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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XIII. Published Monthly No 4

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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

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WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

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WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat With our Readers.

We have spent a great deal of time in the preparation of our Easter number, but we shall be well satisfied if our readers find it enjoyable. Every story, every illustration, is for your amusement and pleasure; every practical article has your welfare in view; in your home; in your pleasures; in your housekeeping.

This magazine is yours whether you are spending your days in the quiet of some delightful country home, or a busy man or woman of affairs in the great metropolis, or a boy or girl who dreams wonderful dreams, and builds marvellous castles in the air, the Western Home Monthly is for you.

Yours for service, help, and amusement. Yours for companionship in joy or trouble. Yours at all times and at any time.

A Suggestion to New Arrivals from the Old Country

Every month we despatch nearly a thousand copies of the Western Home Monthly to addresses scattered all over England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. This desirable subscription list has been built up entirely by Old Countrymen, now resident in Canada who, realizing the natural interest displayed by their friends and relatives in Canada, requested us to send a copy of the Western Home Monthly every month to their old home. If you come to think of it could there be a happier or more acceptable gift? Possibly during the extra busy seasons an excess of work may prevent you from writing your usual epistle home, but the Western Home Monthly arriving every month will keep interest in your new surroundings alive, and be highly appreciated by the recipients across the sea. The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly to Great Britain is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00. No extra charge for postage.

No housekeeper, be she ever so wise through experience, can pick up the Western Home Monthly, and read it without gathering fresh ideas for every day use.

No mother with children to dress and care for can fail to find in these pages each month such practical, intimate talks as shall materially lighten her labors.

And no boy or girl can possibly read the fiction which we are giving you, and shall continue to give you, without experiencing the best of emotions.

The Western Home Monthly will continue to be helpful—only it will be even more useful than it has been in the past. And the Western Home Monthly will seek to instruct and interest young and old in the best way.

The new features which we are constantly adding are meeting with genuine ovations. From all over the country letters come daily, pledging support and co-operation in this movement to extend the influence of the Western Home Monthly, and already thousands of new subscriptions have been added.

Have you ever thought about our Canadian habit of doing the same things at the same time every year? The changing seasons have come to have a symbolism that is far from poetic. They suggest the most prosaic of activities which so engross attention that we seldom take time to enjoy the perennial miracles of transition from summer to autumn or autumn to winter. For instance, spring means house cleaning or moving in thousands of homes in Canada. "No, I can't take time to watch the flowers grow," an average housekeeper declares, with a ring of sarcasm in her voice. "This is the year we're to have papering done." "All the carpets have to be taken up this spring," says another. "I shall not have time to step my foot outside the door."

It is the time-honored custom to make one's family uncomfortable and unhappy once a year, and most women never think of changing it, even though they may have read the Western Home Monthly month after month. As you know, the magazine brings you all sorts of good advice about how to improve on old methods of housekeeping. Why not heed the wise counsel that is given you It is possible to simplify domestic machinery, so that all seasons are undisturbed by troublesome breakdowns and re-adjustments.

You must not suppose that our May magazine is to be given up to eminently practical subjects. Not at all. It just happened that we mentioned the way most Canadian families go a-maying in a moving-van, riding a broom handle, because we regret that one of the most beautiful months of the year should not be given up to less utilitarian diversions. We want you to have time to read every page next month, for there will be much of unusual interest.

Of course, there will be much of the outdoor world in this May number of the Western Home Monthly. Beautiful pictures will ask the question, "Are the roads in your country as good as these?"

The fiction for the month will carry out the spring time idea.

There, don't you think it will be worth while to arrange your housekeeping affairs, so that you will have plenty of leisure for the Western Home Monthly, which will bring you more than we promise? Save time for reading the topics that you ponder in the moments when you have time "to keep office hours with your soul."

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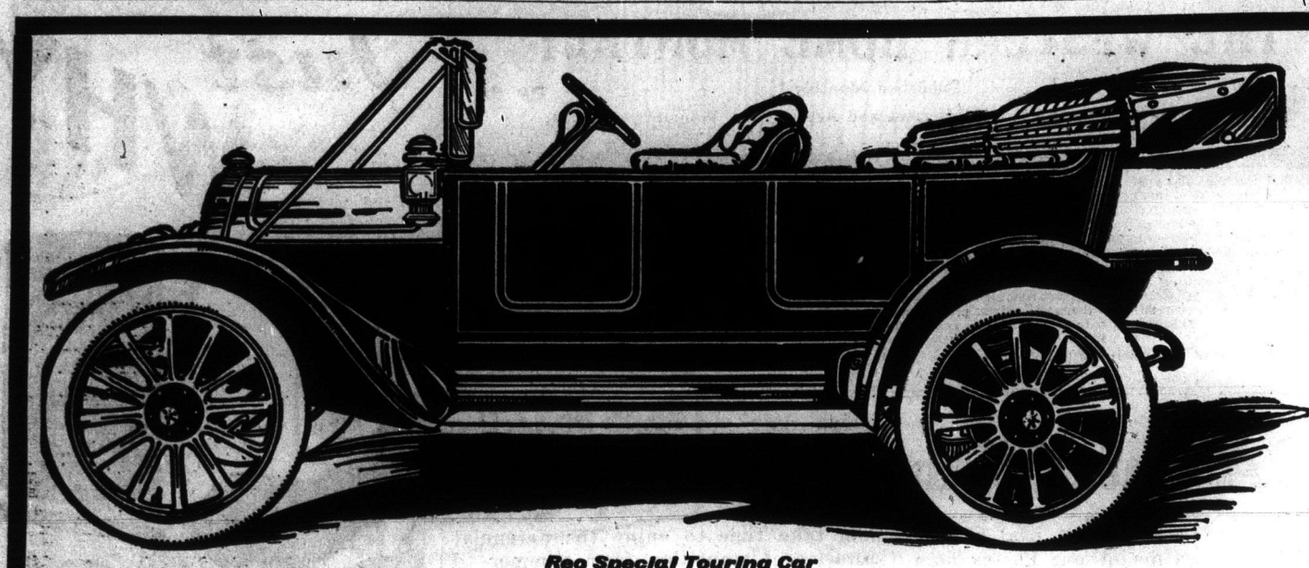

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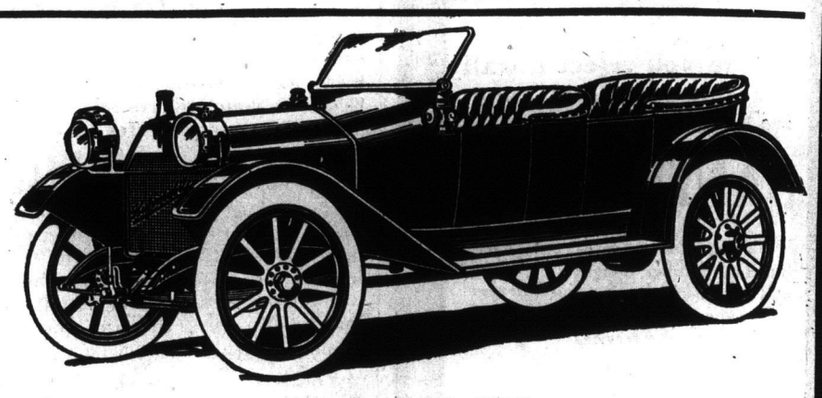

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Enough for the average garden.

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Red Currants	6
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Gooseberries	4
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	220

COELECTION No. 2—SHADE TREES. PRICE $5

Manitoba Maple, 5-6 ft.	20
Ash, 3-4 ft.	10
Poplar, 3-4 ft.	10
Willow, 4-6 ft.	10
	50

COLLECTION No. 3—FARM SHELTER BELT. PRICE $10

You cannot make a home out of a wheat field and a shack. You must have trees to finish the home and shelter the garden and crops.

There is enough in this collection to plant a belt 100 yards long and 8 rows wide with the trees 3 feet apart. Three feet is the most economical distance, as the ground is more quickly shaded by the branches and the work of cultivation is over the sooner.

Manitoba Maple (Box Elder), Seedlings	300
Willow, Cuttings	300
Ash, Seedlings	100
Poplar (Russian Poplar or Cottonwood)	100
	800

These should be planted, beginning with the outside row: Willow, Willow, Maple, Poplar, Maple, Ash, Maple, Willow

COLLECTION No. 4—PERENNIALS FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN PRICE $5

Paeonies	2
Iris	4
Larkspur	10
Clove Pink	20
Sweet William	10
Sweet Rocket	20
	66

COLLECTION No. 5—FOR THE KITCHEN GARDEN. PRICE $5

Rhubarb	24
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	124

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The Cost of Living.

An officer of the morality department in Winnipeg has declared that it is impossible for a married man with a family of four or five children to live in that city on less than one hundred dollars a month. Those who can recall the olden days when one hundred dollars a year and the products of the garden served to support a family will think this figure extravagant, but careful calculation will go to show that the estimate is not altogether absurd. It is because of this that in hundreds of cases both father and mother go out to earn money while the older children are kept at home to care for the younger. In one large school forty per cent. of the pupils who enter grade I. never go any higher. They are kept at home to assist in household management.

What accounts for the increased cost of living in these days and what remedy is to be found? These are easy questions to ask but not so easy to answer. Yet two or three suggestions can be offered.

The first cause of the increase in cost of living is the superabundance of gold. The explanation is very clearly made in a contemporary magazine:

"The dealer may not know—very seldom does know—why prices have gone up, but the reason is that gold, the standard of value, has become more abundant in proportion to the uses for which it is needed. The jeweller will always give pretty much the same amount of money for gold, because gold is the standard that fixes the value of money. It, therefore, naturally appears to be always at the same price in money, though it may vary in value with regard to all other things. If gold was as plentiful as iron it would not be worth as much as iron, for though it is capable of far more uses, those uses do not demand such large quantities. The production of gold has been increasing during the last score of years at an accelerating rate, and much faster than the demand for it for ornament or use, so that its value has gone down, and to-day people are not willing to give so much work, so much butter or so much meat in exchange for the weight of 23.22 grains of it that are contained in a dollar. This cheapening of gold makes everything else seem to get dearer, as gold is our standard of every monetary system, therefore, fluctuates with the increasing or decreasing abundance of the metal on which it is based, and the best that can be said for the gold standard is that, from the beginning of civilization till now, there has been found none better. Silver has depreciated even more rapidly than gold, and platinum has gone up at a rate that would have caused serious trouble. We can but hope that no new find of gold comparable to the Rand or mechanical device for cheapening production will work further debasement."

A second reason for high living is the wastefulness of people particularly in America. Three-fourths of our workers receive less money than they must necessarily expend if they and their families are to maintain a decent standard of living. In 1909 a careful examination of conditions in New York showed that "families having from $900 to $1,000 a year were able in general to get enough food to keep body and soul together and clothing and shelter enough to meet the urgent demand of decency," and yet three-fourths of the adult males are earning less than $600 annually and nine-tenths less than $800. Nine-tenths of the women are earning less than $500 a year. Of course the prices for living in New York are greater than in smaller cities, towns and in rural communities, but not so very much greater. The ever-present problem, which suggests crowded tenements, child-labor, threadbare clothing, unfilled dinner pails, which suggests also social unrest and class antagonism and explains to some extent discontent and socialism—is that of making $600 cover the $800 which it is necessary for a man to expend in order to maintain his family in decency and comfort. The average rental is more than double that paid in England, and the cost of food is dear in proportion. The British workman eats less meat and more bread and cheese, less fancy rolls, biscuits, pastry and canned vegetables. Bread which costs 10 cents in London costs 22 cents in New York, and potatoes which cost 23c. in London cost 55c. in New York. Indeed it has been figured out that in England a man with a wife and two children can live on $300 a year, which is just about one-third the amount estimated for America. In France and Germany the workers are able to live on even less than the Englishman. A writer in a current magazine has well said: "Trade for trade the American wage scale is often not far from three times the French scale. Contrawise, the percentage of savings bank depositors is three times as great in France as in America. The fact seems strongly to suggest that extravagance grows and thrift decreases with the increasing wage scale. The present condition in America is conditioned on lack of thrift." The American must pay $1.52 for food and rental that in England would cost $1.00, but he has $2.30 to meet the expenditure. If prices are high, wages are higher still in proportion. Assuredly there is prodigality in spending.

In the decade 1896-1907 the prices of a large proportion of farm products have increased by one-half, a goodly number have doubled, and in some cases prices have risen to two and a half times their range of fifteen years ago. Side by side with this statement there should be made another—that in all the mechanical industries the wages in seven years (1900-1907) increased by 22 per cent. while the working hours per week decreased by about 4 per cent.

The man whose salary increases from one to two dollars does not know how to finance. He becomes extravagant. Wastefulness becomes a habit with him. This wastefulness is found in every strata of society. For a man to have a dollar is to seek means of spending it. We all buy what we do not need and really do not want. We pay too much for what we buy and then waste that for which we have overpaid. Worse than this we often pay for what we do not get. It is because of our wastefulness that it costs us more to live than any other people.

A third reason for high living is the congestion of population.

The price of food is high, only where population is congested. The cost of transportation, the profits of the agent, or middleman, the toll exacted by commercial combinations, together with the additional charges for distribution and delivery, all tend to enhance the price of food in cities; but many of these articles barely paid cost where they were grown.

For instance, in a large city a bushel of potatoes may be worth five dollars, while a hundred or two hundred miles distant they may be practically valueless. In one part of the country the would-be buyer finds prices high, in another section the producer finds the demand scant and prices so low as to have an infinitesimal profit, if any.

In many of the East n States, notably New York and Massachusetts, food is cheap and no complaint is heard, except from the towns and cities. If the farmers received a more equitable proportion of the amount paid by the consumer for their products, they would be the richest body of working men in the world; whereas statistics show that their earnings, after interest charges are deducted, average less than that of any other class.

As to remedies for present conditions, they are suggested by the controllable causes. It is necessary for our people to practise the almost forgotten virtues of thrift, frugality and simplicity. It is necessary for us to lessen the cost and increase the efficiency of transportation and to reduce the number of middlemen. It is also necessary for us to raise the cry "Back to the land!" And even here we are facing a new problem, for under our wasteful methods our land is becoming impoverished from year to year. We must live as if our national existence were to be perpetuated. Above all we must recognize that by legislation and otherwise we must bring it to pass that it will forever be impossible in this land for one per cent. of the people to hold over fifty per cent. of the wealth. "The curse of the tariff is over it all."

PRESERVING OUR NATIONALITY.

In a recent address Prof. Adam Short expressed himself to the effect that our civilization is best for us and the Eastern civilization best for the Chinese, and that it would be a mistake to attempt to impose either upon the other. This is the first reason why it is a mistake to encourage Chinese immigration. The second reason is more pronounced still. Intermarriage of Canadians and Chinese is neither desirable nor probable. There can never be national unity where the people cannot join in marriage. We should not encourage to our Dominion those who cannot unite in this way. If Japanese and Hindoos are in the same class they must be classed among the undesirables. If some of the European immigrants will never coalesce it is clearly an error for us to invite them to come. Unity is aim, feeling, blood-bond, is essential to national spirit. We have sufficient difficulty now in maintaining harmony where one class sets up an almost insuperable barrier to marriage with other classes. Let us not invite fresh trouble. National development is desirable but it can be secured at too great a cost. We must not sacrifice the future to the present. Posterity has some rights.

SPELLING REFORM.

Considerable space is given these days to a discussion of spelling reform. It is felt that the present English spelling is altogether unsatisfactory. It is inconsistent, unphonetic, purely arbitrary. It renders the lives of millions miserable, and is responsible for a waste of from one to two years in the life of every school child. Nor is there any reason for the present spelling. In most cases it is a matter of pure luck that a word is spelled as it is.

The Spelling Reform Advocates have singled out a few hundred words which they have doctored into respectability, and a number of magazines have adopted the changes in whole or part. The hope is that if the language is inoculated in this way the whole system will in time become affected and phonetic spelling will be desired and effected.

A gentleman (or lady) from Strathclair writing in an eastern paper hits the nail on the head when he says:

"Another certainty is that nothing but a thorough going elementizing of all words not already phonetic will meet the requirements of the reform. Any scheme of 'simplifying' the spelling by lopping off of silent letters, useless doubles and alternative letters and combinations of letters, though it may have the merit of reducing the bulk of words a little, fails in the main thing, it does not obviate the necessity of learning to spell.

The best that can be said for such a scheme of simplified spelling is that it is an assertion of freedom and will help to remove the sacredness of the Johnson spelling.' The only thoroughly effective reform is that which is based on a rigid adherence to the motto, one sound one character.

A writer in the Pedagogical Seminary devised a scheme whereby about forty elements represented the various sounds in English, French and German. He pointed out how by a use of his complete alphabet one could learn to read any of these languages in a fortnight. The Cree Indians can learn to read their Bibles in two days or less. The language is syllabic but the notation is remarkable, in that one sign represents one sound. By and by we shall become civilized. We shall refuse to be bound by the authority of one man who lived many years ago and who apparently was governer by prejudice in his spelling. Isn't it a sign of independence in a man when he refuses to be bound by arbitrary action?

CONSERVATION.

At the present rate of consumption and allowing nothing for increase of population all the privately owned timber in the United States will be consumed in forty-four years. With fires uncontrollable, and with wasteful methods continued, the rich forests of Canada will soon be things of the past. Lumber is now costly. It will soon be double the cost.

Gradually our soil is becoming poorer because methods of cultivation are not scientific. In a few years we shall have to adopt the costly method of the farmers east and south. There is some truth in the cry of "mixed farming," although some of those who are raising the cry are doing so to divert attention from their own misdeeds and blunders.

Year by year our lakes are becoming depleted. There has been scandalous waste. In Labrador and some other portions of British America the slaughter of game is deplorable.

It is evidently necessary for every good Canadian to consider these matters very seriously. We may think we are doing well if we are laying up fortunes for our children. There is a possibility that public waste may overbalance private gain, and we may be losers through our selfishness and lack of public spirit. That man is the best friend of his children who is the best watch-dog over his country's interests.

THE SIN OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

Here is part of an account from the leading society paper in New York:—

"The bride's engagement ring was a ruby of ten carats worth $50,000. Besides the three wonderful strings of pearls already alluded to, there is a $500,000 diamond and pearl tiara, a bandeau of large oriental pearls and diamonds worth $750,000, and a diamond tiara with big pear shaped pearls worth $100,000."

Here is an account of an actual transaction in one of our cities:

"A lady, and a very pretty lady she was, good to look at from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, entered the shop. A demure saleswoman, faultlessly gotten up in black, met the lady at the threshold. They greeted each other pleasantly and then conversed for a few minutes in low tones. What they said did not reach my ears. There was a clock on the opposite side of the street, and, being prohibited from paying too close attention to the pretty lady and the demure saleswoman, I watched the clock. It had ticked off seven and a half minutes when the conversation that had been beyond my ears increased in volume. The lady and the saleswoman were approaching the front of the shop where I was standing. What followed could not escape me.

"We are very much obliged to you, indeed, Mrs. Blank."

"I am sure the obligation is on my part," was the gracious response, "for a prettier gown I have rarely seen in my life. You don't know how pleased I am at securing it."

"Thank you, indeed, for your good opinion. Good-morning."

"Good-morning."

The pretty lady had reached the door, which was held open by a page in buttons, when she suddenly seemed to remember something.

"By the way," she said, "I forgot to ask the price of the gown. How much is it?"

"Seventeen hundred dollars," was the calm answer.

"Isn't that rather high?" suggested the lady, as the ordinary woman might have suggested that peaches at sixty cents a basket were high.

"No, I think not," replied the saleswoman, as

(Continued on page 47.)

VINOLIA
Toilet Requisites
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Those who take a just pride in the delicate condition of their skin use VINOLIA with confidence, for they know VINOLIA cannot harm, but always soothes even a neglected complexion.

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VINOLIA OTTO OF ROSE SOAP - Price 30 cents per Tablet
On Sale at all good Druggists or Stores.

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Special North-West Collection, $1.00, postage paid.

¼ lb. Beans—Dwarf Stringless Green Pod; 1 oz. Beet—Round Red; 1 pkt. Cabbage—Extra Early; 1 pkt. Cabbage—Early; 1 oz. Carrot—Early Scarlet; ½ pkt. Cauliflower—Snowball; 1 pkt. Lettuce—Early Crisp; 1 pkt. Lettuce—Cabbage Heading; 1 pkt. Onion—Early, Slicing; ½ oz. Onion—Large, Boiling; 1 pkt. Parsley—Curled; 1 pkt. Parsnip—Long White; ½ lb. Peas—Earliest Dwarf; ½ lb. Peas—Medium Early Dwarf; 1 pkt. Radish—Early Round Red; 1 pkt. Sage—Broad Leaf; 1 pkt. Tomato—Earliest Scarlet; 1 oz. Turnip—Round, White Table.

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WM. RENNIE CO. LIMITED
TORONTO. MONTREAL.
WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER.

The Theft of the Dudley Diamonds.

By Walter Hackett. Author of "By Dead Reckoning," "The Squadron of the Air,' 'etc.

BY the very nature of his calling, many — nay, most — of the extraordinary exploits of Herr Otto Schmalz the preventer of crime, have remained unrecorded. The fact that as a rule he was successful, and that the contemplated crime was not even attempted, left nothing to be told. This, however, was not true in every instance. Indeed, in some of his cases the surrounding facts were so remarkable that they are well worth narrating. Such, for example, were the circumstances of the now famous theft of the Dudley diamonds.

Of all of the essential incidents of that celebrated case I was an eye-witness. Indeed, it was a letter from me to my lifelong friend, Carleton Dudley, that made the affair possible. I wrote requesting the loan of a large sum of money. I had been caught in a falling market, and needed the funds early the following morning in order to save me from absolute ruin. The messenger who carried my note to Dudley returned with the answer that he himself would reply in person.

An hour or so later—it was then toward the end of the afternoon—a servant ushered him into my library, where I sat waiting for him. He came forward at once, and shook hands with me. Then, thrusting his hand into his breast-pocket, he drew forth a worn, travel-stained chamois bag, and laid it on the table between us.

"Dick," he said, "I know that you, like everybody else, think that I am a rich man. Well, I'm not—or, at least, I'm not rich as many others are rich. Except for some investments which yield me enough to live on, and no more, everything I have in the world is in that bag."

For an instant I looked at him in surprise; then, involuntarily, my eyes wandered to the shabby bag on the table. He saw my glance and understood it.

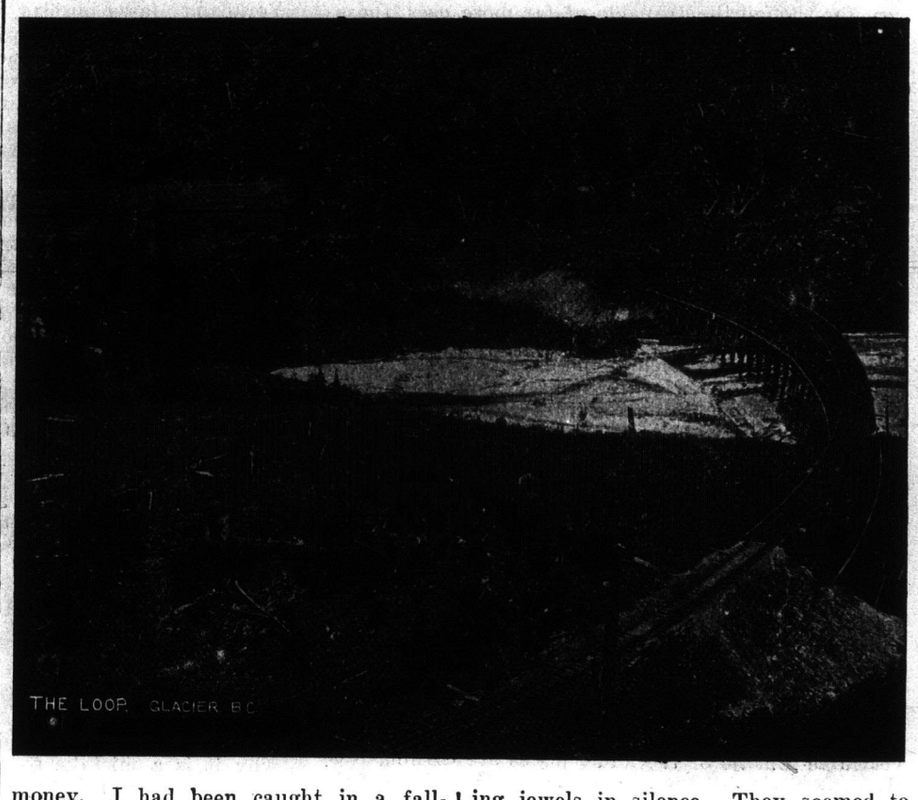
"No," he exclaimed quickly, "don't doubt me. I have spoken the truth. You shall see that for yourself."

