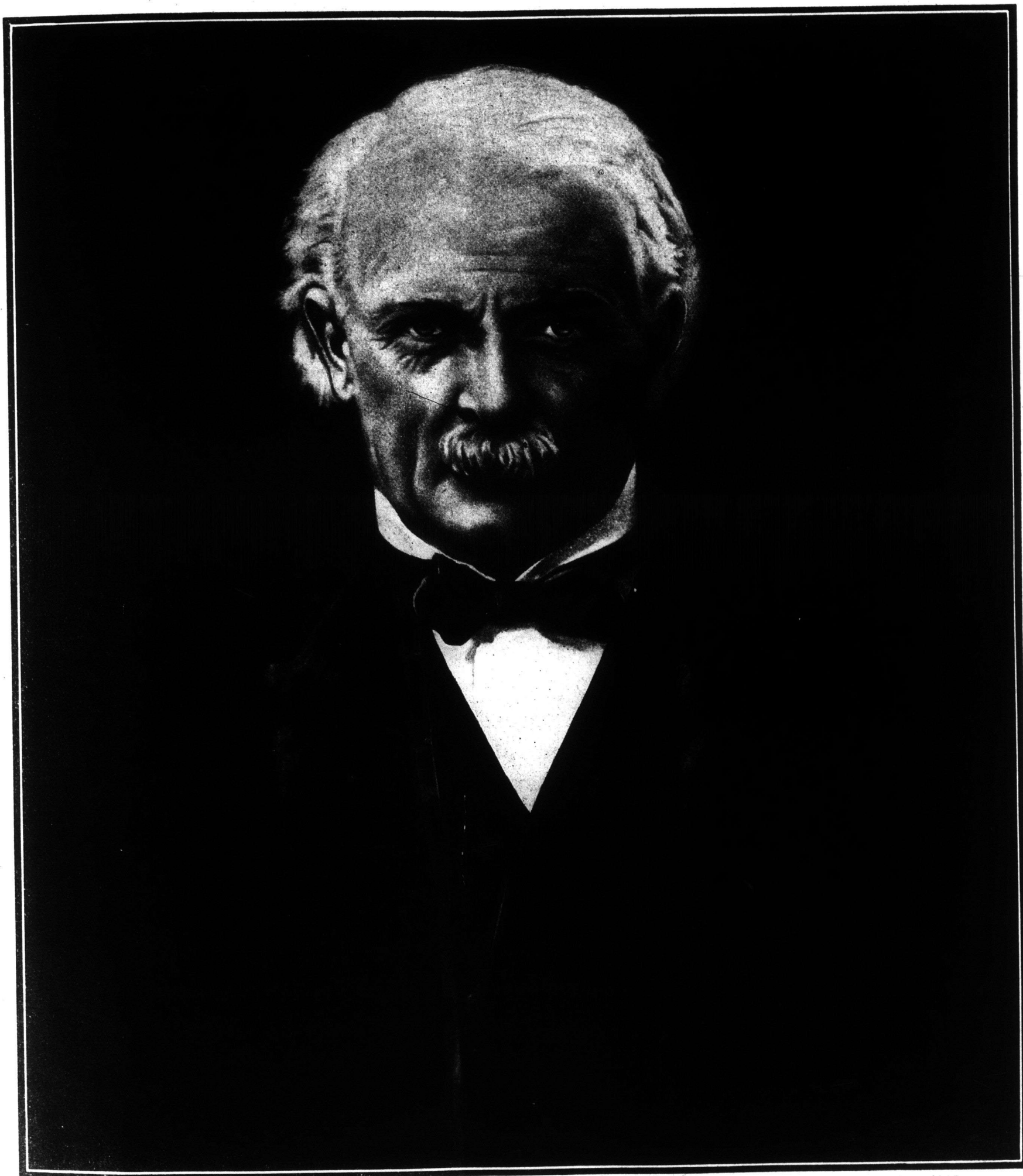


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The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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Winnipeg, Man.

July, 1919



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Editor, W. H. M., Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—My set of dishes has arrived safely and they are simply splendid and the admiration of everybody in our home. It only took me half an hour to get the three brand new subscribers that you asked for. I saw one of them to-day and she is as pleased with the "Monthly" as I am with my dainty set of dishes.

With good wishes, yours truly, Mrs. L. Mc.G.

Clanwilliam, Man., June 14, 1919.

As my subscription to your valuable paper has expired, and I have been taking it for six or seven years, I feel that I cannot do without it. I am enclosing \$2.00

D. A. McL.

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M. S. S.

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For your convenience we append a subscription blank in case your subscription has expired. Please note that we have not yet advanced our rates—many other publications have. Our rates are still \$1.00 a year, or \$2.00 for three years.

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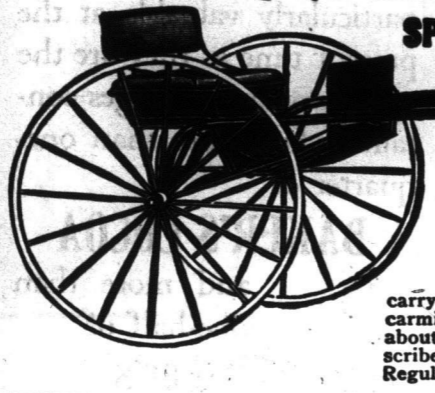
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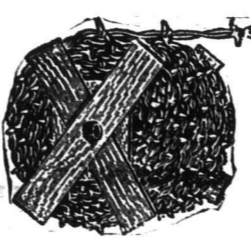
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Unromantic Courtships

Perhaps the romantic proposals of fiction are more picturesque than the usual proposals of real life; the fact that lovers are reluctant witnesses makes it hard to tell. But certainly the queer or comic proposals and attempted proposals of fiction cannot be any queerer than some of those recorded in actual chronicle or countryside tradition.

Mr. Howells, in his recent delightful volume of reminiscences, "Years of My Youth," gives an amusing Middle-West example of a "country" bachelor who belatedly made up his mind to marry, and in his default of female acquaintance took his place on the top rail of a roadside fence and called to the first woman who passed: "Say! You a married woman?" And then at the frightened answer indignantly gasped out, "Yes, sir!" he offered a mere "Oh!" for all apology and explanation, and let himself vanish by falling into the cornfield behind him.

Almost equally contemptuous of finesse was a New England bachelor in middle life who had lived contentedly on his farm under the able administration of an aunt only a year or two older than himself. His next-door neighbor, and the owner of a small but cosy farmstead, was a competent and contented spinster, in whom Enos had displayed less than the ordinary neighborly interest. But one day he hailed her over the dividing fence: "Hi, Selina!"

Selina did not immediately understand that she was being addressed, and so Enos leaned across the fence and continued shouting, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" until he attracted her attention.

"Well, Enos, what is it?" she inquired turning.

Enos allowed her to walk close to the fence before he replied.

"Aunt Jane's going to get married, so I guess I better, too. What d'ye think about it, Selina?"

"I think ye better, Enos."

"Then ef ye'll have me, guess I better marry you, Selina."

"Ef I will, Enos, I guess ye better."

"Will ye, Selina?"

"I won't, Enos."

"Shucks, Selina, ye better!"

"That's your say-so, Enos. My idee is, I bettern't!"

Certainly, whether she would have bettered herself or otherwise, she did not marry Enos, and he remained a bachelor.

Even less of grace and glamor attended the courtship of a prosaic youth by the name of Joseph, and his sweetheart— if that term is not too poetic—the excellent and practical Susannah. Coming up her father's farm lane, Joseph perceived her crossing it at the far end with a bucket of pig wash, and called to her to wait for him.

"Can't stop, Joe, the pigs are waiting!" she shouted back.

"Jest a minute. Sue! I got something to say to ye!" yelled Joe.

"Ye can say it arter I've fed the pigs!" shrieked Susannah.

Joe broke into a run. As he approached her where she had paused reluctantly to await him, he panted indignantly, "Ye got to let the darn critters wait for once, Sue! Hang it, I want to propose!"

"Come along and propose, then," responded Susannah with sweet encouragement. "Ye kin do it while we feed the pigs, can't ye, Joe?"

Joe could and did; Susannah accepted him; the pigs were fed. Whether or no the match was made in heaven, it proved as happy as if its atmosphere of early bliss on earth had not been mingled with the aroma of the pigpen.

Overconfidence

When the skilful general wishes to capture a fort, he often tries to find a place that the garrison, sure of its strength, has left unguarded. So Wolfe planned, and so Quebec fell.

Many of those accidentally drowned are good swimmers, afraid of nothing in the water.

Many a trainer, before a great inter-collegiate football match, has said that his team would surely win—if the coaches could cure the players of overconfidence. Overconfidence is the sure forerunner of disaster.

Every boy has seen some wretched drunkard, with his bleary eyes and broken gait, his rags and filth, shamelessly and pitifully pleading for a few pennies with which to buy a drink. No one can look

on that sight, common as it is, without a shudder. Yet there was a time when every such pitiful being was free from the desire for drink. For a time he took his glass in moderation until suddenly a hidden inheritance from some ancestor hitherto unsuspected, awoke in him, and drove him headlong. No one knows whether that taint is in his blood. Yet everywhere men are saying, "Oh, I shall never be a drunkard! I can take care of myself!"

So it was that the good swimmers thought as they swam to a point beyond their strength. So it was that the poor wretch thought in the days when he drank—before it was too late.

Every now and then we read in the papers that some embezzler has fled from justice. His family, with hearts shamed and broken, hide themselves away from the eyes of the world. Why do intelligent men do such things? Not many men intend to become embezzlers. Not many embezzlers began by stealing any large amount. It is overconfidence that made them what they became. They said to themselves, "I can help myself to this small amount and return it soon, and there will be no harm done." If they had had a wholesome fear of small dishonesty, they would never have become embezzlers of large amounts at last.

No human soul can go down until he starts down. He never can start down until he takes his first step down. We are not often called upon to decide in a single moment whether we shall become great criminals. We are called upon, every day, to decide whether we shall take a step in that direction. It is the first step that ought to be our concern. Remember the swimmers everywhere in the great Sea of Life who so confidently swam beyond their strength. Overconfidence is the forerunner of disaster. Be afraid of the first step down!

A Perplexing Situation

Prof. C. F. Marvin, head of the United States Weather Bureau, tells the story of an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania, that was sent to one of the Southern States some years ago, to observe a solar eclipse.

The day before the event, one of the professors said to an old colored man who was employed in the household where the astronomer was quartered: "Sam, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning, you will find that they'll go to roost at eleven o'clock." Sam, as might be expected, was skeptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens, as foretold, retired to roost. At this the old negro's amazement knew no bounds. "Perfessor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?" "About a year ago," said the professor, with a smile. "Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was Sam's perplexed reply. "Why, perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wasn't even hatched!"

Did She Enjoy It?

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question: "How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still, as if pondering over some question, and then concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one."

Double-Barreled Revenge

Wilkinson was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him in the street. "That man Potter," he burst out, "has more cheek than anybody I ever met." "Why, what has he done?" asked the neighbor. "He came over to my house last night and borrowed a gun to kill a dog that kept him awake at night." "Well, what of that?" "What of that?" shouted Wilkinson. "It was my dog."

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Editorial

ECHOES OF THE STRIKE

I.—The Division of Wealth

ONE of the good men of Winnipeg settled in the city forty years ago. He was industrious, frugal and cautious. Year by year he added to his savings. His business grew and prospered. He was classed among the leading citizens. No man could reproach him for dishonesty nor sharp practice. His personal life was a model. He was temperate and modest in his expenditures. Many of his neighbors spent their hours in riotous living. They worked only half the time he did and, consequently, had fewer comforts and cramped quarters. Naturally, some of them grew envious. Then they worked out a new system of economics to prove that the less work a man does, the greater should be his remuneration. In the course of time there came to the country from Europe, some men who had known the hardships of those lands. They settled in Winnipeg. They were received into the shops of our prosperous citizens. They were given much higher salaries than they ever received before. Their children were educated in the same schools as the children of the employer. All the comforts and freedom of the new world were at their disposal. Yet, they soon went back to their old practices—drinking, wife-beating and plotting to overthrow constituted authority. They even plotted against their benefactor, claiming that as workers they were entitled to an equal share of the business with the man who had worked for forty years to build it up. Nor was this all. They formed societies whose main work was fomenting strife and discord. In this they were led by British-born agitators, who had been trained to it in the old land and who endeavored to apply their doctrines here. This is not an isolated case. It is the common policy of thousands from mid-Europe and England and Scotland; and the claim they make is damnable unjust and grossly impertinent. Why should a man who has never toiled in the country, claim the fortune of a man who has worked incessantly to make it a country worth living in? As well ask the honey-bee to give up his winter store to a wasp as ask an honest, industrious Canadian to take bread from his own children in order that lazy and turbulent creatures should live without expenditure of effort. There is a good old text in the Bible: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." It is the duty of all men to work, first in order to produce and secondly in order to be God-like. That man is unworthy of Canadian citizenship who, in these days of world-need, would limit labor to six hours a day, and he is unworthy to live if in pretending to work for eight hours he does really the work of only four. This is part of the detestable doctrine of non-work—the doctrine of the sluggard and the thief. A man may be quite willing to share the reward of honest toil with all the men who have been earnestly associated with him in his ventures, but he will properly resent with every ounce of his manhood every attempt of plunderers to seize the earnings of himself and his friends. This, then, is one view of the strike in Winnipeg, and it is not a bit more one-sided than the view set forth from day to day in the recognized mouthpiece of the malcontents.

II.—The Constitutional Method

This, however, is only one side to the question. There is a more serious view yet to be taken. Let us assume that all employers are not like the one mentioned—in personal qualities nor in attitude to work and workers. Suppose, indeed, that the wages are far below what they ought to be, and that workmen see for themselves and their children nothing in view but continual poverty. Suppose wealth is flaunted in the face of poverty until human patience is exhausted. What then! Shall there be a resort to armed force, or to that greater force known as the sympathetic strike? With our European element there is no hesitation in this matter. They know nothing of British privilege, and hence nothing of the British Constitution. Yet, that is the one thing which is dearer to a Canadian than wealth or power, dearer than class-connection or religious affiliation. And every Canadian knows that if our system of government, or our social or industrial system is imperfect, there is always a simple way and one only way to remedy it, and that is by the free action of all the people through their representatives in parliament, and it is open to all classes, rich and poor, employers, employees, and the great class in between, to decide who the representatives in parliament shall be. Any attempt to steal a verdict on a national question by a great strike or by terrorism, is the attempt of one class to rule the country. Autoocracy—whether religious, military, or of the proletariat, is absolutely unfair, and therefore un-British and un-Canadian. This is the second view of the strike.

III.—The Crime of Profiteering

There is another and even more serious side to the strike in Winnipeg and Western Canada. Such a great movement could not have been engineered by leaders, however cunning, unless there existed in the popular mind a feeling that there was some injustice being done. Workers generally were not concerned very much as to the origin of the strike, nor as to the right or wrong of the original parties to it. They were chiefly interested in making a protest against conditions that were felt by all workers to be unbearable. Of course, the strike-leaders played on this and made reckless generalizations, but their extravagances of utterance would have been unheeded by a contented people. There are no just measures of the feeling which possessed the minds of workers generally. Canadian-born citizens were not Bolsheviks. They were not even extreme socialists. They merely felt that there was injustice somewhere, and they joined in the protest.

What, then, was the thing against which they so violently protested? Let the following clipping be a partial explanation:

Ottawa, June 23.—Net profits on common stock of Ogilvie Flour Milling Company for year ending Aug. 31, 1918, were 72 per cent., and in the previous year 48½ per cent., according to evidence brought out by R. A. Pringle, K.C., before the Cost of Living Committee of the Commons this afternoon.

"These are very abnormal times," said W. A. Black, vice-president of the company. "These are very abnormal profits," retorted Mr. Pringle.

Now, when this is multiplied by a hundred and a thousand, and when for those earning salaries or receiving wages, the cost of living is increasing much more rapidly than the weekly payment, is it any wonder that there is anger, resentment, denunciation, not only of profiteers but of a government which permitted the profiteering to go on? Flour, coal, meats, woollens—it is all the same. The few have been living on the many, and it is being said and felt on every hand that a Bolshevik is no more in need of hanging than a man who has grown rich during the war.

The strike was not in reality a strike for higher wages, nor for collective bargaining. On the part of certain leaders it was a bold attempt to upset our constitutional way of doing things, and to put government under the control of a particular class. On the part of the respectable Canadian worker, it was a protest against the aggression of the money-kings. Though before this article goes to press most of the workers will be back at their posts, the trouble will not be settled. Two great wrongs must be righted. Bolshevism in Canada must be destroyed, once and forever, and greed and heartlessness must be scourged and whipped, while wrongfully-exacted profits must be restored to the people who have been so mercilessly plundered.

IV.—Supreme Authority

It is all very well for workers to be sympathetic with their fellows in other callings. Yet there is a limit to sympathy. Never again must employees in the public utilities take dictation from another power than the state, province or municipality which employs them. The civil service stands by itself. It must be loyal. It cannot be endured that a strike committee shall have greater authority over the officials of the government, than the government itself has.

V.—Hasty Generalization

It is unjust for any man to blame all of a class for the actions of a few of its members. For instance, if one manufacturer is a profiteer, it does not follow that all other manufacturers are profiteers, nor that all profiteers are manufacturers. If one workman purposely holds back in his labor, doing only one hour's work in two, thus defrauding his employer, it does not follow that all other workmen are like him, nor that all dishonesty is found in the ranks of workmen. We are all too ready with our generalizations, and our haste in jumping at conclusions accounts very largely for our misunderstandings, and is the cause of half our trouble at the present time.

All profiteers are not among the manufacturers. Indeed, it is probably true that the percentage of plunderers is less among them than among other well-known classes in the community. For instance, one of the second-hand stores in this city was kept by a notorious socialist of the blatant type. His stock-in-trade was berating the manufacturers for their injustice and greed. I envied him his

vocabulary and his choice of epithets. Yet, when he was asked to put a price on a little trinket which was worth certainly not more than a nickel, he looked his customer over before making a reply, and then fixed a price at a dollar. Now, this is no fiction, but it would, perhaps, be unfair to judge all the class of second-hand dealers by this one individual. He was a king among profiteers. It might be well for all of us, whether farmers, merchants or simple day-laborers, to recall to mind that famous utterance: "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone."

VI.—Wisdom

It is easy for those unconnected with municipal, local and federal administration, to say how the strike should have been handled. That mistakes were made there is no doubt. The chief one was, perhaps, the error of indecision; and, under the circumstances, a little of that may be overlooked. The worst thing of all was the vacillation of the federal authorities. After arresting the strike leaders on the charge of sedition, they allowed them to be released on paltry bail, not on a guarantee that they would cease to utter sedition, but that they would cease to take part in the strike. And this in spite of the fact that, in the minds of everybody, the strike and the attack on the constitution, were two entirely different things. There will be disagreement, of course, as to the wisdom of arresting men at the particular time, as to the wisdom of preventing silent parades, the wisdom of banning the publication of the Labor News, the wisdom of asking the police, during the strike, to sign a declaration of loyalty. It is not necessary to discuss all these points. They are details. We can get busy in order to prevent a repetition of trouble. We can act justly and thus prevent unrest. We can deport undesirables and thus get rid of noisy agitators. We can educate our people through press and platform, and not permit them to get all their information and inspiration from the mouths of disloyal and irresponsible agitators. Above all, we can awake from our civic apathy, and realize that every man has a public duty to perform, that every man's business is a public undertaking, and that every man is his brother's keeper.

THE BIRDS

IT is July, bird month, month of wonder, beauty and love. What could more appropriately describe it than those beautiful words of Lowell:

What so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.
Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur and see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass or flowers;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atit like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now, of course, we have changed this. The mother bird no longer stays at home and the father bird no longer enjoys the liberty that once belonged to his class. Both of them have votes and both live in the sunlight, and we all trust that even under such conditions the little ones will thrive and flourish.

What a blessing these little song birds are. They are a joy to the children, who, like the birds themselves, are full of curiosity and happy in the joy of living. The little fellow who finds a nest in the poplar tree, or in the grass of the meadow comes back to report his great discovery with wonder in his eyes. The little lass who finds the young robin on the doorstep and who shares with it her crust of bread, finds the world a richer place because of the new companionship. And then for all children and for all grown-up people there is a new life on earth, a life of hope and youth and devotion, when the birds begin to sing. Can we do better than make room for these feathered little songsters in our hearts? Can we do better than to teach our children through them to be kind and cheerful and thankful. It would be a cheerless world if there were no love and joy in it. The birds are one of the most precious gifts of the All-wise Father. We shall not fail to show our appreciation.

The Wall Between

By Nan O'Reilly

THE clock struck five. For an hour Marcia Sherman had sat at her sitting room window, watching the August sun flood the day with its deepening glow, and wrap the familiar landscape in a kind of golden magic. Usually it was the happiest time of her day. Until this afternoon, no matter how tired or worried she might be, that quiet hour had seemed to hold an unfailing balm for her spirit. Now with hot, angry eyes, she stared over the pleasant fields to where, in the distance, a dark line of woods marked the boundary of her husband's huge farm, and then her gaze coming back, fastened itself on the brightest, most glaringly new of the many splendid barns.

Suddenly the bright head drooped, and muffled sobs shook the woman's slender shoulders.

"Oh, it's so selfish of him," she cried. "I don't see how he can be so selfish. Everything for him, and nothing for me. He can have his breded cattle and modern equipment, but I must live in this hideous house, because he says it looks all right to him. What will Ellen say when she sees it? I can't bear it, I simply can't bear it."

Indeed, from the outside, the house looked not only "all right," but very attractive. It was a low, somewhat rambling building, well painted—to have it otherwise would have been a jarring note

or paperhanger in Fall Haven worth his salt. That would mean bringing a man from town, an expense he never felt able to incur. He needed a new tractor one year; another time he had a chance to buy a famous bull; one spring there had been a piece of adjoining land to bargain for; always something, until this new, gleaming red barn had now sprung up to flaunt her failure. To Justin, the unobservant, all day in the open, there was little time to notice walls. They looked good enough to him. It mattered a lot more if his meals were ready and well cooked, but to beauty-loving Marcia, spending the long days bound in by them, they were becoming an obsession. They were coming between her and her husband. They were growing into a wall, uglier than themselves, that was building itself between Justin and herself, and which she felt could never be torn down.

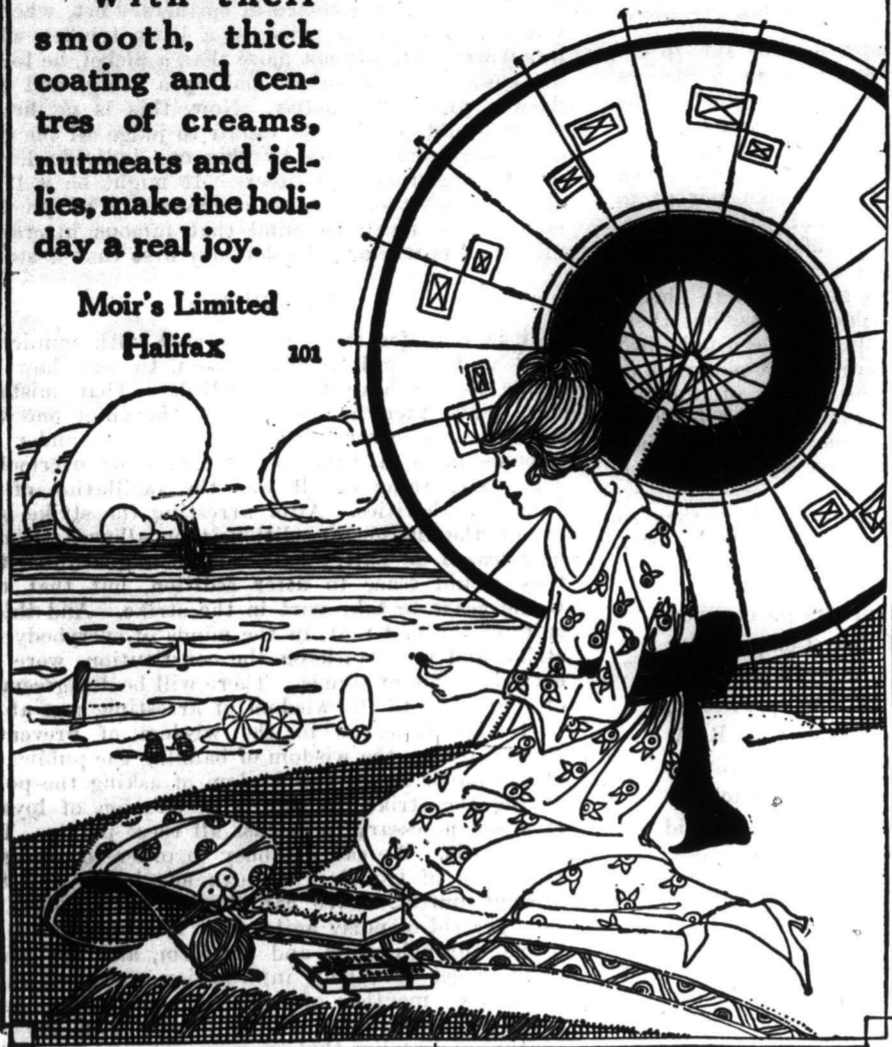
She picked up the letter she had just finished reading, and smoothing it out turned to the page that had precipitated to-day's outbreak.

"I can hardly wait, Marcia, to see you. Just think, we haven't been together since the year I left college to go abroad with father, and now that I'm coming back things have changed so I almost dread it—all but being with you. I can see you, the lovely mistress of your dear, comfortable farmhouse—a white one, with green shutters, isn't it, and

MOIR'S Chocolates

With their smooth, thick coating and centres of creams, nutmeats and jellies, make the holiday a real joy.

Moir's Limited
Halifax 101



Desire

By Grace G. Bostwick

For all my work I claim no word of praise;
For all my desperate struggle through the years,
My weary battling with life's lonely fears;
As on I toiled and up earth's devious ways;
For I beheld the gleam of distant rays—
That vast, illuminating light that clears
All darkness from the way that love endears
And with its might each shadow quickly lays.

It is not praise I want, nor power, nor fame,
Nor anything that worldly shapes bestow
For I have come their nothingness to know
And blush at one-time gods in virgin shame,
But ah, to write one message so aflame
With love-born truth that all the world shall glow!

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Will Save the Meats

And Give Just as Much Satisfaction and Nourishment

W. CLARK, Limited : Montreal

CANADA FOOD BOARD—License Number 14-216

Safe Milk for INFANTS and INVALIDS

Nourishing,
Digestible,
No Cooking.



For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Rich Milk, Malted Grain Extract in Powder.

TOMATOES AND CUCUMBERS

Grown at Summerland in Okanagan Valley, B.C. and shipped direct to consumers by express at following prices, F.O.B. Summerland.

Tomatoes, Fancy, in 4 basket crates	\$1.50	Cucumbers, in peach crates, August 1st to 15th	\$1.25
Tomatoes, No. 1, in peach crates, August 1st to 15th	1.25	Cucumbers, in peach crates, August 15th to September	1.00
Tomatoes, No. 1, in peach crates, August 15th to September 1st	1.00	Cucumbers, medium size, for pickling, August and September	1.25

I also ship Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, Plums, Pears, Early Apples, Peppers, Melons, Sweet Corn. Price List mailed upon application.

THOS. J. GARNETT, Summerland, B.C.

in the fine harmony of Justin Sherman's pride—his farm—but inside it was as his wife had bitterly exclaimed—hideous. Not that the rooms were, in themselves, bad. Nor did the fault lie in the furnishings. But not even the lovely old mahogany or gay chintzes at the windows could make one forget their background. For the walls were dreadful. The plaster had evidently been put on in cold weather, and had subsequently cracked, so that now, long, ugly crevices zig-zagged over the whole house. No papering had been done since before the death of old Mrs. Sherman, in witness whereof were the fiery reds and dull yellows of her unhappy choice.

For years these walls had been a sore point with Marcia. When Justin first met her she was just finishing a course in interior decorating at one of the big colleges, but his ardent courtship had banished all thoughts of a career, and she had gladly merged her ambitions with his. He was her ideal man, big, clear-eyed, clean-souled, built for the out-of-doors to which he had already given his allegiance. She could have pictured him growing up in a log cabin, but never in the house to which he brought her. Confident, however, that Justin would change whatever she did not like, Marcia hesitated to mar their new happiness by the slightest criticism, and so it was something of a shock to find that her good-humored husband could at first ignore her shy suggestions for improvements and then definitely oppose them. He had numerous arguments. To begin with, there was no plasterer

inside—I shut my eyes and see what our beauty lover has done, theory becomes reality, and so as I say, what with you and your house, dear, travel-worn old Ellen can scarcely wait."

Marcia's soft mouth set in a hard, bitter line. She folded the letter carefully, and then picked up a farm magazine that had come on the same delivery. She opened it carelessly, her thoughts too chaotic to fasten themselves on anything, but as she flipped the pages, suddenly she stopped. The warm color rushed into her cheeks, and the hard line of her lips relaxed. Excitedly she poured over the page, reading and re-reading, examining the colored illustrations, and then scanning her own walls.

Here was a picture that might have been taken in her own, huge living room. The same cracked, disfigured walls, covered with glaring wallpaper, were there, and then beside it another picture of the same room—but yet so different. Where ugliness had been, there now was beauty in the smooth, perfect surfaces of walls and ceilings, tinted a soft, lovely color. And underneath this transformation were the magic words:

Use Matchless Wallboard.
Do Away with the Expense of Plastering and Papering.
Make Over Your Farmhouse.
Bring Happiness to Your Wife.

There followed further details, but the biggest fact that struck Marcia was the first—"Do Away with the Expense of Plastering and Papering." That had always been the problem; here was the

solution in Matchless Wallboard, the least expensive of wall coverings that could be nailed on over the old walls and tinted by even the most inexperienced.

Like an answer to a prayer the advertisement fitted itself point for point to the woman's needs. She closed her eyes and as in a vision saw the unprepossessing interiors transformed into restful, charming rooms. She would do it, and alone, but how? Justin had failed her, but there must be some way, even though she had no money of her own.

She set about her preparations for dinner, her brain more active than it had been in months, plans, impossible plans, for raising money, racing through her head, only to be rejected.

It was not until the tempting meal was eaten and the last dish put away that an inspiration—a rather daring one—came to Marcia. She stole upstairs to her room, where, after several attempts, she felt satisfied as she read the short note she had written. She was rather hazy as to whom to address, but as she had received her inspiration through an advertisement, she decided it had best be the advertising manager.

"Dear Sir," she wrote, "I have just finished reading a most attractive advt. for 'Matchless Wallboard' in the 'Modern Farm' magazine for September. There are a great many farm houses in Fall Haven that are as badly in need of re-doing as your pictured one, but it is such an isolated district that I suppose your salesmen will never get this far. I should be glad to act as agent for

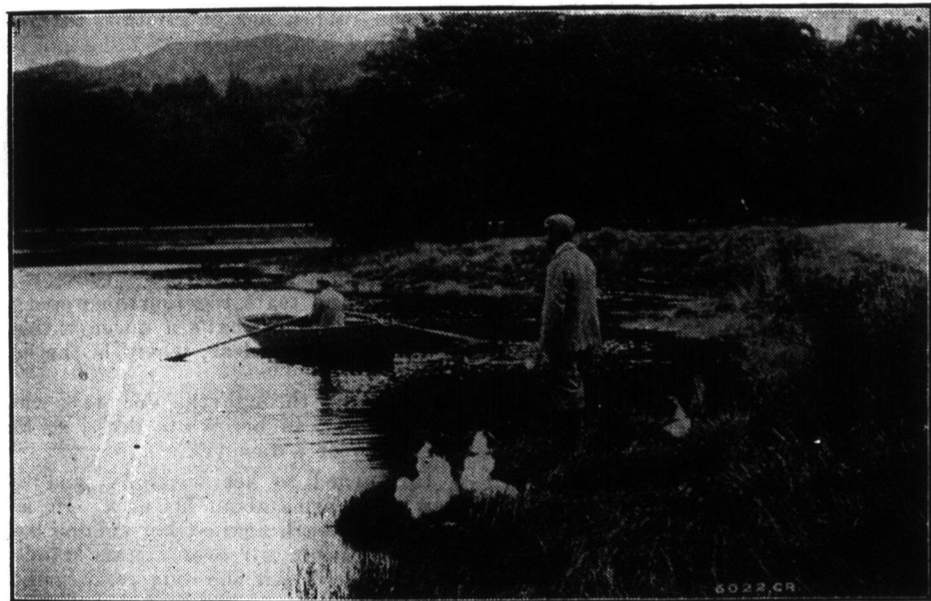
his quick vision had shown him the flat would accomplish—increased efficiency in selling by diminishing the necessity for explanation and illustration to unconvinced dealers, who would now see at a glance the reality that wallboard could create.

The days while Marcia waited for an answer to her letter seemed endless. Still they were happy, for her mind was busy planning. When at last the answer came, she opened it fearfully, the dread of disappointment making her physically sick.

"Dear Madam," she read. "Yours of the 15th received. In reply would state that we have decided to let you handle the agency for Matchless Wallboard in your town, and are sending in advance payment consignment of wallboard to cover specifications stated. Will probably reach you about the 30th. Yours very truly, J. M. Robins, advertising manager."

She did not question her good fortune. Not knowing about the idea, she had no means of guessing that she was being paid for having fostered it. She simply accepted what had fallen to her lot, the while she formed a second plan—to get Justin away for a week or so while she accomplished without him what he had refused to help with.

She went about her work absently. In two days the wallboard would arrive—that was her predominant thought. When Justin came in she watched him eat his dinner, still in that detached frame of mind. Temporarily she had forgotten even her animosity towards him—he was



A peaceful bay where sport abounds

'Matchless Wallboard' in Fall Haven and the surrounding villages if, in compensation, you send me enough wallboard to redecorate my house and partition off some of the rooms. I am enclosing specifications on a separate sheet. I have had some experience in interior decorating, and feel sure that my refinished house will be the best possible advt. for your product. Hoping for an early and favorable reply, I am, yours truly, Marcia Sherman."

The advertising manager of the Matchless Wallboard Co. was the typical, up and doing, young business man, well groomed, snappily dressed, always on the trail of something new and original. He started to read Marcia's letter casually; then a smile twitched the corners of his mouth. Fall Haven had been the Waterloo of one of their best salesmen, an isolated village, populated with wealthy, saving farmers. Rather a daring proposition, she offered, he chuckled. He read on and then suddenly the chuckle died and a keen sparkle came into his clever, advertising-seeing eyes. Again he read that last sentence—"and feel sure that my refinished house will be the best possible advt. for your product." "By Jove," he murmured softly, "by Jove." In Marcia's funny, unbusinesslike letter he had found the germ of that magic, elusive thing—an idea. He sprang from his desk, and rushed somewhat unceremoniously to his chief.

