, a real nice post card to mail to your friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada, and embrace the following groups of Winnipeg views:—

- |  |   |  |   |
|--|---|--|---|
| <b>GROUP I.</b><br>Looking North from City Hall<br>St. Mary's Church<br>Central Congregational Church<br>Manitoba College<br>University of Manitoba<br>Grace Church<br>Victoria School<br>Normal School<br>Deaf and Dumb Institute<br>Sacred Heart Church<br>Mulvey School<br>Land Titles Building | <b>GROUP II.</b><br>Looking South from City Hall<br>Wesley Church<br>Medical College<br>Wesley College<br>First Baptist Church<br>St. Stephen's Church<br>General Hospital<br>Carnegie Library<br>St. Andrew's Church<br>St. John's College<br>Norquay School<br>Machray School | <b>GROUP III.</b><br>Assiniboine Park<br>Portage Avenue<br>Princes Street<br>Armstrong Point<br>Wellington Crescent<br>Fort Garry Gateway<br>Government Buildings<br>Manitoba Club<br>Old Post Office<br>Canadian Bank of Commerce<br>Eaton Store<br>Mr. W. Whyte's Residence. | <b>GROUP IV.</b><br>Ros'yn Road<br>Kennedy Street<br>Government House<br>Court House<br>Royal Alexandra Hotel<br>Fort Garry Court<br>The Assiniboine River<br>Mr. John Galt's Residence.<br>Assiniboine Park<br>Redwood Brewery<br>Bannatyne Ave. East<br>Residence of Mr. F. M. Morse. |
|--|---|--|---|

Each set of cards is entirely new, never before offered by us, all printed nicely and the subject are the most attractive we have ever seen.

It is quite impossible for us to split up these groups and accordingly subscribers are debarred for selecting some cards from one group and some from another.

This is a wonderfully liberal offer, and no reader of The Western Home Monthly should fail to take advantage of it. To secure twelve fine Picture Post Cards and a Post Card Album for the slight labor and trouble required to obtain one new yearly subscriber at 50 cents is indeed great pay for very little work. Such an offer is possible only from the fact that we make the cards ourselves in very large quantities.

To secure twelve post cards and album, all you have to do is to take a copy of a recent issue of The Western Home Monthly, show it to friends, neighbors or acquaintances, call attention to its merits, attractions, and very low price, and ask for the subscription. As soon as you have secured it, send us the name and address with the 50 cents, and state that you want the twelve post cards and album as premium.

They will be sent you promptly, and when you receive them we are sure you will feel well repaid for your time and trouble. In your letter do not fail to say that the subscription is for The Western Home Monthly, and do not fail to give your own name and full address as well as that of the subscriber. Do not be discouraged if you do not get the subscriber at the first house you visit; keep on until the subscription is secured—the reward is well worth the effort. If you want more than one set of the cards and album, and can get more than one subscriber, do so; we will send you a set of twelve cards and album for every new subscriber you send us.

We have mentioned a new subscriber, but if it should be one who has taken the Western Home Monthly at some time, and has failed to renew for this year, it will make no difference; anyone not now a subscriber to this magazine is eligible. Please bear in mind that this is a special limited offer, good only until October 31st 1908, hence must be taken advantage of before that date. You may select any one of the four groups.

Address all letters **Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.**

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undulating toward the entrance, "how do you do? Glad to see you looking so well. I think if you'll step back here with me a moment I can explain the whole matter satisfactorily," and taking the glaring Blankensop by the arm he marched him into the back room and closed the door. For a time the sound of the old German's roar in interrupted flow was heard through the partition, but it finally yielded to the Junior Partner's oily tones, and when they came out, Blankensop was grinning somewhat fatuously, as if the props had been knocked from under what he had regarded as an Unassailable Position.

I was sharpening the Stenographer's pencils for her when Tommy came in from luncheon.

"Say," whispered he, excitedly, "I've found out what's up."

"What?" we gurgled, nervously looking to see if any of the rest had returned.

"Why, old Blankensop—old duffer who looks like a goat, you know—well, he's lost five hundred dollars out of his box, and is kicking up the devil about it with the Old Man. Going to have a Directors' meeting this evening."

"Rum doings," says I. "Who told you?"

Tommy looked wise. "Won't tell," he said.

But I knew. Jorkins had been listening through the register by way of the basement. Jorkins is the janitor, and in his character of watchman thinks all avenues which lead to knowledge legitimate.

"How does Blankensop account for it?" said I, after a pause.

"Says he left his key here with the Company in August when he left town."

"Aha, aha!" chortled I, triumphantly. "The System's slipped a cog."

For had I not most ineffectually tried to point out to the Old Man the danger of permitting patrons of the safety vault to leave keys with the Company? And had not the Old Man threatened me with dismissal for what he termed my impertinence in presuming to intimate that there could be a flaw in *His* System, evolved as he fondly fancied, through his own astute mental processes—but, as I knew, at the subtle suggestion of the Junior Partner?

"Aha, aha!" chuckled I to myself. "Now they're in for it!"

II

The Story of the Looker-On

That I who worship Beauty and hunger for elegant seclusion should be compelled to sit at Mrs. Crunchem's table twice a day only goes to confirm my belief in a capricious and pursuing fate. And they are all so vulgarly social. They regard my reserve not with contempt—merely indifference. Of course, if I were young and good to look at they would care, but I am old and dull and flatly uninteresting—but this is not about me. They are always talking at the Boarding-House. They were at it again this evening.

"It was simply the nerviest thing I ever heard of," said the Bachelor.

"What was nervy?" asked the Book-keeper.

"Why, haven't you read the *Post*?" said the Woman with a History.

"Daring robbery," said the Ex-Schoolma'am.

"At three o'clock."

"Ladies' reception."

"In the dining-room."

"Four men."

"Two covered 'em with pistols."

"Two—baskets."

"The silver."

"Diamonds."

"Watches."

"Purses."

"Jumped out of the window."

"No clew."

Here the Bachelor's voice soared above the babel. "It's the darndest queerest thing! That's six in as many weeks. The detectives are no good. Can't make a thing out of it."

"I came by the house at the time," said the Theological Student, "and on my word I never heard such screaming."

Someway every one stopped just then and looked at the Mystery. He devoured chicken hash with zest. He was a splendidly built man with sleepy gray eyes.

There was an uncomfortable silence. "Why didn't you stop and find out what was going on?" said he, wiping his mouth with his napkin, and looking at the Theological Student with an enigmatical expression.

Some of them didn't like his tone, but I understood why he used it. The Theological Student was a tall, handsome young man in the electrical business down town, and studying hard of nights

to enter the University the following winter. It needed only half an eye to see he was head over ears in love with the Stenographer. She was a timid little thing with big reddish-brown eyes, curly auburn hair and the sweetest complexion in the world. She was from the country, and had been in the boarding house only a few weeks. But that was long enough to make all the women hate her, because all the men jumped to attention whenever she entered the dining-room.

All but the Mystery. He didn't notice her particularly. At least they all said he didn't up in the parlor after the men had gone. But I knew better. He adored the Stenographer. I knew he hated the Theological Student, because the Stenographer went out Sunday nights to church with the latter, and the Mystery had a way of saying nasty things to him. I wondered why the Mystery didn't try to win the Stenographer's favor, because if I were a girl—well—if a man like the Mystery looked at me the way he looked at the Stenographer when he was off guard and thought nobody noticed!

But she was afraid of him. When he addressed her, which was seldom, she blushed all over her delicious face and murmured indistinct answers. Little idiot! But it made her look maddeningly kissable, and all the women masticated savagely.

Just then the landlady brought in the first installment of orange pudding. So the Theological Student, pretending not to notice the Mystery's question.

"Well," said the Ex-Schoolma'am, "I have my opinion of anybody who stays out so late at nights."

But this didn't count, because the Ex-Schoolma'am was in love with the Theological Student, and only wanted to make the Stenographer feel bad. Incidentally, she liked to tease the Theological Student because he had snubbed her. He attacked his pudding with vigor. The Stenographer changed color and looked at her plate. The Mystery bit his lip and spilled his coffee on the table-clth.

"At it again," he muttered. "Why can't the old cats leave her alone. Blank 'em!" Nobody heard him say this but me.

The Ex-Schoolma'am hailed from Cross Roads, Iowa. She had been in Bikota a year and a half, and knew

what an awful wicked place it was, and how it stood around on its own corners holding out snares for the unwary. So she concluded she'd better give the Stenographer some advice, and caught up with the latter in the hall on the way up-stairs. They passed the Theological Student buttoning up his overcoat and drawing on his gloves.

"Off again?" says the Ex-Schoolma'am, maliciously flippant.

If she hadn't been with the Stenographer he would have ignored this ill-directed remark. As it was, he looked down at the Stenographer from his six feet of towering beauty—for he was a handsome wretch, was the Theological Student—and said, "I'm going down to hear your Junior Partner deliver one of his weekly talks at the Y. M. C. A. He's fine. I wish you could hear him!" enthusiastically.

"Why, is that who it is?" said the Stenographer. "O-o-h," she laughed. "I hear him enough at the office. And is he a good young man, too?" She added, with a naughty, wide-eyed coquettishness she was not above at times with men.

The Theological Student threw back his head, and laughed immensely. Someway he seemed tremendously amused.

"You little dar—er—why, of course. We're all good," said he, oozing away from the danger-point.

The Ex-Schoolma'am hummed a little tune, and looked sourly at the ceiling. The Mystery came through the hall just then, and out at the door, banging it hard.

"Well, good-by," said the Theological Student, taking the Stenographer's hand in both of his. "You'll not forget Sunday evening," said he with ardor.

"Oh, no!" said she, with another of her devastating little glances.

"My dear," said the Ex-Schoolma'am, following the Stenographer into the latter's room, and taking the most comfortable chair, "I feel it my duty to warn you."

"Warn me?" said the Stenographer.

"Yes. I see that you are in need of some practical advice. You are I fear, too unsophisticated—too believing—too trustful. You are so young—of course." hastily, "so am I. But I was thrown out to battle with the world when a mere infant, and I have found it—"

Familiar Authors at Work—By Hayden Carruth.



Miss Tripp.

Miss Tripp for years has lived alone, Without display or fuss or pother. The house she dwells in is her own— She got it from her dying father.

Miss T. delights in all good works, She goes to church three times on Sunday. Her daily duty never shirks, Nor keeps her goodness for this one day.

She loves to bake and knit and sew, For wider fields she doesn't hanker; Yet for the things they have I know A-many poor folk have to thank her.

The simple life she truly leads, She loves her small domestic labors; In spring she plants her garden seeds And shares the product with her neighbors.

By Books and Authors now I see In literature she's made a foray; "The Yellow Shadow"—said to be "A crackerjack detective-story."



Captain Brown.

Bluff Captain Brown is somewhat queer, But of the sea he's very knowing. I scarcely meet him once a year— He's off in search of whales a-blowing.

For fifty years—perhaps for more— He's sailed about upon the ocean. He thinks that if he lived ashore He'd die. But this is just a notion.

Still, when the Captain comes to port With barrels of oils from whales caught napping, He'll pace the deck and loudly snort, "This land air is my strength a-sapping."

"I call this living on hard terms; I wish that I had never seen the land; I wish I were a-chasing sperms Aaft the nor-east coast of Greenland."

Yet on his latest cruise, 'tween whales The Captain wrote a book most charming. It's called—and it is having sales—"Some Practical Advice on Farming."



T. H. Smith.

Tom Henry Smith I long have known, Although he really is a hermit— At least, Tom Henry lives alone, And that's what people term it.

Tom Henry never is annoyed By fashion's change. He wears a collar Constructed out of celluloid. His hats ne'er cost above a dollar.

Tom loves about his room to mess, And cook a sausage at the fireplace. It doesn't serve to help his dress— Grease spatters over the entire place.

Tom Henry likes to read a book, And writes a little for the papers, But scarcely ever leaves his nook, And takes no part in social capers.

Now Tom has penned a book himself. I hope he'll never feel compunctions! Its title is—it's on my shelf—"Pink Teas and Other Social Functions."



Ruth Jones.

I've found the Jones pleasant folk— I've watched them all their children fetch up. Jones loves to have a quiet smoke— She's famous for tomato catchup.

Ruth is their eldest—now fifteen. A tallish girl with pleasing features. Each school-day morn she can be seen As she trips by to meet her teachers.

A serious-minded miss, you'd say, Not given much to school-girl follies. She still sometimes will slip away To spend a half-hour with her dollies.

She's learned to sweep, to sew, to bake— She's quite a helpmate to her mother. On Saturday she loves to take The go-cart out with little brother.

At writing now she bids for fame— Her book a great success is reckoned. "By Right of Flashing Sword," its name, A strong romance of James the Second.

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**MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.**

here she struggled with a few tears, "cruel—and I must warn you—"

"What on earth are you talking about!" said the Stenographer, in a tone which acted like a tonic on the Ex-Schoolma'am.

"Why, I'll tell you," said she, sitting up very straight. "You needn't think, because all the men pay you so much attention, it means anything. That Theological Student flirts with every new girl that comes to Crunchem's. Why, when I first came, he tried to get up a flirtation with me. Think of his impertinence—with me! But he soon found out what I thought of him. He pretends to be so religious, but I've often noticed, my dear, that those men who are so awfully pious—"

"Oh," gasped the Stenographer, and I thought he was so charming!"

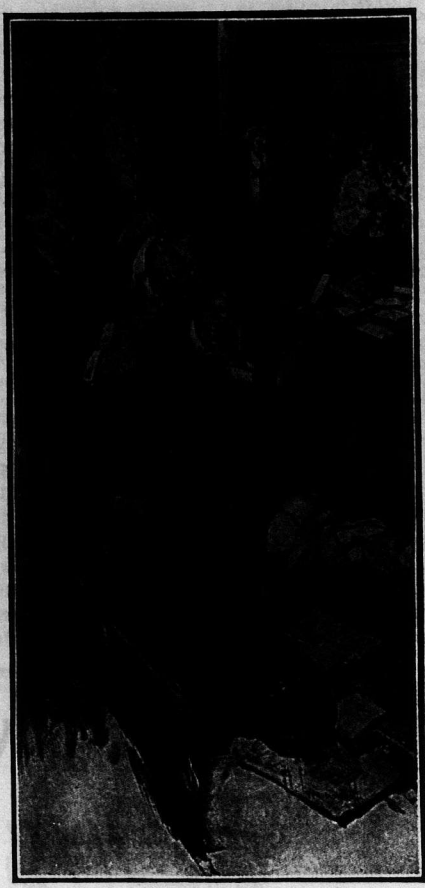
"Ah, my dear, it is my mission to undeceive you, to open your eyes. And then there is that big man with the gray eyes—"

"Oh," said the Stenographer, faintly.

"Rest assured there is something wrong there. When nobody at Crunchem's can find out about a person—"

"Of course, you know the world so much better than I," murmured the Stenographer. "You are so much older—"

The Ex-Schoolma'am flushed darkly.



When Tommy flung open the door, and out of the back room, red, disheveled, fighting-mad, with three of the men trying to hang on to his arms. . . . Such a scrimmage as followed I hope never to see again. . . . Desks, chairs, books, papers, ink, maps, men, all in one grand, indiscriminate wallow on the floor."

This was not what she had expected. "Older in experience—not years," she said.

Just then the Landlady tapped at the door. "Telephone," said she to the Ex-Schoolma'am.

After the Ex-Schoolma'am had gone, the stenographer danced up to the mirror and twirled on her toes. "Jealous!" she laughed; "jealous!" Then she looked at the floor reflectively. "How he did bang that door," she murmured.

III

At the Office

"Ought to have heard the J. P. spout last night," said Tommy the next morning before the other came.

"Bah!" said I, tipping back in my chair.

"Say, wonder why he's so thick with that electrician?"

"Electrician?" said I.

"The one that comes here to fix the lights—don't you know—tall feller—"

"Oh," said I, enlightened, "you mean the Theological Student."

"Him!" said Tommy, incredulous.

"Sure," said I. "That's the way he's known 'round at the Boarding-House." Don't look it. Thought he was a sport. Him and the J. P. go off every

Wednesday night together after the class. Chums is no name."

"Oh, do you go down every Wednesday night to hear the J. P. do his little stunt?" said I, jeeringly.

"Yes, I do," said Tommy, stoutly.

"Don't have to listen to him if I don't want to, and some of the others are bully. But I notice every night right after the class off goes the J. P. and that feller."

"Some graft," says I.

"Always want to holler 'Oh, come off your perch,' at the J. P.," says Tommy. "Blooming hypocrite," he added, disgustedly.

"Queer—queer," mumbled I, chewing my penholder.

The Old Man came over to my desk that morning, and asked me to look after the vault while Tommy was in the back room.

"Wonder what's up," thought I, as Tommy trailed after the Old Man and the J. P., winking nervously, but gamely, at me as he passed. Tommy was in perpetual fear of losing his job. He helped to support his family, who'd be in a bad way if anything happened to him. The First Vice-President, the Cashier and two of the Directors came in later and were swallowed up in the back room.

The Stenographer tiptoed over to the vault door, and whispered, "What are they doing to poor Tommy?"

"Heaven knows!" said I. "Oh, nothing," I added.

Old Blankensop appeared while she stood there, and I let him in, and turned the lock with the master key, stepping back while he thrust his own key in and took out his box, glancing suspiciously at me after he did so.

"Where's that young rascal that tends to things 'round here?" says he.

"If you mean Thomas Muggins," said I, stiffly, "he's out of the office for a few minutes."

Blankensop mumbled something, stuffed a paper he took out of his box into his pocket, pushed the box back, and locked it in. After taking out the key, he pushed the lock several times. "Want to be sure it's locked," he says. Old beggar! But of course I had to take it.

As I let him out of the cage door, a great uproar was heard in the back of the office. Louder and louder it grew. Voices in angry recrimination—a resounding blow—something falling—then Tommy flinging open the door, and out of the back room, red, disheveled, fighting-mad, with three of the men trying to hang on to his arms. . . .

Such a scrimmage as followed I hope never to see again. . . . Desks, chairs, books, papers, ink, maps, men, all in one grand, indiscriminate wallow on the floor. The First Vice-President finally got Tommy down, choking him into compliance. Others tied his hands with cord, but it took the six of them to pick him up and put him in a chair. The other clerks huddled near the doors of the outer offices, with white faces. Not one of us dared interfere, because we knew it meant the loss of our jobs.

"Great heavens," said I to the Junior Partner, who, coolly aloof, had watched the fracas, "what does this mean?"

"Tend to your own business," said he insolently.

"If you want the thief," yelled Tommy, "you'd better get him while you can!" making a lunge in the direction of the Junior Partner.

"Keep cool, my lad," said he, rocking back and forth on his toes and heels; "keep cool."

Just then the sound of a gong floated up from the street, closely followed by the dash of two policemen into the office. Seeing Tommy with his arms pinioned, they made for him without delay or explanations.

It seems that old Blankensop had been telephoning during the melee. Nobody had noticed him. The Old Man, the Junior Partner, the Directors, the Cashier and the First Vice-President looked at one another in consternation. Clearly

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this was a most unlooked-for and unwelcome interference.

Tommy's previous resistance was as nothing to that he now offered the minions of the law. He fought like a demon. But it was no use. When they finally walked him off between them, the imprecations he hurled back at the Old Man and Junior Partner were, I give you my word, something awful.

There was a rather foolish silence after their departure. It was broken by the Stenographer.

"Cowards—cowards!" she sobbed, stamping her foot. "Mean, horrid, nasty cowards!"

"Now, my dear young lady, be reasonable—be reasonable," said one of the Directors. "Naturally you are very much agitated over this very disagreeable—er—incident, with its unexpected outcome. We really feel," he went on, despite the protesting glances from the Old Man and the J. P., "that some explanation is due the—ah—employees of the Company." So he proceeded to explain that one of the patrons of the vault having lost five hundred dollars out of his box, a well-guarded investigation had followed, and the disappearance of the money traced—at least every circumstance pointed—to Tommy. They were loth to believe, continued the Director, that such an error could have been committed by so faithful and long-trusted an employee as Thomas Muggins, but the facts were such as to force the conclusion that he was the culprit. Who had full charge of the vault? Mr. Muggins. Who besides the officers of the Company had access to the drawer where patrons left their keys, if they so desired, for their own convenience? Mr. Muggins. Blankensop himself had noticed suspicious actions on the part of Thomas the last time he opened the box before going away in the summer.

They had, however, in a spirit of kindness, wished to settle the matter quietly with Mr. Muggins. He stubbornly refused to regard the matter in this light, he refused to resign, denied the charge absolutely, and became, as we had seen, violent. The whole matter would have to be settled in another way, and without doubt great publicity. The Company trusted to the discretion of its employees, etc. But we remain unconvinced.

IV

At the Boarding-House

"I see," said the Theological Student that evening at dinner, addressing the Bookkeeper, "that you had some trouble down at your office to-day."

"Er—yes," said the Bookkeeper, remembering what Tommy had told him of the intimacy existing between the Theological Student and the Junior Partner. There was a carefully worded account of the affair in the evening papers.

That night the Stenographer had the toothache. She was about to slip across the hall to borrow Ex-Schoolma'am's camphor-bottle when she heard voices in subdued, but fierce, whispers.

"You white-livered scoundrel! I've a notion to choke the life out of your blank carcass!" said one.

"Don't kill me!" whimpered the other.

The Stenographer recognized the voices. She didn't come down to breakfast the next morning. The Theological Student plainly showed his disappointment. He hung around for a good while, thinking maybe she'd come. He was going away that night, he said, to the University, to enter for the three months' spring term. The Mystery volunteered the information that he, too, was leaving that night, and wouldn't be back for a week, maybe. A big box of roses came for the Stenographer from somebody. The Ex-Schoolma'am said it was the Theological Student. But I knew better. The Mystery sent it.

It was one o'clock in the morning the next day. The Stenographer was awakened by a confused noise—scuffling—oaths—a door banged to—then doors opening, and boarders' excited voices asking, "What's the matter?" "Who is it?"

The Stenographer hid her face in

the pillow and wished she were dead.

"I knew it all the time," announced the Ex-Schoolma'am, triumphantly, at breakfast the next morning, reading aloud from the Post:

**IMPORTANT CAPTURE**  
Made by the Police Last Night!

Perpetrator of the Great Reception Robbery Taken Early This Morning.

At One O'clock This Morning the Thief is Tracked to His Lair! Living Under a Cloak of Respectability at Mrs. Sally Crumchem's Boarding-House!

V

At the Office

An atmosphere of deep gloom pervaded things that morning at the Office. The Stenographer looked pale and listless. The Old Man banged around, and looked disgruntled.

"Where's the J.P.?" asked the First Vice-President, coming in on his way down town.

"Not down yet," said the Old Man. "Wuxtra—all about the robbery!" yelled a newspaper boy in the hall.

The Stenographer went out and bought a paper. She opened it, and then gasped, "Wh—why—why—" and handed the paper to the Old Man. He stared at it with a purple face.

I ran out and got a paper for myself. Flaring headlines announced:

**VILLAINY UNEARTHED!**  
Jekyll and Hyde Not in It!

Astounding Developments Follow First Arrest in Great Reception Robbery Case This Morning!

Prominent Citizen

Caught on Outbound Train Disguised as An Old Woman! Great Work of Detective Thornton!

Suddenly the old man toppled over on the floor. He had had a stroke. Someway, notwithstanding everything, we felt sorry, because the Old Man had honestly trusted the Junior Partner.

Tommy, of course, was released. The First-Vice President gave him a good position. Later Tommy grinned at me from the witness-stand. It all came out at the trial. All the boarders went, and so did most of us, as we had lost our jobs through the J.P.'s doings. The Company had gone to the wall. The Stenographer, however, had been employed as an expert shorthand-writer to take down the proceedings.

When the prisoners were brought in there was a decided sensation among the Boarders.

"Why," said the Ex-Schoolma'am, "it's the Theological Student."

It seems that the Junior Partner and the Theological Student had formed an effective combination, the latter, in his role as electrician, while fixing the lights in the vault, having taken the five hundred dollars from old Blankensop's box, the J.P. Having previously used the master key, and stuck Blankensop's key in the lock. All was then easy.

This, however, was only a minor circumstance. The Theological Student was wanted by the police in a dozen cities. He went up for life. The Junior Partner got off on a plea of moral degeneracy and incipient insanity, and his family put him in an asylum.

When the Theological Student was brought into the court-room one of the stenographers fainted. A big man came forward and carried her out.

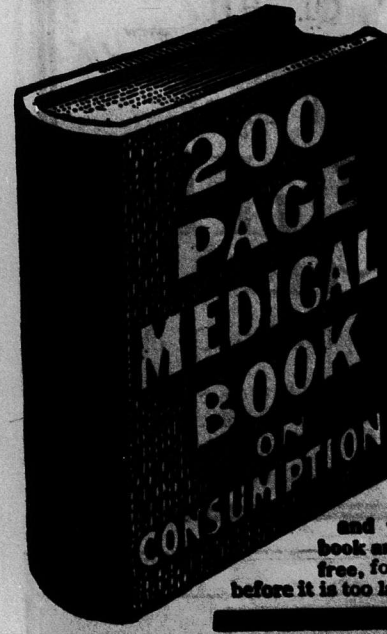
"My poor little sweetheart!" he murmured.

"I—I—th—thought it was you all the time!" she sobbed. "Where have you been all this week!"

"Why, down in Tennessee, visiting my mother," said the Mystery. He was Detective Thornton.

*Sir Wilfred Laurier:* In welcoming the Canadian Medical Association to the capital. I am glad to be able to say that at present I can snap my fingers at the doctors. Five years ago, when my health had been broken down, I got from the best medical experts of Canada, Great Britain and Paris one common prescription—"No Drugs, plenty of rest, and simple food." By following that advice I have completely recovered my health, and now look forward to several years more of hard work.

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*Paraphrased this saying might read*  
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## The Crown of the Continent.

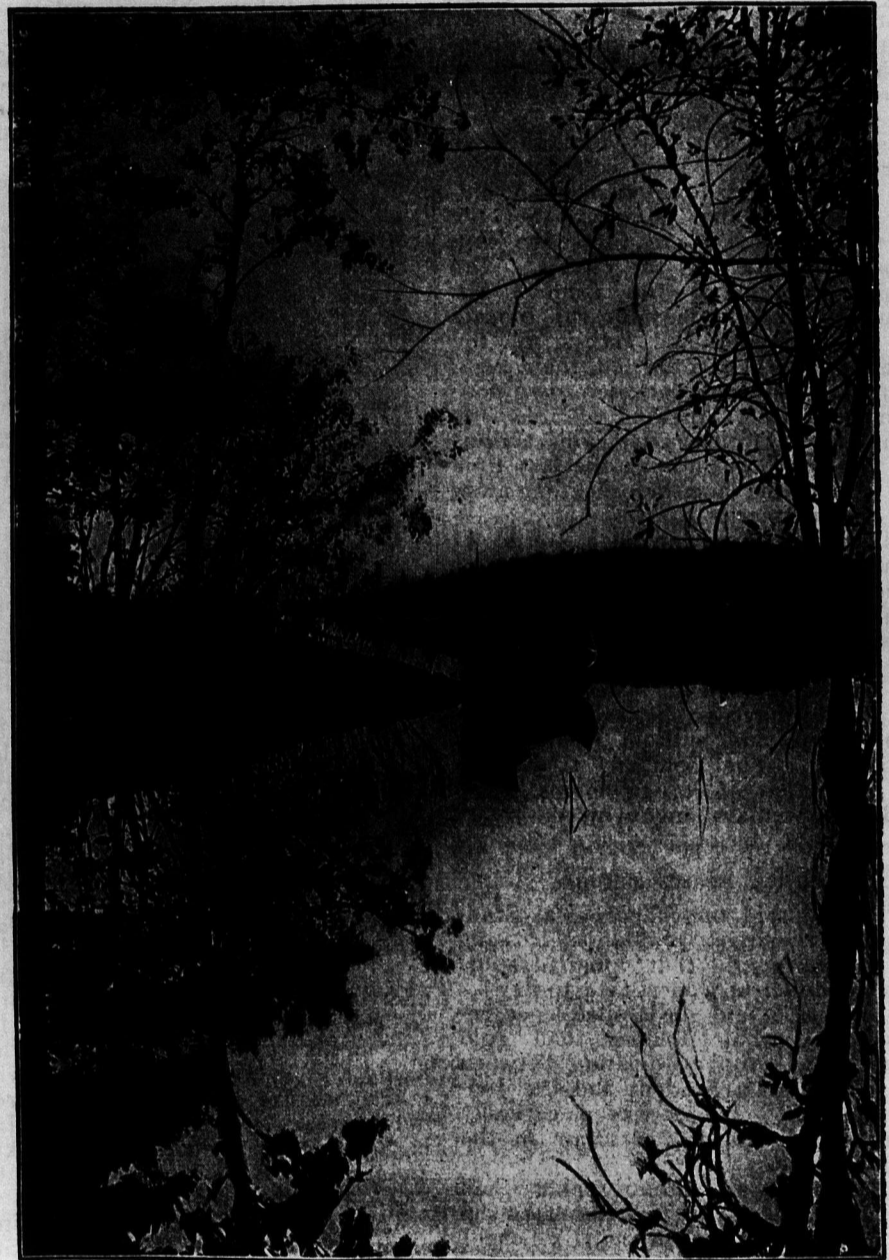
Blessed is he who is born in the wilderness. Thrice blessed is he whose early childhood was spent in the woods, learning the language of God's creatures, and peering with untaught eyes, and unafraid, into the mysteries of forest and stream. The greatest inheritance of all is to be allowed as a child to walk and talk with the wild things of earth and air; to have for playmates the flowers, the brooks, the sturdy trees, and for guardians the ever-watchful stars; to sit with solitude and hearken with eager pulse and tingling nerves to the call of the wilderness—to the long, low mother-call of nature to her children.

We are becoming over-civilized. The red blood is thinning in our veins and the marrow of our bones is drying up. With great ado we try in our narrow city-cells to harden the

handling of ledgers, and the eyes dim with the ever-present dollar sign, there comes like a tidal wave the desire to abandon it all and flee to the wilderness for rest. This call of the wilderness is insistent—the desire to heed it instinctive. But it must be the wilderness. No fashionable summer resort with its tennis, its golf, its parties and its hours of busy idleness will do. The call is to come back to nature—to come where the aroma from centuries of wilderness may soak into our being; where we may sleep within the vigil of the stars and wake with the scent of moss and fern and balsam strong in our nostrils.

### An International Park.

Along the international boundary line between the province of Ontario



A calm day, Lake of the Woods.

muscles and expand the lungs. But we are prisoners to custom—there are shackles on our wrists and at our heels clank the ball and chain. Back to the wilderness, is the imperative decree. Back to the wilderness—the never-failing spring of life.

"The world is too much with us. Late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

This eternal hurry to get on, the brain with its schemes and the hand charged with their execution, make the night joint laborer with the day. But in the midst of it all, when the mind and body are tired and sick of the cant and quibbles of society, of the grind of duty and custom; in the agony of soul-repression that attends the eternal struggle of getting and spending, there comes, like the echo of a memory, the faint, far call of the wilderness.

When disgusted with politics and tired of theology, or when the fingers have become numb with too much

and the state of Minnesota immediately west of Lake Superior, lies the Crown of the Continent. Wrought of iron is this crown, and set with gem-like lakes and ribbed with glistening bands of silver streams. It is a realm of wooded hills and rocky gorges; of rapid rivers, roaring cataracts, and almost endless lakes, studded with green islands like the links of a broken chain—a veritable play-ground of the gods.

By design, nature in this, her first attempt at world-making, created an ideal summer resort. Anticipating the needs of a busy world, she placed here within reach of the great marts of trade and along the Great Highway of the world's commerce a gigantic park where the weary of the nations can find rest, health and recreation. Roughly speaking, this park is bounded on the south by Lake Superior and the forests of Minnesota, on the west by the Red River valley, and on the north by the chain of lakes which reach north to Hudson Bay.

It is to that part of this region



within easy reach of civilization—the part from Lake Superior west, including Isle Royale, Port Arthur with its picturesque settings, Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods—a region about three hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide, traversed by the Canadian Northern Railway, that attention is called.

All things seem to have conspired to make this particular section of the earth a most desirable place to come for recreation and to escape the worry of business and the heat of southern summers.

Lying above the forty-ninth parallel, the climate possesses those stimulating features so characteristic of all northern latitudes. From Port

**Port Arthur, the Picturesque.**

Port Arthur is becoming widely known as a summer resort. Situated on a plateau that slopes south to the water's edge; backed by a range of hills that almost reach the dignity of mountains, with Tunder Bay glistening in the sun at its feet and Thunder Cape guarding the harbor as it rises like some huge monster out of the sea, Port Arthur will attract and hold the attention of the tourist, whether he approaches it from the east or south by steamer, or by rail through the wilderness to the west. Here you get the full benefit of the Superior air. And he who has never filled his lungs from that sea of liquid life, has something coming that, when once experienced, will not be forgotten. To the malaria-saturated denizens of the south, a week of this air is like the renewal of their life certificate for a period of ten years. The feeling of lassitude wholly disappears and in its place comes a desire to do something—anything that calls for physical exertion. The truant appetite returns, and with night comes contentment and refreshing sleep. This stimulating atmospheric condition obtains not only on the shore of Lake Superior and upon its waters, but throughout the entire inland-lake region included in the district that constitutes the Park—the only difference being one of temperature.

In the vicinity of Port Arthur are many places of interest to the tourist—places easily reached by steamer, canoe, or railway, where one can spend a day or a week with the utmost satisfaction. At sea there is Thunder Cape with its lighthouse, Pie Island and the lesser members of the group which encloses Thunder Bay. Then there is Silver Islet, that wonderful rock—a few yards in extent and rising scarcely above the

water, but about which clusters a world of strenuous romance. Out of this solitary wave-washed rock was taken four million dollars' worth of silver. It is deserted now. The shafts beneath the lake are filled with water. The breakwaters have long since yielded to the battering of the storm. The great stamps and vanners have become the prey of rust. On the shore a mile away where once stood a prosperous mining village a solitary caretaker points out to the traveler the landmarks of this one-time wonder-mine.

Twenty miles out, but in the track of the numerous steamship lines rise the rocky shores of Isle Royale—a miniature continent with rivers and lakes and mountains, hills and dales, rough promontories and land-locked bays. It is indeed an island royal, a world in itself, and a wild one, rising solitary out of the blue depths of this inland sea.

Would you camp in the woods, explore the streams or fish, there is every opportunity to indulge your desire. Civilization has not yet penetrated far into these wilds of the north, only soiling its skirts. Mountain streams are at your disposal. A canoe trip up the Kaministiquia and Whitefish will pay large dividends to those who clip its coupons. A visit to Kakabeka Falls twenty miles distant should not be omitted. Here the waters of a stream navigable in its lower reaches fall in an unbroken

sheet one hundred and thirty feet to the gorge below. The streams swarm with brook trout, and in the lakes are found pike, pickerel and black bass, but during the hot summer days the tourist does not always care to fish.



Kakabeka Falls as seen from the train.


Arthur to the Lake of the Woods is found the wonderful Lake Superior air, but tempered and robbed of its harshness by local topographic conditions. Forest fires have swept parts of this region, denuding the hills and exposing their rocky sides to the heat of the sun during the long bright summer days. This stored heat, given off at night, raises the temperature to a most delightful average. The water of the lakes acts also as a regulator of temperature, but the influence is felt more especially upon the seasons.

The autumn is lengthened by the bright days of Indian summer extending far into November. Sudden changes are unknown except in the immediate vicinity of Lake Superior. The days are seldom uncomfortably hot and the nights are always delightfully cool. Malaria is an unknown word in the local language. The water is clear and seems always on the move. Even in the swamps there are rivulets ever seeking an outlet to a gravel-bedded river or a rock-gut lake. An air of physical purity pervades everything. There are no muddy streams, no stagnant pools—the very woods are clean.



At Port Arthur the train runs down to the steamer's dock.

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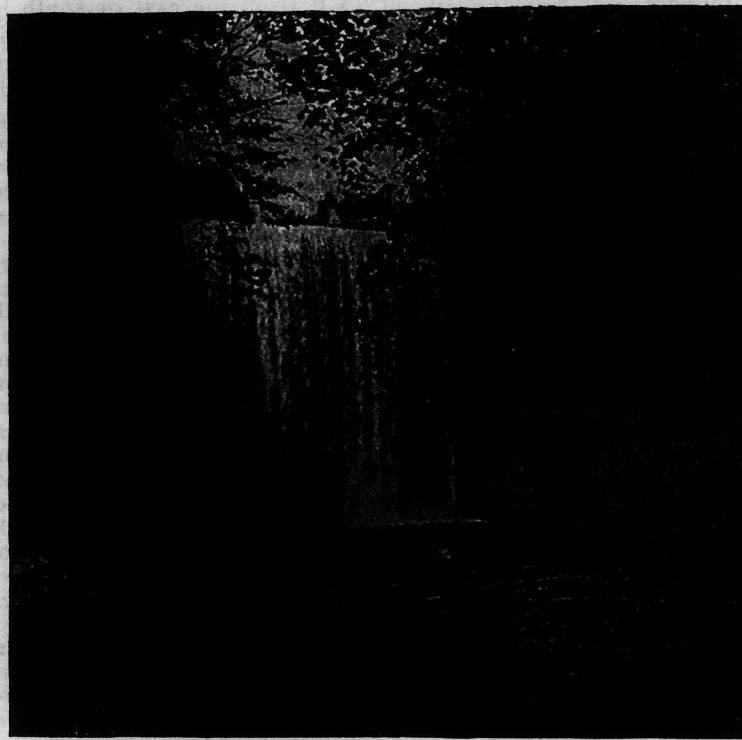
**West Along the Canadian Northern.**

A trip west over the Canadian Northern is well worth the time and expense. This region is noted, not only for its scenic beauty, but also for its rich and varied historical associations. Over a large portion of the distance between Port Arthur and Atikokan the road follows the valleys of the Kaministiquia and Mattawin rivers. These are in every sense mountain streams. Rapids and cataracts are succeeded by quiet,

and entirely out of the question for children. For them a summer at Fort Frances or Mine Centre would be a joy forever. Here all the comforts of modern life can be obtained if desired, while at the same time the attractions of the wilderness, of woods and waters are ever present and within easy reach.

**Twenty Thousand Islands.**

Lines of steamers run from Fort Frances to the various points of interest on Rainy Lake, Rainy River and Lake of the Woods. These lakes have no counterparts on the face of the earth. They are an interminable labyrinth of wooded islands. The Lake of the Woods was named by the voyageurs, Lac des Iles. It is estimated that the two lakes embrace 20,000 islands. And these are connected by one of the most beautiful rivers on the continent.



Minnehaha Falls.

mirror-like pools that reflect the rugged bluffs along the banks. Along the summit of the great divide, the height of land, the road skirts a number of beautiful rock-girt lakes, like basins of water along the ridge-pole of the continent. Near the head of the Mattawin river the route passes the portage at the foot of Lake Shebandowan. Here the road crosses and re-crosses the old Dawson trail, along which, thirty-four years ago, toiled the Royal troops under Col. Wolseley on their memorable expedition to the

What the Adirondacks and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence are to New York and New England, this International Park region and the Lakes of Ten Thousand Islands will be to Chicago and the West. Before the lapse of many years cottages and castles will adorn these islands and summer homes will line the beautiful terraces along Rainy River.



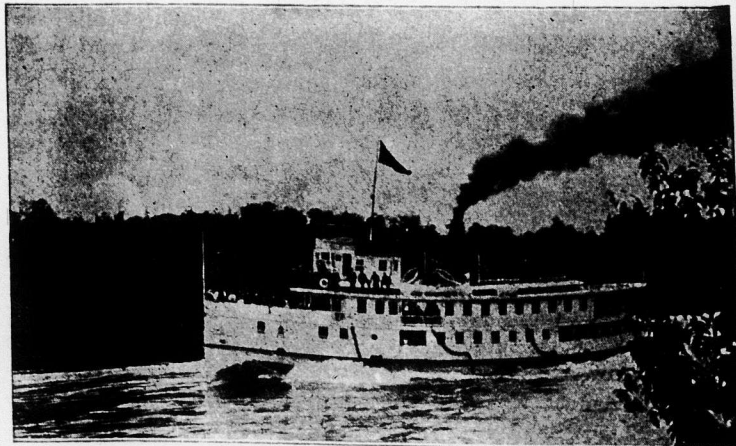
Indians on Rainy Lake

Red River settlement for the purpose of crushing Louis Riel and his first rebellion.

The country lying between Port Arthur and Fort Frances is as yet rather new to attract the summer tourist, unless he wants to rough it in search of health and genuine recreation. Should that be his object, a canoe, a guide, a tent and provisions will afford entertainment for weeks. He can paddle and camp for days and months and never cross his path or repeat a mile of his trail.

Such jaunts are, however, too strenuous for the average tourist, and quite impossible for most women

Of this whole region Fort Frances is the natural centre. From here already you can take a steamer to Kenora at the northern extremity of the Lake of the Woods, or through a labyrinth of bays and gulfs and between all manner of capes and promontories, peninsulas and islands to Northwest Bay, where an Indian settlement gives an added interest, or at least an added color, to the scenery. Another steamer plies between Fort Frances and Mine Centre on the upper waters of the Seine River. This route is even more picturesque than that to Northwest Bay, if such a thing be possible.



Ss. Kenora in Sault Rapids, Rainy River.

An interesting excursion can be taken up the south shore of Rainy Lake over what is called the American route to Hunter's Island. This is the longest of the Rainy Lake routes and covers ground of much historical interest. It follows the boundary line to Kettle Falls. This was the route of the old fur-traders from the day of La Ver-

andrye, and the approved highway of communication between the Great Lakes and the Red River until the railroad train supplanted the canoe.

#### Fort Frances.

Fort Frances is at the head of Rainy River which flows west about sixty miles, through a beautiful valley, to the Lake of the Woods. Following the windings of the channel the distance between Rainy Lake and the Lake of the Woods is fully one hundred miles; and a more beautiful river one will have to go far to find. It has all the dignity of the Mississippi, with much of the picturesque beauty of the Hudson. The stream is about two thousand feet wide and sweeps between clear-cut, wooded banks with a strong but steady current, broken by only two rapids which the steamers shoot and ascend with little difficulty, except in extremely low water.

Beautiful for situation is Fort Frances. In its very midst is the great International Falls, thundering over a granite ledge, forty feet to the level of the stream below. Over this

ing a peninsula which, with its surroundings, is the wonder and delight of the traveler. East are the white waters of the lake studded with green islands; to the south are the gurgling rapids backed by two hundred miles of untrodden forest; west is the river with its whirlpools, and beyond the town of Fort Frances. The peninsula, embracing about 160 acres, is covered with a wonderful growth of oaks and elms, the only ones of their kind found in this part of the country. They are the last of a noble race, spared from the ravages of fire by the protecting waters. Here is a natural park which art cannot improve. It is now the home of the Indian agent and adjoins a reserve on which is an Indian village plainly visible to the north across an arm of the lake. Some time this may be the site of a summer hotel. The imagination can paint no more ideal spot.

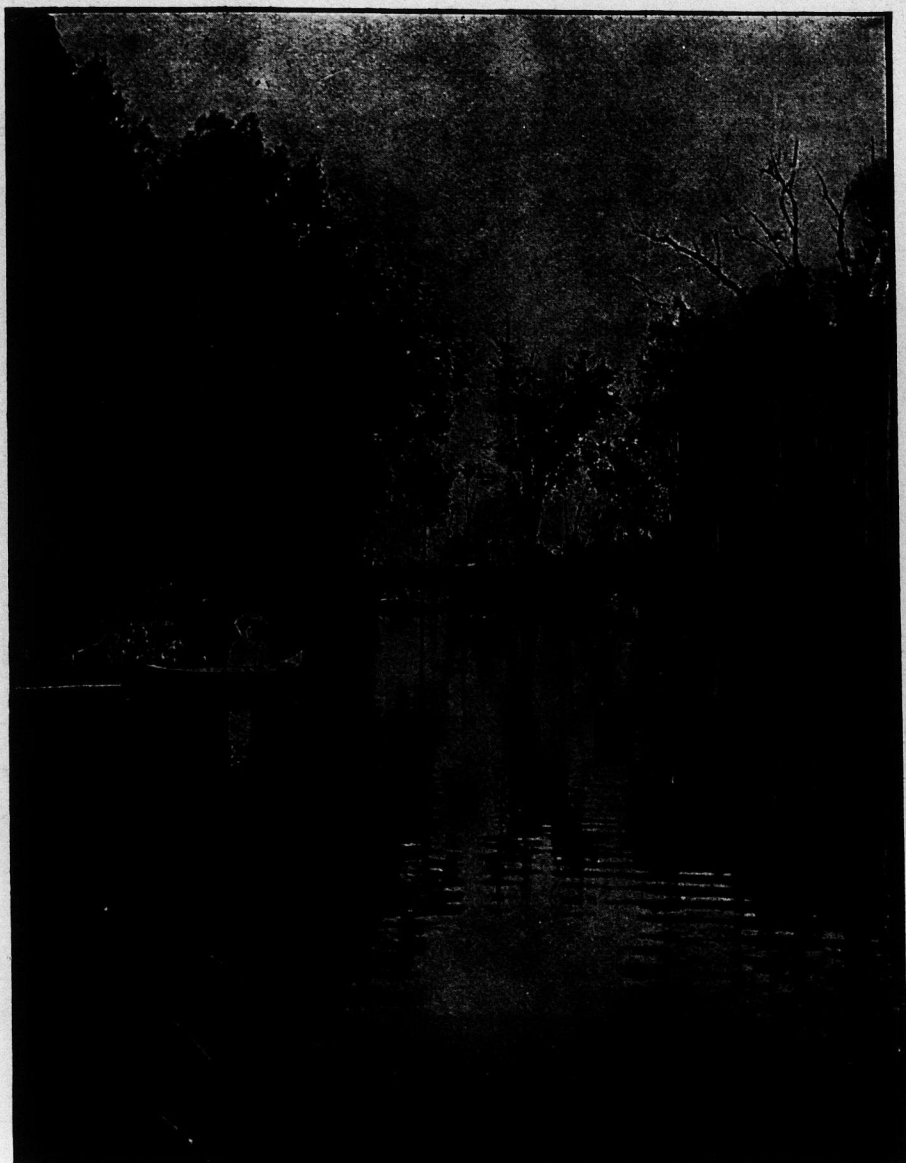
#### The Town of Rainy River.

Fifty miles down the river from Fort Frances, at a point where the Canadian Northern Railway crosses into American territory, is the town

capacity sufficient. At Fort Frances there are a few cottages which those who wish to spend a month or a summer may rent at very reasonable figures. For summer camping, the wilder the region the greater the charm, providing supplies, guides and outfits when wanted can be had. All these can be secured at the places mentioned.

Would you heed the call of the wilderness? Then go to this wonder-

world of the North. Leave the brick walls and the sizzling asphalt—leave the prison where you are serving a self-imposed life sentence and go where your bare feet may touch the warm, moist mother earth—where you may revert for a time to the primal habits of the race. A kodak, a camp kit, a bag of provisions and a fishing rod is all you need to be a king. The crown you may also wear—a crown of contentment.



MIRRORED BEAUTY OF THE RAINY  
One of the numerous scenic gems of this far-famed river.

fall pour the waters from the entire Rainy Lake region. The view from Fort Frances down the lake-like expansion of the river is one of exceptional beauty. The townsite occupies a plain raised somewhat above the level of the river above the falls. To the east, through the trees, glint and shimmer the white waters of Rainy Lake.

#### Pither's Point.

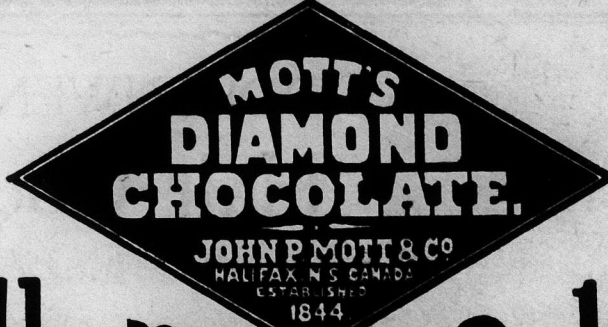
Two miles above the falls where Rainy Lake pours its water into Rainy River is Pither's Point, the most beautiful spot in all this land of beauty. At the very edge of the lake is a rapids with a fall of four feet, not enough to impede navigation but just sufficient to give one the idea that the opening being so beautiful all the waters of the lake are lured to the exit and are all trying to get into the river at once. Again it has the appearance of a great flat basin, full and overflowing its broken rim. Below the rapids the stream widens with a bold sweep to the north, form-

ing a peninsula which, with its surroundings, is the wonder and delight of the traveler. East are the white waters of the lake studded with green islands; to the south are the gurgling rapids backed by two hundred miles of untrodden forest; west is the river with its whirlpools, and beyond the town of Fort Frances. The peninsula, embracing about 160 acres, is covered with a wonderful growth of oaks and elms, the only ones of their kind found in this part of the country. They are the last of a noble race, spared from the ravages of fire by the protecting waters. Here is a natural park which art cannot improve. It is now the home of the Indian agent and adjoins a reserve on which is an Indian village plainly visible to the north across an arm of the lake. Some time this may be the site of a summer hotel. The imagination can paint no more ideal spot.

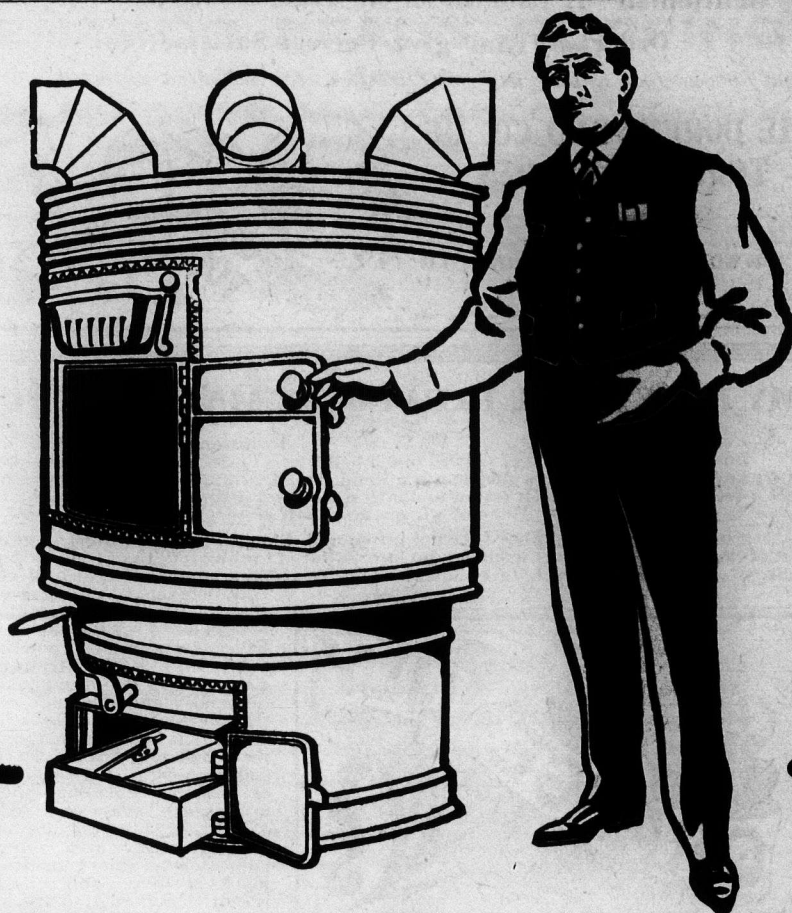
Being but ten miles from the Lake of the Woods and on the regular steamboat route from Kenora to Fort Frances, as well as being a divisional point on the Canadian Northern, Rainy River is a most convenient point from which to make excursions into this wild, wonder-land in the Geographical Centre of the Continent. The town itself is peculiarly inviting. It occupies a site sloping down to the river with just sufficient grade for perfect drainage. The original site was covered with a thrifty stand of second-growth hardwood, through which the streets have been cut. Everything is new from the freshly graded highways to the churches and dwellings set among the slim elms and graceful maples.