With a quick gesture, he caught up the bag and emptied its contents upon the table; and I saw before be the most magnificent collection of diamonds that I have ever seen. They lay there, glittering and gleaming, and it seemed as if they absorbed every ray of sunlight that drifted into the room only to send it forth again with an added radiance.

I gazed at them spellbound, while Carleton Dudley watched me with an amused smile.

"They are the Dudley diamonds," he said at length, "one of the most celebrated collections of gems in the world. That is how my father, and his father before him, invested every dollar they could spare. Diamonds, you see, were their hobby. The collection was left to me under one condition—it was not under any circumstances to be dispersed. I may only dispose of it to some one who will keep it intact, and never have I been able to discover a purchaser who could afford to pay even a part of its value under such conditions. So you can understand that even while I own gems worth more than a million, I am, nevertheless, a poor man."

He paused, but I was still too dazed to speak. I stood staring at the glittering jewels in silence. They seemed to fascinate me as the eyes of a snake fascinate a bird.


THE LOOP GLACIER B.C.

Presently Dudley came around the table and laid his hand upon my arm.

"But even though I am poor, I can still help you," he said gently. "Any bank will lend you what you need on such security, and it is yours to pledge as you see fit. That is why I have taken it from my vault to-day, for the first time in years."

In my gratitude I had turned and seized his hand, but his last words sent a shudder of alarm through me.

"Good Heavens, Dick!" I cried. "Why did you do it this afternoon? Why didn't you wait until morning?"

He looked at me in amazement. He had expected gratitude, and here I was taking him to task.

"I don't understand," he remarked coldly.

"Thieves," I explained. "What a prize for them! How shall we keep the things safely overnight?"

He laughed gaily.

"Oh, there will be no trouble about that," he said confidently. "No one knows that it was the jewels I took out."

"You are sure of that?" I questioned. Before he could reply, the telephone bell rang sharply. I picked it up from the table. "Hello!" I called into the transmitter.

"Hello!" replied a heavy voice — a voice while it had no decided accent, was still markedly German. "Is that

the residence of Mr. Richard White?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Vell," continued the voice, "is Mr. Carleton Dudley there? If so, I should like to speak with him."

"Who are you, please?" I asked.

There was a slight pause. Then the strange voice said:

"I am Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime."

* * * * *

Even now I can remember the chill of fear that crept over me as I heard his answer. Afterward, Dudley told me that when I turned and handed him the telephone, my face was as white as a sheet; but despite my agitation, I listened keenly to what he said.

"Yes," he began, in answer to a question, "I am Mr. Dudley. What? How do you know I took them out? Oh, it is your business to know such things! You say they are in danger of being stolen, and that you may be able to prevent it? How can you do so? Oh, that is your business, too. Well, hold the wire a moment." He put his hand over the mouthpiece and raised his face to mine It was gray and drawn. "Dick," he whispered, "this man knows that I brought those jewels here. He says that they are in danger of being stolen, but that he can stop it, as his profession is the prevention of crime. He wants to come here at once. What shall I tell him?"

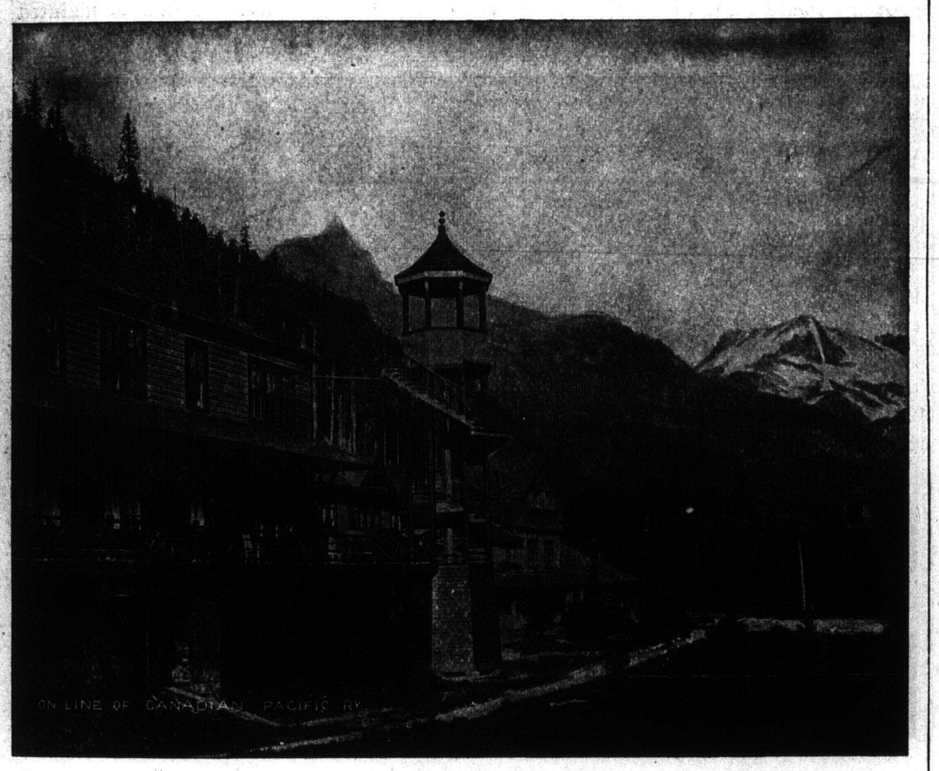
"It's loaded, all right," he remarked with a smile as he slipped it into his pocket. "Now let them come."

Then we sat silently waiting. Presently the door-bell rang, and a moment later one of Dudley's servants threw open the dor and ushered two men into the room.

Never have I seen so strange a pair. One of the men was very short and very thin, with queerly twisted legs and a face that oddly suggested a fox-terrier. The other was enormous — exceedingly tall and remarkably fat. He seemed like a perfect mountain of flesh surmounted by a mis-shapen head that resembled a pine-cone. His face was flabby and babyish, and his great round eyes peered stupidly from behind spectacles with lenses at least an eighth of an inch thick. There was something wrong with the circulation of his blood, which caused him to fall asleep even while he was speaking.

The little man was the first to advance.

"Mr. Carleton Dudley?" he said inquiringly as he glanced from one to the other of us. Dudley bowed. "And Mr. Richard White, I presume?" pursued the little man, looking at me. I also bowed. "Very good," he continued grandiloquently, much after the fashion of a "lecturer" in a dime museum. "Permit me, Mr. Dudley and Mr. White, to present Herr Otto Schmalz, the preventer of crime."



The sudden confirmation of my wild fears served to intensify them. It did not seem improbable that the diamonds might mysteriously vanish before our very eyes. Every possible precaution seemed worth taking; so I leaned forward and cried:

"Tell him to come at once!"

He did so, and laid the telephone aside.

"He says that he will be here in five minutes," he told me. "It surely is a very singular affair!"

A strange thought had flashed upon me.

"Suppose," I exclaimed hoarsely, "that this man himself—this Schmalz—is a thief?"

Dudley's jaw dropped, and he gazed at me stupidly. At last, with a quick, impatient gesture, he pulled himself together, and, sitting up, carefully returned the diamonds to the chamois bag. This done, he dropped the bag into a tobacco-jar that stood upon the table, taking pains to cover it with the tobacco. Then he looked at me with a smile.

"Even if he is," he said lightly, "he will never think of looking for them there. That hiding-place is too simple. There they will remain until morning, and you and I will take turns watching over them. Have you a pistol?"

"Yes," I answered.

Opening a drawer in the table, I produced the weapon. He leaned over and, taking it from my hand, examined it carefully.

Dudley and I bowed once more. The mountain of flesh quivered. Then, after taking a quick, darting survey of his surroundings, he waddled across the room, seated himself upon a divan, gave an enormous sigh, and promptly went to sleep.

"I may add that I am Jonas Edgewood," said the little man, "private secretary to Herr Schmalz. I believe that you wish to consult us personally, Mr. Dudley?"

"It was Herr Schmalz who asked for a consultation," retorted Dudley sharply; "but on so informal an introduction, and upon so grave a matter, I scarcely feel justified——"

He paused. The little man smiled at him calmly.

"Ah," he said, "I see. Even our knowledge of your removal of the magnificent Dudley diamonds has not convinced you of Herr Schmalz's ability to prevent their theft. Wait!" He crossed the room, and, catching hold of Schmalz's arms, shook him with all his might. His efforts scarcely moved the gigantic figure. It was not until he had bawled the preventer's name many times that the great, round eyes opened sleepily.

"Vell?" asked the mountain crossly.

"Mr. Dudley is not yet convinced," explained his secretary. "You will have to tell him more."

An expression like that of a disappointed baby's crossed Herr Schmalz's face, and he sighed ponderously. Then,

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with an obvious effort, he roused himself again.

"If the diamonds are stolen tonight," he said at length in his heavy guttural, precise German-English, "they will be stolen by a middle-aged man about five feet seven inches tall, smooth-shaven, with a sunburnt face, a scar on the right cheek, blue-gray eyes, a high broad forehead, and gray hair. He will have long, tapering hands, and will walk with a slight drag of his left foot. He will be dressed in shabby clothes, of what color I cannot say, but across the bottom of the back of the coat there will be a wide iron-rust stain. When such a man is about, take care of your diamonds; at other times they are quite safe. My fee is five hundred dollars, please."

With which the preventer of crime closed his eyes, and again went peacefully to sleep.

* * * * *

I looked at Dudley and he looked at me. Together, we burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Five hundred dollars! The whole affair was simply preposterous.

"All this is ridiculous!" exclaimed Dudley when he had recovered from his merriment.

The little man, who had stood watching us in silence, clutched the arm of the preventer of crime, and began wildly shaking it once more. Again this proved ineffectual, and he was compelled to bawl into his employer's ear before he could awaken him.

"Vell?" asked Herr Schmalz acidly, as he blinked open his eyes. "Vat is it now?"

"They say you are ridiculous," explained his assistant.

A petulant look swept over the great flabby face, and for a moment it seemed that we were to be left to our fate, for the preventer of crime began to lift his heavy bulk. Apparently, however, the attractions of the soft divan were too seductive. After an effort or two, he permitted himself to sink back comfortably among the pillows, turning meanwhile a look of sulky disapproval upon Dudley.

"You say I am ridiculous, eh?" he said. "Vell, you are a fool! You would rather vait until the jewels are gone to find out who stole them, instead of finding out beforehand who could steal them and guarding them from him—eh?" He paused and waved a fat hand in the air. "If I tell you that one and one make two, you say I am ridiculous," he went on; "but if I show you the figures on a blackboard, and add them before you, then it is that I am a genius. A detective deduces for you the personality of a criminal after a crime has been committed, and you say it is marvellous; I do so before, with the same material, and you say I am an idiot. I am not an idiot, but a scientist. What I told you was not ridiculousness, but science. For every word I spoke there was a reason — a good reason. Listen!

"I told you that the thief would be shabbily dressed, with an iron-rust stain upon the button of the back of his coat. I said that because, in order to steal them, he would first have to know that you had removed them from the deposit-vault. Therefore, he was watching the door of the bank. To stand directly in front of the bank and watch would attract attention, so he must have watched from across the street — and across the street from your bank is Trinity churchyard. A well-dressed man could stand in front of Trinity churchyard without attracting attention, so I said that he was shabbily dressed. You have not been to the bank for a long time, and probably he has waited all that time. Waiting is hard work. Naturally, he would lean against the fence to rest himself. The fence is iron; it is a very old fence, and the rain has rusted it; it would stain his coat. There you are—simplicity itself,, is it not?"

He waved his hand once more, and blinked with satisfaction at this convincing demonstration of his own powers. Then he continued:

"I told you that the man would be of middle age. Nothing has ever been published about the Dudley diamonds, so he could not have learned of them in that way. The only time they were ever publicly exhibited was at a convention of diamond-cutters in Amsterdam, some twenty years ago. That is how he must have become acquainted with them. Only the gild of diamond-cutters were permitted to examine them on that occasion; and no man is allowed into the gild until he is past his twenty-fifth year; therefore, this man must be forty-five, at least. He cannot be much more than that. No man has ever committed a daring robbery, as this would be, after the age of fifty-two—statistics will tell you that.

"I said that he would limp with his left foot and have a scar on his right cheek. No man has quitted the diamond gild of Amsterdam for twenty years, except to die or to be imprisoned for theft. Those that were imprisoned had their left legs chained to a ball and their cheeks cut. He will be sunburnt, because waiting for you all summer in front of Trinity churchyard would cause him to become so. He will have blue-gray eyes, because only a man of exceptional daring would conceive such a reckless crime, and men of exceptional daring always have blue-gray eyes. He will be about five feet seven inches tall, because that is the only sized man who can work over a diamond-cutting table in Amsterdam; and I am satisfied that we shall find that at one time he worked there, for the reasons that I have already given. Moreover, only an expert diamond-cutter could safely dispose of the plunder, so only such a one would attempt to secure it.

"The thief will have gray hair because of his privations in prison. No man

Moyie Tunnel and Lake

could go through them and reach the age of forty-five without his hair turning gray. He will have a high, broad forehead, because that indicates high intelligence. Only a man of high intelligence will discover that you have hidden the jewels in that tobacco-jar. Only men of high intelligence are familiar with Poe and his theory of safely hiding a thing in the most conspicious place possible. Only a man with long, tapering fingers could manage to extract them while you and your friend were here watching. But brush the tobacco off your sleeve. It is significant, when none of the pipes have been smoked today. It is not well to make it too easy for him."

He stopped abruptly, and peered at Dudley through his thick lenses. There was an odd quality in the look. It reminded me curiously of a child that has spoken its piece, and is waiting to be praised. Dudley stared back at him in silence. The other's discovery of the hiding-place of the jewels had disconcerted him. Finally Herr Schmalz spoke again:

"Do I get my fee?" he asked pathetically.

"But, my dear man," protested Dudley, "why should you get it? All you have said is, I admit, logical; but it is all imagination. We do not know that there is any such person as you have described. Indeed, it is almost certain that there is not."

"Imagination?" fumed Herr Schmalz. "Imagination? No! It is facts—absolute facts. Here you are with a pistol

Crows Nest Mountain

in your pocket—I can see the outline of it—waiting for a burglar, and suspecting every man you can see. I tell you the one man to watch for. He may not exist at all, but if he does, he is the one man to fear. I prove that I am right, and you say it is nothing but imaginaion. Bah!"

Dudley was about to answer him, but a cry that was wrung from my lips made him pause. I had g nced idly out the window, and seen there a man standing and gazing intently at the house. He was a middle-aged man, about five feet seven inches tall, with a sunburnt face and a scar on his right cheek. His eyes were blue-gray, and piercing. His hat was pushed back on his head, revealing the fact that his hair was gray and that h· forehead was high an l broad. His clothes were shabby. At every point he tallied with the imaginary description of Herr Schmalz.

At my cry, Dudley sprang to my side. Silently I pointed to the man. One glance showed him what I had seen. For a moment he stood looking at the stranger, his face white as paper, his hands trembling. Then suddenly, he raised his hand and tapped upon the window-pane.

The sound attracted the man's attention. He looked up at us, and Dudley beckoned him to enter. With a nod, he turned and started to mount the steps. As he did so, I cried aloud again, for he limped with his left foot, and across the bottom of the back of his coat there was a huge stain of iron-rust!

For a moment I stood there, white and sick; then I turned toward Herr Schmalz. His head was on his breast, and he was peacefully snoring. He had fallen asleep again. His secretary sat silently beside him. Even as I looked upon them, the strange man entered the room. He crossed directly to where Dudley stood with his hand on the pistol in the pocket of his coat.

"Well?" asked the stranger gruffly. "What do you want?"

"If it comes to that," retorted Dudley sharply, "what do you want?" The man gave him a keen, shrewd glance.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean," replied Dudley, "that I did not like the way you were watching this house, and I want to know why you were doing so?"

The man reddened, and glanced about him as if seeking for some means of escape. In doing so, his eyes fell upon Herr Schmalz.

"Well," he said at last, "if you must know, I was watching to see what that old swindler's game was."

As he spoke, he raised his hand and pointed to Schmalz. His a swer astonished both Dudley and myself. Before either of us could speak, the secretary, with a cry like a maddened beast, sprang at the stranger.

"Swindler!" he screamed. "Swindler! You swine, I'll teach you!'

The sudden onslaught took the man by surprise, but in an instant he had recovered, and was fighting like a madman. Before Dudley or I could prevent it, the two had made a circle of the room, turning over chairs, knocking down pictures, creating endless havoc. At last, however, the stranger's strength proved too much for the little man, and he managed to bend him back over the table, where he proceeded calmly to choke him. It was not until Dudley drew his revolver that he could be forced to desist. Then. suddenly, he released his hold on the well-nigh unconscious secretary.

While I helped the unfortunate combatant over to the side of the employer whom he had so strenuously defended, and who was still, despite all the noise, peacefully sleeping, I heard the man say to Dudley:

"What would you have me to do? Didn't he attack me?"

"Get out of here, you brute!" cried Dudley through his clenched teeth, his revolver still pointed at the man. "Get out of here, quick, do you hear?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and turning, left without a word. Dudley and I gazed at each other.

"Nice party I've given you, Dick," he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Then he stopped short, while his eyes grew wide with fear as he looked at the table. I followed the direction of his gaze, and started in alarm. The tobacco-jar had vanished!

Everything went black before me, and

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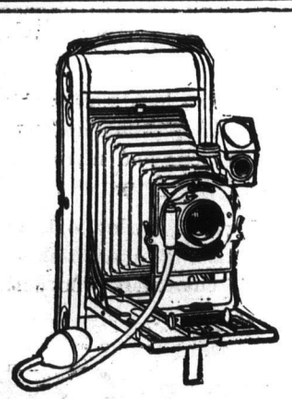

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I felt myself reel backward. Then came a blessed relief. It was Carleton Dudley's voice.

"I see it, Dick," he said. "It's under the table—they must have knocked it off in the scrimmage."

I looked and saw it. Stooping down, I took it in my hand. It seemed wonderfully light. Quickly I thrust my fingers into the tobacco. There was nothing there. The jewels had gone!

"Good Heavens, Dudley," I cried, "they are not here! He must have secured them while he held the secretary there down on the table!"

He turned and sprang to Herr Schmalz's side, shaking him roughly and roaring out his name. The preventer of crime awoke with a start.

"Vell?" he queried crustily. "Vas iss?"

"The man you warned us of has come," cried Dudley, "and he has got the diamonds!"

Herr Schmalz gave a self-satisfied grunt, and leaned back comfortably.

"Vell," he said, "didn't I tell you so?"

Clooney's Rube.

By Charles Dorian.

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"We're jinksed!" spluttered shortstop Clooney to the youthful manager.

"We're no such thing," declared Browning, the man addressed. "You know the cause, Clooney—you're literally next to it in fact."

"Me eyes are always on the batter, Bobby, boy. If me thoughtful gaze rested on the gutta percha with its present adornment you'd get the habit of assocoatin' me name with hallucinations—and sure we're no relations at all!"

"Well, then," Browning took up, "what do you suggest?" Browning knew that Clooney knew all the time that victory was a doubtful notion with "Wistaria" Walker in the box.

"I'd say something awful' foolish if I'd suggest anything. Just get a south-paw with one arm and make him pitch with his toes."

"We're as good as a circus now," said Browning resentfully. "I'd like to get a pitcher I'd have to dare win a game for us—I'm tired sugar-pluming Walker."

"Could you get a Rube a job?" asked Clooney, with apparent irrelevancy.

"If the rube can throw anything but a lemon over the door-mat without breaking a veranda post — well, we'll make a job of him."

"I know a Rube!" nodded Clooney.

"How long have you known him?"

"All his life, it seems."

"And the Suds. drowning in defeat for two months — what an untimely jest!"

"But he may not like our manners," Clooney hinted.

"And he may not know how to play ball. We'll develop a new set of tastes for him if he can twirl a sphere so it won't look like a whole cheese on the walk."

"He has never been known to let leather touch wood," declared Clooney without any show of enthusiasm. They were seated in the Superintendent's office of the Temiskaming road, and Clooney lolled lazily in his chair while Browning at his desk showed no better dignity. It was after hours—also after the fifth defeat.

"You're telling me of a prodigy as if we'd been raising a nursery full of 'em. Where does he live?"

"Seventeen miles from the flag station, Onaping, forty miles west of here."

"Can we get him out?"

"He was out—four years ago—came down to see the city and went back after a week's visit, bored to the boots. Met him at a ball game down there. Said he learned to pitch a ball himself until he wore a hole in the side of the barn—it was a ball he whittled out of an oak knot, he said. Looked at the professional twirlers as if they'd got their lessons from him. When the game was over he took me down to the field and introduced me to Frank Wiss, his brother, who pitched a no-hit game for the pennant winners."

"That was four years ago?" The inquiry was suspiciously quizzical.

"Four years ago. And he gave a demonstration that afternoon which made me mighty glad to know him. I thought the Suds. would like a real sensation and I invited him up. He wouldn't take to it at all. I even offered to get a knot for him out of our only and historic acorn tree in the park. He simply doesn't like the game. Could land a big league contract any day—but just won't go in for the game."

"Clooney, you're fired! You have deceived me! Why did you mention this man to me?"

"I got a letter from him to-day and he says he'd like to get a job in town. Can you get Rube Wiss a job? We won't say a word about our troubles till Rube Wiss has a job—get it?"

"Clooney, you're no match for this innocent young person; leave him to me."

Next morning the mail carried a letter to Mr. Reuben Wiss which was brief and business-like. It read:

"Your letter to Mr. Clooney has been referred to us. Use the inclosed pass, Onaping to Sudsbury, and report at this office not later than Monday morning, bringing this letter with you.

"O. Browning, Chief Clerk."

Browning arrived at the office earlier than usual on Monday morning and found "Rube" Wiss waiting for him. Browning exhausted all the preliminary courtesies over the prodigy who stood awkwardly at ease, pulling at his soft felt hat and grinning all over his tawny face.

"How do you like the look of the town?" asked Browning.

The compass of "Rube's" grin narrowed until his face was studious, his pale blue eyes thoughtful.

"Healthy place, I guess," he ventured.

"None healthier," said Browning. "Purest drinking water on the pike; climate always fair; good opportunities for education and amusement—an all-around, rattling good town — and has the best baseball diamond outside the cities."

Browning's eyes passed critically up and down "Rube's" face as he uttered this last sentence, only to find it lacking the slightest interest.

"Nice game, baseball," was all he said in approbation.

"Best game known," supplemented Browning. "You play, of course?"

"Sometimes — rather go fishin' though."

Oh annihilation! What votary of anything faster than marbles ever survived the expression of such a choice? Browning wilted into his chair and sought solace in the miscellany of various forms in the bottom drawer of his desk. Heaving an imprudent sigh, he placed an application form in front of Wiss and commanded him to draw up his chair and fill it in.

If Reuben Wiss was as good with the bamboo as with the quill, he was "certainly some angler," to quote Browning.

"You've had no experience at office work, but that penmanship would get you a job anywhere that writing has to be done. I will give you a job in the office here at which you will have a great deal of it. When you get familiar with the clerical requirements we'll draft you into something better. Or if you would prefer outside work, yardman or——"

"No, sir," cut in Wiss. "I want a job

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just like you've offered—lots of writing. I like writing."

From the vivacity with which he expressed this liking, Browning deduced that he would rather write than fish—which was indeed a saving grace.

"What do you think of him?" Clooney asked Browning at lunch.