"Know that vacant space on the top floor we were talking about this morning? Know what we're going to do with it? Model flat! Oh, man, it's great. Send for the interior decorator." And while they waited he mapped out what

simply an obstacle that must be removed.

A letter had come for him on the same delivery that had brought hers. He opened it carelessly, but suddenly she saw his tanned face light up with quick interest.

"Jingo, Marcia, if this isn't a voice from the past. You remember Johnny Trexler, played half-back when I was on the team? The Green Valley Farm is for sale, and he's coming down to Coburn to look it over. Wants my advice in person. Think of that old rover being bitten by the land bug. Listen to this:

"You never thought I'd come back to nature, I'll wager, but I'm sick of globe-trotting and this proposition looks pretty good to me. I don't know anyone whose opinion I'd value more than yours, though it seems mighty nery to ask you to come up here to give it. By way of recompense I have two inducements to offer—first, a prize bull that goes with the farm; and second, the chance to see some of the old crowd who are coming up with me to fish."

There was a wistful look in Justin's eyes as he finished.

"Wouldn't it seem bully to go?" he said boyishly.

It was her straw, and she grasped it. "Why don't you, Justin? Harvey could finish the west field as well as you, and, besides, Coburn is where Ellen makes connections. You could meet her there and bring her the rest of the way. Anyhow, you need a vacation, so why not take it when it means a chance to get stock, too?"

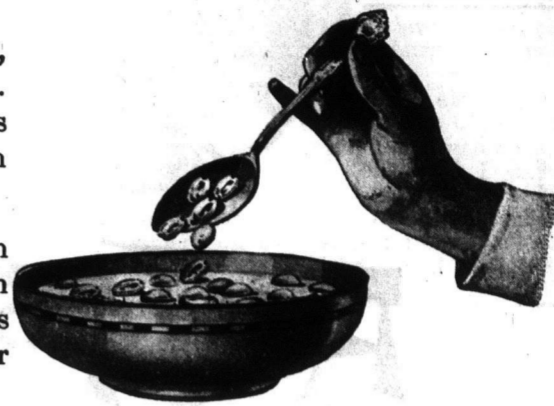
It was like throwing a red rag to a bull. Weighed with that opportunity,

In Milk—Puffed Wheat

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size.

It is light and airy, crisp and flavory. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat in milk offers children the two greatest foods in existence, in their most enticing form.



On Berries—Puffed Rice

Mix Puffed Rice with your morning berries. That flavor blends best with fruit.

The grains are like bubbles. They crush at a touch. The flavor is like toasted nut meats.



When you learn what Puffed Rice adds to berries you'll be sorry that you went so long without it.

On Ice Cream—Puffed Rice

So on ice cream—so in candy making—Puffed Rice adds a nut-like taste.

There was never a garnish so delightful on ice cream.

These fragile tidbits seem to melt away with the cream, and they add to it the flavor of nut meats.



Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Each 15c, Except in Far West



At Breakfast

Serve with cream and sugar or with melted butter.



At Play Time

Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

(3148)

Saskatoon, Canada



FEET FOOT

brings City Styles to Country Homes

FEET FOOT Shoes enable women and girls on the farms to wear the same smart summer footwear as their sisters are wearing in the cities.

FEET FOOT Shoes are restful, comfortable, and carefully made for sturdy wear—and their low price enables you to have several pairs for the price of one pair of leather shoes.

There are also **FEET FOOT** Shoes for men and boys, for work and play, for every member of the family.



Ask your dealer for **FEET FOOT** Shoes. The name is stamped on each pair.

21

ALADDIN Homes



"Aladdin Homes" The Home Builder's Book

Every man should read "Aladdin Homes," a beautiful book with a message for those who contemplate building. Completely illustrated with pictures and plans of over 100 houses, this book has helped thousands save money in building their ideal home.

"Aladdin Homes" tells the whole story of Aladdin Read-Cut Houses. Tells how they save you money by eliminating waste in material from the raw state to the finished home. Tells how all costly waste time and labor is done away with.

Let Aladdin save you money in building. Send stamps for "Aladdin Homes." Send stamps to-day for Catalogue W-14.



Canadian Aladdin Co., Limited

C. P. R. Building, Toronto, Ontario

U.S.A. Address: THE ALADDIN CO. Bay City, Mich.



Justin could find nothing to balance his scale of decision while his wife's unexpected encouragement robbed him of everything but surprise. He dashed back to his work, for the time, just an overgrown boy with the prospect of an alluring holiday dancing before him.

The next morning after he had gone, began a most eventful week. From an old trunk in the attic, Marcia dragged forth all the equipment that had belonged to her college course in household decoration—plans, sketches, color suggestions. All through the happy morning she worked, rejecting, deciding. Then pinning on her broad hat she went into the village, where at least they carried a full line of paints. From the somewhat bewildered paint man she hurried back home just as the hired men were leaving the fields. She watched them wander away, until only Jim, who had always been her staunch friend, was left.

"Come on in, Jim," she invited. "I've got the coolest lemonade you ever drank."

She smiled her most winning smile, a quirky smile that brought out a dimple in her chin, and Jim, obeying the smile, followed her into the long kitchen where he proceeded to drink countless glasses of the quenching drink and consume large quantities of Marcia's golden sponge cake. When his inner man was satisfied, Marcia told him her plan.

"I want you to help me, Jim," she said. "You're handy with a hammer and saw, and that's really all that's necessary. I expect the wallboard to-morrow, and the house simply must be finished by the time Justin comes back. Will you help me?"

Jim turned a fiery red at this plea from his divinity.

"Bet your gosh-darned bottom dollar I will," he chuckled, and swallowing excitedly, he hurried off to get his tools in shape.

He was as good as his word. With a buy to help, he and Marcia started work the next day, laboring from early morning till the late summer light failed them, but it was work that went so easily and with so little effort that only satisfaction followed in its wake. The panels were soon nailed in place over the old, disfigured walls, and the few partitions she had decided upon quickly installed. Then followed the painting in the artistic colors that Marcia had chosen.

At last it was finished. Every chair was in place, and each lamp lighted. In a new white dress, with her hair in the soft, loose way Justin liked best, Marcia waited for her husband and their guest. She felt all aglow. Something had happened to her, she scarcely knew what,

but once those ugly walls had disappeared, that uglier barrier that had built itself between her husband seemed crumbling. She forgot that one sore point on which Justin had been stubborn, and remembered only how dear he had always been. She wanted his arms about her, wanted him to share in her happiness.

They were coming. She heard the station's one auto bus at the gate; heard Justin's step on the porch. He was coming for the lantern. She opened the door to his startled eyes. "Don't let Ellen know it's new," she whispered, hysterically, and then ran down to the waiting guest.

Justin stood rooted to the spot. Was this his house—this lovely, gracious place? Was this the living room he had left a week ago—a mere place to rest tired limbs, and found now a place to rest a tired soul? The same chintzes hung at the windows, the same old mahogany was in its accustomed place; on the floor he saw the dim colors of familiar rugs. But the background! Softly lighted, the room threw back warm, buff tints from its smooth, gleaming walls, and in a new harmony even the chairs and tables took on a changed aspect and dignity.

He wandered into the next room. It was a dining room. They had never had a dining room before, as the huge kitchen had served the two purposes. Magic partitions had now appeared, and he gazed at lovely, dull blue walls, and glimpsed beyond what Marcia had always dreamt of—a shining, white kitchen. A lump rose in Justin's throat. He had robbed her of all this, that her heart had hungered for, and she had got it without him. He had lost a precious chance for bulls and tractors and a farm. Could he ever get it back? He stood there blindly, lantern forgotten, and then he heard Ellen exclaim:

"Marcia, how lovely, how perfect. I knew you would be the queen of a charming home."

And then Marcia's dear voice with laughter and tears together answered: "Queen? But what's a queen without a king? Justin, dear, where is the lantern?"

She came through the doorway, smiling, radiant, in her white dress, so like the bride of a few years ago.

He turned to her wistfully, and felt her warm arms about his neck. He laid his rough cheek against her shining hair. "We'll begin all over again, Marcia," he whispered, but she only came closer. "Let's not," she murmured contentedly, "let's just go on."

How We Do The Work: a side light on Modern Photography

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale
Illustrated by the Author.

NO doubt my readers, in The Western Home Monthly, have wondered just how we do get the hummingbird with the fluttering wings extended, the eagle shuddering in its dive, muskrats fighting in the water, decoying ducks with wings tantalizingly set, myriads of flying birds on one plate, leaping fishes, spouting whales, timid deer, all snapped in the one thousandth of a second. Now firstly—as our good friend would say—I advise any young man or woman who seriously contemplates doing press photography to buy the best and highest priced camera then on the market. The one which took the accompanying illustrations has by now cost as much as a nice small cottage would, but it's just next door to human. Let the camera man do all the advising, but get your lens as big as one and a half inch for a four by five plate. Use films (plates are better but too heavy.) My 2500 films would weigh, if on glass, a prohibitive amount.

Our full outfit consists of one made-to-order Reflex Graflex style camera that will bellow open sixteen inches, with a focal plane shutter and Film Holder, also one Bullet, or Bullseye (also Kodak make) four by five, box camera, for still life and time and concealed pictures. One six foot tripod (brass) and a first class passenger ticket all over the continent.

"Let's make a different picture, just for fun," suggested Laddie Jr. The day was a scorching hot one in August, and we were at our main shanty on the Beaver. "We've done all sorts of stunts with the maskinonge" he went on, "most drowned me too doing them, what about a picture with a bass?"

Well, we laid our heads together, you know the old saying about two being better than one, and the next thing was, the boy, all dressed nicely as a city boy going a-fishing should, with rod and line and landing net, and nice white ducks daintily trying for bass off our wee wharf. By golly! he's got one!—and I pictured him landing it still the nice clean little city boy.

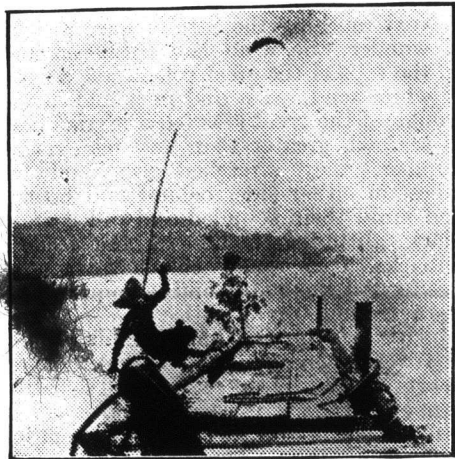
Within ten minutes he ran along that same wharf—Billy to an inch, bare feet, "cow's breakfast," faded cotton sweater, just as you see your neighbour's boy dressed when he's off "goin' fishing."

Twiddling his toes, cool and comfortable, he baits his hook with a big worm and flops it in for a bass—nothing doing—the young rascal grins—stiffens—stares at the tugging line and in hearty country boy fashion throws out a big black bass clear over his head—I am re-setting like mad—over the wharf he stumbles, the hard overhead throw overbalances him and—splash!—he strikes the water. I admit we had to do that splash over again



This is the right way to land a bass.

For I cannot wind up curtains and set cameras at a million miles a minute. Still I got the splash all right, and I also got him as he waded out, making a set of four rather odd, comical pictures. This is easy—try another. We were



"Bill, watch me yank him."

away down on another island, duck-shooting. Now (if it's a man who is reading this he will understand the feeling) the flight had been very poor all fall and today the birds really seemed as if they were going to fly, so Laddie Jr. fixed me



Splash!

all up in a shore hide, cameras beside me, decoys bobbing outside. "You might just as well leave me a gun. Don't think I'll use it though," I said, and away he clattered over the rocks. I got my cameras both into nice focus, set



"But I got him."

them firmly on the flat rock ahead of me, covered them with the square of green felt we always carry, and absent-mindedly picked up the gun—well, to fondle it a bit. Swish! swish! I stared to see the flying birds, and right in front of me four large drake blue-bills sailed towards the decoys. Did I drop that gun in a hurry and snap both cameras like a flash? I did nothing of the kind. I put both barrels slam-bang into that flock and downed three. Then I yelled like a madman for more shells and when the boy arrived breathless with them, I finished the poor wounded drake. "Get a good picture?" queried the boy. "Never thought a thing about it—got three blue-bills," I answered. I am just trying to show you that there is some difficulty in live photography. Another day my assistant and I were wandering along the tide sands of the

Straits of Juan de Fuca. There had been a battle royal between a blacktail male deer and a wolf. You could read the story, every time the arrowlike hind hoofs of the deer sank deeply into the sand he had reared up, and kicked swiftly with his sharp front hoofs. Here he had bounded many yards from the cowardly beast and it had trotted after him. Here the deer had leaped a lagoon and finally escaped.

"Look!" said O'poots the younger. Half a mile along the glittering sand beach fed a doe and two fawns, and off we sped through the shore woods to try and picture them. They heard us coming and leaped for the shore and off up the precipitous sand and clay banks.

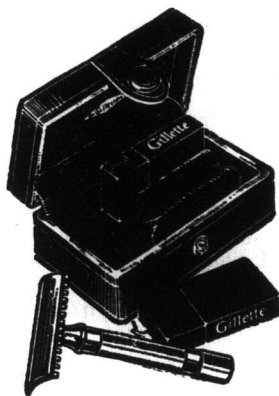
Young O'poots, barefooted as he was, scaled that slithering treacherous cliff like a brown shadow. His only hold at times his clutching toes and a rare grip

at painter's brush growing in the clay. Above him the three graceful, nimble creatures leaped and struggled from tiny ledge to lesser ones, to brown seam of exposed immature coal, up a positively perpendicular cliff, until the top was reached. Alas, they were now about one hundred feet from the shore sands and right in under a perfect umbrella of extended tree roots. The mother dug her powerful hind legs into the sand, and cut an entrance through the rooty fibrous mass with her sharp fore feet and the three disappeared.

"Got many pictures?" asked the lad, while he shook out a stream of sand from his scanty clothing. He looked strangely at me when I said "No" and I changed the conversation. I had been so interested that I set down the fully charged camera on the sand and forgot all about it whilst I gaped at the odd performance.

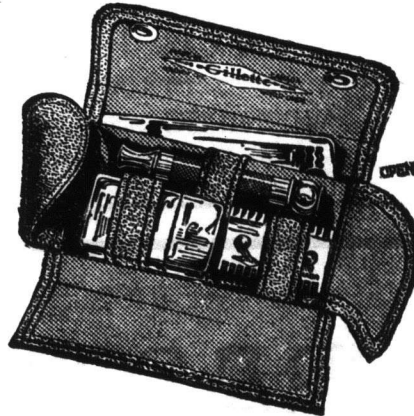
Gillette Safety Razor

The Shaving Service for Every Man Everywhere



Standard Set

The original Gillette Safety Razor Set that introduced "NO STROPPING—NO HONING". 12 double-edged Gillette Blades. Case covered with genuine leather. Razor is triple-silver-plated \$5.00



Kit Set

The latest Gillette idea! Genuine leather roll case, with triple-silver-plated razor and blade box, mirror and 12 double-edged Gillette Blades. Very compact and neat . . . \$5.00



Bulldog Set

The stocky-handled "Bulldog" Gillette Safety Razor is a great favorite. The handle is deeply knurled to give extra grip. Special leather-covered case and twelve double-edged blades \$5.00

Clean Shaving Pays

Why were our soldiers in France ordered to shave every day? Why do big business men shave every day? Why should you and your men shave every day?

Because clean shaving pays.

The five minutes spent each morning with the Gillette Safety Razor makes a man feel more fit, more active, more confident—it helps to maintain "morale" (just as it did in the War). It certainly means a better day's work.

Would it surprise you to learn YOU can shave perfectly with a Gillette Safety Razor in 5 minutes?

The Gillette glides over the chin taking the beard with it. There is No Stropping—No Honing. That is all taken care of for you at the factory. Merely slip in a new blade when one is dull.

There are a dozen double-edged blades included with every set at \$5.00, sold by jewelers, druggists and other dealers everywhere.

Set your men a good example by shaving daily with a Gillette.



The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Montreal.

"An Anchor to Windward"

IS there any better argument than the circumstances of the present day for the necessity to business men of "An Anchor to Windward" in the shape of Life Insurance Policies, which are always worth one hundred cents on the dollar, no matter when and under what stress of circumstances they become due?"

Do not forego this safe assurance for want of a little enquiry.

It will be strange if there is not a Policy to precisely meet YOUR need amongst the many valuable Plans of

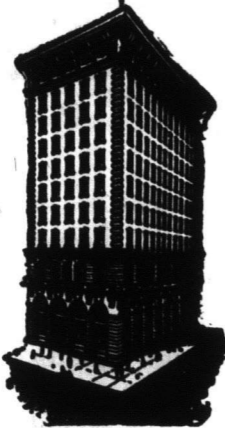
The Great-West Life Assurance Co.

Dept. "Q"

HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

UNION BANK

OF CANADA



Money Orders Issued by the Union Bank of Canada

are conveniently secured, safely forwarded, readily cashed, and inexpensive. Issued for any sum up to \$50.00, at a cost of from 3c. to 15c. Payable at any branch of any chartered bank in Canada, Yukon excepted, and in the principal cities of the United States.

358 Branches in Canada—over 230 in the West

BRANCHES IN MANITOBA

Altamont, Angusville, Baldur, Birtle, Boissevain, Brandon, Carberry, Carman, Carroll, Clanwilliam, Crystal City, Cypress River, Dauphin, Deloraine, Elm Creek, Glenboro, Hamiota, Hartney, Holland, Killarney, McCreary, Manitou, Melita, Minnedosa, Minto, Morden, Morris, Neopawa, Newdale, Nings, Oakburn, Rapid City, Roblin, Roland, Rosebank, Russell, Sanford, Shoal Lake, Somerset, Souris, Spurling, Strathclair, The Pas, Union Stock Yards, Virden, Waskada, Wawanesa, Wellwood, Winnipeg.

Head Office, Winnipeg
Total Assets as at Nov. 30,
1918, over \$153,000,000
Deposits over \$127,000,000

GRAIN

We continue to act as agents for Grain Growers in the looking after and selling of car-lots of Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye and Flax, on commission only. The members of our firm give personal expert service in checking the grading of cars, and have been frequently successful in getting grades raised. Liberal advances made at seven per cent interest on grain consigned to us for sale. Write to us for market information and shipping instructions.

THOMPSON, SONS & CO.

Grain Commission Merchants

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Sometimes the subject will fool you. I was out on a fairly big steamer, she was wooden built, old and tender. I knew the Captain jockeyed her along as carefully as I did my cameras—she was a bit top heavy too, if the truth must be told—and the old wharves on the islands were all eaten and honey-combed with the Toredoworm until they were just a mass of waterfilled cells. The Captain did bump one a wee bit one day and it settled into the tide, lumber, shingles, machinery and all; so, when I saw a big sulphur bottom whale headed straight for us down the channel I rather felt the jumping-off place had been reached. I hurriedly set my big camera, leaped up on the cable stays at the bow and focused where I thought it would come up next. Our bow was curved up a bit and that bally whale came up clear out of sight underneath, without touching our crazy old hull either. I might have known he wouldn't bump us, as they are very careful of their tender skins—bet the Captain had a tender skin for a minute.

Now comes another tale of woe. They hunt the whale on the Pacific Coast with bomb harpoon guns set in ninety foot tugs. The swell—I think it comes clear across from Japan unbroken—runs about fifteen feet high and two hundred feet long, and these nice little boats float with steam off at times in that roll. I knew I could not do the work, as old sailors, who had rounded the Horn many times, were dreadfully seasick on the whaling tugs, so I went in the person of a deputy, duly paid and hired, to take all and sundry pictures of the whales seen and the work done. "Nothing can make me seasick, sir," he assured me. So we penetrated the rich swell, so rich you could taste it, and I saw him safely on board.

Two days later the tug returned, a blow and a late catch had kept her out, she had three air-filled whale carcasses bobbing behind her—they insert a pipe into the body and pump it full of air. So I was duly elated. I stood waiting for my noble deputy to leap over the gunwale and report to me. No leap, so I ventured forward. No sign of the deputy, so I questioned the Captain. "Ole," he called, "go and see if Dudley is able to get up yet." Able! that aroused me—I guess they managed to arouse him; for some minutes later a very haggard looking young man, bearing my camera,

and the knot on the oilskin cover looking suspiciously like my tying, staggered over the staging towards me. I greeted him kindly and took the camera from him.

"Had a fair trip?" I questioned. "Fair what?" yelled the Captain. "Say, he never left my bunk since he poked her nose out of harbour." I paid him off sadly and left him standing there, my heart was too full for utterance.

The Captain, out of sympathy, sent me a whale's ear drum, all dried, and a whale barnacle, freshly cut off. I loaded everything into the wee cabin of the next old wallop I was to use. Once you stray off the steamship line of the C.P.R. routes you do get it, and that barnacle ripened faster than any specimen I have ever obtained, in fact it drove me out of that cabin into what they called the main cabin, fully ten by six and smelly. We were out in the worst of it now; the waves were tremendous and the night black as pitch, all inner lights were put out for fear they would jump from their holders and fire us. The wretch who made the cabin seats made them fully nine inches wide and every roll pitched me on to the floor. I had sense enough to stay there after a while, so I finished my snooze—at times on the floor; at others on the walls, and once, when she made a gorgeous roll, I nearly snoozed on the ceiling.

Next morning the Straits were a sight of wonder, the wind had freshened and on the tops of the great rollers was a mass of white scud, on it and in it and in the trough of the great seas fed a myriad host of sea-fowl, greater than any man might number, they stretched away off for miles on either side, behind and before; and amid them sounded and rolled great black glittering bodies of the feeding finbacks, each one a monster whale in itself. All this flying and swimming mass were feeding on a little pink sea grill which exists in fairly unbelievable masses.

To give courage to our landlubbers' hearts we picked up and passed a native canoe and crew inward bound too. It was almost impossible to watch them for we buried our bow clear back to the wheel house time after time, and the wee window I peered through at times was down in the clear green sea water. We made the next harbour safely, with much pumping, and I gleefully disembarked.

The Picked Chicken

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Louise Calvin

MARY Ann Mushrush came slowly down the main street of Saeger's. Her old fashioned "square" made of outing flannel was caught primly about her shoulders, and she held to the fence and looked furtively about her as if fearful of meeting someone. It was only "Mary Ann's way," for she had lived her whole life out in this same village and had nothing to hide from any living soul. At length she reached the corner where Cal. Williams kept store and with another glance about her, she slipped in.

"Well, Mis' Mushrush, an' what's your'n to-day?" asked genial, red-faced Cal.

Mary Ann sidled up to him, she looked timidly itself, though she over towered the fat grocer by four inches and better. She took him aside and he winked humorously as he followed her at the group of store loungers.

"Ten cents' worth o' chewin' tobacco, Cal," she whispered, and Cal with great show of secrecy wrapped up her purchase for her.

"Can't say her soul's her own, can't Mary Ann. Looks clear blue with the cold, she does!" "Bud" Granger remarked as she disappeared again down the street. "Reckon old Jerry's goin' soft on the wood again, eh? Wonder how she ever managed to save enough money fer that there tobacco!"

"Poor old Mary Ann!" agreed Cal. "Dunno what's the matter o' Jerry. Stingiest old cuss about wood ever I see. Mary Ann's never warm. An' look at old Jerry, too, he could buy an' sell you an' me, Bud!"

"Tis just that kind is the stingiest," remarked Harvey Judd through his ample "chaw" of Spear-head.

Meanwhile Mary Ann had reached home. It was a pleasant, comfortable cottage, furnished in painted chairs and old fashioned rag rugs, with life sized,

staring chromos of "father" and "mother" hung awry on the "parlor" walls, and in the kitchen a big square mirror of antique make, a walnut clock of octagonal shape and underneath it the latest drug store almanac hung.

Mary Ann passed quickly from the bleak "parlor" to the more homelike kitchen. Even here there was no fire and the wood in the wood-box was low. She went to the table for a case-knife and with it shaved off a tiny bite of the tobacco; then she wrapped the piece carefully again in the paper and thrust it far back in the table drawer. With the tobacco in her mouth, she seemed to have gained a momentary kind of courage, for she went to the wood box, took out a few sticks and kindled a half blaze, though with an anxious air. She was holding her reddened hands close over the tiny flame when the door behind her suddenly opened.

Mary Ann jumped as if caught in a crime. She seized the stove lid and tried in vain to hide the blaze. The wizened little old man in the doorway, Jerry Mushrush, her husband, pounced at her across the kitchen.

"A-wastin' wood again, air ye, Mary Ann?" came his shrill, sarcastic tones. "A-wastin' wood an' it ten shillin's the cord! A fine November day like this ye'd ought to be out in the open like I be, workin', and not allays huggin' the stove! I won't hev ye wastin' it this kind o' weather. Bad enough when snow's flyin'. Put it out, ye hear!"

Mary Ann dared not confront the irate old man; big as she was she trembled before him. She shifted the tobacco nervously from one side of her jaw to the other and pretended to be busy in the kitchen.

"Thought mebbe I'd git tea," she murmured.

"Git tea, nothin'! Middle o' the after-

noon an' git tea! You leave that fire out, ye hear!"

Mary Ann heard. She wrapped her square about her well built shoulders, took up her knitting and sat obediently in the kitchen window at her work. Her gray, straggling hair was combed straight back, her eyes, a little too closely set, squinted over her knitting and fine lines gathered in her forehead between her eyes. Her fingers were stiff with chill.

She had been at her knitting perhaps half an hour when her next door neighbor, Miss Delilah Carpenter, the tailoress, "peeked" in on her way down town to the "shop" with the newly finished coat she had made. She was powdered, as Mary Ann's straightforward New England speech would have put it, "to be fair'n a lily," and her false front was primly crimped. "Delily," as she was known in Saegers, never wasted anything herself, she bought her cheese by the two cents' worth and then, to quote the old rhyme, "put it on the shelf," but charity for others like her was not one of her saving virtues, and it was a favorite item of gossip with her how "old Jerry Mushrush stants his wife on fire an' vittles."

"Look kind o' like a picked chicken, Mary Ann," said she, her inquisitive eyes roaming the kitchen over. "Cold as a barn in here, ain't it?"

The "picked chicken" answered meekly. Mary Ann never called old Jerry anything but "he" in speaking of him.

"He don't want as how I should have a fire these fall days. Seems like I can't git warm, but he says time enough when snow flies. Seems like if I had my way I'd like to git this here whole yard full o' wood an' cobs fur burnin'. Seems like I

"Do you want I should light the fire fur you, Mary Ann?" I asks her, but she shakes her head. Appears like she don't rightly realize.

"I dunno," she says. "Wait till he comes home."

During the three days when old Jerry Mushrush lay dead in his own cheerless best room, Mary Ann, his wife, scarcely stirred from her chair. The neighbor women who came to sweep and dust the speckless house and prepare it for the funeral, built a big fire in the kitchen range. The widow had sat listless, seemingly dazed by the abrupt taking off of "him," but something roused to life in her eyes at the crackling of the flames. She partly rose from her chair and sent the quick, frightened glance behind her at the door opening into the best room as if somehow she half expected old Jerry himself to emerge on tiptoe and voice a cracked and angry protest. Always in life when she thought him farthest away, he proved nearest and would pounce in on her with no more noise than a cat at the most unexpected moments, till she had grown superstitious about him; she could not believe even now but that he might be lurking behind a door or just inside the cellar way, waiting to "ketch her at it."

She tried timidly to express her fears to the matter-of-fact neighbor women who were busy at work in her kitchen and bedroom, getting things "ready."

"Better not build a fire, Mis' Peck. He'll not like it, there bein' so hot a fire an' it not December yet . . . What'll he say . . ."

But though the neighbors in Saeger were thrifty souls and saving of their own wood, now that old Jerry was gone, they



Sheep Shearing Season

would. Dunno what he'd say. . . . I'd like to see so much there'd be no end . . ." Her voice droned on monotonously.

"Land o' mercy!" shrieked the horrified "Delily." "Mary Ann Mushrush don't let your mind dwell on things like that! The whole yard full! He ain't a millionaire! It's sinful . . ."

Mary Ann's eyes in which no expression dawned beyond that anxious, furtive look they always wore, were fixed on Delilah Carpenter's amply powdered visage. The subject of wood was dear to her heart and she would have gone on talking about it, "sinful" though it was, had not her neighbor cut her short. She had oceans of gossip to retail and oceans more to gather, and must be about it.

"Well, I must be movin'. Mebbe I kin git something fur you in town, Mis' Mushrush?"

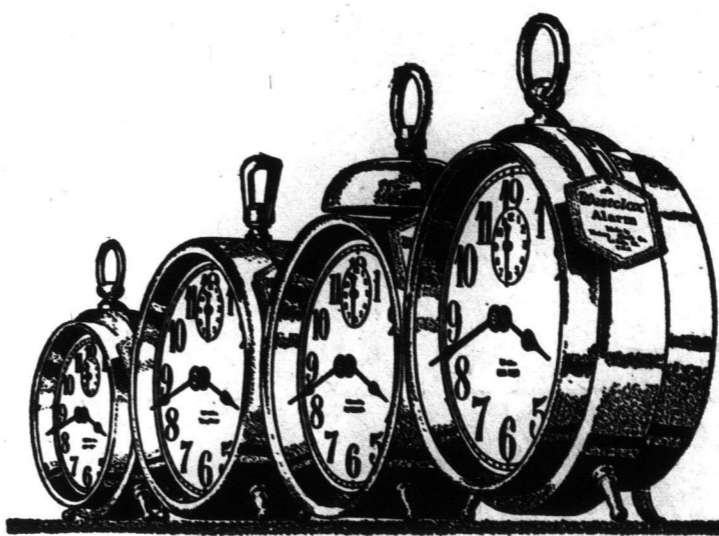
It was fated that Delily, not fifteen minutes after her parting with Mary Ann, should be the first to see old Jerry Mushrush fall on Main Street as he stepped from Brown's harness shop toward his own rickety little wagon. He had just had a passionate altercation with Hi Brown over the price of the harness he had mended and apparently his heart had failed him. When they reached him old Jerry was dead; he had bickered for the last time and saved his last penny. Delily herself ran home to Mary Ann with the announcement.

"She didn't appear to know what to say," said Miss Carpenter in telling over the story to inquisitive housewives of Saeger. "She give me one look an' then ups and piles all the wood from the bin right into the stove. Then she sets down again.

seemed to think little of saving his. It might well have furnished the fanciful housewife—if any such rare species existed in Saeger, Indiana—with food for speculation to wonder just what Jerry Mushrush would have said, if he could by chance have seen his cherished wood-pile diminishing by leaps and bounds and in his honor, at any rate while he lay in state in the cool front room which in real life he had scarcely ever entered. The very daring of it might have struck him speechless, who knows. Still, old Jerry without his sharp tongue and caustic jibe? No, imagination could not picture it.

So small wonder it was that poor plucked Mary Ann glanced about her with apprehension as each fresh stick of wood went in. But when nothing happened and the first day had worn on toward night, when after the long night of vigil and wood ablaze the night through, not even the ghost of an old Jerry bestirred itself to fume and rail, Mary Ann's look lost some of its apprehensiveness. The second day she approached the cheerful blaze and on the third, the morning of the funeral, she actually with her own hands reached out to put a good sized limb of hickory over the hot embers. To be sure, the next moment, blazing as it was, she had caught it out again, but the thought had penetrated her dull brain at last: she could, if she would, have now all the fire she wanted. She could use all the wood she wanted. But even old Jerry dead was a factor to be reckoned with while he lay in the house.

That night the fire went out, but a new resolution came with the morning. Mary



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Ann rose early and went into town. She held to the fences and looked about her with hunted eyes, as her habit was, then proceeded a few steps only to stop and turn about again and again like some poor, baited animal. The furrow between her closely set eyes was deeper than ever as if thought had concentrated behind it.

But when she arrived at last at the wood yards her big frame no longer shrank and trembled under her square of faded outing flannel. To see cord on cord of wood piled must have had much the same effect on Mary Ann Mushrush as a trumpet call on the soldier in the ranks, or harmony in color and form on the aesthete. It seemed to inspire her. The sight of it was romance to poor starved and frozen Mary Ann. Thirty odd years she had shivered, had transgressed, had been discovered and berated. Thirty odd years of inclement Saeger winters, ever since she and Jerry moved west into Indiana, Mary Ann Mushrush had been a "picked chicken."

Several errands she had on Main Street that day and always it was a similar request she put.

"Cal, I want ye to tell Peter Ehrman to bring in a load or two o' cobs when he's drivin' to town," or, "if ye see Mis' Brant tell her to hev her man bring in some wood fur burnin'. Tell her I want it soon as ever he kin bring it."

From "Shorty" Bieber, the stove man, she ordered a "magazine fur my front room stove, one as will keep things goin' lively," and she asked that it be adjusted at once.

"I'll send it right over," said Shorty

with brisk interest. Mary Ann to his knowledge had never made so large a purchase in Saeger before. "I'll be there with it soon as you're there yourself, Mis' Mushrush!"

Before noon the next day after old Jerry's funeral, "didn't wait fur him to git cold," thought Delily from her habitual seat at the window of her tiny house where she could sew and still not miss any of the village happenings, a wagon drove into the yard and unburdened itself of wood. This was followed within a short time by a load of cobs, then another of wood and so on. Soon cellar and wood-house were overflowing with the supply and within doors wood-box and bin. Mary Ann spent most of her time that day going from one stove to the other, coaxing the blaze higher and piling on more wood. The house was warm as toast and a kind of contented look crept into the old woman's face as she moved from sitting room to kitchen and back again.

"Come in, come in!" she cried to the neighbor who visited her for the purpose of condolence. "Sit close to my fire an' warm yourself clean through!"

In the middle of the night Miss Delilah Carpenter was awakened from slumber by a rumbling, rattling noise. She sat straight up in bed, then slid to the floor and running to the window threw it up. She stuck out her head, warted over with curl papers. She peered about on all sides. Then she drew her head in again and shut down her window with a bang.

"Well, I swan! If that Mary Ann Mushrush ain't still agittin' wood put in!"