#### Accommodations for Tourists.

At Fort Frances and Rainy River the hotel accommodations are good. The service is excellent and the ca-



**1/4 lb. makes 1 qt.**  
**of delicious Chocolate**  
JOHN P. MOTT & CO., HALIFAX, CANADA.



## "Hecla" Furnace

has not a fault from top to bottom.

I don't believe you can find fault with any part of the 'Hecla.'

- Waterpan**—is placed so that it does just what is wanted—that is, it evaporates the water and keeps the air from getting dry.
- Door**—big enough to admit big chunks of wood. Lined, to prevent escape of heat into the cellar. Patent gravity catches keep the door shut.
- Dust Flue**—carries ALL the dust up the chimney.
- Ash Pan**—broad, deep, strong pan—big enough to hold the daily fall of ashes.
- Fused Joints**—that absolutely prevent gas, smoke and dust escaping into the house. FUSED JOINTS are the only possible way of having a clean house.

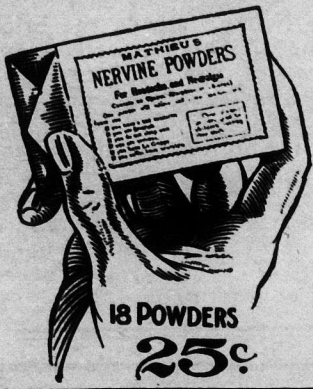
The "Hecla" is the only Furnace having Fused Joints.

Send me a rough drawing of your house and I will let you know just what it will cost to install the right "Hecla" Furnace. I will also send our new catalogue of Hecla Furnaces, and Peninsular Stoves and Ranges. All free if you write to "Hecla Furnace Builder," care of

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**MATHIEU'S NERVE POWDERS**

Certain—Effective—Safe—and they do not create a habit. Sold by dealers, 18 Powders for 25c. If you have trouble in finding them we will send them postpaid on receipt of Price.

**J. L. Mathieu Co., Props., Sherbrooke, P. Q.**

Proprietors also of Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil the cough remedy whose wonderful qualities have earned for it the largest sale of any cough remedy in Canada.



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Orders by Mail give Perfect Satisfaction.

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103 & 105 Yonge St., Toronto



**MY FREE TRIAL TREATMENT MAY CURE YOU**

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I feel so very much better after using the 10 days' treatment of **Orange Lily** you were kind enough to send, that I will not require any more. In fact, I feel entirely well and it is now a month since I stopped using the treatment. (Miss F. T. W.)

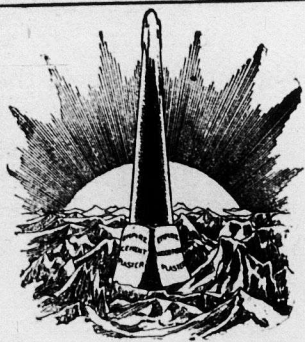
Similar letters to the above are not infrequent, though, of course, such cases are not of long standing. Most women who have suffered for any length of time will require to use **Orange Lily** longer than the Free Trial Treatment in order to effect a complete cure but in every case they will be perceptibly benefited. Further, the benefit will be permanent whether they continue to use **Orange Lily** or not. It is not taken internally and does not contain any alcohol or other stimulant. It is an applied treatment and acts directly on the suffering organs. In all cases of women's disorders these organs are congested to a greater or less extent, and **Orange Lily** will relieve and remove this congestion just as positively and certainly as the action of ammonia or soap on soiled linen. It is a simple chemical problem, and the result is always the same, a step towards better health and complete cure.

In order that every suffering woman may prove its good qualities, without cost, I will send enough of **Orange Lily** for 10 days' treatment, absolutely free, to each lady who will send me her address. **Mrs. F. Q. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.**

**ORANGE LILY** is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by the **T. EATON CO., Limited, Drug Dept.**



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The "Empire" Brands of Plaster are superior to all other Plaster material on the market.

Shall we send you our booklet on Plaster?

**The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.**

Office and Mill

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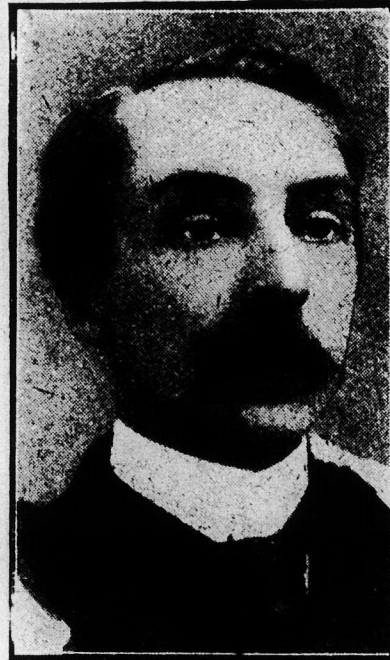
**Sir Louis Jette.**

Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

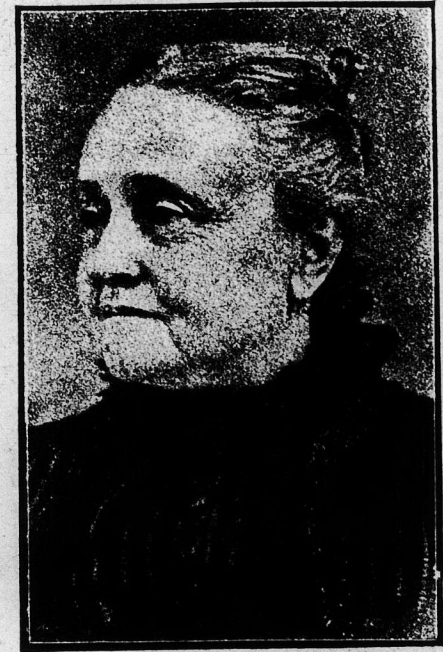
The name of Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, was prominently mentioned in connection with the tercentenary celebration, when his official residence, Spencerwood, was the centre of elaborate entertaining tendered by him to the nation's visitors. The Prince of Wales and notables from the various nations that sent official visitors to Quebec were royally entertained at Spencerwood. Since the names of Sir Louis Jette and Lady Jette were prominently mentioned in the despatches during the tercentenary celebration it may interest our readers to learn more about Quebec's Lieutenant-Governor and his estimable spouse.

Fifty-one years at the Bar of his native province of Quebec well entitles Sir Louis Jette to the honor which many of his fellow citizens are

distinguished friend, the Dominion Premier, was varied for some months in the early 'sixties, while he edited a Liberal newspaper. His membership in the House of Commons lasted from 1872 till 1873, when he declined the portfolio of Minister of Justice and shortly afterwards was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec. He retained the judgeship for twenty years until his appointment as Lieutenant-Governor in January, 1898. Sir Louis was one of the Canadian commissioners on the Alaska boundary tribunal in 1903, when he seconded Mr. Aylesworth's vigorous efforts in behalf of the interests of Canada. Sir Louis' official home is at Spencerwood, a delightful country mansion overlooking the St. Lawrence river in a grove west of the Plains of Abraham. Here he entertains many distinguished visitors, whose pleasure is insured by the de-



Sir Louis Jette



Lady Jette, wife of Sir Louis Jette, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

went to pay him. Besides his record as Lieutenant-Governor for the last ten years, Sir Louis, who was knighted in 1901 on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, has many other public services to his credit. Like his distinguished fellow-student at L'Assomption College, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Louis entered the legal profession at an early age, and later on exchanged it for public life. Sir Wilfrid entered the House of Commons in 1871 and Sir Louis in 1872, the latter defeating Sir George E. Cartier—that stalwart French-Canadian ally of Sir John A. Macdonald—in a warm contest in Montreal East, being elected by a majority of 1,255. Sir Louis' career at the Bar was eminently successful. He was a diligent student and a man of inexhaustible energy. His work at the Bar, again like that of his dis-

lightful, courtly hospitality of the Lieutenant-Governor.

Lady Jette, whose maiden name was Berthe Laflamme, came from a family long prominent in Canadian affairs. Her father, Toussaint Laflamme, was well known in business circles; two of her brothers were lawyers, one of whom rose to distinction. He was the Hon. Rodolphe Laflamme, Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie Government.

Sir Louis and Lady Jette have three children, their son being a Jesuit missionary in Alaska and one of their daughters being the wife of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of Canada.

Sir Louis Jette retires as Lieutenant Governor of Quebec Province on Sept. 15th, 1908, and rumor has it that he will be appointed to a high judicial position.

**LIFE**

If I have helped some struggling man to master his baser self,  
A nobler life attain,  
If by my love, some heart has beaten faster—  
I have not lived in vain.

If I have sown the seeds of peace and gladness,  
If I have caused sad lips to smile again,  
If I have eased some other's ache and sadness—  
I have not lived in vain.

If I have made one weary life the brighter,  
If I have eased another's toil and pain,  
If I have made some comrade's burden lighter—  
I have not lived in vain.

—Norman Cole.

**BE BRAVE**

Why repine we, why despair,  
Yielding to the instant woe?  
We are not what once we were;  
Let us build on that we know.

Let the future and the past  
Make sublime the present hour;  
What we do is doomed to last,  
And we know not all our power.

Even now the future life  
Shape we with unconscious hands;  
Sudden 'midst the woe and strife  
Full our dream incarnate stands.

Lightest thought and humblest deed,  
Aspirations faintest breath,  
These are but the unseen seed  
Fructifying spite of death.

Not despair, but wise intent,  
Takes the meanness from our task;  
High resolves and onward bent—  
These the passing moments ask.

Malcolm Quinn.

## H. B. Ames, M.P.

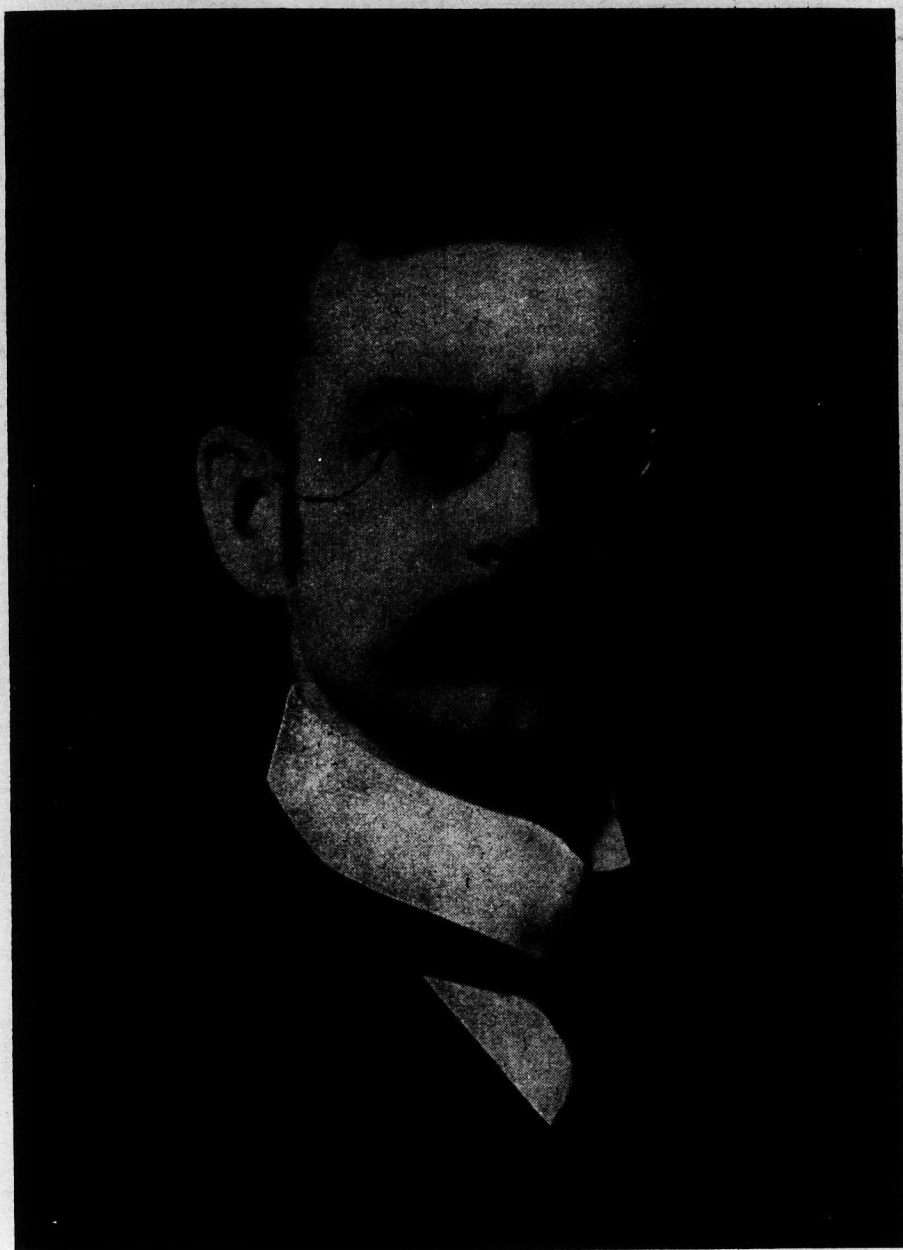
Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P. of Montreal, who has recently paid a visit to Western Canada is becoming more widely acquainted with western people and western conditions.

So far he has made some speeches in the West before large audiences and a short sketch of his career may be of interest to many of our readers who know Mr. Ames by name only.

Rich men, as a rule, do not deliberately and voluntarily come out from the easeful quiet of their clubs to enter the storm and stress of public life with the definite objective of becoming a recognized force either in municipal or national politics. The rich men who are in public life to-day have nearly all entered it reluctantly at the behest of party politics. Mr. Herbert B. Ames, M.P. for the St. Antoine division of Montreal, is a conspicuous exception to the rule. He has of his own free will forsaken the

...serving three years in Council he turned his attention to Federal politics. The manner in which he organized his forces in the electoral riding which he now represents, the thorough canvass of voters and the elaborate detail with which every part of the campaign was worked out now serves as a model to political organizations. It was the campaign of a business man working on clean business principles, and it resulted in a conspicuous victory.

Coming to the Federal House in 1904, Mr. Ames has, as might be expected, been one of the most painstaking and diligent members among the ranks of the Opposition. He believes in hard work and a definite objective. His special objective so far has been to make himself Opposition critic of the Interior Department. The alleged scandals connected with western lands, etc., which have been



H. B. AMES, M.P.

...ruby light of the quiet parlors of the rich for the glaring limelight of the politician. First, because he has the virtue of being ambitious, and, second, because he believes he can be of service to the public. As a young man he inherited an ample fortune from his father, who was the head of the Ames, Holden Company, of Montreal. His business interests have been all along sufficient to keep him decidedly busy. But he has for the last ten or eleven years given a major portion of his time and energy to public life.

He began with that most thankless of tasks, the reforming of municipal politics. In order to become an Alderman of Montreal he learned the French language thoroughly, going to France for that purpose. In 1898 he was elected to Council, and with Mayor Laporte conducted a vigorous campaign for the cleaning up of the Municipal government of Montreal. His work brought him many enemies, but it was undoubtedly effective. After

...ventilated in the Commons during the past two sessions have emanated from Mr. Ames' microscopic scrutiny of every departmental action. In like manner he has undertaken lengthy journeys in Canada during the recent summers for the purpose of personally inspecting public works under construction. His present prominence in the Commons as the mover of the long-debated resolution calling on the Government to acknowledge the absolute right of any member of the House to personally examine any public records in the departmental files is the result of his unique activity in looking after the department of the Opposition's work to which he has been assigned.

Mr. Ames is still well under fifty, he is politically ambitious, persevering and energetic. He is by no means a magnetic speaker, and will never become a popular political leader. But he is unquestionably a force to be reckoned with in the public life of Canada.



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...will probably see more persons apply for Life Insurance in the West than ever before.

The reason is clear. During the last few months [thousands have had it brought forcibly home to them that the wise course is, in years of prosperity, to set aside a sufficient portion of their gains in the safest of all investments—an investment that attains its greatest value at the time of greatest need—LIFE INSURANCE. A Life Policy offers the one sure way of making certain provision for an uncertain future.

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Name P. O. State Age



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Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE COLLETTE'S PATENT PATCHES mend all leaks in all utensils—in brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface. Send for sample pkg. 10c. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B., Collingwood, Ont. 617

**BETTER THAN SPANKING.**

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

**Correspondence**

Notwithstanding that the harvest is now on and as a result many of our readers are busy, there still continues a steady stream of letters to our Correspondence Columns. The popularity of this department is attested by readers from afar and near and we are pleased at the appreciation shown us by our subscribers. We are doing our best to accommodate all our contributors, but the space given, though generous, is oftentimes inadequate to meet the requirements. We will endeavor, as in the past, to print all letters received and epistles sent in and intended for this month will be given a place later on.

If any reader desires to get acquainted with any writer of a letter appearing in these columns such reader must address us a letter enclosed in another (blank) envelope with postage stamp affixed thereto and we will forward it on through the mail to the party which it is intended for. When writing us please give your full name and post-office address, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

**We Fooled You Just Once.**

Saskatchewan, July 21, 1908.  
Editor.—I have been a very interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for a long while and although I have written imaginary letters very often to the correspondence column, I have screwed up enough courage to write for fairs. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if this, instead of reposing in a small nook in the column finds its resting place in the waste paper basket, which perhaps is the fittest place.

I agree with "Black Sheep Bill" that a drunkard does not deserve a wife and I consider a man who just takes a little is quite as bad as the one who is continually on the spree.

When coming to this country a few years ago I couldn't help wondering what was the meaning of so many mouths working, but very soon found out. I think it is a disgusting habit and like to keep a civil distance from the men who are always chewing tobacco (as well as girls who chew gum) as I can't stand watching people whose jaws are always on the move. I'm afraid some of the boys will think I'm hitting hard, but I think if they could see themselves as others see them they would stop right away quick.

I don't understand the expression "Farmer's Man" uses (April number) about souvenir gathering girls. Does "A Juggler" mean that if he can't get a Canadian he won't suit quite as well? I think the average English girl is quite as good as the average Canadian. Of course, I'm English, but I'm sure I would not suit him as I'm not particularly good-looking although not the opposite, and I weigh not less than 80 pounds or more than 200 pounds, and am past 18 years. I hope he will get one to suit although if he's the dear he imagines himself to be, how is it he has not been caught by some of the girls near his home, as there are surely some within 12 miles.

A friend predicts that I shall be an old maid as I'm very fond of cats and dogs, so I'll sign myself the "Single Daisy of the West."

**From An Irish Schoolmarm.**

Trout River, Que., July 19, 1908.  
Editor.—Although I have only been a subscriber of the W. H. M. since January, I enjoy reading it very much, especially the correspondence column.

Most of the girls describe themselves and then tell what they can do in the way of housekeeping, so I think I'll follow suit.

I am just a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, Irish schoolmarm. I guess that's enough to frighten any Western bachelor, without telling about my cooking, but here goes.

I can bake potatoes and beans, but that is about all; and as for milking, the least said about that the better, but sure there's lots of time to learn, as I'm only eighteen.

I love dancing and candy, and I like boys, too, if they are tall, good-looking and agreeable, and not red-headed.

I do not object to smoking as long as they do not use French tobacco.

I would like to correspond with any of the Western boys if they would write first. My address will be with the editor. Hoping this will escape the wastebasket, I will close, wishing the club every success.

**Not All Sunshine on Homestead.**

Alberta, July 20, 1908.  
Editor.—Will you once more allow me a little space in your valuable magazine? I would like to know what "Farmer's Man" means by "souvenir gatherers."

I do not think that "Wild Bill No. 1" in the December issue, needs a wife. He would save time and expense if he hired a woman to help his mother.

I quite agree with "Peggy McCarthy" when she says that too little has been said about the women who, in their own way, have helped to build up the country.

I live on a homestead and know from experience and from what I have seen that most women have just as many hardships as the men, that is, if they are willing to do the little things which count so much in the end. Of course, there are exceptions in all cases, but I mean the woman who tries to do her best in all things and never receives a word of praise. Those that have never lived on a homestead and perhaps can not guess what the life is like, they may not know that it is not all sunshine and I think most every one finds that in the first few years spent on the prairies there are more cloudy days than fair ones. I firmly believe that a little more praise is due the women and the girls who, together with their husband, father or brother, endure the trials and hardships of a life on the homestead. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I remain a

**No Place Like Home.**

Manitoba, July 13, 1908.  
Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your magazine but as my brother is I always have the opportunity (which I never miss) to read it both for pleasure and for edification.

I am particularly interested in the correspondence column, not that I am particularly anxious to marry at present, for since I am living in a village I do not have to do my own cooking; and as I have a nice set of rooms I find things fairly comfortable (I am not saying that there is not room for improvement). Yet, with all my comforts, I must confess that when my day's work is over, and I go to my rooms I find that, although I have everything I could wish, from an ash tray to a bookcase (ladies will kindly note the way my thoughts run), yet there seems to be something lacking, an incompleteness somewhere that is hard to define. I enjoy sitting in the evening with a cigar and a book, meditating on the thoughts of the grand old masters, yet gladly would I turn to one more life-like, who would nestle to me and give me a word of encouragement and of love.

I find my life somewhat lonesome, because I do not care much for going out with "the boys," preferring rather to stay in my rooms occupying myself with something that will fit me more fully for a strenuous and a helpful life. After all, there is no place like home, even if it is not yet complete.

I would like very much to hear from any young ladies between the age of 18 and 23. My address is with the editor, "Sauerkraut Bill."

**Justina Has Her Say.**

Ontario, July 11, 1908.  
Editor.—Is there any room in your correspondence column for an interested reader and member of the Western Home Monthly? I think it is a fine magazine and always welcome its coming every month.

I see that nearly every one gives a description of himself, but I will not give any here, but if anyone who happens to read this letter should care to write to me, I will be very pleased to correspond with them.

I am a Canadian farmer's daughter and live in the country and I prefer country life any time to living in a town or city.

I have no objections at all to a man who smokes, but as for drinking or chewing, I do not like to see it. Some of the girls are so particular.

I liked "Brick Yard Blonde's" letter and "I. B. Longfellow's" very much indeed, and would be pleased if they will write to me. I like letter writing and always answer promptly, so hoping to see this in print and with best wishes for success with your valuable paper I am,

**Willing to Help Some Bachelor.**

Ontario, July 19, 1908.  
Editor.—I am a reader of your paper and am interested in it very much, especially the correspondence page. I did not get your April number and missed it very much.

There are some of the bachelors I see that are looking for a partner; well, as I will admit, I am looking for one too. So perhaps I could help some one out.

The most of the writers give a little description of themselves. I suppose I will have to do likewise.

I am 25 years old, about five feet four inches in height and weigh 115 pounds, have dark hair, brown eyes, never was counted with the homely ones. I am a farmer's daughter and can do all kinds of work and like to work. I do all the sewing for the family.

The man I respect must not have any bad habits, must not use profane language and must take an interest in church.

I like the letter that "Miles Standish" wrote in the March number; also the one that "Omaha Bill" wrote. I would be pleased to hear from them and any others that care to write. They must write first and will find my address with the editor. I thank the editor for the space and hope to see this in the next number.

**Looking for a Snap.**

McTaggart, Sask., July 22, 1908.  
Editor.—Though not subscribers, we have taken great interest in your paper for several years.

We are young yet and in no hurry to be married, but it is rather lonely after coming so recently from dear old Scotland to the homestead so far out from

any town. There are few very nice young men in this district, as the best of them have all been taken.

Neither of us is as pretty as most girls, but we would pass in a crowd, if it was large enough. We think we could keep house very nicely, and do cooking, too, if we each have about three servants. Either of us would rather play the piano than milk the cows any time, and if the men cannot do the milking themselves they had better not keep a cow. Some men make great promises during their courtship, but after marriage they expect their wives to do all the chores while they sit and fill the house with tobacco smoke. None of this sort need apply, as we want smart, well educated men of good habits. Both having the same ideals, we are writing together. The only distinction we can give is that one is dark, the other fair.

Wishing your paper success we are "Country Lassies."

**A Married Woman Tenders Advice.**

Manitoba, July 11, 1908.  
Editor.—I hope you will be as good as to allow me a few words of warning and advice to the young girls who write to your very interesting paper.

Now, you young girls from sixteen to twenty that are so willing to marry young bachelor farmers that are just starting up, be careful what you are about. Young men with their farms to pay for and other debts, as most of them have, no matter how they would like to, are unable to supply the needs and comforts of a home and unable to get help for his wife if she is sick, and often unable to afford a man for himself. I know whereof I speak as I speak from my own experience, and the wives are often over-worked and miserable, with the care of little ones and the amount of work to be done and often chores to do, too.

Be careful, girls. You may think it's romantic and all such stuff, but you want to look out that you don't live to rue your marriage and repent in dust and ashes that you did not wait a few years longer. Then, too, the young farmer, worried by debts he cannot meet and things he cannot supply his family, and often over-worked himself, cannot pay his wife that attention that she craves. Women want to be loved and told so. They do not want to have to take it for granted and hard work and poverty grind the love out of anyone (almost). Of course, the girls that read this will think it won't be so in their case, but I know what I am talking about.

Now boys, those of you who give so many warnings to the girls that it is just for fun you want to write and that you have no thought of getting married, suppose you write to me. I will have no schemes on hand to scare you as I am married already. We were married with mortgage and heavy machinery bills to pay and we know how it goes to have to do without help. I helped my husband haul in all the grain last fall; frozen it was, too, not worth the trouble, but it took us three weeks and a half, and a neighbor kept our two little ones. But it is too hard work for a woman. I was just done out.

I do not agree with "School Girl" that a woman should plow (unless a riding plow; I would not mind that myself). I think she had better not air her views till she knows a little more than what she learns at school.

I would like to shake hands with "Lonely" in May number. His is the most sensible letter I have read for a while.

So now, boys, I'll look for all those letters, as no doubt you will be glad to correspond (for fun only. Ha, ha.) with someone without ideas of getting married.

I am no old woman. I am twenty-four but as I am not so handsome as the girls that write, I will not state my charms.

Oh, say! Where are all the handsome girls and bachelors coming from? They are all handsome. I never meet very many handsome people myself. I would like to know some of them. Don't be mad. "Spoken For."

**Would Correspond with So Very Many.**

Lemberg, July 13, 1908.  
Editor.—I am a new subscriber to the W. H. M. and I must say I think it a first-class magazine. I enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column. I think most of the letters are real sensible and to the point; some perhaps in fun.

I would like to correspond with some of the lonely boys. I pity them from the bottom of my loving little heart. Would like a letter from "Gilbert," Saskatchewan; also "Prospector," Hedley, B. C., "One Old Bachelor," "Lonely One," "Rip Van Winkle," "Blue Nose," or in fact any that care to write to me.

I like "Black Sheep Bill's" letter. "Prospector" must be a very affectionate man when he calls us such sweet names as Dearly, my little Bunch of Daisies, etc. Would like to hear from him. These letters are in the April number. Here are some in the May number I wish to correspond with if agreeable to them with a view to matrimony if suited to either parties: "Hayseed," "Curly," "Lonely," "Husky," "Sod Buster," or any that care to write.

My address is with the editor. I think "Black Sheep Bill's" letter is well put together and very true.

I will not take up your valuable space to describe myself; time enough when some dear one asks for it. I am of a valuable happy sunny nature

and want a hubby who will love his little birdie lots. I want him to write first as I am a wee bit bashful. Who will be first? This is leap year, you know.

"Bright Eyed Little Birdie."

**Catholics and Boozers Barred.**

Carberry, Man., July 13, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your valuable paper, my sister is, and I have read it with much interest for some time past, especially the correspondence columns.

I think there are a great many who take the matrimonial question up too lightly, when they know that it means for a life time.

I have seen in some of your valuable papers where there are girls at the age of 16 years wanting husbands, which I think should not be allowed space in your paper, for girls of that age should be thinking of their books at school yet, until they are old enough to have better judgment.

As for the bachelors, I do not know very much about them, although I have lived on a farm up till 5 years ago when my parents and myself came west and we have been living in town ever since.

I have only been in one old bachelor's home, which was kept dirty, but I have met several that were real tidy and neat and I do not think that girls or even the boys should judge the opposite sex by one or two.

I like living in the West very much and would not return to the east to live now.

I will not describe myself as I am only writing for pastime. I will answer all letters addressed to me and exchange photos with either sex if by doing that would cheer any lonely one; would also exchange post cards.

Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your paper and that I may see this letter in print. "Mayflower."

**Mamma's Tootsey Wootsey.**

Rivers, Man., July 30, 1908.

Editor.—I am a subscriber to your valuable paper and I now take the pleasure of writing to the correspondence column.

As everybody knows, a young fellow feels lonesome out in the Nor'-West, especially when he is not in correspondence with any of the fair sex.

Well, now for a description of myself. I am 20 years of age, dark hair and blue eyes, 150 pounds weight and 5 feet 10 inches tall, and of a very lovable nature. I am in the habit of chewing tobacco, but to tell the truth, I don't chew the rag. If any young lady would care to correspond or to exchange photos with me I am sure it would make me feel as if somebody thought something of me, and as if I really did exist.

"Mamma's Little Lovesick Boy."

**"Hopeful" on the Warpath.**

Manitou, Man., July 18, 1908.

Editor.—I am a reader of your esteemed paper, the Western Home Monthly, and a bachelor also. The interest which I have taken in the case of the younger of "Two Sisters" has prompted me to write her through you with the hope of constituting a mutual correspondence, with a final view to matrimony. I am 20 years of age, height 5 feet 10 inches, complexion fair, and on the whole, very good looking. I am a practical teetotaler, and never indulge in the "weed" in any form.

With regard to my musical ability, I play the piano, organ and violin with great success and I am never really happy except when I am singing and dancing.

I own a half section of land with a very commodious and up-to-date dwelling house and barn thereon.

Should the younger of "Two Sisters" condescend to answer this communication I shall be delighted to hear from her without unnecessary delay.

Thanking her in anticipation of her kind consideration. My address is with the editor. "Hopeful."

**Girls Scarce at Lac St. Anne.**

Lac St. Anne, Alta., July 25, 1908.

Editor.—I take great interest in reading your valuable paper, especially the correspondence columns. On seeing so many letters from young maidens and bachelors I thought I would scribble a few lines also. There are not many girls around here and I think this is a good way to get acquainted with some of the young ladies if they don't mind writing me.

I am one of the Western bachelors, living on a homestead. I like dancing and all sorts of good sport.

If anybody wishes to know more they must write me and I will be only too glad to answer them. Please address and forward enclosed letter to the maiden who calls herself "Ripe Strawberry."

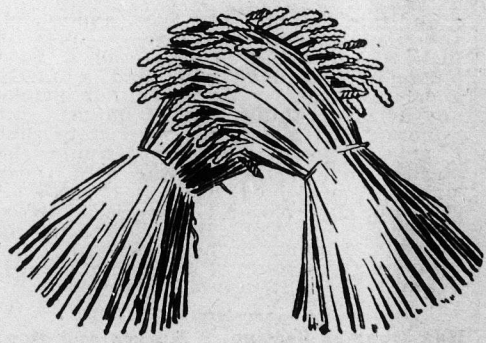
"Silver Tip."

**Has Fifteen Hundred Dollars and a Job.**

St. Lazare, Man., July 26, 1908.

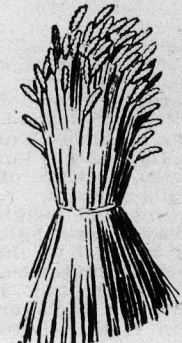
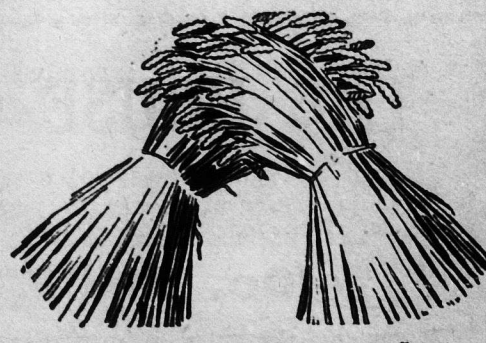
Editor.—Being a reader of your paper since I struck out West, I take the chance of the meeting some of the nice young ladies through the medium of your columns.

I must say that I don't own any land but I have fifteen hundred dollars of my own and I have good prospects. I am a Scotchman but have been out here for three years. I am working as a bridgeman and make from \$20 to \$25 per week so that I think that I could manage to keep some nice young lady.

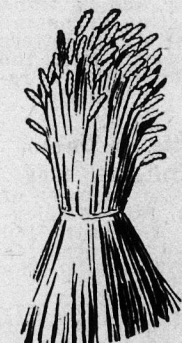
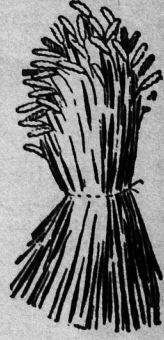


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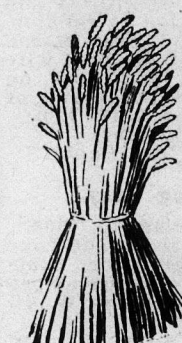


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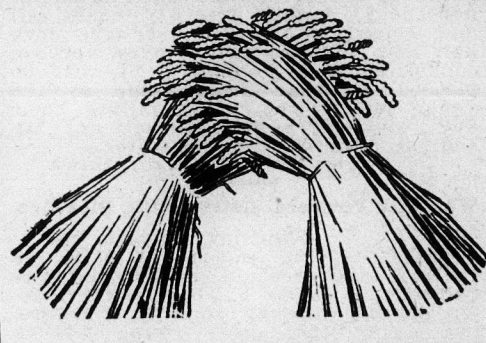
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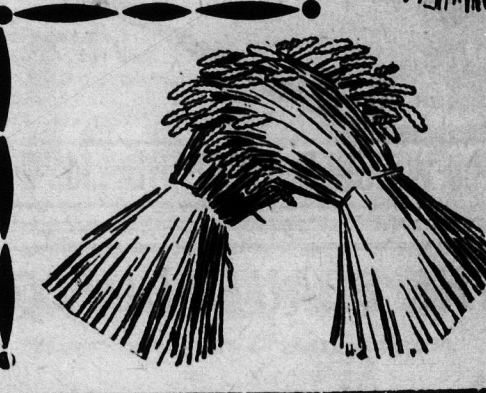


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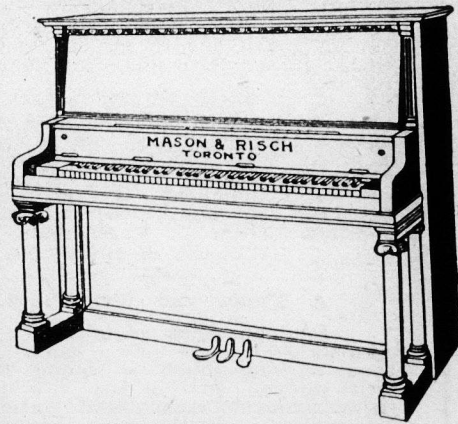


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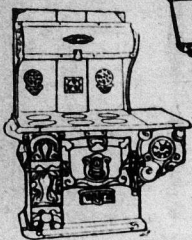
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# THE WINGOLD CATALOG

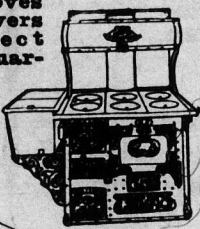
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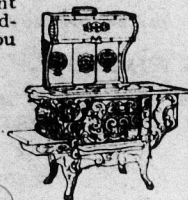
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I am fair haired, grey eyes, and weigh 130 pounds, and measure 5 feet 6 inches; am a fair singer and a good musician and have also had a fairly good education. As I neither smoke nor drink I think that I might suit "Oberon Girl No. 1." I may state that I am 23 years old, and would be pleased to exchange photos with those signing themselves "Oberon Girl No. 1," "Oberon Girl No. 2," "Norma," "Sweet Rosebud," or the "Red and White Roses." Hoping to hear through your columns from some of the above named, I am, "Structural Ironworker."

### Has Quarter Section, 3 Horses and Dog.

Saskatchewan, July 17, 1908. Editor.—Being a subscriber of your magazine, I take great pleasure in reading it, especially the correspondence column.

I wrote before but I think it must have got into the waste paper basket, so I thought I would try again as I'm on the look out for a better half. I'm a farmer, with a quarter section of land, with three horses and a dog.

I am 5 feet 10 inches high and weigh 165 pounds when fat; have dark hair and blue eyes, and as for looks, I would pass in a crowd. I am a Presbyterian, don't drink or chew tobacco but I think that's the only comfort a bachelor has got after he comes in from a hard day's work.

If any girls between 20 and 25 think it worth their while wasting a postage stamp on me I will answer all letters with pleasure. My address is with the editor. Thanking you for space, I remain, "Hustler."

### Ladies, Don't all Write at Once.

Mayworth, Sask., July 25, 1908.

Editor.—I am a lonely old widower of 30, 5 feet 11 inches high, fair complexion, weight 150 pounds. I operate 160 acres farm land and have 100 acres in crop at present. I need a wife in the worst way since August 1905.

I would thank you to put me in correspondence with a nice young lady of 20 to 30 years of age, with as much money and brains as myself. I am worth \$25,000. No objection to religion. I am a Presbyterian and Free Mason No. 579 R. E. of England. My first wife was a Roman Catholic and died on June 9th, 1907, away 5,000 miles east of here. I was married on Oct. 17, 1905. Thanking you in anticipation, "The Bandit."

### Night Hawk Getting Busy.

Swift Current, Sask., Aug. 10, 1908. Editor.—I have been a reader of your most interesting magazine for some time and enjoy the correspondence columns very much. I think the W. H. M. is an O. K. magazine.

I am a farmer, 23 years old, and am proud of my occupation, as it is so independent. I am 5 feet 6 1/2 inches tall and weigh 165 pounds. I have dark hair and real dark brown eyes, and am considered good looking. I will be pleased to hear from some of the young ladies who are fulfilling their duty, and will answer all letters. My address will be with the editor. "Night Hawk."

### We Will Forward Letter with Pleasure.

Kingsley, July 29, 1908.

Editor.—Having read the W. H. M. for years I take great interest in the correspondence column. I have never written a letter through your paper before, but seeing that other young fellows have met with success, I might do the same.

Please forward this letter to "Goldy," File Hills, Sask. Wishing your paper every success, I remain "Buckwheat."

### Badly in Need of a Wife.

Alberta, July 29, 1908.

Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your paper I read one very often, especially the correspondence column. Now, I am in need of a wife myself. I do not mean one to go out and work on the farm but to make the home comfortable.

I am 26 years of age, height 5 feet 8 1/2 inches, brown hair and blue eyes. I have a homestead and can easily keep a wife. Will you please forward the enclosed letter to "Goldy," which is in your May number? I am tired of batching and want a wife as soon as possible. I am an Englishman. "Lonely Bachelor No. 11."

### A Widow and Well Fixed.

Lanigan, Sask., August 20, 1908.

Editor.—I have so many times thought how much I should like to write to you, just to say how much I enjoy your bright and interesting journal. I took the very first number that was issued and then not only became a subscriber myself but also got quite a few friends to subscribe as well for which I got a good premium from you. Then I left Manitoba and was not quite sure when I should return so allowed it to expire. However, I would not be without it now if it were double the price it is.

I think you have done a splendid thing by starting a correspondence column. It is just the thing for the bachelors, as I am sure there are lots living in districts where they have no chance of getting acquainted with girls.

Now, if any one would like to write me, I will answer all, but I am not

"sweet sixteen," so therefore would prefer correspondents to be from 39 to 50 years of age and fairly well to do, as I have a farm of my own. I am 34 years old, widow, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weigh 160 pounds, hazel eyes, golden brown hair and of a very cheerful disposition, never look on life's dark side. Although I am well used to farming should not object to live in city. Wishing your paper the success it deserves, yours truly, "A Somerset Cuckoo."

### A Challenge to Lady Readers.

Belmont, Man., August 23, 1908.

Editor.—An unknown friend has kindly sent me the May number of the W. H. M. with the correspondence column in brackets and neatly written underneath in a lady's hand these words: "Take the hint if you dare, but remember this is leap year."

I accept the challenge with pleasure, hence these lines. If there is going to be fun I want to be in it. I will throw the challenge at the feet of all the lady readers of this column and dare them to write to me or send their name and address and I'll answer every one or put up the chocolates.

I am a Canadian and a Protestant, have lived in this country ten years. I own a half section farm and batched it six years, which was quite sufficient. A hermit's life is not for me. I like company, music, a lively dance, a good lecture or an opera. In short, I want to live the few short years allotted to us upon this mundane sphere, and batching alone on a homestead is not living—only existing.

What about a home you say? Yes, I like a home above all things, where there is love and life and comfort, where there is time for work and time and means for pleasure. Such homes this country will eventually have in abundance, but comparatively few in our life time. However, unto those whose sole pleasure is working and making homes in this bleak country we will give all the praise.

A western newspaper says the government bets the homesteader a quarter section against ten dollars that he can't stay on it three years and prove up, and they often win the bet.

As for me, I will think too much of the girl I marry to take her away out into a thinly settled and unattractive prairie settlement and on a homestead with small means, ask her to spend the best years of her life there with me alone. I believe in love but it seldom stands such a test, at least it deserves a better fate. This is the main reason there are such a host of fine young men living alone in this western country. They seldom marry unless perhaps to some neighbor's daughter who knows no other life, no other home.

What about my age you say? Never mind, perhaps I wouldn't tell the truth anyway. At any rate, I did not have a vote when I came to this country. So make a guess at it.

Now young ladies, drop me a few lines just for fun. It is written, you know, that in the spring and summer a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Address your letters in care of W. H. M. to "Challenge."

### "Arrah Wanna," 'Pon My Honor?

Wishart, Sask., August 22, 1908.

Editor.—As I am a subscriber and a very interested reader of your most valuable paper, I decided to write a few brief lines, hoping it will catch the eye of some nice young bachelor who is looking for a helpmate through the medium of your correspondence column.

He must be tall, dark, strongly built and rather good looking; also very affectionate.

As it seems quite customary I shall give a brief description of myself, as it is quite natural that no one would feel inclined to correspond with a young lady whom they have no idea of, but for further references they must write to me.

I am a young lady of twenty-two years, 5 feet 6 inches in height, weigh 140 pounds, golden hair and dark blue eyes. (Looks not too slow). As for playing any instrument goes, baseball is my limit; can ride horseback, skate, dance or play cards. Considered a very good cook and neat housekeeper.

I should consider it a great pleasure to hear from "Curly," Alta, or "Happy Pat," Yellow Grass, Sask., both of May number and any others who care to write. Shall be pleased to answer any others who care to write. Hoping to receive an answer shortly. "Arrah Wanna."

### More Women Needed.

Eyebrow Sta., Sask., Aug. 20, 1908.

Editor.—I have for the past year been an interested reader of your excellent paper, and in particular of that portion of it under the heading of correspondence. I think that you are doing a fine work for this Western country in being the means of bringing together people of the opposite sexes with a view to matrimony, for what is needed to make this an ideal place to make a home is more women.

I am a bachelor who has been out here five years, and I should like to get the address of some good girl who would not be afraid to take a bachelor for a husband. I would like a young lady with light hair and blue eyes, about 5 feet 7 inches tall and between 22 and 25 years old, if she is blessed with



some of this world's goods so much the better. Now, hurry up, girls, and don't be any ways shy, for I am not such a bad sort, although I say it myself. I will leave my address with the editor and ask him to please forward any letters received for me.

"Diogenes."

**A Straight Rail Fence.**

Fielding, Sask., August 19, 1908.  
 Editor.—Being an interested reader of your magazine and also a subscriber, I take great interest in reading the stories but more especially the correspondence columns.  
 I am a homesteader and would like to correspond with some young lady from 16 to 20. I am 22 years old, height 5 feet 10 inches, weigh 150 pounds, am considered good looking. Will answer all letters and send photo. Please forward enclosed letter to "School Girl."  
 Hoping I have not said too much for a beginner and wishing your paper immense success.

"Rail Fence."

**A Chesty Homesteader.**

Saskatchewan, August 20, 1908.  
 Editor.—As I am an interested reader of your valuable magazine and think it all it is claimed to be, and seeing so many letters from the West, I will write a few lines also and see if I can get a few correspondents.  
 I am a homesteader and have the cage but have the bird to catch yet. That is, if I am lucky enough to miss the waste paper basket. If any good looking young girl with dark eyes would like to write to a boy of modern habits, who goes to church, but is not a preacher.  
 All letters will be welcome if the writers are not too old; anywhere between 16 and 23 will be acceptable. Eastern girls preferred.  
 Now, girls, write quick as your chance won't last long. My address is with the editor. Hoping this letter will find its way into your columns.

"A Healthy Lemon."

**College Graduate Seeks Girl of Beauty.**

Alberta, August 28, 1908.  
 Editor.—I have recently become interested in the W. H. M. and solicit a brief space in your valuable columns.  
 Am a college graduate, tall and stylish, of the fair type, have a valuable homestead and a good salary. Would correspond with a girl of beauty, of petit form, and roseate complexion, and fond of driving and outings. A farmer's daughter preferred. Enclose all photo and full particulars in first letter.

"College Graduate."

**Will Somebody Write to Him?**

Toronto, Ont., August 17, 1908.  
 Editor.—I have been very much interested in some of the letters in your correspondence column. I suppose a large percentage of them are written in good faith, and with the honest intention of making friends in other parts of the country. By this time the thanks of many will be due to you for the many friendships they have made and the pleasure they have derived from their correspondence with those whom they could not have got in touch with but for your generosity in placing your columns at their disposal.  
 But I wonder if there are any others who have been treated the same as I have. Through your agency I have written to three of your correspondents and not one of my letters have been even acknowledged. Of course, I know that the blame rests on the recipients of the letters, but surely it would be a very easy thing for them to have mailed a card stating that mine had been received.  
 However, I have written this letter for the column in the hopes of getting into correspondence with some nice girl, or I should like to hear from some young fellow who could tell me something about the West.

I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height and weigh 130 pounds.  
 Am not a lonely bachelor, have travelled a little, and am a total abstainer from liquor. If "Prairie Rose" is not too busy corresponding with "A Home Lover," will she please send her address to "Happy Lad."

P. S.—Anyone else who will write will receive an answer.

**Sweet Sixteen Would Correspond.**

Wolseley, July 24, 1908.  
 Editor.—Being a subscriber to your valuable magazine I thought I would take advantage of the correspondence column. I am a farmer's daughter and we live four miles from Wolseley. I am very fond of skating and dancing, and like to watch all kinds of outdoor games.  
 I am a good cook and I can do all kinds of housework, can milk cows, but never handled horses, though I would like to learn because I am very fond of them.  
 I am not wanting to get married for I have plenty of time. I am only sixteen. I am very fair, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 127 pounds. I would like to correspond with some boys with dark eyes and dark hair, but I am not particular.  
 Some girls say they would not marry a man that smokes. I don't object to smoking but he must not touch liquor in any form.  
 If any of the nice boys wish to correspond with me my address will be found with the editor.

"Sweet Sixteen."

**Widow Interested in "Scotty."**

Alberta, July 27, 1908.  
 Editor.—I have seen your paper, the Western Home Monthly, and have read a few of the letters. I don't wish my letter or name to be mentioned in the paper until I hear more particulars of you.  
 I would like to have the name and address of a letter in the June number by the name of "Scotchman." Could you send to my address his name and address and after hearing from you will forward same by reply.

"Widow No. 10."

**Not Marriage, Just Sympathy.**

Ontario, July 28, 1908.  
 Editor.—Having read your magazine for the past few months we have taken great interest in the correspondence column and ask leave to join.  
 We are just in for a little sport along with our other stranger friends but do not wish our names published. As far as matrimony is concerned, we are strictly out of it—yet we sympathize with those lonely bachelors.  
 We are both fair, blue eyes and medium height, fond of outdoor sports, reading and writing. We would like the enclosed letters forwarded to "Blue Nose." Wishing your paper every success, we are

"Forget-me-not and Violet."

**Product of an Analytical Mind.**

Saskatchewan, July 28, 1908.  
 Editor.—As it seems to me it is only the first prize and booby letters that are printed, I will try again and look for it in one of these places.  
 A question I cannot answer is this. Does the correspondence column run solely as a medium for matrimony or pleasure or both?  
 Along with the rest I read the letters with interest; they show so many natures, characters and arguments. The greatest question seems to be, if a girl or wife should feed pigs and milk cows. Now, this is a topic you can never agree on so why not drop it, forget it? If the wife of a busy man does not want to do such work without being told, or even commanded, she is not worth 50 cents a year on the farm. Is this work so very much worse than anything else? I know girls who do "dirtier" work than that and are better off for it. If man and wife should help each other, why not do the work that falls to hand?

Why are the majority of "contributors" to the columns girls and young ones? Can they find no sympathetic person in their own neighborhood, or are they so lovesick? If the latter be the case, I do not know girls!

And why do the boys and men advertise for wives? Have they not courage enough to speak what they would rather write? If so, they are unfit for even writing. If they cannot get a wife without writing for her, they are unworthy of one at all. How can we expect a girl to marry an unknown man of whom she knows nothing or what little she does know may only be from his letters, and we may be sure that they are elaborate, without arousing suspicion. Would a man do it? I doubt it. But many do it, but it is so small a percentage that it is hardly worth mentioning. But is not the case the same to the man who marries an unknown girl? It is, eh? O no, not by any distance. The girl, then the wife, is almost tied to her home, but the man is just as free to do what he pleases as in his "blessedness." It is he who molds his wife's existence, whether happy or not. Abandon the idea to get me into a tight corner there, if you don't, write to me. My opinion is, never marry through correspondence. I will look for this in the magazine or the waste basket. "Let the name scare none." Write anybody.

"Dolly Dimple's Darling."

**Only An Infant?**

Olds, Alta., July 21, 1908.  
 Editor.—We do not take the Western Home Monthly, but I often get a copy of your valuable paper and am very much interested in it. I always look for the correspondence columns and am much taken up with some of the bachelors' letters.  
 I see some of the girls have told what they like. Dancing is out of my line of work, but I am very fond of fun.  
 I am 5 feet 5 inches tall, golden hair, blue eyes, weigh 130 pounds and am 14 years old. I would like to hear from some nice young bachelor, especially "Pitiful Pete," of April number.  
 I will leave my name and address with the editor. Hoping I have not occupied too much space, I remain

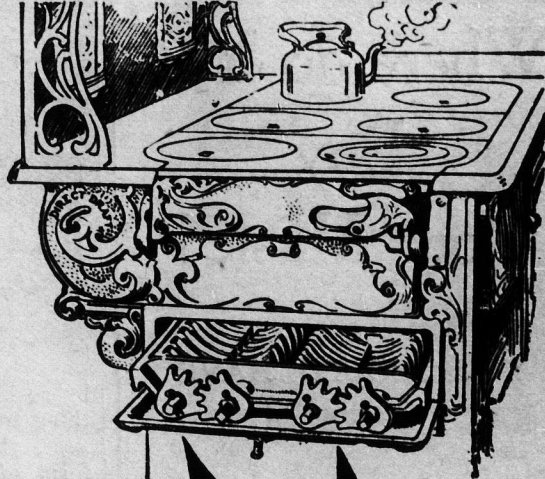
"A Reader."

**A Gatherer of Souvenirs.**

Davidson, Sask., July 28, 1908.  
 Editor.—I read your valuable magazine every month. Our neighbors take it. We are soon going to take it ourselves because sometimes we miss it.  
 I am not on the matrimonial list but would answer any letters from either sex and would like to exchange post cards. "Pitiful Pete," write to me and I will answer promptly. "Farmer's Man," I answer your description but I don't like you very well, and you see I am gathering souvenir post cards. I don't see how girls can be lonesome up here with so many pretty young fellows around. Wishing your magazine success,

"Marjorie."

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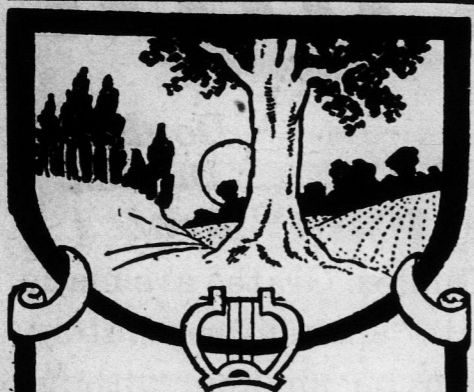
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**Discipline Gone Mad.**

By John A. Howland.