"He's the biggest, loveliest, most ungainly rube that ever sat down at a desk but, believe me, he has the most exquisite pair of hands I ever looked at. Why, man, he's an artist! If such an expression as muscular elasticity describes those mittens he has the ideal baseball fist and no mistake. If he can twirl a ball with the ease and control with which he plys his pen, he's all you claimed for him, Clooney."

"Will he play?" was Clooney's natural inquiry.

"Not for a few days, Clooney. He's going to do it voluntarily if he does it at all. It's up to us to lead him gently to it. He's coming out to see the practice to-night."

But the practice passed without any such honor attending. Reuben Wiss went back to his desk at seven o'clock and Browning found him there at nine.

"Don't let that work interfere too much with your amusement," admonished Browning. "We expected to see you out at the park to-night."

Wiss smiled broadly. "I was outside the fence," he confessed.

"How do the sports show up?"

"Slow bunch—except Clooney."

Wiss could not be sourly critical. He stated unpleasant facts smiling. His big, round face was unmarred by the lines of petty passions; it beamed good nature all the time. Browning tried to repress a smile while Wiss laughed heartily at his own crude delineation. His language was limited to short phrases. What he could not express by choice of vocabulary was accompanied by such facial illustrations as would show that he meant to be pleasant however his sentences might be construed—and what he left unsaid was full of eloquence.

"So you think we've got a rum team?" hinted Browning after a pause.

"Yes," agreed Wiss, and broke again into laughter at his candor.

"I think you're right. We're losing ground every game. You probably know that we headed the league for four years and it's hitting our self-respect hard to get down so low."

"Best team'll win," prophesied Wiss.

"Then we've got to have the best team. I want a good pitcher and two outfielders."

"You don't need fielders with a good pitcher."

"Will you pitch for us?" If the question was staggering in its suddenness the anwer was mortal.

"No!" said Wiss, and laughed with boyish heartiness.

Browning was too serious to be affected by this humorous outburst. For the first time Wiss' laughed nettled him. He spoke hastily: "Then I'll make Walker pitch a winning game or disband the team." It hurt Will to see him get up abruptly and leave the office.

Wiss did not leave until ten o'clock, and at that hour the "Imperial Limited" was due. He stepped down to the platform for a few minutes. The display of pastry in the restaurant proved irresistable, and he entered to have a piece of pie. There were two others then taking lunch at the end of the counter and Wiss crowded down beside them to make room for the rush of passengers. One of them he at once recognized at once as "Wistaria" Walker, whom he had guessed was the Sudsbury regular pitcher when he glimpsed at the practice game a few hours before.

The man who was with him was much older and Wiss saw him pass a ten dollar note to Walker, saying at the same time, "Remember, you don't know me when we meet again." He shook Walker's hand and withdrew hastily.

The incident started a hive of suspicions working in Wiss' ingenious brain. The next four days were full of the coming struggle between Sudsbury, the tail-enders, and Kipawa, the leaders, and Wiss was perhaps more anxious to see that game than he was to go fishing.

Browning and Clooney were in conference at the grounds that eventful Saturday. Walker was trying his arm and pitching wonderfully. Batter after batter swung at the elusive sphere until Clooney could no longer maintain a glum countenance. He went to the bat cheerily and felt the wind of the ball for three wild swings and went back to Browning grinning.

"He's comin' back!" he announced in a loud whisper. "What dope have you been slingin' him?"

"Nothing has happened so far as I know," avowed Browning. "He's probably heard of the Onaping twirler and feels that he's being noticed. I've decided not to pamper Wiss though. If he wants to be stubborn about it we will not coax him into the game. He's a first-class man in the office and I'm glad you recommended him, but he'll not play ball and that settles that. Walker can put over a great game when he's fit—remember how he held down the Mattawa's the last time we played them? Look at him now! If he treats the Kipawa's that way we'll march uphill shouting. Hello! Here comes Wiss."

The crowd was pouring into the grounds and with them came Reuben Wiss. He did not stop at the grand stand, however, but took a bee line to where Browning and Clooney stood. At the same time the players came in off the field and grouped close by. Browning introduced Wiss to the players in turn. Walker shook his hand limply and averted his eyes. He glanced slyly across to where the Kipawas were grouped and there Wiss looked also. He saw the man who had given Walker the money.

He looked at Walker inquiringly, but Walker avoided his glance. Wiss knew enough about the baseball field to guess that the man who had given Walker the money was the manager of the Kipawa team, just as he had suspected! He pretended to be sizing up the Kipawa crowd, but said nothing.

Walker felt that he must speak. "Guess we'll have to go some to lick that outfit!" he remarked.

Wiss smiled. "Don't give them a hit for five innings and they're yours," he said.

"Who can do that?" sneered Walker.

'Walker, of the Sudsburys," declared Wiss.

"You've another guess," said Walker tartly. "You haven't seen those fellows at the bat."

"I've seen their manager." Their eyes met and straightway those of Walker fell.

"What's that to do with it?" he mumbled and slouched into the dressing room. Wiss had not changed a facial muscle—the same rotundity of cheek; the same clarity of eye — withal the same propensity to grin.

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No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.50; 6 pairs, $3.00.

No. 1000 — Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

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Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE. 57

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Gentlemen: I enclose $1.50 ($2.00 for women's or children's), for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight..... (medium or light?) Size.....Color (check the colors on list to your right). Any six in a box, but only one weight and one size.

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

"Put over a few," suggested Browning, coming up.

"Not out there," protested Wiss. "Throw a few after the game."

In five minutes the game was called and simultaneously cries of "Walker! Where's Walker?" The home team began to take their places on the field—except Clooney. He and Browning went to hunt Walker. They barely scanned the dressing room, but dashed to the street. A quick glance in all directions failed to scope him. Wiss searched, too, but he meandered into the Kipawa's dressing room and there he saw Walker adorning the brown and white uniform of that aggregation. He laughed scornfully at Wiss who was taking in the situation with a grin. "What do you want here?" he demanded. "Better go and show the rest of the rubes how much better you can pitch than me. They've wanted to get rid of me ever since they began to lose. A lot of support those bumpkins give a fella!"

Browning and the Kipawa manager came together just outside the dressing room door.

"What kind of a trick is this?" asked Browning, taking in the situation at once.

"Why, Browning, I thought you understood that Walker was ready to come over to us any time. He's just now expressed his willingness to come over for the simple reason that you've got another pitcher."

"That's not straight," denied Browning. "And the game is being delayed. Listen to that rumpus!"

The noise from the grand stand was deafening. Cries of Play! play the game!" and stamping of feet signified the extreme impatience of the waiting crowd.

Browning pushed past the Kipawa manager and entered the dressing room with an angry demand of Walker to know what he was up to.

"Up to givin' you a straight farethee-well, Mr. Browning. You'd let me pitch me head off when I wasn't feelin' any too good—but I'm in the best of trim now, and we'll put it over your bunch of rubes."

Browning turned to the Kipawa's manager. "This looks like a crooked deal. Where's your regular pitcher?"

"He's here, feeling very much under the weather. It wouldn't be a fair deal really to put him against Walker here, and understanding that you had a substitute it occurred to me that we could take Walker and put the game on a square basis."

"It's rotten business! Why didn't you make your arrangements with me in a regular manner?" demanded Browning, to which he received a consolatory pat on the back and heard the agreeable laugh of the other manager.

"Wiss," declared Browning, turning to the embarrassed subject of the episode, "it's either you or I to pitch this game—because played it will be!"

A cat-like manoeuvre was Wiss' only answer. He landed among the green and white pieces of uniform discarded by Walker. It fitted him pretty tightly, but he was "comfortable" he said, grinning, and danced out to the rubber and faced the grand stand.

A tentative hush swept over the concourse, most of whom were Kipawa rooters, and then a swell of amusement arose. The cheers of the Sudsburys were drowned in the riotous ridicule from the throats of the Kipawa crowd. "Oh you rube!" "Merry death for yours!" drowned in the Suds. "Froth him up!" "Some shrinkage to that calico!" "Save him from the wet, umpire!" and dozens more epithets were flung down at him in the minute in which he fumbled with the ball. His face beamed and broke into the perennial grin at the first discharge of the ball. "Strike one!' called the umpire.

"Watch the soft soap batter there!" the batter was admonished while a sharp yell rose from the home crowd. "Strike two!" called the umpire, and "slippery stuff," murmured the home crowd. "Wait for them!" advised the Kipawas. The batter obeyed and "Strike three!" came from the umpire.

The pitcher's name began to run from lip to lip—"'Rube' Wiss," and "Oh bliss! What a miss!" whenever another strike was called. "Strike nine!" boomed a bass voice from the front row when the third batter struck out. Wiss strode in with a lazy swing and the home crowd left the grand stand to get a closer look at the prodigy.

Walker's appearance on the opposite side needed some explanation, and the coachers were none too hearty for him after seeing the work of Wiss. They warmed up, however, when he began to repeat Wiss' performance. It was different, however, when Viss himself came to bat. He swung up to the plate with his easy stride and grinned like a jack-o'-lantern in response to the mingled jeers and cheers from the benches. He met Walker's first ball with an agile forward lurch and the sudden crash of the first impact of ball and bat that afternoon would never be forgotten. The right-fielder saw the ball first and he tried to beat it to the fence. Wiss loped around the bases like a St. Bernard pup and turned third base before the ball started to come back. The next batter fanned.

After the fifth innings the home team was wild with excitement. Wiss had had his second turn at the bat and ground out a three-bagger, getting home on a bunt. His pitching silenced the Kipawas. Clooney had not underestimated him—he did not let leather touch wood. The Kipawas were taking their ninth innings when half the grand stand emptied itself and crowded upon the grounds to give a grand rally for their own. It was no use—the "strike one! strike two! strike three!" were as persistent as Wiss' grin. They took defeat with, as a spectator remarked, "suds in eyes." "Wistaria" Walker speaks of that and subsequent meetings with the Browning bunch as a "whitewash in suds," but Browning declares that the games from that day on, were "Wiss epics."

At the end of the season Wiss was presented with the most elaborate fishing tackle that could be found and he was proud of it. "I do love fishing," he declared, his blue eyes dancing with joy, "but, say, baseball is great sport, too."

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A Great Year.

By William Lutton.

"WE have no close season now," said a Dominion Immigration agent to the writer. "They come all the time. They come when it is 20 below zero. They trudge to the station with their belongings happy and hopeful. They have left the grinding oppression behind, they are facing a new and independent future. They have been disinherited, but they have heard of this part of God's earth upon which they may tread with the thrilling sense of ownership. They will suffer hardship, they will suffer nostalgia; they will feel a throbbing lump in the throat like Ruth, who, "sick for home, stood amid the alien corn;" but they know they are going to the Land of Promise and they are willing to endure with the anticipatory relish of ultimate ownership and prosperity. They pass out of sight beyond the skyline; the vastness devours them, but the poorest and feeblest of them will, in three years, be on the road to comfort and independence."

We are looking forward to the spring," a lady writes from Calgary. "I missed the rolling country which was my hope. I missed the song birds whose music woke me in my childhood and girlhood; but the air is like champagne; the country is divinely young and I feel young with it; the wild flowers of the prairie have a wistful lure; the community takes on bigness; the neighboorhood grows; and afternoon tea is a serious function."

"The men are doing big things. They are building C. P. R. shops and Dominion bridge works; the Indian trails are macadamized streets; and it is unpardonable to enter a drawing-room in 'sack coat.'"

The expectation is that the country will receive, from all sources this year, over half a million souls.

The Grand Trunk Pacific is working with feverish haste to perfect their western system, and offer a continuous system for trade which pleads for accommodation. The Canadian Northern, inspired by two of the greatest captains of industry of the age, is breathlessly hastening to the realization of its ideal—a self-owned transcontinental line, from ocean to ocean, while the C. P. R. is spending $50,000,000 on spur lines, double trackage, irrigation, and so forth.

Real estate is almost delirious. Mr. William Farwel, the president of the Eastern Townships Bank, which has just amalgamated with the Canadian Bank of Commerce, told the writer that when he went West recently, he found the values going up in the most bewildering way. Indeed, they fairly stunned him, and partly because they did so, the amalgamation took place.

"Values change overnight," he said; "before you have turned away from a certain proposition, you are met with an increased demand."

Each community is keyed up to a tension.

The crop disappointed, but it taught the lesson which is being applied in the determination to induce mixed farming on a larger scale, a practice which will at once enrich the soil and fortify the farmer against the lean wheat year.

The railways are criticised for their slowness in getting out the wheat; but the multiplication of the self-owned elevators, which are being set up for a trifle, will mitigate the hardship which may be felt in the connection.

Big projects, inspired by the general buoyancy, are set on foot, necessitating such frequent applications to the London money market as make phlegmatic John Bull rub his eyes and ask questions. Our credit is good; our ambitions are legitimate; and our assets incalculably valuable; and, while we engage the attention of the British money market with cheerful persistency, our friends on the other side are concerned about our soul.

Earl Grey, excellent human, wants us to be saved; he is a good churchman. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave us a look in a few years ago, said, with warning feeling at a London meeting the other day, that if he was a young man he would go out himself and save our soul.

The former Governor-General said that, while we wanted to be saved, we did not want to be patronized, and he advised that if people went out in response to the appeal, they would meet the Canadians not on any ground of superiority, but humbly, in the presence of a people who would be teaching the English much that it would be important for them to know. This sentiment was loudly applauded, which goes to show that we are being understood in good old "Lunnun."

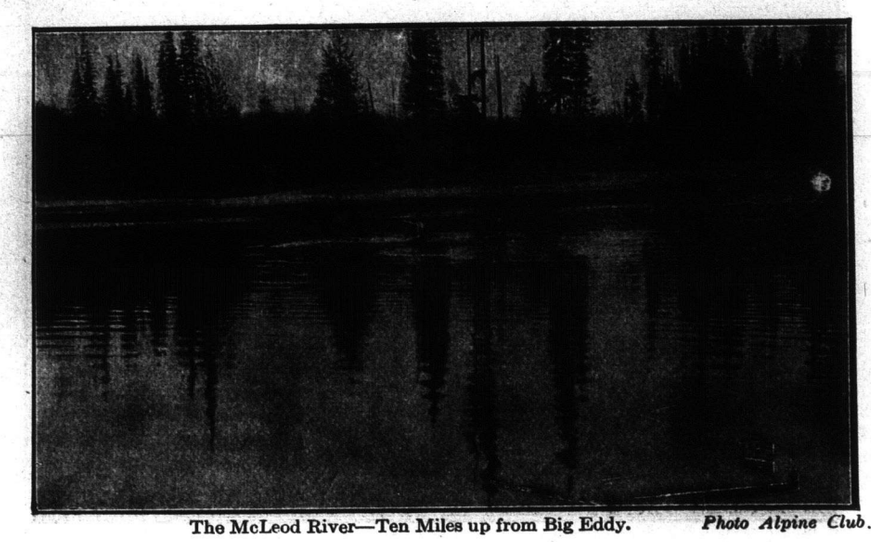
And we do want to be saved in the West—possibly not in the old-fashioned theological way — but saved to the spiritual idea. It was natural that we should be obsessed with the material. We had to grapple with the naked earth; we had to fight, each man for his own hand, with opposing conditions which felt no ruth and only yielded to strength and grit and endurance. And, coming out from oppression and poverty, and enchanted by the lure of individual gain, the material engrossed our every energy and thought.

We wanted to acquire. It is only leisurely people who want to be. We expressed a relentless and hard individualism. It was each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

That is elemental; it is also inevitable. But it is not the idea of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wants us saved, not so much by the Thirty-nine Articles, perhaps, nor the Athanasian creed (which some of the early fathers said naively that they accepted precisely because it was unbelievable and non-understandable) as by the inculcation of this simple teaching—that man is more than a patent digestive apparatus, as Carlyle put it.

Man is a soul!

Our western people, busy making money, selecting valuable corner lots,



The McLeod River—Ten Miles up from Big Eddy. *Photo Alpine Club.*

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No. 2501 WHITE CANVAS BOOT, $3.10 (Postage and Customs paid $4.10). Similar to above but all White Canvas. Stout Elk Hide Soles.

No. 2502 BROWN WILLOW BOOT, $4.25 (Postage and Customs paid $5.50). A rich Nut Brown, stout Elk Hide Soles.

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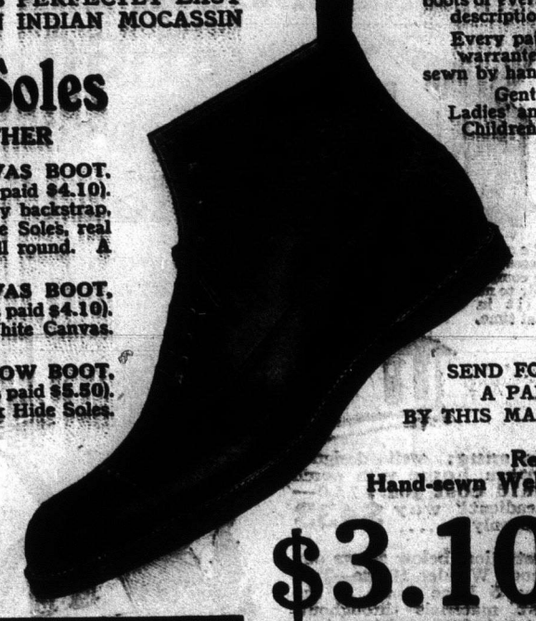

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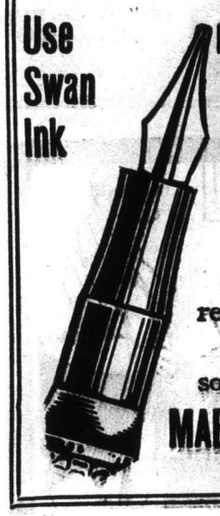

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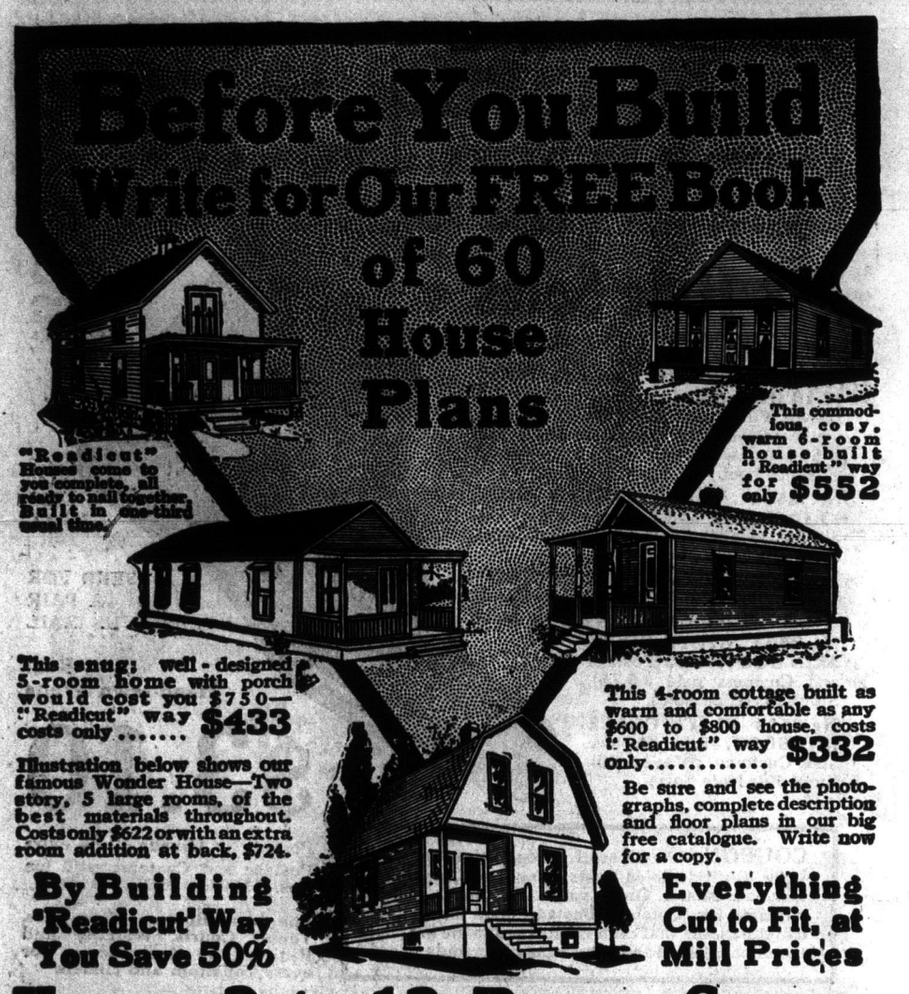

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Now all we ask you to do is to just send us your name and address, and let us send you, postage paid, and without one cent in advance, only 8 boxes of the famous Dr Edson's Life Building Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills to distribute among your friends at our special introduction offer of only 25c. a box. They are the greatest remedy on earth for weak and impure conditions of the blood, nervousness, dyspepsia, stomach and kidney trouble, and a great Tonic and Life Builder. With them we will send you only 3 boxes of Dr Edson's Harmless Headache Tablets and 3 boxes of Edson's Little Wonder Stomach and Liver Pills, making a total of only 14 boxes in all, and you will sell them all in a few minutes because every purchaser of a trial box of these famous remedies can receive free from us, a grand present of fine silverware or gold finished cuff links or ring. When you have sold the 14 boxes, return us the money, only $3.50, and this grand phonograph and one record of your choice, together with an opportunity to get dozens of new records free, will be forwarded to you at once.

REMEMBER. We are bound to secure a national distribution for these grand remedies, no matter how much it costs us, and when we say we will give you this grand phonograph complete for selling only 14 boxes at 25c., we will do so. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity, but write to day to

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and doubling the price of them before dinner-time, which, by the way, is seven o'clock now (a saving hint of grace!) must see this word with a capital "S."

That is the immutable fact, nevertheless, no matter about real estate—Soul—the greatest fact in existence.

Now, the Archbishop and Earl Grey, and other good friends of Canada, want us to recognize Soul. Earl Grey means, of course, Aestheticism, and eating your peas with a fork. His Grace means more than this, and would give us ritual; he does not suppose we are Pagans, but he does know the West is an extraordinary racial admixture. He does know that the Canadian Church is unable to overtake the work of refinement and illumination, in the case of so many people divorced from tradition, free from religious or other obligation, and, imperfectly civilized, only too liable to retrogress in the social and religious scale.

And this is really the pressing problem—the spiritualization of the people in our West.

We are threatened with material barbarism. Every mind is obsessed with the physical growth and expansion. The graces of life have been neglected.

Older civilizations, which touched the masses but slightly, cease to be operative in the life of the individual alone on the trackless prairie, unbuttressed by form, unsustained by the sanctions which kept him in lease. The lure, too, is so enormous that considerations which rise about the dollar, are of slight account.

How will we counteract this tendency?

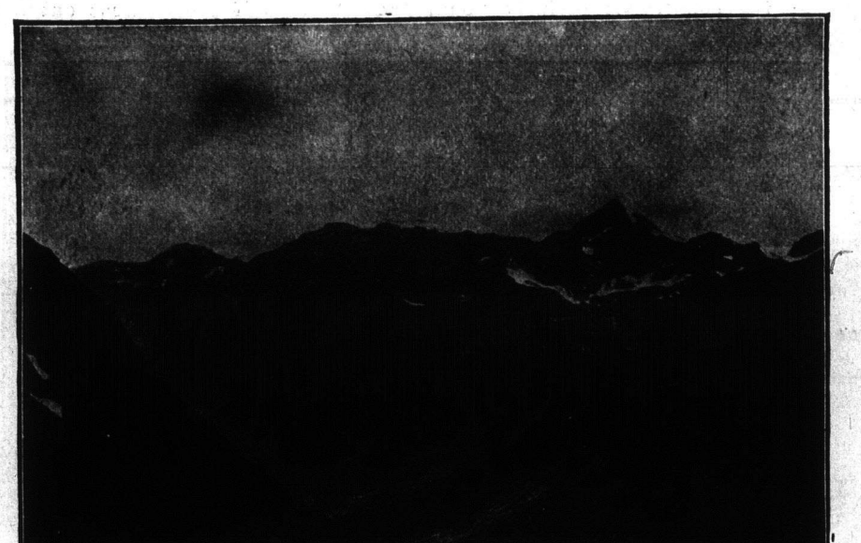
The church alone cannot save, but the co-operation of all social and aesthetic forces, the example of decent living, the robust attitude in respect of civicism, will accomplish much. This is salvation. This is the salvation that is urgently needed.