Nest of Mallard, Lake Wabaumun

The Glory Role

By Edith G. Bayne

AT that time of year when summer is gathering up her skirts to flee over the hills and far away at the approach of stern, windblown autumn, who comes blustering in to a scant welcome, the park begins to look a little faded and forlorn. The dusty grass edges become sere overnight. The hardiest blooms are gone or going and the driveway and boulevard are lightly showered with red and gold leaves. The fountains lack their wonted sparkle and the swans shiver on the pond where the sun does not touch the water. The wind snatches the paper from the loiterer's hand and sends it rollicking in unseemly abandon with innumerable other fragments of paper. The bronze monument stands out stark from its leaf-shorn precincts and the lake looks a deeper sapphire—perhaps because of its white-caps. The "benchers" come as usual but they do not tarry long now.

but also well-worn clothes, and a hat that had patently graced a bargain table. Both these people brought with them newspapers which they read diligently and then usually flung aside. Sometimes the young man would pace up and down the gravel, his eyes on the blue lake beyond the little pond, his brows knitted in gloomy thought. Sometimes he was in more cheerful humor, and smiled as he watched the swans gobble his offering of biscuits. He seldom appeared to notice the girl nor she him. They eyed each other occasionally but in an absent, impersonal way. The girl's fingers were usually busy with knitting or crocheting and any daily observer would have marked how rapidly she worked, but apparently she had no close observer. One piece of work followed another in swift succession and thus the afternoons passed until August began to wane and the chill of autumn crept into the air.

All summer long two of the "benchers" had occupied the same positions under the maples by the pond. On a seat near the drinking fountain a young man, in clothes that were obviously rather tight for him, had lounged almost daily from about three in the afternoon until sunset. An adjacent bench had been occupied nearly every afternoon from about four till sunset by a slim girl in well-fitting,

One day the girl was quite late. Instead of coming slowly down the main path, her knitting needles flashing in the sun, her left forearm jerking the yarn forward at intervals, and on her face that look of dreaming intentness that bespeaks a mind very much engrossed, she came tripping across the grass (in deliberate defiance of park rule) and seating herself in her wonted place began excitedly to count some money, bills and

silver which she drew from her gay knitting bag and spread out in her lap. Occasionally she sent a furtive look about her.

There was nobody within sight but the young man, who, like herself, had become a kind of park fixture. He looked lazier than ever. His checked cap was drawn over his eyes, his legs were thrust out and he appeared to doze. Three or four banana skins lay at his feet—another rule disregarded, but discipline became lax at the end of summer.

The girl counted out sixty dollars and some odd change. She folded the bills very neatly, as a girl does who handles much money but seldom, the large denominations on the inside of the roll. She wrapped this in a fragment of paper and put it inside her blouse. Then she put the silver in her little change purse on the side of her belt. Her glance rested a moment on the other park habitue. It strayed to the swans. On her lips a little smile of secret exultation trembled.

A lone park policeman strolled along. The girl opened out the paper she had brought and commenced to read the second page of classified ads., but in an indifferent way, and as from force of habit only. Over the top she watched the "cop's" progress. The young man sat up. He kicked the traces of his late lunch underneath his bench. He was really a very indolent youth thought the girl, for just beyond him a few feet stood a green-painted rubbish-can. The arm of the law disappeared round a corner of the walk.

Then the frolicksome wind sported gaily along. It rustled the little drift of red leaves at the edge of the path. It created a whispering turbulence in the half-naked poplars, it shivered across the pond and the water became dark even in the sunshine. It eddied about the bushes and sent a tiny shower of yellow—Nature's own gold—over the girl's head and shoulders. Suddenly a more voluminous breeze followed the first. This one blew a strand of hair across the girl's eyes and she shook her head backward in smiling impatience. At that instant the paper was snatched from her hands and sent careering over the dry sward in the direction of the city's downtown district. But ten feet or so along in its mad career it brought up against a substantial obstacle, namely, the knees of the dozing youth, who had relapsed into a lounging posture once more.

He started, sat up again and caught the fluttering sheets in both hands. He sent a look at the girl, then got up and took the paper over to her.

"Oh, thanks. But I don't want it," said the girl, with a quick little smile. "Just throw it away—I mean in the can there, as you pass."

The young man had doffed his cap an instant, disclosing curly brown hair. The girl remarked this as she spoke. In turn he noticed that her eyes were a rather nice shade of blue, very clear and unshadowed. He paused, uncertainly.

"Are you out of a job?" asked the youth, abruptly.

"I was," said the girl gravely.

"I asked because I've noticed you here so much—every day, I guess, about."

"I've noticed you, too."

"Then you—you've got a job at last?"

The girl's face flushed. She hesitated an instant.

"Well, perhaps not a job. But I've—found a means of livelihood."

He smiled shrewdly.

"Pretty much alike, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't the same thing at all."

"May I sit down?... Thanks very much... What is the difference or the distinction?"

"A job usually means a boss and a time-clock, and the threat of being fired hanging over you if your work doesn't come up to par. The other may mean the same but it can also mean that you are your own boss. You drive yourself. If you want big 'pickings' you must work hard. But then, too, you can loaf at your own discretion."

"I see. 'Pickings'—? What does —?"

"Oh, I just thought of that term," she cut in with a shrug. "I—I don't pick pockets—exactly," and she laughed and looked slyly away from him and at the water.

The youth was silent for a few moments.

"I wish I had your luck," he said at length. "I've been an out-of-work too all these weeks."

"Have you looked everywhere?" asked the girl, a look of doubt and suspicion in her eye, but which he didn't see.

"Every blamed place in town," he replied, moodily. "I've tramped from six in the morning till three in the afternoon. No use trying to hunt after three."

"No," sighed the girl, reminiscently.

"And I'm not brawny enough yet for a farm, though that's what I'd like best if I only had the strength. Been overseas. Had pneumonia in the spring."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"Maybe you can guess from the fit of these clothes that I've got my only civvies on my back. Soon I'll have to put 'em in hock and go to bed."

"I wish I could let you in on my work. But—it requires deft fingers," said the girl. "And experience."

The policeman came hurrying back. He looked disturbed.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man, rising.

"Lady had her pocket picked," said the cop, pausing.

"Whereabouts?"

"On the avenue, just outside the park. Don't happen to have seen any suspicious looking characters do you?"

"No," said the youth, indolently seating himself again. "How much did she lose?"

"Over sixty dollars she says. She was standing in a crowd listening to a soap-box orator, and must have been jostled, she thinks. Nice how-de-do! Sure you two haven't seen anyone that—"

"Haven't seen a soul."

"Nor I," said the girl, promptly.

The policeman hurried on.

"Wrong premise," remarked the young man, as he watched the officer disappear.

"He's hunting for a 'suspicious-looking character' when it is more than likely

the pickpocket is a well-dressed individual with a bold front and a swagger. Gee! You look kinda white! He didn't startle you as much as all that, surely."

"I—I guess I'm faint with hunger. Hadn't any lunch."

"Is that so? Why—come to think of it neither did I."

The girl got up.

"Let's go somewhere and have a good square meal," she suggested.

"You're on. But what'll I hock?"

asked the youth in some dismay. "All I own I have on my back. And it's chilly today."

"You won't need to hock anything. It's my treat," said the girl firmly.

"I couldn't stand for that."

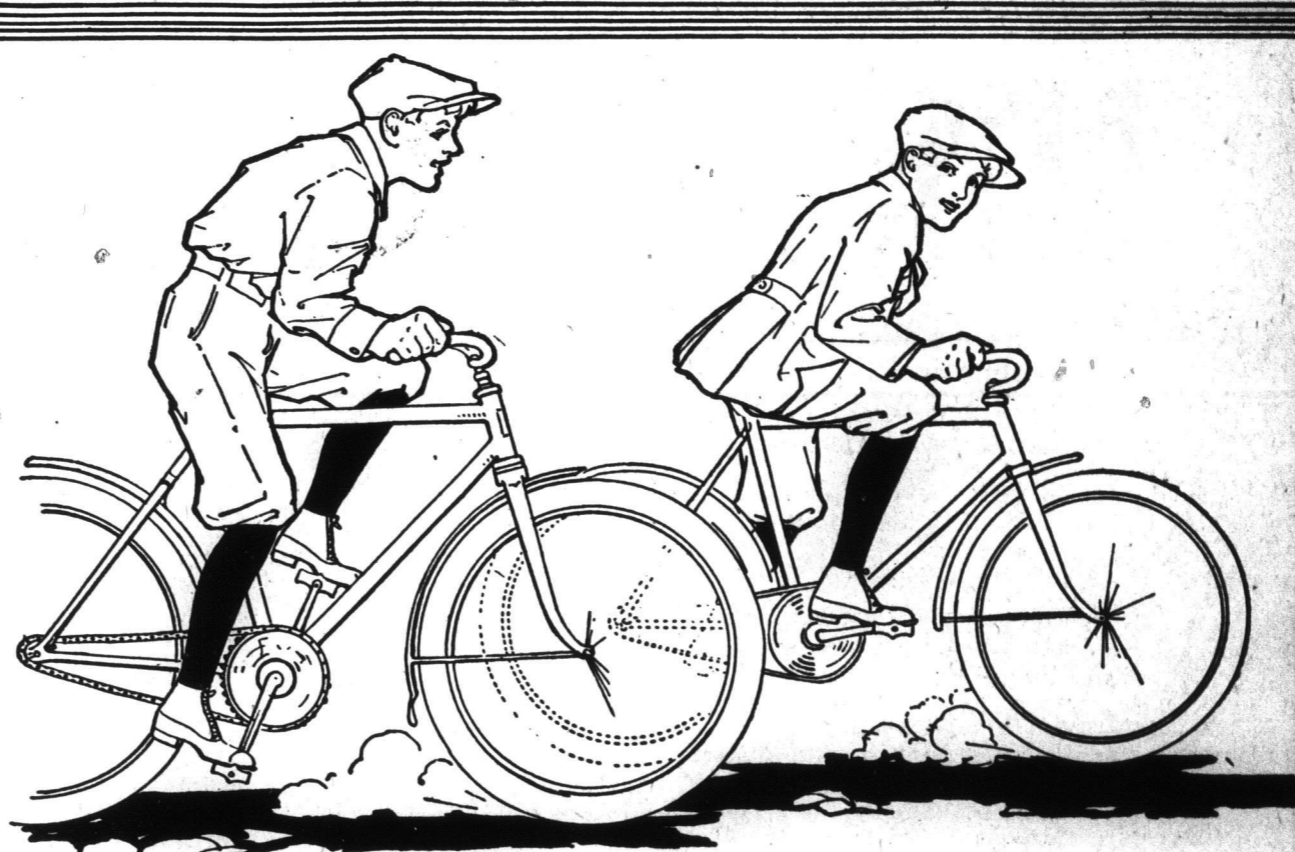
"You must. I hate eating alone."

"You don't have to. I'm sure you have plenty of friends."

"I haven't one in the city."

The youth, for all his seeming laziness, was shrewd.

"You mean you have, but you've



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avoided them. I know. Same here. When one is down and out—"

"Oh," murmured the girl. "You do understand."

"Of course I do."

"Then come," she cried peremptorily. "That's a bond of sympathy already. If you don't come I won't eat a bite."

The youth didn't really require much coaxing.

"All the same," he said, rising, "I wish it were my windfall. Not that I'd deprive you of your luck, but a fellow hates to be grub-staked by a girl."

"Try and forget the everlasting sex of it," said the girl, a little impatiently. "Can't one pal help another? You'd do the same for me. Let's hurry up before the crowd gets there. Shall we go to the Palace Grill?"

"Anywhere."

But at the park gate they were halted by a park cop—another one.

"I've orders to search everyone leaving the park," he said.

The girl swayed and clutched at the young man's arm for support.

"Oh, that's all right," said the youth, easily. "Your brother officer saw us."

"Did he search you?"

"He didn't need to. Let us pass. This lady is nearly fainting. She—she missed her lunch."

"Orders is orders," insisted the cop. "Everyone has to be searched."

"But I tell you—"

"If she waits a bit there'll be a matron here from the station. There've been too many pockets picked. It's getting past a joke . . . No, there's no use going back because the other gate's locked, and there's a policeman there to see that everybody is shunted out this way."

"You're crazy! The park's practically deserted. Only this lady and I—"

"Oh, there's always a pedestrian or two. We've got our orders, anyway, to let nobody pass."

The young man suddenly felt the girl lean heavier. She grew a dead weight.

Startled, he looked down at her.

"There! She's fainted," he exclaimed. "She—she was too weak with hunger. Let me get her over to the fountain."

"Oh, well, beat it then," and the cop stepped aside.

"I—it isn't a real faint," whispered the girl. "I just had to do it or he'd have kept us here till dark!"

"Gee!" muttered her companion, admiringly.

"Drag me on a bit, and throw a little water on me," said the girl. "But not too much. Wait! Is he watching?"

"He sure is. Keep it up, little sport." He seated her on the brink of the fountain which occupied the centre of the little square just outside the park entrance. She wobbled and clung to him.

He wet a handkerchief and laved her brow. He chafed her hands. Presently she struggled to her feet and together they walked slowly to the corner.

Turning, they saw that the cop had lost interest. He was leaning against a tree

trunk admiring the last rays of sunset.

"That was a close shave," remarked the girl. "For it so happens that I have sixty dollars on me."

"What if you had?"

"Yes, but I—I'm unable to account for it. I've given my solemn oath not to tell where I got it."

The young man looked sharply at her. "That surely would have complicated matters—unless they found the real thief. Can't you elucidate for my benefit?"

"An oath is an oath."

"Some oaths were made to be broken." But the girl shook her head.

"Let's hurry," she said. "Do you know, when I got that money a little while ago it chased away my hunger for a while. Believe me, I'm going to eat!"

"And I'm going to help you. Some day it will be my turn, though, and you've got to be my guest, then."

Under the soft rose-shaded lights in a secluded corner of the luxurious restaurant the two shabby "benchers," facing each other, had their first real opportunity to study one another.

"This is an adventure—for me," said the girl as the second course came on.

"It's heaven for me," said the youth.

There was a certain air of smartness, of style, about his companion that was evident in spite of her worn attire. In spite of her rather pinched look he could see that she was pretty, that her face when animated, lost its old wistfulness. On her side she noticed that he had a strong jaw, a steady gaze and a decided way of speaking, like one who is used to giving orders.

When the very last course was placed before them and the orchestra was playing very softly in their distant alcove the girl leaned back and toying with her ice sent him several penetrating glances which he, devouring his third piece of pie, failed to see.

"I wish you would tell me—about yourself," she began at length. "I'm all at sea. I took you at first for—well, for a lazy good-for-nothing park loafer. But I know now you're nothing of the kind."

He moved the tall vase of pink carnations aside and smiled across at her.

"That's better, eh? I—I've been too busy to do it before."

They both laughed.

"You're nice and candid," he went on, ruefully. "I am a loafer, though, but it's really not my fault, altogether. As I intimated before I'm a returned man, a corporal."

"It's queer that you can't find a job!"

"Well, I'll tell you, I could find one but—I won't take it."

"Oh, you're not uppish, surely?"

"Maybe I'm just plain crazy. It's like this: while I was overseas my job was held by a girl—a smart little girl, too, I believe, and I won't take it from her. That's all."

"How foolish! You have first right."

"Possibly."

"And won't she give it up?"

"I haven't asked for it. I heard coming back on the troopship that she had it and that she was supporting a family, her invalid mother and some small brothers and sisters, on the salary she gets at—at my old office job. How can I rob the widow and the orphan? I fought to defend them, not to—"

The girl was sitting up very straight. An eager light burned in her eyes. She pushed her plate aside.

"Is—is your name Hutchison?" she demanded, quickly.

"Yes, it is," he said, wonderingly.

"And that reminds me—I don't think either of us noticed, did we?—that we came in here unknown to one another! Please, yours?"

"It made it more adventurous, though. Could—could you make a guess at my name?"

"How could I?" he asked smilingly.

"How in the world did you guess mine?"

"Listen a moment. I happen to know that the girl who replaced you at McAndrews and Blain—that's the name of your firm, isn't it?"

"It sure is!"

"Well, that girl isn't holding your job, Mr. Hutchison. The day you came back to the city she left it. She isn't the kind of girl to—to pinch a soldier's job on him."

"What! Miss Brooke do you mean?"

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How do you know?"

"I—know her," said the girl, quietly.

"Oh!"

"She couldn't enact the glory role, as you did. She couldn't march away, banners flying and bands playing and fight the enemy, but she fell into a nice job, one that paid her well, and she held it and was thankful for the money. Her people live in the country and are poor."

"And—and who has—my job?" he gasped.

The girl shrugged.

"The firm said they would hold it open for you indefinitely. That's all I know. Probably a succession of substitutes is in charge of it. I'd advise you to go back to-morrow morning."

"I will that! But the girl—Miss Brooke—where is she?"

"Oh, she was out of employment for a while of course. But she's all right again. It happens that she has very clever fingers, and she invented a new type of wool sweater-coat, a rather novel idea, a slip-over-the-head affair with a capuchin. She took two of these to a certain firm that deals in exclusive women's wear and they paid her thirty dollars and fifty cents apiece for them and ordered two dozen more. She signed the contract. You're the only one who knows though, because it was a secret agreement. The firm wants the monopoly. So don't worry in the least about the girl, because she's got enough to keep her busy all winter. She's going to invent other things, too."

The young man, after a moment of wonderment, turned to his coffee cup and drained it. Then he recollected something.

"But you?" he asked, eagerly. "Where do you come in? I haven't learned your name?"

"I," said the girl, with a smile, "am Miss Brooke."

the garret-like room, above the kitchen, which was reached by a ladder. Sometimes my supply would get low, but never entirely run out, from one sugar time to another. I always kept an extra large piece for your father, when he came home, but that was not very often.

"When your grandfather died, your daddy, as you call him, was ten years old and the eldest of my family of five."

"Oh, shoot, I didn't want grandpa to die," broke in Harry.

"Grandma can't tell a story with you butting in like that, just keep quiet," said Kenneth, giving Harry a poke in true brotherly fashion, at the same time telling grandma not to mind that "little mutt" and go on with the story.

"Our little log house stood at the back of a small clearing, and behind it was one of the finest maple sugar bushes in Ontario. Excepting for the little I could grow in the small clearing, and our cow, the maple trees provided us with a living. I had to be very careful with what we had, and even then sometimes there was not enough. Your father was one of the best boys any mother ever had, and was so anxious to help me in every possible way that when a farmer, on another clearing twenty miles away, came one day and offered to take him to work for his board and clothes, and if he would stay and work for three years, William Hooper, for that was his name, would then give him an extra homespun suit of clothes, a pony and saddle. Robert wanted very much to go. He was to be allowed to go to school for three months in the winter, and it was really the chance to go to school that made me decide to let my boy go. There seemed no other chance of schooling, and sorely as I needed and missed him, I decided to take farmer Hooper's offer.

"You know, children, this was long, long before automobiles, that spin about

so easily now over the good roads, were even thought of, and almost all traveling was over a bridge path on foot or on horseback. Twenty miles was a great distance.

"Then William Hooper rode away that same evening with your eleven year old father, on the pony's back, along with him.

"I felt very lonesome indeed. Twenty miles between us then meant we should rarely see one another. I knew nothing of how he was faring for over six months and it was not till many years later he told me his first experience in butter-making."

By this time May had fallen asleep, and Mrs. Baker relieved Grandma's frail arm of its sleeping burden. The others drew nearer to hear the rest of the story.

Grandma's eyes looked as though she were seeing other scenes than those in the bright kitchen, and continued.

"William Hooper was a very upright, kindhearted man, but his wife was very stingy as well as a terrifying scold. Robert did his best to please her, but if she ever was pleased those around her never suspected it. When she had anything to say it was usually to scold or find fault. Your father had to take her continued nagging much more regularly, and abundantly than his meals."

"The mean, old cat, I'd like to kick her," said Rob, who with Will had come in from school in time to join the group of listeners.

"Will," said grandma, with a sigh, "she is dead and gone long ago, and we mustn't have any hard feelings.

"One day she and William were going to a sugar camp about ten miles away, leaving your father in full charge of everything on the place, including four young children, and so loaded with orders to be sure and gather the sap twice

a day, pile all the small stumps ready for burning, and pick the sprouts off the potatoes in the dug-out cellar" as well as many others, that it seemed as big a task as commanding an army general to take a fortified city single handed.

"If they did not return on the afternoon of a certain day he was to add to his long list of duties the churning. In the old stone dash-churn there was, for safe keeping, a peck of valuable grass seed, and of course Mrs. Hooper gave explicit instructions as to where he should put this and how to prepare the churn for the cream.

"Your father, then a lad of thirteen, worked hard, even exacting Mrs. Hooper could have found no fault if she had returned, at the time expected, but alas! she did not, and the butter making proved his undoing. He remembered he was to churn, he forgot the details on preparation, and poured the thick cream on top of the precious grass seed, and I believe that was the first, last and only time your daddy made the butter—"

Just then a tall, grey haired man entered the side door. The three boys yelled "Three cheers and a tiger for dad's butter."

The Envelope, Not the Seeds

Congressman Hull of Iowa once sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelope, on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, \$300." A few days later he received a letter which read: "I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is \$300 fine for private use. I want to plant them in my private garden. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately? I am a law-abiding citizen, and do not want to commit any crime."

Daddy's First Churning

By Ida Greenway Wright

YOUR marmalade smells good, Eliza," said Grandma Baker to her son's wife, as she walked into the sunny kitchen, where the open jars of delicious orange marmalade stood in rows on the table, ready to be sealed and put away for future use. The previous Saturday there had been a bargain in oranges at the corner grocery and Mrs. Baker, with housewifely forethought, had taken advantage of it.

At the sound of grandma's voice three sticky faces looked up from the kettle, from which they were gathering the "scrape." Baby May toddled at once towards grandma, holding out her spoon and saying "Me dive 'ou some, it's dood," as she reached up to touch grandma's lips. Kenneth and Harry, not to be outdone by baby May in their attentions to grandma, whom they all dearly loved, insisted on her tasting their "scrape" too, and also ran to bring a comfortable chair for her. After each dose grandma smacked her lips and said, "Oh, my, that is good."

"Did you like marmalade when you was a little boy like me?" asked Harry.

Kenneth tried to set him right, assuming a real, grown-up manner, and saying with fine scorn, "You silly! Grandma never was a little boy."

"Never mind," she said, with a smile, "if grandma never was a little boy herself, she had little boys of her own and that is even better."

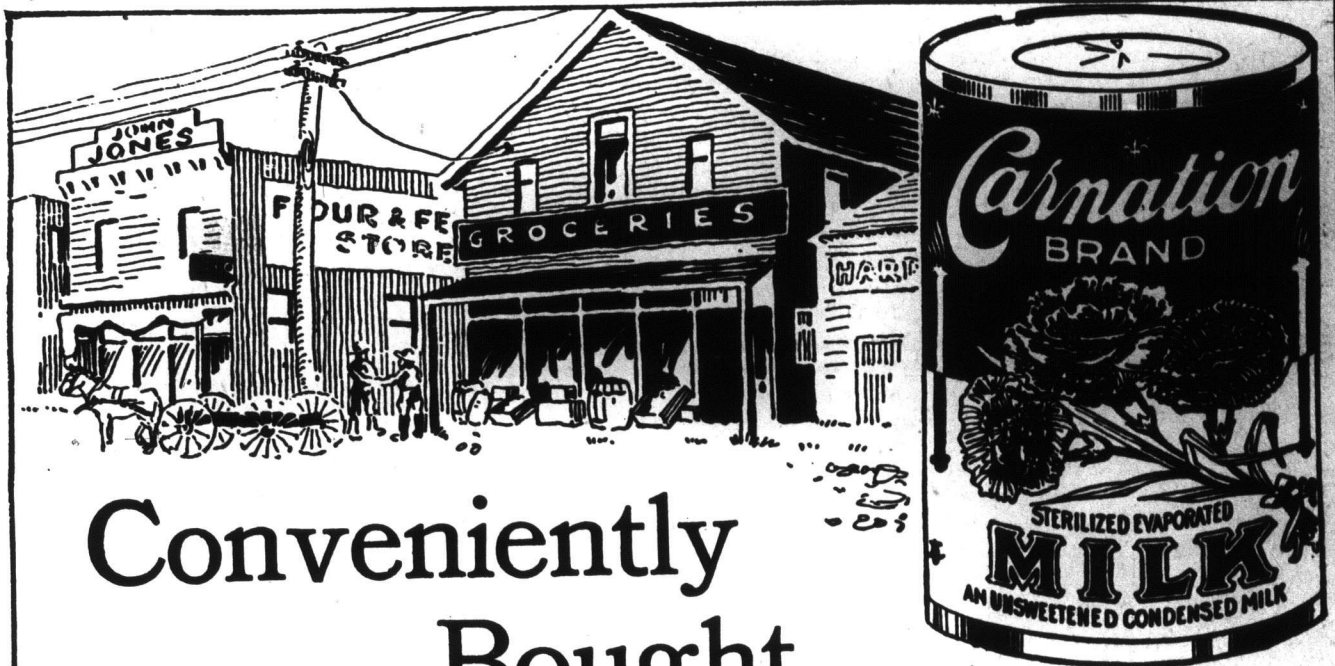
"Oh, yes, our daddy was your little boy, wasn't he?" said Harry.

"Tell us a story about daddy, when he was a boy like us," pleaded Kenneth, coaxingly. "Do, oh, yes do," shouted Harry and May, the former adding philosophically, "I like stories about daddy the very best for I know they are really, truly ones."

"Did he like orange marmalade?"

When faces and hands had been washed, grandma, with baby May cuddled up on her lap, began,

"My dears, when Robert, your father, was little like you, we never had any orange marmalade, and very seldom had an orange. When I wanted to treat my children I gave them a piece of maple sugar, which I always kept in a box, in



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Kitty's Delusion

I could not spend my life as a farm slave! I have made up my mind as to that, Phil, and you might just as well stop teasing this way. I am sure if I intended to stay on the farm I would very much rather marry you than any one else I know. I think I am old enough to know my own mind however, and it is my irrevocable intention to go to the city as soon as I can secure a place. I do not intend to be a burden to any one, as I can earn my own living, neither do I intend to be a household slave for any farmer. It is just cook and patch the whole time with a little change in the berry season or at house cleaning. No, thanks! I believe I will put off marrying for a time at least, until I try the city. I say I can never be a farmer's wife and that settles it. But if you come to see me whenever you are in the city I will never be too busy to have a good time with you and show you around, for I have always looked on you as my dearest friend and it is very hard to give you up, as I said before, it can never be."

"Well," said Phil, "I'm sorry that you look at things in that light but I am sure you will soon get enough of the city for you are too sensible a girl to be satisfied with mere appearances, and it is hard to rise above the real surface in such a whirlpool of humanity as there exists, where each is trying to down the other. Of course, I know that you are as capable as any one of them, but it is well to remember that a person can be

the farm, but as no argument would avail, she spoke to a friend who conducted a large millinery store and was promised that she should have the first vacant position.

At last the word came, and a speedy good-bye was said, and Kitty was soon in the position she had long coveted. It might have only been fancy, or possibly it might have really been that her friends or even members of her own family did not seem as cordial in their farewells as she had a right to anticipate. She also thought that her aunt was a little cool in her reception, but the city people do not have the time to be demonstrative. Many a time she was reminded of this fact. The people at church hurried out with simply a nod or stately bow. The streets seemed to be crowded all the time, but none of the people had a thought for her. She did not get acquainted with many young people of her own age and station in life, who were what she would call suitable associates. All too soon she found she was adapting her actions and thoughts to the daily routine of her existence, a mere machine, as it were. Her employer hardly knew her by name and took no more interest in her than in the models on which the latest fashions were displayed. She longed for a hearty handshake, the cordial greetings and the interested inquiries after her welfare that were accorded her in former days in the old home in the country. She would have given much to have been back in that merry crowd of young people again, but she had left it all to make her fortune in the city and especially to enjoy



Summering at Minaki

as lonely in company or a crowd, as in the forest or in the most lonesome home on the prairie. I know that I have no great prospect to offer you, and yet my father has given me a good start. I have a quarter section of land with full equipment in machinery, and a nice start in stock. I know that I can make you a comfortable home, and you know my mother has never been a slave, neither do I propose that my wife shall become one nor do more work than is necessary. I am sure that method is the great secret in management, and if you cared to try it, I would do everything in my power to help you out. But as your decision is final, I have nothing more to say, and will wish you good-night, Kitty. May you be happier in your city home than I shall be without you here."

This was the parting between these two young people who had been each other's ideal for years past. Phil had taken Kitty to dances and picnics ever since she had been sixteen years old and even before that he had always been her protector at school. Now, that he was 22, and she was 19, he had proposed that she should come to his new home as his bride. His father, who was a prosperous farmer, had started him out well, and the whole community were surprised, quite as much as Phil had been when the decision of Kitty had been made known.

Her old friends tried to persuade her to stay but this only made her the more determined to go. An aunt in the city had been apprised of her intentions and she too, strongly advised her to stay on

its pleasures. To go back now would be to acknowledge defeat, and this was the last thing she was willing to do. Some of her friends had written her now and then and she had heard that Phil had prospered well. He had built a new house and a new barn, and some had even hinted that she had thrown away a pretty nice thing when she refused his offer. Worst of all, her health was failing; nothing seemed to be the matter with her in particular, but simply a gradual waning of energy. One day she was painfully made apparent of this by the manageress pausing at the side of her stand long enough to ask if she were not well. She well knew by the experience of other girls that a too prolonged period of listless appearance would unfit her for work. They only wanted people of life and energy in that store. Much against her taste and early training she began to add cheap finery and jewelry to her wardrobe, in order to improve her appearance, so that she might maintain her position in the store.

Four years had gone by when one day she was sitting at her stand feeling a little more disconsolate than usual, when a crowd of merry young people were seen approaching across the large store accompanied by the floor walker. They came directly to her stand, and she almost sank to the floor, for there were all her associates from the country. Phil included. They were all well dressed full of vitality that she well knew she had not, pleasure written on every beaming countenance.

"What in the world brings you people here?" she exclaimed.

"Why we came to the city especially to attend the Musical Festival, of course," they replied. "You are going, surely?" they asked.

She had heard of the great concert to be given by the Society that night, but was usually tired enough to go straight to her lodgings and to bed when her duties at the store were finished for the day. She had not given the affair another thought.

Her friends at last persuaded her to get a holiday for the rest of the day and to accompany them. This was easily obtained, as she had been attentive and consistent to her duties, indeed, the manageress said she could go at once, and a substitute was found in her place for the rest of the day. She invited her friends to go home with her, hoping they would refuse, and was glad when they claimed prior arrangements, but Phil offered to accompany her, and as soon as she was ready they would join the others at a certain point in the city. As she showed him into the little dingy parlor of the boarding house, she felt a little ashamed. She knew her present surroundings were in great contrast to her old home. The greater part of her pleasure at meeting her old friends was lost by the thought that she could not entertain them as she wished. Her wardrobe was only scanty, as she did not go into company. A dress or two for church was all she had except cheap shop dresses. Of course, her friends would notice that she was not as well dressed as they, but would be too polite to mention or even notice the fact, nevertheless, it only irritated her. Then, she had never met Phil alone since their memorable parting when she decided the issue, and was not a little puzzled by his stoic appearance, but she determined to put on a brave appearance, and had he again asked her the old question, he would have been told that her decision was the same,—to remain in the city.

The youthful merriment was contagious, and she had not been with them long till she was feeling happier than she had been for years. They told her of the changes that had taken place in the old home—there were not many—and chatted away in such an animated manner and were so very pleasant that she was very happy indeed. They visited every place of attraction for which they had the time, and Kitty dared not tell them that she had experienced more pleasure in that single afternoon than in all the four years she had lived in the city.

After an excellent supper at one of the best hotels,—which was to her a far greater treat than the rest of the young people,—they attended the concert, after which they all returned to the hotel, Phil insisted that she should go with them, and as they had not seen her for so long she should spend the night with them.

The next morning, they all accompanied her to the store, it being on their way to the station. As soon as her friends had left her, Kitty felt the old longing return for her old home and friends more than ever before. She had at first been secretly thankful to Phil for his not alluding to the old subject. He had been as pleasant as the rest of them, and had not even shown either by word or deed that there ever had been any difference between them. At the last he had shaken her by the hand without the least sign of tremor to remind her that she was more to him than any of the rest. This made her wonder. For she had wished that he would, at the last, show her in some way that he cared for her still. Try as she would, she could not shake off her melancholy feeling. Her work seemed more tiresome than ever. It seemed as though she could not satisfy her customers, or that the customers themselves were more exacting than ever before.

At last the evening came, work being finished for the day. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry to leave. None of her fellow-workers had a word for her and she longed for a friend to whom she could confide her secret thoughts, but there was no one among her acquaintances who could respond with ready sympathy. As soon as she had finished her supper, which was simply a pretence of eating, she retired to her room, and was seated in the lounge-chair that it contained, lost in meditation, when she was interrupted by a knock at the door. A maid

entered, saying: "There is a gentleman in the parlor who wishes to see you, Miss Kitty."

Her astonishment knew no bounds when upon entering the room she saw Phil seated by the window. As she advanced, he arose and came towards her, saying: "Kitty, I hope you will excuse me, but I had to come back. I started back home with the rest, but made an excuse about some repairs I had forgot, and left them a station or two down the line, then took the first train to the city. The life you are living does not appear at all suitable to you. I do not like to see such a change in you. The close confinement together with the long hours in that store have told on your health, and a boarding house life does certainly not agree with one who has been used to the comforts of a home such as you left. You have now been in the city for four years, and I would like to hear you honestly say whether the life was the same as

you expected or not. I think you will say it was not. I had fully made up my mind not to say anything to you on this matter, as you made the choice. But you know my power of intuition is quick, for yesterday and the last night there were moments when I read you, despite your outward appearance. The very thought of your discontentment makes me want you more than ever. My love for you has never changed. Your father and mother want you back again. We all want you there. Have you anything here that has a stronger claim on you than ours?"