THERE is a Puritanical type of man in the world who stands always for the Puritanical, strict observance of discipline. His word and method are the law. If either is challenged by so little as an employee doing something to the lasting benefit of the business, that employee is called to some form of account. He has acted without authority of either law or precedent. By some sort of good luck no disaster has followed the act—but inferentially nothing of the kind ever must take place again.

At the same time in such establishments it not infrequently occurs that the following of the strictest interpretation of the written laws resulting disastrously brings also another penalty upon the one charged with the law's enforcements. Perhaps the conditions will not allow a superior in office to call the person to task. Discipline itself occasionally must be disciplined in the letter. Yet at the same time the Moses who gave down the law which fails may show an individual displeasure all around to a degree that is tyrannous.

I have a young friend who began with one of these old fashioned houses where the mere getting to a desk on time far outweighed anything which he might accomplish at the desk. Punctuality was the one great desideratum in the management. This young man was in love with his work and he grew in favor with the house. The fact that he was promoted to the head of a minor department that was in close touch still with a main department manager was something to spur his ambition to greater lengths. From turning the time clock key among the first in the morning and among the last at closing this young man got the habit of going back to the office at night, suddenly to discover that if he didn't hurry out he would miss a 10.30 o'clock train to his suburban home.

Promoted quickly as he had been, the young man was not getting a salary in proportion to that which would have come to a long time member of the house. But this had not worried him in the least. Responsibilities had been put upon him and his nervous temperament was prompting him to make good far beyond what the promptings of salary would be.

Punctuality had been the rule of the house, always; to get there and wait an hour before one could make his first move was far better discipline than coming ten minutes late and doing two hours' work in fifty minutes. Working overtime for several nights in succession, this young man awoke one morning a full hour late. Missing a train he was an hour and a half behind time when he appeared at the time clock and turned the key.

Everybody in the main office was staring as he came in. Several acquaintances between the main office and his desk remarked his tardiness in tones of levity. It was the manager in chief who came finally came up to him for the real censure. There was no doubt of the fact that the young man had been working long overtime, day after day. This the manager did not question at all. He was not questioning the work that the young man was accomplishing and he had no fault to find with any possible lateness of hours. But he could not stand for lateness in arrival at his desk.

"The house simply asks you to get here before a certain hour and it allows

you to leave at a certain fixed hour in the evening," he said, argumentatively. "You have staid beyond that hour because you wanted to. But in doing this not half a dozen of 300 other employees have known of the fact. On the other hand, virtually all of them saw you come in this morning nearly two hours late. How can I maintain any sort of discipline if this is to continue?"

It didn't continue. Thereafter the young man was on time to the minute and he arranged to leave on the stroke of the clock in the evening. But just here, in spite of all the rules of punctuality governing this house, this sudden change to clockworklike observance of the hours brought upon him the displeasure of his superiors. They had protested only at his arriving late; not a word had been said forbidding him to remain one, two, or three hours late as he had been doing. In the refusal to remain as he had been doing there was an unmistakable air of insubordination—as the manager saw it.

But there are compensations. That young man today is in business for himself in competition, as far as he has grown, with the house in which he learned the business. Out of his experience there he has been careful in the selection of his employees—still few in number, but who are encouraged to initiative by the fewest of rules.

As a general proposition—not without some exceptions—the stern exactions of grooved discipline show weakness of true management. The manager of any business who needs to take so seriously under supervision the machinery by which his results are reached is in the position of a machinist working at a machine which he suspects will fail him at any moment. He is giving too much attention to the machine. Its products are dropping away from it perhaps without inspection.

Surely whatever measure of fellow feeling may allow an employer the least censorship of his employees is a measure giving that employer a wider freedom to exploit the essentials of his business. Whatever the character of the business its products must come in competition with others, regardless of the details of the management which produced them.

Most employers are too far from their employees. Literal distance or the distance of position in life, or the figurative distance which grows between by the establishment of under heads of departments is keeping the average employee too far from the fellow feeling that otherwise might make employer and employee recognize a mutual interdependence. Here and there in the business world is an abnormal man capable of outstripping most men in his work. If this man were an abnormality of the athletic field he could not compete with his fellowmen without an official handicap. In business he is the type which receives preference and who most frequently finds a position to command abnormal results from his department. The result of his offices are rules and more rules—discipline and more discipline.

In a thousand ways in community life the overdisciplined one takes his revenge of a discipline that is tyranny. The business management of this great house, which confidently looks for loyalty in the great mass of its employees, is rare. The great businesses which, on the other hand, feel that they are suffering from disloyalty might be counted in hundreds. Why does this disloyalty exist? The answer is easy. More disloyalty come of the employers' tyrannical ruling of employees than from any other cause in all the field of the world's work.

**A ROSE.**

In the graveyard, side by side—  
Death's cold hand on each young heart  
Two dear lily-maidens lie,  
Who in life were far apart.  
One trod paths made smooth by love,  
One went hand and hand with care;  
One had gold, and one had naught  
Golden but her shining hair.

By one grave an angel fair,  
Marble-wrought, a vigil keeps,  
And a wondrous sculptured Grief  
Ever bows her head and weeps;  
On the other—else unmarked—  
Making summer sweet, there grows,  
Planted by the hand of God,  
'Mid the tall green grass—a rose.



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You have our guarantee, backed by 25 years' experience in manufacturing washing machines' that this washer will do the work quicker and better than any other washer made, no matter what the cost, and no matter what the dealer claims for it.

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# The Somnambulist.

By Jack Loudon



**A** SMALL Lake Huon potato-schooner lay at a dock in Godrich, and on her bandbox of a cabin sat a big, fat man, with a red and good-natured face, puffing a pipe. The pipe and the posture indicated his position. None but the captain may sit on the cabin and smoke. Another big man, but with a solemn and sorrowful face, strolled down the dock and climbed aboard.

"Have ye all hands, sir?" he asked. "Want a mate," said the captain, peering at the man between puffs. "You sail mate?"

"Been mate. Salt-water mon." "So'm I. What'd ye sail out of? Salt water?"

"Lunnon an' Leeverpool." "Scotchman, ain't you?" "Yes."

"I'm not, thank God. 'You'll get a dollar a day here. Go for your clothes."

"What do I sign as, capt'n?" asked the applicant. "For a dollar a day?" "Mate."

"Mates get mair money. Ye're quotin' sailors' pay."

"Sailors get fifty cents a day here. Rather ship sailor? I want a man."

"Na, na, capt'n. I'll sign on mate. But I'd know ye for a salt-water mon. It's deep-water wages ye pay."

"Yes; but as mate you'll have salt-water privileges, which ye won't in other lake vessels. Ye'll ship the crew yourself, and discharge him; and he'll say 'sir' to ye, and call ye mister, same as I will. What's your name?"

"Mister Macpherson's my name, sir. How many men d'ye carry?"

"One, Mr. Macpherson. He sleeps forrard. You'll sleep aft."

"One mon forrard for this big craft?" said Mr. Macpherson, glancing around the cockle-shell. "Well, be sure, capt'n, that ye grant me all the preeveleges, for na doot I'll have work to do to airn my dollar. What did ye sail out of, sir? Salt water?"

"London and Liverpool." "I may be mistaken, capt'n, but—What am I to call ye, sir?"

"Billings—Captain Billings."

"I may be mistaken, Capt'n Billings, but are ye no the mon that slugged me grievously in the nose twenty years gone, in Fat Anna's bardin'-hoose in Bombay?"

There was a barely perceptible twinkle in Captain Billings' eye at this but he promptly denied the allegation, and Mr. Macpherson went ashore for his dunnage. When he returned, the pipe was out and Captain Billings had waddled amidships.

"There's your room in the cabin," he said, pointing aft. "The cook there—a colored brother was smiling out the forward cabin door—will show you. He sleeps forrard, but the galley's aft. Now, one thing I must tell you, Mr. Macpherson, I'm a somnambulist."

"A what, sir?" inquired the mate, dumping his bag on deck.

"A sleep-walker. I'm a bad case. I'm under the doctor's care for it. I'm liable to get up from my bunk at any time."

"Aye, sir. Ye walk 'round decks sound asleep. I've heard o' such things."

"Worse. I'm another man, o' rather the same man younger. I'm a sailor 'fore the mast again. I—I don't know any more than I did twenty years ago."

"When ye slugged me, sir?" "I never slugged you. Get that out of your head, particularly because you've got to remember that I'm the captain in case I wake up a sailor."

"Aye, sir. I'll remember that."

"All right. Now I'm going ashore for the night. Be down in time for the morning breeze. Ship a man, and have the canvas loosed by daylight."

"Aye, sir, I will." Then, looking

suspiciously after the big, waddling figure, he added, "Aye, I'll remember—that ye're the captain; also that ye're a deceivin' liar, unwillin' to own up to a youthful transgression. Lord forgive ye, Jock Billings."

He spent the rest of the day nosing around, getting the location of things, and in getting acquainted with the cook, who, having shipped but a few hours before him, could tell him nothing about the captain, his habits or his past.

As no sailors came along to be shipped, he turned in just after supper, resolved to rise early, go ashore, and get one before the captain appeared in the morning. And to this end he was up before daylight, and just about to step over the side, when up the dock he saw the bulky, waddling figure of the captain heaving along toward the schooner. He waited at the rail, explanations all ready.

"Mornin', cappen," said the big, fat skipper, smiling rather vacantly in the mornin' light. "Got all hands?"

"Mornin', capt'n," repeated Mr. Macpherson. "There's nane came 'long, sir, an' I was aboot to go ashore for a mon."

"Well, I'm lookin' for a berth, sir," said the captain. "Rather early in the mornin', I know, but it's a strange town. Must 'a' been on a bat. I quit an English bark at Cape Town the other day. What town is this, sir, anyhow?"

Mr. Macpherson's jaw dropped in sheer amazement; then he comprehended. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Jock Billings, sir; able seaman. Here's my discharges." He reached into his pocket then withdrew his hand, with a blank face. "Must 'a' lost 'em, sir. But I'm an A. B."

"Na doot, na doot. Lookin' for a berth?" Billings nodded.

"Come aboard. Fifteen dollars a month."

Billings smiled and came aboard. "By the way—this to make sure—where's your dunnage, mon?"

Billings did not know; neither did he seem to care. Macpherson led him forward, and pointed down a black, square hole in the deck. "There's the fore-castle," he said sternly. "That's where ye'll sleep."

"O' course, sir," assented Billings; "an' eat, too."

Mr. Macpherson eyed him suspiciously, yet hungrily. "Ever been on the lakes—the American lakes?"

"No, sir. But I've heard about them, sir. I've heard that sailors eat in the cabin up there, but I never believed that."

"Na, na. The crew eats in the fore-castle—same as in this craft." Mr. Macpherson's eyes shone with unholy joy, but, being Scotch, he could not smile. "Ye're o'er fat for a sailorman," he added, scanning the huge proportions of the new crew. "Where'd ye git it?"

Billings looked puzzled. "Must 'a' been the beer I drank, sir. It's fattenin', I hear." He looked down, and patted himself complacently.

"Ye'll be a good mon on a rope," grunted the mate, "but a bad one aloft, if I'm a judge. Stand here till I call ye."

He went aft, ruthlessly searched the captain's desk, and found the articles, signed by the cook, and dated the day before, for the trip ahead. It was to Duluth, light, for a cargo. He signed his own name as first mate at thirty dollars a month.

"Come aft here an' seen articles," he bawled from the cabin door, and Billings obediently came, and signed as able seaman, at fifteen dollars a month.

In five minutes from the time Mr. Macpherson started for the rail, the nefarious job was complete—he had shipped and signed as sailor the captain who had signed him as mate.

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And the darky cook was none the wiser; captains, mates and sailors were the same to him—loud-voiced individuals for whom it was his duty to cook, and it mattered little to him that in this case the mate was the noisiest.

So he helped the two to make sail, and when Mr. Macpherson had steered the little craft out into the lake, took the wheel at the mate's behest, though earnestly declaring that it was outside of his duties. But the captain, looking vacantly around from the vicinity of the windlass, paid no attention to his plaint, and Mr. Macpherson's darkling eye was persuasive, so he subsided. Mr. Macpherson went forward.

"Jock Billings," he said, "come here."

"Billings came obediently. 'Ye're too fat, Jock. D'ye know me, by the way?'"

Billings looked keenly, though stupidly, at him.

"I—I—think I may—"  
"Aye, ye think right, Jock. I'm the mon ye chastised no long back when

"Ye may if ye cannot control your unwise an' mischievous curiosity. Captain Billings is exercisin' to reduce flesh. Is that clear to ye?"

"Yes, sah. He's too fat. He's gwine work it off."

"Exactly. Likewise he's goin' to diet himself. An' bein' sore afraid that he'll no be able to if he eats at the table, he means to eat forrard by himself. Ye're to give him his meals in a tin pan—about half as much as ye're givin' me here—an' some cold water in a tin pot. An' ye're to ask no foolish questions, nor make any comment calculated to break down his good resolutions. It's his own orders. Remember that!"

The cook did, though the mate later had occasion to wish that he did not. When he, relieved Jock at the wheel the darky gravely handed him his breakfast as prescribed, and Jock as gravely carried it forward and down through the dark, square hole in the deck, where he ate it alone.

The wind was light, off the land, and steady; and the small craft skimmed along with little need of atten-

manded, and Billings awakened. "Hello," he said, sitting up. "We're out. How's she heading?"

The answer required no thought, and gave time for at least a moment of it. Mr. Macpherson thought quickly. "Nor-nor-west, sir," he answered.

"That's right. What time is it?"

"Nine o'clock, sir. Ye came doon at daylight an' said to take her oot; but na men had come 'long, sir, an' I went withoot. Ye were asleep like, an' lay doon on the hatch."

"Yes, sleep-walking again. I remember turning in ashore, that's all. Hello, you've been holystoning the deck, I see."

"Aye," said the mate, a little disconcerted.

"You're the man for me. I've always wanted the deck white and clean, salt-water fashion, but you can't introduce the custom up here. Lake sailors won't stand for it. Now you've started, go ahead and finish."

"Aye—aye, aye, sir," said Mr. Macpherson, blankly.

"And I'm going to turn into my bunk. Dead sleepy still. Curious, isn't it, how stiff you get sleeping on a hatch. Feel as though I'd been through a threshing machine."

"The way I felt in Fat Anna's bardin'-hoose," suggested the mate, grimly.

The captain was weak enough or sleepy enough to grin.

"Forget it, Mr. Macpherson," he said. "It wasn't me."

Mr. Macpherson ruefully watched him roll aft, peep into the binnacle, and descend the after companion without conversation with the cook—for which latter fact he was duly thankful. But he sighed at the task he or the Fates had laid out for himself, and gripped the handle of the holystone as though it were a club for the head of the delinquent Jock. He sighed again, and again, and more deeply as the exertion under the hot sun compelled him to discard his shirt; and as the breeze died out entirely, taking from the air the slight coolness that had benefited Jock early in the morning, his sighs became grunts and groans.

"Fo' de Lawd, sah," san' out the cook, as he lolled over the quiet wheel under the shade of a big straw hat. "I neber see a mate work so hard, sah, an' Ise sailed up an'—"

"Hold yer tongue," interrupted the exasperated Mr. Macpherson, fiercely. "or e'en under the broad light o' the sun there'll be darkness on the face-of the waters. I'll chuck ye overboard, ye Senegambian."

The cook subsided, and he went on with his holystoning. He had dared put the cook at the wheel, but he dared not put him at this work; it would involve later conversation with the captain. So, with aching bones, he scoured away until five struck on the cabin clock, when, just as he was about to quit and relieve the cook, Billings rolled out through the forward cabin door, and hastened toward him with a doubting, deprecating look on his fat countenance that clearly indicated his identity. He was not Captain Billings—he was Jock.

"Here," said the mate, intensely, yet softly, for the cook's benefit, "come here."

Jock came obediently.

"Where ha' ye been sogerin' while I do you work? Answer me."

Jock's face took on a look of distress, then fitful gleams of intelligence flashed across it, followed by a puzzled, doubting, questioning expression. He might have wakened right there had not the next remark of the mate been one to arouse no speculation in the slumbering soul.

"Never mind, Jock," he said, with a leniency born of his own fatigue. "Wash off this muck from the deck, put away the holystone, an' take the wheel. You're only a poor, ignorant sailorman, after all."

Jock obeyed, and when he had relieved the cook, Mr. Macpherson lit his pipe and pondered.

"Mebbe," he mused, it's mention o' his evil past that makes him wake up in it; an' mebbe I worked him o'er hard in his fat condection, an' it sent him back. I'll remember."



"Pay me off and an' I'll answer ye," sail the mate doggedly.

ye were no so fat as ye are the noo. I've a long memory, Jock, an' the Lord has a long arm. An' the Lord never meant ye to be so fat, Jock, an' has given ye into my hands to reduce ye. Take you that broom by the windlass, an' that drawbucket by the pump, an' scrub this schooner clean."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Jock, cheerfully, all but the last of the speech lost upon his understanding.

He began the task, and, as was expected, soon began to pant, puff and perspire; but the task-master inexorably kept him at it, flourishing, and occasionally administering, a rope's-end, until it was time for the cook to prepare breakfast, when he sent him, limp and languid, to the wheel.

"Fo' de Lawd, sah," said the cook, when he served the mate at the table, "Ise sailed up an' down dese lakes a long time, an' I neber see a cappen work so hard; an', sah, you'll 'cuse me, sah, but I neber see a mate take a rope's-end to a cappen befo', sah."

"Did you ever see any one take a rope's-end to a cook?" inquired the mate, solemnly.

"No, sah, I neber did."

tion except at the wheel. With the cook again at this station, Jock Billings finished the scrubbing. Meanwhile Mr. Macpherson had rummaged out from under the topgallant forecandle a square block of sandstone, which his salt-water eye recognized at once as a holystone, an apurtenance seldom found on anything but deep-water ships, and productive of more profanity from the hearts of sailors than any other evil of the sea. Jock Billings also had a nautical eye; and when the mate had fitted a broom-handle to the stone, and pointed grimly to the deck, he understood, and with only a disapproving grimace on his own fat face, went to work at the hardest, meanest, most muscle-wearing work known to sailors—holystoning; that is, grinding off with the square stone the paint, tar, hardened dirt and decayed wood that had accumulated with the years. Having started him, Mr. Macpherson went aft to light his pipe, and when he returned, he found his sailor asleep on the hatch, with about a square foot of the deck scoured clean.

"Wake up," he injudiciously de-

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So Jock had it easier that night—though he slept his watch below in the fore-castle—and on the following days, when he holystoned but part of the time, steering the rest, while Mr. Macpherson, ignoring watch-and-watch, took cat-naps on the hatch, only rousing himself at times to oversee things generally and to answer the puzzled comments of the cook.

The weather remained fine, the wind a succession of cat's-paws between long intervals of calm, the passage up the two lakes became a drift, and before the converging shores to the north and south met the town of Duluth, Jock had finished holystoning, and the deck, fore and aft, was a glistening surface of white wood, fit to adorn the yacht of a millionaire. And now, with port in sight, it was advisable to have the captain awake; but he remained Jock, stupid, short of memory, very cheerful, but with lesser girth, freer joints, and several pounds of fat turned into solid muscle. The last of the holystoning had not fatigued him. There was no harder work to send him to, and Mr. Macpherson's face showed misgiving, while the cook's remarks were such as to demand attention.

"Fo'-de Lawd," he said frequently, more to himself than to the mate,

"I neber see such a cappen, an' I se sailed up an' down dese lakes a long time. He don't seem to keer, no-how."

He seldom got further than this, for Mr. Macpherson's disapproving eye usually silenced him.

The mate ordered Jock to go to sleep on the hatch. Jock tried, and complained of insomnia. He led him aft, and put him to bed in the captain's berth, hoping the associations of the place would rouse him. Jock followed him out, complaining bitterly of the imposition. Fearing mutiny as much as the cook's curiosity, he led Jock forward and berated him.

"Ye aggravatin' bunch o' pervairity," he said in his ear, as he shook him vigorously, "will ye wake up an' take command o' your craft goin' into port? A joke's a joke, but enough's enough."

But Jock was true to himself, and with a sigh he sent him to his bunk in the fore-castle; then, an evening breeze springing up, he sailed the little craft into Duluth, and with the cook's help took in the canvas and moored her to a dock, leaving Jock to do what he could with himself throughout the night. Jock did nothing; he appeared at breakfast-

time, smiling and stupid, ready for work, which the overburdened Mr. Macpherson soon found for him. A man came aboard, introduced himself as the agent who had chartered the schooner by telegraph, and without asking embarrassing questions, announced that the cargo of potatoes would come down and be dumped into the hold by a force of men furnished by him, but the trimming, of course, would be done by the schooner's crew. To which Mr. Macpherson, to get him out of the way, assented. The crew went into the hold, and with hands and feet, as the agent objected to shovels, trimmed the cargo level as it came down the hatches. It was hard work for fat Jock Billings, bringing into play muscles unused for years and untrained by the holystoning, and it is small wonder that the laggard soul within him deserted its post—at a moment, too, most embarrassing to Mr. Macpherson; for it happened when he stood beside the perspiring Jock in a directive capacity, and a wheelbarrowful of potatoes came down on their heads, knocking both on their backs, and leaving the mate in such a position—scrambling out from under the avalanche—that he appeared to the waking vision of

the captain to be at work trimming cargo.

"Hello," exclaimed the latter, sitting up on the pile. "Been asleep again, haven't I?"

"Ye have," spluttered the angry, but quick-witted mate. "Neglectin' your duties an' leavin' everything to me. I've navigated for ye, stood both watches, done all the work, an' noo we're in Duluth, where I'm trimmin' cargo for ye. An' you've been danderin' round decks like a Dutchman, na mair use than a spare pump."

"Good. You're the man for me. How's the holystoning getting on?"

"All done—na thanks to you, Capt'n Billings."

"Good. I'll go up and see. Trim well over into the wings, Mr. Macpherson. I know this cargo. Don't let it pile up under the hatches."

He ascended, and easily took up the burden of his later existence, leaving the burden of the old on the shoulders of Mr. Macpherson. He admired his beautiful white deck, and boasted to the agent of the wonderfully efficient mate he had secured—for this reason, too, waving away some sailors looking for berths; he needed none with such a mate. He sauntered ashore with his papers, en-

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WINNIPEG, CANADA

tered and cleared at the custom-house, took dinner at the hotel, thus avoiding his cook, smoked some fat cigars, and marveled through the day at his improved state of health, while down in the dusty hold Mr. Macpherson shoveled potatoes with his hands and invoked anathema on the head of Jock Billings.

He came up a noon, brown as a nut, except where perspiration had traced muddy-banked channels on his face, and with his eyes shining luridly, ate his dinner in silence, the psychic center of a cold wave that quieted and banished the cook from his vicinity. He smoked through the noon hour, went down again when the potatoes began to tumble, and trimmed until the hold was full, by which time supper was ready, and the captain, smoking and smiling, cleared pink-cheeked and joyously appreciative of the beautiful world he lived in, had arrived to insult him with his happiness.

A seaman's code of ethics had impelled the mate to finish a task once begun, and the same code permitted him to claim his supper as part of his pay; but when he had eaten it in silence, ignoring the captain's jocularity, he said, sourly, "I never quit a skipper in a hole, sir; but there's na wind, an' ye can get another mate before it comes. I want my money."

"Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Macpherson," said the captain, sitting up in alarm. "There's too much work in this craft. Ye promised me a mon, but I've had it all to do. Workin' ship an' holystonin' while ye slept; trimmin' cargo with men on the dock lookin' for work."

"But, but, Mr. Macpherson," said the captain, in a conciliatory tone, "it's because you're worth more than any three men to me. Why, I never could get my deck holystoned before; and now I want to go on, and slick up the schooner. I want the spars scraped."

"Ye do."

"Why, yes; and the rigging set up and tarred. It takes a salt-water man like you to do it."

"Aye, for a dollar a day."

"Oh, well, I'll make that all right. Of course, you can quit if you demand the right, inasmuch as I didn't sign you on the articles. But you stay on, I'll make it another fifty cents a day, and we won't bother about the articles."

Mr. Macpherson was silent, thinking of two things—possibly three. The two were that his name and that of Jock Billings were on the articles, and that a dollar and a half a day was good pay at that time of the year; the other thought might have been connected with the captain's strange infirmity, for after grunting "I'll stay, sir," he added, tentatively, "but I'd be easier in my mind, capt'n, if ye'd admit, honest an' candid—as I've been to you—that ye're the mon that slugged me in Fat Anna's bardin'-house in Bombay in the year—"

"Of course, I am, you Scotchman," said the captain, rising, with a laugh. "For why did ye slug me?" demanded the mate, with a new interest in the matter. "I'd done nawthing to you."

"Because you were Scotch. Isn't that enough?"

Though the captain's laugh was ordinarily contagious, Mr. Macpherson was immune. He glowered at the retreating figure, and said to the observant cook, "I call ye to witness that insult, cook. Did ye no hear him—would ye no infer by it that it's right an' proper to hit a Scotchman on any occasion?"

"Yes, sah," answered the cook, coldly turning away. "I heard him, but you told a lie, sah. You said you done all de holystonin' while he was asleep. Now—"

"D-d-dry up!" yelled the mate, disgustedly, as he followed the captain on deck, adding, from the companionway, "the intreecacies of this case are beyond ye, cook. Put it off your mind."

Several times that still summer evening, before Mr. Macpherson laid his weary bones in bed, he heard Captain Billings chuckling softly to

himself; and he went to sleep, trusting in Providence for what the morrow might bring forth as a result of the captain's reminiscence. His trust was justified. Captain Billings was not in his berth at daylight, but Mr. Macpherson routed Jock Billings out of the fore-castle, and there being wind enough, took the schooner out and shaped a course down the lake.

A fat man in the fore-castle and a Scotch mate with the Lord on his side are of themselves a combination to make for trouble on shipboard; and in this case the trouble was hastened and precipitated by the mutinous behavior of the erstwhile tractable Jock. First, there was a summer gale of wind, which, dying away to a dead calm, left for a half-day a long, heaving swell, in the trough of which the little schooner rolled her rails under. Jock acquitted himself well in the gale, furling the gaff-top-sails as nimbly as though many stones lighter; but on being told to go aloft with a "bosun's chair," and scrape down the main topmast, he calmly asserted that he was an able seaman, and not supposed to go above the lower masthead.

"It's you or me, ye child o' iniquity," stormed Mr. Macpherson. "An' I'm a mate, not supposed to go above the rail. Get ye aloft."

For answer Jock dispassionately gripped him by the shoulder, turned him around, and pinning his arms to his side in a vise-like hug, lifted him from the deck, and supportin' him, kicking on his protruding stomach, carried him aft and deposited him gently on the cabin. Then he went forward, while the mate, marveling at the wonderful feat of strength, waited until Jock seemed to have forgotten the incident, then repeated the order from a safe distance. This time Jock obeyed.

His dumb, patient suffering under the mate's persecution on that long drift down the lakes need not be enlarged upon. He scraped both topmasts while thrashing from side to side from the rolling of the schooner; then the sun came out hot, and his hat being gone overboard, he greased them down bare-headed. Then the cook mercifully gave him his other hat, and with the canvas down on deck, he rigged triangles and scraped the lower masts and greased them. Next came the setting up (tautenin') of the rigging—a day's work of itself—and this done, he was given a tar-bucket, and again sent aloft in a bosun's-chair to tar down. Through it all he was the target for a running fire of comment and abuse, the burden of which was Mr. Macpherson's disapproval of his mistaken estimate of Scotchmen. But it was not until he was well launched into the tarring-down job that the fatuous mate realized that the tar-stains would remain on his hands for days, and that if he wakened in time he would know who had done the work. However, he was past caring for consequences now—only intent upon punishing the man who had "slugged" him for being Scotch.

But there was a dark Nemesis camped on his trail. Unknown to him, the cook, who slept in the fore-castle, had questioned the ox-like animal that tumbled down the ladder for a few hours' rest in the night, and the result was that he ceased all his surprised comment from the galley door, and waited.

Whatever truth there may have been in the mate's surmise that reminiscence was what threw Captain Billings into his past, certain it is that he was wrong in his selection of the antidote. Hard work did not waken him, though it did him a world of physical good. While still Jock Billings the little schooner made Goderich during the night, and as Jock Billings he went to sleep, as usual, in the fore-castle, and as Captain Billings he wakened in the morning before either the cook or the mate, and came up to find his schooner moored to the old familiar dock, her deck bleached whiter than before, her rigging taut and tarred, and things generally more shipshape than he had ever seen them. Rous-

ing the cook, he went aft, with many an admiring look around and about, and wakened his treasure of a mate. And when Mr. Macpherson appeared, he greeted him with enthusiasm and brotherly love.

"You've done well, Mr. Macpherson," he said, beaming. "I'm proud of you—that I am. You and I'll get along. But, by George, I'm in a bad way myself—in fact, I need just such a man as you. Waked in the fore-castle. Been asleep all the way down, aaven't I?"

"Aye," answered the mate, cautiously. "An' it's to the fore-castle ye go when ye want to lie doon an' rest."

"Funny. I must see the doctor and have it tended to. I'm getting worse. But you're the two ends and the right of a seaman, Mr. Macpherson." He looked aloft. "Scraped and tarred down, and everything set up. And you did it all alone. Well, well have some paint aboard next trip."

"Aye, paint her if ye like, sir, but I'll take my money here, sir, an' go. There's too much work makin' a yacht oot o' this hooker. I have to do it all."

"Dat's a lie, cappen," said a dis-tusted voice behind them. "He never done a single t'in—but boss de job. He made you scrape de masts, an' grease dem down, an' den you work like a roustabout wid tackles an' ropes, an' den you go up an' tar down—an' you didn't know anyt'ing about it, sah."

"Hold your evil tongue," roared the mate. "It's a liar ye are. Let's have my money, capt'n. I'm through."

"Look at yo' hands, cappen," persisted the cook, indignantly. "Jes' look at de tar on yo' hands."

The captain looked, and his face darkened.

"Is this so, Mr. Macpherson," he said, "that while in my other self—a sailor again—you have worked me as such aboard my own schooner?"

"Pay me off an' I'll answer ye," said the mate, doggedly.

Red in the face, Captain Billings darted toward him; but Mr. Macpherson eluded his grasp, and being the better runner, gained the dock. "Give me my money," he said; "that's all I ask."

"You're not on the articles," said the angry captain. "You'll get nothing for this trick. You have no legal claim."

"I am on the articles," insisted Mr. Macpherson, "at a dollar a day, an' ye promised me an extra fifty cents in Duluth. Fourteen days' work at a dollar an' a half makes twenty-one dollars ye owe me, Captain Billings. Ye can toss it to me, an' ye can direct your Senegambian friend to toss my bag o' clothes on the dock. I'm through wi' you."

Captain Billings went below and inspected the articles. Then he removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and told the cook to throw the mate's bag on the dock.

"Mr. Macpherson," he said, calmly, when he reached the deck, "I find you are right, and within the law. You shipped a man named Jock Billings, and made him work. You're a smart man, besides being a whole seaman. I'll pay you off at three dollars a day, and sign you on for the season, but you must come aboard and get it."

Mr. Macpherson looked at the huge muscles he had developed on the captain's arms, and at the determined expression on his face; then he sat down on a spike to think it over, while the captain went below to give him time. Then he rose, still thinking, picked up his bag, and slowly moved away.

### Not Cold Storage.

Paddy Doolan went into a shop one day to buy eggs.

"What are eggs today?"

"Eggs are eggs today, Paddy," replied the shopman, looking quite triumphantly at two or three young lady customers who happened to be in the shop.

"Faith, I'm glad to hear you say so," replied Paddy, "for the last ones I got here were chickens."

# The Backsliding of Miss Mindy

By Mrs. Clark Dooley.

"Sister Baker will lead us in prayer," announced the preacher's wife, and the members of the Fairview South Methodist Swing Circle knelt down before their respective chairs, and moved painfully and uneasily from knee to knee while Sister Baker, a short, stout person, with a most astonishingly deep voice, proceeded to give the Lord explicit information concerning the affairs and financial limitations of the Circle, closing with fervent supplications for each sister that she might never depart from the straight and narrow way, and earnestly petitioning that none of the members of this devoted band would ever, however innocently, be the means of causing a weaker brother or sister to offend.

With a smothered sigh of relief the good sisters heard her stertorian "Amen," and scrambled to their feet, stepping on their dresses, and roisily dropping scissors and thimbles as they did so.

Timid Sister Gaylord, gathering up her apronful of carpet rags, tip-toed over to the preacher's wife, who was President, and anxiously whispered in her ear, while the Circle sat in solemn silence.

"I think as the idea is yours, Sister Gaylord, you should put it before the Circle yourself," said the preacher's wife—a cheerful soul, to whom parliamentary rules were as manna in the wilderness.

"Oh, no!" gasped Sister Gaylord, in terror. "I wouldn't so much as mind jest sittin' in my chair and tellin' you all about it, but when I hev to stan' up and 'second' things, and 'move' 'em, and call you 'Mrs. President,' I'm scared plumb stiff, and I feel like I never seen none of you before. You tell, Sister Allen; you don't mind speakin' out."

Sister Gaylord's face, with its surprised eyebrows and irresolute mouth, assumed an expression of devout thankfulness as the preacher's wife assented smilingly to the whispered appeal, and proceeded, to the admiration of the sisters, to lay before the Circle, in the most approved manner, the fact that the two Misses Brown had no heating stove in their tiny house, and had been obliged to sit by their kitchen fire all the bitter winter; that a good stove was for sale at the hardware store for five dollars, and that just that sum to the credit of the Circle was in the bank; and the President demanded a vote as to whether or no this money should be used for this purchase.

"We all know," continued the cheery President, "that the Misses Brown are worthy souls who have seen better days, and are forced to be somewhat dependent on charity during the winter, when both suffer severely from rheumatism. This kindly plan of providing for their comfort next winter originated not with me, I regret to say, but with Sister Gaylord. The question is now open for discussion."

This last remark sufficed to throw the entire Circle into a cold perspiration, as either sister racked her brains to remember the correct parliamentary language in which to express her opinion.

Silence reigned, broken only by the sound of falling scissors or spools, which, in accordance with the natural perversity of such articles as the last named, invariably rolled under the organ or bed, and were only fished out with much exertion and the broom by flushed and exasperated owners. Several sisters hitched uneasily on their chairs, but no one spoke, until the President taking in the situation, came to the rescue, and announced that the question was before the meeting for informal discussion.

The effect was magical. Each sister dropped her work, opened her mouth and began to talk at one and the same moment, and this is what they said:

"That there stove ain't worth over four— . . . Mindy told me she like to froze last winter— . . . Costs a heap to run two fires— . . . Only two rooms in their house— . . . Seems like one

stove would heat— . . . Took all the Circle's money last winter to buy wood for one . . . Susan Brown is a good, industrious soul, but Mindy is too sot in her way and uppish— . . . Behind with the furren missionary money— . . . Charity begins at home— . . . Mindy don't mean a thing by her queer ways— . . . Bought a percale gown for twelve cents when them as went without themselves and give to her had to wear five-cent caliker— . . . Mighty improvident and wasteful— . . . Good hands in sickness when they's well themselves— . . . A shame for two good souls like them to be cold nights— . . . Wood only a dollar a cord— . . . And with their rheumatism, no wonder they can't work much cold days— . . . Five dollars is a good deal to spend— . . . Hope they'll appreciate their blessings— . . . Always did have my suspicions about Mindy's orthodoxy— . . . Susan allers does what Mindy tells her— . . . Comin' warm weather, and they won't need no heatin' stove till fall— . . . Stove might be gone by then, or the money used up— . . . Mindy's so high falutin' 'bout things as is given her— . . . Hes cake and fresh meat oftener 'an I can— . . . Takes poor folks to be wasteful— . . . Seen better days, and are good souls— . . . Mebby the man would knock off fifty cents, seein' it's fer charity— . . ."

The President, slightly disturbed, rapped smartly for order, and, awestruck and guilty, silence fell upon the Circle as they realized they would have to vote upon the subject and had forgotten what they must do, and certain nervous sisters felt cold and creeping sensations in the regions of their spines, and secretly wondered how on earth congressmen and representatives could go through with such business day in and day out and seem to like it.

"The vote will be by ballot," announced the President, and a hurried scramble for paper, followed by a frantic search for a pencil, unearthed a stub, minus any point whatever, but speedily whittled into the semblance of one with a case knife, and the ballot was at length taken, the "ayes" being nine to the "noes" five.

After the adjournment of the meeting, the fourteen determined women filed in a procession down to the hardware store to assist in the purchase of the stove, and to jew the hardware man down fifty cents, besides throwing in a poker and two lengths of pipe, all of which they triumphantly accomplished.

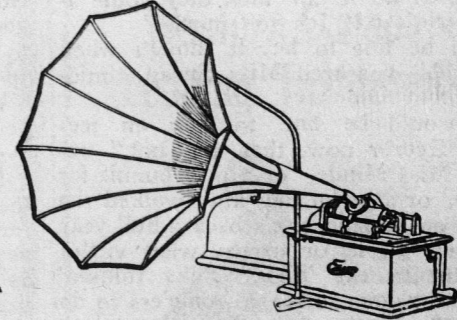
A committee of the ladies, armed with stove legs and pipe wrapped in paper, and accompanied by the resigned hardware man, who abjectly trundled the stove in a wheelbarrow, having been bullied into delivering it and putting it up, marched in imposing array to the tiny house where the Misses Brown lived, and assisted at the final ceremonies.

Singly and collectively, they gave their opinions as to which way the stove should set; singly and collectively, they instructed the man about putting up the pipe; and singly and collectively, they afterwards mentioned, with raised eyebrows and bated breath, the word he whispered when the pipe wouldn't fit and slipped and jammed his fingers.

"It's mighty fine to hev such a heater, ain't it, Mindy?" ventured Miss Susan Brown, eyeing her sister uncertainly, as the two women put their little house in order after the invaders had left.

"I reckon so," snapped Miss Mindy, putting the chairs in their places with a vigorous thump, "but it looks to me that screens to keep these here pesky flies out would be a heap more to the purpose in June than a heater. Not but what it's kind of them, of course, an' mebby we'll get the screens for Christmas. No; I s'pose it ain't Christian-like to talk that-a-way," she continued, in answer to her sister's mild remonstrance; "but it does make me plumb hot to hev Eliza Goodrich an' Sarah Snow come here givin' us stoves in charity, when every one in the hull town knows that we're poor as Job's turkey

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to-day because our pa went on their pa's note, an' hed it to pay, an' give up all he hed to do it, an' then they come a-patronizin' us! It's too much!"

"It'll be fine to hev it though when it's cold," ventured Miss Susan, timidly.

"It would be fine to hev an ice-cream freezer now that it's hot," retorted Miss Mindy, "or a new bunnit fer meetin', or a gown that ain't walked the streets on someun else's back a hull year afore we git it, or to hev what vittles we want to eat 'thout folks thinkin' we's 'stravagant, or to go some'ers to do somethin' lively an' enjoy ourselves onct in a way, an' not to be told we's sinful an' bound for perdition two-forty on the plank road! We ain't neither of us hed no real pleasure in our hull lives, an' you know it, Susan Brown. We've been starved to death all our born days. When we's girls, ef we came to meetin' fixed up pretty like young girls orter be, the preacher couldn't hardly wait fer service to begin so's he could rant an' r'ar 'bout the sinfulness an' vanity of folks that dressed up! Jes' as if any right-minded woman couldn't come a heap nearer bein' an angel if she knowed ner gown fit an' her hat 'as in style! Ef we went to a play-party, we was giddy an' no-count, and Ma cried, and Pa caved, and the town nearly hed fits! I ain't never told you, Susan, but Jim Bowen asked me onct to go to a dance over to his aunt's, an' I come mighty near goin'."

"Mindy Brown!" gasped her sister, who all through this tirade had sat with her mouth open, in helpless astonishment.

"Yes, I did," snapped Mindy; "an', what's more, I'm sorry I didn't, an' I've been sorry ever since, for that's what we quarreled about, an' I ain't never heard tell of him after that night, for he went to Californy next day. I don't believe in no such straight-faced nonsense, and I ain't agoin' to stand it no longer. I can't find no place in the Bible where it says everything folks

want to do is wicked, an' I jes' believe the preachers make it up out o' hull cloth, so's to hev something to r'ar about! What good's it done, I'd like to know?" she demanded, fiercely, a red spot beginning to burn in each cheek. "What good's it done, We's old, an' poor, an' alone, an' we're snubbed for everything we do do. As long as I live I'll never forgive Pa for not takin' us to the circus that come when we's children; you's eleven, an' I's twelve. I never did want to see anything as bad as that, an' he made us learn two hull pages of the Bible by heart jes' fer wantin' to go, an' the preacher he hed connoption fits fer a month or more jes' because ef his members didn't go, he suspicioned they wanted to, anyhow, an' I bet they did, too, an' him worst of all, so now! Don't you look pious at me, Susan Brown, or I'll come over there and slap you. You wanted to go as bad as I did, an' you know it, an' ef we'd hed the sperrit of chickens we'd jes' took our money an' went an' seen it, and let 'em cave afterwards! They couldn't hev made no more fuss than they did, an' we'd a-hed that to remember all our born days; an' ef ever there comes another circus to this here place I'm a-goin' an' so are you, ef we have to sell that there stove to git there, an' ef folks go to cuttin' up, I'll tell 'em I'll settle that with the Lord myself, an' they needn't worry, an' I've an idee, He'll be a heap more reasonable about it than the preacher will, too. I don't believe he took all the trouble to make a world and folks to live in it, an' it full of pretty things, jes' to go an' send 'em to perdition for admirin' 'em an' a-wantin' to be cheerful an' enjoy life. I'm plumb wore out a-trottin' to meetin' to tell the Lord I'm a sinner. Ef He can't remember it by this time, I ain't a-goin' to tell him no more. I'm a-goin' to backslide an' git a little fun out o' life. Stop your cryin', Susan Brown; you're a-goin' to backslide yourself, so you might as well hush."

"What—what you goin' to do, Min-

dy?" queried the terrified and tearful Miss Susan, wiping her eyes on the tail of her gown in lieu of her mis-placed handkerchief.

"I'm goin' to be a lost sheep," declared Miss Mindy, hrmlly, "an' so are you! Folks are always tickled half to death when a real out an' out sinner gits saved, an' the B'ble says there is more rejoicing in heaven over a lost sheep than over a heap o' well-behaved ones, so I'm goin' to be one an' see how it works, an' so are you!"

"What—what will we do?" faltered Miss Susan, helplessly, well-knowing that where Miss Mindy led she must follow.

"Do," snorted Miss Mindy, "do! We're a-goin' to do every blessed thing we's never allowed to do. We's goin' to set up till twelve o'clock to-night, an' lay abed till nine in the mornin', an' then we'll take our dinner an' the coffee pot, an' go over to the creek, an' spend the day, an'—yes—we'll fish!"

"Oh, Mindy," wailed Miss Susan, "to-morrow's Sunday!"

"I reckon I know it. All my life I've jes' ached to go fishin' on Sunday, jes' because it's wicked, an' to-morry we're goin'!"

"I'll be shamed to walk into meetin' at night," sobbed Miss Susan. "Oh, Mindy, what'll ever become of us?"

"You ain't goin' to meetin' to-morry night, nor to prayer-meetin' on Wednesday neither, so quit fussin' about that. Where we're goin' to, the good Lord knows, an' nobody else, so hush up. To be a lost sheep, you've got to cut didoes, an' we're a-goin' to cut 'em," she concluded tersely, beginning to turn over some things in an old trunk.

Presently she laid before the horrified Miss Susan a box of cigarettes, long kept to smoke her plants, and a small square packet.

Going over to the clock shelf, she took down a pint bottle of whiskey, left by a neighbor during Miss Susan's last sickness, and which the temperance principles of the two sisters had forbidden them to use, and from the family purse she took half a dozen pennies, all of which she deposited on the table, together with matches, sugar, glasses, and a cup of hot water.

"We're a-goin' to smoke, an' drink, an' gamble, an' swear," she announced, pulling down the curtains and locking the door.

"But I don't know how," gasped Miss Susan.

"No more do I," said her sister, grimly; "but I reckon we're a-goin' to learn, and she unwrapped the small packet and displayed to Miss Susan's horrified eyes a pack of playing cards. "I took 'em away from Jim onct, an' I've hed 'em ever since," said Miss Mindy, sternly. "Meby ef I hedn't been so straight-faced about such things, I'd been a happy wife, 'stid o' bein' a lonely ole maid," she said, as she mixed two glasses of toddy and put a match and a cigarette before her helpless sister.

It was fully nine o'clock on Sunday morning—the unaccustomed hour set by Miss Mindy for rising—before either of the sisters felt ready for breakfast.

"A good strong cup o' coffee'll make us feel all right," said the younger, clearing the table of the evidences of the previous night's orgy.

An hour later, fortified by the strong coffee, and carrying a small basket of lunch which each was secretly sure she could never eat, the two sisters made their guilty way as fast as their weak and trembling limbs could take them, to the creek, where for several hours, feeling uncommonly like outlaws and desperadoes, they fished.

"It's awful," moaned Miss Susan, gripping her rod with desperation, "two church members a-desecratin' the Sabbath so."

"You jes' wait till the fish gits to bitin', an' I'll bet two cents you'll conclude that's what the Lord made fish fer—to be caught whenever folks hez the time to catch 'em," observed Miss Mindy, with suppressed excitement, as her cork began to bob up and down.

Presently with a shriek, Miss Susan landed a fat perch, and then the fun began, and Miss Mindy, who was not afraid of angle-worms, was kept busy baiting hooks.

Miss Susan's pale face was pink, her faded eyes bright and eager, and she ate her lunch, rod in hand, unable to tear herself away from the fascinating sport, for never had fish in Fair Creek bitten as they did that Sunday afternoon, and the two sinners, regardless of time, fished until sunset.

"It'll be plumb dark before we git home," said Miss Mindy, as she counted the fish.

"I don't care," said Miss Susan, valiantly, "I ain't never hed so much fun since I's a girl. Oh, land, Mindy!" suddenly collapsing. "Folks'll be goin' to church an' see us."

But fortune favored them, and they managed to reach home unseen, though not without several scares, and crept to bed, leaving the tea-things unwashed, a sin second only to robbery in Fairview.

Monday the backsliders had little time for orgies, both of them being busily engaged on a dress for Sister Snow, and, in fact, their only dissipation that week consisted in not going to prayer-meeting, and receiving a call from the preacher to inquire into their absence.

"Did you tell him you was a-settin' on the creek bank a-haulin' in fish hand over fist Sunday?" asked Miss Mindy, who was out when the reverend gentleman called.

"N—no," faltered Miss Susan, guiltily; "I said we wa'n't feeling well; an' that we went to the country."

"You're a-comin' on, Sukey," said Miss Mindy, encouragingly. "Two more toots like that one an' you'll be the wooliest kind of a lost sheep. Did you tell him your health necessitated your spendin' next Sunday in the country, too?"

"I said as meby we might go," admitted Miss Susan, timidly, while Miss Mindy shrieked with laughter.

But Sunday it rained, and the two ladies were, from sheer lonesomeness, forced to trot meekly to church, but somehow Miss Susan found her attention wandering, and Miss Mindy nearly disgraced herself by whispering that folks said fish bit well in the rain.

It was the next day that the advance agent came to the staid little town, and threw it into an agony of excitement by posting amazing bills of smiling ladies in abbreviated skirts, posed on the backs of fiery steeds jumping hurdles, wonderful acrobats, trained dogs, performing elephants and ponies, marvelous wild beasts, and writhing serpents; in fact, all the attractions and distractions of an up-to-date circus, the like of which proper little Fairview had never before seen.

Miss Mindy came home with a grim expression and a handbill that night. The expression she got in an interview with Sister Snow, who owed her three dollars for sewing, and who could not pay her, as she needed the money for new trimmings for a bonnet; the other she picked up on the street, and the grim expression deepened as she read of the delights in store for those who had the requisite shekels to deposit with the doorkeeper.

Presently she sat down with a pencil and paper and began to figure, talking softly to herself as she did so:

"Two 25 cents to get in—that's 50; we don't need no reserved seat. Three side shows at 10 make 60; 50 and 60's \$1.10. Then peanuts, lemonade an' chewin' gum—I'm a goin' to have the hull shootin' match ef I die fer it—that's 30 more—\$1.40, an' say 10 for extrys—\$1.50. Then twenty yards o' 5-cent lawn makes \$1.00—\$2.50—an' them two shapes is 25 cents each—\$3.00. That leaves \$1.00 fer trimmin's. I'll do it."

"Do what, Mindy?" asked Miss Susan, in some trepidation.

"Sell the stove like I said I would, an' go to the circus," announced that lady, getting up briskly and tying on the old Shaker that had done duty for so many years.

"What will the Circle say," gasped Miss Susan; "an' the preacher, an'—an' folks?"

"Jes' what they politely please," snapped Miss Mindy; "an' much good may it do 'em. Go to that circus, I will, an' hev a new gown an' bunnit, too, an' Dave Smith'll give me four dollars for the stove, an' let me buy it back at that ef I can. You look out our patterns

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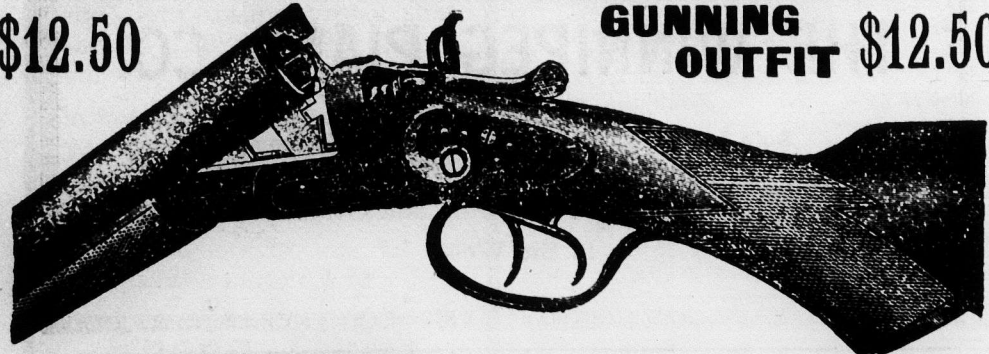
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WINNIPEG, MAN.



whilst I go git the stuff. We'll hev to work like a house anre to git ready by day after to-morry, for I'm goin' to see the hull show."

An hour later, Miss Susan sat in rapt silence while her sister displayed before her admiring eyes two patterns of cheap black-and-white lawn, two simple white straw bonnets, adorned with precise bows of ribbon, which looked as if nailed to position, rested chastely upon the machine.

"I'm a-goin' to curl my hair, Susan Brown, an' so be you," announced Miss Mindy before retiring, and Miss Susan, her simple soul in a flutter of delight over her new finery, made no objection, and for the first time in twenty years the foreheads of the two Misses Brown bristled with curl-papers, forcing them to sleep upon their backs, and giving them bad dreams in consequence.

The morning dawned bright and warm, and, after a lengthy and careful toilet, the two sisters sallied forth to see the procession. Many were the curious and calculating glances cast at their new and giddy raiment, and incredulous stares were bestowed upon the soft waves of brown hair which softened their worn faces, and made them, with the faint color excitement brought to their cheeks, astonishingly young and good to look at.

It was curious to note how all the sisters of the Circle, and even the preacher himself, had found it necessary to purchase groceries and dry-goods on the very street and at the precise time the glittering procession passed, though Sister Snow confided to Sister Gaylord that it would take three weeks of protracted meetings to straighten out the sinners after such a show, and the Reverend Joseph Lumly calculated that the publicans and sinners who ran the circus would carry away with them many times the sum he raised every year with so much difficulty for the heathen.

The smallest, raggedest and worst little boy in town did not eat less dinner, or climb more expectantly to a hard seat any earlier than Miss Mindy and Miss Susan, who, with their curiosity sated a trifle by the side shows, and their laps full of bags of peanuts and popcorn, blissfully chewed gum and looked with all their eager eyes in a perfect flutter of enjoyment.

Why try to tell of the delights, the glories of that day? Of the gauzy ladies who—truth to tell—somewhat scandalized Miss Susan by the briefness of their skirts, and Miss Mindy by the absence of sleeves and tucker, but who smilingly jumped long-tailed horses over hurdles, or made them waltz to a fascinating air, played by a wonderful band, glittering in red and gold.