An amazing material prosperity is in process of realization. Our home market is expanding so rapidly that we have to import breadstuffs. The railways cannot find adequate labor to realize their big projects of development. The ameliorations applied to farming are so numerous and so effective that the settler is on the road to prosperity before he has his half-section under cultivation.

From all parts of the world the people are pouring in to the last and greatest west. Poverty finds asylum. The sorrowful creatures, the victims of disinheritance in older lands are reendowed. They come gloriously to their own on our bounteous prairies. They see the incomparable sunsets touch their own broad acres. They breathe the caller air—happy, free, prosperous, no man daring to make them afraid; no war-lord cracking his knout over them as he hounds them on to the killing of their fellows.

But the West needs to finds its Soul. Soul may come through the Archbishop of Canterbury; it may also come through the common school.

You can realize it in softer speech, gentler manners; above all, in that altruism which recognised the need of others in the creation of the social spirit—the lack of which makes every material again a barren mockery.



Valley of Howser River, below the Pass. *Photo Alpine Club.*

History tells us that civilization which lacked the spiritual ideal perished. It is literally true whether we believe it or not, that man cannot live by bread alone.

The Canadian churches have not been indifferent to the problems which confront them. but they have not been able to find ready-made solutions.

The common school more insistently put forward and made savingly operative in every community; the union of the churches for a service which, in its simplicity, shall appeal to all; the rearing of the gracious university of which we see the beginnings, and which is an evangel of salvation; the example of those who, British born and educated, shall live their lives in grace and honor and wholesomeness, infecting poorer but morally as excellent people; the discountenacing of all racial segregation; the encouraging of every impulse which rises above the sordid in a life which must be full of strenuosity until, with the years and the conquest of difficulty, leisure supervenes upon the elemental struggle — all these will provide assuagements and betterments.

The thought should be the approximation to the British ideal of citizenship. Left to itself, each group might accentuate the foreign ideal, which is material.

The British ideal takes account of the human stomach, but it is spiritual, too. It does not disdain the dollar, but it insists upon a "power outside ourselves," as Matthew Arnold put it, "making for righteousness." It stands for a wholesome morality.

Persistence

A gentlemanly-looking pedlar entered a business man's office and coughed slightly to attract attention. The occupant of the office kept at his work until he reached a convenient stopping place, and then turned abruptly to his caller. "Well," he asked, " what can I do for you?"

"I am introducing," the pedlar began, "a patent electric hair brush——"

"What do I want with a hair brush?", growled the business man. "Can't you see I'm bald?"

"Your lady, perhaps——"

"Bald, too, except when she's dressed up."

"Yes, sir. But you have at home a little child——"

"We have. It's one month old and quite bald."

"Of course, at that age," said the pedlar. "But," he persisted, "maybe you keep a dog?"

"We do," said the business man. "A hairless Chinese dog."

The pedlar dived into another pocket. "Allow me," he said, "to show you the latest thing in fly paper."—Cleveland Leader.

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Field Notes of the Dusky Mallard.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

THE locality selected for the study of this shy, elusive duck lies in the reservation of the Mississauga Indians on Rice Lake, Canada, who in their soft gutturals, call it the "She-sheb." By the white hunters of the lake it is known as the Black Duck, in the New England States I have heard it spoken of as the Dusky Duck, farther south it bears the name of the Black Mallard, and in Florida it is sometimes called the Black English Duck, but be it known by this or another name it is the same wary, clever bird, always on the look out for enemies—and, truly, their name is legion.

Early in the Spring of 1905 we journeyed over the honeycombed surface of the heavy ice that covered Rice Lake to the island of the Beaver, where we found our little shanty as clean as when we had left it the November before. The intense cold had driven every stoat and weasel, mole, squirrel, and rat off the island to the mainland. From the northern point of the island not one single glimmering streak of open water was to be seen, all the far-reaching scene was one field of greenish, sunseared ice, while even the Otonabee River, due north of us, which feeds the lake, was still icebound. We were early, it was only the 30th of April, but we wished to see the great migrating host arrive, headed usually by our friends the black ducks.

The first light that fell on this old hunting lake the next morning showed a blue, gleaming crack at the river's mouth—the first open water, and as soon as it was clear enough we searched it with the telescope. It was a mere ribbon of water a foot or two wide, and perhaps thirty feet long, but we knew full well that the heralds of the great northern flight had reached here several days before, had doubled on their tracks, and reported no open water.

My ever-hungry assistant, Fritz, scanned the southern sky line with the big glass, and suddenly exclaimed, "What are those two black dots!" I seized the telescope, and located the two wavering grey marks that were rising over the distant woods to the south; just two pencilled marks on the clouded sky, the kind of marks that make the hunter's heart beat faster—incoming ducks!

Soon I could make them out clearly. Two black dots winnowing ahead for the open water as true as the arrow from the bow. What wonderful instinct is implanted in the feathered game! Here was a tiny stream created in a great icefield within the hour, and there were the ducks speeding toward it. Soon they came over the island so closely that I could see the orange-red legs, the dark green "speculum" on the wings, the handsome brownish-black plumage, the white lining of the wings, the clear yellow-green of the bill, and the black button on the end, and finally the brilliant black eye searching even that icefield for a possible enemy. Along they sped, circled above the open crack three times, and alighted with wings hooked toward the light wind that blew from the North. Our study had begun, the Dusky Mallards were with us again.

For days we were stormbound on the Beaver; the great struggle between the wind, the sun, and the river's current with the great icefield awed and interested us. At last the wind got the underhold, and the wonderful scenes of the ice-shove were enacted for us two lonely spectators.

The ducks were here in immense flocks, filling every open blue spot—pairs and small flocks of black ducks (as we shall hereafter call the Dusky Mallard) dotted the scene, decoying to one another or to the many small black roots and logs, the flotsam of the Spring flood.

Once, when the fury of the Northwester tore adrift a huge icepack and sent it ever gathering speed, down the lake, we watched a flock of black ducks that sat asleep on this novel craft, and looked for all the world like a fringe. Unlike their usual caution every bird was asleep, head laid over on the back, bill tucked beneath the wing. Along swept the icefield, its speed now over a mile an hour, and rapidly increasing. Directly in its path lay Black Island, and on it tore with its load of sleeping passengers. There was a grinding crash, a roar of climbing, splintering, ringing ice, and a mighty flapping jump of the startled flock as they sprang into the air with many loud quacks.

We examined a passing icefield, pushed the canoe's bow on to it, and stole a ride. Now we saw why the ducks choose these river-facing ice edges. The rapid current had piled it with wild celery, muskrat apples (wild onions), spatterdock, and all the floating foods of the drowned lands and wild rice beds.

We noted that most of the black ducks had arrived in pairs; these had mated south of the Canadian line, while

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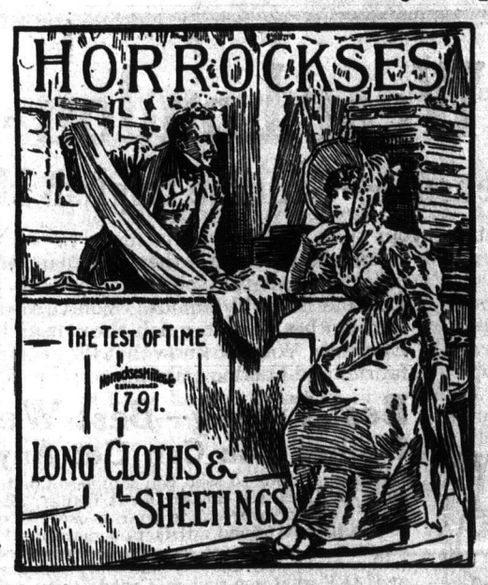

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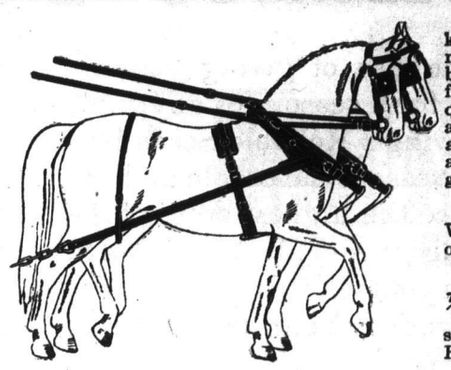

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See Specifications

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Traces—2 inch double leather, and stitched with 3 rowst of sitching full length. Heel chain with dee and five link chains.

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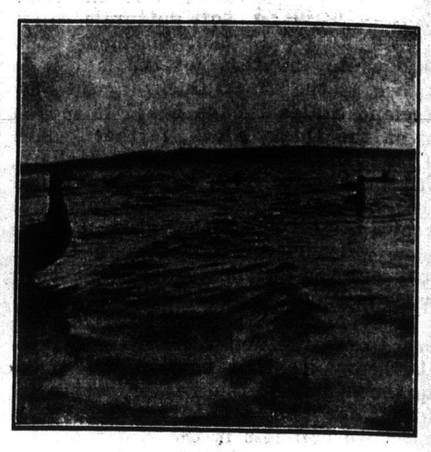
others came in flocks of six or eight. In a few days these were divided into pairs or threes, the three invariably consisting of a female and two males (as these birds are so very similar in plumage, the way we knew the male from the female was by her jumping from the water first, the two males immediately following. It took her ladyship a couple of days to decide which should be her mate, then when she jumped again both she and the chosen one beat off the attentive but discarded swain, and left him flying alone.

We could also tell the female by her constant quacking, the male bird, in this family as in a certain larger one, seldom giving voice to his deeper notes, she did all the talking. The male bird was profuse in his attentions. Following her every movement he swam close beside her as they paddled along the island shores, picking up a stray bit here and there. Many pairs chose our island for their nesting ground, the male waddling gravely after the female up the steep banks, and examining every likely nesting spot. He followed her in under the cedar trees, and when finally, after many days indecision, she selected the exact spot for the nest, he let her do all the work, just dodging around after her and kind of throwing in a hint or two. If he had had a pipe he would have been quite human.

At his season of the year the ducks gabble like pintails. We pictured a nest under a spreading cedar. The weather had been cold, and the duck had been obliged to sit on the nest from the laying of the first egg. Day by day she added to the number, and day by day she picked the feathers from her breast, and built them into a wall all about the nest, weaving them into leaves and twigs, so that when she left the nest to seek her food a dab with the bill turned this feather quilt over on top of the eggs; the leaves and grasses, feathers and twigs keeping the hatch warm, and so perfectly matching the surroundings that I have had trouble to find a nest I was sure was within a few feet of me. If this nest is robbed, or any of the eggs broken, she will immediately choose another spot, desert the old nest, and lay an egg on the newly-chosen spot, building the new nest around it.

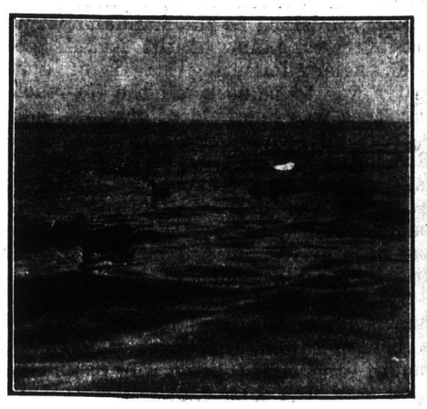
These birds breed all over Eastern Canada, and everywhere I have found them they are mercilessly robbed. Do not blame the hawks and the crows, the mink and the weasel; they do a certain amount of damage, but not once have I caught them at it. In every case that came under my personal observation the robber has been one of the sparrow family. My lad Fritz, and I found a black duck's nest full of eggs at eight p.m., and returning next morning I saw a chipping sparrow creep away from the nest like a rat; three of the eggs were broken into and almost empty. In this case I killed the little varmint, and going along to the next nest found it all torn up and destroyed, and again a sparrow crept through the grass before it took to



On Sentry

flight. I killed this bird also, and present you a picture of the bird that does more to thin out this sport-giving family than any in the kingdom. Dozens of times I have found this to be the case, and a record of all the duck's nests, of various breeds, proclaims the sad fact that only twenty-five per cent. of the eggs laid produce a live duckling. One sadly pestered bird actually made four nests on our island before she brought out half a clutch, seven wee, olive-green youngsters out of over forty eggs, luckily this is an exceptionally bad case.

Many times we set the big camera, yes; and the small one, too, before we were lucky enough to get this sly bird setting, but the picture we finally got was worth the trouble. We concealed that camera so we could hardly find it ourselves, rigged a long distance connection, tied a line tight across the nest, around a tree, and back to the "snap lever," and this obliging duck actually took her own picture! I watched her fly back through the trees, alight on the little beach, creep up to the nest, and squat on the eggs. For some reason the line failed to work, but she got busy cuddling up the eggs with her feet. "Clang!" rang the camera.



Peaceful Moments

"Quack!" screamed the duck, and away she flew. But the picture was ours. We laughingly doffed our hats to her, and thanked her as she sped away.

June the first sees all the young out in the nests which have not been robbed—from three to ten birds in a nest. Cold weather, I think, has much to do with this loss, as only one nest of those I have noted, brought out as many as ten eggs. But it is often well into July before all the young are hatched, and I believe she would continue laying and building nests until winter came, as I have seen young broods in September.

Our canoe trips had taken us all over this beautiful island-studded, wild rice-grown lake, but the majority of the

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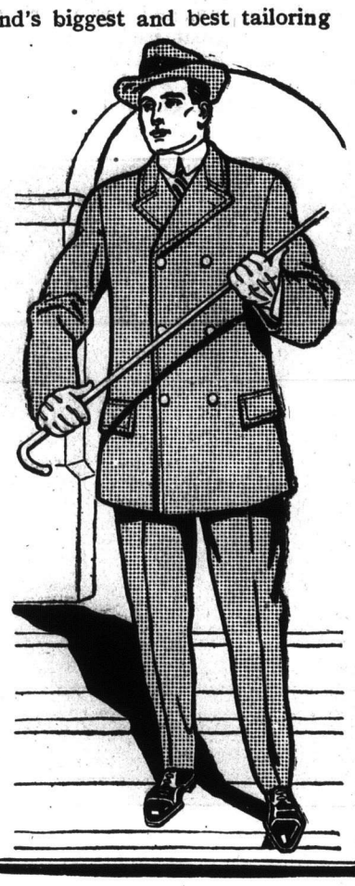

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23

nests were on the islands. The mothers guided the little downy green ones over the wide lake to one of the many pond-holes in the marshes, and drowned lands and small as the youngsters are they are able to elude us, although hawks and owls, mink and big frogs, yes, even fish, are not averse to a toothsome wee duckling.

Many are the strange notes the mother bird uses; odd the piping calls of the little ones, but the male never seems to give vent to anything but a deep note, half quack, half grunt. The voice of the tame mallard is totally unlike its wild brothers; coarser, with none of the sharp, vibrant tone that makes the duck hunter sit up, and almost twist his head off when it sounds loud and clear just behind.

All this family are poor divers, getting their food near the surface by merely tipping up. Wound one, and there is born in him a diving knowledge that often outwits a clever canoeist and a good shot.

Through July and August we push the long green nose of our canoe into many a deeply-hidden pondhole ; never once do we see those birds at play as the wood duck and many other breeds play, usually the old birds are sleeping upon some convenient log while the young ones puddle or sleep alongside. I think the black duck is a lazy duck.

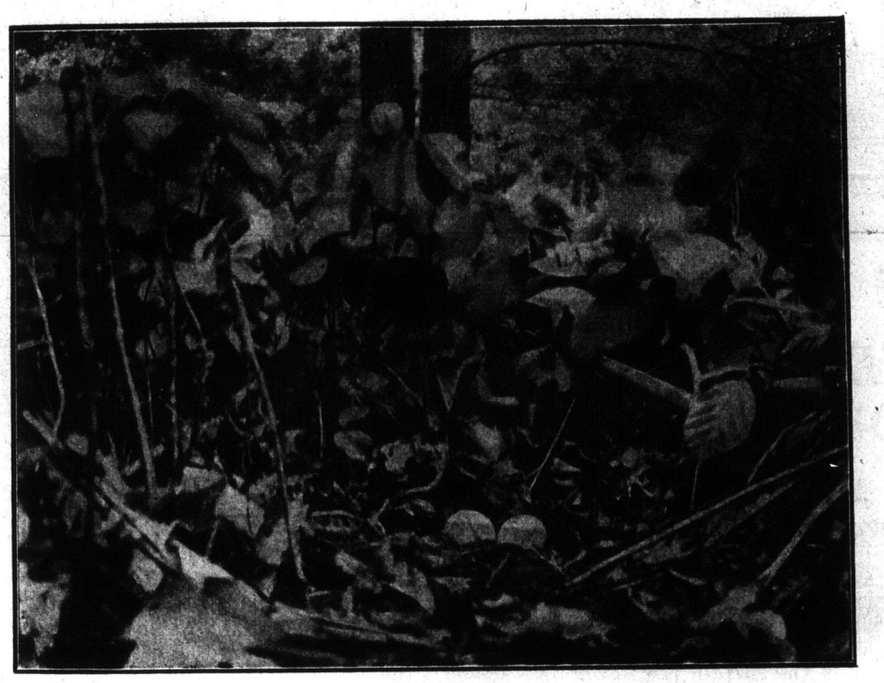
We can see but a little difference in the plumage at any season. It is a little brighter, perhaps, in the spring, but the big, fat chaps seem to be as unchanging as the watchfulness they inherit. The amount of oil they use is astounding. Constantly, spring, summer, and fall they are pressing that broad yellow bill on the little oil teat just over the tail, and wiping its oily surface on the feathers. We notice that when a wounded black duck falls into the water with that great splash, so timely and nerve-kindling after a good shot, it takes to the nearest shore and presses the water out of the breast feathers, as the sudden impact soaks it to the skin. In cold weather the injured birds soon perish if they cannot dry themselves this way. Wonderful is the close fitting coat of down and feathers which never admit a drop of water unless the bird is wounded. I have seen them strip their back completely bare when falling from a great height, and striking the water a glancing blow.

There was one old black chap that used to feed in a little marshy bay opposite the island. After we waited for hours under a broiling sun, he finally walked right in front of the big camera and caught a frog—I also caught him just before he swallowed it. He dabbed it with his bill, then he held it down, and swallowed it in a trice.

Away up the south shore of the lake at Pine Tree Point, these birds used to swim in for gravel, this they must have to assist their digestion at least every second day. We paddled up there before the first rays of the sun fell on the calm lake, concealed the canoe in the cedars, built two hides over the machines, rigged the tubes and connecting lines, and watched a dozen of these big ducks slowly swimming in.

Up and down the shore they swam, watching every spot for a possible lurking enemy. First one big bird approached the shore, raised his long neck, eyed every log and tree, and then swam out again. A few quacks from her told the flock all was well. Gradually, watchfully they swam in, taking over an hour to do five hundred yards. There we lay breathless, watching them pick up the tiny grains of coarse sand, washing themselves like tame ducks, preening their feathers, oiling themselves. One big female waddled off the shore as the big machine clicked, another dipped down after gravel (we photographed it while the neck feathers were still wet), but searched the scene every few seconds for an enemy—every forty-five seconds by actual count, never once did a minute elapse without those bright eyes scanning the whole shore line.

September was approaching. Gradually the birds left the pond holes where the flappers had grown to big birds capable of sustained flight, and gathered in the back bays of the reservation where, hidden in the high wild rice they awaited their fate on the opening day.



Black Duck's Nest

We tried to study their voice signals, the alluring soft call to the hovering incoming birds, just a velvety quack; the quick low call to the younger birds when a hawk passed over, the old long gabble when a lot of gossipy females were together talking over rearing troubles, the sharp, vibrant "quack, quack!" of alarm as they sprang from the water.

The only friends of this numerous family we could discover were a few green-winged teal and an old mallard or two. Many times have we tried to gauge their age; one pair has returned to the same nesting spot for four successive years, and I feel sure it is the same female, as time after time she has let me approach within six feet of her nest before flushing. So if they escape the gamut of guns that stretches from far northern Ontario to the sunny beaches of Florida, it is safe to assume they can reach this age at least, some authorities affirm it is twice as long—who can tell?

We built a "hide" in the great wild rice beds. Six stout young trees, twenty-four feet long, were driven down in the rich, liquid mud, and decaying wild rice straw that support these strange water farms of the Mississaugas, until only three feet remained upright above the water, in their crotched tops two eighteen foot poles were laid, the wild rice was gathered and tied on until the hide looked like a thick part of the bed, openings were left for the cameras, and we were ready to picture, or perhaps shoot, when the next sun

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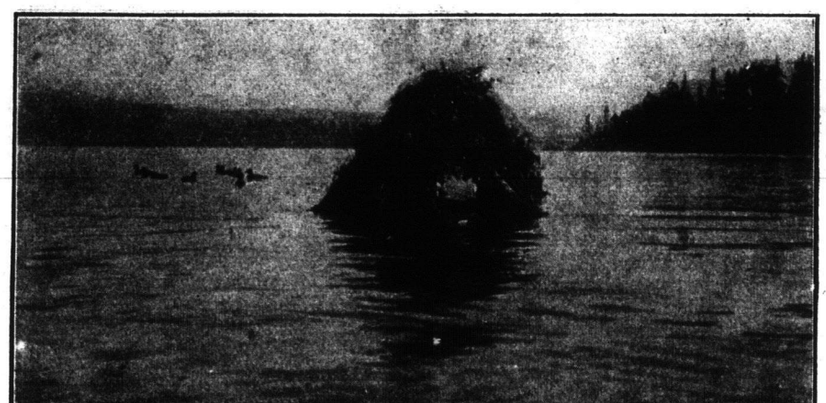
showed the first of September.

From the fusilade that greeted these poor birds on that dim grey morning they must have thought there was an Indian concealed at the foot of every stalk.

At first they came boldly into the bed, dropping here and there as the red streak of fire showed against the dark sky, then, as it grew lighter, they learned caution, and wheeled and circled a hundred yards above us, drawing their ineffectual fire of the red men, who never will learn that they cannot stretch their guns far enough for alarmed birds.

We were greatly amused at a tame bird's work. It had strayed from some near by settlers, and every flock of black ducks that went over it called loud and long, with great success too. It just happened that there was not a hunter near that blamed bird, and all alone and unassisted she decoyed those birds and spoiled the shooting all over the beds.

One big, slow flying black duck circled over our hide, and failing to see us there down she swept into the decoys, with curved wings against the wind. We pictured her, and said "good bye, old lady," as we thought she had been good enough in giving us her picture without filling her handsome body with stinging lead. Later, some teal and black ducks flew in together, and we present you with the impression we got of them. Again a big black duck flew over and eyed every spot with great care. The bending tops of the rice concealed us, and after a couple more circles, in she dropped. She sat



Our floating hide for photographing the wild fowl.

as still as if carved from a cedar block (there is something wrong every time you see a duck do this), she eyed the hide intently, and jumped like a shot when the curtain ran down. No sooner had we wound up the big machine than another fell into the decoys with a great splash. She was ours in a moment—pictorially—and away she flew quacking.

Now remember we are only mortal. The birds were flying well. The redskins were popping away like mad. Every bay and marsh was booming. "Bung—rip—bung!" went the old muzzle loaders. Deathly guns, dangerous at both ends. "Tack-tack!" went the sharp reports of the white mens' smokeless shells. There were two guns and shell boxes in the canoe—why say any more—we ate black ducks for dinner!

There is one thing I wish to note here—if a dead black duck, once it is laid in the canoe, could be reduced to a unit without burdening us too much we would be thankful. Luckily the visitors do not live long.

We timed the flight to-day; slow, no wind, the birds did not exceed fifteen miles an hour, easy shooting. But let them come in on a heavy south-wester and the story is different. I have timed them up to over forty miles an hour, and punched many a hole in the air, right behind where the duck had been.