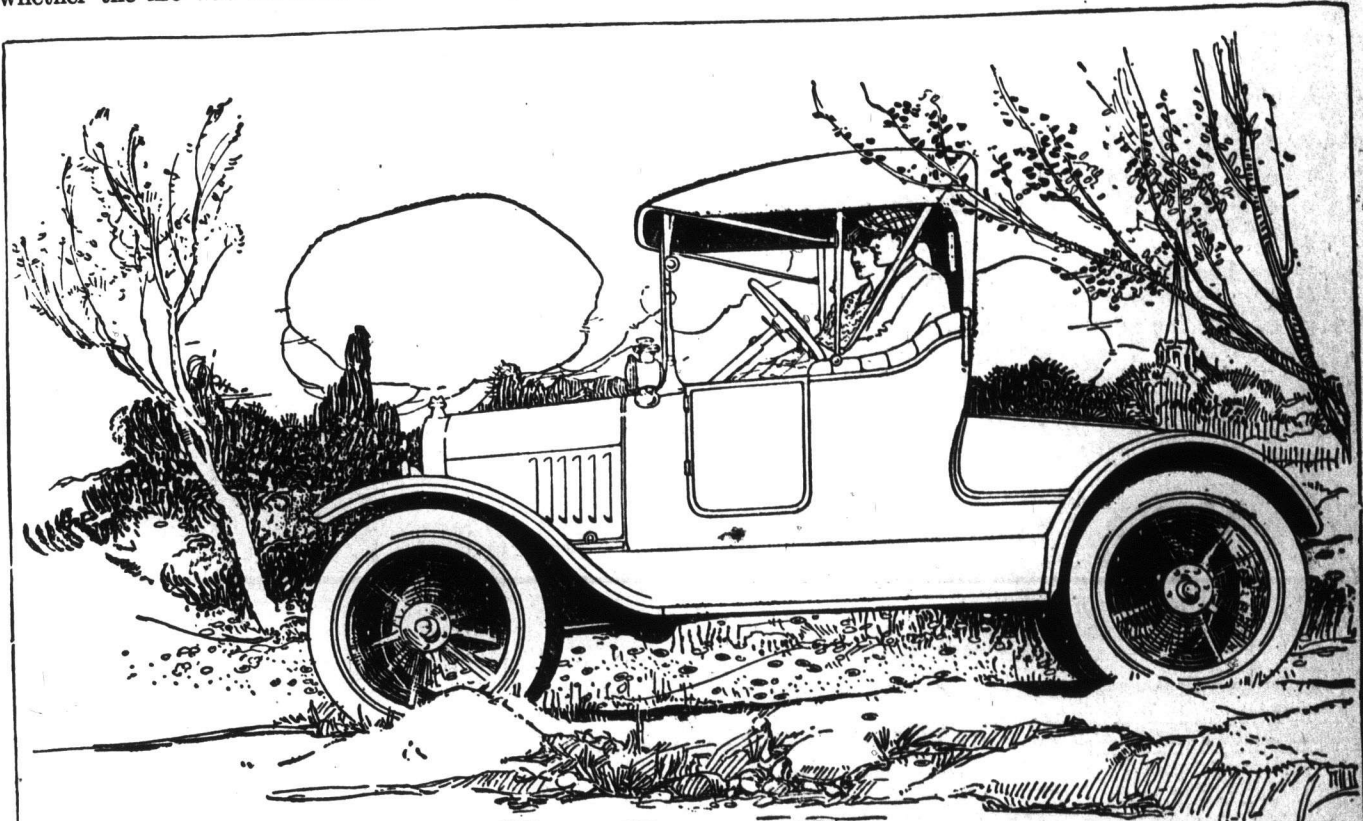
By this time he had taken both her hands and looked down at her, well knowing the answer. The frank earnest appeal, together with his fine vigorous appearance broke down any resolutions she tried to make.

Her answer was very simple: "There is nothing here and very much there."

Oh, take me home, Phil. I have loved you all the time, but have been wilful, and am tired of this life."

She fell sobbing into his arms.

A short time later they stood before a minister and were made man and wife. When the news reached home surprises were never more general. The party of young people had given both Kitty and Phil the closest watchfulness, and all had arrived at the same conclusion, namely, that neither cared for the other except as friends. Phil's excuse for leaving them was plausible, so when he walked into church the next Sunday leading his bride, both were subject to an unusual 'stare'. The reception Kitty received quickly fed the starved heart of the past and years afterwards she said: "I left home friends and the truest love that a woman ever had, only to find my delusion. Fate has been more kind to me than I deserve."



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The Magic Oil

By Theodora Horton

KATIE stood watching as father oiled the engine. He was going to cut firewood and Katie was very interested. "What do you put oil in all those little holes for?" she asked. "To make it work easily," said father. Just then mother's voice was heard calling, "Katie, Katie, come and wipe the dishes." "Oh, bother!" said Katie, and stood where she was watching father.

"Come, run along, there's a good little girl," said father, smiling, "or I shall have to oil you."

Katie turned and went indoors, but she was cross at being called in, and she pouted over the dishes and took as long as she could over them. Then mother asked her to wheel baby in his little carriage till he went to sleep, for his teeth were troubling him and he was cross and tired.

"I don't want to," said Katie, "I want to go and see father sawing." "You can go afterwards," said mother. "There will be plenty of time; baby will be asleep almost directly, he is so sleepy, poor little fellow."

"Oh, dear," sighed Katie, "what a nuisance." Mother sighed too. She was very busy and wished Katie would be

and Katie stood wondering what would happen next. There was a deep silence in the hall for several minutes, and then the messenger returned bearing a beautiful golden flask, studded with wondrous gems and precious stones.

"This," said the king, taking it from his hand, and addressing Katie, "contains a marvelous magic oil. So wonderful is it that it makes the hardest work go easily and smoothly. Things that otherwise would be impossible for you mortals to accomplish can easily be done with the help of this wonderful oil. Its name is Love, and without it very little that is worth doing in your world can be done. Kneel down, child, and I will anoint you with it."

Katie obeyed, and a delicious perfume filled the hall, while a strain of sweet music sounded near. She knelt for some minutes, and then she heard the command, "Get up, Katie." She opened her eyes, all had changed, she was in her little white bed at home, and mother was bending over her. "Get up, Katie," she said, "it is late, and we are going to have breakfast."

Katie dressed quickly, but all the time her thoughts were busy over the strange experience of the night. "I suppose it was a dream," she said to herself, "but how real it did seem."

Over breakfast she told father and mother all about it. "You may call it



A pine-clad picnic ground, Minaki, C.N.Ry.

a little more willing when she was asked to do little things to help.

That night after Katie had been asleep quite a long while she woke up suddenly. The moon was shining into her window making a great pathway of light across her room. She got out of bed and went to look at the silver pathway. As she stood on it to her great surprise it began to move taking her with it. It moved very swiftly and yet so easily that she hardly felt the movement.

In a moment she was out through the window moving still more swiftly. Before her she saw a shining gateway into which she slid as on a silver sleigh. She found herself at last in a great hall full of beautiful little fairies. Seated on a golden throne was the fairy king. Several little fairies conducted her to the foot of the throne.

"Who is this," said the king looking at her, "and why have you brought a mortal to our fairy court?"

"May it please your Majesty," said one of the fairies, "her name is Katie, and we have brought her to be oiled."

"Oiled!" said the king, "isn't she working properly?"

"No, your Majesty," answered the same fairy. "It is very hard to get her to do anything."

"Dear, dear," said the king, frowning. "Fetch the oil at once." One of the little men ran off to do the king's bidding,

a dream, Katie," said father, "but that fairy king was a wise fairy; it is all true what he told you, and I believe that mother will find things run much more easily now he has anointed you with this wonderful oil. Mother and I have known about it a long time, and I am glad my little girl has found out about it too."

Got His Prescription

"Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for indigestion at this time of night," cried the chemist, who had been aroused at two a.m., "when a glass of hot water does just as well!" "Weel, weel," returned Sandy hastily, "I thank you for the advice. I'll no bother ye after all. Gude night!"

Might Have Been Stronger

"How much cider did you make this year?" inquired Farmer A of Farmer B who had offered him a sample for trial. "Fifteen bar'ls," was the answer, Farmer A took another sip. "I reckon, Si," he drawled, "if you'd had another apple you might ha' made another bar'l."

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Cure be used.

Woman and The Home

Training for Honesty
Edith Boughton Denious

We think of honesty as an absolute quality in all decent people—but is it? How many of us always force our fare on an unobservant conductor in a crowded car? Never hand him an expired transfer? Insist upon paying an unnoticed library fine? Call the grocer's attention to a mistake in his bill whereby he stands to lose a dollar? There is extenuation for these sins of omissions, perhaps, in the dreadful cost of living and in human nature itself; but aren't they sins, just the same?

It was found out long ago that honesty pays. Dishonesty is always an expensive luxury. We want our sons to grow up to be captains of industry, to be sure; but we don't want them seized by an indignant government and marched to prison for too intricate finance. And the time to guard against that awful fate is now, while they are children.

I know one devoted father of an only son who is making a mistake. He—I mean the father—is in many ways a splendid fellow, kind, manly, always obliging and unselfish, faithful to his friends. But he has a passion for the "ground floor," the "inside track," for getting something, no matter how foolish, for nothing. His boy is built on a big scale, looking every day of his age (now fourteen), and yet the father gives him half-fare tickets for street car riding and tries to "get him in free" to ball games. "Crouch down in the auto, Georgie," he said once as he drove his car toward the entrance at an aviation meet, "and perhaps the man won't see you."

Georgie obeyed and was jubilant when he had unnoticed passed the ticket taker. It never occurred to either father or son that there was anything doubtful in this act. Far from being ashamed of it, both thought it rather "smart."

I know another father who has one little girl. She is not a large child and might easily pass for a year younger than her real age. But the day—the very day—that she was six, her father took her down town and bought her a tiny purse, then he took her to the street car company's office and purchased a dollar's worth of half-fare tickets. A number of these he put into the purse and gave to her, explaining very carefully that now she must pay for riding on the cars, because she was six years old and only children younger than six could ride without paying. Here was an object lesson in honesty that the child is not likely to forget. The same scrupulousness is carried out in every day's conduct, and this little girl can no more help being honest than she can help being white.

Appropos of honesty in the matter of car fare, let me recall an incident of my college days. There was one girl in college who seemed to have been overlooked when natural gifts were distributed. She was painfully homely and without special talent of any kind. In Y.W.C.A. circles, however, she was a leader, and I used to think that she chose this field because no other was open to her. One day, in a car crowded with college people, the conductor forgot to collect this girl's fare. I happened to notice the fact; I don't think anyone else did, except the girl herself. I watched her closely—she was rather poor and every five cent piece counted. I said to myself that if she left the car without paying I would know her religion was a pose. I despised her in advance, and through her, irrationally enough, I despised the organization that she was identified with in my mind. As the car drew near her destination I awaited developments with a disproportionate interest. The girl signed to the conductor to ring his bell for stopping the car, and he did so. She rose to go. But first she went up to the conductor and paid her fare. "You forgot me," she said smiling. Ever afterward I respected and even liked that girl and I respected her organization. She no doubt forgot the car fare incident within the hour. I have remembered it ten years.

If she hadn't "made good" my opinion of the whole Y.W.C.A. would have suffered, perhaps permanently. That is the way our human fallibility forms its judgments. But she saved her Association from contempt with a five cent piece. So much good or harm may we do unknowing.

Refuse to take advantage of a chance to "save" a dime, and say to your child, "I don't want to sell my honesty for ten cents;" he may remember it all his life, it may save him, thirty years from now, from selling his honesty for ten thousand dollars.

Fair dealing may be taught the child in so many ways. A very common mistake in dealing with young children lies in letting them win any game that is being played. If a child is old enough to play a game at all he is old enough to play it fairly. Of course a "head-start" to compensate for his youth and lack of skill may be allowed a very young player; but such an arrangement should be decided upon definitely before beginning the game, and no further favor granted. The child must learn to lose. It is small kindness to teach him to expect always to win; the world will never cheat itself to do your child a favor. A poor loser is no favorite in any circle. He who cannot bear losing will cheat to win, and he who cheats at play will cheat at anything.

A Song of Home

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Florence Jones Hadley

Here is my kingdom—here within these walls;
Such narrow walls, and yet they bound me
The whole wide world, north, south, and east and west,
The highest mountain top and farthest sea.

A lowly kingdom, yet 'tis set about
With moat and wall and guarded battlement,
By whose strong gates the warder, Love,
Keeps watch,
Over my tiny kingdom of Content.

A little kingdom, bounded by four walls,
And yet within this narrow space I see
The tender eyes of him my heart calls king,
A little child who waits beside my knee.

What matters, then, the burdens of the day?
Dear Heart, what matters anything to me.
If I can touch your hands at eventide
And hold a little child upon my knee.

Hero Bill

By Geo. E. Clough

A worthless fellow Bill was classed,
Though dandy, smart and spruce,
For he was living much too fast,
And living much too loose.

Conscription caught him in its sieve;
Said he: "The world's awry:
They will not let a body live
Unless he wants to die."

They called him up and called him down;
They dressed him left and right;
The sergeant froze him with a frown:
"You slacker, are you tight?"

They drilled the blisters off his feet,
And sent him out to France
To help to stop the great Retreat
And start the great Advance.

Quoth Bill: "It makes me stop and start
When Little Bertha shoots;
I try to keep a cheerful heart:
I keep it in my boots.

"The Fritzie fire blazes hot,
And makes one's blood run cold;
I'd hate to see a fellow shot:
It's painful to be holed.

"Oh, Minnie dear, my promised wife,
You never will be mine:
For mine and Minnie wreck a life
That's reckless in the line."

His simple story, let it pass,
As simple stories will;
But now they gather, lad and lass,
To welcome Hero Bill.

And now he wears a cheery grin—
A soldier, hale and stout:
For if Conscription took him in,
The Army brought him out.

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Grandfather's Nickname

By Edward Williston Frenz

Grandfather Bartlett's first name was Jonathan, but one of his brothers, and two or three old men who had known him all their lives, would sometimes call him "Wolf." It used to seem very strange to the grandchildren; but one day their grandmother told them this story:

"It began away back when grandfather was only five years old, and his father and mother started, with thirty other families, to cross the great plains and make new homes for themselves where land was free and the farming was easier."

"They traveled in great covered wagons drawn by two or three yoke of oxen, and all together made up a train nearly half a mile long. Under the wagons, swinging from the axles, hung the kettles and pots and pans in which they cooked their meals by the open camp-fires; and all day long, as the slow oxen plodded through the dust, you could hear the kettles go 'Clang! clang! tink! tank!' as they struck against one another.

the camp said that they liked to hear the howling, because they knew that as long as it kept up, there were no creeping Indians about.

"So the long days went by, until one evening when they made camp a little earlier than usual because they had found a good spring of water. The day before that had been grandfather's fifth birthday, and one of the hunters in the party had made him a whistle from the leg-bone of an antelope; and so on this evening, instead of playing with the other children, he had taken his whistle and gone off by himself.

"He walked a long way, and when he turned to go back he could not see any camp or hear any voices; but he knew that the wagons could not be far away, and so he kept walking.

"By and by the sun dropped out of sight and it began to grow dark, and still there was no camp. The little five-year-old boy was tired and hungry, and began to be afraid. He sat down in a little hollow in the prairie and cried, but no one came, for no one heard him. And then, after what seemed a long time,

them look big and green. He turned round again, and there sat the other two, just where he had seen them at first; and then another came, and another, until there were five.

"And then, all at once and all together they began to make the long, long howl that he had so often heard in the cozy camp; and he saw that they held their heads high in the air and their noses pointed to the sky, and were singing together the song that had made him feel so creepy and nestle up to his father. He knew then that they were not dogs, but prairie-wolves.

"He tried to cry, but the whistle was in his mouth, and made a funny little noise. The wolves stopped singing and stood up. He blew again, this time with all his might. They ran back a few steps. Once more he sounded the whistle, now in little toots, now in a long, high squeal; and then, almost before he knew it, the grey shapes on the edge of the hollow were gone, and he saw flashes of light, and heard the crack of pistols and the cries of men and the sound of galloping horses. And down the side

bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comfort of all the house.

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spotless, line-and-letter houses. Company disarrange the books, and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her carking cares and sit down for a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely to make.

With all your toils to make a house beautiful, do not neglect the first element of all, to beautify yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word, and a warm clasp of the hand, are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered umbrellas at your windows, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare cabin homes that have been remembered ever with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving presence there; and stately palaces, which leave the impressions of an iceberg on the mind.

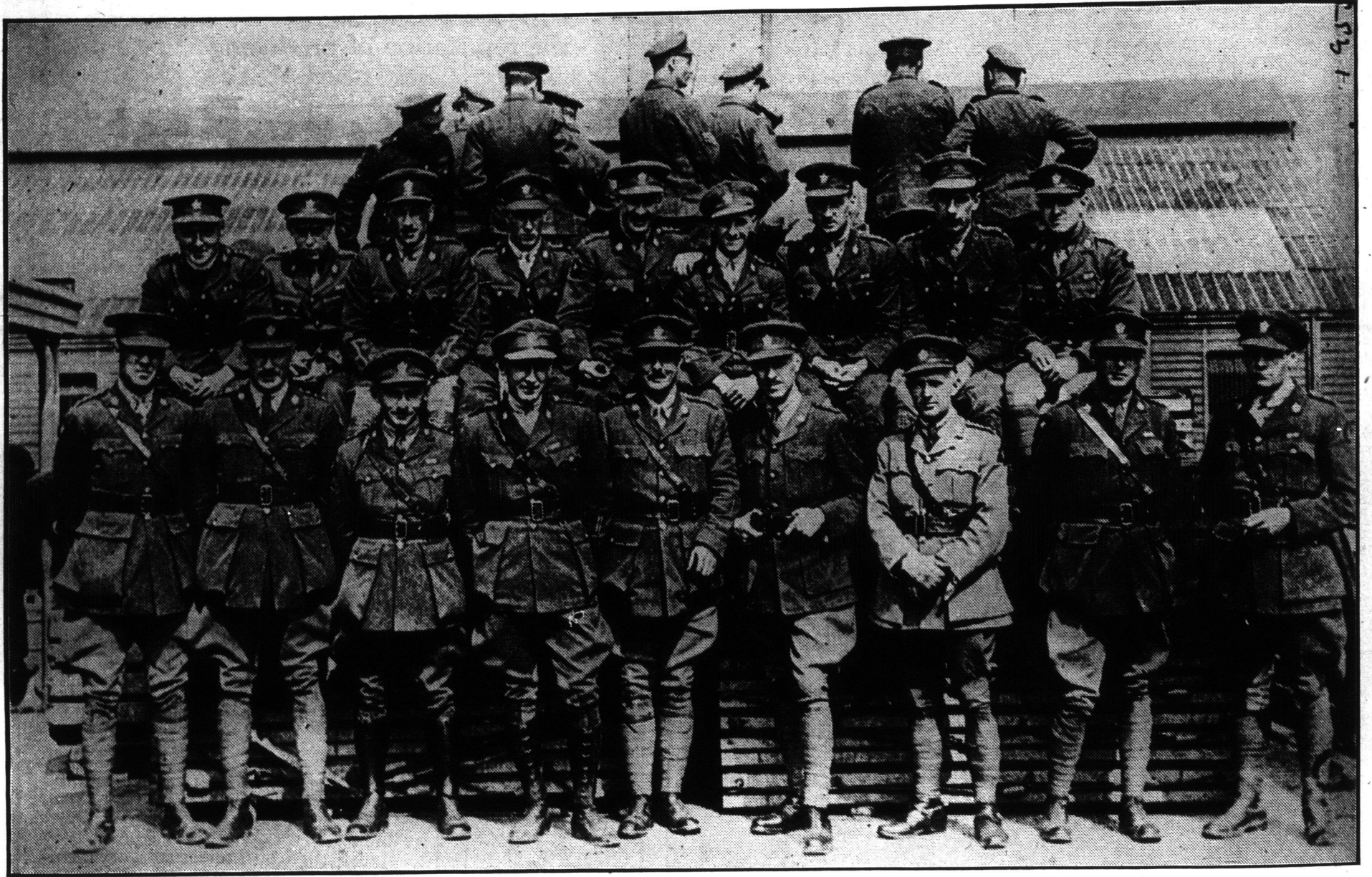


PHOTO OF OFFICERS OF THE FAMOUS CANADIAN FIGHTING 46th.

Officers of the famous "Fighting 46th" from Saskatchewan with Lt.-Col. Rankin, D.S.O., in command. They all fought in the battles of the Somme, Vimy, Passchendaele, Lens, Amiens, Arras, Cambrai and Valenciennes. They also helped in the Hindenburg Line attack. This photo was taken in Liverpool just before they boarded the Empress of Britain bound for home.

"Sometimes they slept in the big wagons; but when it was pleasant and not too cold, the blankets were spread out on the ground with the big wagons backed into a circle, like a fence around about the camp, and the men taking turns in keeping awake to see that no Indians crept up, and that the wolves did not get the cattle.

"But often after supper, as you sat by the blazing fire, somewhere out of the darkness beyond the ring of wagons a sound would rise that made you feel creepy all over, and like snuggling close to your father—a wild, high sounding howl, now rising, now falling; seeming now to come from one side, now from the other. And pretty soon another howl like it would begin, and then another, until there were more than you could count, and you shivered, and were glad when Captain Lane stirred up the fire.

"It was funny to see old Shep when the howling began. The first time he heard it he began to bark with all his might, and rushed out between two wagons, into the darkness; but in a few minutes there was a quick thump of feet, and back he came, on the jump, whining, with his tail between his legs. But the men in

it began to be light again, and he saw that the great round moon was peeping over the edge of the hollow in which he sat.

"But also on the edge of the hollow right beside the moon, sat something else—something that looked like old Shep. He called to him, 'Come, Shep! Nice doggy, nice old Shep!' but the thing did not come. Instead, it stood up and backed away. The little boy stood up, too, and started to run toward the dog; but the strange dog did not wait, as Shep would have done, but turned and slipped away. In a few minutes he was back again, sitting just where he had sat before; and a little at one side sat another, just like him.

"The little boy put the bone whistle to his lips, and blew it hard. Both of the grey figures on the edge of the hollow jumped so quick that they almost fell over backward. That made the boy laugh and he blew again, and turned round to see if the strange dogs were anywhere in sight. Behind him one of them was just coming back. It sat down on the edge of the hollow and watched, and the full moon, shining on its eyes, made

of the hollow, bounding and barking, came Shep himself.

"The next thing that grandfather knew, his father had him in his arms, on horseback, and they were galloping back to camp. So that is the adventure that gave him his nickname of 'Wolf' Bartlett."

What Makes a House Beautiful

It is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house, and a beautifully appointed table; but, after all, the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold, and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant or inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and worried with her scrubbing and polishing, and making up garments. A simpler style of living and house-furnishing would set many a

The Way Teachers Do

"Ma," said a discouraged little Maple Avenue urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother. "Cause 'tain't no use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."

Teaching Her Politeness

Jimmy had come to Sunday School with dirty hands. His teacher was shocked. "Jimmy," she said, reprovingly, "your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way?" "I wouldn't speak about it," said Jimmy; "I'd be too polite."

A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles.—Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as no other preparation can.

Children

The Wind and the Oak Tree

Helen was a little girl who loved the fields and the woods, the flowers and the birds, and everything seemed to love her. The birds sang their sweetest songs to her, and the summer breezes whispered pretty tales in her ear.

One day she was lying in the shade of an oak tree, near a field of waving wheat. The bearded wheat heads were so bright and yellow that Helen thought of a field of gold.

She looked so long at the golden heads that they began to nod and talk to her, and presently the old oak tree drew a long sigh, so deep that it stirred all the leaves, and shook off several acorns.

"Why do you sigh on this fine day?" asked Helen kindly.

"I am thinking," answered the tree, "of that beautiful wheat, standing so proudly in the sunshine, and of what is to befall it. I have seen so many fields grow up that I know too well what is to happen. I saw the farmer when he came to sow this field. I saw the little seeds drop into the ground; I have seen them growing up to the glory of green and gold, and have often waved my branches to cheer them. Soon these beautiful golden heads will lie low upon the ground. The sickle will take them all. That is why I sigh on this fine day."

"It is sad," said Helen soberly, "but why must the lovely wheat be cut down?"

"I don't know why, my child," the old tree replied; "I only know it always happens. But here comes my friend, the wind, who listens everywhere and finds out many things. I will ask him."

The wind stopped to sing a low song among the oak branches, and the tree said:

"How can you be so light and merry, Mr. Wind, when death is everywhere? Look at that fine wheat, so soon to be cut down and carried away! Perhaps you can tell me why."

"Poor tree," said the wind; "you know nothing of the world beyond this field. Of course, it is not to be expected, as you can neither fly nor walk, nor rush about as I do. If you knew more you would see that the life of the wheat only begins in this field. I have seen it carried into the farmer's barn. There it is beaten by a heavy machine, which you might think would destroy it; but it is only to free the grain from the hard covers, which are no longer needed, and which I help to blow away."

"And then," continued the wind, "the grain is carried to the mill, and crushed and ground to powder. It seems a hard fate; but at last, Oak Tree, it comes to its highest use—it is ready to be made into food for man. There is nothing better for a little girl like this one at your feet than good bread; and where would she get it, if the wheat were not cut down, and threshed, and ground into flour?"

"If you could see the end of things as well as the beginning, you would not sigh so often. What seems hard to bear is often the way to something much grander and better. So cheer up, Mrs. Oak."

And the wind gave such a merry whistle that it roused Helen from her dream.—"Presbyterian."

Probably Guilty

Here is a new version of an old story. "Who signed Magna Charta?" thundered the school inspector.

The village class sat mute. "Who signed Magna Charta?" roared the inspector again.

"P-please, sir," wailed little Billy Smith, "it worn't me."

The inspector snorted. The class was the most ignorant it had ever been his lot to examine. He strode from the room, and outside met the school caretaker. In his wrath he narrated the incident.

"Who d'ye say said that, sir?" queried the hero of countless conflicts with young Britain.

"William Smith!" snorted the inspector. "Bill Smith? Then don't yer believe 'im, sir. 'E couldn't tell the truth if 'e tried. Yer may take my word for it—'e done it."

The Emergency Candle

A hostess on leaving the room where she had escorted a newly-arrived guest, pointed to a bracket containing a candle and matches and said:

"There is an emergency candle. I once had a serious complication of affairs in the night because the electric lights would not burn in a sudden emergency. Since then I have kept this candle here in case of need."

Prayer is the Christian's emergency candle, always within easy reach, requiring no outside machinery to keep it in order, only needing the match of faith to light it. Singularly as it may seem the brightness of the light depends upon the quality of the match used. Home-made matches contain about nine parts selfishness and give poor satisfaction. Those that Christ furnishes (and He furnishes them free) partake of His unselfish spirit and always give the best satisfaction.

GOD'S BEST

He knows, He loves, He cares,
Nothing this truth can dim,
He gives His very best
To those who leave the choice to Him.

DO RIGHT AND FEAR NAUGHT

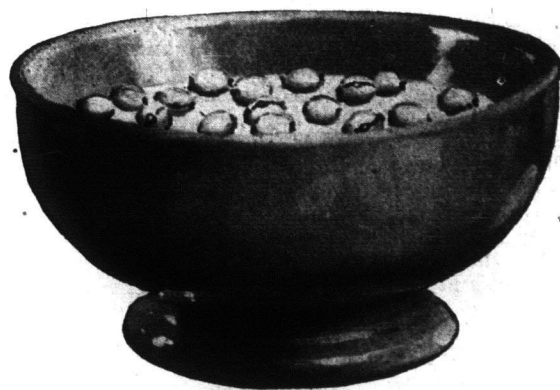
Man's first and only duty is to preserve his peace of mind. He should be utterly indifferent as to "What the people will say?" That question makes the mind homeless. Do right and fear naught! Rest assured that with all your consideration for the world you can never satisfy it. But if you will go on in your own way, indifferent to the praise or blame of others, you have conquered the world, and it cheerfully subjects itself to you. As long as you care for "What the people will say," so long are you the slave of others.—Auerbach.

Act up faithfully to your convictions; and, when you have been unfaithful, bear with yourself, and resume always with calm simplicity your little tasks. Suppress, as much as you possibly can, all recurrence to yourself, and you will suppress much vanity. Accustom yourself to much calmness and an indifference to events.—Madam Guyon.

Oh! little loveliest lady mine,
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away;
Gloomy old Winter is king to-day.
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, St. Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright,
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, St. Valentine, dear?

I've searched the gardens all through
and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true.
But buds were asleep and blossoms were dead,
And the falling snow came down on my head.
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine!



How to Win Him to Whole Wheat

Serve Him Bubble Grains, Crisp, Flavoury, Toasted, Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

You want to do that—all you mothers. You want your children to eat whole wheat.

Then make whole wheat as attractive as cookies and doughnuts are. Make it a food confection.

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Puffed Wheat is Prof. Anderson's way of making whole wheat enticing.

He seals the grains in guns, then applies an hour of fearful heat. Then shoots the guns, and all the wheat's moisture—turned to steam—explodes. He causes in each kernel more than 100 million explosions.

The grains come out thin, airy and gigantic. The walls are flimsy, the texture is like snowflakes. The taste is fascinating.

But the great fact is that every atom feeds. Every food cell, being blasted, is fitted for digestion. Thus one gets the full nutrition of whole wheat.

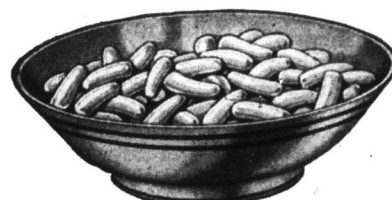
For the joy of it and the good of it, serve Puffed Wheat in milk every day.

PUFFED WHEAT PUFFED RICE
Steam Exploded—Each 15c Except in Far West

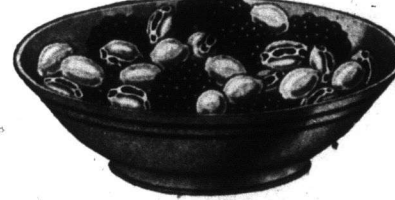
Delightful Ways to Serve

Any Puffed Grain with cream and sugar forms a witching morning dish. But mix them with your berries, too. Float them in every bowl of milk. Use as wafers in your soups.

Use Puffed Rice as a garnish on ice cream. Use like nut meats in home candy making. Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts when at play.



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Toasted and flavoury, thin and airy, ready to crush at a touch.



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The Philosopher

Our Country's Future.

Every thoughtful Canadian can find occasion for serious, not to say, anxious, concern in regard to the country's future. But surely, the war has taught a wonderful lesson in regard to the immense latent reserves a nation possesses and the immense possibilities there are in organization and in education. If we can have foresight, instead of drifting, and united action as Canadians for Canadian welfare and progress, instead of class and race and sectional wrangling, there is no reason why we cannot, in addition to discharging the burdens of the war, grapple with the tasks of peace, in the effort to have our country take its full share in the work of the world, and to make it, in the fullest reality, a land of freedom and equal opportunity, a land where every man and woman, every boy and girl, will have a fair chance to share in the decencies and comforts of life and in the possibilities of self-development.

A Time of Unrest.

This is a time in which there is evidence in Canada, as in most other countries, an extraordinary amount of muddled thinking in regard to human affairs and systems, and a lamentable lack of understanding of fundamental principles of economics and of institutions of government. Never before, it would seem, has there been such widespread cogitation over the inequalities of human conditions; and it can hardly be denied that never before has there been so generally throughout the world, a certain lack of confidence in governing wisdom. These are among the consequences of the Great War. In all the confused thinking there is nothing more confused and more lacking in coherence and system and, so to speak, in bones, than the ideas of those who are proclaiming loudly and confidently, and in many cases with passionate sincerity, that there are short and easy ways of making the world over and producing the millennium overnight. This is largely responsible for the unrest and the labor troubles which have of late assumed such unprecedented proportions and character in this part of the world. Apart from the relatively small number who have been bitten by the Bolshevik fallacies, there are not a few whose perception that there are many things to be righted is vastly more vivid than their perception of any coherent, practical plan for righting them. We are all suffering from a lack of clear thinking. In the industrial world there is need on this side of the Atlantic of the able, informed leadership which has made the labor movement in Great Britain so progressive, and has made it able to lead the way in the solving of the problems of the time. The representatives of labor in the public life of Great Britain stand second to none of the other British public men of today; they are men of commanding ability, knowledge, character, and all else that goes to the making of true statesmanship. In our own country there is need, not only of such statesmanship-being evolved from the ranks of labor, but of statesmanship of the highest class, representing the whole Canadian people, in control of public business and charged with the responsibility of dealing with the serious national problems which have to be dealt with somehow; if not with the highest wisdom available, then with lower wisdom, and with results that will fall short of being the best available for the furtherance of the national well-being and progress.

The Safety of Civilization.

Dangerous as are the doctrines and the practices of Bolshevism in Russia, and destructive of public order and safety and life itself, they are the consequence of the evil conditions in Russia under the old regime. Bolshevism can never get any real foothold in a land where intolerable oppressions of a crushingly unjust governmental system which has made the mass of the people little better than serfs, has not prepared the way for it. That is why Bolshevism cannot succeed in this country. In Canada, as in the United States, there are individuals whose minds become infected with the disease of Bolshevik doctrines. But in Canada, as in the United States, there is not, nor has there been, anything to compare with the conditions in Russia, and in other countries on the continent of Europe, which prepared the soil for the growth of Bolshevism from doctrine into practice. On this continent needed reforms can be achieved by the mass of the people by constitutional means; and the level of intelligence is too high to make it possible for methods of anarchistic upheaval, which would destroy the very essentials of ordered life and of civilization itself to be carried into action.

Parliament and Expenditures.

One of the most timely and valuable publications which have come recently to The Philosopher's table is the latest bulletin on Canadian Federal Finance by Professor G. D. Skelton, of Queen's University, who

stands in the front rank of Canadian economists and thinkers. The main part of the present bulletin is taken up with a close analysis of the financial methods of the Dominion Government during the war. In reading Professor Skelton's pages, which are illumined by the cold, clear light of the dispassionate, scientific method, one is struck again and again by the thought of how enormously great the savings would be and how immensely important the reforms in administrative methods, if there were exercised in Parliament competent, foresighted vigilance with a view to effecting economies and administrative improvements. Economy is, of course, mainly a question of details. Those outside Government departments know little of the working of the departments, and can offer very few suggestions of value. But Parliament could do vastly more than it does, as Great Britain's experience makes plain. Great Britain, like Canada, has had an able finance ministry, a system of treasury supervision, and a vigilant Auditor-General. Yet the special House of Commons committee on national expenditure has recently uncovered amazing waste and incompetence in many fields. At Ottawa, the subordination of Parliament to the Cabinet has been carried farther than in London. In fact, the Parliament of this country has been rapidly becoming little better than a rubber stamp in the hands of the Cabinet. The men whom the Canadian people elect to be their great national council of law-makers and managers of the national business, should not allow this tendency to gain headway. They should maintain a more active control and oversight of the doings of the Government. There is no better place to begin than in the supervision of expenditure.

Enemy Aliens Problems.

The resolution passed unanimously at a joint meeting of the Great War Veterans, the Army and Navy Veterans, and the Imperial Veterans of Canada, held in Winnipeg at the beginning of the strike, ended with a declaration that "after the strike is settled, labor and the returned soldier should get together and discuss the deportation of the enemy alien". The demand that enemy aliens who had been made welcome to Canada, but who, by their acts had given proof that they were not loyal to Canada, should return to their native lands, has been gaining strength. The same demand has gained immense strength in the United States. The United States Commission on Immigration has given emphatic voice to it. That Commission has recommended the deportation of aliens of the character indicated, and does so for the protection of the properly behaved alien. In this country, as in the States, the immigration policy has been faulty and defective. Immigration in the past has not been sifted as it should have been, and there has been too much disregard for the welfare of the newcomers, who have been made citizens before they knew what citizenship meant. Politicians made dupes of them, and they were imposed upon and exploited in many cases by unscrupulous sharpers from their own native lands. The enemy alien problems which have now to be dealt with are largely the result of all that national laxity and neglect in past years.

The Heroic Age.