Of adorable little fat ponies who trotted briskly in to do all sorts of astonishing things no staid Fairview horse ever dreamed of doing, and who shook their silver bells, fluttered their blue ribbons and flirited their wavy tails in a manner decidedly cithed and distracting. Of grotesque elephants who ponderously lumbered through many clever and amusing tricks, or of the smart little dogs who seemed to know how to do everything but talk.

How they laughed till they cried at the clown! How shocked they were when he fell from his horse and lay motionless on the ground, and how astonished and relieved they were when he jumped up and snapped his fingers and showed he was only fooling! In short, how the two poor souls crowded into one brief afternoon more real pleasure, than they had known in twenty years; so oblivious of all surroundings that they paid no attention to a sunburned, middle-aged man who sat near, and who never took his eyes from Miss Mindy's flushed, delighted face.

It was not till the sisters, still in a blissful dream, turned in at their own gate that they realized that the man was close behind them, and Miss Mindy was about to latch the gate when he said, very softly, "Minnie, don't you know me?"

With a cry Miss Mindy turned and ran to him and caught his outstretched hands, to the horror of Sister Snow, who was passing by.

In all Miss Mindy's life no one but Jim Bowen had ever called her Minnie,

and no one but Jim Bowen had ever touchd her faithful heart, though several worthy brothers in the church had tried.

Therefore, Miss Mindy, drawing him into the house and closing the door in Sister Snow's face, allowed the sunburned gentleman to take her in his arms and kiss her repeatedly, right before the petrified Miss Susan. It is a matter of history, too, that Miss Mindy returned every kiss with interest.

"You see, Minnie, I saw you and Sue when you came into the tent," said the sunburned gentleman when they sat down to supper, "and I knowed you at onct, spite of the fifteen years since we quit. I'm a-travelin' with the show just now, in charge of the trick horses on the road, but I've bought me a ranch in Arizony, and'll have it paid for next month. What do you say to goin' back with me then, Minnie, as Mrs. Bowen, an' raisin, real woolly sheep instead of bein' a lost one?" asked the gentleman, with a wink at Miss Susan, who had just confided to him the story of their backsliding.

"Of course, Sue goes, too," he added, hastily, seeing a look of blank dismay overspread that lady's face. "There's a widower with three kids lives on the place next to mine, purty little things with yaller curls, an' no one to wash their faces, an' Sue can marry him, an' fix 'em up."

So he arranged it, to Miss Susan's great confusion, that when the circus train pulled out that night, the sunburned gentleman had Miss Mindy's promise to wed him that day month, and visions of the three neglected infants, with yellow curls, floated through Miss Susan's dreams all night.

At the next meeting of the Circle the President was absent, and it was well, for if the assembled sisters had been obliged to voice all their sentiments and tell all their news according to parliamentary rules, they simply would have burst.

"She called me in, as large as life, an' handed me five dollars an' said she was much obliged, but she wouldn't need the stove this winter, as she was goin' to be married an' move to Arizony, an' Susan with her. It does beat all how uppish some folks are when they gits on their feet. 'Twa'n't two weeks ago she was glad to git that stove, an' now she's thrown it away runnin' after a man who hasn't been near her for fifteen year."

"The preacher told me," supplemented another sister, "that when he called to remonstrate with Mindy for goin' to that circus she jes' laughed in his face, an' actually told him she'd thanked the Lord on her knees every night since that she hed went. Looks like if she wanted a man that bad she'd a-took Deacon Smith and straightened out them seven young'uns of his when he asked her."

"Well, I hope she'll be happy," ventured Sister Gaylord, timidly.

"You'd better," observed Sister Goodrich, acidly, "for you was the one that set us on to buyin' that heater for her, an' ef she hedn't hed it to sell she couldn't a-went to that circus. No one'd 'a' bought any o' her ole furniture, so I think it'd be more becomin' ef you led us in prayer beseechin' pardon fer causin' a sister to offend," stid o' talkin' 'bout her bein' happy."

But Sister Gaylord, completely crushed by this rebuke, retired to her kitchen in tears, and the meeting broke up.

Kneeling beside her bed that night, Miss Mindy lifted up her grateful heart in thanks:

"Oh, Lord," she whispered into the quilt, "that backslidin' done me more good than anything in my hull life, an' I thank Thee for understandin' an' not bearin' ill will towards me. I allers thought it was the preachers 'stid o' You that objected to folks enjoyin' theirselves, an' now I know it. You mustn't blame Susan a bit, fer she only did what I made her, an' I don't hanker after no more whiskey an' tobaccer, an' neither does she. Take care of all the folks that was good to us when we was poor an' alone, an' fergive us our trespasses as we fergive those that trespass agin us, an' thank You for Jim, dear Lord. Amen."

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## The Young Man and His Problem

### ASSERT YOURSELF.

There comes a time in the history of every man when he must assert himself. Your friends and your neighbors will not always be true to your own best interests. You have a personality to be projected and an individuality to be protected. You must be true to yourself. The questions of destiny must be settled in the star chamber of your own soul. That's a splendid moment when a man pivots everything on a splendid inspiration. You remember that there came an hour in the life of Carlyle when a voice said, "Arise and settle thy destiny." Here is a bit from the biography of the ex-slave Frederick Douglass: "He knew that those slaves who could be whipped easiest were whipped oftenest; and he felt that he had listened too blindly to sermons in which non-resistance was enjoined as the peculiar virtue of the colored race. 'My hands,' he says, 'were no longer tied by my religion.'"

### THE TEST OF RELIGION.

The test of a man's religion is not to be found in a man's creed. His church may be orthodox, his hymn book beautiful, his preacher eloquent, his bible gilt edged, his catechism comprehensive, and his Sunday observances perfect, and yet his religion may be lacking in the one thing which would recommend it to the world—namely, Consistency. Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Chicago, in a sermon recently said: "A fish dealer on the coast said to a friend of mine, who approached him about being a Christian, 'Impossible, sir, and this order proves it. This customer pays for second class mackerel, and I ship them at his request under a first-class label.'" A man's religion is subject to three tests: First, The home test—how does he behave at home? Second, The social test—how does he treat those who are beneath him socially? Third, The business test—is there any relationship between his business and his religion?

### WEALTH WITHOUT WINGS.

Thoreau said concerning the capitalists of his day: "They cannot cut down the clouds." He had discovered something beyond even the reach of commercial selfishness. "They cannot cut down the clouds." It is well to have some treasures too high for human hands. Something which no storm can touch, no cyclone move and no stain can mar. The treasures of memory belong to this class. "My mind a kingdom is." Great thoughts, high ideals, tender memories, and rich love belong to the imperishable. Every investment of influence for good belongs to the everlasting. A bankrupt merchant in New England said to me: "I have lost everything except—except the \$10,000 I gave the Y. M. C. A.—that's all I have left." He had something which he could not lose—wealth without wings!

### SOLITUDE VS. SOCIETY.

Carlyle, I think it was, said that if he had his choice between perpetual solitude and perpetual society he would prefer the former. I am not sure that his choice is the wise one, but I believe that a man's value to society is dependent upon the use which he makes of his hours of solitude and his place of retirement. I pity the man who is afraid to be alone. I pity the man who does not enjoy his own society. I pity the man who does not crave to be left alone occasionally with angels and spirits. "Draw the curtains and leave me alone," said old John Cotton on his death bed. "Draw the curtains and leave me alone, for I would speak for a while to the King." He knew the blessings of solitude.

### COURAGE MOST NEEDED.

The courage most needed in the day-by-day battle of life is not physical, but moral. Moral courage is concentrated self-mastery. It is optimism of the soul manifest in action. It is the kingly consciousness of the individual that there is a something that makes him greater than all the forces that can be ranged in battle array against him. Courage inspires coolness, confidence and calmness in meeting the problems of each new day with the full realization that it is our part to do each day the best we can by the light we have and to accept bravely whatever be the results. Even the angels can do no more than

their best, and the serene restfulness and peace that comes from knowing we have lived up to the highest self is a wondrous source of strength.

### COURAGE AND LOYALTY.

Man is the only animal that can put up a moral fight, the only one that can consciously, with blood tingling with the glow of purpose, seek to overcome an environment and to attain an ideal. We should esteem it not a duty but a privilege; we should not see it as an unjust pressure put upon us, but as a glorious opportunity to assert our power, to prove the moral mettle of our character. There are times in all lives when hope grows dark and effort seems useless, when nothing that we do seems to count, the forced retreats baffle and dishearten us, we have tried so hard and results seem so meager, and our weary hearts and our weakened hands long for rest and for freedom from the struggle. But we must not give up. This is the hour for new courage, for new drafts on our reserve, for new realization that truth must conquer, right must triumph and justice must prevail. Any coward can fight when inspired by the bugles of victory, when the thrill of purpose almost accomplished nerves him to a last great effort, when the shouts and cheers of comrades brighten his eye and strengthen his aim, but it takes a real man to fight on alone, unnoted, uncheered, with no inspiration but the voice of his soul ringing through the darkness. There is always more gain than we know, more progress than is evident, for every effort produces results, whether we see it or not. Another hour of courage, another day of loyalty, may bring victory greater than our rosiest dream dared to foreshadow.

### A SONG AT WORK.

Work is what it is made. The intelligent workman who throws his whole soul into what he is doing converts the drudgery of work into a pleasure. He enjoys his task and the contagion of his joyousness spreads to others and enlightens their burdens. He it is who is always doing good in the world. "Give us, oh, give us, the man who sings at his work," exclaimed Carlyle. "Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any two of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a spirit of sunshine, graceful from gladness—beautiful because bright."

### TO GIVE IS GODLIKE.

Happiness eludes every searcher for it, but comes quickly and abundantly to the one who seeks to bestow it upon someone else. The searcher for happiness may not get wealth, and power, and fame, but none of these advantages will avail anything in getting happiness. Even from friends it cannot be gotten, for happiness comes from what is given out rather than from that which is gathered in. Loving, unselfish service, the persistent enthusiastic effort day by day to bring sweetness, light, comfort and goodness into the lives of others will surely bring happiness into the life of any man. No sorrow of heart, no doubt of the future, no restlessness or aimlessness of the present, no loneliness or bitterness of soul, but will yield and be resolved into joy and peace and purpose as soon as the days are filled with the labors of love—as soon as the eagerness to get happiness is replaced by an eagerness to give it.

### A DIFFERENCE OF DEGREE.

The great men of the world do not differ in the least from the lowest and most degraded except in degrees. A power that in one is manifest at what we may call a thousand degrees is in the other at, say, twenty, and that twenty may have a potentiality of development exceeding even the thousand. All men have within them precisely the same elements for good and for evil; the differences are simply in degrees of development. This reveals a greater justice in nature than we usually concede her. The four-leaved clover is comparatively rare in the fields, and its three-leaved poor relation may

feel it has been unjustly treated, but under the revealing eye of the microscope every three-leaved clover is seen to have the germ of the fourth leaf. The four-leaved clover is simply one that has fulfilled its possibility, one in which nature has succeeded in carrying out her plans—that is all.

### DO YOUR BEST.

No one in life occupies a position so humble that he could not make the lives of those around him marvellously changed, brightened and inspired if he would merely live up to his possibilities in the way of kindness, thoughtfulness, cheer, good-will, influence and optimism. It is better to be a live coal, radiating light and heat for a day, than to be an icicle for a century; better to be an oasis of freshness and inspiration, if the oasis be even no larger than a table-cloth, than a desert of dreariness larger than the Sahara. We can all be intensive, even if we cannot be extensive; deep, if we cannot be wide; concentrated, if we cannot be diffused. The smallest pool of water can mirror the sun; it does not require an ocean. Let us live up to our possibilities for a single day and we will not have to die to get to Heaven; we will be making Heaven for ourselves and for others right here on this little spinning globe we call the earth.

### TROUBLES GROW BY NURSING.

Self-indulgence in pain is scarcely less dangerous than self-indulgence in pleasure; both destroy one's usefulness. Self-examination, that fetish of so many of the old philosophers becomes, very often, self-torture, without profit. "I study myself more than any other subject," declared Montaigne—a most unsafe example for many of us today to follow. Honest self-examination to a reasonable extent, in order that we may put ourselves into a right attitude toward God and our fellow men, is a duty, but, as Ritchie said, "There is such a thing as looking into self until despair fills the heart." Introspection as a habit results in hopeless melancholy and doubt. It causes many persons to sympathize too much with themselves. They make the most of their sorrows, and seem to find a certain gratification in giving way to them. Some one has said that troubles, like babies, grow larger by nursing. The only cure for sorrow is service for others.

### A MAN'S POSSIBILITIES.

Man is not put into this world as a music-box mechanically set with a certain number of tunes, but as a violin with infinite possibilities. This music no one can bring forth but the individual himself. He is placed into life not a finality, but a beginning; not a manufactured article, but raw material; not a statue, but an unhewn stone ready alike for the firm chisel of defined purpose or the subtle attribution of uncontrolled circumstances and conditions. It is only what a man makes of himself that really counts. He must disinfect his mind from that weakening thought that he has an absolutely predetermined capacity, like a freight car with its weight and tonnage painted on the side. He is growing, expansive, unlimited, self-adjusting to increased responsibility, progressively able for large duties and higher possibilities as he realizes them and lives up to them. The individual has no real limitations except those that are self-imposed.

### CONSCIENCE AS A GUIDE.

Your conscience will be true to you if you are true to your conscience. Your conscience is your compass. It will guide you right if it is not toyed with or improperly influenced. Read the following concerning Garibaldi and the ship's compass and then ask yourself the question if it is not possible for Conscience, the Compass of the Soul, to be so far deflected from the truth as to lead you astray.

"Throwing the bag over his back, and restoring his pistol to its place, Garibaldi calmly returned to the ship and at eleven o'clock they raised anchor and entered the Rio de la Plata. But when the morning came the amazing spectacle of breakers all around met their bewildered eyes: breakers larboard and starboard, ahead and astern, and the deck covered. Springing upon the mainyard, Garibaldi soon perceived the direction in which they ought to go; and although the danger was so great as to paralyze the men, and though part of their sail was taken away by the wind, the ship yielded quietly to the helm, and in an hour was out of danger. He was much puzzled to know by what stupidity they had come upon the rocks so clearly mapped and so well known, when by the compass they should have been miles wide of them. The cause was soon ascertained. Apprehensive, when he left the ship to deal with his debtor, that there might be trouble requiring a sanguinary solution, he had ordered the guns to be brought on deck, to defend them if attacked. The guns were placed in a cabin close to the compass, and the mass of metal had attracted the needle from its bearing."

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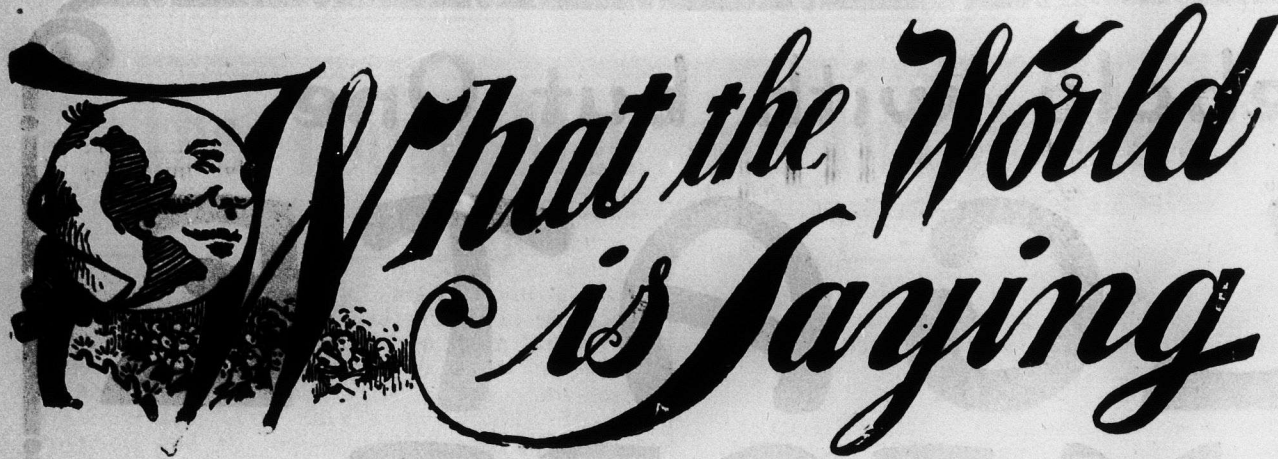
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# What the World is Saying

## Time Flies.

Well, the summer is beginning to get away from us all, worse luck.—Hamilton Spectator.

## Distress in Ottawa.

No civil service salary increase this season. Ain't it awful, Mabel?—Ottawa Free Press.

## Millions Going Up in Smoke.

Notwithstanding warning, and doubtless precautions, the destruction of timber by fire seems to be yearly increasing in proportions.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## Zeal Outrunning Discretion.

Zeal is not of much value without common sense. The editor has a clock which at three yesterday afternoon struck sixty-four.—Greenwood (B. C.) Ledger.

## The Way of the West.

Selkirk, Manitoba, that used to be a little fishing and lumber village a few years ago, is about to build a \$12,000 public library.—Brantford Expositor.

## Making the East Sit Up.

People here in the East are apt to think they set the pace in regard to Canadian Clubs, but Camrose, Alberta, is the first place in Canada where the Canadian Club owns its building.—Hamilton Herald.

## Coast Province No Longer Haughty.

British Columbia used to be haughtily indifferent to all that went on east of the Rocky Mountains, but the way she is making love to her "big sister Alberta" shows what a different status we have in the family today.—Calgary Herald.

## Fortune Favors the Plump.

Fat men get all the good things in life. They are conducted to the best tables at restaurants; they get the corner seats in the theatre, and always seem to have enough money to get along without worrying. Of a truth it is better to be born fat than born lucky.—Calgary News.

## A Shock of Fortune.

William McManus, of St. John, dropped dead on being told that he was heir to \$40,000. We will undertake to find several people in Victoria who will take their chances of surviving such information.—Victoria Times.

## The St. Lawrence Coming Into Its Own.

It begins to look as if the St. Lawrence were coming into its own as the true route to the sea from northern New York and the west when we find the Mayor of Buffalo travelling to Europe via Montreal and Quebec.—Montreal Herald.

## N. B. is Not N. G.

An immigrant farmer from England states that eastern Canada is seldom heard of in the Old Country. This is a matter to which the New Brunswick Government must pay some attention. It has been too long neglected, and the Province needs farmers and farm help.—St. John (N. B.) Times.

## A Welcome Change.

The Premier's announcement that Thanksgiving Day will be fixed for a Monday, instead of Thursday, as has been the custom from time immemorial, will be welcome news to the thousands of Canadians who will thus be enabled to make the thanksgiving a home festival.—Montreal Witness.

## Toronto Getting On in Years.

Next year Toronto will celebrate the 75th anniversary of its incorporation. The people of that great and thriving city have every reason to be proud of its progress, and Canadians of all classes will be glad of an opportunity to cooperate with them in a demonstration which will be worthy of the occasion.—Victoria Colonist.

## Western Progress.

Edmonton will have not only a street railway system inside the city limits this autumn, but there will be a line to Strathcona, across the river, and another line in that city also. Whole communities are springing up into being out here in the West so rapidly that a few months' absence makes a person a complete old-timer, and back number.—Edmonton Bulletin.

## A Use for the English Sparrow.

A use has been found for the English sparrow at last. Over in New York State it is found that the noisy little fellows are doing splendid work for the shade trees by waging war on the white-winged Linden moth. A reader of The Sentinel-Review is responsible for the statement that the English sparrow may also cultivate a taste for potato bugs.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

## Prosperity Ahead.

It would seem that Canada is entering a period of prosperity hitherto unknown in this garden of the British Empire. With such glowing reports, agricultural and industrial, from every part of the Dominion one cannot but feel that the business of the country, now that the depression of the money market is largely over, will be conducted on a basis more substantial than ever before.—Brandon Sun.

## Wireless Telephony.

So many wonderful things are being done these days that one's capacity for feeling surprise is well-nigh exhausted. Still, the announcement that telephone messages have been sent a distance of 310 miles in France, without the aid of wires, is the record of an accomplishment which stands out prominently even in these days of marvelous advances along all industrial and scientific lines.—London Telegraph.

## Note to Eastern Manufacturers.

Thirty thousand acres of the irrigated lands near Calgary have already been taken up, and in five years there will be a population of ten thousand on these lands, to be increased indefinitely in the next decade. It is a most stable kind of farming, and by securing big results from small farms conduces to compactness of settlement and all the results that flow therefrom. It will be worth somebody's while to study the special needs of these irrigating farmers.—Montreal Gazette.

## A Crimean Veteran's Death.

It is very unpleasant to read of a Crimean veteran dying in a common jail at Port Arthur, Ont. There ought to be some machinery for keeping track of these Imperial heroes. We are quite sure that there are millions of people throughout the Empire who have no disposition to see a single hero go in want, and that, moreover, they are prepared to do down into their pockets to prove it. It is a pity that these and those of the class we have mentioned who are in need cannot by some process be brought in touch with each other.—Montreal Witness.

## A Lesson That Must Be Enforced.

The arrest of two American millionaires on a charge of injuring a Canadian farmer with their automobile is an unpleasant occurrence for the millionaires, but not so bad as the runaway was for the farmer. Generally these runaways might be avoided if the chauffeurs would put them-

selves to a little trouble and incur a little delay. They must be made to understand that in Canada the farmers who make the roads insist on being permitted to travel peaceably on them.—Toronto Globe.

## The Importance of Forest Preservation.

Irrigation has become a live topic in British Columbia as well as in Alberta. If water is to continue to be available for irrigation purposes, the Government must preserve the forests which are the great regulators of rainfall and the flow of streams. If the forests are allowed to disappear there will be more arid land requiring irrigation, and less water to irrigate with. In this respect Canada could learn much by reviewing the history of large tracts of Europe and Asia, formerly fertile, but now desolate.—Vancouver News-Advertiser.

## Just Auto Legislation.

In Austria the proper principle has been made the foundation of legislation dealing with automobile traffic on public highways. In brief, what this legislation provides is that autos may run upon the common roads, but automobile owners shall be responsible for all consequences following upon such running. If a machine causes direct injury to person or property compensation for the injury can be obtained by application to the courts. If a horse is frightened the loss which the horse may cause in running away is recoverable, not from the owner of the animal, but from the operator of the automobile on whom the primary responsibility rests. All injuries direct or indirect are charged up against the original cause and there is no limit to the total which may be collectible. The principle applied in Austria is absolutely sound and its full application in this country would result in a great deal more care being taken by auto drivers than is taken now.—Bowmanville Statesman.

## New Names on the Map of the West.

The Grand Trunk Pacific put its townsites between Winnipeg and Edmonton on the market July 1st. Lots have been sold in seventy of these since then and hundreds of lots at that. For instance, 123 lots were sold in Rivers, 340 at Melville, 236 at Watrous, and 318 at Wainwright, and there were large sales at Tofield, Nokomis, Scott, Kinley, Keeliker, Semons, Waldron, Pinnichy, Meighen, Ryley, Holden and several score more places. The people believe in the future of these new towns and while the names look a little odd now, they will become as familiar as Brandon and Yorkton in a little while. If you are going to keep up with Western geography you cannot begin too early to learn the new names.—Toronto News.

## Canadians Have Stamina.

While the collapse of Longboat in the Marathon race was a surprise, Canadians have reason to be proud of the fact that of the first seven men who finished of fifty-seven starters among the best runners in the world, three were from this country. This was an excellent indication of the stamina of young Canada, and together with the capture of second place by a South African serves to console somewhat for the failure of the mother country to show runners on her own soil who could maintain the reputation of British athletes for staying power. Indeed, since both Hayes, the "American," who won the Marathon at the Olympic games, and Heffron, the South African representative, who ran second, are Canadians by birth or former residence, Canada may claim five out of the first seven finishers. The Marathon calls for stamina more than anything else, and stamina is a conspicuous attribute of Canadian athletes.—Ottawa Journal.

## Missionary Offerings.

What a picture that is of the thousands of men and women at Old Orchard, the other day, wildly tumbling over each other to give their offerings "to the Lord" at the missionary meeting of the Christian Alliance! Things have advanced since Savorarola's day, when the Florentines flung into the fire their gewgaws as a sacrifice of the world! The Americans were indeed excited enough, but the women who stripped themselves of earrings and finger rings, bracelets and bangles, and even dropped lorgnettes and jeweled combs into the collection baskets, were practical. All these things could be sold and used—not wasted in ashes. Men, too, put in their scarf-pins and bosom studs, cuff buttons and so forth—sometimes even watches—not to mention actual money and pledges. There were almost six bushels of valuables, it is reported. What an astonishing affair! Sixty thousand dollars worth in all, reported Rev. Dr. A. D. Simpson. And yet there are those who say that interest in missions, and even in the Christian religion, is dying out! Not, it seems, under conditions. Human nature is as excitable as ever, when it's hit right.—New York Tribune.



# THE PHILOSOPHER

There is a note, it might almost be said, of pathos in what the New York Times has to say of the inflow of farmers into Western Canada from across the international boundary, and of the large number of these settlers who have become naturalized Canadian citizens.

## NEW CITIZENS FROM OVER THE LINE.

No less than 7,000 Americans were naturalized in this country last year, and the total number naturalized during the last half dozen years is over 40,000. Says the New York Times: "It is easier to understand this American emigration than to reconcile ourselves to it, and the hardest thing of all is to believe that whatever the reason the feeling of American citizenship is weakening." It would hardly have been thought possible, it says, that 40,000 Americans should become naturalized Canadians. In reply to the New York Times it is only necessary to point out the obvious fact that since the settler in Canada from the United States need not be naturalized unless he himself sees fit, his own action in becoming a naturalized Canadian is convincing evidence of his conviction that Canada is a good country to live in, and that there is no reason why he should not enter into the fullness of the rights of Canadian citizenship. He finds in Canada a plan of government which does not violate any of his democratic principles; on the contrary, it is more direct than that of the United States in its submission of the executive authority to the will of the people. He also finds that the law of the land is effectively enforced, that justice is secured to every man, that life and property are protected, and that punishment follows surely upon violation of the law.

What shall a man give for his life? The past month has seen several immensely wealthy people sell their lives for furious speed in their automobiles. The summer's long record of dreadful fatalities ought to teach automobilists everywhere that safety and not speed is the thing to be desired.

## THE MANIA FOR SPEED.

It is the old problem of using and not abusing the good things of life, the lesson that we are all slow to learn, and the favorites of fortune perhaps the slowest of all. There are people who tour at will, always at a moderate speed, and with consideration for the safety of others. They derive pleasure from their moderate and sensible use of their automobiles; the pity is there are not more of them. They are the philosophers of the automobile fraternity. No burdens rest on their consciences. Speed-madness brings death either to the speed-mad or to the innocent victims of their mania. The appeal to reason which governs ordinary conduct leaves that mania untouched. The difficulty of enforcing speed laws on lonely highways and in the night time is a most serious one. If the fatalities in the United States and across the Atlantic which have been so frequently reported in the newspapers of late—nor has Canada been exempt from them—should shock some of the more callous everywhere into the exercise of self-restraint, the deaths will not have been in vain.

The cornerstone of civilization must be respect for law. Free government is only possible where people have confidence in the lawful methods of punishing crime, and where they are restrained from interfering with the processes of their courts, both by confidence in their justice and by fear of their punishments when the courts are defied or the laws are broken.

## THE BEAST IN MAN.

During the past month there have been lynchings and other outbreaks of violent lawlessness in the neighboring country. The worst and most prolonged was at Springfield, the home of Abraham Lincoln and where his tomb is. Nothing can account for such scenes as those at Springfield, where mob fury had to be restrained by fear of the bullets and bayonets of the soldiers, except the beast in man, the blood-lust that is the remnant of savagery. The better class of the population there, as elsewhere, had no part in the outburst of murderous passion. Such outbursts come from the baser element, who promote and prolong them as an

excuse for pillage and an outlet for their latent savagery. The emergency brought forth, as such emergencies always do, fine proof of the high qualities of humanity, as witness the heroic conduct of the sheriff and the rapid and effective display of military force by the citizen soldiery. Thank heaven, we can truthfully say that Canada has never had a lynching, nor any outbreak of the spirit of loot, rapine and murder. But our satisfaction must be tempered by the thought of the hoodlumism of some of the men travelling westward to work as harvest hands. Ordinarily decent at home, these few men disgraced themselves by their outrageous rowdiness on their way to the West. Effective steps should be taken to prevent the recurrence of such outrages in the future.

The month that is past has had more than its share of happenings in the world which are likely to be of historic importance and which furnish food for thought to every mind which is interested in the developments of the world's progress.

## HUMANITY MOVES ONWARD.

From Russia, Turkey and Persia has come notable news of the progress towards self-government of peoples that have for centuries submitted with hardly a murmur to the rule of the autocrat and the despot. The peoples in those lands are thinking new thoughts. China is taking the first faltering steps in the direction of constitutional government. On all the continents humanity is moving forward.

In Turkey the past month has seen, as part of the introduction of the new regime, the disappearance of the veil which for ages has hidden the faces of the Turkish women. The veil came into Turkey with the Mohammedan religion, its use being commanded by the Koran.

## WOMEN IN TURKEY.

While the women of Europe and America have had increasing recognition of their rights, the women of the East, in Turkey, Arabia, India and China have for centuries lived the bare, helpless, monotonous lives of slaves, or playthings; if of the lower classes, slaves driven to labor; if of the upper, none the less slaves, used as playthings and thrown aside for others more pleasing. The men of Turkey have just been granted the suffrage. How long will it be before the women are demanding it, too?

An item in the day's news a couple of weeks ago was the death in the vicinity of Winnipeg of a son of Louis Riel, the man who twice headed the forces of rebellion against Canadian authority in the West. The first Riel rebellion, in 1870, might have prevented the area that is now Western Canada forming part of the Dominion; the second might, at the worst, have stirred up Indian and half-breed trouble that would have retarded the progress of the West. Both seem as remote from the actualities of today as the warfare between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Fur Company a hundred years ago.

## A REMINDER OF THE PAST.

1870, might have prevented the area that is now Western Canada forming part of the Dominion; the second might, at the worst, have stirred up Indian and half-breed trouble that would have retarded the progress of the West. Both seem as remote from the actualities of today as the warfare between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Fur Company a hundred years ago.

In many ways the most wonderful event of the month—it might even be within the mark to term it the greatest onward step of the age—was the successful flight of Count Zeppelin's airship from the Lake of Constance to Mayence and half-way back.

## AN EMPIRE'S AERIAL HOPES.

That is to say, as far as from Winnipeg to Regina and half-way back. The Count brought it to land, and leaving it insecurely anchored, went off to have luncheon and get some extra gas cylinders, and a sudden storm blowing up, it was wrecked. It could carry sixteen people, and, when in the air, was under complete control, ascending or descending, and going this way or that, as the man at the wheel desired. The extraordinary interest taken by all Germany in Count Zeppelin's work in aerial navigation is a military interest. Britannia rules the waves; Germania wants to rule the air. This feverish desire to make the most of whatever military advantage there may be in the perfection of aerial trans-

portation is nothing short of tragic. The stories of how Germans in all parts of the Kaiser's Empire burst into tears when they heard of the destruction of the Zeppelin airship are more than melancholy, they are sinister in their significance. They seem to reveal the state of mind that regards the frantic pursuit of new and novel engines of war, to drop down dynamite like rain upon armies and fortresses and cities and ships, as the highest function of a nation. The hope of humanity, on the other hand, must be that the cruise of the ill-fated Zeppelin airship marks a long stride forward in scientific and industrial progress in the history of the race, and that the development of aerial navigation will create conditions tending to make war more than ever a folly and a crime.

Following the widespread disastrous fire in the Crow's Nest region came news of a conflagration in the forests of Vancouver Island, in which millions of dollars' worth more standing timber went up in smoke.

## DESTRUCTION OF FOREST WEALTH.

If this sort of thing continues the lumber dealers will not have to resort to fiction when explaining why the price of lumber soars. It is announced that patrols are to be instituted to secure the preservation of the nation's forest wealth from destruction by fire. This should have been done earlier. The value of the timber destroyed in two or three forest fires would more than provide for the adequate protection of all Canada's forests for many years.

A great deal has been printed about an alleged new variety of wheat said to have been found five years ago in Alaska by Abraham Adams, an Idaho rancher, who was gold-hunting. The story is that he found a small patch of wheat in Alaska, originating

## FABULOUS WHEAT FROM ALASKA.

perhaps from seed dropped by a prospector, a native, or even a passing bird—at any rate it had survived, and drawn strength to live from that climate." He took home one head, according to the story, and from it gathered a crop of seven pounds of grain on his Idaho ranch; and planting the seven seeds, the second yield was 1,545 pounds—220 bushels to the acre. So goes the story; the wheat being said to be suitable for growing in any part of the continent, to withstand heavy winds and even hailstorms, to grade up to No. 1 hard, and to produce superior flour. Officials of the Department of Agriculture at Washington have sent out a bulletin which says:

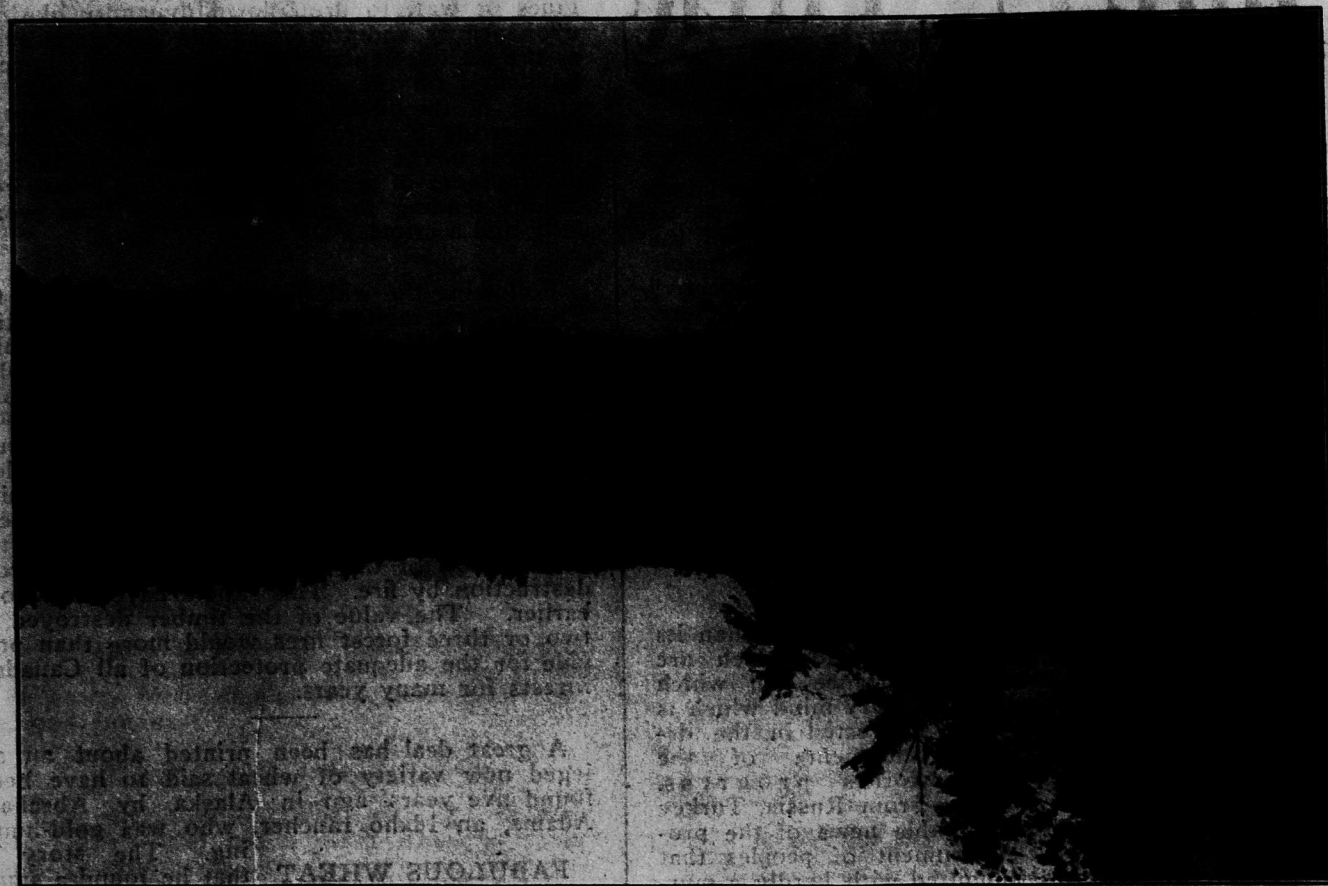
We know nothing about this wheat, except that we have seen a sample and have identified it in response to a request from a person in Idaho. This kind of wheat has often been grown in the mountain region, and is commonly known as "Missile" or "seven-headed" wheat. It has a composite head. Therefore we have not known of any instance in which the wheat yielded sufficiently more than others to be particularly valuable for that reason. On the other hand, it has usually given evidence of not being a good milling wheat, but I know nothing about the yield of this particular strain, and it may be something better than the ordinary.

In addition to this, Mr. B. T. Galloway, chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, has published a warning against "too ready acceptance of the reports regarding the enormous yield of Alaska wheat obtained by Mr. Adams, of Idaho, at least until after the Department has investigated this matter." This investigation is now being made. Meanwhile, relatives of Mr. Adams, of Idaho, who live in Minneapolis, announce that they have made a thorough investigation, and declare that Mr. Adams' story is all right and the officials at Washington are all wrong. We can all afford to wait and see.

Of those who were summoned in August from the life of this world, surely no one could look back upon a worthier life's work than Ira D. Sankey. It is more than thirty years since his famous partnership with Moody began, and such songs of his as "There Were Ninety and Nine" and "When the Mists Have Rolled Away" took the world by storm. Their hold is not in the least diminished. In point of homely sincerity, simplicity and kindly sympathy for erring humanity, the Sankey's hymns stand unrivalled. Musical dilettanti sneer at his tunes; superior people sneer at anything which easily stirs the emotions of the mass of humanity. But in the face of the living force of Sankey's hymns, it is absurd for superior people to deny them artistic merit. In the musical expression of evangelical fervor, Sankey stands alone; his hymns are a continuing force. In his last years the hand of physical affliction was laid heavily upon him, but he bore his blindness and shattered nerves with cheerful resignation, and in his darkened hours he was able to look back upon a life of more than usual account and a talent put to its noblest use.

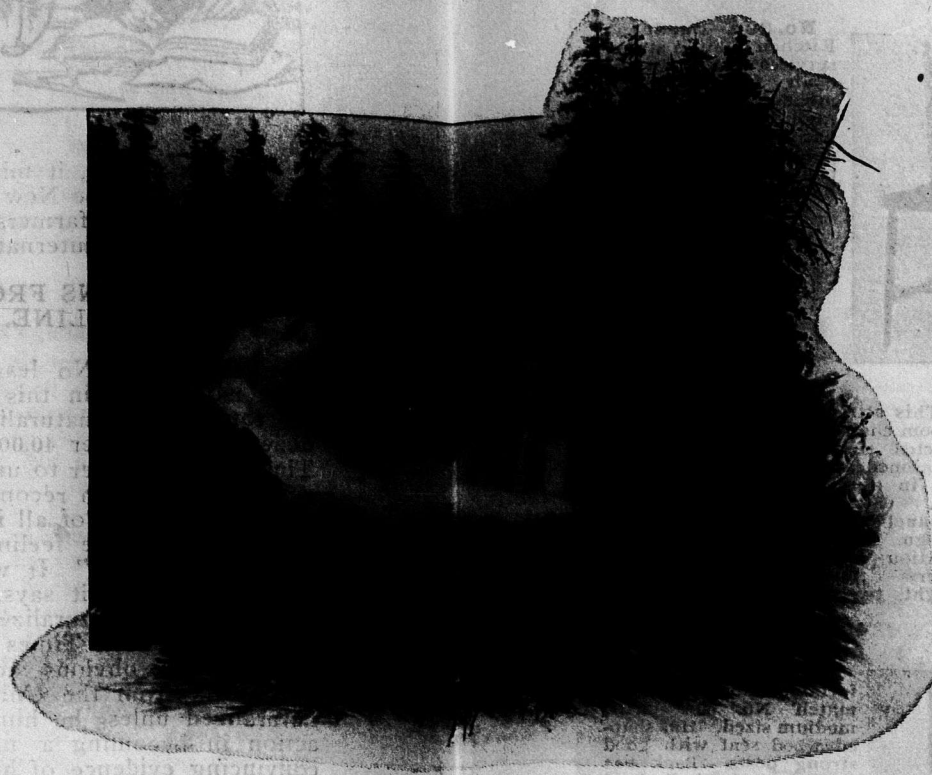
## A TALENT PUT TO NOBLE USE.

# THE BUSY MAN'S PLAYGROUND IN WESTERN CANADA



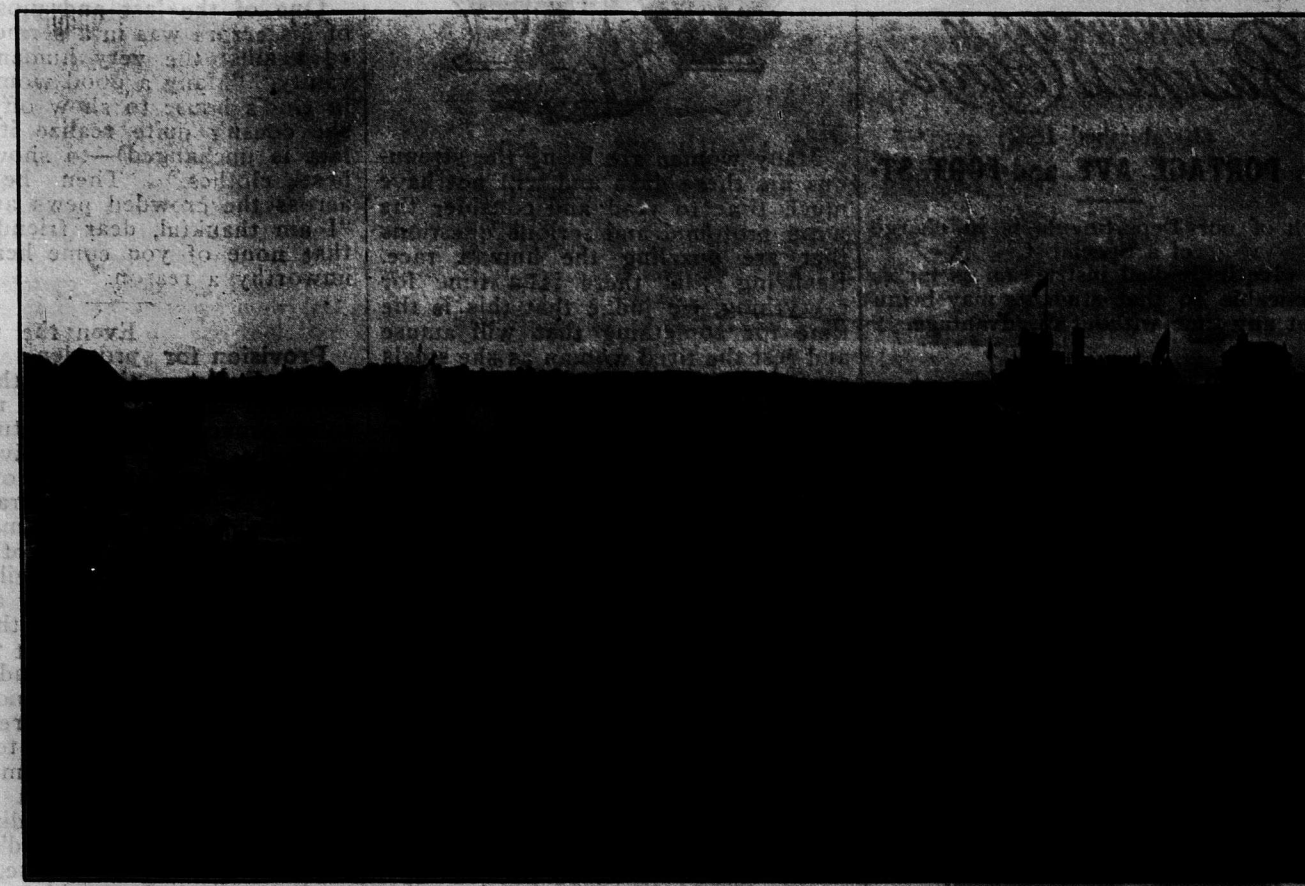
A Quiet Nook, Lake of the Woods.

TWENTY THOUSAND ISLANDS



Cascades, Rainy Lake.

AMIDST NATURE UNADORNED



Kenora Bay.

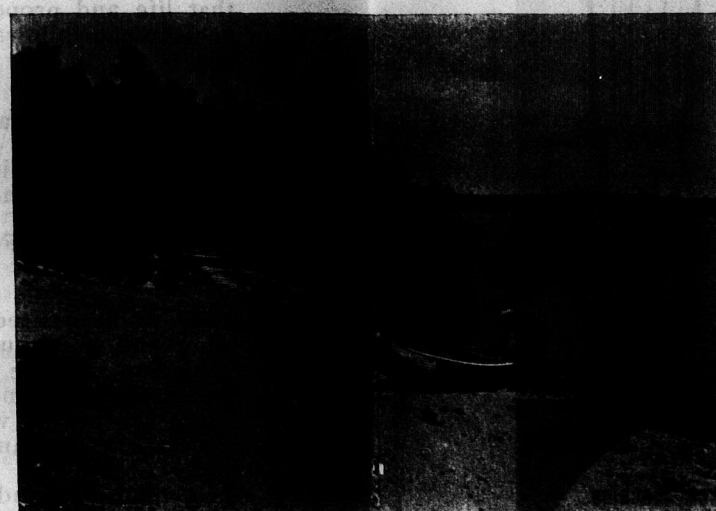
## IN THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.



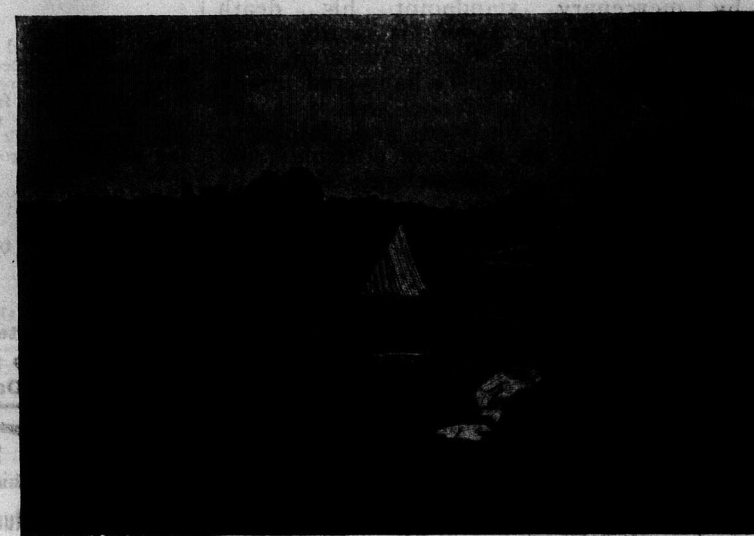
The Angler's Paradise, near Fort Frances.



Among the Thousand Islands on the Lake of the Woods.



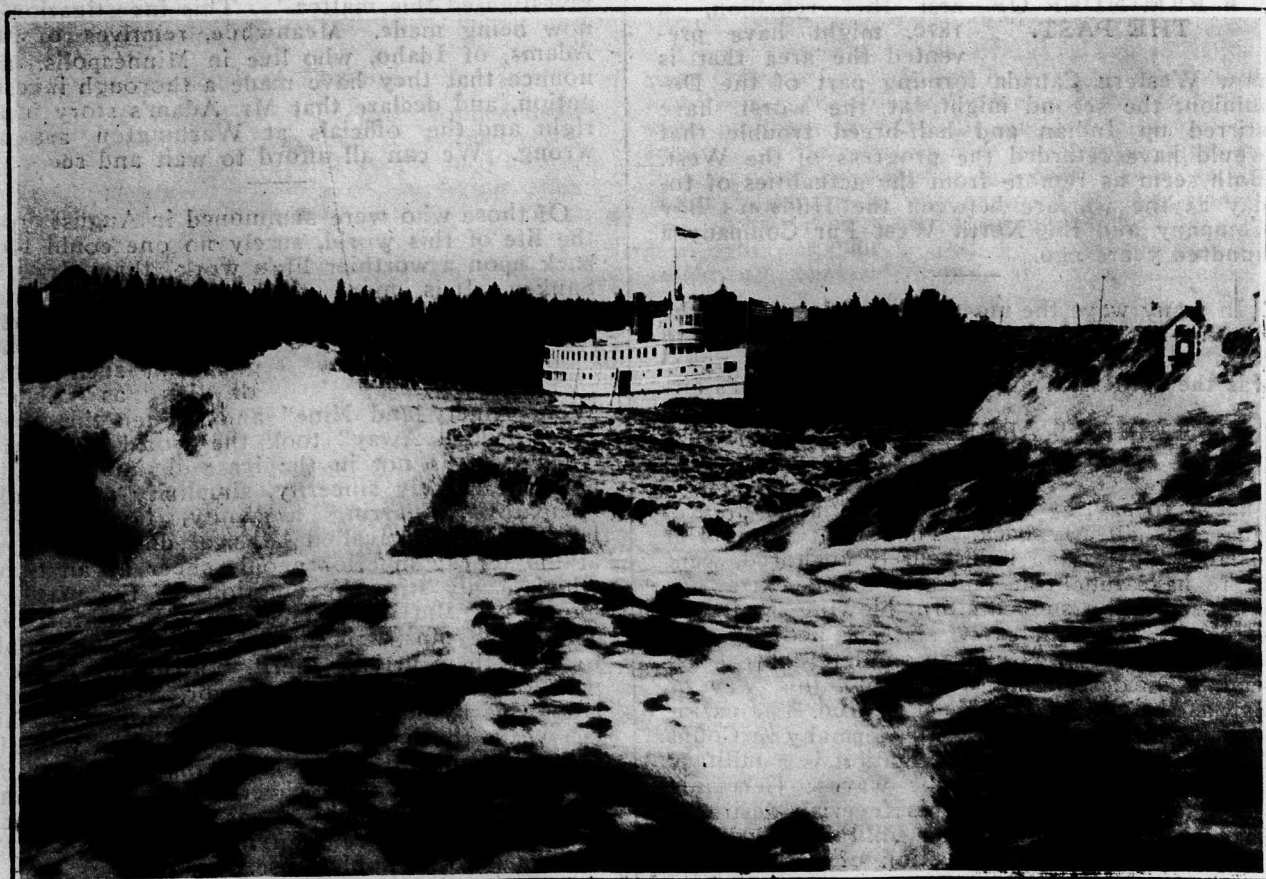
On Isle Royale, Fanned by the cool summer breezes.