Now there are duck shooters and duck shooters. There were three behind me that night of the latter class, their calling was unique: "Ducky! ducky! ducky!" they called, I thought in fun, until the constant call assured me of their childlike innocence. Then an old black duck flew straight at me, right overhead. I had the aim right, and the speed right, but lost sight of the bird over the muzzle behind me. The gun struck my shoulder, my finger involuntarily pressed on the trigger, and I killed that blamed bird after it had passed slightly behind me out of my sight—one of the worst scratch shots a man ever made.

"Fine shot, sir!" called the innocent.

"A dirty scratch!" I yelled back. Thus the Nature student has some fun even in the rice beds.

Next day the shooting was poor; so soon do these birds learn wisdom. There were as many black ducks on Rice Lake as usual, very much on the lake as they had all gathered in big flocks far out in the widest places in mid lake, and there they sat all day nor did they fly into the beds that night, and give easy shots to the red man with his fearful ear-splitting gun. No, not they. They lit in the water half a mile from the rice beds, and swam in after dark. From our camp we could hear them feeding and splashing and tipping up, sounding like a whole school of boys in swimming.

We had noticed a flock of tame ducks and young in a near by bay, and we had also noticed a young banker from Toronto. This young financier paddled out looking for a shoot for the next day, found out one, but never told a soul at camp, not he. He set off before daylight, long before, and the first gun we heard was his. Oh, the banging he kept up! This attracted the attention of the owner of those tame ducks. The owner paddled fast, the young Toronto hunter shot all the faster; was he going to share his good shooting with this stranger Not he. The owner yelled and paddled faster, and still the shots rang out. At last just as the last poor duckling was nearing its doom, the owner arrived in haste and some temper. Result: fourteen dead ducks and twenty dollars costs, as these had been reared by this guide for live decoys. The worst feature of the whole deal was that the young banker took those bally dead tame ducks back to the city. Could we incubate a sportsman's soul in him?

The wild rice harvest was in full swing, and every morning after the shoot was over the whole village was afloat, gathering the black grain. It grows in from twelve to fifteen feet of water, and stands from three to four feet high; it is fully ripe at this date.

The squaw seated in the stern raps with two cedar sticks the bending grain when a steady rain of ripe rice, seen an inch long, about as thick as the lead in a pencil, falls into the canoe. The buck in the bow has hard work forcing the canoe through the heavy, standing grain.

By the noon hour the canoes are well laden, and away goes the procession of water harvesters to the island camp singing their weird Ojibway songs. Basswood canoes with two big hunters, log canoes with buck and squaw, little dugouts with young redskins paddling might and main, all pass by, singing as they go.

At the camp the unripe grain is roasted or parched in great iron pots, and later fanned in the ancient style, the squaw simply throwing it into the air, so that the wind may blow the chaff away while the cleaned grain falls into the bark trough. The ripe grain is then hurried into bags, and away go the heavily laden canoes to the nearest

store. The coming chiefs often bring back other "loads" than groceries in exchange for their hard-earned harvest. This rice crop is theirs by treaty.

The black ducks are so clever by this time that to decoy them is a high art. Wild rice straw hides, artfully constructed, sometimes cover the hunter well enough to fool these crafty birds (we pictured one that was very well built), but the best way to kill these ducks is to paddle all along the edges of the marsh and rice beds, and jump them. We show you one in its awkward flight.

There is no moment so full of tingling joy as when the big bird jumps with alarmed "quack!" and the right barrel doubles him up, or perhaps you miss him with both. Then tell the listening chums some woeful reason for the bally miss. Another favorite way is shore shooting—waiting until the birds swim in for gravel, but this is too much like murder. I well remember lying on a little island watching a thousand or more black ducks swimming in, both cameras were set, the lad well hidden, and I could see a murderous gleam in his eye and an ominous fingering of the trigger. We were both intensely excited, as the sight was wonderful. They came on in a long black line, the calm lake foaming before them. At last they were within a hundred yards and coming fast, when "bang!" went the lad's gun—a trembling finger had strayed triggerwards—and soon the great flock was only a long, dim, wavering line on the horizon.

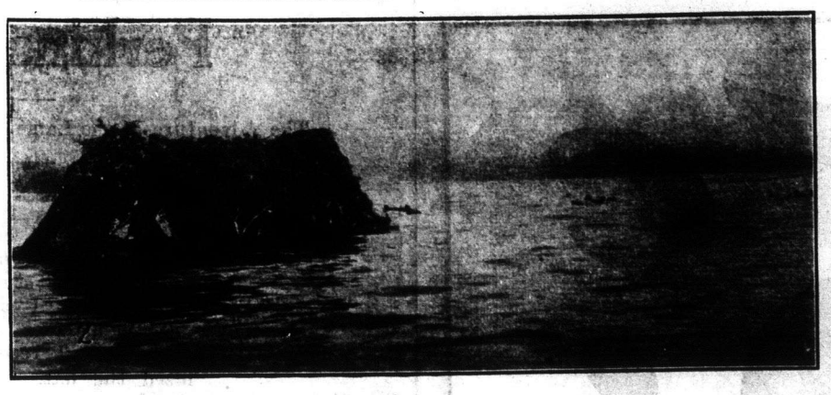
Once, on a warm September day, the lad and I lay on a sunny hilltop watching a Mississauga fishing in the creek beneath us. Suddenly the lad cried, "Look!" and I turned to see a big flock of black ducks settling into a pondhole in the marsh. Down the hill we dashed and into the canoe. There were two ways to go—drag across the marsh or paddle a mile up the river, and draw in. We chose this way, the longest way, and the water flew from our fast paddle strokes. We drew the canoe in over the river bank, paddled it across the first pondhole, jumped out, and crept to the inner pondhole. When I parted the rushes with my fingers I could have filliped a pebble on to the nearest duck. We were younger then, and our thought of sport was how many we could kill. Six big chaps dozed on a log. "Bang, bang!" right into the poor things! "Bang, bang!" in the air! Six dead or dying. A loud shout rang out: "Ti-yah, you near shoot me!" The Indian had dragged across the marsh, and arrived just in time to catch some falling shot. We waded back to the canoe, built a fire, and hung our wet socks before it. From where I sat I could see the lad's doing a nice rich brown. I smiled in secret joy. The lad caught my smile, and joined me with a broad grin.

"Your socks are all burned," I gasped in my laughter.

"So are yours!" he gasped back. Alas, we had been one another's undoing.

Again we saw a sight worth remembering. We were on the island in midlake. The heavy waves sparkled under the afternoon's sun. To the west of us an immense flock of black ducks slept in the rough water, all but the front ranks, these paddled hard to keep down the swell and shelter those behind. Straight towards us they drifted, and we felt sure of a shot. At last they floated to within about a hundred and twenty-five yards, when instantly the nearest birds sprang up, and took the windward position, and many other lines went to sleep. Again they floated in to the same distance; again the near shore ones jumped and settled in front of the flock. This continued for an hour. Now how could those sleeping birds tell so accurately the danger line? Never once did a single bird get within a hundred yards. Finally we stood up. There was a roar like thunder as the whole flock jumped and flew away up the lake.

The colder months of October and November make these big birds work hard for food, as they are immense caterers. The wild rice has long since fallen, fully fifty thousand bushels lie under the water but too deep for these birds. Now is the time to find them



Our hide with decoys out

on the shallow wild celery beds. Then the ice nips these, and for a few days the birds seek food along the river edge, then away they go for the fall migration, all save those poor wounded birds that, swimming in ever-decreasing circles, are found frozen fast in the new ice some cold November morning.

A Substitute for Divorce.

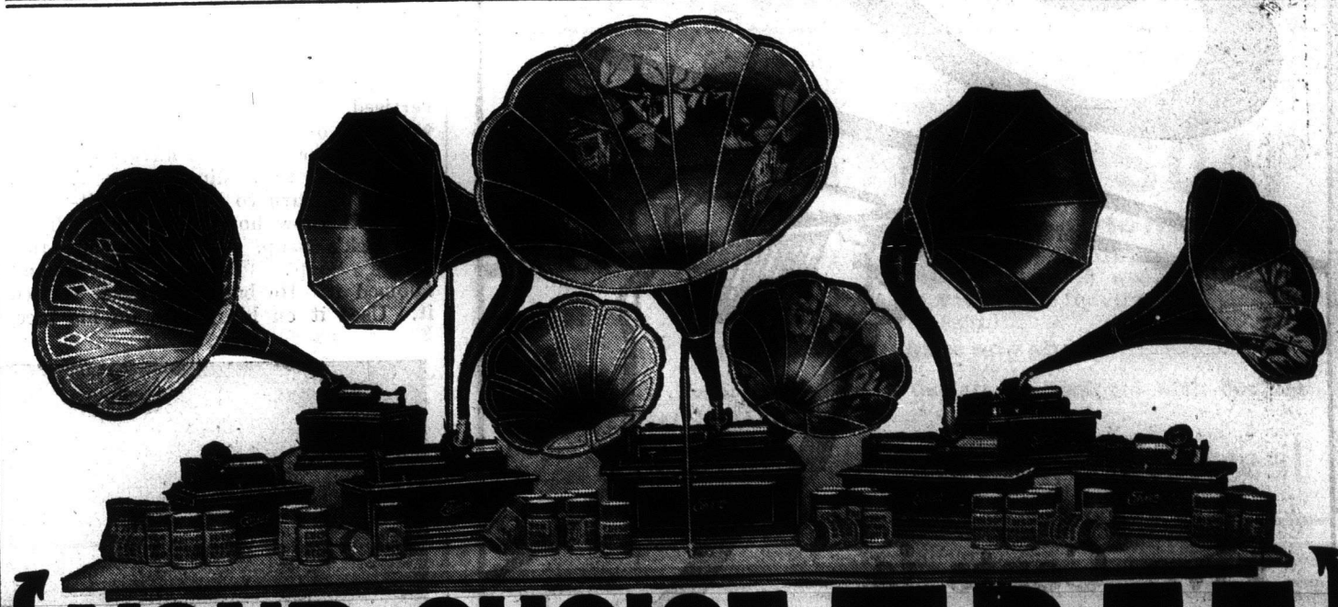
A recently divorced gentleman was invited to a friend's house to dinner. As soon as he was seated the host's little daughter asked abruptly: "Where's your wife?"

The man in some confusion answered: "I don't know."

"Don't know?" replied the infant terrible. "Why don't you know?"

Since the child persisted he thought the easiest way out would be to make a clean breast of the matter. So he said: "Well, we don't live together. We think, as we can't agree, we'd better not."

But the little torment would not stop. She exclaimed: "Can't agree! Then why don't you fight it out, as Pa and Ma do?"



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Perkins The Great.

The Adventure of the Lame and the Halt. By Ellis Parker Butler.

I HAD not seen Perkins for over two years, when one day he opened my office door and stuck his head in. I did not see his face at first, but I recognized the hat. It was the same hat he had worn two years before, when he put the celebrated Perkins Patent Porous Plaster on the market.

"Pratt's Hats Air the Hair." You will remember the advertisement. It was on all the billboards. It was Perkins of Portland, Perkins the Great, who conceived the rhyme that sold millions of the hats, and Perkins was a believer in advertising and things advertised. So he wore a Pratt hat. That was one of Perkins' foibles. He believed in the things he advertised.

"Get next to a thing," he would say, "study it, learn to love it, use it—then you will know how to boom it. Take Murdock's Soap. Who boomed Murdock's Soap? Perkins of Portland boomed it. He bought a cake. Used it. Used it on his hands, on his face, on his feet. Bought another cake—washed his cotton socks, washed his silk tie, washed his woolen underwear. Bought another cake—shaved with it, shampooed with it, ate it. Yes, sir, ate it! Pure soap—no adulteration. No taste of rosin, cotton seed—no taste of anything but soap, and lots of that. Spit out lather for a month! Every time I sneezed I blew a big soap bubble—perspired little soap bubbles. Tasted soap for a year! Result? Greatest 'Ad.' of the nineteenth century., 'Murdock's Soap is Pure Soap; if you don't believe it, bite it.' Picture of a nigger biting a cake of soap on every billboard in U.S.A. Live niggers in all the grocery windows biting cakes of Murdock's Soap. Result? Five hundred thousand tons of Murdock's sold the first year. I use no other."

And so, from his "Go Lightly" shoes to his Pratt's hat, Perkins was a relic of bygone favorites in dress. The result was comical, but it was Perkins, and I sprang from my chair and grasped his hand.

"Perkins!" I cried.

He raised his free hand with a restraining motion, and I noticed his fingers protruded from the tips of the glove.

"Say," he said, still standing on my threshold, "have you a little time?"

I glanced at my watch. I had twenty minutes before I must catch my train.

"I'll give you ten minutes," I said.

"Not enough," said Perkins. "I want a year. But I'll take ten minutes on account. Owe me the rest!"

He turned and beckoned into the hall, and a small boy appeared carrying a very large glass demijohn. Perkins placed the demijohn on a chair, and stood back gazing at it admiringly.

"Great, isn't it?" he asked. "Biggest demijohn made. Heavy as lead! Fine shape, fine size! But, say—read that!"

I bent down and read. The label said: "Onotowatishika Water. Bottled at the Spring. Perkins & Co. Glaubus, Iowa."

I began spelling out the name by syllables, "O-no-to-wat—" when Perkins clapped me on the back.

"Great, hey? Can't pronounce it? Nobody can. Great idea. Got old Hunyadi Janos water knocked into a cocked hat. Hardest mineral water name on earth. Who invented it? I did. Perkins of Portland. There's money in that name. Dead loads of money. Everybody that can't pronounce it will want it, and nobody can pronounce it—everybody'll want it. Must have it. Will weep for it. But that isn't the best!"

"No " I inquired.

"No!" shouted Perkins. "I should say 'no!' Look at that bottle. Look at the size of it. Look at the weight of it. Awful, isn't it? Staggers the brain of man to think of carrying that across the continent! Nature recoils, the muscles ache. It is vast, it is immovable, it is mighty. Say!

An Ocean Liner.

Perkins grasped me by the coat sleeve and drew me toward him. He whispered excitedly.

"Great idea! O-no-to-what-you-may-call-it water. Big jug full. Jug too blamed big. Yes? Freight too much. Yes Listen—'Perkins Pays The Freight!'"

He sat down suddenly, and beamed upon me joyfully.

The advertising possibilities of the thing impressed me immediately. Who could resist the temptation of getting such a monstrous package of glassware by freight free of charge? I saw the effect of a life-size reproduction of the bottle on the billboards with 'Perkins Pays the Freight" beneath it in red, and the long name in a semi-circle of yellow letters above it. I saw it reduced in the magazine pages, in street cars—everywhere.

"Great?" queried Perkins.

"Yes," I admitted thoughtfully, "it is great."

He was at my side in an instant.

"Wonderful effect of difficulty overcome on the human mind!" he bubbled. "Take a precipice. People look over, shudder, turn away. Put in a shoot-the-chutes. People fight to get the next turn to slide down. Same idea. People don't want O-no-to-thing-um-bob water.

Hold on, 'Perkins pays the freight!' All right, send us a demijohn!"

I saw that Perkins was, as usual, right.

"Very well," I said, "what do you want me to do about it?"

Perkins wanted a year of my time and all the money I could spare. He mentioned twenty thousand dollars as a little beginning—a sort of starter, as he put it. I had faith in Perkins, but twenty thousand was a large sum to put into a thing on the strength of a name and a phrase. I settled myself in my chair, and Perkins put his feet up on my desk. He always could talk better when his feet were tilted up. Perhaps it sent a greater flow of blood to his brain.

"Now about the water" I asked comfortably.

"Vile!" cackled Perkins gleefully. Perfectly vile! It is the worst you ever tasted. You know the sulphur spring taste? Sort of bad egg aroma? Well, this O—no—to—so—forth water is worst than the worst. It's a bonanza! Say! It's sulphur water with a touch of garlic."

He reached into his pocket and brought out a flask. The water it contained was as clear and sparkling as crystal. He removed the cork and handed the flask to me. I sniffed at it, and hastily replaced the cork.

Perkins grinned with pleasure.

"Fierce, isn't it?" he asked. "Smells as if it ought to cure, don't it? Got the real old style matery-medica-'pothecary-shop aroma. None of your little pill, sugar-coated business about O—no—to—cetera water. Not for a minute! It's the good old quinine, ipecac, calomel, know-when-you're-taking a-dose sort. Why, say! Any man that takes a dose of that water has got to feel better. He deserves to feel better."

I sniffed at the flask again, and resolutely returned it to Perkins.

"Yes." I admitted, "it has the full legal allowance of smell. There's no doubt about it being a medicinal water Perkins. Nobody would mistake it for a table water Perkins; a child would know it wasn't meant for perfume; but what is it good for? What will it cure?"

Perkins tilted his Pratt hat over one ear and crossed his legs.

"Speaking as one Chicago man to another," he said, slowly, "what do you think of rheumatism?"

"If you want me to speak as man to man, Perkins," I replied, "I may say that rheumatism is a mighty uncomfortable disease."

"It's prevalent," said Perkins eagerly. "It's the most prevalent disease on the map. The rich must have it; the poorest can afford it; the young and the old simply roll in it! Why, man," he exclaimed, "rheumatism was made 'specially for O-no-to-so-forth water. There's millions and millions of cases of rheumatism, and there's oceans and oceans of Perkin's World Famous O-no-to-what-you-call-it water. Great? What will cure rheumatism? Nothing? What will O-no-to-so-on water cure? Nothing! There you are! They fit into each other like a foot in a shoe."

He leaned back and smiled. Then he waved his hand jauntily in the air.

"But I'm not partial," he added. "If you can think of a better disease, we'll cure it. Anything!"

"Perkins," I said, "would you take this water for rheumatism?"

"Would I" he fairly shouted." Would I? Say! If I had rheumatism I'd live on it. I'd drink it by the gallon. I'd bathe in it—"

He stopped abruptly, and a smile broke forth at one corner of his mouth and gradually spread over his face until it broke into a broad grin which he vainly endeavored to stifle.

"Warm!" he murmured, and then his grin broadened a little and he muttered —"lukewarm!"—and grinned again and ran his hand through his hair. He sat down and slapped his knee.

"Say!" he cried, "Greatest idea yet! I'm a benefactor! Think of the poor old people trying to drink that stuff! Think of them trying to force it down their throats! It would be a sin to make a dog drink it!"

He wiped an actual tear from his eye.

"What if I had to drink it! What if my poor mother had to drink it! Cruelty! But we won't make 'em. We will be good! We will be generous! We will be great! We will let them bathe in it. Twice a day! Morning and night! Lukewarm! Why make weak human beings swallow it? And besides they'll need more! Think of enough O-no-to-so-forth water to swim in twice a day! And good old Perkins paying the freight!"

Without another word I reached over and clasped Perkins by the hand. It was a silent communion of souls—of the souls of two live, up-to-date Chicagoans. When the clasp was loosened we were bound together in a noble purpose to supply O-no-to-something water to a waiting, pain cursed world. We were banded together like good Samaritans to supply a remedy to the lame and the halt. And Perkins paying the freight.

Then Perkins gave me the details. There were to be three of us in the deal. There was a young man from Glaubus, Iowa, in Chicago, running a street car on the North Side. He had been raised near Glaubus, and his father had owned a farm, but the old man was no financier, and sold off the place bit by bit until all that was left was a forty-acre swamp—"Skunk Swamp" they called it, because of the rank water—and when the old man died the son came to Chicago to earn a living. He brought along a flask of the swamp water, so that when he got homesick he could take out the cork and smell it, and be glad he was in Chicago instead of on the old place. Up in one corner of the swamp a spring welled up, and that spring spouted Onotowatishika water day and night, gallons and barrels and floods of it. But it needed a Perkins the Great to know its value. Perkins smelled its value the first whiff he got. He had a rough map of Glaubus, with the Skunk Swamp off about a mile to the West.

We patched up the deal the next day. The young fellow was to have a quarter

HARD TO DROP.

But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee:

"It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck, and, of course, that means all kinds of ills. (Tea contains caffeine—the same drug found in coffee, and is equally harmful.)

"At first I thought bicycle riding caused it and I gave it up, but my condition remained unchanged. I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it.

"About that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied, 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again, here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'

"I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that the coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia.

"I, myself, have gained eight pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit the old coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL AND

BOVRIL

Six pages of this Conservative Journal of Sept. 11th last, were devoted to the report of a series of scientific experiments made to test the food value of Bovril.

The experiments demonstrated that Bovril is a valuable food in itself and that at the same time it is a great aid to digestion.

Springtime Freshness

can be easily and economically restored to your own wardrobe, the children's clothes, and the curtains and cushions of your home with

MAYPOLE SOAP

The Quick, Clean Home Dye

Without any mess or bother, MAYPOLE SOAP washes and dyes at one operation, giving to woollens, cottons, silks or mixtures rich, even colors that are clean, brilliant and fadeless in sun or rain.

24 Colors—will give any shade.

Colors 10c—Black 15c—at your dealers or postpaid with Booklet "How to Dye" from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., - Montreal

Protecting

The health of the family is without doubt the greatest task that wives and mothers have to face.

Pure, wholesome, nourishing foods are absolutely necessary to keep them fit. In

Clark's Prefectly Prepared Foods

you get all that is meant by

"Pure, Wholesome and Nourishing"

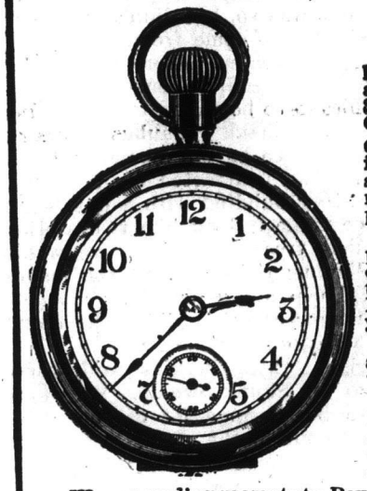
Refuse Substitutes. Insist on Clark's:

W. Clark, Montreal

Manufacturer of the Celebrated Pork and Beans

WATCHES GIVEN AWAY

EVERY BOY AND GIRL NEEDS A WATCH
BOTH HANDSOME PRESENTS FREE



BOYS This watch is a dandy. Regulation man's size and weight. Your father would be proud to carry it. Stem wind and set. Arabic dial. A good Timekeeper. Guaranteed.

GIRLS You won't envy any lady in your neighborhood if you have one of our lady's watches—small, neat shape, new model, stem wind and set; highly finished, milled edge, arabic dial, thoroughly charming timepiece. Guaranteed good Timekeeper.

Now it's very easy to get one of these beautiful timepieces. Just write us to send you $4.00 worth of our quick selling Easter and Assorted Post Cards and sell them to your friends at 6 for 10c. Your friends all buy Post Cards somewhere, why not ask them to buy from you.

Then when you have sold them—send us the money and we will promptly send you one of the watches. It's very easy, just try it once.

L.C. writes "I have found them very easy to sell," R.J.G. writes "I have sold all the cards you sent me, so I think I will try another lot." J.B. writes "I sold them all in a few days." So you see others can easily do it—why not you?

We are sending presents to Boys and Girls all over Canada every week. Be sure to write to-day. Don't forget you have nothing to pay. Watches delivered free to destination.

OVERLAND MERCHANDISE CO., Dept. 211 TORONTO

interest because he put in the forty acres, and Perkins put in his time and talent for half the balance, and I got the remainder for my time and money. We wanted the young fellow to take a third interest and put in his time, too, but he said that rather than go back to the old place he would take a smaller share and get a job in some nice sweet spot, like the stockyards or a fertilizer factory. So Perkins and I packed up and went out to Glaubus.

When we got within two miles of Glaubus Perkins stuck his head out of the car window and drew it back covered with smiles.

"Smell it?" he asked. "Great! You can smell it way out here! Wait till we get on the ground! It must be wonderful!"

I did not wonder when the train pulled up at the Glaubus station that the place was a small dilapidated village, nor that the inhabitants wore a careworn, hopeless expression. There was too much Onotowatishika water in the air. But Perkins glowed with joy.

"Smell it?" he asked eagerly. "Great ad.!' You can't get away from it. You can't forget it. And look at this town. Look at the bare walls! Not a sign on any of them! Not a billboard in the place! Not an 'Ad.' of any kind in sight! Perkins, my boy, this is heaven for you! This is pie and nuts!"