"Whether it be wise in men to do such actions or no, I am sure it is wise in states to honor them," wrote Sir William Temple, as quoted by Robert Louis Stevenson, in his praise of the brave deeds by men of the British Navy. Surely Sir William Temple's words are applicable to the daring aviators who mounted their flimsy machines to fly across the Atlantic. What praise, indeed, could be too high for any of the aviators? There are many of them back among us in their homes after service at the front to which no words could do justice, as no words could do justice to the modest bearing of young heroes who so often in mortal combat thousands of feet aloft, looked death calmly in the eyes. The present, rather than the past, is the heroic age. Things have been done in this age which never before were dreamed.

Aliens in Canadian Mines.

Nowhere has the Bolshevik talk of revolutionary trouble-makers been louder than in the coal-mining regions of Alberta. "If the miners had been English-speaking people, no difficulty would have arisen in making amicable arrangements with them, and operating the mines successfully," was the statement made before the Mathers Commission by a coal mine operator in the Drumheller district, W. S. Henderson. The great majority of the employees in that district, in which there are twenty-two mines, are Austrians and Russians. Mr. Henderson's mine has been shut down most of the time since April 1. The employees have proclaimed openly that they are entitled to all the profit from the mine. "In just a short time now," they declared recently to the management,

"we will drive you out of here and take over the mine ourselves." These would-be emulators of the methods of Lenin and Trotzky broke away from the United Mine Workers, the international trade union organization; the One Big Union movement has made great headway amongst them. Mr. Henderson's company built houses for them, which rent at \$5 a month, but many of these alien families prefer to live in dugouts though the average daily wage of a miner is \$7, with \$3.65 for surface workers. The whole mining industry of Western Canada faces a crisis because of the revolutionary attitude of these aliens, who were permitted to live in Canada in peace and security and earn big wages. Such people do not seem to be the material of good Canadian citizenship. There may be some hope of Canadianizing their children, but those without families, who are proven trouble-makers might well be deported to their own lands. Such a course of dealing with them might produce some disruption in the mining industry; but surely work so well paid should attract English-speaking miners.

Reindeer and Musk-oxen.

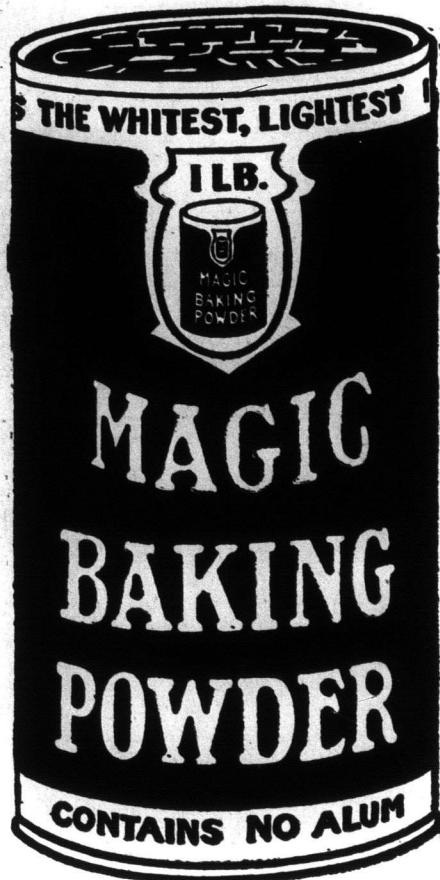
The Arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, in whose doings Manitobans rightfully take a special interest, has once more brought before the attention of the Dominion parliament the project of increasing the meat supply by the introduction of herds of reindeer into the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Northern Canada, and the domestication of the musk-ox, in addition to its food value is a plentiful producer of coarse wool. There are a million square miles of grazing land in the North, he says, which would furnish ample food supplies for vast herds of reindeer and musk-oxen. In this connection it is of interest to note that the latest available official statistics giving the total number of cattle in the Dominion in 1918 is 10,050,867 head. In comparison with this, consider the total head of cattle in Argentina in the same year, which stood at more than 29,000,000. The Argentine cattle are raised for the most part on the open range, whereas the bulk of the Canadian herds are now raised by farmers. It has been found, even in Argentina with its vast open plains, that grazing is a wasteful issue of land; and the Argentine ranchers are now producing in ever-increasing quantities alfalfa, oats and barley, so that the fattening of their cattle may be carried on throughout the winter. It is plainly undeniable that, without the aid of the reindeer or musk-oxen at all, Canada should be able to raise and market as many cattle as Argentine, at least. With the enormous world-shortage in meats, the productions of meat is bound to be profitable. This is one prediction which may safely be made in regard to the years to come. Undoubtedly, Canada's production of meat will increase rapidly, without taking into account the reindeer and musk-oxen. There is every reason why Mr. Stefansson's suggestion should be acted upon. The realization, even in a comparatively small measure of the vast possibilities there are in that direction would add immensely to the increase of the total of Canadian production.

In Regard to Titles.

A new point of view is taken by a correspondent who writes to The Philosopher. "It is up to the people of Canada themselves," he writes, "to deal with titles in their own way, regardless of what Parliament does." He goes on to point out that in the United States there are several heirs to British titles who are known simply as plain Mistfers. In like manner ex-Ambassador Gerard and General Pershing have both been knighted, but the prefix "Sir" is never used in connection with their names. "If the daily press of Canada," writes this correspondent, "would refer to all the knighted gentlemen or other titled Canadians as plain Mistfers, and cut out the titles Sir, Lord, or Baron, this whole business of titles would peter out naturally. Everybody would come to appreciate titles at their true worth." There is something to be said for this view of the matter. But we wonder how many newspapers would agree to this suggestion of ignoring titles?

A New Use for Airplanes

A new use for the airplane is suggested and will very likely be experimented with this spring, when the Gloucester fishing fleet puts out to sea in search of mackerel schools which follow the coast north from the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras, and the plan now under consideration by the fishing interests of Gloucester and the Navy Department at Washington would provide the fleet with airplane scouts. Each machine, presumably, will carry a fisherman experienced in locating and identifying schools of fish. It is trite nowadays to liken aircraft to birds, but the airplanes that go out with the fishermen will add a new point of resemblance. They will be looking for fish.—Charlottetown Island Patriot.



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The Worst Tempered Official in Ireland

In Omniana Mr. J. F. Fuller tells of meeting an American tourist in an Irish train. There is much in the story that is not pleasing to an American reader; but it is an amusing tale, and in helping us to see ourselves in the light in which some of us are seen by others it shows some characteristics that we, at least, can avoid.

"I soon found myself," says Mr. Fuller, filling the position of a sort of second-hand Cook's Tourist Guide without the froged frock coat and the cap that lend dignity to the genuine article.

The conversation dwelt on the differences between the two continents and the superiority of Ammurica over U-rope, and might have gone on indefinitely had not "Poppa" put a stop to it by suddenly ejaculating, as we pulled up at the next station:

"Darned if this ain't K—! This is K—, mister?"

He let down the window with a bang and, poking his head out, shouted to the guard, gesticulating violently, bald-headed and hatless:

"Say, sir, I must see the station master right away!"

"You can't. We stop only a minute."

"Wal, I won't go without," said he, jumping out. "That's a fact!"

"Then you'll have to wait for the night mail. The station master is engaged down at the other end. See him beyond, shakin' his fists?"

"Call him up! It's most pertikler."

"Poppa's" insistence was so great that the guard, thinking that there might be something in it, yielded, and sent a porter to fetch the official up, while "Poppa" stepped in again and waited.

"What's up?" inquired the full-blooded panting station master as he arrived.

"Yankee gent wants to see you, sir; that's him with the big head, waving the umbrella."

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"This is K— station, ain't it?"

"Yes. Can't you read that sign-board?"

The American ignored the question and asked another: "You are Mr. B—, the station master?"

"Yes, confound it! Don't be keeping the train."

"You were acquainted with Joe Murphy of Detroit?"

"Oh, yes! He left this country two years ago. Is he dead—or what? Look alive!"

"Wal, no. He ain't dead; but he said to me in confidence when I started on this tower,—and they were his last words at partin'—'When you get to Ireland,' he says, 'you be sure to look out for B—, at K— station, and don't go by on no account without seein' him.' Let me have the pleasure of shakin' hands with you, Mr. B—. I'm vurry pleased indeed to make your acquaintance. 'For,' says Joe Murphy to me, 'B— is notoriously the worst-tempered railway official in the whole of Ireland.' Ta-ta!" And he suddenly bobbed in, pulled up the window, and gesticulated politely as he sat down.

The objurgations hurled at "Poppa" by the infuriated B— were sufficiently violent, anyone would have thought, to shatter the glass.

Ingratitude

Just as his ship was sailing the captain took on a new hand. He had no time to enquire into his former doings. In fact, the man came without a character of any kind. The rest of the crew was jealous, especially the cabin boy, whose place the new hand usurped. The next morning there was a bit of wind, and when the new hand went on deck to dip up a pail of sea water the ship was rolling badly. A little later the cabin boy came quietly into the captain's cabin with a solemn air. "Well, what do you want here," the captain said. "Cap'n, do you remember that new hand you took on without no character?" "Yes, I do, what about him?" "Well, he's just gone away overboard, and he's taken your best pail along with him."

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Presence of Mind

A photographer once went to the roof of a high building to get a view of the city. On the way up in the elevator he noticed a tall man making strange faces at him, and when he saw him following him out on the roof he felt very uneasy. Before he had time to arrange his camera, this dangerous looking person came up behind him, and pointing down to the street below, where the people looked like ants, he whispered in his ear the two words, "Jump down." The photographer was horror struck, but his nerve did not leave him in this terrible emergency. "Wait till I take off my coat," he said. While he was taking off his coat, his brain worked like lightning, and he turned to the maniac with a friendly smile. "All right, old fellow, I'll jump down, but look here, anybody could jump down, that's easy. What do you say if we try something hard. Let's go down there, and try if we can jump up." "Sure," said the maniac, and they went down in the elevator. When they reached the street a stalwart policeman did the rest.

A New Face

Mrs. Platt and her little son, Tommy, frequently went to St. John's Church, and the little boy had become familiar with the minister's face. One Sunday morning another minister was filling the pulpit. Tommy seemed rather troubled. Finally he leaned over to his mother and in a very audible whisper said: "Mother, what's become of St. John?"

A Good Provider

Mrs. Bennett had a colored maid who had been with her for some time. The girl left her and got married. A few months later she came to see Mrs. Bennett. "Well, Mandy," asked the former mistress, "how are you getting along?" "Oh, fine, ma'am, thank you," the bride answered. "Is your husband a good provider?" "Yes, 'deed he am, ma'am," said Mandy, enthusiastically. "Why, jes' dis las' week, ma'am, he got me six new places to wash at."

The Ruling Passion

"Chrissie and me have had a row," said the young man, murdering grammar in the intensity of his grief. "Why, what's up?" "Well, you know Chrissie's a teacher and—I mean I can stand a bit, but there's a limit." "I don't understand. What's the trouble exactly?" "Why, I promised to meet her last Monday at 7, and I couldn't get there till 7.30. And when I arrived—would you believe it?—she asked me if I'd brought a written excuse from my mother! Isn't that enough to put anybody off?"

The Draftee

By Terry Dremond

BUT Mother, can't you understand what people will think about me?"

Bobbie Colebrooke seated himself at the table as his mother put the finishing touch to the meal she had prepared for him.

"I am the only one left in town eligible for service," he continued; Ross Simpson signed up to-day. Just think of it mother! Ross, whom we all thought afraid of his own shadow, and they expect it of me. They don't say anything, but I can see it in their faces. Why cannot you give in to it, mother? I feel it is my duty to go."

"Please Bobbie, don't speak of it, you promised not to."

Mrs. Colebrooke showed the agitation she felt.

"What do you care what they think," she went on. "One more or less won't count anyway. Oh, Bobbie! I do so wish you would get this idea out of your head. I cannot bear to think of you going. If you only knew how it hurts even the thought of it."

The tears had come to her eyes and as she gave way and began to sob, it was too much for Bobbie. He got up from the table and came over to her, placing his hand gently on her shoulder, said quietly. "All right, mother, darling, don't worry, I shall not bother you about it again," after which he turned quickly and walked out.

Out by himself, as he walked, young Colebrooke fought over again the fight within himself. His duty to his country, which was calling again and again for "men and still more men," and what he considered a duty to his mother. He had a love for this mother of his that was wonderful and would not cause her a moment's pain for the world.

A finer specimen of young Canadian manhood could not be found. Little short of six foot tall and shoulders that spoke of strength. A lover of all kinds of manly sport, he could always give a good account of himself when he joined in a game.

It had then been a source of wonder to his friends that when the call came to help the Mother Country and one by one they had answered that call, Bobbie hung back. Often at first they had asked him to come, but he would only shake his head, not even offering an excuse.

"What would be the use," he thought, "they would not understand."

If they only knew the strong desire in his heart to join them. Not for anything would he tell them that it was by his mother's wish he stayed behind.

So far as others could see, there was no earthly reason why he should not go. He assisted his father in the store, but his sisters could do the work as well as he.

Bobbie's father was not ignorant of his desire to enlist, and secretly he felt proud of the fact. Gladly would he have given the boy permission, but he thought that this was something to be decided by the mother.

"Son," the old man said once, "I know how you feel about it, but I cannot say anything one way or another. It is

between your mother and yourself, and I am afraid it would break her heart were you to go. Give up the idea if you can, and try to forget it."

"I am trying, dad, but it is so hard. They are talking about me now, and it makes me wild. They think I am yellow. I passed some girls to-day and they said it loud enough for me to hear. Oh! if they had only been men, I'd have fought the whole lot" and setting his teeth he walked away while his father with a little sigh went on with his work.

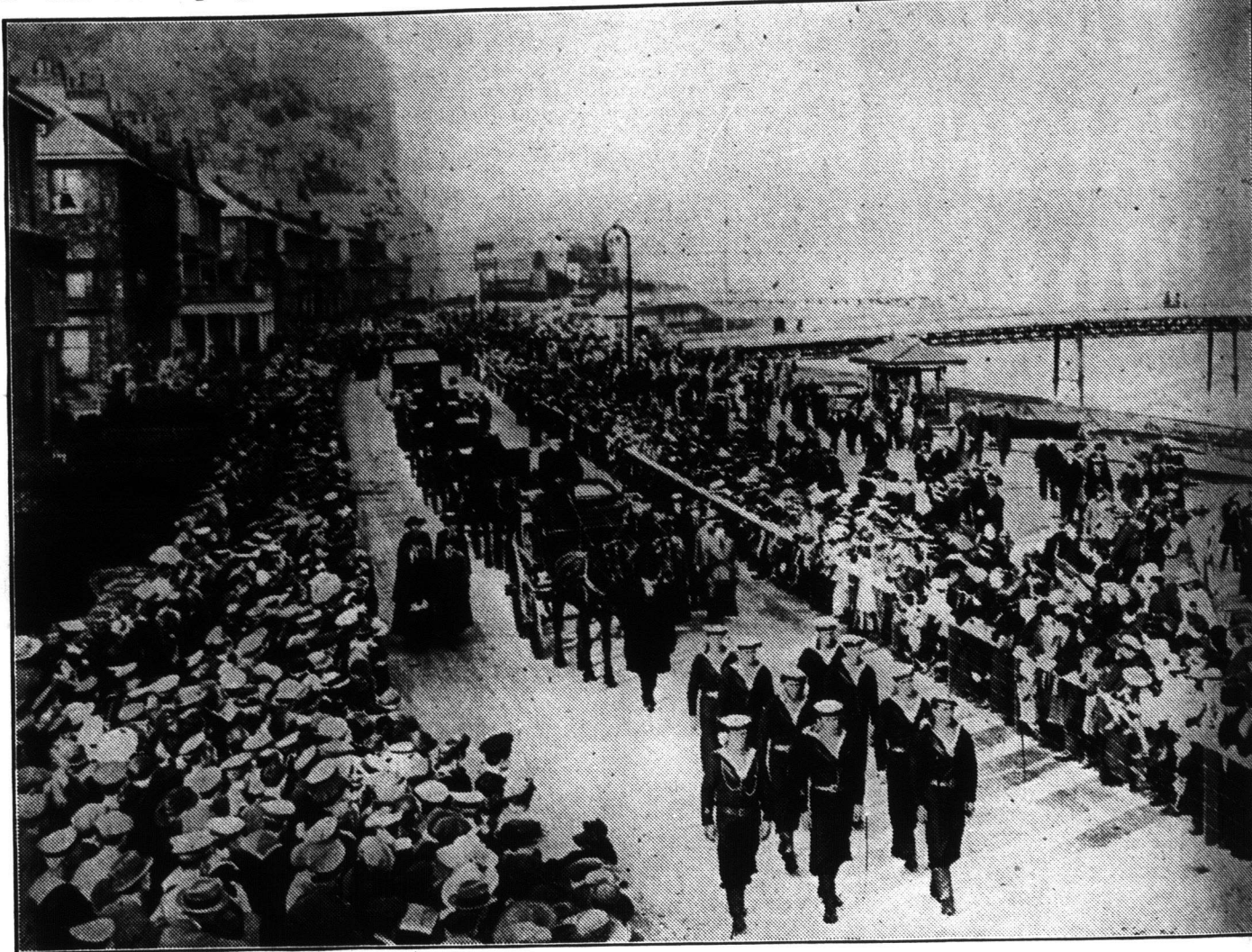
Fate sometimes works out ways to suit man's plans better than man himself can do. In Bobbie Colebrooke's case fate took the reigning hand. Con-

ied him to the train. As the whistle blew for "all aboard" he kissed his sisters fondly, then turning to his father and gripping him hard by the hand, with a lump in his throat said huskily. "I'll show them all now, dad," and as the old man returned the pressure and looked away just for a moment, he knew in his heart he was parting with a boy who would prove himself to be every inch a fighter and a man.

Bobbie had several months' training in England before crossing the Channel, and to make up for his absence he wrote often to the old home, giving glimpses of the life he was leading.

"I enjoy the work" he wrote, "Some of the boys in camp are dissatisfied, but

dozen ugly looking Germans. He sailed right in. One or ten, it was all the same to him. He would be killed anyway, he thought, but he would make them pay first. No time for sentiment this, he was killing, killing, killing, and soon he had a little heap of dead and dying around him. It could not go on for ever, but with panting breath he kept carrying on. He forgot to feel tired. Then, some bloodthirsty baby-killer got behind him. Singing and cheering that could only be British, near at hand, told him that help was coming, but too late, a burning pain seemed to go right through his body from the back and he was down.



The body of Nurse Edith Cavell arriving in England brings thousands to pay their respect to the memory of a heroic woman cruelly murdered by the Germans for her devotion to her country.

scription came and even Bobbie's mother could not convince the authorities that he was needed more at home than "over there." He was called with the draft and before many days was in uniform.

Despite the fact that he was going as a "conscript" no one could feel prouder than he, when he first donned the uniform of a soldier of the King.

Only once did he get leave, and that was to say "goodbye" before proceeding overseas with a draft. His mother could not bear to come to the station so he bade her goodbye at the home and tried to assure her that he'd come back safely. His father and sisters accompan-

I think it depends greatly on one's self to make this life agreeable or otherwise. To me it is play, but very, very earnest play."

Then one day a letter came from "Somewhere in France." He could not write so regularly now, but when the eagerly awaited letters did arrive, they showed the same optimistic spirit, the same whole hearted interest in his duties and surroundings. He always tried to show the brighter side of the life, never referring to the morbid incidents that occur so often "over there," making war the terrible thing that it is. Never a word of regret that he was there, was voiced in his letters. Indeed so cheery in tone they were that even his mother began to feel and look brighter as the days passed.

All the world knows how Hindenburg's big drive was halted, and how our brave men fought to hold the line, against terrible odds. With long, long hours in the trenches they at last broke up the seemingly endless hordes of German devils. It was then that young Colebrooke showed the stuff he was made of. His absolute fearlessness and dogged spirit in the face of danger showed up so conspicuously that his officers could not fail to notice him. He had proven himself so apt and reliable that when there was a one-man job to be done requiring coolness and brains, he was invariably chosen for the task.

Things happen suddenly on the battlefield and when one night a surprise raid found Bobbie's squad engaged in a hand to hand encounter with the Fritz gang from over the way, he felt that if ever he had an opportunity to show his true worth it was now. In less time than it takes to tell, he was into it for all he was worth.

So much taken up with his death dealing task, he got separated from his companions, and found himself facing a

Captain Wilbert in charge of the small party made short work of what remained of the invaders. He saw Bobbie on the ground and guessed the terrible odds he had been dealing with. Stooping down he placed his hand over his heart. Life rewarded him.

"Dawson; White! Look after this man and get him back as quick as you can."

Bobbie Colebrooke opened his eyes in the hospital. A nurse was bending over him, bathing his forehead. He realized where he was at once.

"What's the trouble, nurse; just that one in the back?"

She smiled, glad that her efforts had restored his senses.

"That's the worst one," she replied. "You have lots of them, but we'll soon fix you up."

"Hum," he growled through his teeth, "the dirty beggars must have tried to make a good job of it after I went down."

"I wouldn't be surprised, they've done it often before."

Thanks to Captain Wilbert, young Colebrooke's good work that night received the recognition it deserved. He was the first "draftee" to be awarded the D.C.M., and when, a few months later he came home, the whole town was out to meet him, with all the instruments that would make music and many just to make a noise.

They chaired him from the station, and when they caught sight of his mother, with a bright happy look in her tear-filled eyes, some impulsive spirits lifted her too, high above the heads of the crowd, and alongside her son they carried her. When they were deposited safely on the steps of the old home, many were the hand-clasps for both mother and son, and tear-filled eyes and lumpy throats showed the feeling of the crowd toward the boy who, in his own way had brought honour to the town.

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Sally and the Organ Boy

By Dorothy Field

THE organ-boy pushed his organ a little farther down the street. He had long ago given up expecting anyone to take any notice of him, as it was getting dark, and people were hurrying home to escape the cold drizzle of a December evening. But he went on turning the handle with a far-away look in his dark eyes.

Round the corner of the long, long street came Sally. She was walking very wearily, dragging her feet to the squish-squish of the water that oozed from her ragged boots. The lamp-lighter was moving on some way ahead of her, and he left a trail of flickering lights that marked out with monotonous persistence the way that she must go. Sally began to count them. Two, four, six—how feebly they quivered in the December gloom! Perhaps the shops a little farther on would prove more attractive. They, too, were beginning to shed a faint glow upon the pavement. One by one Sally passed the familiar windows. How well she knew them all! How many hundred times had she passed them by, and noted with interest some new arrangement of their varied stock! Even Tilley's the great bakers—with the rows of chocolates on brown paper and the magnificent array of cakes and sweets—wore her just a little. So Sally trudged on, counting the lamp-posts mechanically as she went, and shaking the rain from her ragged elbows. Benson's was really wonderful! There were Christmas cards in the windows, and an array of dolls of all shapes and sizes—even fairy dolls with wings and frosted dresses.

The rain wearily continued to drizzle on; people half hidden by umbrellas jostled one another on the pavement, and Sally after pausing one moment with languid eyes fixed upon the dolls, went on, too. Her hair was quite wet, and the water oozed more than ever from her boots. Twenty-one twenty-two, counted Sally to herself, and then she was at the corner where the men sell chestnuts at twenty a penny. They smelt good, and for a moment their fragrance seemed to make the evening less dreary. Besides, it was not so terribly far now—the long, long street was diminishing, and the end of her wanderings was at least within thinkable distance.

Then it was that Sally first heard the organ. It seemed to break in suddenly upon her thoughts without any warning or suggestion, and to bring with it a mysterious change. Sally's step grew lighter, and her heart began to beat quite fast. She hurried forward, a faint color stealing into her pale cheeks. The sound of the organ grew louder—the throb of the rhythm stronger and

more insistent. Then Sally began to run. In quite a few moments she caught sight of the organ and the dark-skinned organ-boy turning the handle, with the far-away look in his big eyes. Sally laughed for sheer joy.

Then she began to dance. The organ-boy looked up and saw her; and then he laughed, too.

On went Sally, her feet light as air, carrying her she scarcely knew whither, her lank hair falling about her face, and the color burning in her thin cheeks.

There was no weariness about her now. Every nerve, every muscle seemed strung to the uttermost as her body swayed to and fro.

The people on the pavement made way for her, but she did not seem to see them.

On, on she went—an inexplicable joy in her shining eyes, her red lips parted in a smile of triumph.

On, on she went—through all the steps that she knew and more that she didn't know; with her hands now akimbo, now one above the head, now linked rigidly together in front of her. Sally had forgotten that she was tired—forgotten that her feet ached and that her boots were sodden with rain, while her damp clothes clung in rags about her. For the rhythm had entered into her soul.

Then the organ changed its tune, and Sally became a grand lady, going to a ball in a white satin gown which she very carefully held up on both sides. Very dignified she became, and very serious, too, but for the light which shone in her eyes. By her walked a handsome partner—one who sought her hand in marriage—and they were to have a dance together before she gave him his answer. Very majestically Sally danced round the organ to a slow and stately tune, with her shining eyes fixed on the darkening sky at the end of the long street. But the organ changed its tune again, and once more Sally broke into the irresistible reels.

A small crowd had collected round the dancer, mostly of ragged little children like herself; but of this she knew nothing. She was in an ecstasy of her own—in a world of which passers-by could have no knowledge. During those moments all the delight, all the unspeakable rapture, that Sally had ever been or ever would be capable of seemed to flood her soul in one great joy. Sally was no longer Sally, but a glorified being who felt for a moment the power of things eternal. But alas! the moment of exaltation passed, and Sally stood suddenly breathless, sodden, bedraggled, to feel the rain once more falling in the December gloom.

Someone was bringing the organ boy a penny to go into the next street!

It was all over then—the joy, the delight, the glimpse of heaven—and Sally was a tired, ragged little girl once more.

How her bones ached, and how full her boots were of mud and water! Her cheeks were pale again now, and her lips were tight set with their accustomed melancholy. Slowly she dragged one foot after the other till she reached the turning which led to her home. Then she looked back.

The organ-boy was looking back too and their eyes met. He laughed and waved his hand, and then Sally laughed too!

"Oh! that organ!" said the professor, as he slammed down the window of his music studio. Those things ought to be put a stop to by law. They never yet did any good."

As it happened, neither Sally nor the organ-boy heard what he said. But even if they had they would not have cared in the least. For they knew better.

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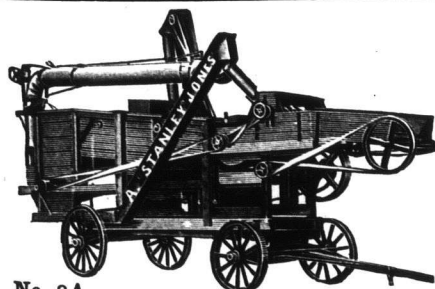
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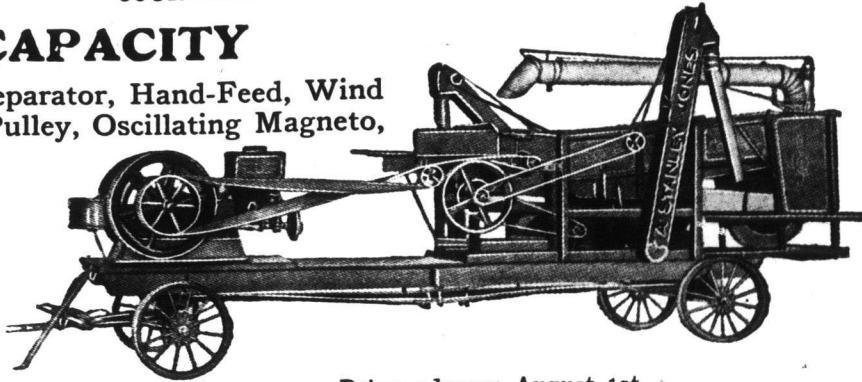
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One Idle Day

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Doris Farmer

IF there is one day when that power of evil, commonly called "Old Nick" specially is "At Home" and in his glory, on the farm, that day is "blue Monday". I remember one Monday in particular. It was about the middle of August. We had company on Sunday evening, so did not get to bed until late; consequently we overslept the alarm, and rose an hour later than usual that Monday morning.

This made me a bit cross for I always like to get an early start at the washing. I had quite a job getting my two children off to school. They feared they'd be late, and were both as cross as two sticks. As soon as I had them safely started, I commenced to soak the clothes without first washing the breakfast dishes. I regretted this afterwards.


The men were trying to corral the bull; for my husband had decided to sell him. He was becoming rampageous, and had threatened John, our hired man, a few days before.

I had almost finished soaking the clothes, when a shout from outside attracted my attention. Hastily drying my hands, I ran out. The sight that met my eyes made me laugh in spite of myself.

The infuriated bull occupied the centre of the scene. He was bellowing with rage and violently pawing up the earth with his front hoof. Rifle in hand my husband was superintending operations.

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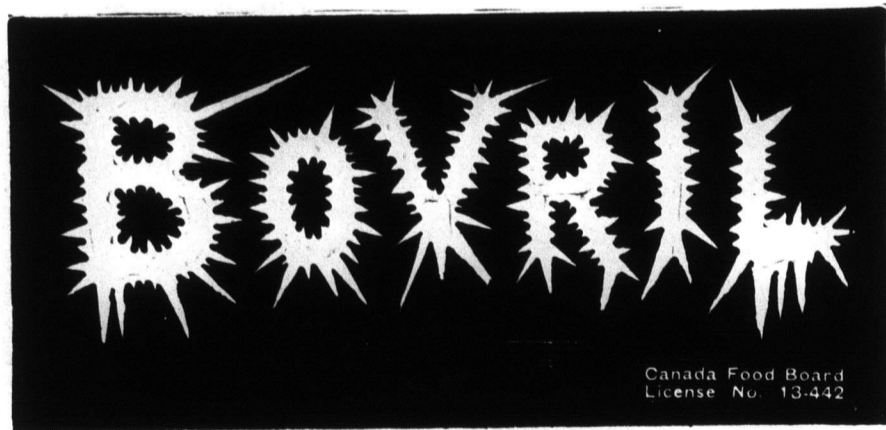


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WINNIPEG, MAN.

John was hovering in the background, brandishing a hay fork, and a neighbor armed with a huge club, was evidently giving advice.

Presently the bull spied John and made a short charge in his direction. That young man promptly leaped up onto a partly built haystack. Now, John is six feet three, with long legs and arms; so he presented a very amusing picture jumping up onto that haystack. Really he reminded me forcibly of a huge grasshopper. But my enjoyment was shortlived for my husband requested me to open the barn door. This did not entail entering the danger zone, still I complied with no pleasurable feelings. I returned to the house hoping my mission was ended, but, no such luck. My husband likes people to be "Johnny on the spot" so he asked me to stay outside in case my services should be required. I complied outwardly calm, but, inwardly seething, while mental visions of my fire going out, my wash water cooling, and above all that nightmare of unwashed dishes, chased each other through my brain. I watched for an opportunity to slip in unobserved, for the purpose of replenishing the fire, but alas! My husband seemed to be endowed with the eyes of Argus, so I had to curb my impatience.

They captured the refractory animal finally, without further help from me, so I was allowed to return to my neglected work. It was as I had pictured; the fire was out, the water cold, and there was very little wood in the woodbox.

However I lit the fire, and then went in search of the men, for the purpose of asking them to cut me some wood; My husband had completely disappeared, but in a distant field I saw our hired man leisurely riding the hayrake. Now, I can drive a team better than I can chop wood, but I knew it would be an awful breach of farm etiquette to interrupt the hired man—He was working. I eyed him enviously; then with a sigh, I seized an axe and attacked the wood-pile.

I put the colored clothes through one water, and lifted a pailful of cold water

Children Can Drink
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to hurt them and no
after-regrets.

"There's a Reason"

to put in the rinsing tub. Just as I got it half way up the handle of the pail broke, pitching the contents right over me! I was soaked from the waist down, and had to change my clothes, even to my boots and stockings. By this time it was eleven o'clock, so I had to prepare the vegetables for dinner.

It was such a hot day that I decided to do my cooking on the wash house stove, and not bother starting a fire in the range. Just as I was putting over the vegetables, old Nick, who must have been at my elbow all morning, whispered that I ought to give the men a special treat for dessert, as the poor fellows had had so much trouble with that bull. Custard pie immediately suggested itself; and without a thought as to probable consequences I started right in to make it. Now, the oven of the wash-house stove, is not level, and therefore not adapted for baking custard pies. I had forgotten about this in my hurry, but a few minutes later when I opened the oven door I found to my horror that the custard had spread itself all over the oven floor leaving only a mere taste in the pie crust. Well, it was my own fault, so what was the use of saying anything! I tried to fill the thing with a thick egg frosting.

At dinner I saw John examining his piece of pie critically, "Must have been hit by a cyclone, and had its stuffing's blown out," he muttered. My husband took his piece up and gravely examined it; I saw a teasing look come into his eyes, which always aggravates me.

"Do you call this egg frosting pie, Emma?" he enquired gravely.

"I don't call it anything," I snapped, "and if you don't like it, you needn't eat it!"

I don't often give way to my feelings like that, but dear knows I'd had enough to make me.

I made a new start at washing immediately after dinner, and although I was interrupted by a visitor, I finally got it done. No sooner had I hung my clothes on the line, than up rose a bank of black clouds in the west emitting flashes of lightning and growls of thunder.

"Hang it all!" I said to myself, "I suppose it's going to rain, to cap matters."

But it didn't rain. What was worse it passed over in a gale of wind. Snap went my clothes pole, and down went my clothes in the dirt! Some of the white things were so soiled that I had to wash them over again.

About five o'clock the man came for the bull, and my husband and John accompanied him home. Just before bedtime when I was washing up the day's dishes, my husband entered with a cheerful face, and a five dollar bill. The latter he handed to me saying:

"Here's a present for you, Emma!" "Oh, thank you, Harry," I cried, feeling quite cheered up.

"Isn't this a nice present, John?" I went on, turning to our hired man.

"I should say it is!" he returned. "And you ain't doin' any work."

As I put the unearned five dollars in my purse, I said to myself:

"Well, here's another idle day ended. Dear me, it must be fierce to really work."

Stairs or Elevator?

George had graduated with honors from the university, and he felt that he had the world at his feet until Mr. Farnsworth, his father, called him into his private office in the big Farnsworth department store.

"Well, George," said Mr. Farnsworth in his businesslike way, "you are now out in the world and ready to make your way, I suppose. What would you like to do?"

"I'd like to go into business with you," the young man replied.

"Will you take the stairs or the elevator to the top floor where the private offices are?" asked his father.

"What do you mean, dad?" queried the boy.

"I mean," replied the father, "will you start at the bottom, take the place of an ordinary clerk and work your way up, or do you want to step into a place of some authority just as you are now?"

"Why, naturally," said George. "I'd like to take the elevator, for I think that as your son I ought to have some advantages over the outsider, and I think I could fill a manager's position."