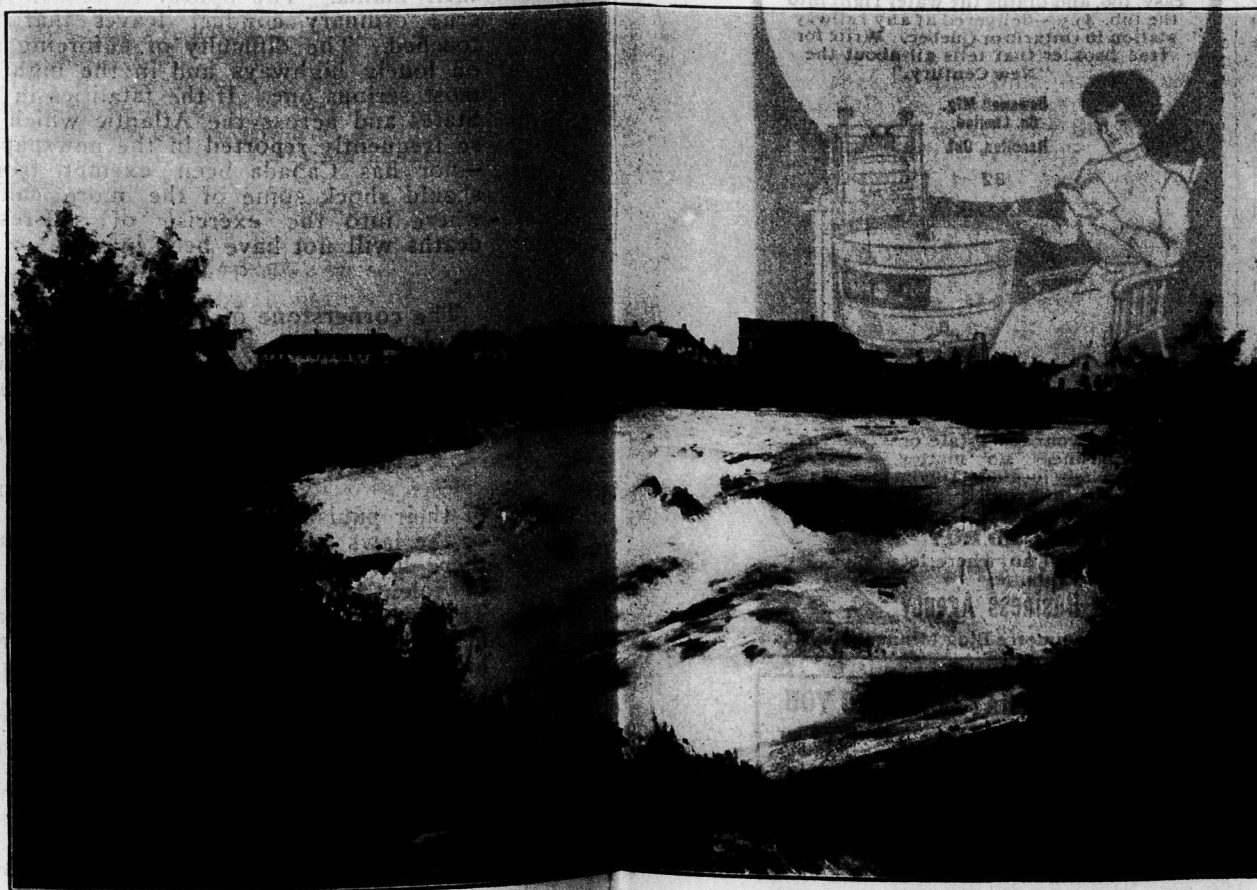
Excellent boating can be had in the vicinity of Fort Frances.



All day long such scenes as these are enjoyed on Lake of the Woods.



Steamer Kenora through the spray at Koochiching Falls.



Koochiching Falls at Fort Frances.



On the Lake of the Woods, one of the most delightful summer trips in America.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST

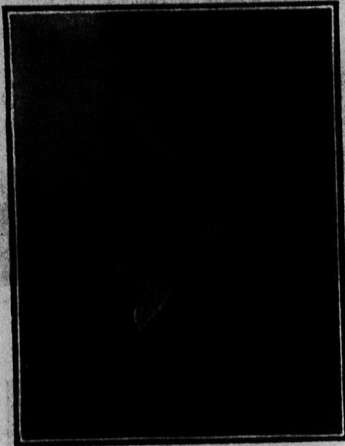
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**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST  
 HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

ANY even numbered section of Dominion  
 Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and  
 Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved,  
 may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole  
 head of a family, or any male over 18 years of  
 age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160  
 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person  
 by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency  
 or Sub-agency for the district in which the land  
 is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made  
 at an Agency on certain conditions by the father,  
 mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an  
 intending homesteader.

DUTIES.—(1) At least six months' residence  
 upon and cultivation of the land in each year  
 for three years.

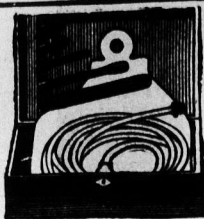
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, per-  
 form the required residence duties by living on  
 farming land owned solely by him, not less than  
 eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his  
 homestead. He may also do so by living  
 with father or mother, on certain conditions.  
 Joint ownership in land will not meet this  
 requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his  
 residence duties in accordance with the above  
 while living with parents or on farming land  
 owned by himself must notify the Agent for  
 the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this ad-  
 vertisement will not be paid for.



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 RUBBER**

We Have It.  
 Write us and mention  
 your wants.  
**INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.**  
 Box 1008, Montreal.



Many women are living the strenu-  
 ous life these days and will not have  
 much time to read and consider the  
 more profound and serious questions  
 that are puzzling the human race.  
 Realizing that there is a time for  
 everything, we judge that this is the  
 time for something that will amuse  
 and rest the tired woman as she steals  
 a minute from her numerous duties to  
 glance over the paper. A discussion  
 of the suffrage question is not par-  
 ticularly amusing or restful, for it ex-  
 cites some, disgusts others, while  
 still others consider it a bore. But  
 we would just like to mention in  
 passing that there is to be a great  
 National Suffrage Association con-  
 vention in Buffalo in October. At  
 this convention the sixtieth anniver-  
 sary of the first woman's rights con-  
 vention will be commemorated. This  
 historic meeting took place at Seneca  
 Falls, N. Y., and was called by  
 Lucretia Mott, Mary Ann McClin-  
 tock, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and  
 Martha Wright. Mrs. Stanton moved  
 the following resolution at the con-  
 clusion of that convention: "That it  
 is the duty of the women of this  
 country to secure to themselves the  
 sacred right of the elective franchise."  
 The convention programme will in-  
 clude one session managed by college  
 women, with college women speakers.  
 Another session will be directed by  
 business women, and another by pro-  
 fessional women. It is likely that  
 there will be an attendance of over a  
 thousand delegates.

**Women and franchise, would they  
 vote? is a question that is frequently**

asked. The answer given by the  
 thoughtful is, that it all depends.  
 Some would regard their vote as a  
 sacred obligation and they would  
 vote; others would regard the right  
 lightly and would vote or not as it  
 suited their convenience or personal  
 friendships. But it must be borne in  
 mind that men and women regard  
 politics in an entirely different way.  
 If a woman sees that her child is in  
 danger from the saloon, or the race  
 track, or the filthy condition of the  
 streets, she immediately wonders if  
 she could not right things if she had  
 a franchise. When the prairie woman  
 sees her child die because medical  
 attendance cannot be procured, or sees  
 him growing up in ignorance because  
 there are no schools, she wishes she  
 had a little say in the affairs of the  
 government. The man is different.  
 When he is interested in politics he  
 considers it almost entirely from the  
 commercial standpoint. He accepts  
 the condition of the streets, the lack  
 of school privileges and proper  
 medical attendants as inevitable and  
 consoles himself and others by saying  
 that things will be better in time.

**The Clergyman's  
 Mistakes.**

A clergyman, widely known  
 and honored, made many lu-  
 dicrous mistakes in his probationary  
 days, and although he overcame the  
 habit, his friends never forgot some of  
 the most amusing of his errors.

One day he was announcing a com-  
 munion service for the following Sun-  
 day, with confirmation in the evening.  
 He said, "The Lord will be with us  
 in the forenoon, and the bishop in the  
 afternoon." At another time when  
 his congregation had tried hard, but  
 without success, to raise a necessary  
 sum of money by contributions, he  
 announced: "I need not say here how  
 much this church stands in need of  
 immediate funds. We have tried to  
 raise this in the usual way, and have  
 tried honestly. Now we are going to  
 see what a bazaar will do."

One of the last and most serious  
 of his errors was in a sermon direct-  
 ed against the very human fault of  
 vanity. "Many a good woman comes  
 in God's house to show off (perhaps  
 she doesn't quite realize it, but the  
 fact is unchanged)—to show off her  
 best clothes." Then he glanced  
 across the crowded pews and added,  
 "I am thankful, dear friends, to see  
 that none of you come here for so  
 unworthy a reason."

**Provision for the Future.**

Even the most im-  
 provident think at  
 times of the impor-  
 tance of making  
 some provision for the future. This  
 necessity is more imperative on the  
 man or woman who has others de-  
 pending on them. The strange part  
 is, though, that there are many men,  
 and women too, who do not consider  
 this a duty. Many men will not in-  
 sure their lives unless they are likely  
 to reap some benefit from the invest-  
 ment themselves. The fact that they  
 are protecting their wife and children  
 from possible want does not appeal  
 to them as a sufficient return for  
 their money. The wife, too, often  
 discourages such an investment. She  
 does not like the thought that she  
 may gain something as a direct con-  
 sequence of her husband's death.  
 Such an idea is, of course, foolish  
 sentimentality. It would be a pretty  
 poor man whose earning power  
 would not be equal to more than the  
 two or three thousand dollars insur-  
 ance on his life, and from a purely  
 mercenary standpoint his death  
 would be a loss to his family. But  
 anyone knows that a woman with  
 children is seriously hampered in the  
 struggle for existence, and it is the  
 duty of the husband and father to  
 shield her as much as possible from  
 the hardest of the struggle should he  
 be taken from her. The wife, too,  
 should deny herself something if  
 necessary to gain this protection for  
 the sake of her children.

There is perhaps nothing more dis-  
 gusting to the thoughtful person than  
 the parents who are selfishly indulg-  
 ing their whims and passions and  
 taking no thought for the future of  
 their children, consoling themselves  
 with the thought that the Lord will  
 provide. It is their duty to provide,  
 and they have no business to shirk  
 it. They may do it by insurance, by  
 small investments, or any way that  
 appears to them the best, but every  
 child has a right to a fair education,  
 an unburdened childhood, in which to  
 grow and play and develop physical-  
 ly and mentally, and unless in cases  
 of misfortune, they are justified in  
 blaming their parents if they do not  
 have it.

**Princes as Pupils.**

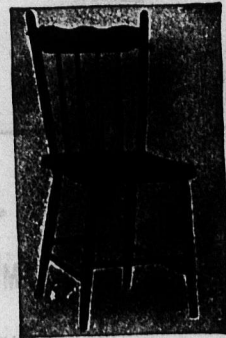
Rev. Dr. Marks says that soon  
 after the native  
 college was opened in Burma, the  
 king of Burma came to him and  
 asked if he would teach some of his  
 sons. When he agreed the king  
 asked, "What ages do you like them  
 at?" "From twelve to fourteen."

The king turned to one of his as-  
 sistants and commanded, "Bring all  
 my sons between twelve and fourteen  
 to me." Nine princes came in.  
 Four came to school the next day,  
 each riding on an elephant and with  
 two golden umbrellas. Each also  
 was escorted by forty soldiers.  
 Afterward the whole nine came.

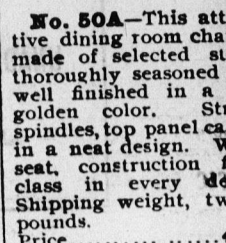
When the princes entered the  
 schoolroom all the other boys threw  
 themselves flat down with their faces  
 to the ground. It was forbidden for  
 anyone to stand or sit in the pres-  
 ence of princes. Dr. Marks found  
 this state of things very inconvenient  
 and told the princes of the difficulty.  
 They talked the situation over and  
 decided what to do. "You fellows  
 may get up," one of the princes  
 said. "You need not be frightened."  
 "After that," says Dr. Marks, "we  
 had very little difficulty on the score

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New Designs, Strong Neat and Durable. Made  
 of thoroughly seasoned hardwood, finished in  
 golden oak. The following are some of the  
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**Big Catalog.** Write to-day, simply say, send  
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 25% to 40% Saved. The best and most reliable  
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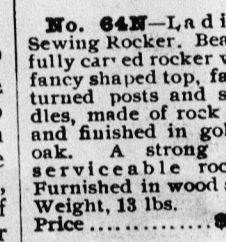
**No. 30A**—Our Special  
 Kitchen Chair, a strong,  
 serviceable hardwood  
 chair for very little  
 money. Has medium  
 high back. Made of  
 hardwood, finished  
 golden. Weight, ten  
 pounds.  
 Each ..... 42c.



**No. 50A**—This attrac-  
 tive dining room chair is  
 made of selected stock,  
 thoroughly seasoned and  
 well finished in a rich  
 golden color. Strong  
 spindles, top panel carved  
 in a neat design. Wood  
 seat, construction first-  
 class in every detail.  
 Shipping weight, twelve  
 pounds.  
 Price..... 48c.



**No. 55A**—A very com-  
 fortable Ladies' Rocker to  
 match No. 50A chair,  
 medium sized. Has shap-  
 ed wood seat with good  
 strong posts. Back has  
 fancy turned spindles and  
 neatly carved panel.  
 Finished throughout in  
 imitation golden oak. A  
 very neat rocker, and such  
 as is sold elsewhere at  
 \$1.50 each.  
 Our special price .... 67c.



**No. 64N**—Ladies'  
 Sewing Rocker. Beauti-  
 fully carved rocker with  
 fancy shaped top, fancy  
 turned posts and spin-  
 dles, made of rock elm  
 and finished in golden  
 oak. A strong and  
 serviceable rocker.  
 Furnished in wood seat.  
 Weight, 13 lbs.  
 Price..... \$1.15



Everything for the home sold direct at whole  
 sale prices. Write to-day for Catalog.

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No Work  
 Washing Clothes With  
**"New Century" Washing Machine**  
 No scalded hands—no tired arms—  
 no strained back—no rubbing—no  
 all-day spent over the wash tub. The  
 picture shows the "New Century" way  
 of washing. And you can wash a tubful  
 of clothes in 5 minutes. The New  
 Wringer Attachment makes the wringing  
 easy, too, and drains the water right into  
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Dowswell Mfg.  
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The Schram Jars cost no more than the old screw top jars and cause no troubles. No rubbers to buy. 8,200,000 sold in 1907 and not a complaint.

If your dealer can't supply extra caps, send us 20c. for a dozen, and 5c. extra for postage.

SCHRAM AUTOMATIC SEALER CO.

Of Canada, Limited, Waterloo, Ontario.

Easy to Seal

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of etiquette. The king took the greatest interest in the education of his sons, and they were among the most diligent and affectionate pupils I ever had."

School Again. I know too well the burden the prairie women are bearing, to wish to add one iota to their task. I know the extra work of harvest, of threshing, of pickling and preserving, and of the fall sewing, all of which seem to come together. I know that by the time school opens in the fall the children seem to have nothing fit to wear, they do wear out so many clothes romping around at holiday time. Yet I would urge on every mother the necessity of having her children ready for school the very day it opens and of sending them, despite every hindrance that may appear in the way. Children, and parents too, easily form the habit of school. They also just as easily lose it, and many discontented men and women scattered over the prairie blame their parents, that through sheer neglect, or for the sake of a little work, they have been deprived of an education and consequently of the position in life that they long to occupy. So I would strongly urge every mother to neglect anything rather than her children. Neglect of other things may mean the loss of a few dollars, neglect of the children may mean the success or failure of a life.

Keep Smiling. It is so easy to sit in an office, away from the heat and worry and work of the home, and tell the tired inmates to keep smiling. But even the life in an office has its

ups and downs, and there are times when we try and take a little of the good advice we can give so readily, and try and keep smiling. We find that some days it is very easy to smile. In fact, we do not feel like doing anything else. We feel at peace with the whole world. Life is good, and we wonder that we ever found fault with the order of things. We go home at night feeling rather virtuous because we are so good-natured. Then the next day perhaps there is a complete change. For no apparent reason, everything seems out of joint. The work all goes wrong, people in general do not appear so agreeable, and some in particular are very obnoxious to us. The order of things might be improved on, and we wonder how we ever felt so happy. Then we do not feel like smiling, and we don't see any sense in pretending we do. We feel like being very honest with everyone and telling them exactly what we think of them and how they are making some foolish mistakes. Those are times that we would revolutionize the world if we had the chance, but the sun shines, and the wind blows, and the regular order of things goes on just the same. People have not time to stop and listen while we tell them that the times are out of joint. They just smile and ask if we do not feel well, and then rush away.

No, there is no place in the order of things for the person who cannot smile part of the time, and the biggest and best places are reserved for the person who can smile the most of the time. Not those who force a smile, but those who feel the smile. Those who are thankful for all the pleasures that may be theirs, those who count their blessings, and instead of thinking only of self, remember that they are not alone in the world and have a mission to the rest of the world, to add a little to the sum total of human happiness. Selfishness is the root of unhappiness, so let us, whatever our lot be, forget self and keep smiling.

Pickling and Preserving. The pickling and preserving season is here again, and a few hints on the subject may be of value to many inexperienced housekeepers, and perhaps to some who have had considerable experience, for this is a science, about which one may always learn something. A lady tells me that she keeps her cranberries fresh for pies and tarts by washing and picking them over carefully and putting in clean jars, three parts full, and then filling up with clean cold water. She then corks the jars tightly and fixes the corks with resin or sealing wax. The jars are then stored in a cool place. When using, the water is used for juice, as it is nicely flavored with the fruit. Bottled in this way, they should keep for years.

Cranberry jelly may be made in the following way: Take three pounds of cranberries carefully picked over, three pints of cold water, and two breakfast cupfuls of sugar to each pint of juice. Put the berries in a pan with the cold water and boil until tender and broken. Strain off the juice and press the fruit, but do not rub it. Rinse out the pan, measure the juice into it, and add the sugar in the given proportions. Boil until it jellies, when it is allowed to cool. Pour into small jars, cover, and keep in a cool place.

Pickled Cabbage.—A firm red cabbage. Allow to each quart of vinegar two tablespoonfuls of black peppercorns and two teaspoonfuls of allspice. Wash and trim the cabbage and cut into fine shreds, after removing all the stock. Put the shreds into an earthenware pan and spread thinly with salt, cover and let stand for two days. Boil the vinegar with the spice until it is well flavored, then strain and let it cool. Drain off all liquid from the cabbage, put the latter into wide necked bottles or jars, and fill up with the vinegar. Cork and resin the bottles, and keep in a cool, dry place.

# Singer Talks

## 1. The Difference in Sewing Machines

- ¶ It is a mistaken idea that sewing machines are pretty much alike, when as a matter of fact there is a vast difference.
- ¶ There is but one machine that sews better than any other—and that one is the Singer.
- ¶ This is because the Singer idea is distinctive—every year shows improvement in that idea.
- ¶ This is because the Singer factories are not only equipped with tools and machinery better calculated to make good sewing machines than any other, but this equipment is unique and not to be found elsewhere.
- ¶ This is because a half century has been devoted to training and specializing men, each to do one thing best in sewing machine construction. The Singer's superiority—its lifetime-lasting value—does not appear on the surface.
- ¶ One machine does sew better than any other—and that one is the Singer.

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**Singer Sewing Machine Company**  
 Winnipeg, Man. 306 Main St.; Regina, Sask. Hamilton St.; Edmonton, Alta. Second St.; Fort William, Ont. May St.; Lethbridge, Alta. Ford St.; Portage La Prairie, Man. Saskatchewan Ave.; Prince Albert, Sask. River St.; Brandon, Man. 120 Tenth St.; Calgary, Alta. 24 Eight Ave.

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 Largest sale of High Grade Tea  
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There are cheap furs—and again good furs at a reasonable price—buying cheap furs is like employing a cheap doctor or a cheap lawyer—dear in the end.

We sell good furs only, all made in our own workshops—every garment guaranteed.

It pays to buy good furs—write us for catalogue "H," illustrated, showing the very newest styles in furs. Mail orders solicited.

**HAMMOND**

430 Main Street, Winnipeg



Even before the first turning of the autumn leaf women begin to whisper together about the fall styles and new dress goods. This season there is more cause for excitement than ever before. It is years since there has been so radical a change in women's garments generally, and skirts in particular. We have become so accustomed to the full pleated skirts that the change to the close fitting sheath models comes like a shock.

Most of our readers are probably familiar with the history of the Directoire skirt as it was worn in the court of Marie Antoinette and revived in Paris last spring by two paid models. At least that is one of the stories concerning the startling event. Others say that a very simple accident was the only foundation for the report which shocked even Paris and made modest Americans hide their faces.

But perhaps you have not heard the story, and, if so, we had better begin by telling you what this wonderful sheath or Directoire skirt is like. It is absolutely devoid of fulness, being made to be worn over tights, and is buttoned down the left side to the knee, where it falls over a pleated insert of very soft silk. This does not sound so very naughty, does it? But worse is yet to come. If the first report is true the models we spoke of did literally discard underwear, substituting close fitting silk tights and, not satisfied with this, they tore the pleated insert away, revealing a well shaped leg from the knee down. Even Paris blushed and the women, wrapped in cloaks, were hurried away to the police court, where they were promptly discharged on the grounds that if it was the fashion men must not interfere. Climatic conditions, as well as the innate modesty of the western woman, forbids the Directoire model ever becoming fashionable in the west, but many of the most beautiful skirts are really modified types of the original design. Some of these have openings at every gore, filled with soft accordion pleated silk so that they spread out like a fan, or they may be left open entirely, in which case they are worn over a fancy drop skirt of the same shade. All the dressy skirts touch the floor, and some are trailing length, long, graceful, sweeping lines being the order of the day. To wear the new gowns properly one should really have no hips. A number of ladies realizing this have determined to do away with all unnecessary flesh, as a result of which resolution it is said these devotees of fashion are to be met at every corner, hurrying as though they were ten minutes late for a train, and still hoped to catch it.

So much for skirts. As we turn our attention to coats we will find the same general tendencies prevailing. There is a Directoire coat as well as a Directoire skirt, and the same lines are observed in each. You cannot get a better idea of this new coat than by recalling to mind a picture you may have seen of Napoleon. Remember the long cut-away coat with wide revers, slashed sides, and pointed back and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the Directoire coat. I simply mention this garment in passing as an interesting novelty in which our readers might be interested. It is very improbable that it will ever have any practical value in the west, and certainly will not be greatly worn this season.

Among the coats that will be practical for every day wear there is an almost unlimited choice in style and

colorings. There are tight fitting, semi-fitting and loose coats, to suit any figure. And right here, I would like to advise my readers not to be rigidly guided by fashion. If the tight-fitting coat is not becoming to you don't wear it. A woman loses her identity when she dons whatever is worn in Paris, regardless of its becomingness. Some of the new wraps have high empire waists, others fall loose from the shoulders. All of them are greatly trimmed with buttons and straps, while velvet is much used for the collar and trimmings. The Directoire influence is to be traced in the seams opening at the bottom and caught together with tiny straps and buttons.

These coats come in all the new fall shades, and just here a little note on the new colors might not be out of place. The one that you will see mentioned most frequently is taupe, something between a brown and a grey with a slightly reddish tinge. The elephant shades are slightly lighter, and a more pronounced grey. Bridge green is too bright to be worn in anything but trimmings and gloves but it will figure there quite largely. Pistachio green is much darker and duller, and will probably be a leader in dress goods. More popular than the greens are the prunella, or wild plum shades. Both for trimmings and millinery purposes this color will be strong. Browns, too, are among what are called the good shades, particularly the moroc or golden browns. Indeed, in the showings in Winnipeg stores, brown predominates.

The new shades are at their best as seen in the millinery. All the shades we have just mentioned will be used both in body and trimming, except the brighter Bridge greens, which will probably be used only in trimming. Gold will figure largely both in cords and ribbons, and probably also in feathers.

The hats themselves will be exceedingly large and will be much trimmed with feathers and plumes. In some cases immense fan effects of feathers will be made to hide the whole front of the hat, even concealing the large crown.

Just now silks are figuring most largely in the dress goods, as being most suitable for between seasons wear. There is a time of the year, you know, when it is too late for the cool lingerie gown, and too early for the warm wool one. Many women are puzzled what to do in a case of this kind and they solve the difficulty in different ways. Some shiver about in cool greys and greens of some light material, while others meet the emergency by having a dress made in advance, for just such occasions. They choose some medium weight fabric, such as silk or voile, and get it made in a style that is not too pronounced, to remain fashionable for some time. Then they always have one dress that will be comfortable to wear on cold, rainy days or in the early fall before it is considered proper to light the furnace fire.

The silks this year are exceptionally beautiful. Many of them are shown in two tone effect, with a hair line stripe of a contrasting color. Some combine the two tone effect with the dresden and have wide satin stripes running through them. Then there is the chevron design, with its many modifications. Chevron means gable, you know, so that if you picture ever so many tiny gables placed side by side, and rows and rows of them, you will have some idea of the chevron pattern. It is not new, by

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Get it from YOUR grocer and don't be satisfied with "just-as-good" kinds which yield him a larger profit, but produce uncertain and unsatisfactory results.



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Fill out the blank, mail it to us and receive one of our 80 page Cook Books absolutely Free.

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any means, but it is one of the leaders for the coming season, and we all like to know what is fashionable even if we do not intend to follow it. But we were talking of silks and I forgot to tell you that the silks are much softer in quality this year than last. They have to be to accommodate themselves to the new gowns, for everything this season must drape gracefully.

For the same reason the new dress goods, except those intended for tailored suits, are lighter in weight than are usually shown in the fall of the year.

Resilda suiting, which, by the way, is the very latest thing, is of medium weight and in appearance is something between a crepe de chene and eolienne, and yet not like either, in that it is a pure mohair weave, treated in some special manner to give it a silky appearance one way you look at it and a velvety appearance where the light does not strike it. Whatever the means, the result is certainly worthy of it, and I fancy this new suiting will prove as useful as it is beautiful, since mohair wears well and will not catch the dust easily. All the old goods, such as panama, princess suiting and voile are shown in the new shades.

Gloves are little changed and those who have studied the market declare that before we return to the short waist glove we will have half-lengths laced all the way up. Whether this is true or not, the revival of the

long sleeve appears to have made little difference in the fall showing in which the elbow length decidedly predominates.

But the long sleeve has made a difference in the number of collar and cuff sets worn, and the new linen turnovers are very dainty. Little bow ties with striped and fringed ends go with them, as well as four-in-hands, with similar finish. In fact, those quaint old-fashioned fringes, which our grandmothers were so fond of, will be a leading feature in the new trimmings, and with fringes, tassels have an important place. The latter are made of silk in any shade, or of gilt or silver. These last are very beautiful for evening wear, as they show to great advantage under the electric light.

Now with just one more piece of news, I must stop for this month. This is something that will appeal to the young girls. One of the oddest things in neckwear is a little gilt necklet, made of gold cord or gauze or woven braid and finished with gold tassels. Some are made of gold and white beads, but most are of all gold; they are brought around the neck and tied once without a bow or knot. They are not so very expensive either as the prices range from thirty-five cents to a dollar and a half. One of these little necklets would make a lovely birthday gift for a girl friend who is ambitious to keep up with the fashions.

**Cook Book Free.**

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of the manufacturers of Gold Standard goods in this issue.

An 80 page cook book will be given away free to every reader of the Western Home Monthly who will cut out and return the coupon attached to the bottom of their advertisement.

Read the advertisement over carefully and note what is required to secure one of these cook books free.

Your name and address together with the name and address of your grocer is requested to be written in the blank spaces left in the coupon for that purpose. Mail the coupon when properly filled out to the Codville Company, Limited, Winnipeg, Manufacturers of Gold Standard goods, and receive by return mail a copy of their 80 page cook book free.

**Shopping in your own Home.**

If our readers intend to purchase jewellery and silverware they should have a copy of Dingwall's catalogue at hand. Any person with a copy of this

beautifully illustrated catalogue can at her own fireside, no matter where she may reside, do her shopping by mail with equally as much satisfaction as if she were present in their big jewellery emporium at Winnipeg. Attention is called to Dingwall's ad. on page 33 of this issue of the Western Home Monthly. When writing please mention this paper.

Rhubarb Jam. — Six pounds of rhubarb, the rinds of three lemons, twelve cups of sugar, and six bitter almonds. If the rhubarb is at all stringy, peel it. Cut into one inch lengths, put in preserving pan until the juice begins to flow. Add the sugar, shelled almonds, and grated lemon rinds. The almonds should be slightly bruised with a rolling pin. Cook the jam slowly until the sugar has dissolved, then quickly until some of it will set quickly when it is cooled on a plate. It should not be at all thin or watery. Keep it well skimmed and avoid breaking up the pieces when stirring. Put into clean, dry jars and cover tightly. Half a level teaspoonful of ground ginger may be used instead of the lemon rind if preferred.

**THE PASSING OF AUTUMN**

These are the days of purple, misty hills,  
Of stubble brown, and tottering corn-stalks sere;  
Of withered grasses decking Earth's great bier;  
Of meadows sleeping to the drone of rills.

The dusty pike is like a king's highway,  
Flanked with its sentinels of iron-weed;  
And by the crooked fence pokeberries bleed,  
And golden-headed mulleins bend and sway.

The gnarled apple trees yield up their store;  
The creaking cider-mill runs dripping sweet;  
The yellow pumpkins, borne by willing feet,  
Are safely garnered on the granary floor.

These are the days when childhood's joys are ours,  
Though gray hairs streak our brows with warning touch,  
We tread again the paths we love so much—  
God grant they lead to everlasting flowers!

—Edwin Carlile Litsey.

**Get Your Name!**

**ON OUR MAILING LIST**

And we will forward you, postpaid, a copy of our handsome catalogue, containing illustrations and prices of fine jewelry and silverware.

These catalogues are distributed from coast to coast and our reputation for the best in

**DIAMONDS, WATCHES**

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will ensure satisfaction in your selections.

SEND US NAME AND ADDRESS.

**AUGUST WATCH SPECIAL**

No. 938—A Gentleman's Watch, open face, 20 year Gold Filled Case, with a 17 Jewelled adjusted Waltham movement, \$10.60.

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**Strange Invention! New Apparatus**

**BEST EVER HAPPENED! CAUSING GREAT EXCITEMENT**



Section view Combination Portable Bathroom Outfit.

Millions made happy. Wonderful but true, no more farm, town or city homes without a bathroom and something more. THE ALLEN PORTABLE BATH APPARATUS operates with one gallon of water, yet does more than a tub full. Used everywhere that water exists. Everybody has water, hence everybody can now have their own bathroom. Cost but \$6.00 ready to use—cost nothing to operate. Makes a bathroom of any room at home, or when travelling—even better, does more than bathrooms costing \$100. Sounds strange, even impossible, yet it's being done. See how simple, easy, convenient to use—place metallic non-corrosive fountain on wall or shelf—fill with water—turn screw—that's all—thereafter it works automatically. A bath, hot or cold, in one operation, a minute time, your skin constantly flushed with clear running water, pores opened, cleansed, invigorated by hundreds of little soft self-cleansing teeth working gently, thoroughly. Only clear, running water touches the body—a delightful, tingling, sparkling spray that refreshes while it cleanses. **CLEANSING, FRICTION, MASSAGE, SHOWER BATH ALL IN ONE—same time.** What a pleasure—could anything be more perfect? Just think—no tubs to clean, bowls or buckets to fill—no washrags or sponges—no dirt, splashing or mess. No plumbing, tools, valves—not even a screw to set. Move it about at will. Simple, durable, handsome, sanitary. Saves time, expense, labor space. The ideal bathroom for town and country homes, travelers, roomers. No experiment. **Used and praised by thousands.** Insures Cleanliness Without Drudgery, inconvenience, annoyance—promotes health, beauty, happiness, sound sleep—prevents colds, La Grippe, contagious and other diseases. Guaranteed by an old, reliable house, capitalized for \$50,000.00. Price complete, ready to use, \$6.00 to \$8.00. Sent to any address. Order now, you'll be satisfied.

**TESTIMONIALS**

MRS. LUNNIS, WINNIPEG, writes: Allen Bath Apparatus received. Am very much pleased with it and will recommend it to all. Thanks for promptness.  
MRS. GRIMSHAW, BRANDON, MAN., writes: We are very much pleased with the Allen Bath Apparatus, and will recommend it to all.

**WE SELL DIRECT TO CUSTOMERS**

Goods sold on approval. Write to day for pamphlet and literature explaining our proposition thoroughly. We await your order, expect it, and will get it!  
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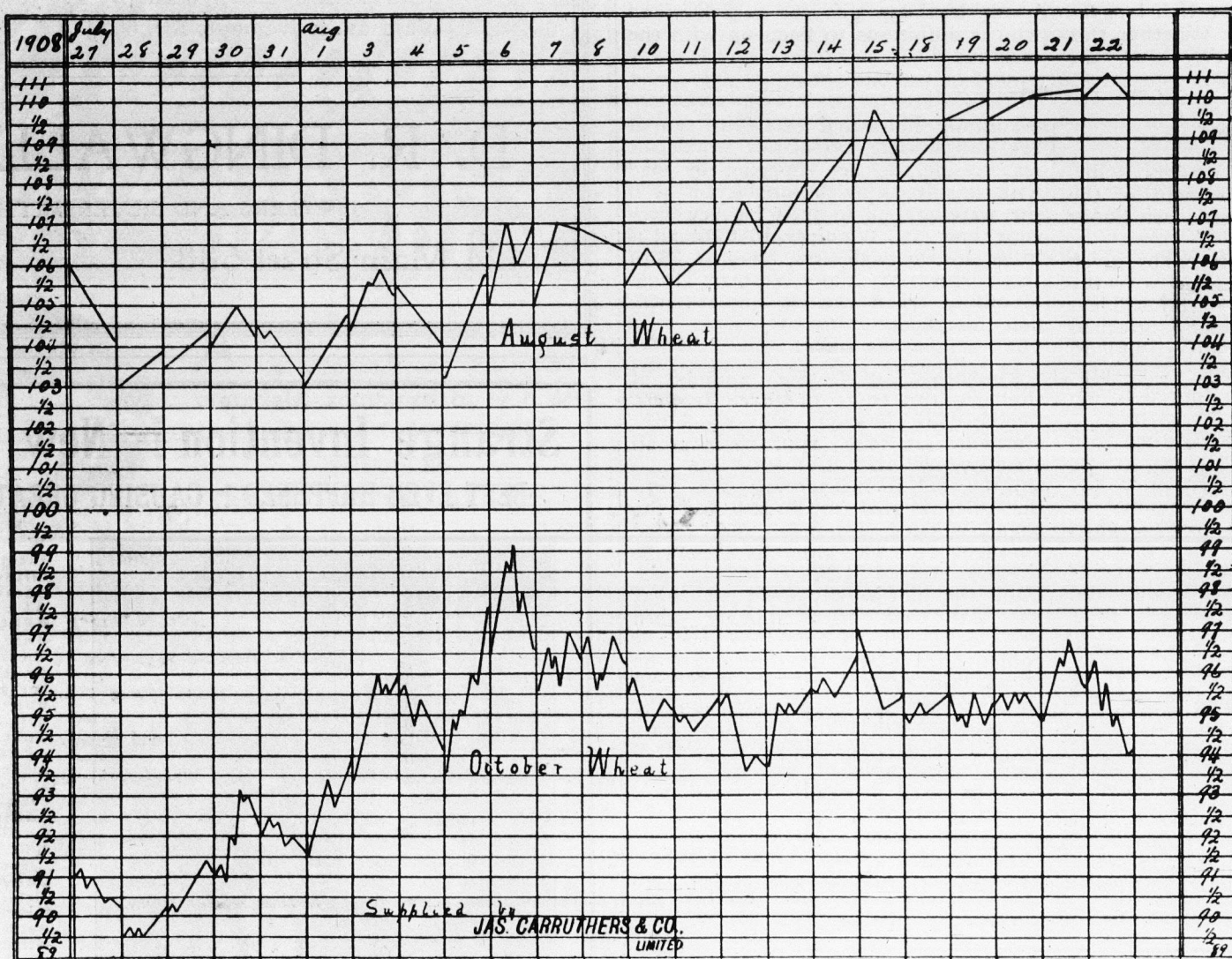
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 Send shipping bill to us and we will forward a liberal cash advance, and make prompt settlement.



Write for Shipping  
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To Obtain  
**Best Service and Results**  
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**The VAN DUSEN-HARRINGTON**  
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**A Proposition to Grain Shippers**  
 There are any number of reasons why it is best to have a reliable commission agent attend to the selling of your grain—and as many more why I should have that agency.  
 I have connections with large exporters and Eastern Millers, which enable me to get the highest possible prices. Your grain is in the hands of a man thoroughly versed in all questions pertaining to the handling of same. Having enquiries at all times for all classes of grain you will find it to your advantage and convenience to deal through me. Liberal advances and prompt returns. Write for daily market card.  
 Let me have your grain to sell.  
**HERBERT H. WINEARLS**  
 Grain Commission Merchant  
 Grain Exchange, - Winnipeg.

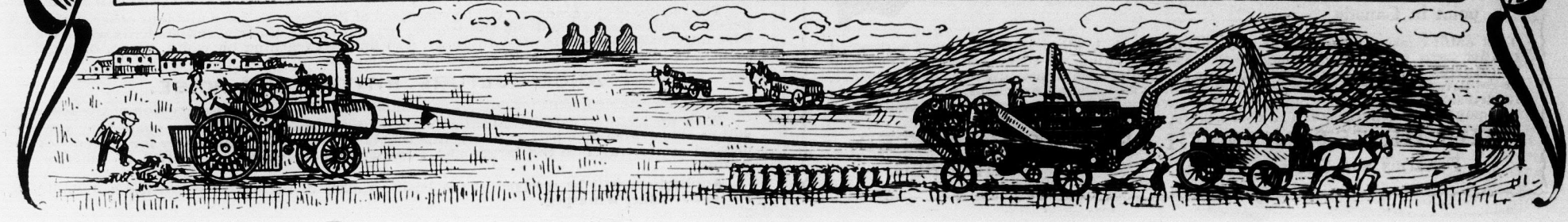
**ROBINSON & BULLOCH**  
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 complete a good harvest by shipping advise  
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 and securing best results.  
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 LONG DISTANCE PHONE 1913.  
 A. D. GUNSHOLM, Manager.

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 IS THE ONE WHO  
**GETS THE BEST PRICE FOR HIS GRAIN**  
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## ORIGINAL PLANS

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly  
by V. W. Horwood, Architect, Winnipeg

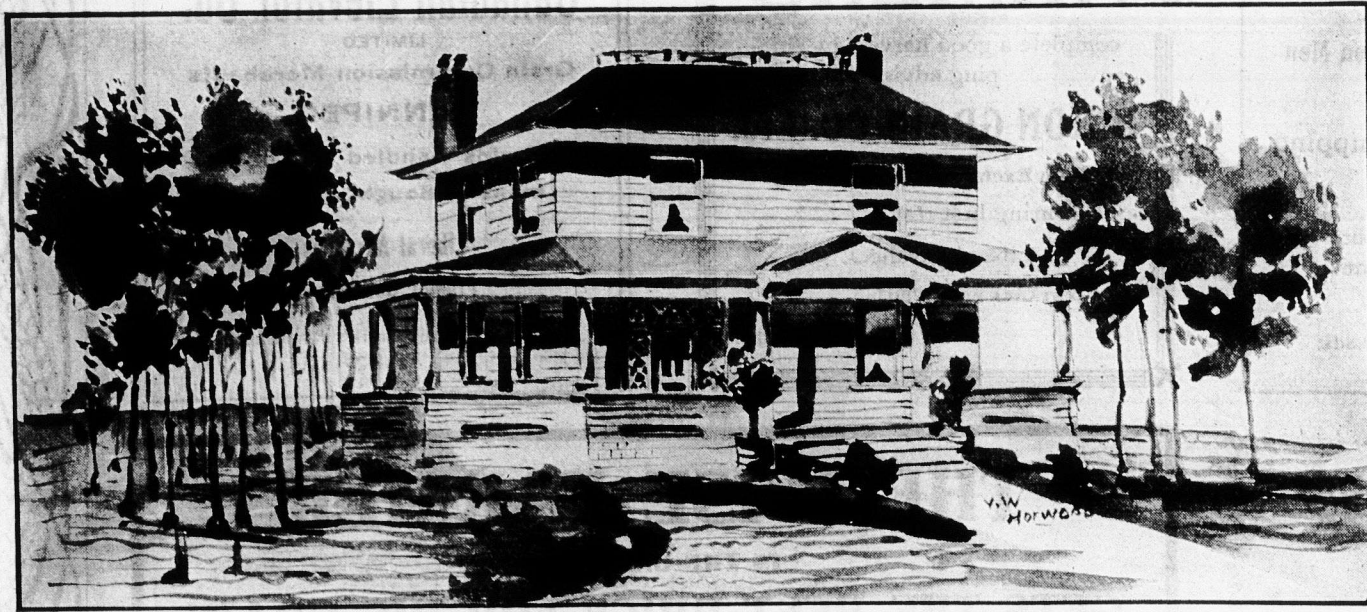
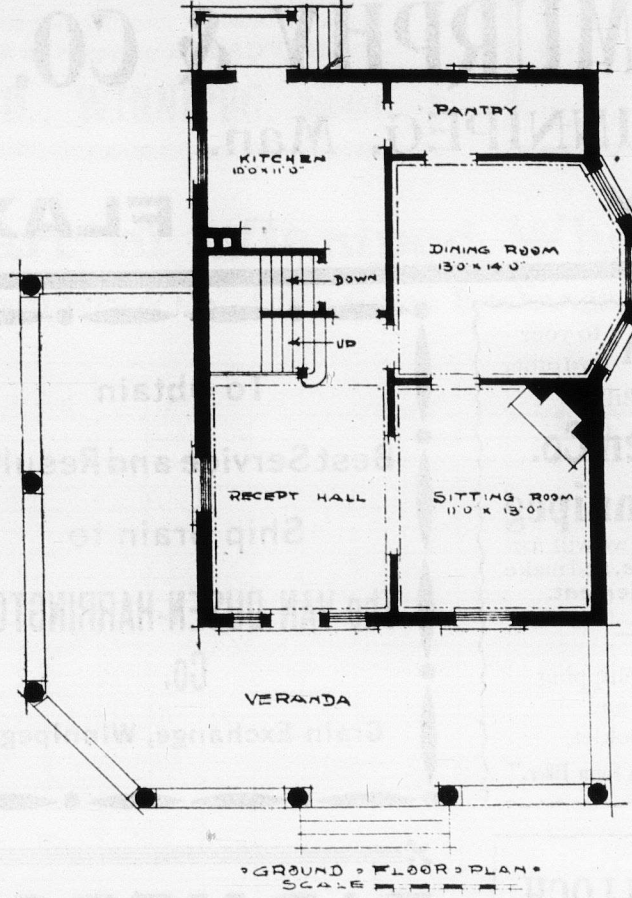
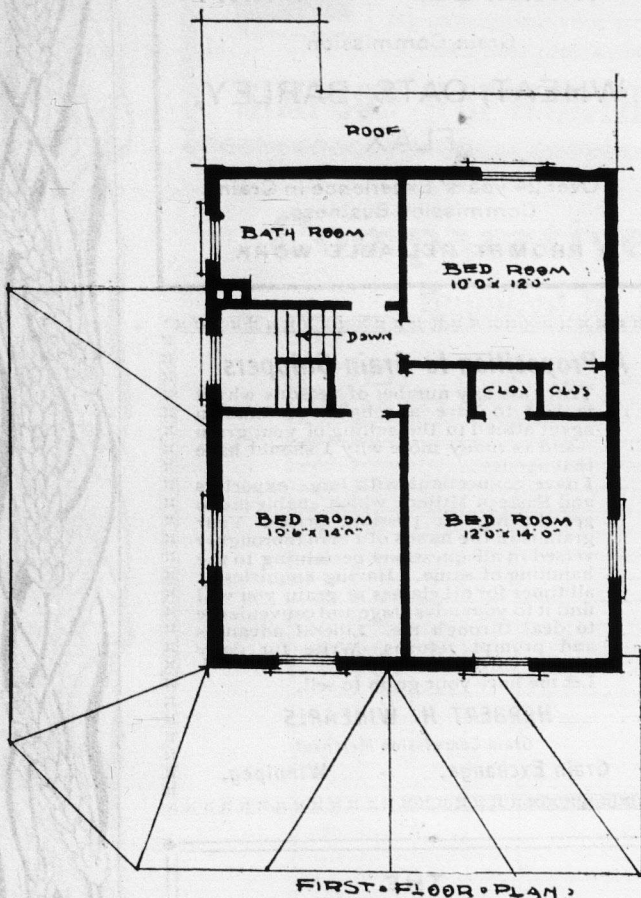
This house has been designed by me, with most thought for compactness, convenience, and comfort. Across the front and around the side a broad verandah extends, which will be found very enjoyable in summer. As will be seen by consulting the floor plans, a reception hall, living room, dining-room, kitchen and large working pantry are provided on the first floor, while the second floor has three bedrooms with

closets, and a bathroom. The rooms are nearly all square and each can be reached directly from the halls. The reception hall has little colonial windows of plain glass around and above the entrance door. The living room would look well panelled and finished with art burlap to match the fir woodwork which is stained brown. The fire-place would be an attractive feature if built of field stones. These can often be obtained in

the locality. Cretonne curtains of cream with green figures, and wicker or grass chairs stained green make a pleasing finish to this room. There is a door between living room and dining room. The dining room is particularly cheerful with its large bay windows. The kitchen is well lighted and the pantry is fitted with all necessary cupboards etc.

The woodwork in bedrooms is finished in cream and the walls might be left rough plastered and tinted if desired. Light green is very restful to the eye, and the bedspread and dresser draperies could be of cretonne in shades of pink and green, while the furniture should be white enamel.

The foundations are of stone and the basement is full size, for heating apparatus, etc. The outside of house is clapboarded painted canary yellow with white trimmings and the roof is left to weather.



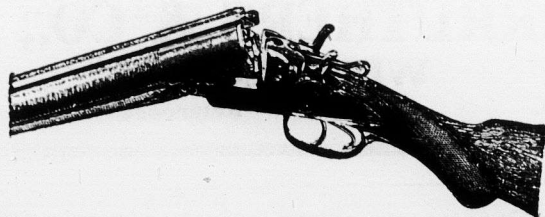
### Shooting Outfit No. I. W.

Price

**\$13.50**

With Express Charges

Prepaid to any Railway  
point in Canada



This outfit consists of a fine double barrel breech loading gun, 12 gauge, with good quality barrels, left barrel choked. It has rebounding bar locks, patent fore end and pistol grip. With this gun goes a complete re-loading outfit consisting of a rimmer, loader, de-capper, re-capper, powder and shot measure and a shell extractor, also 25 12 gauge loaded shells with any size of shot desired. We guarantee every article in this outfit, and will pay express charges on it to your nearest express office.

**THE HINGSTON SMITH ARMS CO.'Y LIMITED,**  
Firearms and Sporting Goods. WINNIPEG.

**WANTED--**Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, send stamps for full particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

### IMPERIAL . . . MUSIC AND ARTS ACADEMY OF

Musical Director, Professor Emil Conrad Erikson.

The academy will be open to receive pupils on October 1, when the fall term will commence. The faculty of the academy will be composed of Professor Erikson and four other professors, personally selected by him from the leading art centres of Europe, and students will have the advantage of securing the most thorough and finished teaching on violin, piano, organ, flute, ornet, cello and all other wind and string instruments.

**VOICE CULTURE, RHYTHM AND POISE.**

Boarding establishment for out-of-town students under the direct supervision of the academy. With the facilities we have and the eminent professors whom we have engaged the academy will be able to give such perfect instruction that it will now not be necessary for students of the musical art to travel to the larger and necessarily more expensive centres of America and Europe.

Applications will be received at the business office of the academy, 200 Kennedy building, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg.

### Wheat Markets.

The wheat market reviewed by Jas. Carruthers & Co., Grain Exporters—Free covering of shorts, caused by alarming reports of damage to spring wheat in the United States wheat belt and conflicting reports of the Canadian Northwestern crop, started the American markets on the advance early in the month of August and for a few days there was unusual activity in all options. At first European markets showed a tendency to follow the American advance but we have since gradually pulled away from the foreign values and for several days now American wheat has been two to four cents out of line for export.

There is no question but that Great Britain will look to America for a large portion of her wheat supply and unless offerings from here are more free they will eventually feel the tightness and be obliged to come up to our level. On the other hand it will not be long before the new wheat in America begins to move freely and owing to the present financial conditions it is certain that, during the early part of the shipping season at least, the dealers will be forced to sell their grain. The railroads claim that they are in excellent shape for bringing the grain forward and they will do everything possible to run a large percentage of the grain to the lake front before the close of navigation.

On August 21, 1908, the total quantity of contract wheat (1 Hard, 1 Nor., 2 Nor. and 3 Nor.) in store Ft. William and Pt. Arthur was 253,000 bus., the total of all grades 568,000. Last year at the same date there were over six and a half million bus. contract wheat, and a total of over seven million bus. The total United States visible is less than 17 million against fifty one and a half million last year.

Following is an extract from a report from our Liverpool correspondents: "The market has been entirely under the influence of reports from the United States and Canada. Home conditions are bullish, and if the price of wheat had been on a 30s. level instead of a 35s. level, we should doubtless have seen active and advancing markets. 5s. per qr. however, will discount a fair number of bullish conditions.

The U.K. crops are now reported on as rather better than had been expected, but from France the further advanced the harvest gets, the worse the reports of the crop become, and there are many who look to France to be an importer during the coming season.

In Germany it is expected that though the crop of wheat there is estimated to be some 2,000,000 qrs. larger than last year, the imports are likely to be equal to those of the past season on account of the absence of reserves.

Russia and Roumania are still offering practically nothing, a very good indication that they have not got a great deal to give, for the price level is high enough to be tempting.

It seems to us that prices will be entirely dictated by America, until the new crop Plate wheat begins to come into the market."

P.S. In Great Britain grain values are represented by so many shillings per quarter or qr. for example, 30s. per qr. equals thirty shillings or \$7.20 for eight bushels.

## In the Business World.

### "St. George's Wins First Prize."

During the annual meeting of the Associated Bill Posters and Distributors of the United States and Canada at Detroit in July, a committee was appointed to judge as to the best poster exhibited by the Canadian Advertisers. After remarking that they had never seen posters which excelled those exhibited, the committee awarded the first prize to the 16 sheet poster of St. George's Baking Powder, "for simplicity, strength and clever handling of the subject for efficient outdoor advertising." It is only proper that a high class product should be advertised in a high class manner. And St. George's Baking Powder is generally recognized as a leader of purity and high quality.

### A Sure Friend to Horses.

Regarding Gombault's Caustic Balsam, would say I have used it as a general remedy for all exterior diseases of animals and fowls, removing spavin, curing ulcerous throat, ringworm, ring-bones, sore throat, with perfect success, and for throat trouble, cancers, old sores of any kind, or rheumatism in man, woman or child there is nothing better.—R. L. Holman, Springfield, O. Caustic Balsam as manufactured by the Laurence-Williams Co., 1013-1017, Oregon Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. When writing please mention the Western Home Monthly.

### Moulton College.

Moulton College, Toronto, is an Academic Department of McMaster University for girls. The College prepares for Junior Matriculation into any University in Canada, as well as for teachers' certificates of the Education Department. An English Course and Courses in Music, Art, Household Science, and Commercial Work are also provided, and there is a Junior Department leading up to High School Entrance. The Faculty is selected by the Senate, and appointed by the Board of Governors, and the Senate prescribes the courses for study and the examinations for diplomas. The Chancellor of the University, under the Board and Senate, has responsible supervision of the administration of the College.

It will be observed that one of the courses of the College leads directly to University matriculation. Many of the students, after graduating, proceed to the University, one of the conditions under which the College was founded being that the Arts and Theological classes of McMaster University should be open in perpetuity to such students of Moulton College as might be qualified to pursue University and Theological courses. For Calendar for 1908-09 write Principal of Moulton College, 34 Bloor Street, East, Toronto. Mention this magazine.

### Of Interest to Women.

Orange Lily, a remedy for women, is meeting with a rapidly increasing sale all over Canada.

Mrs. Currah, the Canadian agent, now in business for some ten years was cured by the use of Orange Lily after being an invalid for two years.

In her enthusiasm over being cured she decided to make known to sister sufferers the merits of Orange Lily which accounts for her advertising it so extensively.

Any woman who is a sufferer from any of the ailments so common among her sex should at once communicate with Frances Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

### A Testimonial.

Mr. Wm. Feely, Hull, Que., writes: July 21, 1900: "We have had two Oxydonors in the house for over two years and have used them in different diseases with the most gratifying results.

Oxydonor helped me from the first,

and now I am able to attend to my business. I had used crutches for years, and now I get along nicely with only a cane, and am improving all the time." If you are a sufferer write for full information about Oxydonor, address Dr. H. Sanche & Co., 356 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal.

### Sportsmen and Hunters.

When buying a firearm buy the best, is the advice tendered by an old sportsman. If you want a good serviceable article, write for new catalogue giving full description of all Marlin Repeaters—Rifles and Shotguns—send three cents in stamps for complete 136 page catalogue free. Address Marlin Firearms Co., 76 Willow St., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A. Mention the Western Home Monthly.