I must confess that I was not so joyous over the prospect. I began to tire of Onotowatishika water already. I suggested to Perkins that we ought to have an agency in Chicago, and hinted that I knew all about running agencies properly but he said I would get used to the odor presently, and in time come to love it and to long for it when I was away from it. I told him that doubtless he was right, but that I thought it would do me good to go away before my love got too violent. But Perkins never could see a joke, and it was wasted on him. He walked me right out to the Swamp and stood there an hour just watching the water bubble up. It seemed to do him good.

There was no shanty in the village good enough for our office, so that afternoon we bought the vacant lot next to the post-office for five dollars, and arranged to have a building put up for our use, and then, as there was nothing else for us to do until the next train came along, Perkins sat around thinking. And something always happened when Perkins thought.

In less than an hour Perkins set off to find the mayor and the councilmen and a notary public. He had a great idea.

They had a park in Glaubus—a full block of weeds and rank growth—and Perkins showed the mayor what a disgrace that park was to a town of the size and beauty of Glaubus. He said there ought to be a fountain and walks and benches where people could sit in the evenings. The mayor allowed that was so, but didn't see where the cash was to come from.

Perkins told him. Here we are, he said, two public-spirited men come over from Chicago to bottle up the old skunk spring and make Glaubus famous. Glaubus was to be our home, and already we had contracted for a beautiful one-story building with a dashboard front, to make it look like two stories. If Glaubus treated us right, we would treat Glaubus right. Didn't the mayor want to help along his city

The mayor certainly did, if he didn't have to pay out nothin'.

All right, then, Perkins said, there was that old Skunk Swamp. We were going to bottle up a lot of the water that came out of the spring and ship it away, and that would help to clean the air, for the less water the less smell. All Perkins wanted was to have those forty acres of swamp that we owned

Kamloops Trout, Salmo Gairdneri Kamloops (Jordan)—Canadian Alpine Journal.

CONCORD VALLEY

SPRING IS HERE
IN THE SUNNY DRY BELT

While most of you who are reading this message, have still two or three months of the worst part of the winter to put in

We had a wonderful winter—Beautiful—But it is the sunshine of the delightfully--Bright--Warm--Dry Belt Summers--That we look forward to--There is something in it that calls for Woods, Meadows, Cool Waters, and broad porches on comfortable Bungalows.

It makes us glad--and it will make you glad--to know that wife and babies are away from the glare, the blare and the dust, getting strong and rosy.

Y-o-u can Live, Prosper and Enjoy Life in the Dry Belt--For this is no Millionair's dream--Because the Dry Belt has proven to be beyond doubt the greatest Fruit and Vegetable producing district in the World, having won numberless prizes in competition with the whole world.

An average of 310 sunny days in the Dry Belt.

The famous Ashcroft prize potatoes are grown in the Dry Belt.

The Orchard known as (Widow Smith's) produced $22,400 worth of apples from 28 acres--Last season.

Another good feature is the Absence of pests in the Dry Belt--And no losses from frost.

The property we want you to investigate is--Concord Valley--25 miles from Kamloops--On the sparkling North Thompson river--Each ranch within 10 to 20 minutes of C.N.R. Depot--And also a daily boat service.

If you are interested in R-e-a-l F-r-u-i-t land in a R-e-a-l F-r-u-i-t Belt you are very welcome to our Booklet APPLE GROWING Past, Present and Future--Drop us a card R-I-G-H-T N-O-W.

ORCHARD HOME DEVELOPMENT CO. LTD.
KAMLOOPS BRITISH COLUMBIA

CONCORD VALLEY

KANT KRACK TRADE MARK COATED LINEN Collars

The KANT KRACK Coated Linen Collar is an ordinary linen collar, but it is waterproof, coated by a patented process which does not alter its appearance of a linen collar.

You can **clean it yourself** in a few seconds by rubbing over the surface with a damp cloth or sponge.

Always clean, always ready to wear, always new in appearance, and no laundry bills.

Two features which no other collar possesses

It's **flexible lips** in the front prevent cracking of the folds. The **slit in the back** makes it easy to button and relieves all the pressure from the neck.

These Collars are just the thing for the Boys.

Buy one at your dealers to-day, or send, stating size and style with 25c. to
PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO., 105 Main St., Hamilton, Ont.

A WHITE MERCERIZED PAPER BAG IS FOUND IN EVERY PACKAGE OF

ORANGE MEAT

THIS IS TO PROTECT THE FOOD FROM TAINT OR FOREIGN ODOURS.

Orange Meat and Milk is a Perfect Food

plotted as town lots and taken in as the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the town of Glaubus. It would cost the village nothing, and as fast as Perkins got rid of the lots the village could assess taxes on them, and the taxes would pay for the park.

The mayor and the council didn't see but what that was a square deal, so they called a special meeting right there, and in half an hour we had the whole thing under way.

"But, Perky," I said, when we were on the train hurrying back to Chicago, "how are you going to sell those lots? They are nothing but mud and water, and no sane man would even think of paying money for them. Why, if the lot next the postoffice is worth five dollars, those lots a mile away from it, and ten feet in deep mud, wouldn't be worth two copper cents."

"Sell?" said Perkins, sticking his hands deep into the pockets of his celebrated "Baffin Bay" pants. "Sell? Who wants to sell? We'll give 'em away! What does the public want? Something for nothing! What does it covet? Real estate! All right, we give 'em real estate for nothing! A lot in the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the Town of Glaubus free for ten labels soaked from O-no-to-thing-um bob water bottles. Send in your labels, and get a real deed for the lot with a red seal on it. And Perkins pays the freight!"

Did it go? Does anything that Perkins the Great puts his soul into go? It went with a rush. We looked up the rheumatism statistics of the United States, and wherever there was a rheumatism district we billed the barns and fences. We sent circulars and "follow up" letters, and advertised in local and county papers. We shipped the water by single demijohns at first, and then in half-dozen crates and then in car lots. We established depots in the big business centers and took up magazine advertising on a big scale. Wherever man met man the catch words "Perkins pays the freight" was gandied to and fro. "How can you afford a new hat" "Oh! 'Perkins pays the freight'!"

The comic papers made jokes about it, the daily papers made cartoons about it, no vaudeville sketch was complete without a reference to Perkins paying the freight, and the comic opera hit of the year was the one in which six jolly girls clinked champagne glasses while singing the song ending:—

"To us no pleasure lost is
And we go a merry gait,
We don't care what the cost is
For 'Perkins pays the freight.'"

As for testimonials, we scooped in twenty-four members of the Congress, eight famous operatic stars, eighty-eight ministers, and dead loads of others.

And our lots in the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the town of Glaubus? We began by giving full sized dwelling house lots. Then we cut it down to business lot size, and as the labels kept pouring in we reduced the lots to cemetery lot size. We had lot owners in Alaska, Mexico, and the Philippines, and the village of Glaubus fixed up its park and even paved the main street with the taxes. Whenever a lot owner refused to pay his taxes the deed was cancelled, and we split the lot up into smaller lots, and distributed them to new label savers.

We also sent agents to organize Rheumatism Clubs in the large cities. That was Perkins' greatest idea, but it was too great.

One morning as Perkins was opening the mail, he paused with a letter open before him, and let his jaw drop. I walked over and laid my hand kindly on his shoulder.

"What is it, Perky?" I asked.

He lay back in his chair and gazed at me blankly. Then he spoke.

"The lame and the halt!" he murmured. "They are coming. They are coming here. Read it?"

He pushed the letter toward me feebly. It was from the Corresponding Secretary of the Grand Rapids Rheumatic Club. It said:—

"Gentlemen:—

The members of this Club have used Onotowatishika water for over a year, and are delighted to testify to its merits. In fact, we have used so much that each member now owns several lots in the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the Town of Glaubus, and, feeling that our health depends on the constant and unremitting use of your healing waters, we have devided as a whole to emigrate to Glaubus, where we may be near the source of the waters, and secure them as they arise bubbling from the bosom of mother earth. We have withheld this pleasant knowledge from you until we had completed our arrangements for deserting Grand Rapids, in order that the news might come to you as a grateful surprise. We have read in your circulars of the beautiful natural advantages of Glaubus, and particularly of the charm of the Glaubus Land and Improvement Company's Addition to the Town of Glaubus, and we will come prepared to rear homes on the land which has been allotted to us. We leave to-day."

I looked at Perkins. He had wilted.

"Perky," I said, "cheer up. It's nothing to be sad about. But I feel that I have been overworking. I'm going to take a vacation; I'm going to Chicago, and I'm going to-day; but you can stay and reap the reward of their gratitude. I am only a secondary person. You are their benefactor."

Perkin's didn't take my remarks in the spirit in which they were meant. He jumped up and slammed his desk door and locked it, banged the door of the safe, and grabbing his Pratt hat, crushed it on his head. He gave one quick glance around the office, another at the clock, and bolted for the door. I saw that he was right. The train was due in two minutes, and it was the train from Chicago, on which the Grand Rapids Rheumatic Club would arrive.

When we reached the station the train was just pulling in, and, as we jumped aboard, the Grand Rapids delegation disembarked. Some had crutches and some had canes, some limped and some did not seem to be disabled. In fact a great many seemed to be odiously ablebodied, and there was one who looked like a retired coal heaver.

It was beautiful to see them sniffing the air as they stepped from the train. They were like a lot of children on the morning of circus day.

They gathered on the station platform and gave their club yell, and then one enthusiastic old gentleman jumped upon a box and shouted:—

"What's the matter with Perkins?"

The Club, by their loudly unanimous reply, signified that Perkins was all right.

But as I looked in the face of Perkins the Great I felt that I could have given a more correct answer. I knew what was the matter with Perkins. He wanted to get away from the vulgar throng. He wanted that train to pull out. And it did.

As we passed out of the town limits, we heard the Grand Rapids Rheumatic Club proclaiming in unison that Perkins was—

"First in peace! First in war!

"First in the hearts of his countrymen!"

But that was before they visited their real estate holdings.

NO WORDS WASTED.

A Swift Transformation Briefly Described.

About food, the following brief but emphatic letter from a Georgia woman goes straight to the point and is convincing.

"My frequent attacks of indigestion and palpitation of the heart culminated in a sudden and desperate illness, from which I arose enfeebled in mind and body. The doctor advised me to live on cereals, but none of them agreed with me until I tried Grape-Nuts food and Postum.

"The more I used of them the more I felt convinced that they were just what I needed, and in a short time they made a different woman of me. My stomach and heart troubles disappeared as if by magic, and my mind was restored and is as clear as it ever was.

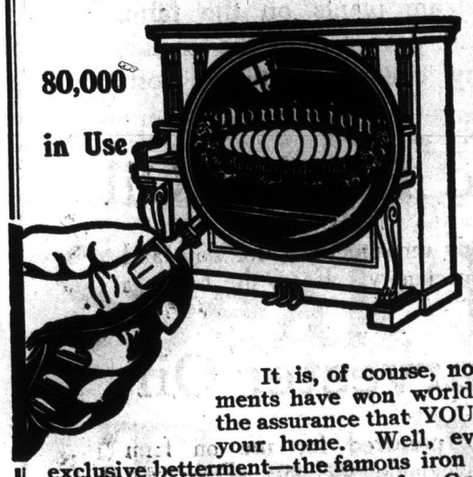
"I gained flesh and strength so rapidly that my friends were astonished. Postum and Grape-Nuts have benefitted me so greatly that I am glad to bear this testimony." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever **read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.**

"DOMINION"

THE PIANO OF MANY HONORS



Wherever shown in the great Expositions of the world the "Dominion" instruments have amply held up their honor, and that of Canada, and dozens of medals and diplomas attest to their superiority.

For Purity and Permanence of Tone The "Dominion" is Unsurpassed

It is, of course, not enough for you that our instruments have won world-wide honors—you must have the assurance that YOUR "Dominion" will give service in your home. Well, every "Dominion" has our patented exclusive betterment—the famous iron arch plate frame which gives it the tonal beauty and permanence of a Grand. This makes the "Dominion" both time and climate proof.

Then too, our selling methods are very economical. We do not load our pianos with costs that add no value. We pay for no artists' testimonials and make no gift instruments to colleges, nor maintain showy ware-rooms. All this represents big savings to you.

YOU SAVE $100

or more through our direct-from factory-to-you selling methods. Easy terms arranged direct from factory or through our own agents. Get Catalogue to-day.

Get our Catalogue and choose quietly in your own home the Piano you want

Dominion Organ & Piano Co. Ltd.
Manufacturers of Pianos, Organs and Player Pianos,
Bowmanville, Canada.

GEO. H. RIFE,
Western Representative
362 6th St., Brandon, Man.

Fairweather's

New Spring Styles

IN LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR

Every department of our store contains an unusually fine display of the Latest Styles as Shown in Paris, London and New York.

Out of town customers can shop satisfactorily by mail.

LADIES' SUITS
$25 to $150

LADIES' COATS
$18 to $50

LADIES' BLOUSES
$2.50 to $15

LADIES' DRESSES
In Gingham and Muslin
$9.50 to $25

LADIES' DRESSES
In Serge and Silk
$20 to $125

We also Sell CORSETS, GLOVES, HOSIERY and MILLINERY

Fairweather & Co., Limited

297-299 PORTAGE AVENUE,
TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTREAL

You can save friction, save wear,
save fuel by using

Capitol Cylinder Oil

The very best oil for steam plants on the farm. Lasts longer and gets more power from the engine, with less wear than any cheap substitutes; costs less in the end.

Atlantic Red Engine Oil

A medium bodied oil, strongly recommended for slow and medium speed engines and machinery. Eases the bearings and lightens the load.

Granite Harvester Oil

The short cut oil, specially prepared for use on farm machinery. Prevents all avoidable friction. Does not run off or thin out. Not affected by moisture or change of climate.

Standard Gas Engine Oil gives the best lubrication possible, alike in kerosene, gasoline and gas engines. Keeps its body at high temperatures. Equally good for all external bearings.

Mica Axle Grease is the best known, most liked axle grease made. Never rubs off or gums.

Silver Star Engine Kerosene Oil **Engine Gasoline**

Our experts have made a special study of the requirements of farm machinery. Read our "Easter Farming" booklet; free, post-paid. Call or write, any agency.

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

Special April Offer

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER, Winnipeg, - - - $1.00
WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, 1.00
Regular Price, - - - $2.00

SNAP OFFER
BOTH FOR ONE YEAR
$1.00

THIS OFFER DOES NOT APPLY TO THOSE LIVING WITHIN THE CITY OF WINNIPEG LIMITS OR IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. IT HOLDS GOOD, HOWEVER, TO GREAT BRITAIN.

..... 1912

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed $1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and the Western Home Monthly, to the following address for one year.

.....

Joe Hebblethwaite's Day Off.

By H. W. Hemmingstone. Written for the Western Home Monthly.

"WHEN I say 'work,' I mean WORK!" said Joe Hebblethwaite in aggressive tones; and balancing a piece of bacon in mid-air upon the end of his fork, he turned a scowling countenance upon his better-half, who faced him at the other end of the breakfast table.

—"And not just messin' around the house," he added, gaining assurance as she remained silent. "The woman sure has a snap these days!"

Joe and his pretty young wife were on the verge of a serious quarrel. One of those domestic storms had been quietly brewing for some days, and the atmosphere was in consequence heavily charged with electricity, which needed only the most trivial excuse to burst forth into a regular pyrotechnic display. Whether it would spend its strength in harmless noise, making the dull and jaded air fresh and sparkling again, or in its random rage remorselessly shatter some ill-spared 'turret'—perchance the very 'keep' itself—of Love's Castle, leaving but a few tottering walls behind, depended solely upon how well that same Castle had been 'rodded' and coiled round with Dan Cupid's extra special protective bands.

From the tell-tale signs plainly visible in both faces it was evident that the time for even eleventh-hour precautions was already passed, and their Castle must weather it out on its merits. Joe's face was pale and bloodless; his dark brows hung heavy and lowering above two sullen brown eyes, like thunder-clouds poised threateningly over a hushed countryside, while a nervous twitching of the thin lips betrayed the angry forces straining to break loose.

In Selina's fair cheeks burned two ominous red spots, twin signals of battle. The tilt of her dimpled chin was obstinate and decided, and a dangerous gleam in her blue eyes said clearly that if Joe was rash enough to provide the thunder she was only too ready to oblige with the lightning.

Deep down in both hearts was the uncomfortable consciousness that each was partly to blame and neither could have given in cold blood a good and sufficient reason for this belligerent display; but, such is the contrariness of human nature this very knowledge only made them the more relentlessly determined not to yield their ground by an inch.

When more than 8 years ago, Joe Hebblethwaite, then a young man of 22, won Selina Maitland for his bride in the face of determined competition, he considered himself the luckiest fellow in Canada. The acknowledged belle of the countryside, she had been widely and assiduously sought after. That it was a love match was patent to all, for amongst those rejected in Joe's favour were a rising young lawyer and the editor of the local paper, either of them excellent matches from a worldly point of view. 'What Selina could see in poor homely Joe!' was a nine-day's wonder to her girl friends, two of whom thankfully consented to console the lawyer and the editor for their blighted hopes, and occasionally now flashed past in clouds of dust and large red motor cars.

A half-section of moderate farming land, free from debt nevertheless, was the extent of Joe's possessions. Not a very alluring prospect for the beauty of the settlement, nor one likely to provide much in the way of luxuries. So when Joe nervously asked Mr. Maitland for his paternal blessing upon the engagement, the old man, who was nothing if not candid, did not hesitate to say that "he reckoned his gal cud do better 'n that anyway," and affected to treat the matter as a good joke, but none the less one that must not be repeated.

But though Joe was neither a rich nor a brilliant suitor he was a persevering one, and at length that very grit and manliness in his nature, which had won its way to the daughter's heart, found the soft spot in the mother's also. With two such powerful allies on his side it was merely a question of time 'ere Mr. Maitland capitulated. And at length virtue met with its reward. For one day at the close of a particularly lengthy and hard-fought discussion, during which the young lover's ardent feelings suffered tortures from the older man's cold and business-like way of putting things, the inevitable happened. Drawing his left hand suspiciously across his face, the hale and hearty veteran extended a huge and horny right to his future son-in-law:—

"Waal, lad," he said whimsically, "I guess we might as well quit talkin', for ef th' ole lady sez its a 'go,' it'll hev ter be one anyway. She's wonnerful at git'n her way when she's sot her mind on a thing. And S'leny's a reg'lar chip of th' ole block, too," he added with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Be good ter her, lad, and God be good ter yez both!"

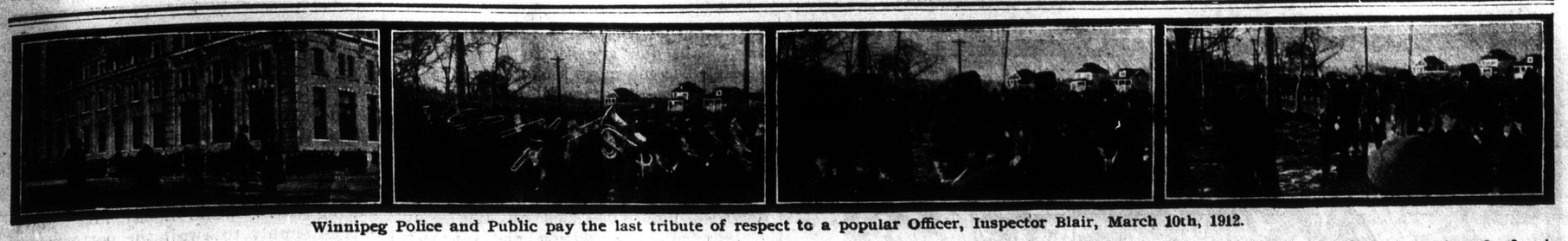
To Joe, who worshipped the very ground she trod so lightly upon, to be otherwise than good to Selina was as impossible as it was unthinkable. At the bottom of his honest heart there always lurked a feeling of wonder at his good fortune, and it had been his firm resolve that come what might his wife should never regret her choice. To this end he had spared neither time nor labor, and their home though humble was quite the neatest and nattiest in the district; while Selina, though she did not yet ride in a motor, possessed the dearest little pair of grey ponies, and a husband who was also a lover.

And in her Joe had found a true helpmeet. Both willing workers, and pulling together like a well-mated team, they made light of life's burden, and bade fair to go far. Another half-section had been added to the first, and a nice herd of dairy cows got together; for Selina was a clever butter-maker, and the weekly shipments to Winnipeg more than sufficed to pay their account at the General Store.

Three bright and healthy children blessed—their union. The two eldest, Lena and Jane, were big enough to get up to breakfast, and regular little chatter-boxes they were usually. This morning, however, they sat in unwonted silence, their blue eyes wide open, and their young minds wondering why 'mummy and daddy were so naughty!' Little Joe, the 'baby' still, though nearly four years old, was asleep upstairs. His eyes were brown, and he was the image of his father, though Selina, when she wished to tease her husband, used to pretend she could not see the likeness, until he in his turn pretended to be angry, when they compromised with a hug, in which Joe the younger sometimes came near being fairly smothered.

But neither was in 'hugging" mood this morning. The truth was that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and what they needed was a holiday. Joe had been without help all summer partly owing to the scarcity of farm labourers, but chiefly with a view to economising. The work was beginning to be too much for him single handed, and he became cross and irritable as a result. The never-ending chores absorbed all his spare time and thoughts, until it seemed that he only entered the house at eating and sleeping time. Upon Selina too the burden of milking and buttermaking, as well as the care of the house and three young children, especially during the last long spell of hot weather, had left its mark, making her pale and listless, and quick to take offence at trifles.

This morning when Joe came hurrying in from the stable—he was always in a hurry now, thought Selina resentfully—anxious to get out to his work on the summer-fallow, breakfast was not ready. In answer to his complaint at the delay, Selina referred contemp-



Winnipeg Police and Public pay the last tribute of respect to a popular Officer, Inspector Blair, March 10th, 1912.

tuously at the quality of the firewood, and as this lay in his department he took it as a reflection upon himself, and retorted that "he was a blamed sight too busy to bother about wood these days." Selina fired up at this, and replied sharply that she was busy too, and if he couldn't provide wood fit to cook with he needn't look for meals on time."

Thus a wrangle began, which led up to Joe's remark at the commencement of the story.

"Yes, the women sure have a snap," he repeated as his wife did not answer. "I'd like to see 'em tackle my job, so I would."

As a matter of fact Selina was thinking hard. Suddenly she spoke:—"Then suppose we trade work to-day?"

This appeared to Joe such a very silly remark that he did not deign to treat it seriously, and went on eating in sulky superiority.

"Suppose we trade work to-day?"

The tones were louder and more insistant. There was a note of defiance in them which, had her husband been in his sober five senses, would have warned him to be cautious. He considered for a moment, and then smiled grimly at his thoughts. All right, then, he would take her at her word. Ten hours on the dusty summer-fallow would teach her a lesson at any rate. Ten hours! He'd bet his bottom dollar she'd never last out two!

Aloud he snapped:—"All right then, since you seem so set on it we will trade jobs. About time I had a day off anyway!"

Beyond a contemptuous toss of the head, Selina ignored the delicate sarcasm conveyed in the last remark, and as soon as the meal was over disappeared upstairs, leaving her husband supporting his chin in his palms, and gazing moodily into space. He was still in this graceful position when she came down a few minutes later, clad in an old blue serge tailor-made coat and skirt and wearing a pair of stout walking boots. Upon her head was pinned one of her husband's old fifteen cent straws. improved out of recognition by a gaily-colored sash twisted cunningly round it.

In spite of himself Joe could not help admiring the picture she made, as she stood by the stove pulling on a pair of strong working-gloves with quick little jerks. Anger had brought just the right dash of colour to her cheeks, and the contrast caused him to realise for the first time how pale she had been getting. Stooping down she kissed little Lena and Mary good-bye, whispering to them to 'be good girls and do what Daddy tells you, and be sure and take care of baby, 'cause Mummy's got to go away to-day.'