"George," said his father, "I'm disappointed in you, and if you weren't my son I'd refuse to give you a chance even to try to make good. You remind me of a youngster who applied for a job as office boy in a downtown firm a little while ago. They asked to see what sort of hand he could write. It was such a hopeless scrawl that they told him he had better take lessons in writing. The youngster said he didn't see why, for he was going to become a manager, and his stenographer could look after that part for him."

"That is the trouble with so many young fellows these days. They all expect to be managers, and want to dodge the steps from the office boy's job to the manager's desk. The result is, they never arrive."

"Many a preacher thinks he can slide through somehow to a leading pulpit by taking a high school course and a theological training, omitting college; and he finds himself intellectually bankrupt at forty in some backwoods town."

"Many a budding physician thinks he will somehow become a noted surgeon, although he loafs through his medical course. There is a reason for success, my boy: The most successful paper makers in this country to-day come from three generations of paper makers."

"As I think of what you have to learn, you remind me of an eaglet on the edge of the nest with every pinion and feather in trim, but without the toughened fibre that will come from battling with the winds amongst the crags. I'm not much of a preacher, but if I'm not mistaken an unauthorized messenger once ran to King David to report to him the result of a battle that was not yet over. When he arrived in the king's chamber he was so out of breath and so ill-informed that he could say nothing, and had to wait until the regular messenger arrived. If you take the stairs route to the directors' table, you will have plenty of time to think of what you are to say when you get there. Which shall it be?"

"I think I'll come up by way of the stairs," said George.

Sunday Reading

The Gift and the Giver

The night was raw and dreary, and the streets down by the wharves were at their worst. One man, wandering through them, found them terrible. He was not a poor man as the world defines poverty. He had plenty of money. But he was bankrupt in joy, in hope, in enthusiasm and purpose in life,—in everything that makes the years worth while,—and he was trying to push his courage to the point of putting an end to it all that night.

But some one was down at the wharves before him—a miserable little outcast, shivering and starved, who begged him for help. Impatiently he flung the child a coin. The boy snatched it, and ran off as fast as his weakness would let him. The man watched him a moment, and then the whim seized him to see how the child would spend the money. He followed him listlessly; he was not much interested, but it would serve to fill a few minutes.

The boy made his way to a wretched eating-place, and the man watched him through the dirty window. What he saw startled him. He had known that there were hungry people in the world, but never, until he saw that starved child ravenously devour the unappetizing food, had he realized what hunger really was. When the boy came out, the man was waiting. He had forgotten the wharves and his purpose that night; he had found something to do; he had to see that that boy did not get into such a condition again.

There was only one way: he must take care of the boy himself. There were plenty of discouragements, but the man did not give up; the difficulty of the problem put him on his mettle. It did more than that: one boy, even with all a boy's possibilities, was not business enough for a man; so there were other boys—with other and still larger problems. The man who had thought of killing himself because there was nothing interesting to live for, became a Christian and a philanthropist, whose life was full to the brim. He was saved by a gift to a beggar.

But that was not quite all the truth. He might have given that coin to one of the organized charities. They would have fed the child, and put him in the way of oversight and training. The result to the boy might have been much the same. But not to the man. It was the bit of himself that he gave, even though it was nothing more than listless curiosity at first, that led him finally into the heart of life. Organized charity is wise, but it must mean organized hearts, as well as bank-books, or the blessing is lost.

The Finger of God

At one time when John Wesley was traveling in Ireland, his carriage became stuck in the mire, and the harness broke. While he and his companions were laboring to extricate it, a poor man passed by in evident distress.

Mr. Wesley called to him, and asked him what was wrong. He said that he could not pay his rent of twenty shillings, and that his family were to be turned outdoors.

"Is that all you need?" said Mr. Wesley, as he gave him the money. "Here, go and be happy." Then turning to his companion, he said, pleasantly, "You see now why our carriage stopped here in the mud."

What We Are All Apt to Forget

That we were all children once.
That politeness costs nothing.
That we should live and let live.
That we should live within our means.
That our lives are what we make them.
That the devil works while preachers sleep.
That others have feelings as well as ourselves.
That a kind word, even to a dog, is never lost.
That every skilled workman was once an apprentice.
That we owe a duty to our fellow-man as well as to ourselves.
That we are judged by our acts and the company we keep.
That man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

The Man Behind the Fire

A worker at the Sailor's Mission has a story of heroism to tell. One night in January a fireman on one of the ocean steamers walked in the darkness down into an open hatchway.

He fell to the hold, broke his leg, and received other injuries. His outcry brought a group of stevedores to his help, and they were excitedly discussing what to do for him when it became evident that he was trying to speak.

"Be quiet, boys," said one of the men. "Maybe Jake's wanting to send a word home."

But it was not of home poor Jake was thinking, even in that moment of agonising pain.

"Tell the fifth engineer to look after the boiler!" he whispered.

That is the sort of fidelity and courage to put to shame the theorists who would have us believe that self-interest is the only motive that rules men in the workaday world.

A Song of Gladness

For members of the "Pollyanna" Club!
I'm glad there's room for singing in the crowded, busy day.

I'm glad that music in the heart makes work as light as play.

I'm glad I needn't work alone, nor carry all the load.

I'm glad a Friend walks by my side and cheers me on the road.

I'm glad the heaviest burden leaves a little strength to spare.

I'm glad there's power enough, withal, a brother's load to share,

I'm glad my task is greater than my puny strength can grip.

I'm glad to have so sure a claim upon God's partnership.

I'm glad that when men say, "You can't," my heart responds, "I will."

I'm glad the steep ascent leads to the summit of the hill.

I'm glad things called "impossible" I sometimes dare to do.

I'm glad, with faith, "nothing shall be impossible to you."

I'm glad the strain and stress are given to make the spirit strong.

I'm glad that pain and battle scars enrich a victor's song.

I'm glad that in the stormiest fight my heart is held in peace.

I'm glad I hear a quiet Voice bid fear and tumult cease.

I'm glad the pains of yesterday are all forever past.

I'm glad the troubles of to-day have little time to last.

I'm glad to-morrow, all unspoiled, may have more good than ill.

I'm glad each day helps, drop by drop, the cup of joy to fill.

I'm glad again, for yesterday, for every lesson learned.

I'm glad for gain of strength and for each bit of progress earned.

I'm glad to-day is still my own to plan and work and pray.

I'm glad a future full of hope inspires the hardest way.

I'm glad the road of life is up—up, ever to the end.

I'm glad there'll be no call at last in darkness to descend.

I'm glad the last beam shall not fade to "shine again no more."

I'm glad I need not face the time when all "man's work is o'er."

I'm glad to go from little things to "greater things than these."

I'm glad I'm called forever to obey a King's decrees.

I'm glad I need not name the whole long list of why I'm glad.

I'm glad my Father knows it all. I shall be always glad! —Eugene Thwing.

Where Psyche Met Her Fate

"And whom does this statue represent?" asked Mrs. Green, who was "doing" the museum under the guidance of her more sophisticated friend, Mrs. Brown.

"That is Psyche," replied Mrs. Brown, "executed, I believe, in terra-cotta."

"Oh, the poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Green. "How barbarous they are in those South American countries!"



Planning a Home—

Good plans are necessary, but it is even more important to have the material and workmanship right. As great care should be taken in choosing materials as in designing the building.

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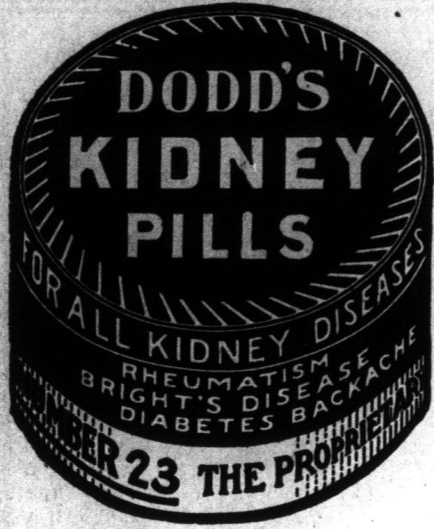
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Work for Busy Fingers

**Corner For Deep Filet Insertion
For Table Cloth In No. 16.**

Given in answer to several correspondents.

Abbreviations.—"Tr," treble; "ch," chain; "dc," double crochet; "sp," space "b," block.

Materials.—Vicars' Snow-white Lustre, No. 40; hook No. 5 or 5½.

Commence with 90 ch, turn.

1st row—1 tr into the 83rd ch, *2 ch, miss 2, 1 tr into next, repeat from *, 3 tr into next 3, * 2 ch, 1 tr into next 3rd ch three times, 3 tr into next 3, repeat from *, 7 ch, miss 7, 16 dc into next 16, 7 ch, miss 7, 4 tr into next 4, 2 ch 1 tr into next 3rd ch three times, 3 tr into next 3, 2 ch 1 tr into next 3rd ch, turn with 5 ch.

2nd—(In this and following rows 4 consecutive trs will be referred to as a "block," and the spaces formed by the 2 ch with a tr at each side as a "space." Always put stitch into stitch, taking up both top portions; and where a space occurs over a block, put the trs into the first and last of the block)—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 dc into 4th dc and into each of next nine, 7 ch, 1 b followed by a sp six times, 2 sp, turn (always with 5 ch, which forms first sp of next row.)

the tr, 4 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 10 dc into the stitches at each side of the long tr as before, 4 ch, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b.

11th row—1 sp, 1 b, 4 ch, 10 dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 1 long tr into the centre of the 10 dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 10 dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp.

12th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b.

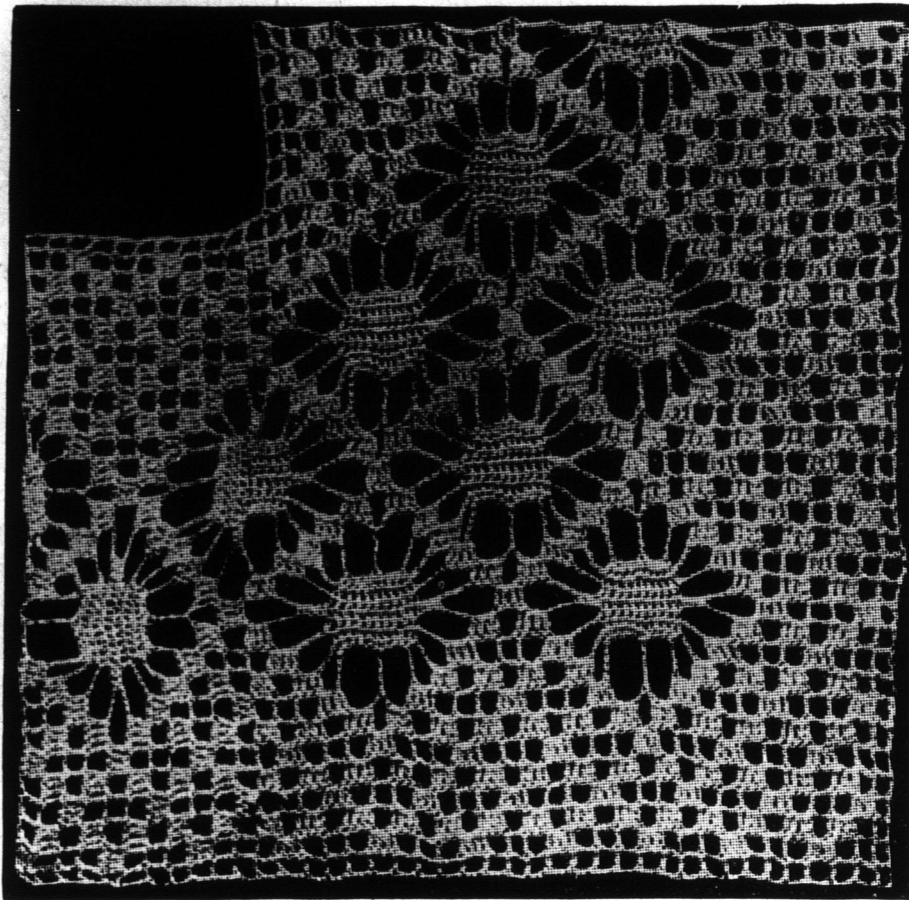
13th row—Turn here with 10 ch, and put 3 dc into the 3 ch before the dc, 10 dc into the 10 dc and 3 dc into next 3 ch, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, repeat the dc as before, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 1 sp.

14th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, twice, 7 ch, miss 3 dc, 10 dc into next 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, miss 3 dc, 10 dc into next 10, 7 ch, 1 b.

15th row—10 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp.

16th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b three times, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 10 dc into the chs and long tr as before, 4 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 1 dc into the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th chs.

17th row—Turn with 1 ch, 1 dc, into each dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 4 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 10 dc, 4 ch,



3rd row—1 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 dc into each dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp.

4th row—2 sp, 4 b with a sp between, 7 ch, 10 dc into the dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 1 dc into next 4th chain into each chain and twice into the long tr, then into each of next 4 ch, 4 ch, 1 b, 1 sp 1 b three 2 sp.

5th row—3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 4 ch, 10 dc into the 10 dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 4 ch, 1 long tr into the centre of the 10 dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 1 sp.

6th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp 1 b five times, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 2 sp.

7th row—1 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, 3 dc into the 3 ch before the dc, 1 dc into each dc, 3 dc into next 3 ch, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 1 sp.

8th row—2 sp, 6 b with a sp between, 7 ch, miss first 3 dc and last 3, and put 1 dc into each of the others, 7 ch, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 2 sp.

9th row—3 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp.

10th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b three times, 4 ch, 1 dc into each of the 4 ch at each side of the long tr with 2 into

1 b, 4 ch, 1 long tr into the centre of the 10 dc, 4 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 1 sp.

18th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b five times, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 dc into each dc.

19th row—1 dc into each dc and into each of next 3 ch, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 3 dc into the 3 dc before the dc, 1 dc into each dc and into each of next 3 ch, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b.

20th row—2 sp, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b five times, 7 ch, miss first 3 dc, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 1 sp, 1 b, 7 ch, miss first 3 dc, 1 dc, into each of the others.

21st row—1 dc into each dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 10 dc, 7 ch, 1 b, 7 ch, 1 long tr into next sp, 7 ch, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 3 sp, 1 b, 1 sp.

This row starts the last of the groups of 10 dc, which are all worked alike; the blocks and spaces are continued between these two groups and four rows worked after them, of blocks and spaces to correspond with those at the beginning of rows; then the thread is broken off, and you recommence working along the side for an equal number of spaces, completing the half-group of dc along the edge of it. Continue the design to the next corner.

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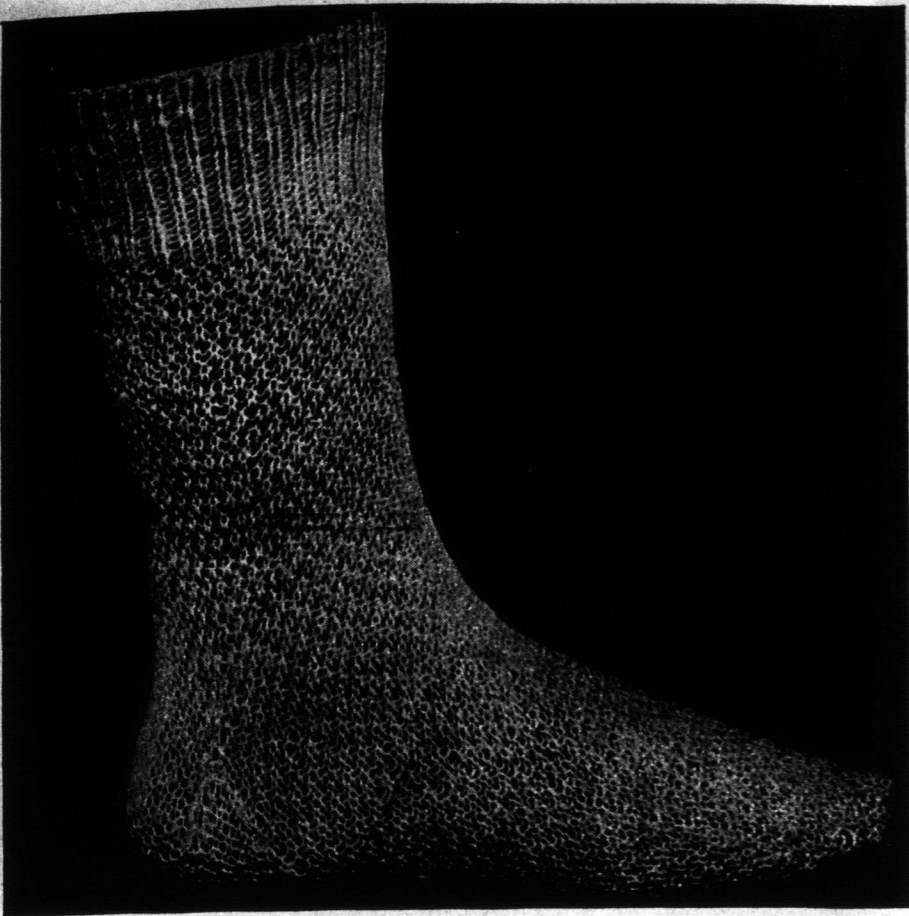
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Gentlemen's Knitted Bed-sock.

Materials required:—3 ozs. of Paton's 4-ply unshrinkable Vest Wool; 4 bone needles, No. 9.

Cast on 76 stitches. Knit 30 rounds of ribbing, 1 purl, 1 plain.

31st round—Knit 1 plain, 1 purl.

32nd round—As 31st.

33rd round—1 purl over plain, 1 plain over purl.

34th round—As 33rd.

These four rounds form the pattern. Next 20 rounds in pattern.

55th round—Knit 1, knit 2 together. Knit in pattern until last 3 stitches of round. Knit 2 together, knit 1. Then another 4 rounds in pattern without decreasing, and repeat from 55th round 3 times more, knitting 4 rounds after the last decrease.

For the Heel—Divide the stitches on the needles, 34 for the instep and 34 for the heel. On the heel needle knit 24 rows in pattern, slipping the first stitch of every row.

25th row—Slip 1, knit 14. Knit 2 together twice, knit 1. Turn, leaving 14 stitches unworked.

26th row—Slip 1, knit 3, knit 1 of the 14 at the side, turn.

27th row—Slip 1, knit 2 together twice, Knit 1 of the 14 stitches at side, turn.

28th row—Slip 1, knit 3, knit one of the 13 stitches at side, turn, and repeat these last two rows until there are only 14 stitches left on the needle, then 1 row in pattern.

For the Foot—Pick up and knit 13 stitches along the side of the heel. Knit the 34 stitches on the instep needle, pick up and knit another 13 stitches on the other side of heel. Knit 7 of the 14 stitches left on the back needle, thus making 20 stitches on the 1st and 3rd needles, and 34 on the instep one, in all 74 stitches, then 1 round in pattern.

*2nd round—On 1st needle, knit in pattern to within 3 of end of needle, knit 2 together, knit 1.

2nd needle—Knit in pattern.

3rd needle—Knit 1, knit 2 together, knit in pattern to end. Then 3 rounds in pattern without decreasing. Repeat from * 4 times more. You will then have 64 stitches on the needles. On these knit in pattern until the foot is 10 inches long.

For the Toe—1st round—* Knit 7, knit 2 together, repeat from * all around. Then 2 rounds without decreasing, and repeat from * until you have 16 stitches left, knitting 1 stitch less between on each decreasing round, instead of 7, 6, 5

and so on, to 1 stitch between. Break off the wool and draw the stitches together. Fasten on the wrong side. This gives a foot 12 inches long.

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Little Jane. "What do you do with your pennies?"

May. "My mamma saves them to buy more cod liver oil."

DICKCISSEL

By M. M. Dickson

They sing about the nightingale, the lark on English meads,
And warble of the mavis down the glen;
I know a braver songster who the weather never heeds,
Hark! hear his cheery song resound again—
"Dick-e-dick, dick-cissel, dick-cissel-cissel."

He waits not for the cool, calm night,
haunts not the shady grove;
Cares not although the wind be raging high;
Old Sol may scorch the land with light, or hid in clouds may rove;
This song still cometh pouring from the sky—
"Dick-e-dick, dick-cissel, dick-cissel-cissel."

Unlike the lark he singeth not when striving to achieve;
But bendeth all his powers unto his flight;
But when his task accomplished, he, poisoning, drifteth home,
Out pours his soul in measures of delight—
"Dick-e-dick, dick-cissel, dick-cissel-cissel."

All hail to thee, brave westerner, true type of our own land,
Where fortitude, but laughs at Fortune's frown;
Oft may you rise triumphant on swift and ardent wing,
Oft may you come adrift, singing down:
"Dick-e-dick, dick-cissel, dick-cissel-cissel."

Sweet, cheery friend, so musical, where lurks the hidden spring,
From whose charmed waters flow a faith so fair?
Tell us the precious secret, that we also may quaff,
And greet with song life's every change and care,
"Dick-e-dick, dick-cissel, dick-cissel-cissel."

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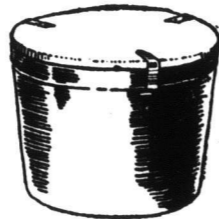
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A Torch of One's Own

By Louise Parks Bell

"How do you like my hair, Cousin Helen?" Helen looked up from her book with a smile.

"It looks very nice," she said, approvingly. "When did you begin to part it on the side?"

"Just to-day. Elise Merland does hers this way and it was so pretty I thought I would try it."

"It is very becoming," Helen repeated, but there was a trace of worry in her tone. "Aileen!" called a voice from across the hall.

"Yes, mater?"

"Oh, you are up here. May I come in, Helen?"

Helen sprang to her feet.

"Indeed you may, Cousin Frances. Come right in."

Mrs. Marvin dropped into a chair by the window, a pile of goods in her lap.

"Do you like this shade of pink for Aileen?" she questioned, holding it to the light.

"It is very pretty," Helen agreed, putting her book down to enter upon the important subject of clothes. "But I thought your dress was to be blue, Aileen?"

Aileen shook her head vigorously.

"Elise has a rose dress, just that shade, and it is beautiful. She is coming by and by and bring you her pattern, mater, so you can see how I want it made."



A Minaki Outlook, C.N.Ry.

"Do you mean me when you say 'mater'?" her mother laughed. "Last week it was 'mere'."

"Elise always says mater," Aileen explained lightly. "There she is now, I'll go down."

Helen looked at Mrs. Marvin.

"Is she always like that, Cousin Frances?" she asked.

"You mean about her friends?" The mother smiled. "Yes, she has always been just like that."

Helen's eyes did not reflect the amusement of the older woman. Instead she frowned and sat silent for a moment, with a thoughtful expression on her face.

"Last week it was Stella Erskine," she murmured. "She pompadoured her hair and lisped and used French phrases. Now it is Elise Morland."

"She always was imitative," Mrs. Marvin smiled tolerantly.

"Oh, mater," Aileen called from below, "may I go down town with Elise?"

"If you will try and get home in time for supper," her mother assented. "There! I see Mrs. West coming in. No sewing for me this afternoon."

As she left the room Helen sprang to her feet with a sudden determination. She walked up and down her floor a few times, then paused before the mirror and began to take down her hair.

Aileen, rushing in late for supper, stopped in the doorway of the dining-room.

"Why, Cousin Helen!" she exclaimed.

"What have you done to your hair?"

"Do you like it?" asked her cousin affectedly, pulling out a little curl over one ear. "Olive French does hers like this, so I tried it."

"You don't look natural," protested Aileen, bewildered. "What on earth are you doing with a monocle?"

"Olive uses one," explained Helen.

Aileen sat down still staring.

"What makes your cheeks so red?" asked her mother, repressing a desire to laugh.

To her surprise Aileen flushed and stammered.

"Elise—" she began hesitantly.

"Do you mean to say you have paint on them?" Her mother was grieved.

"That's all right, Cousin Frances," interposed Helen. "I have some on my lips, like Olive wears."

Mr. Marvin broke into a hearty laugh.

"I don't know which is funnier," he stated, "Helen with those curls and that monocle or Aileen with paint and that new way she sits."

Aileen straightened up consciously.

"Elise says everybody slouches now," she defended herself.

"Of course," agreed Helen. "Olive always sits that way."

Aileen ate in puzzled silence. Helen rattled on with comments on everything in such an accurate imitation of the fash-

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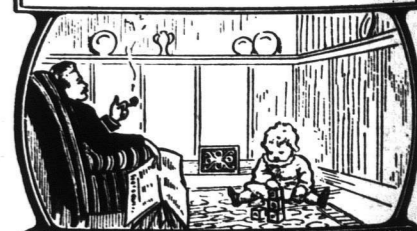
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was Stella; and when I first came you were a perfect imitation of that slangy Vera Holden. You are just like a mirror, reflecting the last person you are with. Every dress you have, even, is a copy of some other girl's dress; you walk like some girl, talk like some one—you even think about things just as the idol of the minute does. Why not let us see what the real Aileen is like?"

Aileen wriggled uneasily. "I wouldn't tell you this, dear, if I weren't sure that down underneath all your imitation there is a sweet, sincere girl. Can't I get to know her before I leave, instead of a copy of Elise Morland?"

"I'm sorry," the younger girl whispered huskily. "Let's try to discover the real Aileen." "I'm continued her cousin brightly. "I'm certain she is worth knowing if we can only find her. It won't be easy at first, because you are so used to being like other people that it will be hard to quit."

"I'll try—," came in a muffled voice. "Don't cry, dear," Helen said gently. "Run wash your face and we will go out for a walk."

Aileen disappeared for a moment, and when she returned, Helen noted with pleasure that the red was gone from her cheeks and that she stood naturally. "Before we go I want to read you something to remember," Helen told her. "When you are trying real hard to out-grow the little affectations you have acquired, remember this." And she read softly, "It is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but not to linger by it, instead of kindling a torch of one's own."

"A torch of one's own," repeated Aileen, thoughtfully. "I'm going to try and kindle one of my own, Cousin Helen."

Proud-Cat and Cuddle-Kit
Bessie Cahoon Newton

Once upon a time there were two little kittens by the name of Proud-Cat and Cuddle-Kit who belonged to old Mother cat.

Proud-Cat walked grandly round in a coat of the longest, thickest, shiniest fur with gorgeous yellow patches all over it while Cuddle-Kit trotted modestly about in a coat of short, black common-cat fur.

"Just to look at me is enough," said Proud-Cat looking very unkindly at his plain sister. "I suppose that I would be obliged to put myself out to make folks like me if I were as homely as you are."

Cuddle-Kit went meowing back to Mother-Cat as all good little kittens do.

"O, Mother, dear," cried Cuddle-Kit, "why didn't you find me a plush coat with yellow spots on it like Proud-Cat's so that everybody would be glad to look at me?"

"Kitten-mine," purred Mother-Cat licking the puckery nose and mouth that looked so sorry for itself, "God made this plain black coat for Cuddle-Kit to wear just as truly as He made the beautiful coat for Brother."

"But why didn't He make me a coat like Proud-Cat's?" asked Cuddle-Kit with her head under Mother-Cat's chin.

"You have something more beautiful than Brother's coat," answered Mother-Cat licking the tips of the drooping ears.

"What is it?" asked the kitten opening big round eyes. "I have never seen it and I wash myself all over every day."

"You can't see it, kitten-mine," smiled Mother-Cat, "for it is something way inside of you. Folks call it your 'disposition.'"

"Hasn't Proud-Cat one, too?" asked little sister wonderingly.

"Every cat has a 'disposition' of some kind: Proud-Cat's is not a beautiful one," answered Mother-Cat hanging her head for very shame.

"It isn't like his coat, is it?" asked Cuddle-Kit.

Mother-Cat smiled.

"But no one knows about my 'disposition': I'd rather have a beautiful coat for everybody to see."

"Folks can't help seeing your 'disposition,'" answered Mother-Cat. "It's in your meow and your purr; your teeth and your claws; and in the middle of your back."

Proud-Cat walked grandly back and forth between the velvet cushion and the corner of the dining room where he ate fried liver from a dainty plate.

"I am so handsome that folks are very lucky to have a chance to feed me," he purred happily to Cuddle-Kit who always put her paws up on the cook's gingham

apron to say "thank you" after each meal. "I don't need to climb up into any one's lap to be petted: everyone leans down to pat me," exclaimed Proud-Cat as he licked his chops.

"Mother says you have beauty, too, but it's all on the inside. It must be very stupid to paw around after folks and purr alongside of them and keep your spitzzy feelings inside instead of outside."

Cuddle-Kit slowly blinked her left eye. "I can afford to be cross," the contented voice went on, "I never go out of my way not even for the Cook!"

And Proud-Cat didn't, although the Cook was carrying a pot of boiling water from the stove.

It is all too sad to tell. Proud-Cat wouldn't get out of the way for the Cook so the Cook had to get out of the way for Proud-Cat.

"M-e-o-w-w-w-w-w!!!! yeowled Proud-Cat as the Cook fell upon him boiling water and all.

The Cook limped slowly to a chair while Proud-Cat threw himself around the room in an agony of pain.

Nothing could help poor Proud-Cat then—not all the vaseline in the big bottle in the medicine-chest could save his beautiful coat that was falling away in big patches across the back and down one side.

"Poor Brother," purred Cuddle-Kit licking the ugly bald spots with her soft pink tongue. "I wish I could make you well again."

"What am I to do now my beauty is gone?" meowed Proud-Cat piteously.

"The family said that it was all I had," Cuddle-Kit put a loving paw around his neck and purred very softly to herself, "Poor, poor Proud-Cat! It didn't take any more than a pot of boiling water to ruin his beauty: I'm glad after all that mine is safe on the inside."

With so thorough a preparation at hand as Miller's Worm Powders the mother who allows her children to suffer from the ravages of worms is unwise and culpably careless. A child subjected to the attack of worms is always unhealthy and will be stunted in its growth. It is a merciful act to rid it of these destructive parasites, especially when it can be done without difficulty.

The Little Colonel

The little colonel won his title in twelve years of warfare—the whole of his brief life; for he was a cripple, well acquainted with pain, and with the wistfulness of being excluded from the heritage of boyhood. There were no races, no games, and no adventures for him, except those stern and solitary adventures in the highlands of the soul where each one labors alone. Yet perhaps few people were less alone than he, for where his body could not go, his eager heart sped constantly. No boy in town took more pleasure in "other fellows'" interests, and because the boys saw and recognized his brave spirit, it came about that he was a leader and councillor of "the crowd."

Nor was his world limited to the boys. He was a wage earner himself—a newsboy with a steadily growing patronage. Tired men and women went to him—some consciously some unconsciously—for that cheerful courage which no market can sell, but which he and those like him freely give.

No one ever heard him complain. Always—whatever of good or ill the day had brought him—his friendly smile welcomed each customer. "After all," the clear, boyish eyes said to those that could understand, "this doesn't count. It's only when the soul is crippled that things are bad."

He died only the other day. The newspapers published his picture and printed articles about him as if he had been a public character. Men and women buying their papers of other boys, missed his brave and sunny smile; "the fellows" said nothing, as is the way of boys, but they missed him more than they could understand.

When a few years ago a university president, smitten with death, went quietly on with his work to the last moment, ignoring the pain, and counting death as only an incident of life, there were those who thought that those last magnificent weeks were worth more to the world than all his great scholarship. It could have been said of him, as of a

certain famous and dearly loved woman, that his death "impoverished that common fund on which we are all wont to draw in our moral and spiritual activities."

But did it impoverish that fund? Do not all such deaths give as much as they take away? However we answer that question, the "Little Colonel" certainly belonged to the triumphant company of those, alive or dead, who give to the splendid "common fund" of courage and cheerfulness by which the souls of men are heartened for the great battle of life..

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G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

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Ottawa, February 3, 1919.

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Young People

Alan's Great Surprise
By Frances Margaret Fox

When Laura's and Mary Anna's big brother, Alan, was a little fellow, he had to go to bed at eight o'clock every night except Friday and Saturday. He thought it was a hard thing to do, especially in the spring and early summer. Perhaps if he had been a country boy, it would not have seemed so hard; but he lived in the city, where dozens of other boys were his near neighbors. The other boys went to the same school that Alan attended, and they were allowed to stay up and to play outdoors until nine o'clock every evening, and sometimes later.

Long after Alan was in bed, with his head on his pillow, but with his eyes wide open, he used to hear the boys playing ball in front of their houses, or hide and seek round the houses, or shouting like Indians, just for fun.

Spring, summer, fall and winter, it was all the same while Alan was a little boy; his bedtime when he went to school was eight o'clock.

Alan was well, and he learned his lessons easily. Both his father and his mother told him that he was well and that his eyes were bright and that he learned his lessons so easily because he went to bed early every night. He thought they were mistaken, but he did not say so. Instead, he kept his thoughts about it to himself.

Then one day came his great surprise. It was in June, a few weeks before the long vacation, and just the kind of day

A moment the teacher waited, thinking that others would stand; but no one else rose. Alan stood alone. He felt utterly miserable and wretched until the teacher said, "You may be seated, Alan."

Then came the great surprise: The teacher made a speech; she said she knew that Alan always went to bed early. How did she know it? Because he always came to school fresh and rested, bright of eye and ready for work. She said she could tell who sat up late and who went to bed early by the work they did in school. She could pick them out and name them if she chose.

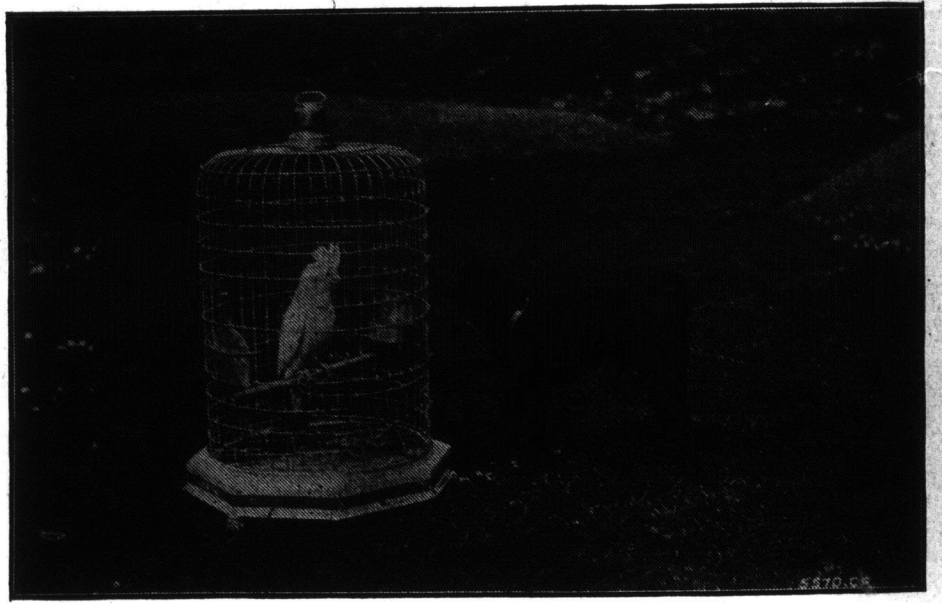
When the teacher said that, several little girls turned red, and at least one boy looked foolish and ashamed. But the teacher did not mention any names; she only said that she was sorry that Alan was the only one who dared to stand. Then she advised all except Alan to open their books and study their lessons. But she told Alan to go home and have a good time; he had earned a holiday.