### A Chance for Sportsmen.

A fine double barrel breech loading gun, 12 gauge, left barrel choked, rebounding bar locks, patent fore-end and pistol grip—with complete re-loading outfit, also 25 12 gauge loaded shells,—the whole for \$13.50. Express charges prepaid. Write Hingston-Smith Arms Co., Limited, Winnipeg, about this offer and request them to mail you their 40 page illustrated catalogue free.

### Write for Calendar.

"The Ottawa Ladies' College, whose advertisement appears in another column, is a residential school that is accomplishing excellent work.

Possessing an exceptionally capable Lady Principal and staff of teachers, the education it gives is thorough, broad and comprehensive, well adapted to prepare a young woman for the home and social duties that await her. Its special courses in Art, Elocution, Household Science, etc., are complete and valuable.

One of its special advantages is its situation in the City of Ottawa, residence in the Capital of Canada, with its magnificent public buildings, its social and political life, its culture and beauty, is an education in itself."

Write the Lady Principal, Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa, Canada, and ask for Calendar 1908-09. Mention this magazine.

### Get Your Horse Ready for the Sale.

Now is the time to get your stock in A-1 condition so that when the busy, prosperous horse buyers are at your farm or ranch you, can show clean, sound stock and get a price accordingly. These buyers know a good horse when they see one, be sure of that. If you have some blemished horses in your stable get busy at once and get them ready for the buyers' keen examination. By doing so you are likely to make a lot of money. It is no unusual thing for a breeder to increase the market value of a horse forty or fifty dollars by removing blemishes before selling. Many of the most successful horse breeders use nothing but Absorbine, relying on it to remove all blemishes. Write W. F. Young, 138 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass., or Canadian agents, Lyman, Sons & Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal.

### New Fall Catalogue of the Hudson's Bay Company—Winnipeg.

The Hudson's Bay Company's Catalogue this year is a decided improvement on anything the Company have produced heretofore. It shows in a volume the wonderful progress in the art of Cut-making and printing, and the best of it all—from cover to cover the entire work was done right here in Winnipeg. The Company's own Artists and Photographers at the store have drawn and photographed everything illustrated. The success the Company has met in being able to give such an exact impression of their goods, will place the Mail Order Customer on a par with his city brother who shops at the store in

person as the shopper in this catalogue "sees the goods" exactly as they are, and has the full, written description. This is even much better than shopping in person as one has complete descriptions that would take hours of "asking the clerk" and even then would not enable the shopper to make the comparisons or selections he can readily make through this new, up-to-date, well illustrated catalogue. Everything is laid out before the buyer in a way that he can see and "compare" with the result that a much bigger and better range of goods can be carefully selected from at leisure.

Every Westerner who lives West of the Lakes and outside of Winnipeg is entitled to a copy of this illustrated price book. The Hudson's Bay Company will be pleased to mail their catalogue to anyone who writes. When writing Hudson's Bay Co. please mention Western Home Monthly.

### Notice Pre-emptions.

Pre-emptions may be taken on either odd or even numbered sections south of township 45 east of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway and the west line of range 26, and the west of the third meridian and the Soo Railway line, but townships within that area in which a railway company has selected eight sections of its land grant are excluded from the pre-emption privilege.

Persons entitled to a pre-emption entry holding homestead within townships in which pre-emptions may be taken, and alongside whose homestead there is a quarter section available as a pre-emption, are entitled, if the first applicant, to enter for such quarter section as a pre-emption on or after September 1st next.

If such homesteader, whose entry must be in good standing, notifies in writing over his own signature, or by telegraph from a Sub Land Agent, the agent of the land district in which his homestead is situated before September 1st that he desires to pre-empt an available quarter section lying alongside his homestead, or separated from it by only a road allowance, the Land Agent shall hold such quarter section reserved from homestead entry, and for pre-emption entry only, until the end of September 15th, but no longer.

If more than one homestead adjoins a quarter section available for entry as a pre-emption in connection with such homesteads, and if notice has been given as above provided, that one of the homesteaders desires it as a pre-emption, the pre-emption entry for such quarter section shall not be granted until the Agent has decided which homesteader has the first right to the pre-emption entry.

The Agent shall decide on or before September 15th which of the homesteaders has first right to the pre-emption under Sub Section 6 of Section 27 of the Dominion Lands Act, which provides that the homesteader in good standing who holds the first entry for his homestead has the first right to the pre-emption, and the Agent shall give the pre-emption entry accordingly.

A homesteader who holds entry in a township which is not available for pre-emption, if there lies alongside his homestead in an adjoining township available for pre-emption, an available quarter section, may pre-empt such quarter section.

Index map showing the pre-emption tract and the townships not available for free pre-emption are available for free distribution at all land agencies in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. 1017, osse

Lord Curzon: It is a common saying that we hold India by the sword, and in the last resort every dominion must rest upon the sanction of force. But when I went there as Viceroy, I registered a vow that I at least would never use the phrase, for it seemed to me that we hold India far more by moral force than by bayonets; and in seven years I was never unfaithful to my pledge. The army is strong in India, stronger than in any other part of the Empire. But even there, unless you are foolish enough to impair the supremacy of the civil authority, militarism cannot prevail.

# Barn Roofing

Fire, Lightning  
Rust and Storm Proof

Durable and  
Ornamental

Let us know the size of any roof  
you are thinking of covering and we  
will make you an interesting offer.

Metallic Roofing Co.

Limited  
MANUFACTURERS  
TORONTO and WINNIPEG

Western Canada Factory,  
737 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

## NOTICE

### ODD NUMBERED SECTIONS

As already publicly announced, odd numbered sections remaining vacant and undisposed of will become available for homestead entry on the coming into force of the Dominion Lands Act on the 1st September next.

As the records of only the even numbered sections have hitherto been kept in the books of the various land agencies in the western provinces and the time having been very limited since the passing of the Act within which to transfer the records of all odd numbered sections from the head office at Ottawa to the local offices, it is possible that the transfer of records in some cases may not have been absolutely completed by the 1st September. In any case where the record of any quarter section has not been transferred, application will be accepted but will have to be forwarded to head office to be dealt with.

As it has been found impossible as yet to furnish sub-agencies with copies of the records of odd numbered sections and in view of the large probable demand for entries, all applicants for entry upon odd numbered sections are strongly advised to make their applications in person at the office of the Dominion Lands Agent and not through a Sub-Land Agent. Applications for even numbered sections may be dealt with through the Sub-Land Agent as before if desired.

J. W. GREENWAY,

Commissioner of Dominion Lands.

19th August, 1908.

## READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR

### GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.



SEND 10 CENTS for this beautiful 12 inch Mt. Mollick center and we will send FREE one Wallachian, one Eyelet and one Violet center. BIG BARGAIN to introduce our new fancy work magazine teaching all the new embroideries and showing the newest designs in shirt waists, hats, corset covers, scarfs etc. Address: The W. Stephens Co., Box 26, Norwood Grove, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

### BE A SCHOOL TEACHER

Openings are plentiful and salaries good. We prepare you at home for entrance to Normal or Model schools in any Province, or give instruction in any subject. Complete courses in Public and High School studies, commercial work, etc. Write for what you need. Canadian Correspondence College, Dept. L., Toronto, Can. 1082

### Ladies' Suits \$7.50 to \$18.00

Tailored to order. Beautiful Voile Skirts, \$5 to \$9; new Silk Coats, \$5 to \$10; nice Cloth Skirts, \$2 to \$6; new Waists in lawn and silk, 50c to \$4; Wash Jumper Suits, \$2; Lustré Jumper Suits, \$4.75; Silk Jumper Suits, \$12; Linen Suits (coat and skirt), \$4 and up. Send to-day for the ample materials and style book, they are free.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Ontario.



### \$7.75 is Our Price for This Wonderful Washing Machine

For only \$7.75 with privilege of six months' Free Trial in your own home, we furnish our wonderful New Century Washing Machine, the most wonderful washing machine ever invented, very much better than washing machines widely advertised and sold by others at \$12.00 to \$15.00. Guaranteed by us for three years, runs with one half the work, does double the amount of work in one half the time of any other washing machine on the market. Our new reverse spring motive power and roller bearing tub does the work. Washes anything from the most delicate lace to the heaviest blankets and rugs, and will not injure the finest fabric; works so easy that a mere child can do a big washing in ten minutes; forces double the amount of water through and through every fibre than any other washer made. Our new reverse spring motive power and roller bearing tub does the work. Washes anything from the most delicate lace to the heaviest blankets and rugs, and will not injure the finest fabric; works so easy that a mere child can do a big washing in ten minutes; forces double the amount of water through and through every fibre than any other washer made.

#### OUR VERY LIBERAL TERMS

The New Century Washing Machine is such a remarkable value at our price, it is so far in advance of any other washing machine offered by any other firm or individual, that we are perfectly willing to send it to you on the most liberal condition. YOU HAVE A FULL SIX MONTHS' TRIAL, during which time you can put the New Century to any test, compare it with any \$12.00 to \$15.00 washer sold by any other concern, and if the New Century does not wash the clothes cleaner with less wear and tear, and do it in one-half the time, and with almost no work at all, you can return it to us at any time during the six months, and we will immediately refund to you the entire purchase price, and also the freight charges you have paid. New Century, height, 31 1/2 inches; depth of tub, 13 1/2 inches; diameter of tub, 25 1/2 inches; weight crated, 60 lb. Price each, \$7.75.

The WINGOLD STOVE COMPANY, Ltd.  
Dept. W.H.,  
245 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

**DON'T** MARRY, DOCTOR or despair. "Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what's best by aid of "Flashlight's on Human Nature," on health, disease, love, marriage and parentage. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to do it in 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we send one only to any adult for postage, 10 cents.

M. HILL PUB. CO.  
129A East 28th Street, NEW YORK

### WESTERN CANADA POST CARDS

To introduce our beautiful colored post cards of Western Canada, we make the following low prices: 10 different cards, 10c; 20 different, 20c.; 30 different, 30c. or 50 different, 50c. Remit by coin or postal note. LIST FREE.

THE WESTERN SPECIALTY CO.  
Dept. A. Winnipeg, Canada.

### CEDAR POSTS AND TELEPHONE POLES

WRITE FOR PRICES

JNO. M. CHISHOLM  
Drawer 1230, WINNIPEG

The North-West Laundry Co. Ltd.  
WINNIPEG

### Dyers & Cleaners

High Class Work Guaranteed and Prompt Service

## Some Appetizing Pickles and Condiments.

Note.—In these Recipes all measurements are made level. Measuring cups divided into thirds or quarters, are used, also tea and measuring spoons.



A Row of Homemade Pickles, Neatly Labeled, is a Goodly Sight on the Shelf of a Store Closet.

The season's canned fruits, preserves, and jellies are arranged in attractive rows and groups for the coming winter's use, and now what comes next to add to the treasures of the store closet? Yes, pickling now demands our attention, and to pass it by were certainly an error.

There is an ancient maxim which reads, "Whatever pleases the palate satisfies," and in this statement there is much truth. I believe, as thoroughly as does my neighbor, the artist, who frequently enjoys chaffing me on the worth of my profession, in "simple living and high thinking," but this same simple life will always include for me a study of food values.

Till by experience taught the mind shall learn That, not to know at large of things remote From use, obscure and subtle, but to know That which before us lies in daily life. Is the prime wisdom.

Condiments stimulate the flow of both saliva and the gastric juices, thus affording, of course, a material aid to digestion. All peoples use condiments in some form or another, "from the wealthy epicure who favors his terrapin with mace and sherry, to the negro who sifts okra through his fingers into his gumbo soup, or the Indian, stirring the contents of a steaming kettle with twigs of sassafras." Pickles of all kinds belong to this great class of food adjuncts, and I trust that in furnishing tested recipes to my readers I may be the means of stimulating appetites, thus aiding digestion in many homes where the work accomplished must depend chiefly on good nutrition. Pray let me not be misunderstood in my remarks. I do most sincerely believe in stimulating the appetite, but all highly seasoned foods should be used in moderation. "They are as poor who surfeit with too much, as they who starve with nothing."

Is it necessary for me to add that condiments find no place in the menus of children? In preparing for the pickling season be sure to have at hand the proper cooking utensils. Graniteware preserving kettles prove the most satisfactory, and wooden spoons are desirable for stirring. If wooden spoons are not at hand use silver ones.

#### Unique Cucumber Pickles.

Gherkins.—Wipe half a peck of small unripe cucumbers. Put in a crock, or stone jar, and add one quart of salt dissolved in two quarts of boiling water. Cover and let stand for three days. Drain the cucumbers from the brine, heat the brine to the boiling point, pour over cucumbers and let stand three days; repeat. Drain, wipe the cucumbers, and pour over them one gallon of boiling water in which one tablespoonful of alum has been dissolved. Let stand for six hours; then drain from the alum water. Cook the cucumbers ten minutes, a few at a time, in one fourth of the following mixture, heated to the boiling point and boiled eight minutes.

Mixture.—Cut four red peppers in halves crosswise, remove the seeds and chop. Add two tablespoonfuls of allspice berries, two tablespoonfuls of whole cloves, and two four-inch sticks of cinnamon broken in pieces. Strain the remaining liquor over the pickles which have been put in a crock or stone jar.

#### Onion Pickles.

Wipe three quarts of small unripe cucumbers, and cut in slices. Remove the skins from one pint of small onions, and cut in thin slices. To the cucumbers and onions add one cupful of salt; mix thoroughly, cover, and let stand for six hours. Drain, and add one quart of vinegar and one pint of olive oil. Pack in a crock or stone jar.

#### Chopped Pickles.

Wipe four quarts of green tomatoes and chop. Add three-fourths of a cupful of salt; cover, let stand twenty-four hours, then drain. Add two teaspoonfuls of pepper, three teaspoonfuls of mustard, three teaspoonfuls of allspice, three teaspoonfuls of whole cloves, and half a cupful of white mustard seed to two quarts of vinegar, and heat the mixture to the boiling point. Add the tomatoes, four sliced green peppers from which the seeds have been removed, and two skinned and chopped onions. Bring to the boiling point and let boil half an hour. Fill the jars and cover.

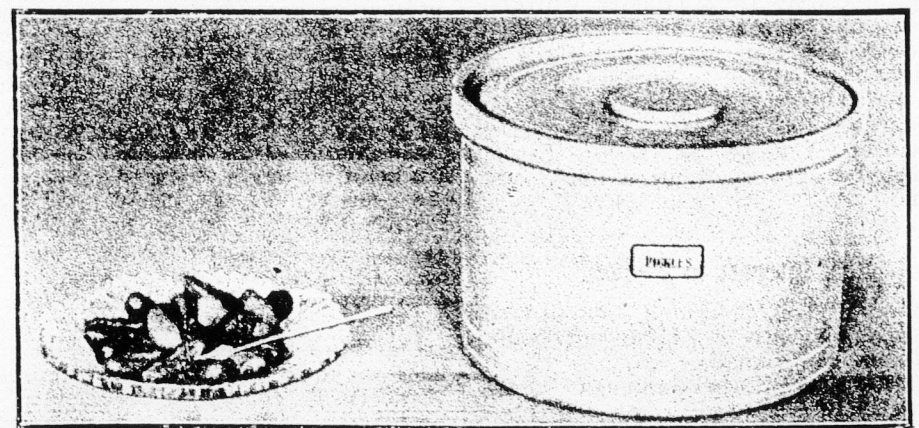
#### Spanish Pickles.

Wipe one peck of green tomatoes, and slice thinly. Remove the skins from four medium-sized onions, and slice thinly. Sprinkle alternate layers of tomatoes and onions with salt, using one cupful. Cover, and let stand overnight. In the morning drain and put

of peppers and onions and a generous sprinkling of salt. So continue until all is used, cover, and let stand overnight. In the morning, drain, return to the kettle, cover with vinegar, and add three pounds of brown sugar, two pounds of white mustard seed, and two ounces of allspice berries, three ounces of whole cloves and six ounces of stick cinnamon; the last three spices to be tied in three small bags made of cheese-cloth. Bring slowly to the boiling point and let simmer for six hours. Remove the spice-bags, turn into glass jars, and adjust the covers.

#### Chow-Chow.

Wipe two quarts of small green tomatoes. Pare twelve small cucumbers. Cut three red peppers in halves, crosswise, and remove the seeds. Remove the leaves and cut off the stalk from one cauliflower and soak for twenty minutes (head down) in enough cold water to cover. Remove the leaves and wash two bunches of celery. Remove the skins from one pint of small onions. Remove the strings from two quarts of string-beans. Cut all the prepared vegetables into small pieces, cover with half a cupful of salt, let stand twenty-four hours, and drain. Mix one fourth of a pound of mustard seed, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of pepper, half an ounce of cloves and two ounces of turmeric. Add this mixture to one gallon of vinegar, heat gradually to the boiling point, then add the prepared vegetables, and let simmer until the vegetables are soft.



Unripe Cucumbers Make Delicious Crisp Little Pickles known as Gherkins. A Crock or Stone Jar is a good thing to keep them in.

into a preserving kettle. Add half an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of allspice berries, half an ounce of peppercorns, half a cupful of brown mustard seed, one pound of brown sugar, and four green peppers, from which the seeds have been removed, finely chopped. Cover this with cider vinegar, heat gradually to the boiling point, and let it boil for thirty-five minutes. Store in crocks.

#### Piccaililli.

Wash half a bushel of green tomatoes and half a peck of green peppers. Remove the skins from half a peck of onions. Put vegetables separately through a meat chopper, using the large knife, or if a meat chopper is not at hand, use a chopping-knife and tray; then chop up two medium-sized cabbages. Put a layer of tomatoes in a large preserving jar, cover with a layer of cabbage, and sprinkle

#### Pickled Onions.

Peel four quarts of small white onions, and cover with a brine made by adding one and one-half cupfuls of salt to two quarts of boiling water. Let stand for two days, drain, and cover with a similar brine; let stand two days, and again drain. Make more brine and heat to the boiling point, put in the onions and boil for five minutes. Drain and put in bottles, interspersing with bits of cinnamon, peppercorns and slices of red pepper. Fill the bottles with overflowing with vinegar scalded with sugar, allowing half a cupful of sugar to two quarts of vinegar. Cork while hot.

#### Mustard Pickles.

Wipe two quarts of green tomatoes and cut in eighths. Remove the leaves from one bunch of celery, scrape, and cut in three-fourths inch pieces. Wipe

six green peppers and cut in slices, removing the seeds. Remove the skins from one quart of button onions. Remove the stalks from one head of cauliflower and soak head down in cold water to cover, twenty minutes; then separate in flowerlets, parboil in boiling salted water for five minutes and drain. Mix the vegetables and pour over them a brine made of two cupfuls of salt and four quarts of water. Cover, and let stand over night. In the morning let the vegetables simmer in the same brine, taking care that the vegetables do not get over-cooked. When the vegetables are tender, drain. Mix one cupful of flour, eight tablespoonfuls of mustard, and one tablespoonful of turmeric, and add cold vinegar slowly, while stirring constantly, until a smooth paste is formed; then add one cupful of sugar, and two quarts of vinegar. Cook the mixture over hot water, stirring constantly at first, and afterwards occasionally, the same as boiled custard. Heat the vegetables thoroughly in the mixture, then put in jars or bottles, and cover or cork.

**Chili Sauce.**

Peel twelve medium-sized ripe tomatoes and cut in slices crosswise. Put in a preserving kettle with one green pepper, finely chopped, one onion, finely chopped, two cupfuls of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoon-



Pickled Young Onions—a Most De'licate Condiment.

ful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cloves, two and one half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, and two teaspoonfuls of grated nutmeg. Heat gradually to the boiling point, and let simmer two and one-half hours.

**Tomato Catchup.**

Peel one peck of ripe tomatoes, and cut in pieces. Put them in a preserving kettle, bring to the boiling point, and let simmer until soft; then force them through a sieve. Add three cupfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of salt, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cloves, one-eighth of a teaspoonful of cayenne and one quart of vinegar. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer until of the right consistency, the time required being about two and one-half to three hours. Turn into bottles, filling the bottles to overflowing, cork, and seal. It must always be remembered in filling glass jars or bottles with a hot mixture to place them on a cloth wrung out of hot water.

**Scotch Ginger Bread.**—Sift into a basin a pound and a quarter of flour. Add a half teaspoonful each of allspice and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, half a grated nutmeg, one quarter pound of seeded raisins, four ounces of almonds blanched and chopped, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Melt together in a pan one-half pound of butter and the same amount of brown sugar, add two cupfuls of molasses and one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Scald and cool. Then all to the dry ingredients with three well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and pour into well-greased, paper-lined tins and bake in a very moderate oven for an hour and a half.

**Red Bean Croquettes.**—Boiled red or kidney beans which have been left from a previous meal may be used for the croquettes, or they may be freshly prepared. Soak the beans over night, boil in slightly salted water until very soft, and then drain. Press one pint through a ricer, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, salt and cayenne to taste, one teaspoonful of onion juice and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Form into tiny balls or cylinders, dip each into slightly beaten white of egg, roll in fine dry breadcrumbs and fry—three or four at a time in smoking hot fat.

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**The Winnipeg Piano Co.** 295 Portage Ave. Winnipeg.

## The Month's Bright Sayings.

**James J. Hill:** The heavier the crop the lighter the heart.

**Dr. Weir Mitchell:** Funds spent on preventable disease are surely, in a sense, wasted.

**W. J. Bryan:** The power of money is great, but the power of the mind is greater still.

**Rev. Dr. Aked:** The "little red school house" is one of the first signs of a country's future greatness.

**Ellen Terry:** A fetching hat carries a woman a long way, especially if there is a sensible head underneath it.

**George Meredith:** No one can have a sense of humor until he has learned that he is not the centre of the universe.

**Lord Morley:** Work and manual toil is the law of the world; and the majority work and subsist upon work.

**Dr. Thompson:** There is practically no malady affecting the human body in general which does not show itself in the eyes.

**Duchess of Sutherland:** The women of all classes in Holland take a pride in making both ends not only meet, but often tie in a handsome bow.

**President Roosevelt:** A healthy people will work and serve themselves and the community. Health and work ensure morality.

**Lord Strathcona:** Ten years ago people said bananas would grow in the West as readily as fall wheat. To-day they are marketing fall wheat in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

**Dr. Osler:** Dyspepsia is a modern invention; it belongs to people who won't exercise and flourish around town; it belongs to cities where the cooking is the best.

**J. P. Robertson:** Rev. Dr. McKeechie says that curlers should play no other game. Maybe he thinks they require from April until December for meditation and repentance.

**Rev. Dr. Bland:** It is a great pity that many authors of high talent and genius, instead of looking to the good and bright side of life, should grovel in the mud.

**President Fallieres:** Every Frenchman who sets foot on English soil does not fail to remark and admire its attachment to the traditions which have made its strength.

**Colonel Denison:** There is scarcely a professional criminal to-day who has reached, say, middle life who would not willingly throw up the crooked game if he could find a decent way of rehabilitating himself.

**Sir Gilbert Parker:** The fortunate people—the truly fortunate—are not so much those who succeed in life as those who succeed in living. There are some who do both; many who do neither, and some who do either one, but not the other.

**Mrs. Humphrey Ward:** One who married after several years of bread-winning said to a sympathetic friend, "It is necessary to have lived long in other people's houses to realize the full joy of being able to poke your own fire. The poker feels like a sceptre and the hearth like the steps of a throne."

**Judge Darling:** For over forty years I have practiced in the courts of law, and am quite satisfied that men like the late Baron Bramwell, the late Lord Russell of Killowen, the late Lord Jus-

tice Brett, Lord Esher, and many others, who said that in their experience nine-tenths of the ill accruing from drink came from the public-house, were right.

**Sir Sandford Fleming:** When we have a complete globe-girdling chair of Imperial cables, commerce will be quickened, the ties of sympathy will be made more effective, the bonds of sentiment will become more enduring, and unity, strength, and permanence will be assured to the family of nations constituting the Empire.

**John Kendrick Bangs:** What's the matter with the civilized stomach? The old way was to eat what was set before you and think no more about it. Nature did the rest and converted the beef and turnips to thought, to industry, to heroism, to politics, to poetry, to art, to emotion. The new way is to hurry from the table and take pills, powders, potions, and you haven't eaten enough nor what you want, at that. What's the use of being a billionaire if you have to live on bran bread and skimmed milk?

**Sir Mackenzie Bowell:** It is seventy-five years since I became a "devil" in a printing office. I have had the unique distinction of being connected with that same office till the present time. It is simply marvelous the development of the printing and publishing industry in that time. In my experience I have watched the changes from the time we inked the plate by hand to the days of the modern press which turns out the newspapers by the hundred per minute. I remember when we secured a press which turned out 1,500 papers per hour, we thought it was something wonderful.

**John Mitchell:** The man who thinks that citizenship means to drop a bit of paper into a box on a certain day and then go away, makes a mistake. Citizenship means to take reasonable cognizance of the ideas which make for civic betterment, both in the local field and in the larger fields of the county, the State and the country. It means to know something of measures and of men; to study the force called radicalism, and to know what it is that is of value in the future; to study the force called conservatism; and to see what it is in the past that should be conserved and what thrown out.

**Lord Strathcona:** And what is the meaning of this magnificent crop now ripening to the harvest in Western Canada? It means, that properly gathered, and exported under favorable conditions as to markets and prices, allowing, of course, for home consumption, that between \$65,000,000 and \$75,000,000 will return to Canada during the next six or eight months, and that Canadians will have that amount with which to set the wheels of industry and commerce from Vancouver to Halifax running at a high rate of speed, calculated to bring about renewed activity in all avenues of trade.

**Sir Wilfrid Laurier:** We are a united and a confident people. The industrial East aspires to sympathetic community of interest with the agricultural West, and in all the provinces a robust national sentiment prevails. We lie closer than ever before to the heart of the Empire to which we belong. We hold more firmly than ever before our great place on this continent. We know as never before that the day of our strength is at hand, and that long before this century has run its course, Canada will be a name of power among the nations.

Fruit stains of long standing should be rubbed on each side with yellow soap. Then lay over a mixture of starch in cold water very thick; rub well in, and expose the linen to the sun and air till the stain comes out. If not removed in three or four days renew the process. When dry it may be sprinkled with a little water.

## Music and the Drama.

Everything is very quiet just at present among local musicians and entertainers. Indeed, most of the teachers and artists are out of town on their holidays, but with the first month of the fall they will begin to come in and settle down to their various duties once more. This dearth of entertainers in the city at present no doubt accounts for the failure of the Clef Club or any other similar group of musically inclined people to take advantage of the offer of the Walker Theatre for a big benefit performance in behalf of the Fernie fire sufferers. The members of the Clef Club discussed the matter with a view to getting up an entertainment, but found it impossible to arrange a programme of sufficient strength to give satisfaction to the public. Should there be open time at the Walker during early September, when at least some of our many clever musicians, vocalists and elocutionists are again at home, a giant entertainment may be offered for this very worthy cause. The loss at Fernie and other British Columbia towns was so great that funds will be better late than never coming to them.

It is announced that the Winnipeg Theatre will re-open for the coming season on Monday, September 7th. During the past four months, the theatre has been practically rebuilt and the seating accommodation doubled. It is understood that an excellent stock company has been engaged and local theatre-goers are looking forward with interest to the opening performance on Labor Day.

The Sunday evening concerts in the Edmonton and Dominion theatres, Edmonton, are each week becoming more popular, both auditoriums being filled every Sunday. At the latter, the Citizens' Band, assisted by Miss Forsyth, gave an excellent programme, while at the Edmonton, Mr. Lagourgue's orchestra supplied what was a genuine treat to all lovers of high-class music. The close attention given and the hearty appreciation shown gave abundant evidence of the success which Mr. Lagourgue is meeting in his efforts to raise the standards of musical taste in Edmonton. Mrs. Gagner and Mr. Vansyckle, the vocalists of the evening, as well as Mr. Darimont, the solo violinist, were heard with much pleasure.

Robt. Mantell, in a repertoire of Shakespeare's best known plays, appeared for a week at the Walker Theatre during August. Crowded houses were the rule every night which must have been somewhat of a very welcome surprise to the management as August is the dulllest month of the whole year for the theatres, so many people being out of town and there being such a number of rival outdoor attractions which are largely patronized during the summer months. Mr. Mantell scored an enormous success in Winnipeg and we hope to have him again with us next season.

Happyland, Winnipeg's amusement park, has been sold by auction, lock, stock and barrel. The announcement of its failure surprised no one as it entirely failed in its mission of catering to the amusement-loving public, the attractions being poor in the extreme.

The new theatrical season is rapidly becoming an accomplished fact. The Bijou Theatre, Winnipeg, has remained open all summer (surely a record), the Dominion re-opened its doors on August 17th, the Walker on the 31st while the Winnipeg Theatre Stock Company will make their initial bow to the public on Labor Day, September 7th.

The Saskatchewan Musical society met at Regina several times last month for the purpose of perfecting organization and making the preparatory arrangements in connection with next year's proposed big musical festival. In the absence of A. F. Angus, provisional president, the chair was taken by James Brown, provisional vice-president. The following were elected: Patron, Lieut.

Governor Forget; hon. president, Mayor Wilson, Saskatoon; president, A. F. Angus, Regina; 1st vice-president, Jas. Brown, Regina; 2nd vice-president, Dr. Washington, Wolseley; secretary-treasurer, F. W. Chisholm, Indian Head; executive, T. Ward, Condie; Wm. Preston, Saskatoon; J. E. Fisher, Regina; N. D. Heaton, Macoun; W. Briley, Moosomin; R. B. Taylor, Grenfell; B. W. Wallace, Prince Albert; T. D. Mitchell, Moose Jaw; H. F. Harmer, Qu'Appelle.

It has been decided to hold a great provincial festival next year, to be known as the Saskatchewan musical festival, to be held in Regina on May 4, 5 and 6, and the following local committee was appointed to attend to the details connected with the festival: Messrs. Laubach (festival conductor), Jas. Brown and J. E. Fisher. The two numbers chosen for the combined chorus work to be done at the festival were Mendelssohn's Fest Ge Sang and Sterndale Bennett's May Queen.

A successful entertainment was given at Maple Creek on August 1st when the programme was under the direction of Mr. F. S. Russell, and was of the nature of an evening with Burns. Mr. Russell gave a sketch of the Poet's life. Mr. Fred Marzeton sang very effectively "Flow Gently Sweet Afton." Miss Ethel Dixon and Mr. C. E. Brown gave readings of the poet's work.

The Winnipeg City Band—thirty-six men strong—left for its tour on Friday, August 28th. It gave two concerts the following day in one of the St. Paul parks, and then proceeded direct to Toronto for a two week's engagement at the Exhibition in that city. After that according to the present programme, the band will play in Buffalo, and Niagara Falls, and then return

westward by way of Chicago, where a series of concerts will be given at one of the parks. This arrangement may be slightly altered owing to an offer from Chicago, of a week's engagement, which may necessitate going direct to that famous place of amusement from Toronto. The Winnipeg City Band leaves home with the best wishes of its many admirers for a highly successful tour. Winnipeg could have no better publicity agent than S. L. Barrowclough and his group of gifted musicians. The W. H. M. wishes them "Bon Voyage."

A minstrel show was given at Westaskiwin on August 14th. Those taking part in the performance were Clarence Powell, Pete Woods, Happy Beauregard, Eddie Straughter, Elmar Clay, Lemuel Ross, Alonzo Moore, Charley Scott and Willie Shepard.

Mr. Pratt, manager of the Pratt opera house has just signed a contract with C. P. Walker whereby he will become attached to the North Dakota theatrical circuit, which will insure a much better class of shows for Portage patrons this coming season.

A bright little concert was given at Portage la Prairie on August 14th, the principal items on the programme being Miss Jennie Rennie, solo; Miss Mary Maxwell, reading; H. G. Sanderson, violin; Mrs. L. J. Scofield, organist; Mr. Wurster, solo; Miss W. B. Jones, organist; Mrs. McKinnon, recitation; all of which were well rendered and given hearty applause.

Indian Head musical circles received a very strong addition last month in the person of Mr. Luther Roberts who went there as organist and choir master of St. John's church. Although he has been in the town so short a while he has impressed all who have heard him as a sound musician and a brilliant executant on the organ and pianoforte. Mr. Roberts is a Yorkshire man and took a high degree in music at Durham University, England.

## Banging It Through.

### The Objections to the Ordinary Mechanical Piano-Player.

Artistic musicians look upon the ordinary pneumatic piano player as highly objectionable, because it is so palpably mechanical. And there is reason for this. If the slow movement of Beethoven's Apassionata Sonata is to be banged through without any phrasing, its entire value as an art work is lost. Musical expression is the whole of music. Technique is simply a means to an end. But if that technique can be produced by mechanical means so perfectly that it will respond to the slightest wish of the artistic musical temperament, what then? This without exaggeration is exactly the accomplishment of the Angelus, the King of piano players. By means of the phrasing lever and the melody buttons the mechanism is under perfect control as to tempo and accentuation. That is why the Angelus has been secured by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, Toronto, for installation as an interior part of the Gourlay piano. No better instrument than the Gourlay is manufactured in Canada, and no better player is manufactured in the world. The combination, therefore, is exceptionally happy. The Gourlay-Angelus, as it stands, gives no indication of the wizard within it. It may be played like an ordinary piano, but it will give no ordinary tone. The tone of the Gourlay is always resonant, mellow and beautiful. But touch a button and the pedals of the Angelus are disclosed. The combined instruments can produce effects which Paderewski could not excel, provided always the operator has musical temperament. The Gourlay-Angelus is one of the triumphs of the century. Catalogue and price list are free for the asking. Write for one to Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, 188 Yonge St., Toronto.

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A Man  
Among Men!

You can feel as vigorous as you were before you lost your strength. You can enjoy life again. You can get up in the morning refreshed by sleep, and not more tired than when you go to bed. You can have no weakness in the back, or "come-and-go" pains, no indigestion or constipation. You can know that your strength is not slipping away. You can once more have bright eyes, healthy color in your cheeks, and be confident that what others can do is not impossible to you. In short, do you want to be strong and healthy? We can make you all this, because we have done so for others.

Mr. G. Herman, care of W. Wardrop's Camp, Whitemouth, Man., says: "I am glad to say that my health is much better than before wearing one of your Belts. I should not like to be without one now."

Dr. McLaughlin: Dear Sir: About five years ago I had Rheumatism in my ankles, shoulders, elbows and fingers. I used your Belt, and was cured in about forty days. Your Belt is the best investment I ever made. John Hemsworth, Hazelwood, Sask.

My, Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will make you strong. It will send the life blood dancing through your veins, you will feel the exhilarating spark warm your frame, the bright flash will come to the eye and a firm grip to your hand, and you will be able to grasp your fellow man and feel what others are capable of doing is not impossible for you. This grand appliance has brought strength, ambition and happiness to thousands in the past year.

It is the one sure remedy for the cure of Rheumatism, Weak Kidneys, Weak Stomach, Lame Back, Nervousness, General Debility and Weakness in young or old, as well as Dyspepsia, Constipation, etc. How can you remain in doubt as to the value of this grand remedy when you see so many cures.

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Postcards. I have several special lines of High Grade Cards. Special assortment "Comics" only 10c per dozen to introduce list. W. BAILLY, Earl Ave., Vancouver, Can.

## Work for Busy Fingers.

### Description of Crochet Stitches.

Chain (ch): A series of stitches (sts) or loops, each drawn with the hook through loop preceding.

Slip-stitch (sl st): Drop the stitch on the hook; take up the one it is desired to join, and draw the dropped stitch through. This is used as a fastener, or joining stitch, where close work is wanted.

Single crochet (s c): Having a stitch on the needle, put hook through work, take up the thread and draw it through the work and the stitch on the needle at the same time. This is sometimes called "close-chain stitch."

Double crochet (d c): Having a stitch on the needle (as will be understood in following definitions), put hook through the work, draw the thread through, take up stitch, and draw it through the two stitches on the needle.

Treble crochet (t c): Thread over needle as if to make a stitch, hook through work, thread over and draw through, making three stitches on the needle; thread over, draw through two, over draw through remaining two.

Double treble crochet (d t c): Like treble, except that the thread is put over twice before insertion of hook in the work; draw thread through, making four stitches on the needle; take up thread, draw through two, again, and draw through remaining two. In the extra long treble, which is seldom used, the thread is put over three times before insertion of hook in work, the stitches being worked off by twos as directed.

Short treble (s t): Like treble, except that after thread is drawn through the work, making three stitches on the needle, it is taken up and drawn through all three at once, instead of two.

### Description of Stitches in Knitting.

Knit (k) is to knit plain.

Over (o): Put thread over needle to make an extra loop or stitch.

Narrow (n): Knit two stitches together.

Purl (p) or seam (s): Knit with the thread in front of needle; this is the reverse of plain knitting.

Purl-narrow (pn): Purl two stitches together.

Fagot (f): Over twice, purl two together.

Slip, narrow and bind (sl n and b): Skip one stitch, narrow, then draw the slipped stitch over the narrow one, letting it fall between the needles.

Slip and bind (sl and b): Slip a stitch, knit one, draw slipped stitch over knitted one. To bind or cast on, repeat.

Stars (\*\*) and parenthesis ( ) indicate repetition, thus \* over, narrow, repeat from \* twice, is the same as saying, over, narrow; while (over, narrow) three times, is the same.

### A Lovely Dolly in Crochet.

Make a chain of 6 stitches, join.

1. Chain 5, (a treble in ring, chain 2) 7 times. Now, if you wish to join each row, beginning the next with 3 chain to represent a treble, simply fasten the last 2 chain in 3d of 5 chain; but you can work around and around without joining, if desired, by making 2 trebles in 3d stitch of 5 chain, thus beginning 2d row.

2. Make 3 trebles under 2 chain and 2 trebles in each treble of preceding row.

3. Make 2 trebles between 1st 2 trebles (those that were made in 3d stitch of 5 chain), \* 4 trebles on 4 trebles, 2 trebles in next, repeat around.

3. \* Chain 2, miss 2, (2 trebles in

next treble and 1 in next) 5 times, repeat from \* 3 times.

3. \* Chain 2, a "knob" under 2 chain (to make the knob, take up thread and work under the chain 4 times), chain 2, miss 1 treble, make 8 trebles over next 6 (2 in 1st, 1 in each of 4 and 2 in last), chain 2, miss 2, 8 trebles over next 6 trebles, repeat from \* 3 times.

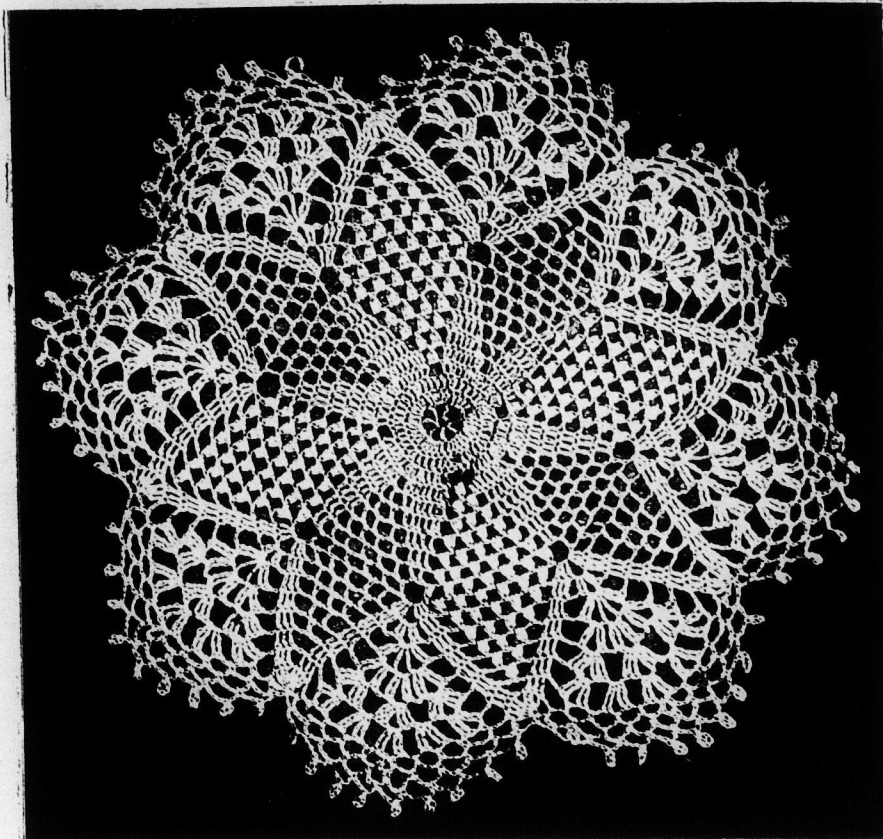
4. \* (Chain 2, a knob under next 2 chain) twice, chain 2, miss 1st of 8 trebles, 6 trebles in 6 trebles, chain 2, a treble under 2 chain, chain 2, miss 1 treble, 6 trebles in 6 trebles; repeat from \* 3 times.

5. \* (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2, 5 trebles over 6

11. (Chain 2, knob under 2 chain) 5 times, \* chain 2, 3 trebles on 3 trebles, chain 2, shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 2 trebles in shell of last row, chain 2, 3 trebles on 3 trebles, \* (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 4 times, repeat from \* to \* once, then repeat from beginning of row 3 times.

12. (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 4 times, \* chain 2, 3 trebles on 3 trebles, chain 2, then 2 double trebles, 2 chain (1 double treble, 2 chain) twice, 2 double trebles, all in shell of last row, chain 2, 3 trebles on 3 trebles, \* (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 3 times, repeat from \* to \* once, then from beginning of row 3 times.

13. (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 3 times, \* chain 2, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 2, 2 double trebles, (2 chain and 2 double trebles under 1st 2 chain), 3 times, chain 2, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, \* (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain), twice,



A lovely dolly in crochet.

trebles (1 in 2nd, 2 in 3d, 1 each in 4th and 5th), (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) twice, chain 2, 5 trebles over 6 trebles; repeat from \* 3 times.

6. \* (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 4 times, chain 2, 4 trebles over 5 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 3 times, chain 2, 4 trebles over 5 trebles; repeat from \* 3 times.

7. \* (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 5 times, chain 2, 3 trebles over 4 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 4 times, chain 2, 3 trebles on 4 trebles; repeat from \* 3 times.

8. \* (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 6 times, chain 2, 2 trebles over 3 trebles, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 5 times, chain 2, 2 trebles over 3 trebles; repeat from \* 3 times.

9. \* (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 7 times, chain 3, a treble under 2 chain, (chain 2, a treble under next 2 chain) 5 times, chain 1; repeat from \* 3 times.

10. \* (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) 6 times, chain 2, shell of 3 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles, under 3 chain of last row, (chain 2, a treble under 2 chain) 5 times, chain 2, shell under 3 chain, repeat from \* 3 times.

repeat from \* to \*, then repeat from beginning of row 3 times.

14. (Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain) twice, \* chain 2, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, chain 2, shell of 3 double trebles, 2 chain and 3 double trebles in each shell of last row, with 2 chain between each shell, chain 2, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, \* chain 2, a treble under a chain, repeat from \* to \* then from beginning of row 3 times.

15. Chain 2, a knob under 2 chain, \* chain 2, 3 trebles on 3 trebles, chain 2, a shell of 2 double trebles, 2 chain and 2 double trebles in each shell of last row and same between shells, 5 in all, chain 2, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, \* repeat from \* to \* then from beginning of row 3 times.

16. \* (Chain 4, fasten in centre of 1st shell, chain 4, fasten between shells) twice, chain 4, fasten in 3d shell, chain 4, fasten in same shell, (chain 4, fasten between shells, chain 4, fasten in next shell) twice, chain 4, 6 trebles in 6 trebles, missing 2 chain between; repeat from \* 7 times.

17. (Chain 5, fasten under 4 chain) 11 times, \* chain 2, 6 trebles in 6 trebles,



Summer Days.

keeping top loops of each on hook and working off all together, chain 2, fasten under 4 chain, (chain 5, fasten under 4 chain) 10 times, repeat from \* 6 times, ending with 6 trebles, worked off as directed.

18. \* Chain 2, fasten under 5 chain, (chain 8, fasten back in 3d stitch to make a 5-chain picot, chain 2, fasten in next chain) 10 times, chain 8, picot, chain 2, fasten in top of 6 treble group, repeat from \* around.

By working around and around you will find that one diamond, the 1st in the round, differs a little from the others; it will have 14 rows of "knobs" and the 11 and 12th rows have 7 knobs each. The difference is not at all noticeable, however, and I think it much easier to work around than to join each row in the usual way. The worker can do as she pleases about this, however.

**Handsome Shell and Knot-Stitch Lace.**

Make a chain of 24 stitches, turn.

1. Shell of 2 trebles, 2 chain and 2 trebles in 5th stitch of chain, make 2 knot stitches, miss 6, shell in next stitch, chain 2, miss 2, shell in next, 2 knot-stitches, miss 6, shell in next, chain 2, miss 2, a treble in last stitch of chain, chain 4, turn.

2. Shell in shell, 1 knot-stitch, fasten in knot of last row, 1 knot-stitch, shell in shell, fasten under 2 chain, shell in shell, 1 knot-stitch, fasten in knot of last row, 1 knot-stitch, shell in shell, chain 2, a treble under chain at end of row, chain 4, turn.

3. Shell in shell, 2 knot-stitches, shell in shell, chain 2, shell in shell, 2 knot-stitches, shell in shell, chain 2, a treble under chain, chain 4, turn.

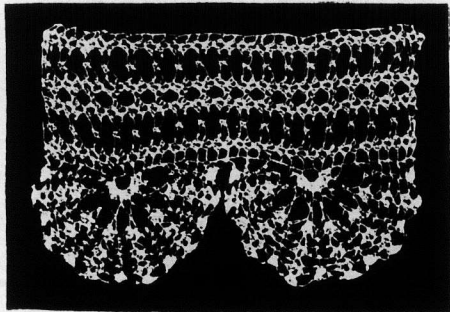
4. Like 2d row.  
5. Like 3d row.  
6. Like 2d row.  
7. Like 3d row.  
8. Like 2d row.

9. Like 3d row to scallop; chain 6, fasten at end of 7th row, chain 1, turn.

10. Make 21 trebles under 6 chain, treble on treble, chain 2, and finish like 2d row.

11. Like 3d row to scallop; treble on treble, \* 1 knot-stitch, miss 2 trebles, fasten in next, repeat from \* around scallop, fasten in end of 6th row, turn.

12. Make 2 knot-stitches, a treble in 1st knot of last row, chain 3, a treble in same place, \* 2 knot-stitches, treble in next knot, chain 3, a treble in same place, repeat from \* around scallop.



Handsome shell and knot-stitch lace.

making 6 loops of 3 chain, 2 knot-stitches, treble on treble; finish like 2d row.

13. Like 3d row to scallop; a treble on treble, \* 1 knot-stitch, fasten in knot of last row, 1 knot-stitch, shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles in loop of 3 chain, repeat from \* around scallop, making \* shells in all, 1 knot-stitch, fasten in knot, 1 knot-stitch, fasten in end of 4th row, 1 knot-stitch, turn.

14. \* Fasten in knot of last row, 1 knot-stitch, a treble in shell, chain 3, a treble in same place, 1 knot-stitch; repeat from \* making 6 loops as before, ending with 1 knot-stitch, fasten in knot, 1 knot-stitch, treble on treble; finish like 2d row.

15. Like 3d row to scallop; treble on treble, 1 knot-stitch, fasten 1 knot-stitch, shell under 3 chain, and continue as in 15th row, fastening at end of 2d row, turn.

16. Same as 14th row.

17. Like 3d row to scallop; continue around scallop as in 15th row, fastening at end of 1st row, turn.

18. \* Make 1 knot-stitch, shell of 6 trebles in knot of last row, 1 knot-stitch, shell in shell; repeat from \* around, making 13 shells in all, 1 knot-stitch, treble on treble, and finish like 2d row.

Repeat from 1st row to the length desired.

This lace was used with beautiful effect for trimming a dresser-scarf, blue ribbon being run in the spaces formed by the knot-stitches, to match the toilet-cushion and other appointments.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs 25 cents to try it and be convinced.

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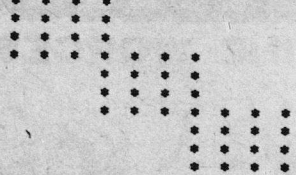
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**Round the Evening Lamp.**

**No. 1.—CONNECTED WORD SQUARES**



Top Square: 1. To obtain. 2. To sharpen. 3. Chilliness. 4. An equal.  
Centre Square: 1. Frenzy. 2. A song. 3. Distilled spirits. 4. Toward the rising sun.  
Bottom Square: 1. A bird of the gull family. 2. A county in Ohio. 3. A kind of grain. 4. Necessity.

**No. 2.—RIDDLE.**  
Of five little units my whole is made, Which but once, in their order, retrograde.  
Though I'm sometimes half a compound word, I'm complete as any you ever heard.

My First, it is found in the mighty ocean; Without my Second there's never devotion; My Third can command both the poor and the proud, My fourth in our country is never allowed.  
My Last very truly "Paul Pry" may be styled, He suggests enough questions to drive a man wild; And he wanders about, without rest for his head, Neither heaven nor earth can hold him 'tis said. He stays with the young until they get old, Yet cannot abide with a mortal, I'm told. Alas! he can't enter the regions of bliss, He'll have to find rest in some yawning abyss.

Now, who am I? What am I? Tell me my name; I'm dreadfully wicked—yet honored by fame. They say that I play my part well on the stage—Surprisingly, really, for one of my age. All over the world have I made the heart leap With generous anger; made men laugh and weep. Though black and depised in my life's early prime, In a high niche of glory I'm stowed for all time.

**No. 3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**  
The key-words are of four letters each.  
1. To ensnare.  
2. High.  
3. Recent.  
4. Measures of length.  
5. To support.  
Primals: Narratives or legends.  
Finals: Metrical composition.

**No. 4.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.**



A well-known saying.

**No. 5.—ANIMAL TRANSPOSITIONS.**  
In each of the following sentences one of the blanks is to be filled with the name of an animal, and the other blank with the same word transposed.  
1. Down by the river we saw two—standing by an old —.  
2. Do you see that skin of a — near those large —?  
3. The large-eyed — which we heard was sitting in a — tree.  
4. The — which visited our hen-coop on Sunday was a —.  
5. The next day a — rushed past the — and dashed out little hen-coop to the ground.  
6. As we passed the — a small — came hurrying out.  
7. The — was very wild, and in trying to hold it he broke his —.

**No. 6.—HIDDEN SENTENCE.**  
In the following quotations, all from Shakespeare, find concealed a well-known line from Julius Caesar. This line is considered a proverb nowadays; one word of it is hidden in each quotation, the words being hidden in their proper order.  
"I frown upon him, yet he loves me still."—Midsummer Night's Dream.  
"Hence, villain; never more come in my sight."—King Richard II.  
"For love of you, not hate unto my

friend, hath made me publisher of this pretense."—Two Gentlemen of Verona.  
"Sing me now asleep; Then to your offices and let me rest."—Midsummer Night's Dream.  
"O give me cord or knife or poison."—Cymbeline.  
"And if I die tomorrow, this is hers; If, whilst I live she will be only mine."—Taming of the Shrew.  
"Sir, fare you well; Hereafter in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you."—As You Like It.  
"And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud, So honor peereth in the meanest habit."—Taming of the Shrew.

**No. 7.—BURIED HEROES.**  
In each of the following sentences is concealed the name of a hero renowned in history, ancient or modern:  
1. O magic medicated flannel! Songs to thy praise should be continually sung by the legions of rheumatic martyrs whose pains thou hast eased!  
2. Though it should wreck my every hope And all my fortune mar, I, on this floor, where patriots stand, Still give my voice for war!  
3. What? Do you know no better word than "nib," Alec, my boy, to call a bird's bill by? Call it "beak," then, and be done with it.  
4. With glad avidity the panting hart slaked his thirst in the cool waters of the brook.

**No. 8.—ILLUSTRATED CONUNDRUM.**



The mother in the above picture answers her little daughter in three words. The last two words combine to form the name of the animal. What is it?"

**No. 9.—SHORT-WORD METAGRAM.**  
1. I float upon the water, and my parts are a drink, a person, and a shout.  
2. Change the drink into a river, and I become what a man did in search for buried treasure.  
3. Change the river into a vegetable, and I become an impudent-looking animal.  
4. Change the vegetable into an insect and I become another insect.  
5. Change the insect into a bird and I become a vessel, such as is celebrated in a popular Irish song.  
6. Change the bird into a pet name for a girl and I become a drinking vessel.  
7. Change the pet name into a French measure of surface, and I become a kind of carpet.  
8. Change it into another measure and I become an ear.