At the door she turned, and facing her husband, said:—"To-day's Wednesday, so there'll only be just the ordinary housework. Monday was washing-day, and yesterday I baked, so you'll find bread and biscuits and pies all ready in the larder. You'll need to go to the well for the steak, and the potatoes are in the garden—they're small yet so they'll only need scraping. Don't forget the salt, and be sure the water's boiling. Little Joe 'll want his breakfast in a few minutes—it's on the stove here. Don't make his bath too hot, nor too cold neither—try the water with your elbow first. His clean clothes are ready laid out. Lena 'll show you how they go on," she added with a slight curl of her lip. "Be sure and turn the mattress when you make the bed, and don't miss the corners in the sweeping."

"In the afternoon there's the churning of course—the kitchen floor to wash over, and the girls new dresses to run together on the machine. They're all ready basted—but p'r'aps you'd better leave them alone. I guess that's pretty near everything—at least all you can do. Oh! Don't forget the hens nor the lamps, and be careful when you're dusting the parlour."

She was gone, and from the shelter of the window-curtain Joe watched her disappear into the barn. Quickly she led out the horses, which were all ready harnessed, and deftly hooking them together, drove them smartly before her along the trail that led to the distant field that Joe was ploughing.

He glanced at the clock. It was just eight the lateness of the hour being due to the delayed breakfast. Well, he would smoke till half-past, which allowing a couple of hours to polish off the morning's work—and ample time he considered it—would get him through about the time of Selina's expected return.

So lighting his pipe he picked up a farmer's magazine, and settled himself comfortably in an easy chair. He was in the middle of an interesting article on "Alfalfa Growing" when Lena appeared from the inner room.

"Mummy always gives Joe breakfast now," she said precisely.

"Oh, does she!" he answered shortly, and turned again to his reading.

For a moment Lena stood stock still with astonishment, then sidled-off biting the corner of her pinafore. Joe heard her go slowly upstairs.

"It sure beats all the way the women pampers the kids," he reflected indignantly.

Presently a protesting wail from above broke upon his ears. In a few moments it was repeated, and gradually increasing in volume and intensity, soon became continuous.

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"Nothing wrong with his lungs, drat him," said Joe angrily to himself, as reading became more and more difficult. Next two pairs of small feet could be heard descending the stairs. There was a short whispered consultation at the bottom, and then Lena and Mary appeared hand-in-hand.

They did not speak, but stood and regarded him with such an expression of mingled consternation and reproach upon their faces that he soon began to feel like a vivisectionist and a dozen Herods rolled into one. At length he could stand it no longer; so impatiently throwing the magazine into a corner he snatched the pan from the stove and stumped noisily upstairs.

The unexpected appearance of his father caused little Joe to break off abruptly in the middle of a vocal effort, which for deadliness of execution would not have disgraced a Tettrazini, and he allowed himself to be propped up with pillows in a rough and ready fashion that would have started him off again at any other time.

"Joe be a good boy and take his breakfast," said his father firmly, as he tried to place a spoonful in the child's mouth.

There was a yell, and a small hand struck the spoon violently, spilling the contents over the bed.

"Drat the kid!" exclaimed Joe angrily. "Here take this you young rascal." But little Joe's refusal was even more decided than before.

He looked helplessly for explanation at the two girls who had followed him upstairs, and now stood watching curiously from the passage.

"Hot!" said Lena, and the contempt in her tones made him feel small. Blow!"

"Daddy b'ow," echoed the small figure from the bed.

So Daddy blew obediently, but with such violence that he scattered the spoonful upon his trousers.

The next attempt was more successful, and he offered the result to the young autocrat with a humbleness of which he would never have believed himself capable.

It was swallowed condescendingly, but the following one met with another stone-wall refusal.

"What in thunder's up now" exclaimed Joe losing patience.

"Mummy always eat some too," explained Mary artlessly.

"Gee whiz, but this is fierce!" muttered the unhappy victim eyeing the sloppy contents of the pan with aversion.

This was just a little more than he had bargained for, and just on top of bacon and fried potatoes he felt that really—no, really, he couldn't. He looked at his tormentor, but saw no signs of relenting there, while Lena and Mary seemed simply to await the performance of a most trivial everyday act.

The need for immediate action was emphasized by a preliminary tootle upon little Joe's vocal organs; so delicately selecting a morsel with the tip of the spoon he closed his eyes, and forced it down his unwilling gullet.

Little Joe's face cleared as if by magic; he clapped his tiny hands in delight and swallowed the next spoonful with huge enjoyment, beaming contentedly upon his sisters, who smiled back their affectionate sympathy. But it was only by taking back alternate mouthfuls—nothing less would satisfy the young tyrant once he realised he held the whip hand, and who refused to be deceived by anything in the shape of a miscount, and proved that up to 'once times one is one' his arithmetic was as sound as his parents—that the pan was finally emptied. With a sigh of relief Joe went to the window for a breather. The hot bread and milk made him perspire profusely, and he felt a little unwell.

In view of future possible complications he decided that it might be an advantage to dispense with an audience and by a happy inspiration sent the two girls off to feed the chickens.

"Now, Joey, my boy," he said briskly a few minutes later as he prepared to remove that interested spectator's nightdress.

"I guess we're about all fixed; and, remember, son, this here's a strictly solo performance, and don't you go for to think your Dad's a 'going to make a duet of it, same as he did at breakfast. Not by a long chalk!"

"Not—by—a—long—chalk!" he repeated thoughtfully, as two of the buttons came off in his fingers. He threw them under the bed. Nevertheless he was rather relieved that the bath-tub was a small one—for there was no knowing!

"Here, hold on a minute though."

"Funny thing to do, anyway!" he said to himself as he bared his elbow, and thrust it into the water. He withdrew it quickly, and looked thoughtfully at little Joe.

By the time sufficient cold had been added, the tub was full. He poured some out, dividing it pretty equally between the pail and the floor, and Selina's bedroom slippers. Hastily emptying the latter, he threw them after the buttons.

The actual bathing was a fair success, little Joe being vastly diverted by the curious hissing noise which was a novel addition to the performance; the only untoward incident occurring when his father, in reaching suddenly for the sponge, placed his heel upon the soap, and sat down rather heavily.

"Daddy, do it again," gurgled little Joe delightedly, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment.

"Do it again!" he commanded.

But Daddy refused quite crossly to give an encore, and yanking him almost roughly out of the bath, commenced to dry him vigorously.

"Gee, but he does look considerable red," he exclaimed in dismay. "Dashed if I ever see anything quite so red afore. Now I wonder"——

Suddenly his eye caught the words "Fuller's earth" upon a fair-sized glass jar. He seized upon it with relief, and applied the contents liberally until little Joe was floured about as thickly as an ordinary baking-board.

"I guess that oughter cool him off some" he remarked viewing the result with admiration. "Now for his clothes."

Gingerly turning over the small heap upon the end of the bed, he doubtfully fingered each article in turn, but was altogether at a loss as to which to choose for a foundation. Finally he made a selection at random, but the result even to his amateurish eyes did not seem quite a happy one. After three false starts he sat down to think.

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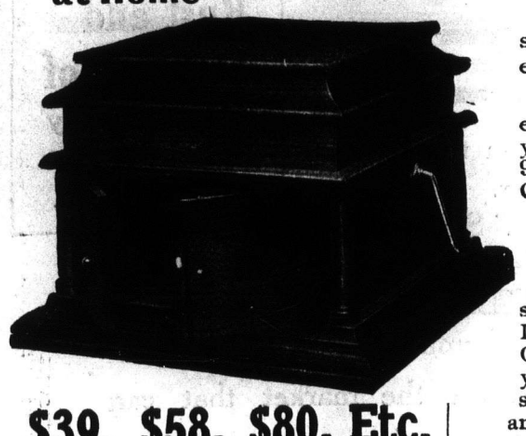

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"Oh Daddy, what a mess!" exclaimed Lena suddenly opening the door at this moment.

Joe had been much too busy to take any notice of his surroundings, but now as he glanced around the result of his efforts came upon him with somewhat of a shock. "The room certainly did seem—well, a bit messed up." There was a good half-inch of water on the floor, while the rest of the place looked as if it had been struck by a snow-flurry. Upon the bed little Joe, looking like a ripe tomato rescued from the flour-barrel, was lying practically strait-waistcoated by a small pair of combinations put on wrong way before.

"Say Lena," he said, sharply, "if you haint got nothin' better to do than stare around, p'r'aps you'd better set to work and dress this kid."

Congratulating himself on having disposed so satisfactorily of what had threatened to become rather an awkward situation, he entered the opposite room and commenced to tackle the bed.

"Turn the mattress, indeed!" he snorted. "The women sure thinks they've done the last thing when they flop it over. I'll bet that mattress haint had a real good rattle since it was bought—that's what it's goin' to get now, anyway."

Going to the foot of the bed, and taking a firm hold, he pounded and shook it vigorously, and when he considered that end had had enough, he attacked the other. Phew! It was hot work. His forehead was dripping, and he paused to take breath for the final bout.

Seizing it with both hands near the middle, he raised it bodily, and gave a mighty shake.

Zzzrrp!—zzzrrrpp!!—zzzr-r-r-ppp!!!

Joe broke away very suddenly, back-stepping with the celerity of a man who has inadvertently disturbed a wasp's nest. Down the centre of the mattress was a gaping rent nearly four feet long!

For a moment the extent of the calamity took all the starch out of him, and he collapsed limply upon a chair. But he was not easily daunted, and presently his face lightened.

Pulling a handful of wire nails from his pocket, he pushed back as much of the stuffing as he could into the mattress. It was by no means all, but he was not in the mood to stick at trifles. Then drawing the torn edges of the rent together he pinned them in place with half a dozen of the nails, and carefully turning it the other side up drew back in triumph.

"There!" he exclaimed, with a satisfied smile. "As good as ever it was. Give me a four-inch spike for fixin' things—or a length o' barbed wire!"

"Oh, I guess there's troubles in every department of life," he reflected more soberly. "And what did Selina want to tell me to monkey with it at all for?"

The bed being 'made,' though not everyone would have detected it, he debated in his mind whether to sweep or wash up next, and decided on the former.

The broom was new and 'swishy,' and by applying the vigorous methods he was wont to use on the granary floor, and prudently refraining from disturbing the positions of chairs, tables, and such-like obstacles, he progressed apace, and in a moderately short space of time succeeded in distributing mattress-stuffing to every room in the house, with the exception of the kitchen which he remembered his wife swept before breakfast, and little Joe's small apartment which he omitted for the present to allow the floor to 'dry off a bit.'

Going to the window he leisurely filled and lighted his pipe. He reckoned it must be between nine and half-past. A little early for Selina, perhaps. In front, upon the grass, little Joe, who seemed none the worse for his experiences, was playing at 'keeping-house' with his sisters. Joe watched them for some time and came to the conclusion that it was a remarkably silly game. Strolling into the kitchen, he glanced casually at the cheap alarm-clock that ticked loudly upon the dresser. "What's wrong with the blessed thing anyway?" he exclaimed, giving it a shake.

Quarter to eleven, indeed! Why Selina wasn't back.

Pulling his watch from his pocket he consulted it. It showed exactly thirteen minutes to ——to ten, of course—no, by Jove, it wasn't though—it was eleven!

Even now he refused to credit it, but thoroughly uneasy went hastily into the parlor, where upon a shelf of its own, a large black marble time-piece, a wedding present to Selina from her father, marked the hours in solitary grandeur. It's scrolled and gilded hands pointed accusingly to ten minutes to eleven.

In the face of this three-fold evidence it was impossible to doubt any longer. How nearly three solid hours had slipped away he could not imagine. Hurrying back to the kitchen he feverishly collected up the dirty plates and dishes, determined at all costs not to give Selina the satisfaction of finding dinner late. The fire was out and the kettle stone cold. Hastily throwing on some wood, he poured over it a liberal dose of coal oil. At the third match it ignited with a 'plop' that half blinded him with a shower of ashes. Glancing at the clock he realized that hot water was out of the question unless he meant to be late, so he used cold. By the time he had got the smeary lot of crockery back upon the table—some of the pieces strongly reminiscient of breakfast—it was twenty minutes past. And the potatoes were still growing, while the meat was thirty feet down the well! Already in a perspiration he caught up a pail and did a record sprint to the garden, only to find that he had forgotten the hoe. There as nothing for it but to scratch for the tubers with his fingers. It was hot work with the thermometer in the eighties and not a breath of wind stirring, but he gallantly achieved another smart clip back with the result. To scrape them was impossible, so after giving them a hurried look at the scrub-brush, he filled a pan with cold water, dumped them in, and with a mental prayer for the result, placed them on the fire to boil.

Out again hot-foot in the other direction for the steak. It was good two hundred yards to the well and when he arrived he was panting. Forty pounds of beef hung at the other end of the rope but he hauled it up as if it were four. Having come without a knife, he carried the lot to the house, where it was the work of a moment to hack off some pieces and throw them into the frying pan. Fourteen minutes to twelve! He would do it yet if only those confounded potatoes would boil!

The rest of the meat he temporarily bestowed in the 'lean to' shed, intending to see to it later. It escaped his memory, but not Fido's; and what she couldn't eat she took care nobody else could.

At ten minutes to twelve he caught sight of Selina and the horses returning over the hill. Botheration! So she was on time. Bringing bread, butter, milk and other necessary articles from the larder, he placed them haphazard upon the table. Now what else? Oh, yes, there were the biscuits—and pie!

Returning again with the biscuits in one hand and an open affair that appeared to be filled with a mixture of treacle and things, in the other, he nearly came a cropper over little Joe, who had come in with his sisters to announce 'mummy's' return.

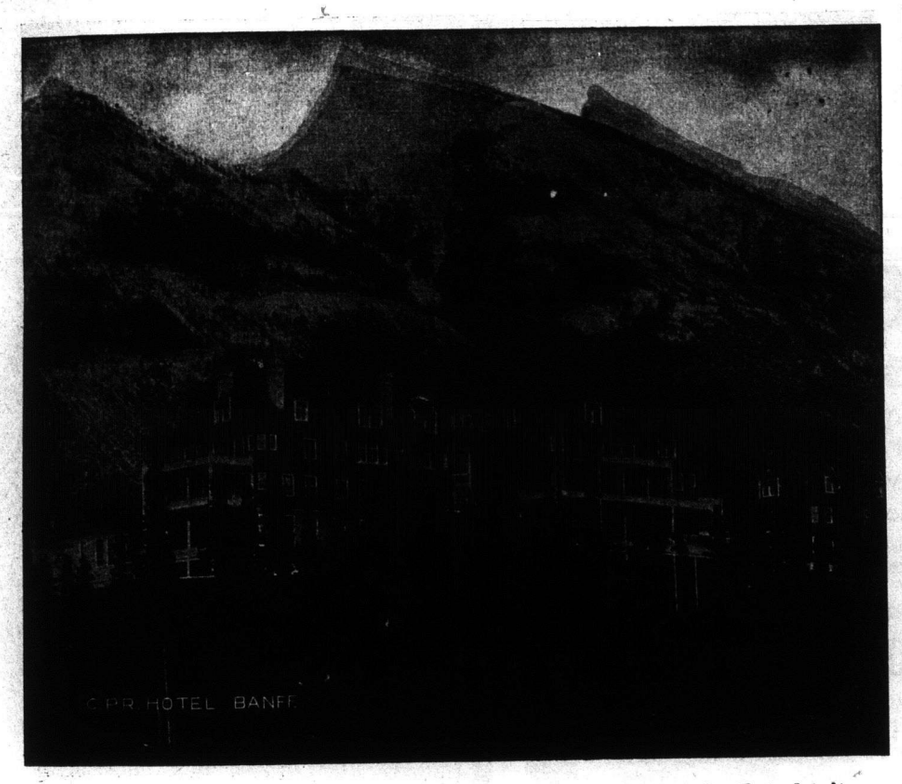
Placing the child in his high chair, he sat him up to the table to be out of the way.

The stove next claimed his attention. Things were progressing none too rapidly and the potatoes showed no inclination to boil. More wood and more coal oil at the risk of firing the chimney.

A sudden scream from the girls, and an alarming clatter of crockery pulled him up short.

He turned quickly to find that little Joe had taken a header fairly and squarely into the middle of the treacle pie, and was in imminent danger of suffocation. "Holy smoke, but this beats Tanglefoot all to blazes!" exclaimed the frenzied parent, springing forward and pulling his offspring upright again.

But the pie came up with him, and when his father frantically tried to tear it off, the crust came away like a shell



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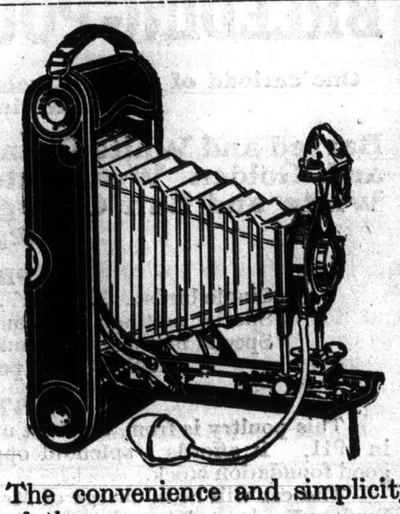

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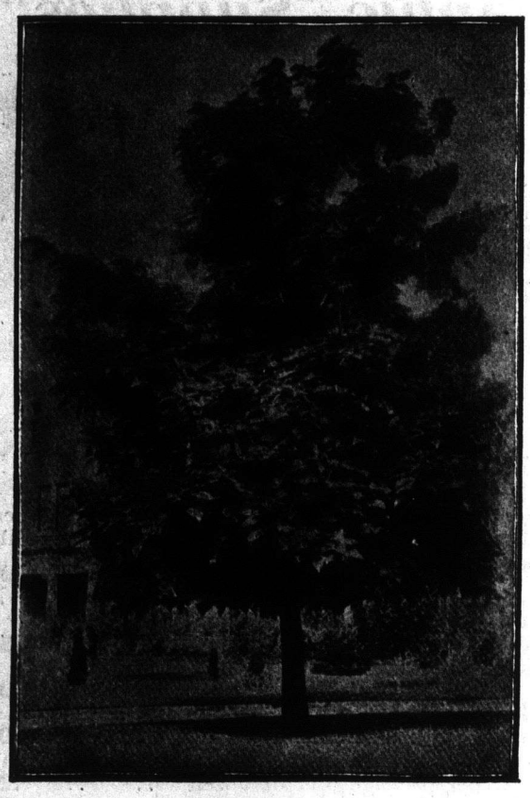

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in his hands, leaving little Joe feebly gasping and spluttering through an inch of sticky, semi-liquid transparency. "What in Hades is a feller to do with that now?" said Joe in despair. He looked appealingly at the two girls, but found no inspiration in their horror-stricken faces. All at once his eyes fell upon Fido. "Here, Fido, good dog, here!" he cried, placing the child on the floor with his back to the wall. Fido needed no second invitation. "Gee, but that's slick!" he remarked, watching in admiration the business-like methods of Fido, but keeping one eye on the door nevertheless.

A smell of burning meat called him to the stove, and it was while he was occupied there that his wife entered unperceived, and Fido's yelp of pain and surprise as a well-aimed kick from a pointed toe caught her unawares, was the first intimation he had of her presence.

Catching up little Joe she turned an outraged countenance upon her husband. She said nothing, but her look as she slowly disappeared made him positively shiver. By the time she returned, after a somewhat prolonged absence, a shrunken pile of chips that had once been steak, together with some very dirty looking potatoes and a discolored liquid that was guilty of false pretences in any honest tea pot, were ready upon the table. Last, but not least, a fresh pie replaced its ill-fated predecessor—one with a cover on.

THE LOOP.

Selina ate in silence, an inscrutable expression upon her features, and the meal was drawing to an end ere Joe ventured to enquire, with a sheepish grin, "how she had made out?" "Oh, fine!" The terse and laconic reply was given in such galling mimicry of his own half-absent tones when too lazy to enter into particulars that the grin swiftly faded from his face, and his attention became concentrated upon his plate. At the earliest possible moment his wife left the table and went out to the barn; another pointed protest that was not lost upon him. The children trooped out after her, leaving him sitting in gloomy reverie, from which he did not arouse himself until their returning footsteps told him that his wife had set out to work again.

Feeling unaccountably tired and jaded, he slowly cleared away the dishes and proceeded to wash up. The advantage of hot water was at once apparent, and had he but known where to lay hands upon a clean dish towel, the operation might have achieved a fair success. As it was the result was but moderate. The crockery sided up, he began to prepare for the churning.

This had always appeared such a rediculously simple business that he approached it with confidence, almost with cheerfulness. He even whistled a few bars as he placed the 'Favorite' in the centre of the floor and briskly set a chair beside it. In a few minutes everything was in readiness and screwing the top firmly down, he began to churn. At the end of what seemed a very long twenty minutes he stopped, and unfastening the lid, looked inside. But the most searching scrutiny failed to detect any change. Replacing it with a sigh, he went doggedly on. In a short time he stopped again, with the same result. Anathematising churns in general, and this one in particular, he applied himself once more to his task. In this monotonous way the greater part of two hours went by and it was after four o'clock and he was in the act of peeping into the churn for about the fifty-ninth time when the sound of buggy wheels arrested his attention. Hurriedly rising, he went outside. It was the minister paying an afternoon call and Joe felt that it was in accordance with his luck that he should have chosen to-day for his visit. However, he put a good face on matters, and explaining that his wife had been obliged to go out for the day, invited him to enter.

"So you're all alone in charge of the house and kiddies," said the minister, patronisingly. "Quite a responsibility, eh?"

"Well, yes," answered Joe, hesitatingly.

"Quite the family man," continued the minister with pompous joviality. "I expect you're almost as good a hand at it as your wife. Isn't he now?"—turning encouragingly to the eldest girl.

Lena pursed up her lips and looked at her father.

"Well, well," said the minister, "it does one good to see a man helping his wife in the house. Quite an example to the neighborhood, I declare!"

"Won't you sit down?' said Joe, with a view to changing the rather painful trend of the conversation. The minister complied and Joe resumed his seat at the churn opposite. "Ah! Churning, I see," said the former pleasantly. "So interesting to watch the butter slowly forming, is it not?"

"Ye-es," replied Joe doubtfully, wishing, nevertheless, that the other was in his place for an hour or two."

"Pray do not let my presence interrupt your labors," said the minister graciously.

Joe obediently grasped the handle and gave a vigorous pull. Splash!—!—!

Little Joe, who was playing on the floor, received the bulk of it; the remainder washed over the minister's ankles, the lid fetching up sharply against his shin. For a moment there was a dead silence. Then an ugly word from Joe broke the spell like a pistol shot. The minister visibly winced. "Mr. Hebblethwaite," he said reprovingly, "these trifling accidents are sent by Providence to try us. Remember the patience of Job!"

The words acted on Joe like salt on a sore.

"Huh, Job!" he shouted, losing his temper. "What's the use of talkin'

about him. He's been dead a century. He never had a 'trifling accident' like this to clean up anyway!"

"I think perhaps I had better go," said the minister, with chilly dignity. "Such profane——

But the other paid no attention. The sight of little Joe crawling aimlessly about like a fly just rescued from the cream jug, aroused him to the necessity for immediate action.

Stripping the astonished youngster on the spot, he rushed him upstairs, and drying him off swiftly with a towel, tucked him securely in bed. Calling the two girls he sternly bade them see that he kept there. Then he returned to the kitchen. Even the wildest flights of his imagination had failed to picture anything quite so disastrous. He felt that this must be the limit. On the only clear spot by the door were the white outlines of the minister's 'No. Twelves.' Joe cursed them softly.

"I wish the whole blamed shebang had gone right over him," he said viciously. "If it hadn't been for him I'd a remembered to fasten that lid on. Job, indeed!" Stepping gingerly he fetched a pail and cloth and began to mop up. It was a heartbreaking task. Little Joe's clothes he put in with the rest, and when the pail was full, emptied the lot out into the scrub. He had scarcely finished when it was time to get supper. It was a dreary meal. The silence got on his nerves until he longed for Selina to speak, if only to scold. Towards the end he stole a glance at her, which she intercepted. Their eyes met and both flushed guiltily. A moment later the same thing happened again. As soon as it was over, though no word was spoken, Joe went out to do his chores, while Selina began to clear away.