Alan walked a step at a time, a step at a time, politely,—until he reached the big outside door; then he flew down the steps and ran home at the top of his speed, to get into the automobile on the front seat beside Lee for a ride into the country!

The Fairy in the Forest

By Antoinette De C. Patterson

It was the dearest, queerest little old lady in the world who had moved into the big house next to Madeleine's. Soon Madeleine grew to love her devotedly,



Whatever can it be?

when everyone wishes to be outdoors, even the teachers. Birds were singing, and the air was sweet with the smell of roses. A gentle breeze wandered into the schoolroom, as if to call the boys and girls outside to play.

The children were not studying their lessons as if they cared at all who George Washington was, or where the highest mountains are, or the longest rivers, or the largest cities, or how to spell the hard words.

Alan was thinking of his big brother, Lee, who did not have to go to school in the afternoon, because he was in the high school. The high school boys were supposed to study at home in the afternoon but nevertheless, Lee had planned to take the baby sisters, Laura and Mary Anna, in the automobile for a ride into the country. Little brother Alan was thinking of that when the teacher said to all the children, "You may lay aside your books for a moment, if you please."

Quickly all the children closed their books and sat straight, glad to listen to what the teacher had to say; they were expecting a surprise. The next moment Alan wished that he was anywhere else except in that schoolroom, because this is the question that the teacher asked:

"How many boys and girls in this room are in bed before nine o'clock every night except Friday nights and Saturday nights? All who are please stand."

Alan despised a lie; so he stood beside his desk and tried not to notice that the boys who were his neighbors were snickering behind their hands.

and to watch for every chance that might serve as an excuse for a call. Miss Phyllis, as everyone called her, had a wonderful doll, named Gabriella, who had three hundred and sixty-five different costumes,—one for each day in the year,—which, of course, added much to the pleasure of Madeleine's visits. Sometimes Gabriella would appear as a great lady, with a white powdered wig and a long satin train; sometimes in simple dress of a Red Riding Hood; and again as a prince in a long black velvet cloak, with the dearest little silver-bright sword!

And then, too, back of Miss Phyllis's house was a forest with a little brook in the heart of it,—and oh, such soft green moss! The old lady called that special spot Fairyland, and told Madeleine that that she should not be surprised at any moment during her wanderings in the woods to come across the fairy queen herself.

"How I should love to be with you when you see the queen!" said Madeleine. Her friend smiled. "Perhaps you may dear child," she answered. "Who knows?" "Have you ever seen her?" Madeleine next asked.

"Yes, once,—very, very long ago,—though my mother said at the time that I was dreaming. The fairy was like a beautiful princess, and the gown she wore was of blue gauze, of the shade of evening, and all studded with tiny stars. For a wand she held one of those bluegrey flowers that we children called quaker ladies; and I knew she was the queen of the fairies by the crown she wore."

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The next day Madeleine went on a visit to the city with her mother; but on the very afternoon of her return she ran over to see the old lady, just as she had promised to do.

"It is too lovely an afternoon, Madeleine," said Miss Phyllis, "to spend in the house, so let us go for a walk in the forest, where you can tell me about your visit."

But Madeleine who was interested in seeing all the new flowers and ferns that had come up during her week's absence, seemed to have quite forgotten what she had seen in the city.

"How wonderful it would be," she thought right out loud, "if the fairy queen should also come out to see all these beautiful things!"

As they neared the mossy place where the little brook was, Miss Phyllis walked more slowly. "Just in case," she said, turning to Madeleine, "the queen might be there. If she should be, we mustn't go too near; nor must we look too long, for fear of annoying her."

The voice of the old lady, as she spoke the last words, sank to a whisper. Then suddenly in the same low tone, although Madeleine could hear plainly every word,—she exclaimed, "Look—over there—in the shadows of the big tree across the brook!"

And as Madeleine looked her eyes grew bigger and rounder than they had ever been before, for, sure enough, there in the shadows of the big tree stood the fairy queen, in a star-bespangled gown and holding a pale flower that waved softly in the breeze. And on her head was a tiny crown.

"Oh!" murmured Madeleine under her breath.

The two stood there a few minutes at a respectful distance. Then Miss Phyllis whispered, "We really ought not to stay another moment, or her Majesty won't like it." So hand in hand they retraced their steps to the house, talking all the way back of what they had seen.

When Madeleine went home that evening and said she had seen the queen of the fairies, her mother smiled—just as Miss Phyllis's mother had smiled long ago—and insisted that it was a dream; but Madeleine said that no dream could have been so beautiful.

How the Daisy Got Her Name

"You want a story about the flowers," repeated Lucy. "Will you promise not to interrupt one single bit of a time?"

"I promise," said Robert solemnly. "Then I'll tell you how the daisy got her name."

Lucy gathered Robert into her lap and the story began:

"Once upon a time the sun, the great King of Heaven, invited all the beasts and the birds to decide which was the most beautiful wild flower. On the first of May a great Flower Carnival was to be held.

"What a flutter there was among the flowers! The Garden Beauties, noted far and wide for their wonderful size and coloring, offered all sorts of suggestions. One said she was planted in just the right soil, another that the spray was an excellent tonic, another that the hot-house heat did wonders.

"Dear me!" cried the Wild Flowers to each other. "We cannot choose a fancy soil, we have no kind gardener to nurse us, we have never heard of a spray, we have no hot-houses!"

"So some of them gave up in despair. But a wild rose, a buttercup, a trillium and a poor little washed-out thing still hoped. The little wild rose worshipped the crimson of the sunset so ardently that her pretty pink cheeks grew a lovelier pink; the yellow buttercup played with the golden sunbeam and grew more brightly yellow; the white trillium dreamed in the moonshine and bleached a whiter white. Each one thought she would surely win the crown of beauty. The poor little scorned Weed-flower that longed for the crown, lay awake night after night, gazing up at the stars and longing,—oh, so hard in her little heart.

"She had always had a hard life. Trodden under foot by cattle, scorned by the farmer, weeded out by the farmer's wife, she still clung to her bit of soil, repaired her torn leaves and raised her sweet white face with its one big eye to heaven. If ever a little flower prayed, she did.

"King Sun!" she prayed, 'make me beautiful!"

"Now King Sun really had a great big heart that melted with pity, so he talked tenderly of the little Weed-flower to his daughter Dew-drop.

"Father Wind!" prayed the little flower. "Mother Earth! help me! help me!"

"You see, with the flower children, the Sun and the Wind and the Earth and the Rain are all the father and mother they have. So she prayed and prayed; she wished and wished in her shy little heart; she lay awake until dawn morning after morning, when all the other flowers were fast asleep.

"Now, a wonderful thing happens at dawn. When the Sun paints the sky a delicate rose and a gorgeous yellow, all the lovely colors are carried down to earth by the little dewdrops. What a pity that the flowers were sound asleep! But not quite all—there in her little bed was tossing a little white flower with her one eye wide open.

"The Dew-drop settled softly on the upturned face and bathed its radiance. All the gold and the pink of the sunrise were there. So little Weed-flower grew beautiful and didn't know it. No one noticed her because she lived in such ugly rough places.

"On the first day of May when the beasts and the birds came together to judge the most beautiful flower, the buttercup, the wild rose, and trillium and the little Weed-flower stood before the judge, Mr. Fox.

"Then after looking at the applicants very shrewdly, Mr. Fox made a speech: "Buttercup, thou art the beautiful yellow of the sunbeam! Wild Rose, thou art the sunset blush! Trillium, thou hast the paleness of the moonlight! but little Weed-flower, thou hast all of these! Thy petals are a moonbeam whiteness, tipped with the crimson of the rose; thy eye is a gorgeous yellow, more beautiful than the Buttercup. Where camest thou by all this beauty? And what is thy real name?"

"Mr. Fox, I know not," said the Weed-flower humbly, "but I lay awake and longed for beauty. Each morn I saw the dawn."

"Thou shalt have the crown of beauty!" said the judge.

"Then the Wind whispered the secret. It was all the gift of the Dew-drop. Think of it! And ever since, they call the little Weed-flower the Day's Eye, and pretty ladies wash their faces in the dew on the first of May, in the hope that they can get some of the Daisy's loveliness"

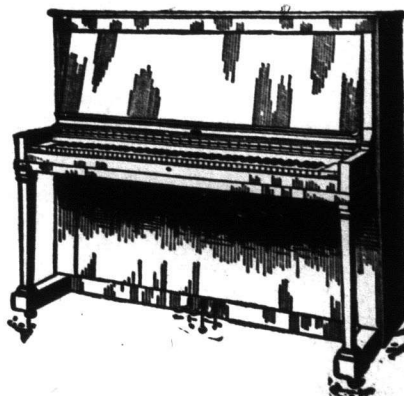
Donald Singing in the Dark

By William Herbert Carruth

About the middle of the night I started up, at first in fright, Across the hall from me to hear A little child's voice, dainty clear, There in his room wee Donald lay, Close curtained, so that not a ray Of moonshine might disturb his sleep Alone amid the darkness deep. It was the Christmas morn, I wot, But little Donald knew it not; An infant yet of under two, No word of human speech he knew; Yet in the still room's voiceless tract A precious drama did he act: He called his parents twice or thrice, Listened, and since 't did not suffice, Once more,—then made his own reply— A little cough—on foot start I— But ere I reach his chamber door It is hushed, and in a moment more The mimic play begins again; He sings a song unknown to men, A little carol, strange and sweet, Perchance such tones as once did greet, Bringing good tidings unto them, The shepherds' ears in Bethlehem. The song is ended, then in glee He laughs and chortles merrily; Again he calls, with such appeal A hardened reprobate I feel Not to reply, but must give in To the stern household discipline. Thus for an hour, amid the deep Of night he played, then fell asleep.

Lo, Lord, in thy wide universe Such a child's drama we rehearse: Unseeing with wide-open eyes We call and trust our own replies; We sing and call and vainly hark, Like Donald singing in the dark.

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About the Farm

(Conducted by Allan Campbell.)

THE VALUE OF THE FLOWER GARDEN

The flower garden has its place on the farm as well as the vegetable garden. We cannot live in too crude a state and expect the best results. Flowers give a softening influence to the harshness that may surround our toils and serve as a great antidote to mental fatigue. The movement in favor of rotations and summer fallows is saving our land from becoming run down or otherwise "jaded," and if the land needs this attention, surely the mind that governs the farm needs the most favorable conditions as well. We, of the human family, are largely affected by the influence of environment, and if we are forced to continually look upon disorder, untidiness and on un-beautiful things in general, we will, by means of subconscious development, tune ourselves up to the same pitch. The farmer may be out all day among the beauties of nature which are in evidence on his farm, but it is when the mind is tired in sympathy with the body after a long day's toil that we look for mental refreshment and are less able to throw off the depression brought on by dismal surroundings. While affected by these surroundings and being perhaps in poor humor, we may lay the blame too much on the things that have gone wrong during the day and not count the influence that is acting upon us in the shape of unharmonious surroundings. Music (of the right sort) and flowers are natural sedatives.

The influence of the flower garden may be spread over a large area by means of cut blooms which find a place in the house. A bouquet of choice flowers taken to a neighbor's house is an act of friendship that is always appreciated. The cost of the seed and the labor involved in the raising of a flower garden is well covered by the results obtained.

There are a great number of varieties

of flowers that are successful in this country and it would fill a good deal of space to enumerate them all. However, it will be as well to give the names of a few of the most desirable of them.

The Iris is a hardy perennial and produces a bloom early in the season of a beautiful orchid-like appearance. There are a good many different kinds of Irises; the colors are delicate, and each variety shows a bloom containing many tints, such as mauve, purple, yellow, white, etc. Their roots increase comparatively rapidly and this gives one a chance to establish new plantations of them in different parts of the garden. They need no winter protection. They make good showing as cut flowers in vases, etc.

Before the advent of the Iris, Tulips make pleasant harbingers of spring. They are annuals and may be bedded in

the fall and will brighten up the home grounds before the general run of flowers are available. They are well adapted to use as cut flowers and will keep about a week in water.

A good continuous rotation of bloom may be obtained by the use of Tulips, Irises and Peonies. The latter have a most magnificent bloom. Peonies are hardy, herbaceous Perennials, and are a great acquisition to the garden and are becoming increasingly popular. They should be planted about the beginning of September so that they may make some root growth before winter. This gives them a better chance in the spring. They need plenty of sunlight, and though they succeed in most soils, the best kind of soil for them is a rich, moist, but well-drained soil. They require a good allowance of room between each plant, say, three feet each way. For winter protection, a coating of about four inches of manure is advised, and this can be worked into the soil in the spring. Peonies are at their best toward the end of June. Some of the blooms are

about four inches across, and at a distance have the appearance of huge roses. There are some very delicate shades of pink and white which will always draw admiring attention.

Sweet peas are general favorites, and by a careful system of selection have been evolved the gorgeous blooms of the present day in place of the puny Sweet Pea of former years. By means of stakes and strings they may be made to form a beautiful hedge of various colors. One of their good points is that they have an exceedingly good supply of bloom; in fact, it is advisable to keep the flowers picked in order to keep the plants productive. The flowers make excellent bouquets and much pleasure may be obtained from them by making up artistic blendings of the various shades for the flower vases in the home. Sweet Peas will make a good fourth relay in the above outlined rotation of bloom and will carry on the work of bloom production until the first killing frost occurs.

Insects and Insecticides

The insect trouble is ever before us and each season we are compelled to adopt the necessary measures for their control. On the same principle as "Money saved is money earned," the knowledge of controlling insects is a valuable adjunct to the gardener, as it will enable him to obtain a greater percentage of profit from the result of his labors through the saving of his crops.

Injurious insects may be divided into two groups, viz., biting insects and sucking insects. Among the former are caterpillars, cutworms, etc., while the latter group includes the aphids. The biting insects may be controlled by such poisons as Paris green, while the sucking insects require contact insecticides, such as Kerosene Emulsion, and preparations containing tobacco.

There are some insects that are not injurious as far as the gardeners' interests are concerned, and among them is the Lady Bird beetle.



The Breakfast hour.

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THREE thousand tons of this stock feed is still available for distribution, and farmers should order now before supply is exhausted.

This Standard Stock Feed which is in store at Ft. William, consists of re-cleaned elevator screenings.

By actual feeding tests at various Dominion Experimental Farms it has been proved excellent for dairy cattle, while for finishing pigs it is equal to barley. For fattening lambs it gives very satisfactory results, as well as for fattening steers. It

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Over fourteen thousand tons of Standard Stock Feed have been sold and distributed by the Feed Division, and have given excellent results. Order a car load now as the quantity is limited. Be sure to state whether you require it *ground* or *unground*.

UNGROUND
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\$26

f.o.b. Fort William

Payable on Arrival

Orders should be sent direct to Feed Division, Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, for straight car lots only—(about 30 tons to a car.) Join with your neighbor and order a car on shares. Terms—Sight draft with bill of lading attached, payable on arrival of car. Orders filled strictly in turn as received.

GROUND
Per Ton, in Bags of 100 lbs.

\$34

f.o.b. Fort William

Pamphlet No. 18 giving full particulars sent on request with samples of the feed.

Live Stock Branch (Feed Division)

The Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture

OTTAWA

CANADA

Land left in a dirty state is encouraging to the propagation of insect life. Weeds and old cultivated vegetation are used as breeding places by many kinds of insects. The old trash left on the garden affords an excellent hiding place, and the sooner it is cleared away the better the prospects are in keeping down the number of the pests by discouraging them right at the start of the season.

The Making of Insecticides

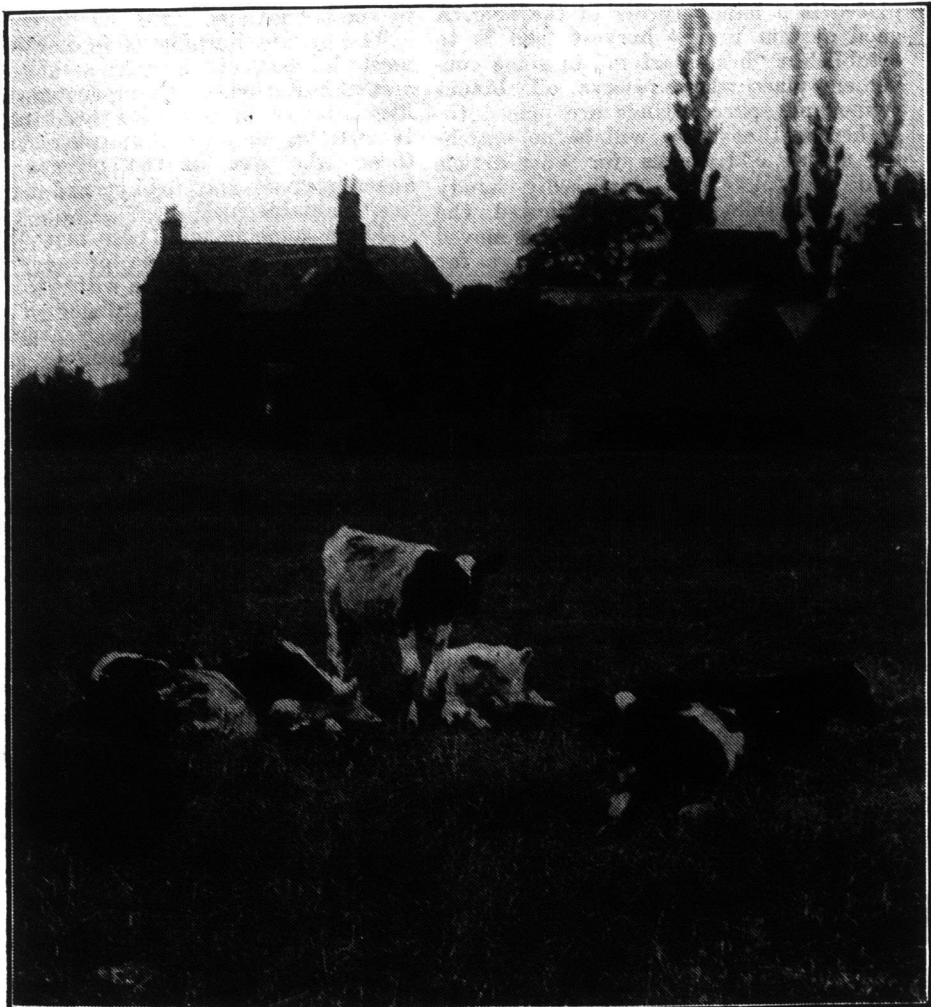
Paris green may be used in the proportion of 4 ounces to 40 gallons of water, with about half a pound of fresh lime. Arsenate of lead is preferred by some gardeners owing to the fact that it does not burn the leaves and is less likely to be washed off by rain. Powdered arsenate of lead is used in the proportion of two pounds to four gallons of water. A very good poison mixture is made up in the proportion of twenty pounds of bran, half a pound of Paris green, one quart of molasses, and two or three gallons of water. Mix the bran and Paris green dry; mix the molasses and water together until the former is dissolved, then wet the bran mixture with same and see that the bran is thoroughly dampened.

Sucking insects cannot be controlled by the ordinary stomach poisons as described above, as they obtain their sus-

little below the surface of the ground, and in dry years they are able to do much more damage, as in the dry soil they pass more easily from plant to plant, whereas in wet soil they are considerably retarded in their operations and have to feed above ground. Their liking for plant food is very extensive and includes grains, roots, alfalfa, and all kinds of vegetable crops.

The moths, which lay their eggs throughout the months of August and the larger part of September, select weedy summer fallows, especially those with a rough surface. A field that is smooth is less likely to be infested with cutworms, as the moths choose the clods to be found in roughly cultivated fields under which to lay their eggs. Summer fallows should be kept free from green growth during the cutworms' egg-laying period, as the aim of the moths is to lay their eggs near green growth.

For the control of these insects, the mixture of poisoned bran, described above, is recommended. The mixture should be scattered on and around the infested areas late in the afternoon so that it will not be dried out by the sun and will be in good condition and attractive to the pests when they come up to feed at night.



More profitable than a war garden

tenance through their beaks by which they pierce the surface of the leaves, etc., so that it will be readily seen that any poison on the surface of the plants is out of harm's way as their beaks are thrust past its range of influence. A good preparation for the destruction of these latter pests is Kerosene Emulsion, which is made up as follows: Two gallons kerosene (coal oil), one gallon rain water, half a pound of soap. The soap should be cut up fine and put into the water, the mixture heated and the kerosene added, the whole being thoroughly churned up for five minutes. This mixture, when cool, will become a kind of jelly and is a stock solution. When using, dilute one part of the kerosene emulsion with nine parts of water.

The Cutworm

The cutworm becomes a great menace at times, and a knowledge of its habits is a valuable acquisition to those engaged in horticulture and agriculture. This insect is about the most destructive of any in the prairie provinces. The majority of the eggs are hatched out by the middle of April. The cutworms remain below the surface of the ground during the day, rising to the surface at night to feed. They prefer to feed a

The Colorado Beetle

When the potato crop is coming up, a sharp lookout should be kept for the appearance of the above insect, as once they get a start on the potato crop the leaves of the plants rapidly disappear with resultant loss. It is not advisable to wait until the vines show injury, but to start spraying at the first appearance of the bugs. The Paris green mixture as described above is the recommended remedy for the attacks of the potato beetle. As the eggs are not all hatched at the same time, it is necessary to repeat the spraying at given intervals in order to thoroughly rid the crop of the insects.

Aphids

These plant lice, as before mentioned, cannot be controlled by poisonous sprays applied to the surface of the leaves, but contact mixtures such as Kerosene Emulsion, as previously described.

Harvest Mobilization

The cutting, stooking and threshing of the grain crops are operations that will ere long be upon us with the usual suddenness of all farm operations. At such a time delay means great anxiety, and lost time in the harvest field is some-

Manitoba Department of Agriculture

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are now a mighty agency in the agricultural life of the Province. During the present season the Boys and Girls of Manitoba

Destroyed Over Half a Million Gophers

of which 25,000 were the destructive Pocket Gopher, and by so doing saved thousands of bushels of grain. The next event in club work will be the

FALL FAIR

when the results of the summer's work will be marshalled for purposes of comparison and of showing what can be done by the Boys and Girls under intelligent direction.

WE APPEAL TO PARENTS

to give the young people all legitimate assistance and encouragement in getting their exhibits in good shape for the fair. The BOY is father of the MAN. An enthusiastic, ambitious boy or girl who learns in early life to do a difficult job well, is likely to succeed in later years. Remember that the Boys' and Girls' Club work is part of the EDUCATION of your Boy or Girl.

V. WINKLER

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration

S. T. NEWTON

Director Agricultural Extension Service

Prof. O. H. Benson, in charge of Boys' and Girls' Clubs for the United States, will deliver a series of ten lectures on Club Work at the Manitoba Agricultural College, July 28th to August 2nd. Club leaders will enjoy hearing these lectures.

IT is more economical to use Paint than it is not to use it. Lumber costs more than Paint—Paint preserves Lumber. All Paints are not suited to Western conditions.

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Gombault's Caustic Balsam The Great French Remedy Will Do It

It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

"I had a bad hand with four running sores on it. The more I doctored the worse it got. I used Caustic Balsam and never needed a doctor after that."
—Ed. Rosenberg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of goitre. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

A Safe, Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Rheumatism and Stiff Joints. Whenever and wherever a Liniment is needed Caustic Balsam has no Equal.

Dr. Higley, Whitewater, Wis., writes: "I have been using Caustic Balsam for ten years for different ailments. It has never failed me yet."

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THE
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Dear Sirs:—Beginning about I will require
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Yours truly,

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N.B. This application does not constitute a contract. It is to be
used only for purposes of estimate.

times accountable for enormous losses. It is during the interval between seeding and harvest that the farmer gets an opportunity to prepare for the busy "winding up" operations of the year, and it is very necessary to have things in shape to work smoothly and reliably.

There are many items to be considered, including the ordering of binder twine, general overhauling of machinery parts, etc., and it is advisable to see what parts are too worn to last any length of time, as these parts should be replaced before they cause a premature halt in the rush of harvest by breaking when the binder happens to be at the far end of a large field. Racks and grain boxes should get their share of attention a considerable time before harvest, as they are capable of causing trouble at the last moment. There may be some machinery fittings that take some time to get owing to the factory being at some distant point, and it is as well to give this matter some serious consideration as soon as possible in order to steal a march on the possibility of being held up while these essential parts are being shipped.

Spare doubletrees and whiffletrees are very valuable items toward the maintaining of steady work through the saving of lost time in the field. It is a good policy to have a spare set for each binder placed in a handy corner of the field. A good system in the harvest field is to establish a "headquarters" in some convenient place where reserve oil, binder twine and spare fittings are placed together so that there will be no searching among odd stooks for any article that was put in a supposedly handy place. If this system is followed, the supplies may be gathered up and moved into the next field to be cut in a far more expeditious manner than is possible when they are scattered promiscuously over the field.

Some Pointers on Milk

To get the best returns from milk, cleanliness must be strictly observed in every way. Clean milk is a splendid food, while dirty milk is a danger. It is very difficult to obtain clean milk where cleanliness is not well observed. When the cattle and barns are dirty, clean milking is a game of chance. Some of the chief points advised in the production of clean milk are, cleaning off cows with a brush and bedding down about half an hour before milking, and clean hands to do the milking.

The pails used have a considerable influence in the matter, as a wide topped pail becomes not only a receptacle for the milk, but a harbor for any dust, stray hairs, or other undesirable matter that may fall at the time of milking. A partly covered pail is the most desirable to use, as the area being restricted will exclude what the wide open pail includes. The mending of holes in milking pails by means of small pieces of rag and match sticks will defeat the object of cleanliness for the reason that the places thus stopped up will become an assembling place for germs owing to the porous state of the material employed. Expert patching is required when holes occur, and all pails should be thoroughly scalded after milking is finished and well aired.

Waste Your Coal and Ruin Your Skin

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University).

There was a day, not so far distant, when there was no coal in use by man. To hear the grumbles and kicks and gnashing of teeth against Fuel Administrator Garfield, you would think "civilized man cannot live without coal."

Perhaps the child, the aged and the invalid would suffer some hardships from gas heaters and log fires, but even this is not certain when you recall the virtues of the open fireplace. The fire on the open hearth, with its inviting hospitable blaze roaring up the chimney, acts as a suction for all the cold, dusty, stale vapors in the rest of the room.

The kitchen range, nowadays, is often happily a gas range. It is decidedly to the mother and homemaker's advantage. All she needs to do is strike a light and the gas does the rest. Mother used to rake fires, sift ashes, haul up buckets of pea coal and otherwise almost break her back and her health. But no more.

There is, however, such a matter as "too much of a good thing." If the housewife does not save gas, she commits a felony of waste and a misdemeanor of good health. The gas supplied by your gas company is made from coal. If you waste it, you waste coal and throw your own money away uselessly. Simultaneously, you consume and turn up much of the fresh air of your kitchen and dining room, as you also pour forth from the gas range, foul vapors and poison gases. These latter, like those of a coal fire, enter your lungs, deposit lots of black particles, and gases, which play the part of poor substitutes for fresh, airy rooms. The soot and black particles are not visible always in the rooms, but they are larger and more troublesome in the throat and lungs. You then cough, sneeze and hawk them up in your sputum.

Fireless cookers are aids in the campaign of fuel economy, as well as in the effort of public health officials to keep indoors as bright and sanitary as out-of-doors.

Cooked food is often unhealthy because it absorbs too many bad gas or coal vapors. If most of the table pabulum were cooked merely to the point desired and then kept hot in vacuum bottles, thermos jars or newspaper cosies, the latter easily made as insulators, much fuel would be saved, the food would be tasted and eaten with more zest, and the foul gases would not have been absorbed by the hot rations.

The steady burning of gas or coal in most kitchens is largely a matter of animal imitation, tradition, custom, habit. Eight hours in ten, this need not be. It irritates a pure atmosphere, makes those who live in the private house anaemic, pale and flabby, and it wastes most valuable fuel.

There come to mind also many homes where hot water is made for every "lick-stitch" of effort. If John wishes to shave, the hot water heater is aflame; if Mary wishes to wash her dishes or hands, the heater "gets busy." Whenever anyone wishes a bath, the hot water waste goes on endlessly. So it goes. Yet the hot water in the boiler for John could have been insulated with newspapers, rag bags, or in vacuum tubes, and saved for baths, dishes and other purposes.

Too many cooks spoil the broth, and too hot a bath invites pneumonia and other mischievous goblins of disease.

A lukewarm bath for those who cannot abide cold ones, will prevent lots of ailments as well as too sensitive a skin.

The skin is not merely a garment to be steamed and cleaned. It is a sensitive structure with adaptabilities, sensations, behavior, evaporations, absorptions and other vital, living powers. The skin is a delicate structure important in your personal physiology. It must not be burned or tampered with thoughtlessly. Much heat is not good for it.

Pain in the Feet

We do not realize how constantly we use our feet until something happens to interfere with their function. When that occurs, we are likely to suffer a good deal of pain, and still more inconvenience, and even to find our general health seriously affected by our inability to walk—for walking is the most valuable and necessary of all forms of exercise.

In many cases the pain in the feet is owing to the presence of corns, bunions, or chafflains. But there are more obscure affections that cause pain in walking. Two of the most common are flatfoot, and the opposite condition—an overhigh arch. The latter is really a partial clubfoot, although those who have it like to regard it as a mark of aristocratic blood.

When the arch is too high, the weight of the body is not properly distributed, but falls on the heel and the ball of the foot. The pain is especially severe in the ball of the foot. In flatfoot the pain is most severe in the early stages, when the fibrous sheet that stretches between the ball of the foot and the heel has to do all the work of keeping the foot in shape, since the ligaments that are meant to support the arch are already weakened and elongated. After this fibrous structure—the plantar fascia it is called—has yielded, and the flatfoot is fully established, the pain is much less acute.

The fibrous structures are sometimes painful, even when the arch of the foot is neither too high nor too low, owing to a so-called gouty or rheumatic condition. Physicians are still uncertain just what this condition really is, but it can usually

be cured in its early stages if the patient has perseverance. There are certain neuralgic conditions—one is known as "Morton's painful toe"—that are often as difficult to cure as neuralgia elsewhere.

When both heels are painful, it usually means either that flat foot is beginning, or that the rheumatic or gouty tendency is declaring itself. When only one heel is affected, the cause is usually bruise or strain. As soon as the doctor discovers the source of the trouble he must try to remove it, and the patient can often help him. Something will be said on that point in another article.

Enlarged Glands

Lymphadenitis is inflammation of a lymph gland, and follows an invasion by some infectious germ. The first step in treating it is to ascertain the nature of the germ that is causing the trouble. In cases of chronic lymphadenitis in the neck, physicians often trace the infection to trouble with the nose or throat. As soon as any neck swellings develop in a child the throat should be examined for enlarged tonsils or adenoids and the mouth for decayed teeth. If the trouble comes from any of those sources, correcting them usually results in a gradual decrease in the size of the swelling.

If, after all those precautions have been taken, the swelling remains as large as before, or even grows worse, it is time to suspect tuberculous lymphadenitis—a common chronic trouble in childhood. In these cases the first duty is to make very sure of the milk supply.

If possible the child should drink only milk that comes from cows that have been tested for tuberculosis. If that is not possible, then the milk should always be pasteurized or boiled. The tuberculin-tested milk is the best, because its food value is not impaired.

Sometimes, in spite of all that can be done, an enlarged gland softens, and the surface of the skin shows signs that breaking down will occur. Under those conditions a surgeon should remove the gland without loss of time.

But operation or no operation, when children have enlarged glands in the neck or elsewhere they should always be placed under the care of the physician. Very often well-meaning mothers make local applications that do more harm than good, because they hasten the softening that is so much to be dreaded. What is true of applications is also true of handling or rubbing. Mothers and nurses, more energetic than wise, have been known to spend much time on massage with the worst possible results. All tuberculous processes and glandular swellings should be kept as quiet as possible. For that reason if the swelling occurs on some part of the body where there is much movement such as the groin, the patient should either remain in bed or the part affected should be made immovable by means of splints and bandages. An open-air life and nourishing food are essential, for everything possible must be done to maintain the general health. The enemy as yet has gained only a local footing; the fight must be to prevent the disease from becoming general and constitutional.

A TRINKET

By Ellen Gordon

I spied a little trinket
All covered o'er with dust;
An old, discarded trifle,
All blacked and frayed with rust.
I caught it up, impulsively,
And rubbed it well with care;
Then held it in the sunlight,
To search for radiance there.
I polished it with eagerness,
By a gem and candle's flare;
And oft I gently breathed on it,
Some breath of love and prayer.
I carefully applied to it
Some drops of critic's art;
And lo! it shone with bashfulness,
I had a shining part.
The shining part is subtle,
As I can see it in the view;
But I do not know my bosom,
And you do not know me.

Hard on the Bishop

Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston, was a very kind-hearted man, and was particularly fond of children. One day he saw a small boy trying to reach the handle of a door-bell, but just failing in his efforts. "Let me help you, my little man," the bishop said, and stepping up to the door he gave the handle a vigorous pull. Then the little boy whirled round and fled down the steps with the cry, "Now run like the devil."

that the finest and freshest-looking berries should make a showy top covering.

One of the spectators grew indignant. "How in the world," he demanded, "do you expect to sell your wares when you openly show that they are not what they seem to be?"

"Aw, gwan," said the vendor addressed. "This is New York, and there are more trans coming with more people."

Merely a Suggestion on His Part

The last tramp found the pantry supplies exhausted, but the mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty-handed.