Answers to the above puzzles will be given in the October number of The Western Home Monthly.

**Answer to Puzzles in August Number.**

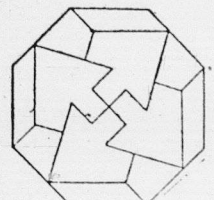
**No. 1 Square-Word Blanks.**  
L O R D  
O L I O  
R I N G  
D O G E

**No. 2. Hidden Animals.**—Dog, ape, lemur, toad, loris, wapiti, camel, stag, chamois, bear, sable, goat, sloth, doe, rabbit, lion, eland, yak, fawn, cat, fox, elk, hyena, ass.

**No. 3. Illustrated Rebus.**—"As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

**No. 4. Ladder.**—I A M I N D P O V E R T H I S A N I C E T

**No. 5. Octagon Puzzle.**—The pieces lettered A to be fitted together in the centre, the pieces B and C to be fitted



together alternately around the pieces lettered A after the A pieces have been fitted together.

**No. 6. Reversals.**—1. Daw, wad. 2. Hoop, pooh. 3. Dial, laid. 4. Garb, brag. 5. Bats, stab. 6. War, raw. 7. Lee, eel. 8. Yap, pay. 9. Reward, drawer. 10. Yam, May. 11. Yah, hay. 12. Way, yaw.

**No. 7. Picture Puzzle.**—1. Bear—shown by the condition of the tree. 2. Tapir—the taper shining in the window. 3. Deer—(dear) the price asked for the cottage. 4. Hare—the boy's hair. 5. Bat—in the boy's hand. 6. Hart—the heart of the log. 7. Horse—on which the end of the log rests. 8. Dog—the iron dog used to hold the log on the horse. 9. Lynx—the links of the chain.

**No. 8. Blended Squares.**  
B A N B O Y  
F E E R A T  
N E W N E S S  
B L O A T E R  
F I R H I D  
A U K E R E

**No. 9. Dialogue Name Puzzle.**—The names of the twelve authors are: Dickens, Shakespeare, Dante, Martineau, Defoe, Hawthorne, Beranger, Bulwer Lytton, Berthold Auerbach, Carlyle, Chaucer, Holmes.  
The names of the six personages mentioned in the works of some of the authors are: Pelham, compel hammering, Bulwer Lytton; Lear, miserable arrangement, Shakespeare; Beatrice, be at rice, Dante; Man Friday, man Friday last, Defoe; Barkis, dog's bark is, Dickens; Sterling, youngster lingering, Carlyle.

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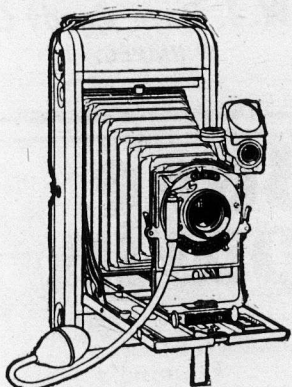
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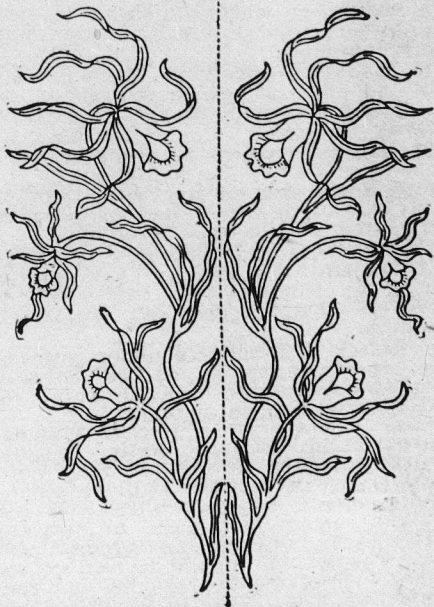
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## Transferable Embroidery Designs.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.  
Pattern T.



Shirtwaist.

This design may be used for a waist buttoning either front or back. The leaves may be outlined, or worked in shadow embroidery with stems outlined, and the back of cup filled in with French knots.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard, smooth surface. Sponge material uniformly with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain

very soon, as you will notice if you raise the paper by one corner occasionally.

Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

This cut is a small reproduction of an embroidery pattern 10 x 15 inches. On receipt of 15 cents we will send the large design by mail to any address. The pattern may be transferred to any material for embroidering by simply following the directions given below.  
Pattern L.



Center Piece.

This center piece should be worked in the Wallachian embroidery stitch and the centre of the circles in eyelet. Buttonhole the edge.

Everything shown on the miniature cut will appear on the large sheet.

When you have sent to this office 15 cents and have received the full size working pattern noted above, follow these directions:

Lay material on which transfer is to be made on hard, smooth surface. Sponge material with damp cloth. Material should be damp, not too wet. Lay pattern face down on material and press firmly, rubbing from you with crumpled handkerchief in hand.

Transfer will be sufficiently plain very soon. Don't let the pattern slip. Send 15 cents for each design. Address Embroidery Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada.

## Health and Hygiene.

### Diet for Brain Workers.

In the case of constant mental application with physical inactivity, considerable attention must be paid to the diet if it is condition is to be maintained for any length of time.

If vital force—which is nerve force—is used for mental work to any great extent, or for any length of time, the digestion is apt to be less active, and consequently, the food ingested must be of a nature not to tax the digestive powers as one engaged in active manual labor might tax them.

In the case of brain workers, meat once a day is often enough, and then only in moderation, while delicate persons will find it an advantage to eat much more sparingly of meat.

Brain workers would get on better and perform their work more easily on a diet composed mainly of milk, fish, oysters, eggs, an abundance of fresh fruit, and light, porous bread.

The brain contains about three times as much fat as the muscles, while in nerves a still larger per cent. is found. Hence, on general principles, fat—mainly in the form of good cream and butter—is a desirable article of diet in these cases. Where the digestion is in fair condition, fat, well-cooked bacon might be allowed.

The superior force or nervous energy characteristic of Americans is accounted for by some authorities by the fact of the larger amount of fat food consumed in America as compared with old world countries.

Two hours' rest after the noon meal is an advantage to brain workers. The arrangements of meals for college students should recognize this fact.

Breakfast should consist of fresh fruit, a cereal with cream, an egg (not fried), broiled fish or bacon, with mild tea or coffee. If there is a luncheon, it should be a roast potato with butter or cream, or beans and bacon, one or two light sandwiches, cheese, lettuce, or baked apple and cream. Dinner may be of soup, a roast, vegetables and a light farinaceous pudding. Any evening meal would be best light.

Over-eating must be avoided, as loading down and clogging the system with a superfluous amount of food exhausts the nerve force, and this is fatal to the best mental effort.

If at any time there is to be a special amount of mental concentration in a certain direction it will be best to eat but little at a time, taking one or two

extra lunches during the day if need be.

Tobacco and alcohol have no place in the dietary of the brain workers and should be let alone. If tea causes wakefulness, that, too, must be left out, for sleep must not be interfered with.

Violent exercise is also to be avoided by brain workers; but moderate exercise, plenty of fresh air and relaxation have a large place in keeping the brain worker in condition.

In addition to strict attention to these rules, if the brain is weakly or gets over-taxed, a thirtieth grain tablet of strychnia sulphate, taken one after meals, might be all the medication needed, if begun in season.

### NEVER-FAILING SALVES.

#### Bitter-Sweet Salve.

Scrape the bark from about a gallon of bitter-sweet roots, cover well with water and boil down until a pint remains; strain and add one pound each of lard, rosin and beeswax; melt together and to this mixture add two pounds of mutton tallow; boil all until thick, then pour into tin boxes and keep in a cool place. This salve is good for milk-scab, scald-head, or eruptions of any kind that should be healed.

#### For Chapped Lips.

Take some marrow out of fresh beef bones, add a piece of white wax size of a hickory nut, melt together, remove from fire and add a piece of gum camphor size of wax, and an ounce of glycerine. Stir until camphor is dissolved. Add a few drops of oil of roses.

#### A Healing Ointment.

Four ounces of fresh butter, half ounce of Venice turpentine, half ounce of Canada balsam and one ounce of red precipitate. Melt the butter, turpentine and balsam all together, and while warm stir in the precipitate and mix well. Put into small jars ready for use.

#### A Salve for Burns.

Stew together a pound each of lard, rosin and beeswax; when thick, add two bottles of juniper tar.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

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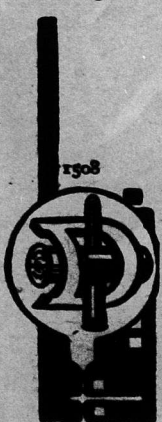
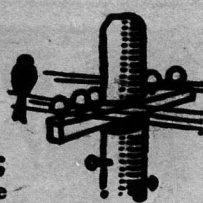
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DOMINION AMMUNITION



The Home Doctor.

Personal Precautions Against Typhoid.

C. R. Coutlee, Ottawa, Ont.

Public methods of sanitation have been developed in a splendid manner wherever population has admitted of expenditure. These methods have actually lessened the typhoid despite the fact that dense populations have rapidly concentrated where nothing was prepared for their reception.

Public water supplies replace old wells which invariably become polluted, and pure reservoirs are carefully guarded to prevent contamination by dejecta from human beings.

Sewers do away with open privy pits, and also drain out old wells. All drainage contaminated by dejecta is carried to outlets whence the germs will not reach the food or water used by human beings.

Large cities control and inspect all supplies of milk, fruits and vegetables and other foods.

The urgent necessity of personal effort to stamp out this plague of typhoid is forgotten because the individual unwittingly depends too much on general methods alone.

Human beings are the only animals that contract typhoid fever. It is a germ disease. A germ may be considered a very minute plant growth. It is like a fine particle of moss, easily transported and if fresh ready to take root and grow.

The typhoid germ is taken through the mouth, swallowed, passed into the stomach and into the intestines where it takes root and grows. The growth creates substances which poison the system until our bodies automatically produce an antidote.

Yellow fever enters the South only by importation from less careful communities. Typhoid enters a home by importation, so each house must enforce its own quarantine methods. It is transported by water, by milk, by food, by garments of persons visiting sick rooms, and by flies and insects coming from sick rooms.

The typhoid sufferer is the great and only source from which the disease will spread.

Released from the sick room the germ is launched in all directions. The closer the case of typhoid the shorter the path of infection and the stronger is the floating germ to take root.

Kill the germs in all urine and dejecta of the patient by immediately pouring on a 1 to 1000 solution of corrosive sublimate milk of lime, carbolic acid or boiling water. Wash the vessel in hot water and rinse with a disinfectant solution.

Use every precaution to prevent infection reaching any part of the house, especially the kitchen. Throw no waste water from the sick room into the yard until it has been disinfected.

When scattered cases begin to be reported in your vicinity reason this way: Typhoid is going about. It does not originate mysteriously in the air, in the water, in the milk, nor in the earth, but it is due to a germ of disease carried by water, by milk, by flies, by rats and by other vermin. It is a disease taken through the mouth only, and spread only by the dejecta of mankind. Against swallowing germs:—

(1) Be on the alert to note cases in your vicinity. Ask neighbors to disinfect outhouses with lime or carbolic acid. Remember that the so-called low fever, bilious fever, enteric fever, mountain fever, fall fever and malaria are all first cousins of typhoid. Be suspicious of all outbreaks of diarrhoea or dysentery. Many persons are able to resist the disease without actually going to bed, nevertheless the dejecta and urine of these persons is full of infection even for weeks after they are quite well. Remember that although prevention is better than cure you must not lose your head in unnecessary precaution as your good intentions will be open to ridicule.

(2) Boil all water in the house every morning for the day's use. Bring it only to a boil and it will not lose air and taste flat. Keep the boiled water in a large bottle or covered vessel which is scalded out each morning.

(3) Sterilize all milk, that is, heat it to 180 degrees (boiling is 212 degrees), then cool quickly and keep in bottles or tightly covered vessels, which are scalded out before using.

(4) Cook all vegetable foods including celery, lettuce, parsley and fruits. These foods are often infected by the water with which they are sprinkled or washed. Fish from polluted streams may retain infection under their scales, and thus introduce germs into the kitchen or dining room.

(5) Dipping into scalding water or heating up to 100 degrees is a safeguard as most germs are destroyed thereby. Bread, cake, meats, spongy foods and, in fact, anything that flies light upon should be put in the oven immediately before placing upon the table.

(6) Keep flies out of the house by screen doors and windows. Mosquito netting tacked over windows is a great help and a general comfort. Keep off

flies and insects as much as possible. It is not the fault of flies, insects and rats that they carry germs, but it is because they come in contact with privies or filth thrown upon the ground. Sunlight and thorough drying reduces germs 95 per cent.

In camps, or where numbers of men are gathered the following precautions are proposed:—

(1) Medical Inspection.—The temperature and pulse of new arrivals is taken and if above normal the suspect is temporarily isolated.

(2) Latrine System.—A light wooden house over a pit. The house can be removed and straw or dry wood burned in pit. Both in winter and in summer this system should be insisted upon.

(3) Kitchen and Dining Shacks.—Prevent the entrance of flies by mosquito netting on windows and screen doors. Serve all food hot and boil the water and milk.

In winter dirt collects under successive layers of snow, so be careful about throwing out infected water in winter as well as in summer.

Water is the great source of typhoid transportation because wells become polluted and we drink the water un-boiled or use it to wash milk vessels.

Wells should be lined with concrete or tight cement laid walls to prevent surface water leaking in through the sides. The curbing should be carried up a good foot above the ground and the top overing made tight to prevent flood water flowing in from the yard.

Bored wells are far preferable to the excavated kind.

Milk is an ideal medium for the multiplication of germs when once they are introduced into it.

Be determined that typhoid must go and in three years it will be as mild as the present type of smallpox.

Burns and Frost Bites.

Home remedies for these common grievances are a boon to those who live at a distance from doctor and druggist. A mixture which has proved very useful is made by dissolving half a pound of gum camphor, broken up, in half a pint of coal oil or kerosene. Shake it well and add half its bulk of sweet oil. A soft cloth saturated with this preparation and wrapped around the injured part will heal it in a short time. If the skin is broken sprinkle boric acid over the place before applying the lotion. This is a capital remedy for a sore throat, using it as a swab several times a day.

A nourishing drink for an invalid is made with rice. Wash a tablespoonful of rice and boil it for one hour in a pint of water, adding hot water as it boils down, to maintain the same quantity. Strain and add sugar or salt to taste.

A simple breathing exercise: Stand before an open window in the morning, rest the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, abdomen in, chest out, head erect. Take long, deep inhalations through the nose, hold the breath for a few moments and exhale through the nose. Repeat five times, rest a few moments and repeat again five times.

Nervous Children.—Nervous children will not bear very much cold bathing; they have not got enough heat in their bodies to react against it. Do not demand too much exercise from them. Do not let them study too much or go to school too early. Of course, their minds must be pleasantly employed, and the kindergarten may be available after they are three years old. Cultivate in them a love of Nature and outdoor life, especially in pleasant weather. This is the true, grand kindergarten. Do not forget they need companionship. Give them a good comfortable bed where the air is pure, and do all you can to promote healthful sleep.

Useful Old Water Bags.—Old hot water bags should not be thrown away, as they make excellent linings for sponge cases or for bags in which to carry bath or tooth brushes, etc., when traveling. Cover the rubber with any bright colored material or with a colored linen. Small pieces of the rubber, cut three inches and a half by one and a half, and sewed with white thread, make good finger stalls to put on when paring fruit and vegetables. They are easily cleaned and may be used for a long time. Another good use is to cut round mats to place under house plants.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY

Eyesight Can be Strengthened and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye-glasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive.

J. J. Pope, P.O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years and "Actina" is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using "Actina" I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience.

Rev. Charles Carter, East Springfield, N.Y., writes: "I have made a severe test of "Actina" by casting aside my glasses and have not had them on except to see what change had been wrought since the treatment began. My eyes gradually gained strength and power and now my glasses are no longer necessary, for I see as well, if not better, without them. I recommend "Actina" to all my friends."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes: "Actina" has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for a variety of forms of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial postpaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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The W. J. Boyd Candy Co., WINNIPEG.

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No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste. Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single 45-minute application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Ninety-six pages durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Covers over one hundred veterinary subjects. Read this book before you treat any kind of lameness in horses. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.

V. W. HORWOOD, ARCHITECT.

TAYLOR BLOCK: 177 McDERMOT AVE., E. WINNIPEG.

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Send for Calendar.

College Re-opens September 9th.

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AUTUMN TERM

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Four courses:— Matriculation, Teachers', English Scientific, Commercial.

A thorough scholastic training, teaches the boy "to do" by "knowing."

A fully-equipped manual training teaches the young man "to know" by "doing."

A new gymnasium under medical supervision ensures healthy physical conditions.

The distinctly Christian and moral life of the school safeguards from immoral and hurtful influences.

College re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 2nd. Write for calendar.

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Fees for year—Residents \$230. Day \$40. No extras.

Boys and Girls.

The King of the Hobbledygoblins.

His eyes are green and his nose is brown, His feet go up and his head goes down, And so he goes galloping through the town.

The King of the Hobbledygoblins! His heels stick out and his toes stick in, He wears a calabash on his chin, And he glares about with a horrible grin.

The King of the Hobbledygoblins!

Now, Johnny and Tommy, you'd better look out!

All day you've done nothing but quarrel and pout,

And nobody knows what it's all about, But it gives me a great deal of pain, dears.

So, Johnny and Tommy, be good I pray! Or the king will come after you some fine day,

And off to his castle he'll whisk you away,

And we never shall see you again, dears!

—Laura E. Richards.

A Potato Story Which Begins with a Bean-Pole.

Mr. Rockaway, being asked to tell one of his "ten-minute" stories, said: "If it will content you, I will tell you a Potato story which begins with a Bean-pole.

"Once there was a Bean-Pole which was stuck into the ground by the side of a Potato-hill.

"Dear me!" cried a young cabbage growing near, "what a stiff, pokey thing that is! And of no earthly use, standing there doing nothing!"

"But very soon a Scarlet Bean, running about in search of something to climb upon, found this same Bean-pole.

"All right!" cried the happy little Bean. "You are the very thing I want. Now I'll begin my Summer's work."

"Well, to be sure!" cried the young Cabbage. "Everything comes to some use at last. But who would have thought it?"

"The Scarlet Bean was a spry little thing. She ran up that pole just as easy! Being of a lively turn, she began, at last, to make fun of the Potato-plant.

"How sober you are!" said she. "Why don't you try to brighten up and look more blooming?"

"The poor Potato-plant, though doing her best, could only show a few pale blooms.

"You don't mean to call those things flowers?" cried the frisky Bean. "Just look at my beautiful blossoms!" and she held up a spray of bright scarlet.

"The Potato-plant kept quiet. "What stupid, useless things," said young Cabbage, "those Potato-plants are! and how much room they take up!"

"Summer passed. The Bean began to fill her pods, and proud enough she was of them.

"Why don't you do something?" she cried to the Potato-plant, down below. "Only see what I've done! There's a Summer's work for you!" And sure enough she had hung her full pods all up and down the pole.

"Yes, why don't you do something?" cried Cabbage. "Your Summer is gone, and nothing done! Can't you come to a head? Anything but idleness!"

"The Potato-plant still kept quiet. But when digging-time came, and the hill was opened, and the pile of "Long Reds" appeared, her neighbors could hardly believe their senses.

"Dear me! what a surprise!" cried the Bean. "So we can't always tell by appearances!"

"I declare!" cried Cabbage. "Then you were doing something all that time! But how could I know? There's that Bean—she hung her pods up high, so that everybody could see. Well, well, well!—after this I'll always say of a plant which makes but little show: "Wait, Potatoes inside there may be."

"There are a great many Scarlet Beans among the people I know," said Mr. Rockaway, "and some Potato-plants, too."

"And perhaps a few young Cabbage-heads," said Uncle Peter, looking slyly around at the children.

Abby Morton Diaz.

Crooked Base.

To play this amusing game, chalk out the diagram on a smooth pavement or floor, copying the accompanying design as closely as possible. Each circle or base should be one foot across and one foot apart. Then one player takes his place on the middle circle (7) facing No. 6. Then the other players begin to sing the easily learned little rhyme given below which they must have committed to memory before playing the game. Then the player, with his feet together, jumps to No. 1, No. 2, etc., as the last words of each stanza, such as "man," "mille," etc., are mentioned. He does not turn around, or put his feet outside the figures. The others keep

time by clapping with their hands. If the player jumps to a wrong figure, or to one before it is sung, he loses his chance and is compelled to pay the one who ultimately succeeds some forfeit.

But if he manages to traverse the circles successfully, the verse is then repeated, the player jumping to each figure before it is mentioned, giving a second jump on it before going to the next. The last line finishes off with a wild repetition of the number, the player stepping from one number to the next as fast as he can, finishing on No. 7 to the last word. The player must place both feet on No. 7 to the



words "and they," then the right on No.1 and so on to the last one. The great difficulty in the last line is to get the left foot from No. 4 to No. 6 in time. This is done by passing the right foot behind the left, when moving it from No. 3 to No. 5, which will enable the player to finish without tying his legs in a knot. The words and the numbers of the circles for the player to jump to are here given (commencing on No. 7 and facing No. 6).

I. There was a crooked (jump to No. 1 to the word) man.

He went a crooked (jump to No. 2 to word) mile.

He found a crooked (now to No. 3) ha'-penny against a crooked (then to No. 4) stile. He bought a crooked (No. 5) cat. That caught a crooked (No. 6 and pause) mouse.

And they all lived together in a little crooked (No. 7) house.

II. There (jump to No. 1) was, a crooked (2d jump on No. 1) man.

He (to No. 2) went a crooked (2d No. 2) mile.

He (No. 3) found a crooked (2d No. 3) ha'-penny.

Al- (No. 4) against a crooked (2d No. 4) stile.

He (No. 5) bought a crooked (2d No. 5) cat.

That (No. 6) caught a crooked (2d No. 6) mouse.

(Step to No. 7, left foot). And they (right to No. 1 to word) all (left to No. 2) lived (right to No. 3) together (left to No. 4) in a (right behind left to No. 5) little (left to No. 6) crooked (both feet to No. 7) house!

A Puzzler.

Here is a little trick with figures that makes great fun and keeps those who are not in the secret guessing for a while. Have some one put down any number of figures, three being the least number they should put down. Tell him to find the sum of the digits and subtract that from the number. Then strike out one figure in the remainder. Now have him tell you what the sum of the remaining digits is and you will be able to tell him what figure he has struck out by simply subtracting that sum from the next higher multiple of nine. For instance, say he puts down 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8; their sum is 22, which he subtracts from 12,478, leaving the remainder of 12,546; suppose he strikes out 5; then in giving you the sum of the remaining digits, which are 1, 2, 4, 6; he will say 13; the next higher multiple of nine above thirteen is 18; therefore subtract 18 from 13 and you have the number he struck out, which is 5. So you see all that is necessary for you to know is the sum of the remaining digits, which subtracted from the next higher multiple of nine will always give the number.

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I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment which you will receive. It will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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## Woman and the Home.

#### In Vacation Time.

There's a hole in his hat with the hair sticking through,  
And a toe that peeps out from a hole in his shoe;  
There's a patch in his trousers, a darn in his hose,  
And a freckle that tilts on the bridge of his nose;  
But, oh, in his heart there's the glimmer and shine  
Of a sun that I wish could be shining in mine.

There's a smudge on his face that is dusty and dark,  
But a song in his heart like the song of a lark;  
There's a rent in his coat where the lining shows through,  
But the whistle he tunes to the wild bird rings true;  
And, oh, in his heart, with a sparkle like wine,  
Is a gladness I wish could be sparkling in mine.

There's an imp in his hair that may keep it awry,  
But a twinkle so rare in the blue of his eye;  
There's an uneven slant of his trousers, made fast  
With a nail through their tops, for a button won't last;  
But deep in his heart lies a spring cool and fine  
Of good cheer that I wish could be bubbling in mine.

There is tan on his cheeks where the flush health glows,  
And the skin has all peeled from the tip of his nose;  
His pockets are bulged with tops, marbles and strings,  
With jackknives and other uncountable things;  
But the brooks and the woods bring a music divine  
To the ears that I wish they were bringing to mine.

—J. W. Foley.

#### Individuality.

If there is one strength above another of your own personality it is individuality.

To think and act for one's self is one's charm as well as stock in trade for success in life.

To think for one's self one must keep her mind full of growing thoughts, things worthy of attention, things that come with the need of today, of tomorrow, and so on through the ever changing of tomorrow into today.

To act for one's self one must study and decide which of these things that meet the need can play the most important part in life and be prepared to use them in the daily doings.

Only careful training can enable a child to grow into this habit. What training are we, as parents, giving our young and growing children along this line?

To allow them too free a hand in their own development is to literally inculcate in them a disregard for law and that relation of interdependence of one person upon another which is essential to the best living. To demand of them too much adherence to our personal opinions and will is to dwarf and weaken their individuality.

Parents who wish their children to become well balanced men and women should study themselves carefully and use every precaution against one or the other extreme.

#### Heart and Home Talks.

An earnest mother writes: There rises up before me a very pleasant picture. It is a young mother resting in the shade of a big tree while lying near her on the grass are her two sons. A pile of greens set beside her and the younger boy's hand rests on the head of a little English terrier.

The boys were intently looking into their mother's face and watching her hands, for as she talked she was picking a plant to pieces. It was an early lesson in botany. When I first knew these fellows they could read only the simplest lessons, yet they knew the names of more than fifty common plants and could tell a great many primary facts of their botanical structure.

We mothers are not all qualified to teach botany to our babies but there are things enough we can teach to keep us busy. This mother had need to draw on all her resources for she felt that she was in for a fight—a fight that would last for years. She had married a worthless man a man without a particle of moral fibre in his makeup. But when these two boys were very young he, their father, had been killed in a drunken horse-race. This father had been so foul-mouthed and blasphemous that neighbors had been known to refuse to work on a threshing crew where he was employed. When this blight was mercifully removed from her life, how she must have thanked God and taken courage. Now this was the battle, environment

against heredity, mother-love against father-poison. She was sure she would succeed, there was good blood on her side which she felt must, by proper training, overcome the weakness and rottenness of his. She sold out everything and moved into other parts to take the children away from all reminders and stories of their father's shame that might come to their young ears. Then she taught school—having her sons in kindergarten. She employed a relative of her own for housekeeper in the little home and she herself was always with her children when they were on the street. And how they grew to love the companionship of that mother. They took swimming lessons together; she taught them to row on the river in summer and skate in winter. She filled her house at times with the children she wished them to know and told them why she liked these special friends, thus teaching them how to choose their intimates.

As soon as they could manage a kodak she got a good one and they would be at it for hours together, cultivating their artistic tastes. She enrolled them as members of the primary class at Sabbath school and was seldom absent from church.

"They grew up regular sissies," I imagine I hear some scoffer say. Well just what that means I may not understand. They grew up clean and strong—strong of limb and of character, with a great reverence for womankind, for school, and for church.

Before they were fairly in their teens they began to consider themselves protectors of their mother, doing every possible thing for her comfort and considering nothing too hard to attempt to save mother trouble. They became leaders among the boys, and commanded the moral support of all their mates. They were given their way by this wise mother until they tried their strength as they wished, always with mother's sympathy and help, until convinced that another way would have been best.

They had many a lark such as boys love. When a question of right or wrong was involved the mother was firm as adamant, but she could enter into the spirit of most of their boyish frolics like a good comrade.

Knowing of the success of this mother and the joy she had from the first in the companionship of her sons has made me critical when with other mothers. "I do wish you would go away and play by yourselves," said one mother. "You are always under my feet, it is nice in the yard, see those little boys over there, they are having a good time. They always want to do the things I do and it is such a bother, I am just tired to death with the children!" Poor mother, it is not the children at all that tire you, it is the friction. You wish to be fancy free, to think other thoughts and make plans. This is what tires you. Come down to the children and play and take comfort. You have never yet learned half the joys of motherhood if you have not entered fully into the young lives you have to train and direct and influence.

If those little fingers are not trained now they will always be clumsy and helpless. Talk to them, you will soon learn more than you teach. The prattle of children is better worth listening to than half you get out of the daily papers. I have the highest authority for this—do you remember "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained praise."

But, objects one, if there is a father in the home, a wife cannot be so free to give herself to her children. We will look at that phase of the question another time.

#### Eating Raw Potato.

A reader of this magazine writes: Mothers, when you are peeling potatoes, cut off a thick slice of potato, (even with the peeling on it's much better for there is a good substance between the outer skin and the pulp, which people do not fully realize), sprinkle with a little salt, chewing slowly yourself, give one also to each child, and as they are great little imitators, they will soon follow your example even if it is obnoxious to their little palates for a while, but in time will soon come to call as loudly for "patie, patie" (as my little ones express it) as they would for an apple.

My children have been very free from worms and other stomach ailments, to the help of which I attribute the systematic "eating of raw potato."

Drive Rheumatism from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Tablet or liquid. Sold by all druggists.

The lyric and lasting tone of the Gourlay piano comes from the superior quality of imported felt used coupled with the fine quality of the sounding boards made from "violin spruce", together with the non-varying end-wood, pin-block or wrest plank system and many other improved features only found in the Gourlay.

## HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARIAGGI, WINNIPEG

### COOKING RECIPES.

**Waffles.**—One quart of sour milk or buttermilk, two eggs, one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of butter. Bake in hot and well greased waffle iron.

**Cottage Cake.**—One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, two cupfuls of flour, two-thirds cupful of milk; flavor to suit taste.

**Chicken Tea.**—Cut in small pieces a chicken from which the skin and fat have been removed. Boil the pieces in one quart of water with a little salt for twenty minutes. The tea should be poured from the chicken before the meat is quite cold.

**Buttered Apples.**—Take six large apples, core and cut in halves. Place them in a buttered pie-dish, and sprinkle over them sugar and a little cinnamon. Place a piece of butter the size of a walnut on each apple. Bake till apples are tender.

**Green Apple Jelly.**—Early apples picked in September before fully ripe make a nice-flavored, light-colored jelly. Wipe and cut up without peeling, stew in a little water, and drain through a jelly bag the same as other jelly. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice.

**Tomato Salad.**—For a pretty and most delicious salad use solid, ripe tomatoes (as many as persons to be served), wash the tomatoes and scoop out a portion of the centres, filling with crisp, chopped cucumbers, then place each tomato on three or four crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with either mayonnaise or French dressing.

**Roast Ham.**—Get a nice ham and boil on Saturday. Then on Sunday take off the thick skin and put in roasting pan with enough water to cover the bottom. Season with pepper and salt, cooking until the water simmers; add three tablespoonfuls of butter, and when it is melted, a tablespoonful of vinegar. Slice the potatoes and pour the dressing on them, serving hot.

**Boiled Turnip Tops.**—These greens, thrown away by the average maid servant as worthless, make an excellent vegetable or may be utilized for a puree. For the former wash thoroughly and pick over a quantity of the tops, then plunge into rapidly boiling salted water. Cook for twenty minutes, drain well, chop fine, season with salt, pepper and a small quantity of butter; and serve.

**Corn Boats.**—Boil nicely shaped sweet potatoes until almost done. Cool, skin, halve them lengthwise and scoop out the inside of each. Rub inside and out with soft butter, dust with salt and pepper. Fill with corn pulp, well seasoned; cover with a little cream sauce, then with buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven. Tomatoes or sweet red or green peppers may be used in place of the potatoes.

**Cheese Patties.**—Mix to a smooth paste one tablespoonful each of butter and milk, one egg slightly broken, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and one-half pound of grated cheese. Cut patty forms from stale bread with two sizes of cookie cutters, brush with melted butter, and brown on the top grate in the oven. Fill with the cheese mixture, return to the oven long enough to melt the cheese, and serve at once.

**Baked Squash.**—A nice way to cook squash is to boil till tender, then cut off the top, remove seeds, and mash the remaining squash in the rind; season with pepper and salt. Place a tablespoonful of butter in a skillet. When melted put into it one minced onion, and cook a few minutes, but do not let it brown. Then spread over the squash, and over the top of that a layer of crumbs. Now place in the oven and bake a nice golden brown.

**Grape Toast.**—Stem only perfectly ripe grapes, wash thoroughly, place in a double boiler without water, and scald until broken, then remove the seeds by rubbing through a colander. Let them cool, then sweeten to taste. Toast rather thick slices of bread, first removing the crust; soften with hot cream, and place in a tureen or deep-covered serving dish. Heat the prepared grapes, and pour a teaspoonful over each slice of toast, and serve.

**Apple Pudding.**—One quart of flour, one pint of milk, one pint of chopped apples, one saltspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Make a mush of the flour, milk, baking powder and salt. Roll upon the board and spread with apples, roll over and over, pinching the sides and ends. Place in a

baking pan with half a cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar and three pints of water. Bake an hour and a half. It makes its own sauce.

**Pepper Sandwiches.**—This sandwich is new and in high favor with those who like a well-seasoned morsel. Remove all seeds from a pepper, chop fine and simmer ten minutes in a tablespoonful of butter without allowing it to color; then add a dash of salt; set aside. When cold, spread between thin slices of crustless bread. These are delicious with slices of cold beef loaf. A sprinkling of grated American cream cheese may be put on top of the pepper layer in the sandwich.

**Banana Custard.**—Cut some bananas lengthwise spread them over with preserves and lay them in a glass dish. Put the yolks of three eggs into a saucepan, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, beat them and add one-half pint of milk. Stir over a slow fire till they thicken a little. They must not boil. Strain over the bananas. Beat up the whites of the eggs stiffly, add one tablespoon of sugar to them, then pile on the top of the custard. Whipped cream may be used in place of the whites of eggs.

**French Gingerbread.**—Blanch and chop fine one-quarter pound of sweet almonds. Add one-quarter teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, the same amount of anise seed, one-half cupful of sugar, and one-half pound of strained honey. Mix well together, then add the flour, four cupfuls, and knead the mixture thoroughly for thirty minutes. Work into a ball, cover with a napkin and set aside for twenty-four hours. Roll out in a thin sheet, cut into fancy shapes, and bake in a moderate oven. When cold glaze with a glaze a l'eau.

**French Omelet.**—Into a bowl put four eggs, season with salt. Into chafing dish put one tablespoonful of butter; when heated, pour into chafing dish the well-beaten eggs. Take spoon or fork and draw from the edge of the dish to the centre, which will give the layer-like composition noticed in French omelets. Instead of folding in half, fold each to the centre, then fold again, or begin at the edge and roll up, making first fold about an inch and a half. Have parsley garniture for plain omelet, or mince parsley and sprinkle the omelet before folding.

**Crab Salad.**—Boil three dozen hard-shell crabs, let them cool gradually; remove the upper shell and the tail, break the remainder apart and pick out the meat carefully. The large claws should not be forgotten, for they contain a dainty morsel, and the creamy fat attached to the upper shell should not be overlooked. Line a salad bowl with the leaves of two heads of lettuce, and the crab meat, pour over it a mayonnaise, garnish with crab claws, hard boiled eggs and little moulds of cress leaves, which may be mixed with the salad when served.

**Boiled Tripe.**—For this use the thick honey-comb tripe. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, rub with melted butter or olive oil, and dredge lightly with flour. Lay on a greased broiler and brown each side over a clear fire. Lay on a hot platter and pour a little melted butter over it. Serve with parsley and lemon.

**Oatmeal Pudding.**—Take a pint of whole oatmeal, steep over night in a quart of boiled milk. Then take one-half pound of shredded beef suet, one-half pound of currants, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three eggs and a grating of nutmeg. Mix thoroughly with the oatmeal and milk, tie it tightly and boil for two hours.

**Eve's Pudding.**—For this delicious pudding take one-quarter of a pound respectively of suet, raisins, currants and sugar, one-half pound of bread crumbs, three apples, chopped fine; a little grated lemon peel and two eggs. Mix the whole well together, put in a buttered basin, boil for three hours; serve with lemon sauce.

**Salt Codfish Croquettes.**—Make a thick cream sauce. Stir into it a pound of salt codfish shredded with the fingers after it has soaked two hours in warm water. Add a dash of red pepper. Do not cook the fish and the sauce, but allow the mixture to get cold and firm. Then shape into croquettes, dip each in beaten eggs, then in fine cracker crumbs, and fry in very hot fat.

**Pains Disappear Before It.**—No one need suffer pain when they have available Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. If not in the house when required it can be procured at the nearest store, as all merchants keep it for sale. Rheumatism and all bodily pains disappear when it is applied, and should they at any time return, experience teaches the user of the Oil how to deal with them.



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 10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

**About the Farm.**

**Mr. Nobody.**

I know a funny little man,  
 As quiet as a mouse,  
 Who does the mischief that is done  
 In everybody's house!  
 There's no one ever sees his face,  
 And yet we all agree  
 That every plate we break, was cracked  
 By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,  
 Who leaves the door ajar,  
 He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
 And scatters pins afar;  
 That squeaking door will always squeak,  
 For, prithee, don't you see,  
 We leave the oiling to be done  
 By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,  
 That kettles cannot boil;  
 His are the feet that bring in mud,  
 And all the carpets soil.  
 The papers always are mislaid,  
 Who had them last but he?  
 There's no one tosses them about  
 But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door  
 By none of us are made;  
 We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
 To let the curtains fade.  
 The ink we never spill: the boots  
 That lying round you see  
 Are not our boots—they all belong  
 To Mr. Nobody.

**IN THE DAIRY.**

A salt box in the cow yard is a little extra inducement in the way of coaxing the cows home in evening.

Look over the milk cans and vessels occasionally. A bad tasting batch of cream may be caused by bacteria lurking in the seams and cracks. A little solder will fix things.

Don't despise the dairy business because you keep only a few cows. The small dairy where the owner milks his own cows and gives them his personal attention is the best place to get a high class product.

Milk the cow clean. The last milk or the stripings is the richest in butterfat. Every time you do not milk the cow clean you invite her to go dry as soon as she can because she will give just what is required of her.

There is nearly always a shortage of the best grades of butter and nearly always a surplus of the poorer grades. Keeping up the quality of your butter enables you to always find a market for it at the best prices.

Don't forget to salt the cows regularly as they need salt when on pasture even more than when in the barn on dry feed. If you are having any trouble with butter coming in a short time try salting the cows, for this is very often the trouble.

A coat of whitewash in the cow barn makes conditions more sanitary, lightens up the barn and acts as a disinfectant. Furthermore, it does not cost much. A little slaked lime is also good to sprinkle on the floors as it destroys bad odors and sweetens up the air.

The best place to milk the cows is in the barn. Screen the windows and doors, keep the barn clean and then get your cows in for every milking. It will not then be necessary to chase the cows around the lot every night. We don't blame some cows for kicking over the bucket occasionally.

The cow is naturally a creature of regular habits. She resents any change in her life. She likes to have the same person milk her each time, provided that person is kind and considerate. She likes her feed at regular hours, and she likes to be out in the pasture at other hours. Be regular with the cow and she will be regular in giving you a good sized cream check.

Have you noticed how the cows that freshened last fall and gave milk all winter have picked up in volume of milk after getting on grass this spring? They gave you a good output all winter and will milk several months yet. This is the great argument in favor of having the cows freshen in the fall. When they freshen in the spring they merely give milk in large quantities during the few summer months and after they get on dry feed this fall will very soon dwindle in yield.

The quality of butter is often spoiled by churning for too long a period. The best time to stop the churn is when the butter is in small granules about the size of a pea. Then start washing. When the butter is only in small granules the buttermilk can be washed out more thoroughly, the salt can be incorporated more evenly and the quality is far better than when we churn until the fat collects in one large, greasy lump which is hard to handle and wash

and salt. It may seem like more work to handle butter when in the granular state but the product can be made the best.

There are just two ways of increasing the profits of the dairy output. One way is to lessen the cost of production by using cheap, home-grown feeds instead of buying high priced mill feeds and the like. The other way is to increase the value of the product by using greater precautions in putting it out in the best condition. We can cheapen feeds by growing more leguminous crops such as clover, alfalfa, and root crops. Clover and alfalfa take the place of protein feeds such as bran and the roots take the place of grass and silage.

It used to be a regular thing for a cow to die after an attack of milk fever. There is now no necessity for any large percentage of deaths from this trouble as the air treatment is almost invariably successful. The air treatment can be administered by almost any veterinarian or one who has had experience in seeing the work done. The treatment consists merely in filling the udder with air. Caution must be taken in avoiding infection which is caused when the tools are not clean. An ordinary bicycle pump is sometimes used to do the work although special instruments which can be sterilized should be used. The hands of the operator should also be perfectly clean.

It is a bad practice, and prohibited by law in many states on the other side of the line, to keep the separator in the barn. The best place to keep a separator is in a dairy room, removed somewhat, but not too far, from the barn. This dairy room should be clean and sweet. It should be in a place where drainage is ample and where water and filth or waste skim milk cannot collect. The separator room should have a cement floor and cement sides if possible so that the entire place can be washed down. A well should be near at hand so that plenty of water can be had for washing purposes. A milk tank or trough should be installed for use in cooling the cream. A small dairy room as above described will be found the nicest convenience on the farm and will help greatly in keeping up the quality of your dairy output.

**The Profit in a Cow.**

The profit in a cow can only be determined by keeping an accurate account of the exact product of that cow from day to day throughout the year. There is individuality in cows as there is in persons. One cow will give a big bucket of milk when she first freshens and keep it up for four or five months and then drop to almost nothing. Another cow will give about half that amount of milk and keep it up until a short time before she calves again. One cow will give milk that tests over four per cent. butter fat while another cow that seems to be almost as good will only give a test of three per cent. Guessing the value of the product of cows off hand is an exceedingly difficult task and we do not believe anyone can gauge the value accurately. The only correct way to really know the value of a cow is to weigh her milk often enough to know just what she gives and to test the milk with the Babcock Test and find out its richness. Any person who goes over his herd carefully and takes up this work for a year will find that he has learned more about the dairy business and the individuality of cows than he ever supposed possible. The value of a cow depends not so much on the amount of milk she gives or its richness, as upon the amount she gives in value and above the cost of production of the milk, the interest on the investment and the depreciation in her value from year to year. Take into consideration a full year's work. Statistics show that thousands of cows are kept from year to year that do not begin to pay for the feed they consume. It is shown that others give a profit of \$5, \$10 or \$15 per head for the year. It is still further shown that some give a profit of \$50 and more per year. The amount of this profit determines the value of the cow. There is an extra value in finding out what your cows are worth in that it gives the investigator a new interest in the business. After he once takes up the work he will see the folly in guessing at the dairy business and will never want to go back to slipshod methods. If you take our suggestion and find out what your cows are actually worth and what their capacity is as income producers, you will find yourself amply repaid for your time and effort.

**Farm Cream Separators.**

When cream separators were first introduced upon the Canadian farm, many objections were raised to their utility and practicability. A few years of actual use, however, dispelled all such objections, and today there is not in the world a dairy authority of any importance who does not recognize in the farm separator a great labor saving and money making device. The man who owns cows can no longer afford to over-

look or ignore the many advantages offered him by the hand separator. Whatever system he is employing at the present time, whether he makes butter at home or sends his whole milk to a butter factory, the hand separator becomes to him absolutely indispensable if he expects to save labor, attain the best success, and make the most money.

An increased yield of butter of from 20 to 25 per cent. is alone an item worth considering, but when allowance is also made for the improved quality of the product, the extra value of the skim milk, by reason of its being perfectly sweet and still retaining the natural heat, it will be readily seen that a cream separator will constitute the most profitable investment found on the farm, and indispensable for a dairy of three or four cows and upwards.

Half an hour after milking, the cream has been separated and cared for, the skim milk is fed to the stock, the separator washed, and the work finished. No hand skimming, no heavy lifting, no handling of ice, or pumping water. You will have time to spare for many things which you have before been obliged to slight, and your dairyming will become a pleasant and profitable occupation, instead of an endless and tiresome task. The women of the house are relieved of the drudgery, and the work of the men is lightened.

So much attention is now being devoted to the purity of the dairy products, that we feel justified in using the word "indispensable" on account of the thoroughness with which a separator assists in purifying the milk and cream, for no matter how carefully the milk may be strained, the residue of stable refuse, etc., in the bowl after separating, speaks volumes for the purifying efficiency of the cream separator.

Perhaps you are hauling whole milk to a butter factory; if so, we ask, "Is this method practical? Is it economical?" Look at it from all points, and we are confident that careful reflection will convince you that it is a most impractical proceeding to haul to the factory every day 90 per cent. more than is necessary, and then haul it back again; oftentimes to find it worthless for feeding purposes when it reaches home. Why not save the time and wear and tear of wagons, and insure having your skim milk in perfect condition by using a farm cream separator; leaving the creamery gather your cream, while you keep the skim milk at home, feeding it warm and sweet direct from the separator? How many farmers are there today paying out annually for hauling their milk to the factory twice what a separator would cost? Thousands!

Do you wish your calves to drink contaminated milk from diseased animals? You take this chance when the whole milk is mixed at the creamery, and you receive your share of the skim milk.

**POULTRY POINTERS.**

It is best to make friends with the farm fowls. A flock that is frightened every time the caretaker approaches will never prove as profitable as it otherwise would.

Neither growing chicks nor mature fowls will do well during the hot summer months unless they have shady places in which to rest during the heat of the day.

The chicks which roost in trees are always healthy because they have plenty of air to breathe and because they are never overcrowded, and therefore never overheated in badly ventilated coops.

Many successful turkey raisers give the turkeys no food in the morning at all but let them spend the day foraging and at night give them sufficient grain to send them to roost with full crops.

Plenty of green food is essential for the health of the flock as are good food and pure air. Let them out to run on the farm and they will find their own green food, and it will be of a better quality than you can furnish.

Young ducks intended for market should be dressed when about nine or ten weeks old for at that time they have attained most of their growth and will be free from pin feathers. Shortly after they will begin to grow more pin feathers and will lose flesh.

Readers of The Western Home Monthly who intend to "put down" eggs this month should be very careful that none but strictly fresh eggs are used, for two or three which are unfit for the purpose will spoil a whole jar full of good eggs.

This department of The Western Home Monthly is maintained for the sole purpose of assisting the readers of this paper to greater success with poultry.

Fowls and chicks which have a yellowish, cheese-like growth in their throats have canker, and should at once be separated from the others of the flock. The quarters where these affected fowls have been and the food and drink dishes they have used, should be thoroughly disinfected. Those affected should have the canker removed and the spot anointed with undiluted creolin. Sometimes a slight film of kerosene on the drinking water will prevent the spread of this trouble.

**Sun Shelters.**

Sometimes it is impossible to let the fowls and chicks run where there is natural shade and in such cases it is absolutely necessary for the success of the poultry keeping venture that some sort of protection from the sun be supplied, especially during the mid-summer months. To compel the fowls to withstand the severe heat and direct rays of the sun during those months is not only cruel but absolutely sure to kill the profit.

A simple shelter is made by driving stakes into the ground allowing them to project two feet above the surface and placing cross poles upon them which are in turn covered with leafy branches of trees. This covering must, of course, be renewed as often as the leaves dry and fall off.

A more lasting structure is made by stretching a sort of tent of cheap unbleached muslin or burlap over the poles and tying or tacking it tightly to them, so that the wind will not blow it off. The ground beneath one of these shelters will presently become more or less foul from use and the stakes must be pulled up and the entire shelter moved to a new and fresh location.

A more lasting and at the same time more easily moved structure is made entirely of wood. It is simply a small, low movable shed which furnishes protection from the sun (and may be made to furnish protection from the rain also) ten or twelve feet square, framed of light scantling and covered on top with thin boards. Sometimes it has a shed-roof (one pitch only) and sometimes it has a double pitched roof with a ridge pole in the centre. The posts which support it should be about two feet high and should be securely braced so that the structure will stand firmly on the ground. All that will be necessary when such a structure is to be moved from place to place is to pick it up and carry it to the desired location, or it can be made with runners underneath the posts so that it may be drawn from place to place.

**A Woman's Poultry Profit.**

A reader writes: Five years ago I started in the poultry business by purchasing five sittings of Buff Rock eggs. I have bred them alone, sorted out the best pullets every year to get eggs for hatching and have stumbled from one mistake to another. Have fought with lice, mites, cats and rats, besides other robbers. Last February I purchased a 200-egg incubator and a brooder. I had never seen an incubator, saying nothing of running one. I had very little trouble with the incubator but the brooder caused me all kinds of trouble.

I was very anxious last spring to get a start in S. C. White Leghorns. I had no money to send for good eggs or birds but when I had about given up all hope of getting any, a breeder of White Leghorns saw some of my Buff Rocks at the express office and offered to exchange eggs with me. I hatched and raised thirty nice pullets, I sent one pair of the Leghorns last year to our fair and took second prize.

This was the first show I ever attended so I simply selected the birds by guess. I would have exhibited this year if I had had stock to spare but will wait until next fall. I have the quality but it is hard to get acquainted and build up my trade. I am sure I have built a good foundation.

The following is a report of what I sold this last year:

Eggs—January, 150; February, 495; March, 1,828; April, 2,295; May, 2,144; June, 1,207; July, 169; August, 108; September, 80; December, 100. Total, \$7.56 or 714 2-3 dozens, at 15 cents per dozen, the average price, \$107.20; birds sold in market—May, \$11.37; June, \$20.55; July, \$40.40; September, \$7.02; October, \$56.41; December, \$12.60; total, \$148.35; birds sold for breeding, November, \$18.00; December, \$7.53, a total of \$25.53.

The cost of food was about as follows: Grain, \$55.50; stock and laying food, \$1.50; oyster shell, \$1.00; garden stuff and small potatoes, \$3.00; bran, \$9.00; beef scraps, \$2.00; insect powder, \$1.00; total, \$76.50. This left a profit of \$204.58 to pay for my labor.

I am feeding my chicks oats, corn, wheat, carrots, beets, potatoes, cabbage, sunflower and bran. I planted a garden in the spring in a good rich field and I had more than enough vegetables for both house and poultry.

The Gourlay piano responds in sympathy with the temperament of the artist and places within the hands of the musician the entire range of musical effect—while it gives to the student a revelation of musical values in their correct relations.

**A Magic Pill.**—Dyspepsia is a foe which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.



# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS.  
TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers.

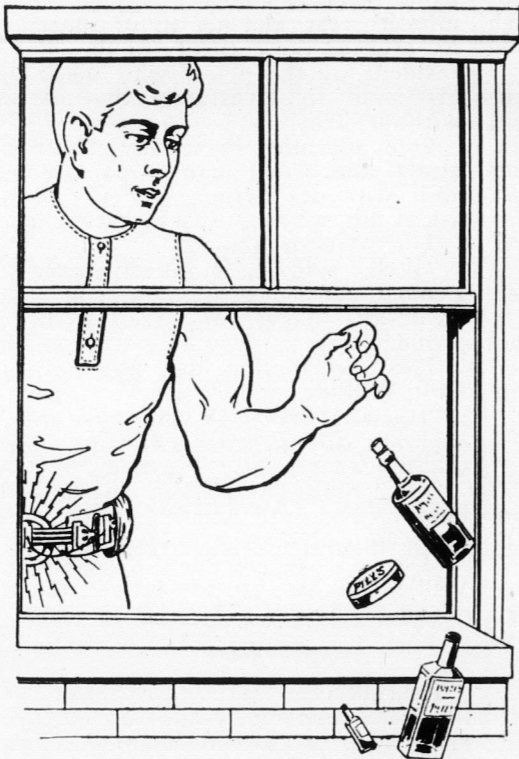
## E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA.

# Throw Away Your Drugs!

**The Dr. Sanden Herculex Electric Belt is  
all you need to make you Strong and Well**



No sensible man now uses drugs to build up his strength or to cure his aches and pains. Recent exposures in the leading newspapers and magazines of the effects of patent medicines on the system should be sufficient to warn everyone of the danger. We have read in some cases of where death followed their use; we have read of others in which horrible habits were contracted; and in nearly every case the patient is left in a worse condition than before he started. Drugs are unnatural, and what is unnatural must necessarily be harmful.

**Electricity is Nature's Grand Restorative**

The most eminent physicians and scientists of the world now agree with me that electricity is the basis of human vitality, and that we cannot feel well and strong unless we have a normal supply of it in our bodies. Electricity is the life of the nerves and of the various organs, and there is no way in which it can be applied that is so comfortable, so convenient and so effective, as through my latest model Herculex Electric Belt. Worn comfortably around the waist at night while you sleep, it directs a soothing, invigorating current through the weakened parts, and the building up process continues gradually but surely until you are restored to your normal condition. Nothing can be more satisfactory than this, unless it is my

method of selling my Appliances. Remember, you can make arrangements to get a suitable Belt on trial, absolutely

**FREE UNTIL CURED**

and if not satisfied with what is done for you, say at the end of two months, you can send it back and that ends the transaction. You need pay nothing down, deposit nothing, risk nothing, I will take all the responsibility, and charge you only the usual price of the Belt—in some cases only \$5.00. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way. My Belt is guaranteed for one year and has attachments for every part of the body.

I will accept all cases of Rheumatism, Nervousness, Weakness, Loss of Power, Varicocele, Backache, Kidney, Liver and Stomach troubles, etc., on this plan. You need not pay until cured.

**Free Book.** —Call or write for my illustrated book which explains all. It is sent free by mail, in plain, sealed envelope to all who apply. Save the address and call or write to-day.

**Dr. W. A. SANDEN, 140 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.**

Dineen Building, entrance No. 6 Temperance Street

Office Hours 9 to 6  
Saturdays until 9 p.m.

# Indigestion

Indigestion ruins more lives and good prospects than any other single disorder. You cannot work, you cannot think, you cannot do yourself justice in any way while suffering from this dreadful complaint. Your body is being starved and poisoned and health is impossible. But Mother Seigel's Syrup, the famous vegetable remedy, puts an end to indigestion by restoring strength and healthy natural activity to your stomach. Read this:—"For over a year I suffered from indigestion. I had pains after everything I ate, and was very constipated. But Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me, and now I am quite well."—From Mr. Paul Theriault, St. Octave de Metis, Rimouski Co., Que., Jan. 23, 1908.

**MOTHER  
SEIGEL'S  
SYRUP.**

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold everywhere.  
A. J. WHITE & CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

## Biliousness, Liver Complaint

If your tongue is coated, your eyes yellow, your complexion sallow; if you have sick headaches, variable appetite, poor circulation, a pain under the right shoulder, or alternate costiveness and diarrhoea, floating specks before the eyes,

### Your Liver Is Not In Order

All the troubles and diseases which come in the train of a disordered liver, such as Jaundice, Chronic Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heartburn, Water Brash, etc., may be quickly and easily cured by

#### MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Mr. S. Gingerich, Zurich, Ont., writes:—"I had suffered for years with liver complaint, and although I tried many medicines I could not get rid of it. Seeing Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills advertised I decided to try them, and after using them four months I was completely cured."

25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

## Flies Carry Contagion

### Wilson's Fly Pads

kill the flies and  
disease germs too.



## In Lighter Vein.

### Cow for Sale.

"Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence in township 19, range 18, according to the Government survey, one raspberry plush cow, eight years old. She is a good milker, and not afraid of motor-cars or anything else.

"She has undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present by means of a log-chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will use her right.

"She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, as it goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two, and returns with a tall red calf with wobbly legs."

### Smart Definitions.

A smart, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit.

To hit off a jury as "a body of men, organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer," is to satirize many of our "intelligent fellow-countrymen."

A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warmth off with"; a monkey, "a small boy with a tail"; salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on"; and ice, "water that stayed out late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy, asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't want to cry and it bursts out itself."

A good definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights"; of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody"; and of a tyrant, "the other version of somebody's hero."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong."

Of definitions of a bachelor, "un-altared man," "a singular being," and "a target for a miss" are apt enough. "What sustained our sires during their struggle for liberty?" was what a pedagogue asked a boy, and was astonished when the boy said, "Their legs, sir."

A walking-stick may be described as "an old man's strength and a young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul-weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world."

### Had Finished.

There is a certain village grocer in the Midlands—we will call him Mr. Razen—who has made but one public speech in his life. Moreover, he has no ambition to attempt another, oratory having lost the charms it once had for him. It came about in the following way:

Not long ago the curate of the parish died. A successor having been appointed, a public meeting was held in the parish room to welcome the new-comer. It was on this occasion that Mr. Razen mounted the platform and expressed a desire to "say a few words."

Having obtained the chairman's permission he inflated his chest and began, somewhat nervously it was noticed:—

"You know, Mr. Cheerman an' friends, why we are gathered an' assembled together tonight. It is to give the right 'and o' fellowship to our new coorate, Mr. P—"

"Our late coorate was a real fine feller. He won his way to the 'earts and 'omes of everybody, an' then he died. We passed a vote o' sympathy, the like o' which I never heard afore, with his relatives.

"Now, friends, I 'ope Mr. P— will soon win his way an' get such a vote—no, I mean I 'opes Mr. P— will copy the hexample of his successor who died—no, no!—I intended to say—to say—Mr. Cheerman, I've finished."

Mr. Razen sat down with a fixed determination that wild horses should never drag another speech from him.

### Spotting Talent.

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman indignantly, "what are you doing round here again? I thought that delicate hint I gave you with my boot just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you—won't have you—coming here."

"It did," said the young man who was "after" the daughter, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face; "but I thought I would come and ask you—"

"Ask me what?"

"If you wouldn't like to join our football club."

### Misunderstood.

A fine, robust soldier, after serving his country faithfully for some time, became greatly reduced in weight, owing to exposure and scanty rations, until he was so weak he could hardly stand. Consequently, he got leave of absence to go home and recuperate. He arrived at his home station looking very badly. Just as he stepped off the boat one of his old friends rushed up to him and said, "Well, well, Pat, I am glad to see you're back from the front."

Pat looked worried, and replied, "Begorra, I knew I was getting thin; but I niver thought you could see that much!"

### Not So Daft After All.

A solicitor, who is noted for his egotistical bearing, recently retired to a quiet Devonshire village for a month's rest, and his air of superiority aroused the curiosity of the "daft" resident of the place, who made up his mind to investigate the matter without delay.

One morning he coolly "button-holed" the proud man of parchment, and without further parley boldly asked him why he was so "stuck-up."

The solicitor smiled.

"Well," said he, "I am a member of a most learned profession, and that naturally makes me feel a little proud."

This explanation did not satisfy Daft William.

"It's all very well what you say," said he, after a brief reflection; "but tell me what a lawyer can do?"

"Oh," replied the other, anxious to humor his interrogator, "for one thing he can draw a conveyance."

"Draw a conveyance!" exclaimed Willie, in disgust. "Why, that's nothing. Any donkey can do that!"

The question of entertainment in the home finds its solution in the presence of a Gourlay-Angelus piano. Both paterfamilias and the young people will find their pleasure and attractions in it as it will bring within their reach the best that can be offered, grave or gay, in the world of music.

**The Demon, Dyspepsia.**—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

## LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

No other medicine for Woman's ills in the world has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

No other medicine has such a record of success for woman's diseases, or such hosts of grateful friends as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for feminine ills, Inflammation, Ulceration, and consequent Spinal Weakness.

It has relieved more cases of Backache and Local Weakness than any other one remedy. It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage of development.

Irregularities and periodic pains, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, quickly yield to it; also deranged organs, causing pain, dragging sensations and backache. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system.

It removes that wearing feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues." These are indications of Feminine disorders, which this medicine overcomes as well as slight derangement of the Kidneys of either sex.

Women who are sick and want to get well should refuse to accept any substitute for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

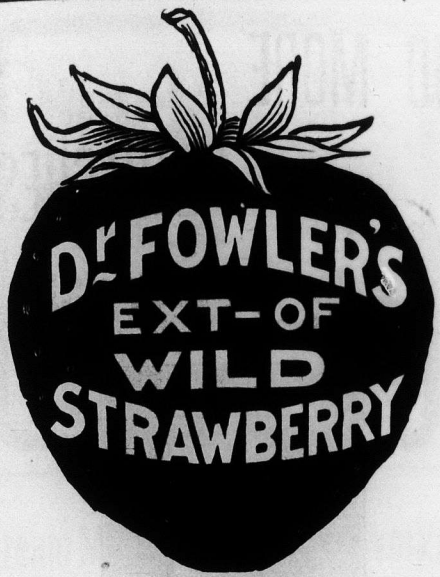
## Windsor Salt

The Salt-Royal of all  
Salt-dom.

Each tiny crystal  
perfect—all its natural  
strength retained.

For cooking—for the  
table—for butter and  
cheese. Pure—dry—  
delicious—evenly dissolv-  
ing. At all grocers'—  
bags or barrels.

**DROPSY** Cured; quick relief; removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; 30 to 60 days effects permanent cure. Trial treatment given free to sufferers; nothing fairer. For circulars, testimonials, and free trial treatment write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box G, Atlanta, Georgia.



CURES

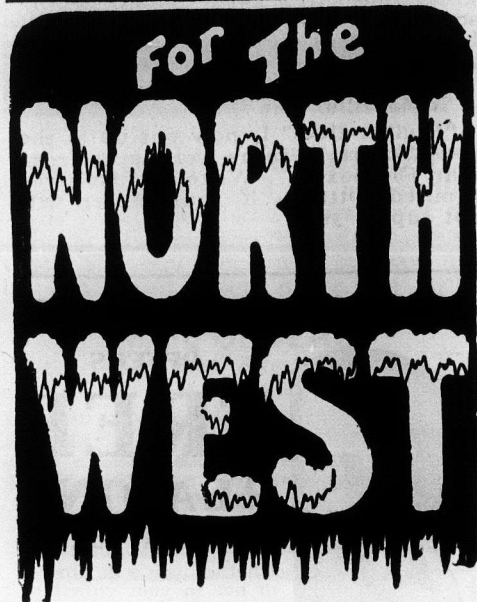
Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

It has been on the market for 63 years. Its effects are marvelous. It acts like a charm. Relief is almost instantaneous. Ask your druggist for it. Take no other. Substitutes are Dangerous.

The genuine is manufactured by THE T. MILBURN, Co., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont. Price 35 cents.

COUPLE OF DOSES CURED.

Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words:—"I wish to tell you of the good I have found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept Dr. Fowler's in the house when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses were taken was completely cured."



you need Stanfield's BLACK LABEL Underwear.

It is the heavy weight—woven especially for severe winter weather.

With this warm, snug-fitting Underwear next your skin, you won't mind how low the thermometer goes.

Look for the Black Label.

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear 140

Stovel's Modern Canadian Wall

Maps of Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba, in 3 different sizes. Prices and descriptions on application. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

The Hallowe'en Cake.

In the Hallowe'en cake there is hidden away A ring, pen and button and thimble, they say; And also a penny. Now isn't it fun! And which do you want in your slice, little one? The ring is a sign you'll be married, my dear; Big sister is blushing—she wants it, that's clear!

The pen will bring fame—why, you nod, Isabel! Is that why you scribble for hours, pray tell? If the button you get you'll a widower wed!

Oh, what a unanimous shake of the head! The penny brings wealth—you all want it, I know, But riches have wings and might very soon go.

If you draw the thimble an old maid you'll be, You none of you want to be that? Deary me! When your old maiden aunt is the one who inquires, Do you think that's polite? There, you little white liars, I don't mind a bit, so pray save your excuses, I once was as silly as you, little goosies!

Although a soft answer may turn away wrath, there are times when one derives more satisfaction from calling a man a liar.

The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

Visitor—"How does the land lie out this way?" Native—"It ain't the land that lies, sir; it's the land agents."

Mrs. Knaggs—"What ye wearin' that black band round yer hat for?" Mr. Knaggs—"That's for your first 'usband. I'm sorry 'e died!"

Dressmaker (standing off and admiring new dress)—"What a beautiful fit!" Customer—"Yes; and what a beautiful fit my husband will have when he sees the bill."

Mrs. Snooper—"I wonder if it is true, as Dr. Jacobi says, that the baby of today has a better chance of life than the baby of fifty years ago?" Snooper—"Certainly it is. The baby of fifty years ago is half a century old now."

Frank—"Papa, do buy me a trumpet." Father—"A trumpet? Not I. A nice noise we should have at home." Frank—"Oh, papa, do. I'll only blow it when you are asleep."

She—This dress costs too, and the tailor promised to make any alterations in it that I required." He—"Well, then, you had better ask him to alter the price."

She—"Just imagine! Supposing you were so immensely wealthy that you couldn't possibly spend your income, what would you do?" He—"Marry you!"

Lawyer—"And do you think that the man who has run away with your wife had known her some time?" Husband—"No, he can't have known her long, or he would never have run away with her."

Mistress—"I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast tomorrow at 5.30." Cook—"Oh, it won't be no trouble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothin' over whole cookin' it, an' wake me up."

It isn't the quality of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, that makes the feast.

Love may be blind, but it's foolish to attempt to work off a paste diamond on a girl under the impression that she is stone blind.

Beware of the man who has something to give away. The chances are you will find a string tied to it that will get you into a tangle.

Stranger—"What sort of a man is your neighbor, John Braggs?" Native—"Oh, he's all right, but he has a telescopic imagination."

Stranger—"How's that?" Native—"Yes. He can't even tell the truth without getting it at least two sizes larger than it is."

A countryman was on his first visit to London, and, though he was shown all the objects of interest, he gave each but a passing glance, and not even a word of comment. When he came in front of the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, however, a new light shot into his eye. At last, it was obvious something had been found to interest him. He scanned the column, running his eye, as if fascinated, from the base to the point where the statue stood, and back again; then he fastened an intent gaze upon the lions. His lips parted, and his friends drew near to hear his criticisms of the sculptor's art. "Well," he said, "they've got the old chap in a tight corner, ain't they?"

Love's Awakening.

He criticised her puddings, and he didn't like her cake; he wished she'd make the biscuit that his mother used to make; she didn't wash the dishes, and she didn't make a stew, and she didn't mend his stockings—like his mother used to do. Ah, well, she wasn't perfect, though she tried to do her best, until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest. So, when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through, she turned and boxed his ears, just as his mother used to do.

Though something about her struck him when first her form he scanned, that something, you may rest assured, was not her darling hand. Alas! that rough awakening from love's delicious dream; it soured the milk of mutual love to anger-clotted cream. So o'er the tiff they parted—a thing that oft occurs. He went home to his mamma, and she went home to hers.

They had come in, tired after football, and found that the president of the local Band of Hope had unexpectedly dropped in to tea. They shook hands with him, and retreated to the dining-room.

"Bring us tea," they said to the maid, "and put a good deal of whiskey in it, for we are pretty well done."

When the tea came there was no alcohol in it. "I mixed the cups," explained the servant. "I don't know who had yours, but Mr. Drinkwater has had four cups up to the present."

Nephew (who takes his uncle from the country into a restaurant)—"Look, uncle, I press this button and order supper!"

Uncle—"Well; what then?" Nephew—"Then you press the button and pay the bill."

"Will you have some bay rum, lavender-water, eau de Cologne, alum, magnesium, or powder on your face, sir?" "Any extra charge?" the man asked. "No, sir."

"Then I'll have all of them."

Old Lady—"No use talkin'; I used to say this higher education of gals was all folderol, but I see I was wrong. There's my grand-darter, for instance. She's just a wonder."

Friend—"I understand she is very clever."

Old Lady—"Yes; and she can do what neither her mother nor me could ever hope to do if our lives depended on it."

Friend—"Indeed. And what is that?" Old Lady—"She can tell the time a train is goin' to start by looking at a railway guide."

"Do you have mice in your house, Parker?" asked Wicks.

"Yes—lots of 'em," said Parker. "What on earth do you do for them? I'm bothered to death with them at my house."

"What do I do for 'em?" said Parker. "Why, I do everything for them—provide 'em with a home, plenty to eat, and so forth. What more can they expect?"

The Reindeer and Sleigh.

Santa Claus never will come on a wheel, 'Cause he can't carry his pack; And if he came in an automobile Or on the 'lectric cars, somehow, he'd feel

Something might happen;—the track P'raps would get blocked, or the power give out;

Then what a time he'd have racing about After the steam cars. There's no surer way For him to come than with reindeer and sleigh.

—Helen M. Richardson.

Piles helped at once with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Just to prove it, a trial box will be mailed on request, by writing Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Itching, smarting, bleeding piles, internal or external, get quick and certain help from Magic Ointment. Large box 50c. Sold by all druggists.

SUFFERED FROM HEART and NERVE TROUBLES FOR the LAST TEN YEARS.

If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.

Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

SICKNESS BANISHED WITHOUT DRUGS



Hercules Sanchez

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Thousands of cures of such diseases as Rheumatism (Sciatic, Inflammatory and Muscular), Nervous Troubles, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Insomnia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Lung Trouble, Erysipelas, Liver, Kidney, Bladder and Stomach Troubles, Pneumonia, La Grippe, Bronchitis, Paralysis, Children's Ailments, Female Troubles, Tumors and Abscesses, have been wrought by OXYDONOR.

OXYDONOR gives the whole system such immense vitality—through an abundance of Oxygen in blood and tissues—that disease germs and diseased conditions are quickly driven out, and health returns.

OXYDONOR does its work at your home, at night, while you sleep, without taking any of your time. Perfectly safe, even for infants, and easily applied. Never loses its force. Send for our Free Book, and read the reports of marvellous cures of cases pronounced hopeless. Send to-day for information that will teach you the way to health.

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The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it. Known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket

Veterinary Adviser

Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 56 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.

WEAK MAN RECEIPT FREE

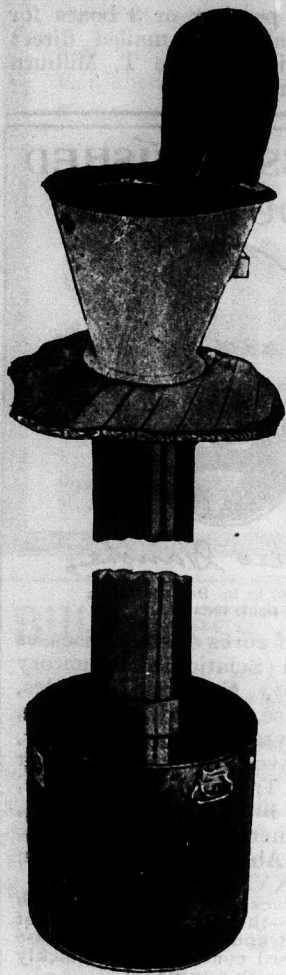
Any man who suffers with nervous debility, loss of natural power, weak back, failing memory or deficient manhood, brought on by excesses, dissipation, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, may cure himself at home with a simple prescription that I will gladly send free, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man who will write for it. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building Detroit, Michigan.

"Welcome the coming and feed the parting guest" BOVRIL makes it easy to do so. BOVRIL sandwiches are delicious and nourishing—quickly and simply made.



**BOVRIL**

The "Red Cross" Sanitary Closet



Used in the following Western Public Schools—  
"Nee-pawa"  
"Killarney"  
"Melita"  
"Wolseley"  
"McGregor"  
and hundreds of other private homes and public buildings.

The only good closet for use where you have no waterworks.

A simple chemical process destroys all deposits.

Can also be supplied in Cabinet form with removable tank.

Write us for booklet and information.

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**FRUIT LANDS**

Ready to Plant 10 & 20 acre lots

Within Four Miles of the City of Kelowna (Population 1,200) in the Famous Okanagan Valley.

Our Fruit Lands are free from timber, rock and scrub—already plowed. No mountain side, but in the centre of a beautiful valley—and a prosperous settlement. Main roads run around the property.

The Land will easily pay for itself the first year. Some results this year:

- 1/2 acre Strawberries.....\$ 626.00
  - 1 acre Tomatoes.....1000.00
  - 4 acres Onions, 75 tons....2550.00
  - 1/2 acre Crab Apples yielded..10 tons
- Prices—\$150 to \$200 per acre—  
Terms, 1/4 Cash.

Balance in three annual payments. If interested, write for illustrated booklet.

**CENTRAL OKANAGAN LAND AND ORCHARD CO., LTD.**  
KELOWNA, B. C.

**TEMPERANCE TALK.**

Five hundred of the subjoined posters, three and a half feet long by twenty-eight inches wide, and strikingly printed in red and blue, have been put up on the bill-boards throughout Toronto by Excelsior Division, Sons of Temperance. Such evidence of the physical effects of alcohol, given publicity in this way cannot but have a good effect.

**DANGER IN ALCOHOL**

The Following High Authorities have Spoken Out Strongly AGAINST ALCOHOL

Sir Victor Horsley, Sir Thomas Barlow, Prof. C. Sims Woodhead, Lord Lister, Sir Frederick Treves, Bart, Surgeon to the King, Prof. Bradford, Dr. Hassells, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Dr. Mayo, Prof. Cameron, Dr. Marcy

**THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION**

**TORONTO MEDICAL MEN**, who also affirm that the Uses of ALCOHOL in Medicine is now for years steadily decreasing

Dr. B. E. McKenzie, Dr. W. W. Odgen, Dr. G. H. Carveth, Dr. Wm. Oldright Dr. W S Harrison, Dr. N. A. Powell, Dr. S. M. Hay, Dr. W. B. Geikie, Dr. Allan' Noxon, Dr. A. D. Watson, Dr. John Ferguson

**SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL TEMPERANCE**

Read the Public Declarations of some of the Best Authorities in the World

1. (Anti Manifesto) THE FIVE GREAT CITIES OF London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Leeds, with their thousands of Medical Men, were canvassed to obtain the names of sixteen who favored alcohol, and that in moderation for adults only.
2. The London Temperance Hospital has only given alcohol 76 TIMES TO PATIENTS in 33 years.
3. BEER AND ALE contain, in blood forming properties, only 1 in every 1,666 parts.
4. TYPHOID FEVER and PNEUMONIA are found to do better without alcohol, and these diseases are much more fatal to those who drink to excess.
5. Alcohol is absolutely detrimental to PHYSICAL LABOR.
6. Lord Lister discovered ANTI-SEPTIC SURGERY, and any necessity for alcohol in operations then ceased.
7. The only food practically of any kind in Beer and Ale is sugar, and that only 1 IN EVERY 20,000 PARTS.
8. There are now 37 MILLIONS OF PEOPLE in Canada and the United States under prohibition.
9. Alcohol is a NARCOTIC POISON the same as Opium or Laudanum. It simply dulls the nerves.
10. Seven Hospitals in London in 1882 spent \$40,000 in alcohol, NOW COMPARATIVELY LITTLE, and the use of milk has increased in quantity from 1 to 3.
11. Intemperance in parents produces PHYSICAL AND MENTAL WEAKNESS in their children.
12. Alcoholism is a CHRONIC POISONING resulting from the use of alcohol, whether in Beer, Wine, Spirits, or other drinks.
13. Hancock, the great surgical authority, HAS NOT USED ALCOHOL for 7 years.
14. Alcohol increases liability to disease, and retards recovery, and is held useful mainly for EXTERNAL PURPOSES.
15. There is more nutriment in a 4 POUND LOAF OF BREAD than in 16 Barrels of Beer.
16. There are now 6,752 CITIES, Towns and Counties in Canada and the United States under Prohibition.
17. Alcoholism in any form is known to cause rapid Physical and INTELLECTUAL DETERIORATION.
18. Alcohol's value as a drug is PRACTICALLY "NIL."
19. In cases of Blood Poisoning and in POST-SURGICAL CONDITIONS Alcohol is decidedly detrimental.
20. Alcohol in many cases IMPAIRS THE MEMORY.
21. THE STATE OF MAINE has more real estate owners than any other State in the Union, and has \$578,000 in its Treasury for Educational purposes only.
22. Alcoholic persons are especially liable to TUBERCULOSIS and all inflammatory diseases.
23. Alcohol exercises a BAD EFFECT on the resisting power of the patient.
24. There is now a whole SERIES OF DRUGS better fitted to get rid of shock than alcohol.
25. The Medical Profession is NOW MORE HOSTILE than friendly towards the drug they call alcohol.
26. Alcohol is NO. 1 A FOOD, and does not produce muscular vigor.
27. As to Heart Action, Alcohol effects very little, if any, stimulation; on the other hand, DEPRESSION RESULTS.
28. Take all the ALCOHOL AND WATER out of liquor of any kind, and certainly no one will take what is left.
29. Alcohol HINDERS DIGESTION, excites the heart and diminishes the blood pressure.
30. If Hotels CANNOT BE RUN without the "Bar," how, then, do the numerous Apartment Houses manage to succeed?

**NO MORE HEADACHES**

Suffered From Constant Headaches—Cured by "Fruit-a-tives" When Doctors Failed.



"I was a sufferer from fearful headaches for over two years, sometimes they were so bad that I was unable to work for days at a time. I took all kinds of medicines, was treated by physicians, and yet the headaches persisted. I was rarely free from headache. A short time ago I was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives" and I did so with, I must confess, very little faith, but after I had taken them for three days my headaches were easier and in a week they left me. After I had taken a box of the tablets my headaches were quite cured. My appetite was always poor and my stomach bad, and now my appetite is splendid and my digestion is excellent. I had become thin and weak from the constant headaches, but now not only have I been cured of all these awful headaches, but my strength is growing up once more, and I feel like a new man. I have taken in all three boxes of "Fruit-a-tives." I am exceedingly grateful to "Fruit-a-tives" for curing me, and I give this unsolicited testimonial with great pleasure, as I hope thereby some other sufferer of headaches will be induced to try "Fruit-a-tives" and will be cured."

(Sgd.) B. Cornell.  
Taylorville, Ont.  
"Fruit-a-tives" is now put up in the new 25c trial size as well as the regular 50c boxes. Write Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, if your dealer will not supply you.

**FAMOUS ASTROLOGER OFFERS**



**FREE READING**

**DO YOU WANT TO KNOW** whether you will prosper or not in your undertakings? Whether you will marry or not? Have sickness or health? Travel or stay at home? Win or lose in speculation? Business to follow, etc.? **Your Planets will Tell You.** Clear answers to all questions of vital interest to everyone. Will send you hundreds of addresses of people who have been patrons of mine for 10 years, and you can write to them and verify my statements. **Grasp your Opportunities** and you will gain your desires. Pope, the great poet, writes: "Whoever disseminates true Astrology is a public benefactor." Shakespeare says, "The stars above us govern our conditions." Send for free Reading. Give your name, address, birth-date (hour if possible), state sex and whether married or single. If you wish you can enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage, etc. Address, **ALBERT H. POSTEL**, Room 1147, No. 116 West 54th St., New York, N. Y.

**The KEELEY CURE**

For Liquor and Drug using. A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by competent physicians for the past 28 years.

Send for descriptive printed matter and particulars, which will be mailed in plain sealed envelope.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

**THE KEELEY INSTITUTE**

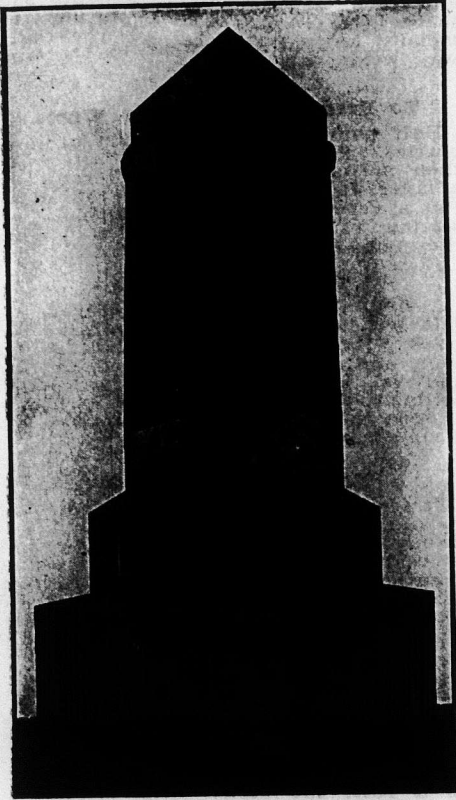
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Chewing Tobacco

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**Steam Marble and Granite Works**  
 ROSSER AVE. BRANDON



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 A long distance indeed, but nine-tenths of the granite we handle comes direct to us in car lots from the Scottish quarries. When you buy from us you pay no jobber's profit. Our prices are rock bottom.

**MAIL ORDERS**  
 Be wise, and deal direct with us. We can sell you from 15% to 30% cheaper than you can buy elsewhere.

**DOVER'S PATENT CURLING STONES**  
 with cross handles carried in stock. Curling Stones sharpened at \$4.00 per pair.

Remember! BRANDON.

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When in need of **Help** drop us a line stating wages. We will ship you the right man promptly.

**Star Employment Co.**  
 Phone 6916 625 Main St. Wpg.  
 Most up-to-date office in America.

**SALVAR**  
 KING OF THE BLOOD

The only medicine that has ever been thoroughly tested and proved to be a perfect and permanent remedy for

**BLOOD POISON** in any stage  
**RHEUMATISM** in any form  
 Paralysis Locomotor Ataxia Catarrh, Malaria Jaundice and all diseases arising from impure blood. Full particulars and 80-page book free; this costs you nothing. Address,  
**THE SALVAR COMPANY**  
 1513 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**WIT, HUMOR AND FUN**  
 LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

**Love Sonnets of a Cowboy.**

I didn't used to set around so still  
 Before I met that teacher f'm the East,  
 Ner give two whoops because my hair  
 wa'n't greased,  
 But now I've shook my pardner,  
 Broncho Bill—  
 I don't like traipsin' 'round with such  
 a pill—  
 Each day I make sure that my chaps  
 is creased,  
 And that a ribbon's on my ridin' beast,  
 And keep a-thinkin' pomes that rhyme  
 with Lil—  
 Fer that's her name—she's as pretty as  
 a peach;  
 No prairie rose kin match her flower-  
 like face;  
 Her voice is low—most wimmen out  
 here screech—  
 And when I stop and think about my  
 case  
 I guess the sum of it all is—doggone!  
 Dan Cupid's got me with his hobbles  
 on.

Judge—"You say the defendant turned  
 and whistled to the doz. What fol-  
 lowed?" Intelligent Witness—"The  
 dog."

Uncle Joe—"Yes, Tommy, it is quite  
 possible that there are people in the  
 moon."  
 Tommy—"Well, what becomes of  
 them when there isn't any moon?"

Hilton—"My wife is a matter-of-fact  
 woman. She only speaks her mind."  
 Chilton—"So does mine, but she  
 changes her mind so often that it keeps  
 her talking all the time."

Marks—"Say, old man, did I ever tell  
 you about the awful fright I got on my  
 wedding day?"  
 Parks—"S-sh! No man should speak  
 like that about his wife."

"Mrs. Henry Peck says Henry never  
 spoke a cross word to her; don't you  
 think that shows a great deal of love?"  
 "Yes, or a great deal of discretion."

"Appearances," remarked Mrs. High-  
 mus, "are so deceitful." "I don't mind  
 that so much," sighed Mrs. Ambish,  
 "but they're so expensive to keep up!"

Hawley—"So her father objected to  
 your suit, eh?" Sangleh—"Oh, no; me  
 clothes were perfectly satisfactory.  
 It was me he objected to, doncher  
 know?"

The Missus—"Mary Ann, please ex-  
 plain to me how it is that I saw you  
 kissing a young man in the kitchen last  
 night."  
 The Maid—"Sure; I dunno how it is,  
 ma'am, unless yez were lookin' through  
 the keyhole."

"Of course," said the tourist, "you  
 know all about the antidotes for snake  
 bite?" "Sure!" replied the mountaineer.  
 "Well, when a snake bites you, what's  
 the first thing you do?" "Yell."

"A woman who tries to look like a  
 man is a fool," announced Mr. Jaw-  
 back. "I should say she is," said Mrs.  
 J., looking him over carefully. And  
 even though she agreed with him he  
 didn't like it somehow.

Anxious Mother—"Do you think that  
 young man who has been calling on you  
 means business?"  
 Pretty Daughter—"I am sure he does.  
 Every time he calls he wants to know  
 how papa's business is panning out."

Mrs. Subbubs—"How long were you in  
 your last place?"  
 Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"T'ree months,  
 ma'am."  
 Mrs. Subbubs—"Is it possible?"  
 Bridget O'Shaunnessy—"Yes, ma'am,  
 but it wasn't me fault. Oi had de small-  
 pox, an' de house was quarantined."

Mrs. Bovenden Blunt—"But why did  
 you leave your last place?"  
 Applicant—"I couldn't stand the way  
 the mistress and master used to quar-  
 rel, mum."  
 Mrs. B. B. (shocked)—"Dear me! Did  
 they quarrel much, then?"  
 Applicant—"Yes, mum; when it  
 wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."

"I got a jawb I could go to if I could  
 git five shillin's ter git me tools out er  
 porn, guv'ner!" "Why, confound you,  
 you got five shillings out of me a week  
 or two ago with the very same story!"  
 "Blimey, guv'ner, naow yer mentions it,  
 I b'lieve I did! Ain't it wunnerful 'ow  
 'istory repeats itself?"

"In my babies' class last week the  
 little ones were repeating the text,  
 'Arise and take the young child and his  
 mother and flee into Egypt.' I showed  
 them a picture representing the flight  
 into Egypt, when they noticed the chief  
 features. Then to one little boy there  
 arose a difficulty, so up went his hand,  
 and he asked, 'Please, teacher, where is  
 the flea?'"

"John dear," wrote a lady from the  
 Continent, "I enclose the hotel bill."  
 "Dear Jane, I enclose a check," wrote  
 John in reply; "but please don't buy  
 any more hotels at this price—they are  
 robbing you."

Mr. Loud—"Well, did your pup do any  
 better at the show this year than he  
 did last?"  
 Mr. Proud—"Oh, yes. He bit three  
 more spectators during the show than  
 he did last season."

Mrs. Oldun—"There was a time,  
 Thomas, when you used to chuck me  
 under the chin, sometimes; but you  
 don't do it now."  
 Mr. Oldun—"Yes, my love, but you  
 didn't have so many chins then."

Teacher—"Thomas, I saw you laugh  
 just now. What were you laughing  
 about?"  
 Tommy—"I was just thinking about  
 something."  
 Teacher—"You have no business  
 thinking during school hours. Don't let  
 it happen again."

"Do you think glasses would make me  
 look more intellectual?"  
 "Well, if I were you I'd try them.  
 They certainly couldn't hurt any."

"My motto is 'Never give up,'" said  
 Mr. Closefast.  
 "Yes," remarked the warden, "I've  
 noticed that when I passed you the  
 plate in church."

Raynor—"I know, of course, that old  
 Pragmat is offensively positive and  
 controversial, but he's generally right,  
 isn't he?"  
 Shyne—"Oh, yes. That's what makes  
 him so offensive."

He—"So they married and went off in  
 their new motor car."  
 She—"And where did they spend their  
 honeymoon?"  
 He—"In the hospital."

"She is simply mad on the subject of  
 germs, and sterilizes or filters every-  
 thing in the house."  
 "How does she get along with her  
 family?"  
 "Oh, even her relations are strained!"

Enthusiastic Amateur (at the National  
 Gallery)—"Can you tell me where I  
 can find the new Constable?"  
 Hibernian Officer—"Shure, it's meself  
 ye must mane, sor. I came on jewtee  
 here for the first toime this week, sor."

Examiner (to medical student)—  
 "Now, let us take appendicitis. On  
 what grounds should you decide that an  
 immediate operation was necessary?"  
 Medical Student—"On the financial  
 condition of the patient."

Hipps—"I do admire a man who says  
 the right thing at the right time."  
 Phipps—"So do I—particularly when  
 I'm thirsty."

Friend—"So that is your little boy?  
 He looks very intelligent."  
 Proud Mamma—"Just as I was at his  
 age. My daughter, now, is more like  
 her father."

He—"When Shakespeare wrote about  
 Patience on a monument, did he mean  
 doctor's patients?"  
 She—"You don't find them on monu-  
 ments, but under them."

Proprietress—"And why did you leave  
 your last place?"  
 Maid—"I was with some newly mar-  
 ried people, and I got tired of their  
 everlasting 'Darling' and 'Treasure.'"  
 Proprietress—"Well I have a place  
 that will just suit you, then. The  
 people have been married ten years."  
 Maid—"Oh, that's too long. I want a  
 little peace and quiet."

Mr. Youngusband (reading from  
 paper)—"Married—Blanche de Smyt'e  
 to Walter Wellington Beere. What old  
 memories that name awakens!"  
 Mrs. Y. (blushing)—"I never im-  
 agined you knew of my engagement to  
 Walter."  
 Mr. Y. (chillingly)—"I was alluding  
 to Blanche."

The footprints of dyspepsia have been  
 directly traced to the stomach nerves.  
 When these "inside nerves" fail, indi-  
 gestion and stomach distress must  
 surely result. For this, druggists  
 everywhere are supplying a prescrip-  
 tion known as Dr. Shoop's Restorative.  
 First, these tiny inside stomach, heart  
 and kidney nerves fail. Then gas  
 belching, heart palpitation, or falling  
 kidneys. Don't drug the stomach or  
 stimulate the heart or kidneys. That  
 is wrong. Strengthen these failing  
 nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative.  
 It is the nerves, not the organs, that are  
 calling for help. Within 48 hours after  
 starting the Restorative treatment you  
 will realize the gain. A test will tell.  
 Sold by all druggists.

**Weak Kidneys**

Weak Kidneys surely point to weak kidney  
 Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the  
 Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ  
 itself, but in the nerves that control and guide  
 and strengthen them. Dr Shoop's Restorative is  
 a medicine specifically prepared to reach these  
 controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone,  
 is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as  
 well.

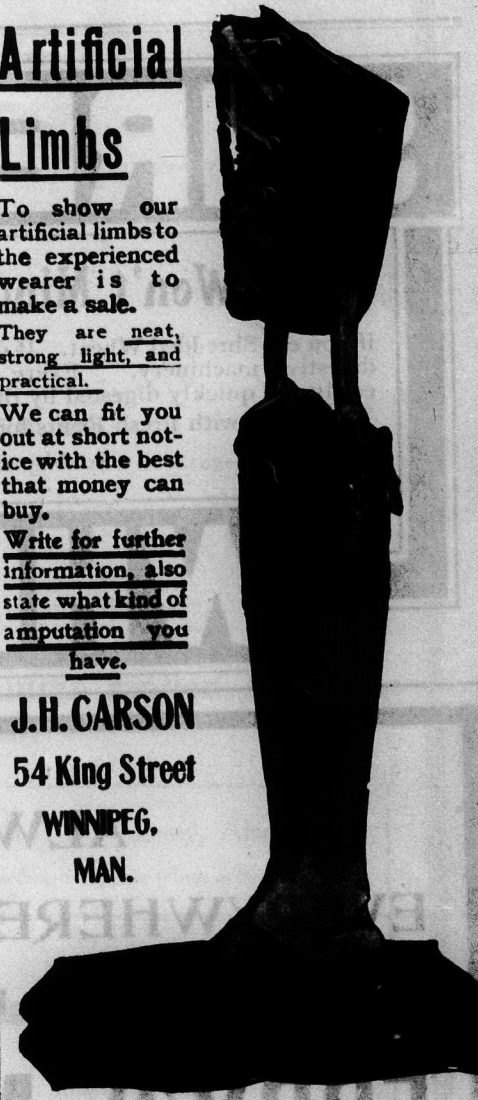
If your back aches or is weak, if the urine  
 scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symp-  
 toms of Brights or other distressing or dangerous  
 kidney disease, try Dr Shoop's Restorative a  
 month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can  
 and will do for you. Druggists recommend and  
 sell

**Dr. Shoop's Restorative**

**Artificial Limbs**

To show our  
 artificial limbs to  
 the experienced  
 wearer is to  
 make a sale.  
 They are neat,  
 strong, light, and  
 practical.  
 We can fit you  
 out at short notice  
 with the best  
 that money can  
 buy.  
 Write for further  
 information, also  
 state what kind of  
 amputation you  
 have.

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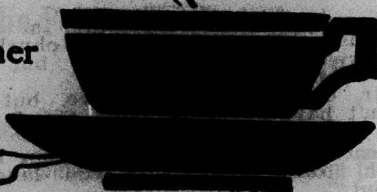
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## HIGH GRADE COFFEE

Some people buy Chase & Sanborn's Coffee because of its exquisite flavor—others, because of its strength—some, "just because they like it."

All of them, because no other coffee suits them so well.

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# SHREDDED

## You Won't Mind Warm Weather

if you eat Shredded Wheat. It does not clog the system or tax the digestive machinery. Every particle of Shredded Wheat is easily and quickly digested by the most delicate stomach.

Try it with Fresh Fruits for a Week, and Note Results.

Sold by all Grocers.

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ALWAYS  
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# EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

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THE MEMORY OF A PLEASANT VACATION  
is kept fresh for years on

## WELLINGTON Photo Goods

but be sure you ask for Wellington P.O.P.—S.C.P. (Gaslight paper) plates and films—they are the world's standard. If your dealer does not stock write

WARD & CO., 13 St. John Street, Montreal, P. Q.



## Hints for the Housewife.

### The Dishes.

Somebody didn't wipe the dishes dry! How do I know? Because I saw them cry, crying as they sat upon the shelves. I saw them and they couldn't help themselves.

They made no noise; each plate was in its place. But oh! Two tears were on the platter's face! O, don't you think a little girl is mean whose dishes cry because they're not wiped clean?

Hot water and soda will usually remove stains from wood, such as the floor, table, etc.

Peppermint sprigs laid around shelves and places which mice frequent will drive them away. Chloride of lime sprinkled around places that rats or mice frequent will also drive them away. Keep it in a bottle, corked.

To keep bright grates from rust, make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a brush smear it thickly over the polished surface. This is a simple way of keeping the grates and fire-irons of an unoccupied house free from injury for months.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four limes or lemons are sliced into the water, and allowed to lie for half an hour in order that the juice may be extracted. A remarkable sense of freshness and cleanliness is given to the skin.

Fruits, to do their best work, should be eaten either on an empty stomach or simply with bread. In the morning, before the fast of the night has been broken, they serve as a natural stimulus to the digestive organs.

If a sliced onion and carrot are cooked with veal, it will be found that the flavor of the rather tasteless meat is much improved. Veal cutlets rely for their flavor on the tomato sauce that is usually served with them.

A Recipe for Chapped Hands.—The judicious nightly use of glycerine and rosewater, or, better still, glycerine jelly, well rubbed in, will cure and certainly prevent most cases of chapped hands, but sometimes a little zinc or lanoline ointment may prove more soothing.

Silk elastic belts soil very easily. A very simple method of cleaning them is to take a small brush, slightly dampened, rub considerable soap on it and scrub belt well. When clean, take damp cloth and rub soap off. Hang to dry in open air.

In order to do away with the cleaning of the sides and bottom of a teakettle on which a corrosion has formed from the use of hard water, place in the kettle a well-cleaned clam shell. The accumulation will form on this shell instead of on the kettle.

Sponges will not bear boiling, and this fact has prejudiced many careful people against their use. They may be made antiseptically clean by being placed in boiling water to which has been added a little strong ammonia. Cover the vessel and set aside for fifteen or twenty minutes. Squeeze the sponge vigorously and rinse in cold water.

A Furniture Reviver.—Chairs and sofas upholstered in leather last much longer if the leather is regularly revived with the following mixture. This not only cleans the leather, but at the same time softens it and prevents its cracking: Take one part of the best vinegar and two parts of boiled linseed oil and shake well together. Apply a very little on a soft rag, and afterward polish with a silk duster. The leather of chairs requires to be as regularly polished as the woodwork.

How to Cook Fish for Invalids.—Take a plaice and fillet it, then put into a jar with a little milk and water, cover the jar with a lid, and put into a pan of boiling water; allow the water to come half-way up the jar, and boil for one hour. Fold the fillets up and put on a slightly greased plate, sprinkle with a few drops of milk, place another plate over the top, and steam over the top of a boiling pan for eight or ten minutes, according to the thickness of the fish.

Cocoa-Nut Pudding.—Put into a stew-pan 2 ounces of butter and 4 ounces of castor sugar; when melted, stir in 4 ounces of cocoa-nut and 1 ounce of citron cut very fine, three large or four small eggs, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon; pour into dariole moulds, and steam for half an hour. Serve hot or cold. If cold, no sauce; if hot, with a sauce made of cocoa-nut and milk, thickened with a little flour and sweetened to taste. This sauce to be poured around the pudding when sent to the table.

Brass Will Brighten a Room.—Brass can make a wonderful difference to a dreary room. A large jardiniere, with a plant in it, placed in a dark corner, will lighten up the corner marvellously. Brass fire-irons, too, will give a cheery reflection; even candlesticks help, and little trays and bowls, be they ever so small. The importance of brass in a sunless room cannot be too strongly emphasized. Mirrors brighten it up and so do some pictures, with well-polished glasses and gilded frames.

Darning on the Sewing Machine.—We read somewhere that table linen could be very nicely darned on the sewing machine, and by trying found we could do it so that when washed and ironed the mended places would not be noticed. It is better to darn before the worn place becomes a real hole. Use fine thread, 60 or 70, lift the pressure foot after catching the threads together by taking a stitch or two, hold the work firmly and evenly by spreading a hand on either side, then move the cloth back and forth, and again crosswise until the place is well filled in. We have also mended knitted underwear in the same way with coarse thread.

### To Preserve Raspberries Whole.

Half pound sugar to a quart of raspberries. Put a layer of fruit into a pan, then sprinkle sugar over alternately—a layer of fruit and a layer of sugar. Put a very little water in to keep from setting at the bottom. Watch until they boil, and let boil 15 minutes.

### To Keep Milk Sweet.

A tiny pinch of carbonate of soda, or salt, put into the milk as soon as it arrives will help to prevent its turning sour, and if it seems inclined to turn and is slowly heated to nearly boiling point and a pinch of carbonate of soda then stirred in the sourness will disappear.

### Effervescent Lemonade.

To make this take one pound of sugar and 30 drops of lemon essence. Sift through fine muslin two and a half ounces of tartaric acid and the same quantity of carbonate of soda. Mix these ingredients with the sugar, and place the mixture in an airtight bottle. Two teaspoonfuls of the mixture should be added to a tumbler of water.

### Makes a Pretty Kitchen.

A reader writes: Most housewives like their kitchen to look as dainty as their sitting-room. I pass on this hint, which is both pretty and labor-saving. As a rule, the stone work round the kitchen grate is varnished black, and unless this be well polished or varnished it does not look well. I did all the stone work round my grate with enamel in a pretty shade of sage green, and it has been so much admired and copied that I thought I might pass the idea on to readers of the Western Home Monthly.

### Teething Children.

"I would give anything if my baby were like that," said a mother to me once as my little one sat at the table at an Aid Society supper contentedly eating a slice of bread and butter while all about were fresh rolls, thin slices of pink ham, pickles, cheese, preserves, and all the other indigestibles that go to make up one of these "feeds."

"My boy is cutting teeth and he fairly howls for everything he ought not to have and simply refuses to eat things he ought to eat."

"It's all in the starting right," said the hostess. "I always said Mary was starving her child when she refused to give it a little taste of this and a bit of that, as mothers usually do, but I can see now that she had more wisdom than I gave her credit for. He doesn't know the taste of any of those injurious articles, consequently he never asks for them. He is cutting his first double teeth now and he has never tasted potatoes, gravy, pickles, cheese, pie, cake, or rich sauce, and the only candy has been an occasional chocolate cream."

"Well, he doesn't look starved," came in a chorus from the ladies as we arose from the table.

August time tells on the nerves. But that spiritless, no ambition feeling can be easily and quickly altered by taking what is known by druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Within 48 hours after beginning to use the Restorative improvement will be noticed. Of course, full health will not immediately return. The gain, however, will surely follow. And best of all, you will realize and feel your strength and ambition as it is returning. Outside influences depress first the "inside nerves," then the stomach, heart and kidneys will usually fail. Strengthen these falling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly health will be yours again. Sold by all druggists.

In a Democratic country like Canada it's not a question of what you used to be but it's what you are today, and the Gourlay piano in purity of tone, responsiveness in action, remarkable scale and wearing qualities stands for all that is highest and good in piano building.

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Among our many Handsome Premiums given in exchange for Golden West Soap Wrappers, is a handsomely designed teaspoon. No trouble to save the wrappers and exchange them for one of these spoons or more if you wish.

While you get the Spoons and other Premiums Free, do not forget that Golden West Soap is made in the West, and is the best in the West.

Start to save your wrappers to-day--don't delay. Here are a few of our premium offers:

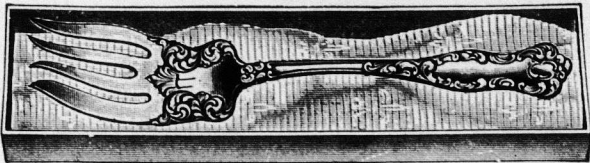
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Plated with Pure Silver on Heavy Deposit of Nickel, Good Weight and Full Size.

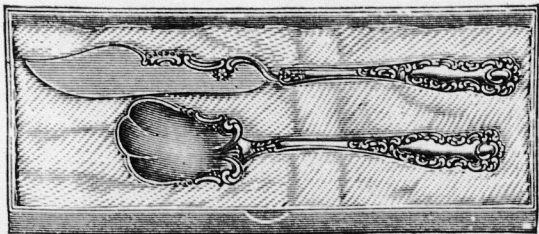


- No. 120—Teaspoons. One half-dozen free for 60 wrappers or 15 wrappers and 25c. Single teaspoon free for 12 wrappers.  
 No. 121—Dessert Spoon or Fork. One half-dozen free for 80 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 35c. Single Dessert Spoon or Fork free for 18 wrappers.  
 No. 122—Table Spoon, Knife or Fork. One half-dozen free for 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 40c. Single Table Spoon, Knife or Fork free for 24 wrappers. Add for delivery: Teaspoons, 2c. each; Dessert and Table Spoons, Knives or Forks, 3c. each.

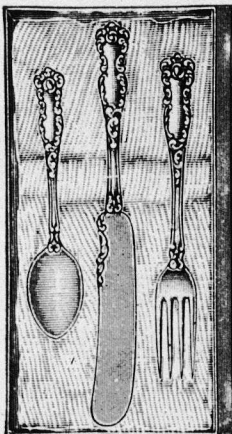
## Handsome Table Requisites



- No. 138—Oxford Cold Meat Fork, best steel and best silver plating. Free for 100 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 60 cents. Postpaid.



- No. 139—Oxford Butter Knife and Sugar Shell, in case, best value. Free for 150 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 70 cents. Postpaid.



- No. 140—Oxford Child's three-piece set, heavy plating, exceptional value. Free for 150 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 75 cents. Postpaid.

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### LAUNDRY SOAP AND SPECIALTIES

Golden West Laundry Soap	1 carton equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Washing Powder	1 " " 6 " " " " " "
Golden West Powdered Ammonia	1 " " 2 " " " " " "
Golden West Lye	1 tin " 2 " " " " " "
Bristo Scouring Soap	1 cake " 2 " " " " " "

### TOILET SOAPS

Heather Bouquet	each cake equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
Golden West Toilet	" " 2 " " " " " "
Weir's Buttermilk	" " 2 " " " " " "
No. 77 Baby's Bath	" " 2 " " " " " "
"Herron's" Floating Castile	" " 2 " " " " " "
No. 3725 Hard Water	" " 2 " " " " " "
Golden West Glycerine and Pine Tar	" " 1 " " " " " "
Weir's Pine Tar	" " 2 " " " " " "
Uncle Tom's Tar	" " 2 " " " " " "

### BAKING POWDER, etc.

"Trophy" Baking Powder	each tin equal to 6 wrappers when exchanged for Premiums
"Trophy" Baking Soda, one lb. package	" 2 " " " " " "
"Trophy" Baking Soda, " 1/2 lb.	" 1 " " " " " "
"Trophy" Jelly Powder, each package	" 2 " " " " " "
"Trophy" Flavoring Extract, 2-oz. bottle	" 6 " " " " " "
"Trophy" " 4-oz.	" 12 " " " " " "
"Trophy" " 8-oz.	" 12 " " " " " "
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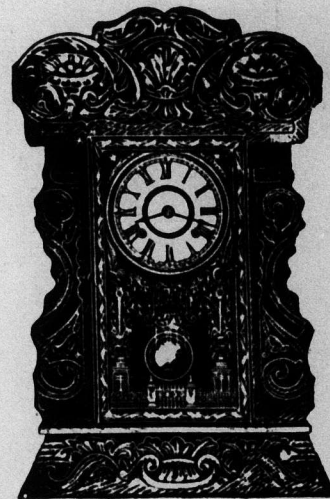
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