"Here's a penny for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the porch with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

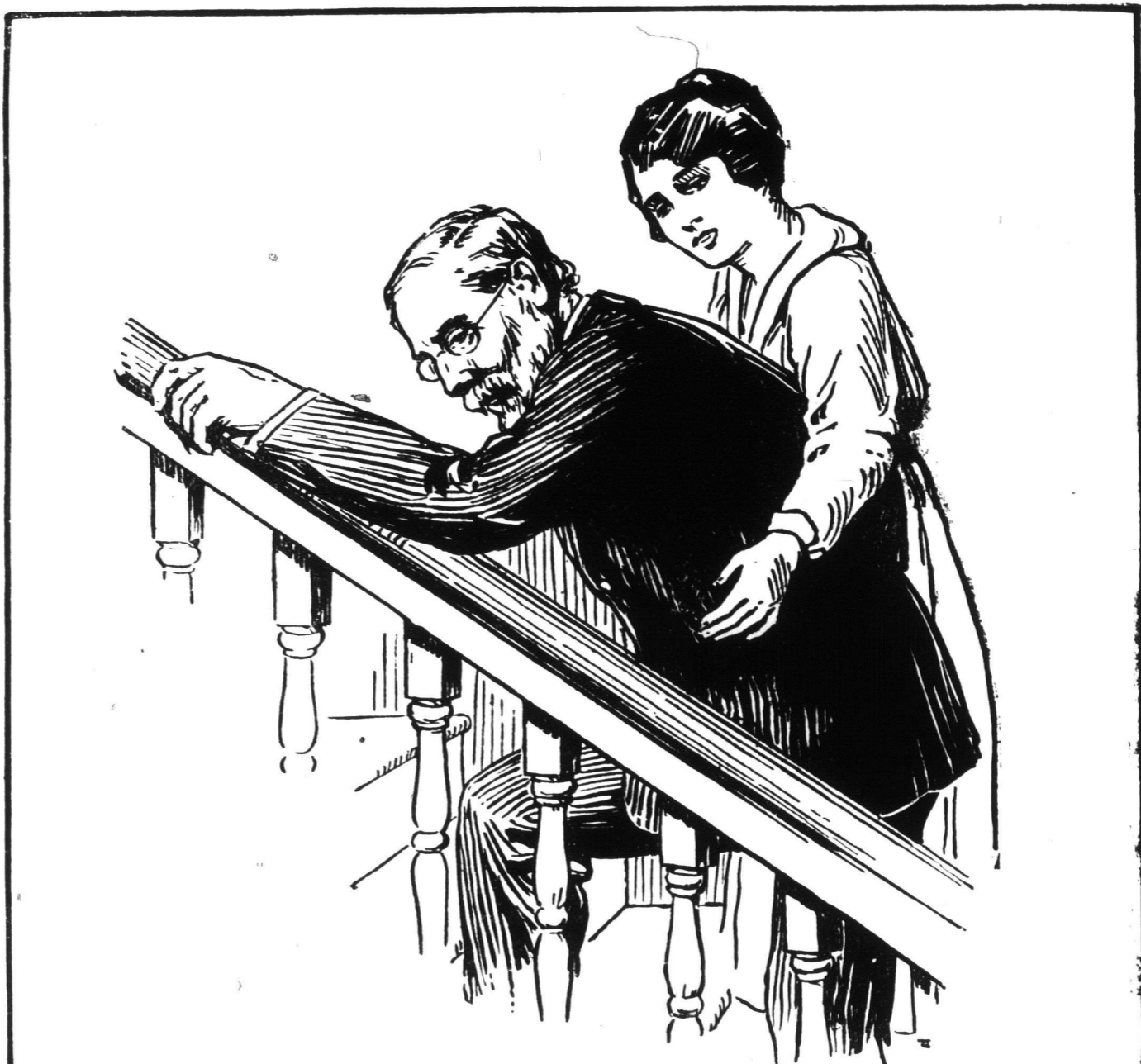
"Thankee, but couldn't you make it a bob and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"

Heart-Rending French

When on a visit to London M. Ribot, the French premier, sat at dinner beside a well-known financier, whose French was none of the best. Not knowing that M. Ribot spoke English, the man of millions opened the conversation somewhat as follows:

"Monsieur," he said, "eska-an-aska voo-ask-voo vooley, ma-voo-ly ma dun-ny."

"My dear sir," the minister blandly interrupted, "do, I beg of you, stop conversing in French. You speak it so well it makes me homesick."



"I Am So Short of Breath"

"I MUST be your heart, Grand Dad."

"Yes, I suppose it is. I am getting old, you know."

"Oh, you are not so old. You have got run down after the cold you had and will be all right when you get your blood built up again."

"Well, I hope so, dear."

"You remember how weak my heart was, Grand Dad, when I used to be pale and anaemic. It was no joke for me to climb these stairs then."

"You are all right now, aren't you?"

"I never felt better in my life, Grand Dad, and if you will use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for a while you will get strong and well, too. That is what cured me."

"But do you think that the Nerve Food is any good for old men like me?"

"I am sure it is. I often read letters in the newspapers from old people telling about what a great benefit it has been to them by enriching the blood and increasing their vitality."

As an example of what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does for people of advanced years, here is a letter from Mr. James Richards, 73 Dundas St., Belleville, Ont., who is 89 years of age. He writes:

"I was suffering from a weakness of the heart, shortness of breath and frequent dizzy spells which used to force me to go and lie down for a time. I secured Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and received such splendid results that I continued its use until I am now feeling fine and am not troubled with these symptoms any more."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. On every box of the genuine you will find the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author.

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FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND

The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit

ALL FOR \$1.25

This is the big offer of the year:

Two dollars' worth of good reading material and the most up-to-date Embroidery Outfit ever issued

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and The Parisienne Embroidery Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

OVERSEAS BUYING AGENCY MANAGER—Harry B. Hart
(Late Daily Mail Overseas Buying Agency)

NOTE ADDRESS.....64, HAYMARKET, LONDON

Will buy anything for you, save time and money, and make no charge for its service and 20 years' expert knowledge of London markets.

Personal, Home or Business Purchases—no order is too small. Quotations and Catalogues (when obtainable) furnished free. Write for free Booklet.

The O.B.A. (W. H. GORE & CO.), 64, Haymarket, London, S.W. Cable "Obuyacy, London."

Fashions and Patterns

A Smart Suit For Early Fall. 2926— For this style, tricotine, serge, taffeta, velour, gabardine, or velveteen could be used. The vest may be, if contrasting material as illustrated or of the cloth, braided or embroidered. The skirt is cut so that the side seam edges may be unconfined at ankle length, but if preferred, the seam may be closed. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 yards of 54 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 3/4 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Practical Apron. 2697— This is a "slip-on" model with side closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the sleeveband or finished loose, as back view illustrates. The style is good for percale, gingham, chambray, seersucker, drill, lawn or muslin. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Easy to make Dress for Party, Graduation or Best Wear. 2479— This attractive model is fine for batiste, voile, organdy, lawn, silk, crepe or linen. It will also develop nicely in challie, albatross, taffeta and charmeuse. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires

A Dainty Frock for Party or Best Wear. 2932— You could make this of dimity, dotted swiss, voile, handkerchief linen soft silk, challie, or gabardine. Lace or embroidery or hemstitching will form a suitable finish. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or, short and loose. The pattern is cut



3 3/4 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps

A Comfortable Night Dress. 2918— This would be pretty in pink silk or crepe, with facings or binding of blue washable ribbon. Hemstitching, embroidered scallops, picot or edging would be nice also. The revers may be omitted. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Comfortable House or Service Dress. 2922— This is a splendid style for gingham, chambray, lawn, linen, drill and khaki. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. The fronts could be finished for reversible closing. The sleeve is attractive in wrist length, or finished in elbow length, with the turn back cuff. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Comfortable Play Suit. 2919— This is a good model for gingham, chambray, lawn, percale, repp, poplin, galatea, drill and linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 2 3/4 yards of 44 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to

A Combination of Two Popular Styles. Blouse 2934, Skirt 2605— Here is a model ideal for sports' wear. The blouse is new and attractive. The skirt is a plaited model, cut with necessary fullness

and graceful lines. Satin, crepe de chine or Georgette would be suitable for the blouse, and serge, satin, taffeta, linen or gingham for the skirt. The Blouse is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2 3/4 yards with plaits extended. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Popular Style. 2910—This little suit would develop well in serge, velvet, corduroy, tweed or cheviot. It is also good for wash materials, gingham, chambray, galatia, khaki, drill and linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards of 27 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

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A Neat Apron Dress to be slipped over the Head, or closed at the back. 2526—Striped percale, with trimming of white linen, is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, sateen, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. Generous pockets are added to the front, and the short, loose sleeve is comfortable. The fulness at the waist may be free, or held in place by a belt. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42. Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model. 2739—This pleasing design may be developed in lawn, linen, drill, percale, seersucker, or gingham. The skirt is a four gore model. The

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2479

2922



A Dainty Dress for the Little Miss. 2924—You will like this model for wash fabrics, for silk, serge and gabardine, albatross, plaid suiting and velvet. The trimming yoke has added pocket sections, which may be omitted, together with the trimming. The sleeve is nice—for cool days in wrist length, and very pleasing and comfortable in elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require 2 5/8 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

waist may be finished with the wrist length sleeve, or with one in elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Width of skirt is about 2 1/4 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid Style for the Growing Girl. 2933—This "one-piece" model would develop well in blue or brown serge, or gabardine with braid trimming or embroidery. It is nice also for satin, taffeta, velvet and corduroy. The fronts and back are shaped over the sides, to form pockets. One may finish the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 40 inches material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Stylish Design. 2920—This dress is good for gingham, chambray, lawn, seersucker, and other cotton fabrics. It may also be developed in silk, satin, gabardine, rajah and shantung silks. Gingham with linen or pique, or foulard and organdy could be combined. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 5/8 yards. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 36 inch

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Correspondence

W. H. M. the Best of Them All

Dear Editor,—Here I come again. I was very glad to see my letter in print. I have the last issue and I have read it from cover to cover, and I will say that it is the best paper I receive, and I take a lot of papers. Some of the girls and boys seem to oppose dancing. Well, for my part, I cannot see any harm in it. I see that "Puzzled" thinks that there is harm in dancing, because he does not care to dance while the preacher is around. Well, I believe that true religion can be taken to where there is dancing as well as to church. In fact, it should, because I don't believe a decent young man would take his sister or sweetheart to a dance if he thought there was any evil to come from it. If the young people would conduct themselves like they should, I see no more harm in dancing than playing a game of checkers. Yes, I agree with "Sky-Scraper," that there is good and bad in all of us, and I believe that if the German people only knew what they had been fighting for, there would have been an end to this terrible war long ago. I agree with "Light of the Morning," that there is no life like country life, where a person can get out and "shake themselves," as the saying goes. "Bookworm," if you only learned to dance, you would think that there was no better sport; but, of course, there are other pastimes that suit just as well; and if there was nothing else but dancing I am afraid there would not be so many of us in favor of it. Why, sure, "A Boob McNutt," we bachelors just think it great to be talked about, but I don't agree with Chatterbox when she says that the bachelors don't need any pity. I should say we do. Yes, "Farmer Girl," it is all right; and what we should all do is to go to church; but, of course, too much of one thing is not good. Well, dear Editor and readers, I guess I have gone the limit, and perhaps a little further; but I hope not, so I will close, hoping to hear from some of the readers, and wishing the Editor and members every success.

RANCHER.

Get New Topic

Dear Editor,—As my first letter managed to get published, I thought I would try again. I see that The Western Home Monthly has readers in England, Scotland and all over. I always sent my copies overseas when I had read them, but have not since the war finished. I think someone should start a different topic from "dancing," as the correspondents have been arguing that so long. I do not care very much for dancing, but don't see very much harm in the little country dances. I like socials. "Contented Bach" certainly has a dreadful opinion of girls. I think he should, by all means, stay a "bach." No, Capt. G., we have been doing lots of things besides dancing since the men left for France. I liked "Cheerio's" letters, and hope she will write again; also "A Canadian." I got some very nice correspondents through my last letter. I live in a very pretty little valley in B. C., with the mountains all around, and the river running in and out, but it is very quiet. I am very fond of painting, reading and music. This is getting rather long, so will close, as before.

MILLY MIGGS.

Dancing Once More

Dear Editor.—I have just now read Mr. "Puzzled's" article in your edition of May relative to dancing, and while without hesitation admitting that "Christ and his teaching should be our guide," I would like Mr. "Puzzled" to point to the chapter and verse in the scripture where Christ taught that dancing is either wrong or dangerous. If he can do that he has gained his point; if not, why does he introduce that statement: "Can we take Christ into the dance?" Does he mean can we engage in the dance and be in the spirit of prayer? If that is his meaning, I would say "Yes, just as much as in any other enjoyment." If, however, he believes

he is doing wrong, then my answer would be "No;" for no one can be in the spirit of prayer and believing he is doing wrong. I once heard a man who came into a room where a game of checkers was going on, remark that the players were "going to the devil," and he immediately left the room. I suppose he would have felt guilty if he had played. If the Puritan of three hundred years ago had eaten a piece of mince pie, he would have felt that he was "doffing his hat" to the devil. Doubtless Mr. "Puzzled" would eat a piece of mince pie and wonder where the Puritan saw the evil. Doubtless the Puritan would have been horrified at other things Mr. "Puzzled" allows and sees no harm in. After all, this question of dancing is one of training. There is absolutely nothing in the act of beating time with the feet that is not in keeping step or marching to music, while the feet and hands are not so constitutionally different as to make playing the piano a right thing and beating time to the music with the feet a wrong thing. I felt rather amused—possibly I was wrong in allowing that feeling to creep over me—in his reference to the preacher. I would advise Mr. "Puzzled" to form the practice of leaving those parties when the preacher does, knowing as he does by the uneasiness of the people what is to follow. But now, Mr. "Puzzled," are you really sure that the preacher is not wanted? My opinion is that he leaves because he does not want to be there, and that the people wait till he is gone out of deference to his known wishes; and I give him credit for leaving, just as I would give Mr. "Puzzled" credit for leaving rather than try to force his own personal opinion on others who have an equal right to think for themselves.

Has Mr. "Puzzled" noticed that Christ was at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, and actually helped on the festivities. The good book does not say whether or not the officiating clergyman left before the festivities began. One thing we do know, that Christ did not frown on enjoyments. Dancing was in that day an amusement at these festivities, and I fail to find any condemnation by that Greatest of all Teachers.

Now, my dear Mr. "Puzzled," you were trained from infancy to believe dancing to be wrong, and you are now searching for reasons to substantiate the correctness of your teaching. Had your parents been Jews, you would be possibly searching to prove that eating pork is sinful, with possibly a little more hope of success than in your present search. Had you been trained in East India you might have avoided touching the fat of the dead cow for fear of losing caste, or had it been your fortune to have been a North American Indian, you would have hesitated to bury your dead without placing beside him the bow and arrow with which he would roam the plains of the "happy hunting ground."

As I see it, dancing is wrong to the one whose conscience condemns it; but I do not find in the teaching of the good Book that he is justified in judging others who enjoy it as an innocent pastime and see no evil in it.

SASKATCHEWAN,

A Last Word on Dancing

Dear Editor.—Perhaps the subject of "dancing" is somewhat monotonous by this; nevertheless, after all the pros and cons have been heard, the fact remains that it is not dancing itself that is harmful but rather the injudicious manner of its use by some of the participants.

Dancing in its earliest form was an expression of strong emotion, and hence came to be associated with religious feeling. The religious dance was known among the Israelites; it found a place in the processions to the Egyptian temples, and was cultivated by the Greeks and Romans.

Although dancing has never found any permanent place in Christian rites, it has often been known in Christian ceremonies. Carol dances were practised by the early Christians. Till as late as 1737, "la bergette" was danced at Besancon at Easter. At Seville cathedral dur-

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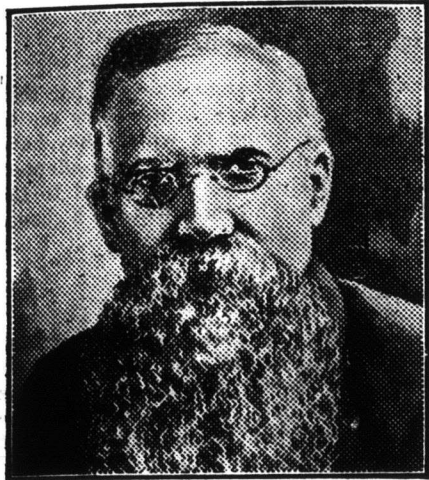
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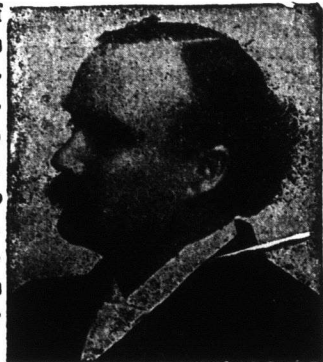
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ing the Corpus Christi Octave, a ballet is still danced every evening before the high altar, and a religious dance also survives at Alaco, in the Balearic Isles.

I admit that the company usually frequenting our modern dancing halls is not such as the majority (all I hope) care to associate with, but the innocent pastime of dancing should not be made the culprit. For there is nothing in itself or of itself that is harmful—"Man creates the evil he endures."

As a matter of fact, a most delightful evening may be spent in dancing at one's home or that of a friend's, which is also beneficial; inasmuch that it is an exercise.

In answer to "Puzzled," may I say that I do not comprehend why we may not admit Christ into our pleasures as well as our work and devotion; for even in His teachings, are we not commanded "to be moderate in 'all' things?"

I am sure "Bookworm" has found delightful mental recreation between the cover of a good book, and may I kindly suggest that she take the lead in a discussion on literature? A subject, I trust in which many of the members are interested.

MANFIELD.

Midst Nature's Charms

Dear Editor.—Hoping you will recognize a line in your correspondence page from one of your subscribers, I write for the first time. I very heartily endorse the composition of your clean and instructive paper, The Western Home Monthly, and it appeals to me it should be in every home throughout your great West and the Dominion. I am a farmer and stockman living in the free and genial climate of British Columbia. Am fond of Nature's music, and as I stand beside a rippling brook and listen to its happy laughter as it bounds dancing, skipping, splashing and dashing in its happy race onward to its final goal and resting place, the sea, the great ocean of waters, it reminds me of youth, full of buoyance and life, fashioned in the image of Christ and giving praises, merriment and joy to Him through those intellectual and motional capacities as is spoken of in Psalms 30, 11, and also Luke 15, 25. Personally, I am fond of clean literature, cleanly people in body and mind, music, vocal and instrumental, of a quality that is ennobling and elevating to the mind and soul of man, and to my mind the performing of time, punctuation and rhythmic modifications cannot more completely or beautifully be carried out than in the various motions of the body, feet, limbs and general anatomy of the graceful person in the form of dancing. In this way I believe that any conscientious Christian would neither be ashamed or afraid to meet his God. There is a right and a wrong way for everything, and the devil often wanders in sheep's clothing within the confines of the church and among church people. Remember, dear readers, that goodly merriment is said to be as wine to the soul, and a man, to be a man, must act the gentleman in spirit and in truth wherever he is. Thanking you for space in your correspondence page, and with best wishes to all readers, I am,

SUNSHINE.

Community Dances

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been a silent reader of your most splendid magazine. My father took it years before I could read it. I think the correspondence page is just great. This is my first letter to your page and I am so afraid it will not pass the W.P.B., as I see only the best letters are printed.

I agree with Frenchy in thinking that music and musicians would be a very interesting subject to be discussed. I see in the last issue a great many of the members are against dancing. We have a few community dances with no outsiders, and enjoy ourselves very much. Do any of the members like skating? I like it very much and have very enjoyable times on the river and rink. I live on a farm and love all outdoor sports, although I haven't had to turn a farmer-cotte yet. "Normalite," I, too, have often

wondered where the old time bachelors have gone that we very seldom hear of them now.

If any of the members care to write I will answer all letters. I will close now with best wishes to all.—Smiles.

A Lover of Good Fun

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your club. My brother has taken the paper for sometime and I always wanted to write but never got started till now.

I like to read The Western Home Monthly, as there is a lot of interesting stories in it.

I see by some of the letters that quite a few are against dancing. I don't see any harm in it at all. There has been quite a few dances around here this winter, and I have gone to most of them. I see "Cheerio" sides in with "Tom, Dick or Harry" about dancing. They said that a better amusement could be afforded. Maybe they are right in one way. But how are you going to spend the long winter evenings when there are no skating rinks near. I am very fond of skating and dancing myself. Although I never got much chance to do any skating this winter.

Well as news is scarce I will close, hoping the Editor prints this.—A Lover of Fun:—

Happy-Go-Lucky Wants Letters

Dear Editor and Readers:—I have been a silent reader of The Western Home Monthly for a few months, and find it one of the best home papers in Canada. I enjoy the stories very much and also the correspondence page, as there are many very interesting letters.

I am a farmer and like the farm life very much as a person is free, but it is hard work at times. I am working a half section. The last two years we did not have much of a crop on account of the drought. Last year I got my seed.

I, like many others, enjoy skating and other outdoor sports, and I am a bookworm. I think St. Elmo, Zena River, The Trail of The Lonesome Pine, A Girl of the Limberlost, Riders of the Purple Sage, are fine books. I have read many others but these are just a few. I hope to see this in print. If any of the fair sex care to write to a farmer 24, I will try and answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.—Happy-Go-Lucky.

A Lonely Bach

Dear Editor:—The letter from "Chatter-box" has aroused me at last. The remark re the poor young homesteaders I also would like to give my opinion on. I am a young fair homesteader myself, and agree with her on the point that fair people like dark ones and vice versa, so any young dark girl, well I don't like to say it, but I'd like her address, or mine is with the editor, and gee it would help as I have no friends with the gentler sex. Now for the marriage problem. "Chatter-box" says we don't want pity as we do not want to get married before we are rich. I agree it is perfectly so, and is it not a sensible policy in more ways than one. As you know some girls are mercenary and would it not breed discord and kill love between them if he were poor? Of course many would help him wonderfully and I'd like to get one like that. As for riding, well, I've got a dandy saddle-horse and there is the whole river banks to ride on, as I live one mile from the Saskatchewan River.

Will somebody have pity on a lonely bach?—Blonde.

Extreme Dissipation

A small, henpecked little man was about to take an examination for life insurance. "You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the physician as he made ready for tests. "Not a fast liver, or anything of that sort?" The little man hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small piping voice, "I sometimes chew a little gum."

Every Blemish Removed In Ten Days

I Will Tell Every Reader of This Paper How FREE

YOUR COMPLEXION MAKES OR MARS YOUR APPEARANCE



Pearl La Sage, former actress who offers women her remarkable complexion treatment

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a complexion that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Blemish, moody complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions, various skin ailments, no cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "light," whether your face is full of muddy spots, pimpley blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "sorey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In 10 days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. All methods now known are cast aside. Your face, even eyes, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it. Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment free. You take no risk—and no money—just your name and address on coupon below and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

FREE COUPON

PEARL LA SAGE, Dept. 43
68 St. Peter St., MONTREAL, P.Q., Can.
Please tell me how to clear my complexion in ten days; also send me Pearl La Sage Beauty Book, all FREE.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....Prov.....

THIS WOMAN ESCAPED AN OPERATION

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many Others Have Done the Same.

Troy, N. Y.—"I suffered for more than seven months from a displacement and three doctors told me I would have to have an operation. I had dragging down pains, backache and headaches and could not do my housework. My sister who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound asked me to try it. I have taken several



bottles and am now entirely well—so I do all my work—and not a trace of my old trouble. I have told many of my friends what wonderful results they will get from its use."—Mrs. S. J. SEMLER, 1650 5th Ave., Troy, N. Y. Women who are in Mrs. Semler's condition should not give-up hope or submit to such an ordeal until they have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

What the World is Saying

A Cause for Thankfulness

Cheer up! Suppose the Germans were taxing us!—Calgary Albertan.

They Have Reason To Be

Perhaps the Germans are now convinced that war doesn't pay.—Glasgow Herald.

A Huge Bill To Pay

Germany wants the right to purchase new colonies, but the Allies will require all her spare cash for many generations.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

If Prussianism Had Triumphed

Think of the reams of arrogant despatches that would be flooding the world if the Germans had been dictating peace.—Montreal Gazette.

No Wonder

Some of the Highlanders smiled as they strode along in their kilts and glimpsed the ladies with hobble skirts trying to walk.—Toronto Telegram.

Their Work Cut Out For Them

The blacksmiths of the Fatherland will be busy for a long time if they are to turn the swords of the Germans into pruning hooks.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Will Under A Postage Stamp

A will written under a postage stamp has been upheld in the Halifax courts. If all wills were equally brief, there would be fewer wills contested.—St. John Telegraph.

Practice vs. Theory

Communism in theory means the holding of things in common. In practise in Europe it is the stealing and holding of things by one faction for itself.—Vancouver Province.

High Cost of a Waste-Paper Basket

A public that is called upon to foot the bill for a \$32 mahogany waste-paper basket for an Ottawa Cabinet Minister cannot be blamed for making a noise about it.—Toronto Globe.

Naturally

Whenever an excited individual asks as the Pipe Band plays, "Man, did ye ever hear music th' likes o' yon in a' your born days?" we unhesitatingly put him down as a Scotsman.—Saskatoon Star.

Summing Him Up

The only creature the Crown Prince of Germany has been able to beat is his wife. He never got near enough to the enemy to meet his fate.—New York Sun.

A Customs Problem

Corsets in the United States are to be taxed if a luxury, but not if a necessity. So far the authorities have been unable to decide which they are.—Halifax Herald.

Like Seeks Like

Afghans are seeking Lenine's aid says London cable despatch. Those turbulent and bloodthirsty Asiatics seem to recognize a kindred soul without the aid of a diagram.—New York Herald.

There Should Be An End Of It

The new Wurtemberg government is abolishing all nobility titles and powers. Which reminds us again that Sir Robert Borden's Ottawa residence is on Wurtemberg street. Why should Hun-land names be perpetuated in Canada?—The Veteran.

The Five Most Crowded Years

If the official announcement of the war's end is delayed until August 1st, it will complete five years, to a day, since the outbreak of the great struggle. And the most crowded five years we shall ever see.—Calgary Herald.

Appropriately on Lusitania Day

Four years to the day after the sinking of the Lusitania Germany's peace delegates were informed by the victorious Allied Powers that hereafter Germany must neither build nor operate submarines.—Washington Star.

Austria Can See It Now

Austria is now prohibited from having anything to do with Germany, but the average Austrian will reflect that the darn regulation comes about five years too late to be of any use.—Duluth Herald.

Bolshevists in Canada

The starving people of Petrograd would be glad to change places with some of the well-fed agitators who shout for Bolshevism in Canada, but tremble at the thought of going back to Russia.—Lethbridge Herald.

Quite So

Germany is whining for the return of her lost colonies. Germany has about as much chance of ever regaining her colonies as the ex-kaiser has of ever playing on a golden harp.—Hamilton Herald.

The Best Safeguard

The mortgage indebtedness on homes will be a new feature of the 1920 census in the United States. The ownership of homes is considered the greatest safeguard against the spread of Bolshevism.—Toronto Star.

A Non-paying Industry

The Hungarian Bolshevik government has thrown up the job, both the government and the people making the surprising discovery that paper decrees, even when backed up by industrious murder, do not produce food.—Kansas City Times.

The League of Nations

The League of Nations will never achieve its object if it is content with the negative function of preventing war. It must go on to become the active, positive, constructive institution of casting out the idea of conflict by means of co-operation.—London Times.

Not a Lucky Horseshoe For Them

The Entente delegates at the conference were drawn up in the form of a horseshoe when the German representatives entered to receive the peace terms. But the incident didn't seem to impress the visitors from a good luck standpoint.—Chicago Tribune.

Once a Bell-boy, Now a Major

Over in England a bell-boy in a certain London hotel enlisted in 1915 as a private. To-day he is a major and the wearer of a military decoration for gallantry in the field. Such incidents bring home more readily than a volume of statistics the complexities and width of the "returned soldier problem."—Boston Transcript.

Preserved Boneheads

Under the peace terms the Germans are compelled to return the skull of the Sultan of Okwawaw, taken from East Africa. Failing to get that other well preserved specimen of bonehead, formerly known as the crown prince, we must demand the next best.—Edmonton Journal.

The Indictment Against Booze

A member of Parliament, a moderate drinker, says that liquor has done him no harm. But the weight of the indictment of the liquor traffic is the sorrow it has inflicted upon the innocent mothers, wives, and children of men who have been its slaves.—Moose Jaw Times.

Thrift

Nations differ greatly in their fiscal policies but they all agree on the necessity of promoting thrift among their people, practically all having adopted a systematic method of saving that makes the laying by of even the smallest sums not only easy but profitable.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Taxation of Incomes

Switzerland also is to place a war tax on incomes. Neutral or belligerent, it is all the same. And the taxes will remain for many years to come, peace or more war. That outbreak engineered in 1914 by the war lords has placed a burden on the back of every people in the world.—Wall Street Journal.

The Sowing and the Harvest

Germany and her submarine warfare sunk neutral ships as well as those of belligerent nations. Now Norway has presented a claim for such destruction,

and it will be strange if other neutral victims abstain from sending in their bills to the destroyer. What is that about sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind?—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

High Cost of Speculating

The New York Stock Exchange has decided that higher commissions are necessary if members are to maintain the standard of living to which they have been accustomed; and a new scale has been adopted. The high cost of speculating has been added to the other worries of the fellow who likes to take a chance "on the street."—Minneapolis Journal.

An Admirable Movement

The province of Alberta, and many cities and towns, are making preparations for some kind of memorials to commemorate the courage of the heroes from the vicinity. The plan is excellent, but the best results will be achieved by a certain amount of co-operation. This would be a good thing for the province to undertake, in consultation with the municipalities who are interested in the work.—Regina Post.

A Toronto Pro-Bolshevist

One speaker at a Toronto meeting which cheered the Bolsheviks said he often felt ashamed of himself that he was outside of jail. All he need do to rehabilitate himself with his conscience is to emulate the Lenine crowd by stealing articles belonging to his fellow-Bolshevists or try to kill some of them. They'll see that he gets to jail all right.—Kingston Whig.

A Disadvantage of the Hobble Skirt

Testifying in the Police Court at Toronto, a woman declared that she tried to kick her husband while wearing a tight skirt, with the consequence that she tripped and cut her head. The incident is a warning to outraged and indignant wives. The hobble skirts being restrictive, it is well while the present fashion lasts, to stick to the old and tried method of throwing plates and irons at the objectionable partner. The arms are unfettered and what matter if the aim is poor?—Buffalo Express.

The Best, Maybe, of a Bad Lot

After all, von Hindenburg seems about the best of the German lot. He did not run away. He has not pretended to be otherwise than he is. He has been loyal to the standards—was a Prussian, but unabashed. The flag he bore he did not pull down. He believed in his class. The kaiser is seen to have been lath painted to look like iron, and the glance to threaten and command has become furtive. Ludendorff took no chances with his sacred person. Scheidemann is a sneak. Bernstorff is a fox whose brush has been sheared by a trap. The Crown Prince has had the truth told about him by his unfortunate wife. Von Hindenburg isn't much, but he is about the best of the lot.—New York Tribune.

A Fit Sermon for the Times

A new passion for the welfare of others is manifestly one of the splendid outcomes of the struggle for world freedom during the war. Every soldier in active service evidently lived the principle of consideration for others. He was always ready to protect his comrade in arms at any cost to himself. He would give his last morsel of rations to a needy soldier or to a child met on the street where war had devastated the region. Our Saviour taught this duty when He was here among men. Paul frequently exhorted the exercise of this virtue among those to whom he ministered. It is surely up to all of us to bury our selfish natures and act upon the principles which have been so worthily emulated by our soldier heroes.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

One of the Worst of Tyrannies

The Bolsheviks, the syndicalists, and every variety of extremists who try to organize ignorance and discontent to destroy America and substitute Bolshevism Russia, pour out constant abuse upon what they call the bourgeoisie or middle class, which, as a matter of fact, in this country means the overwhelming majority of our people, the farmers and the greater part of city dwellers, the prosperous mechanics, the clerks, the shopkeepers, small and great, the professional classes. None of these but have a great deal to lose and nothing to gain by the paralysis of business and the setting up of a dictatorship which even now in Russia is showing its destructive and impotent character. We should, therefore, see to it that we are ready to prevent any such tyranny by a few.—Chicago Post.



Mileage - at cut prices

SEED may, or may not, be a bargain at cut prices. It depends on the crop it produces.

Tires may be dear at cut prices. It depends on the mileage they render.

So we do not offer you Goodyear Tires on a basis of tire prices. We offer them on a basis of mileage cost. And when you have finally obtained the last mile from a Goodyear Tire, you realize at just how low a cost mileage can be bought.

With the giant resources at our command we could probably produce a tire at a little lower price than anyone else. But every passing year more firmly convinces us that better tires, efficiently produced and marketed, will give the greatest value.

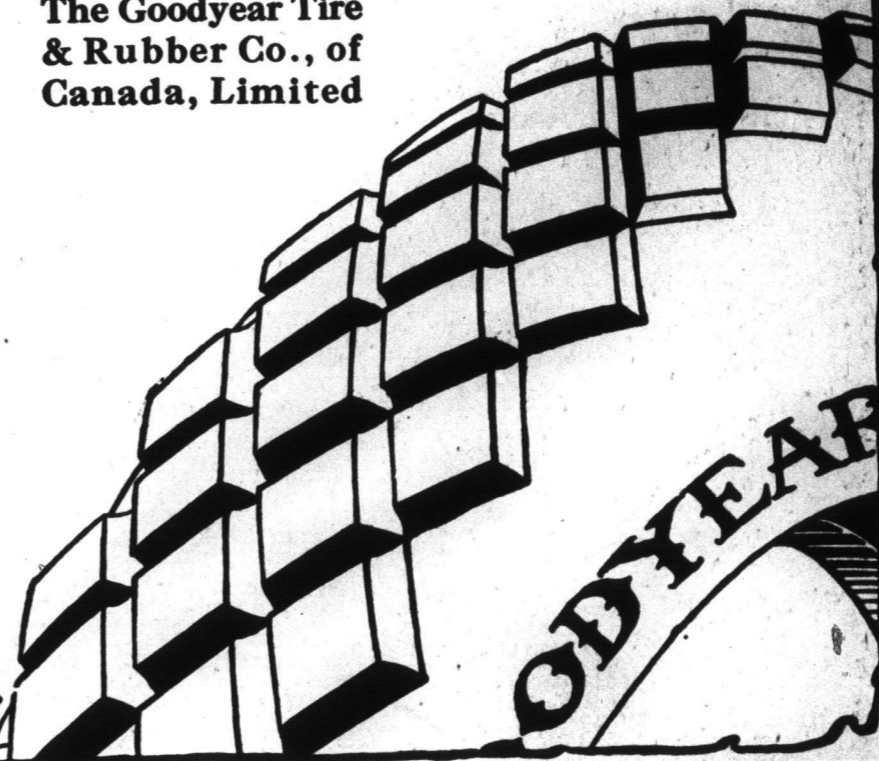
Apparently motorists have agreed with us, for they buy more Goodyear Tires than any other brand.

Surely you, too, will not allow a slight difference in first cost to stand in the way of lowering operating cost for your car, any more than you would allow the price of seed to ruin your crop.

See the Goodyear Service Station Dealer in town. He is selling mileage at cut prices.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited

GOOD YEAR
MADE IN CANADA



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PURITY FLOUR

"More Bread and Better Bread"

Every slice radiates goodness
and suggests a glow of health.