He was absent a long time and it was dusk when he returned. He did not enter the house, but sat down upon a bench on the verandah, leaning forward with his head in his hands. He felt terribly tired and very miserable, and his head ached horribly. Inside Selina was moving quietly about, the children evidently in bed.

Vaguely he wondered how she had fared during the day. What a brute he had been to allow her to do it! True, she had suggested it, but that no longer seemed to excuse him. Old Maitland's words, 'Be good to her, lad,' came back to his memory, causing him a bitter pang. This then was the result of all his resolutions! How long he sat there in gloomy meditation he did not know, but all at once he became aware that Selina was beside him.

"Well Joe," she said gently, "how did you get on?"

For a moment a suspicion that she was mocking him flashed through his mind, but a quick glance revealed her face sweetly sympathetic and serious.

Casting pride to the winds, he poured out all his troubles, omitting nothing. From time to time he looked at her furtively. The tiniest smile, and his heart would have hardened again. But Selina was wise in her generation. Presently her arm crept softly round his neck. "Poor old Joe," she breathed once, and when he came to the mattress, she went so far as to say that she knew it was rotten.

Joe suspected this was a 'fib,' but was doubly grateful.

At last the weary recital ended and silence fell.

"How did you make out?" at length Joe enquired timidly.

"I—?" said Selina with a delicious little laugh. "I—er—Oh, Joe, you old silly!" She hesitated—"Well, I guess you'll find out tomorrow, so perhaps I'd better tell. I spent the day down at the old folks'—there!"

Joe's face relaxed into a sickly grin. He had been properly 'done,' and a wave of deep mortification passed over him. It was quickly followed by a feeling of relief. Yes, he was glad, glad that he had been done. Otherwise——

"Yes," continued Selina slyly, "the minister came along there after—after he left you." And Joe was glad also that he had made no reservations in his confession.

"Hang him," he said in some confusion, and Selina cordially agreed.

"And, oh, Joe dear," she continued after a minute—and he could never resist her when she looked like that—"they're all going to the lake next Monday for a week!"

"Then we—all 'll go to!" he replied stoutly.

The storm had passed and a cloud rolling away let in a flood of soft silvery light, as the broad moon rode out lofty and serene. "There's another pair of 'em," exclaimed the old fellow tastily. "Can't think why they always keep their love-making till I'm about!"

Cured Without Medicine.

The young husband who had been an only son at home, petted and indulged beyond every point of reason, began to show signs of petty royalty soon after his marriage. Most of his friends were men of great wealth, who lived extremely well, and association with them made him somewhat hard to please in the matter of cooking. Scarcely a meal at his home table passed without criticism from him.

"What is this meant for?" he would ask after tasting an entree that his bride had racked her brain to prepare.

"What on earth is this?" he would say when dessert came on.

"Is this supposed to be salad?" he would inquire sarcastically when the lettuce was served.

The merry-hearted little wife stood it as long as she could, and finally decided to retaliate. The next evening she wore her very prettiest gown, and fairly bubbled over with wit. They went in to dinner.

The soup-tureen was brought in. Tied to one handle was a decorated card, and on that card was written in a big, round hand:

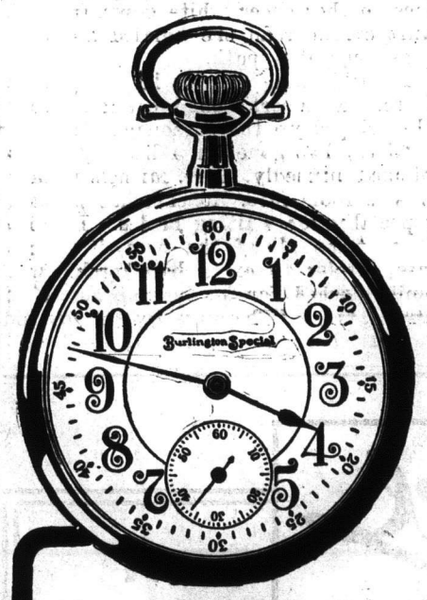
"This is soup."

Roast beef followed with a placard announcing:

"This is roast beef."

The potatoes were labeled. The gravy-dish was placarded. The olives bore a card marked "Olives," the salad-bowl carried a tag marked "Salad," and when the ice-pudding came in a card announced "This is really ice-pudding."

The wife talked of a thousand different things all through the meal, never once referring by word or look to the labeled dishes. Neither then nor thereafter did she say a word about them, and never since that evening has the captious husband ventured to inquire the name of anything set before him.



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ADJUSTED TO POSITIONS Adjusting a watch to positions is adjusting it so it runs the same in various positions.

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DOUBLE JEWELS That is, bearings with two jewels each are used in the Burlington. A watch so jeweled requires very much less attention than watches jeweled in any other way.

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Just Chums.

By Martina Gardner Owen. Written for The Western Home Monthly.

"WHICH man does Dicky prefer?" Aunt Margaret's usually serene voice held an exasperated note, perilously suggestive of thread-worn patience.

"He likes them both," Constance returned wearily, swaying the hammock into motion with a tap of a daintily slippered foot. "Each is a general favorite among men. I've heard that that was an infallible test and I've asked Dicky a hundred times. It's always: 'They're both decent chaps, sis. Either would suit me for a brother-in-law. It's up to you. You are the one who must live with him, you know.'"

"Well," Aunt Margaret decided crisply, "I quite agree with Dicky. You say that each young man is well educated, can support you fitly, has irreproachable habits. Each has a similar taste to your own in art, literature and music. Each enjoys the same social life with which you mingle. I am glad that you have left the city for this month in my country home. To have you with me is a real pleasure, but I don't see how I can help you to decide—between two diamonds of equal weight and brilliancy," she finished whimsically. "There comes Alice to take me to Elizabeth's lawn party," patting her brown hair into order with plump hands. "You are sure you won't come?"

"No," Constance returned languidly, "I've no taste for tea and chatter. I'll just——" the telephone tinkled into her statement. Constance listened to the one-sided conversation.

"Hester Michels and Jerry Williams did you say? Why, how ridiculous! She is sixty-five if she is a day, and he is older."

"Yes, that's true. Sorry, Mr Roberts, but Alice has her trap at the door now. My neice would come I am sure."

"Yes, you may rely on her tact and kindness of heart—absolutely. I'll explain. Good-bye."

"It's the Rev. Mr. Roberts," she told her neice. "He says that Mrs. Roberts is away and that a couple has just called at the parsonage to be married. He wants someone for a witness."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Constance, springing from the hammock.

"Aunt Margaret surveyed the lithe young figure a bit doubtfully.

"He is a widower and she is a widow," she added. "Each has white hair. They are simple country folk, but two of the dearest and best hearted people I know. They should have married each other forty years ago, Instead, each chose a totally unsuitable mate. The opportunities for choice were not large in the sparcely settled country. At first this seemed absurd, but perhaps—I mustn't gossip with you any longer, child. Hurry along. Perhaps," sarcastically, "by the time you are as old as are Hester and Jerry you will be able to choose between your Albert and Burke."

Constance picked up her white parasol and started down the path. Impulsively she turned aside and broke a great spray of white roses from the bush which nestled close to her aunt's hospitable home. Then, holding the fluffy laces of her sheer white gown from the dust of the road she hurried along the grass carpeted path.

Anxiety was written large upon the Reverend Robert's kind countenance as she tripped up the parsonage steps.

"Jerry has gone for a license," he explained hurriedly. Mrs. Michels is there, in the room Mrs. Roberts has prepared especially for waiting brides. I believe it contains all of the necessities from rice powder to extra handkerchiefs," a smile flashed for an instant across his strong face. "They are two of my oldest parishoners. Don't——er——"

"Don't do or say anything to shadow the rose color of their dream?" Constance's brown eyes were sweetly serious. "My dear Dr. Roberts, would I strike a child who was offering me a blossom? Which door did you say?"

The young girl tapped lightly, then paused a moment on the threshold looking into the sweet, wrinkled face which turned from the miror at this intrusion.

"I am to be one of the witnesses," she explained gently. "As Mrs. Roberts was away, the minister asked me to come in and to make sure that you had everything you wanted."

"That was kind of you, dearie." Hester's heart had warmed instantly to the sincerity which looked out from Constance's clear eyes. "I was wondering——my hair——"

"It's beautiful," Constance declared, "so soft and ripply. But it doesn't half show how pretty it is. May I take it down?"

Hester nodded mutely. Her bony fingers worked nervously in their white lace mitts. Constance's slim white hands busied themselves with pins and combs, but her eyes noted every detail of the ill-fitting grey gown which was so evidently Hester's own work. She felt something tightening at her throat as she loosed the ugly knot and saw the face framed in silver softness.

"I had to wear it that way when Ezra was alive," Hester said diffidently. She was half afraid of this beautiful young creature who belonged so manifestly to another world. But she gained confidence as she saw the look of understanding in the girl's eyes and went on:

"He was always wantin' everything shiny an' spic an' spandy. He was a terrible good provider an' he was never cross to me, but——"

"But what?" questioned Constance sympathetically as she brushed a long lock to shining lustre.

"But—perhaps you think it foolish for two such old folks to get married?" Hester asked the question timorously.

"I think," said Constance, evenly as she rolled a soft puff from a shining strand, "that we have a right to happiness during every moment that we are permitted to remain on earth." The matronly Mrs. Roberts, herself versed in the science of the troubled human heart, could not have inspired confidence more winningly.

"That's just what Jerry said, the meaning leastways, though he couldn't say it quite like that. Ezra meant well ——but——we was never chums. He never told me nothin' about the day's work. If I tried to tell him 'bout the chickens or the bakin' he laughed and said he hadn't time for such nonsense. I used to dream of sittin' by the fire and talkin' with my man, but I never could. Mostly after supper he went to sleep on the old lounge. O, the years were so lonely!"

A long silence followed, broken only by the call of a bird to his mate and her far-away reply. Then Hester spoke again softly.

"Jerry, he never had a chum either. Maria was a smart housekeeper and she had his meals on time and the house so neat you couldn't find a speck of dust nowhere. But she never cared about—bein' chums."

The little brown bird had joined her mate in the apple tree and the air was vocal with their sociable twitterings.

Constance pinned the last ringlet into place, fastened a spray of roses in the lace at Hester's throat, then she kissed the pink spot on each faded cheek.

"I think I hear voices," she said gently. "You are very sweet and bride-like now. Shall we go out?"

Hester lingered a moment like a shy girl. Then Constance opened the door and the old man with his gentle, love-transfigured face came eagerly forward to meet his bride.

All through the ceremony Constance sat as one entranced. As she listened to the minister's rich, full tones the June sunshine seemed to fade away. Instead of the cheerful room she seemed to see two people who walked gray, separate paths during a long, long day. But at last the ways met, the mists cleared and the clouds were transfigured with the splendors of a perfect sunset. The two went on down a primrose path

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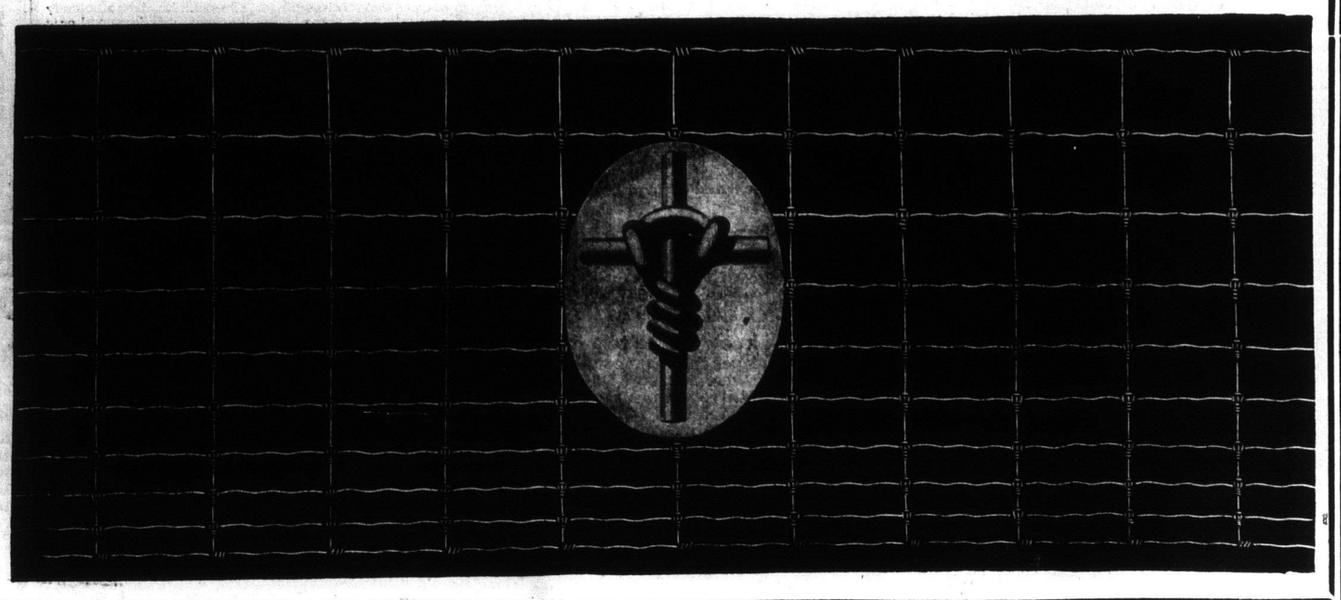

straight into the glory of crimson and gold.

With a start Constance came back to realities. She looked speculatively at the couple standing before the altar. What was the elusive element which each had missed for forty empty years? Which now enabled them to clasp hands so trustingly? Would it permeate the domestic atmosphere of the home where Burke was master—or Albert?

As the trembling voices spoke softly —"till death us do part"—her curved lips straightened into a resolve. Rather absent-mindedly she uttered her words of congratulation and went down the parsonage steps. All that afternoon her face wore what Dicky termed its "scheming smile." There was a mischievous light in her eyes as she danced into Aunt Margaret's room that night, wearing a bewitchingly frilly kimona, her brown hair rippling to her knees.

"I learned things this afternoon," she declared. "I have a scheme for testing those two precious men. I am going to use your tinware for test tubes; put their characters therein, add a few choice precipitants—and you're going to help," she added, throwing both of her bare, dimpled arms about her aunt's plump shoulders.

"Mercy! Child," returned Aunt Margaret, "I'll do anything in reason. I've always spoiled you. Come and sit on this stool and tell me all about it. Try to get a glimmer of intelligence into your remarks."

The two plotted for an hour. "Mind, now, Auntie," warned Contance as she kissed the older woman good-night, "not a word to a soul."

Aunt Margaret assented laughingly and pushed her gently from the room.

"Get your beauty sleep, child," she warned, "or they will both withdraw and you'll have no one left in the lists but our chore boy, Hezekiah.

Three days passed uneventfully. On the fourth Constance drove up to the door with a handsome young man in irreproachable tweeds whom she introduced as:

"Mr. Pearson. A rising young lawyer and an excellent tennis champion."

By the end of the week everyone had fallen a victim to Mr. Pearson's charming personality. He complimented Ann so skillfully that she excelled herself in the preparation of delectable country dainties. He captivated Aunt Margaret's heart by shouldering some of her responsibilities. He taught the young men's class in Sunday school, and won Mr. Robert's eulogy of "an excellent and worthy young man." He played tennis with Constance, kept her supplied with her favorite magazines, took her for long rows on the river, and for drives through the shady country roads. That night he urged his suit out on the restful porch in the soft moonlight. The great star-filled sky arched above them. The sighing of the wind mingled with the soft sounds of the summer night in a silver melody. Albert's voice was tender with pleading and Constance almost yielded. The memories of Burke Wilson and of that hour in the parsonage came to her and she steeled her heart.

Next morning Aunt Margaret was ill in her room. The maid had left and company was expected for tea.

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A man tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted withit. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, I said to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on **a month's free trial.** I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save it's whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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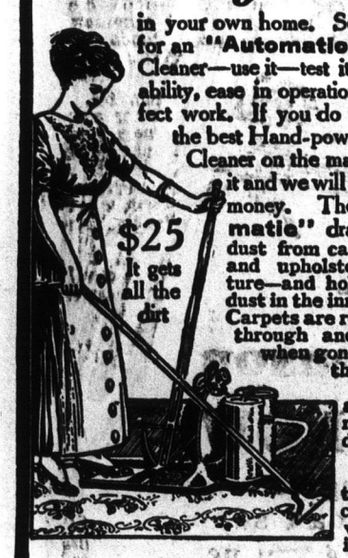

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Constance explained the situation to Albert when that young man appeared in the breakfastless room.

"I've been trying to make Auntie comfortable," she added, so breakfast isn't started. But I can prepare it quickly. Were you aware that I was a star pupil in a domestic science course? Just go on the porch and read your paper. It's cool there and the kitchen isn't exactly comfortable even at this hour. There's coffee to grind and strawberries to hull," she concluded hopefully.

But Albert failed to realize the vista of possibilities opened up by this last remark. Instead, with a polite expression of regret at the necessity for Constance's assuming the role of cook he sauntered to the shady porch.

Breakfast was served promptly. There were hot muffins, too, when she would have been perfectly justified in serving cold bread. Constance knew her guest must enjoy his breakfast, judging from the quantity that disappeared, but he seemed to take it all as belonging rightfully to the course of human events, and no word of commendation brightened the eyes of the demure little cook.

"There's a bad nick in my lord's halo," Constance announced merrily as she carried a dainty tray to the invalid, who was seated at her window dividing her time between a bit of embroidery and a recent novel.

"I hope it will be utterly smashed or mended soon," Aunt Margaret sighed. "It's wicked to stay indoors on such a perfect day."

Albert was waiting when she descended the stairs.

"Ready for that row on the river?" he demanded briskly.

"With Auntie ill and the breakfast dishes unwashed?" she returned crisply. "Besides there's company for dinner."

"Telephone 'em it's off," he returned rather irritably. "We can forage for luncheon and leave things for the new maid. It's an ideal day," he finished, "and I don't want to go mooning off alone while you are mewed up in that kitchen. I am sure you are magnifying trifles. It's a feminine habit."

Constance stiffled the impulse to tell him that the kitchen was large enough for two and replied firmly:

"I'm sorry, Albert, but between my duty to my aunt and that to my guest I must choose the former. Perhaps I can manage an hour or so on the river this afternoon, but no more. No maid would stay if she came and found an utterly demoralized kitchen. And these guests are very particular people."

"Then I might as well run out to town," Albert returned a bit sulkily. "There's a case that really needs attention. I'll be back on the 5.10 for dinner."

"Cheer up, Auntie," was the next bulletin. "The halo has slipped over on one side and there's a big chunk gone just above the right ear."

The guests partook of a dainty meal that night and Constance was her own charming self once more. Albert expanded genially in the unshadowed atmosphere. Constance watched him admiringly. He was handsome, witty, brilliant—the life of the table. She wondered if she could have been mistaken—but as soon as the last guest departed she collapsed into a forlorn, sobbing little heap.

"Whatever is the matter, Constance?" Albert demanded with a slight undercurrent of impatience. "Everything went off splendidly."

"O, I am so tired," she sobbed. "The kitchen was hot and there was so much to do. I had to work every minute. Then the salad was insipid, and I burned my finger and broke a teacup."

"I told you it was folly to try to carry the thing through." The impatience had walked out boldly now taking full charge of the voice. "As for the salad and teacup, nonsense! Who cares for such trifles. I don't want to see you give up like this. You are usually so well-poised and cheerful; but to-night you seem unable to rise above the level of the kitchen. Use your common sense."

"I'll try." Constance dabbled a wet handkerchief in each reddened eye and sat up bravely. "Tell me about your trip to town."

"You wouldn't understand," he declared briefly. "It was a successful trip, but it would take me an hour to explain it, and it isn't worth while. Does your aunt seem any better?"

Constance shook her head dolefully.

"Then perhaps I had better return in the morning. I have spent a very pleasant week. Kindly convey my gratitude to your aunt. Perhaps she will

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let me return after the domestic wheels are again running smoothly," he added complacently.

Constance murmured a polite reply. She was genuinely tired and overwrought. Moreover she had flattered herself that she had kept the household running smoothly. The talk drifted into safe channels for a time. Then Albert said softly:

"You know I love you, Constance. Won't you give me your answer before I go"

"Yes, I will," she snapped. "It's 'no,' and if all men are like you I shall be an old maid, so there!" Constance was distractingly pretty as she lifted her flushed face. "A nice chum you'd make!"

Albert blinked. Nothing like this outbreak had ever happened before during all of his well-ordered, conventional existence.

"Why —— what —— what have I done?" he demanded.

"Nothing, nothing at all, Mr. Pearson. That is the difficulty." Constance's tones were chillingly formal.

An ugly light gleamed in the man's eyes.

"I refuse to be dismissed for a mere whim," he asserted. "You owe me an explanation."

"I'll write it—for the benefit of the next girl whom you may honor with your preference," said Constance rising. "But the answer is final," and she fled.

"Exeunt the adorable Albert and his tennis racquet," she whispered to her aunt. "You couldn't find a bit of that halo with the Lick telescope."

The next week brought "My friend, Burke Wilson," blonde, bland and blue-eyed. The week was an encore of the initial performance with a different leading man. Only Burke played golf instead of tennis. The scene shifted at the psychological moment of the announcement of the coffee to be ground and of the strawberries to be hulled.

"No," he replied, "I was not aware of your proficiency in domestic science, but are you aware that I was chief cook in our Adirondack camp last summer? There was never a word of fault found either—not because my flapjacks were always tender," he grinned reminiscently, "but because I had made a rule that he who dared to question the quality of the grub should cook the next meal. I'll just attend to that coffee and those strawberries myself if you please, young lady."

Constance caught the infection and laughed merrily.

"There is a big gingham apron that Jane left," she replied demurely.

They raced into the kitchen like two school children, chatting gayly over each task.

"And phwat might ye be afther doin' wid thim little pans?" demanded the assistant Bridget, as Constance took down the muffin pans.

"Shure an' it's muffins I'd be makin' for yer lordship's breakfast!" she replied with a mocking courtesy.

"Not much you don't." It was Burke Wilson, the barrister who spoke and the tins were deftly returned to their place. "You are to go to no extra trouble for me. There is plenty of bread—I saw it, and it will answer admirably."

When the breakfast had been eaten and after the cook had received so many compliments that she declared she should ask for an increase of wages, Burke demanded: "What about luncheon and dinner?"

"I'll manage—yes, I will," she added firmly. "You said last night that you had to go to the city. I'll write a list and you may send me out some canned things—soups and chicken and mushrooms."

Burke's remonstrances were in vain. Constance could be a very determined small person when she tried.

"All right, comrade," he finally yielded. "I'll obey. But if I find that this is a ruse to get me out of the way while you overwork and overworry, there'll be things doing when I return."

"Now some girls would permit a nice, willing man like that to spend his entire day in the kitchen," mused Constance with a self-righteous air as she busied herself deftly with household tasks. "And after they were married," she blushed rosy red, "they would continue the performance, and as a result the man could not do his best work in the office, and at some future day he'd be a failure instead of a success. I am glad that I can manage a house, unaided, if necessary, but," with a rueful glance at the luring green fields and cool rippling water, "I hope it won't often be necessary." Then calling to her aunt:

"Come on down, Auntie. I wonder if all of the folks on the car can see Burke's halo as clearly as I did when he departed. No, Auntie, you shall not help. I said I should do this work alone and I intend to play fair."

When Burke returned he was greeted by a vivacious and faultlessly gowned hostess, attractively served food and complacent guests. His anxious eyes could detect nothing amiss — but the curtain went up for the final performance, discovering the heroine huddled on the Davenport and shaking with sobs.

"What's this?" demanded Burke. Without waiting for an answer, he picked her up and carried her over to a big, comfortable chair.

"The kitchen was hot and you have worked too hard and had no fresh air," he declared soothingly, "and now you are tired out and nervous. Tell your chum all about it."

"The salad wasn't right," she began in a choked voice.

"What was the matter with the salad?" he demanded calmly.

"It didn't have enough lemon juice in the dressing," she declared weakly.

"I was too busy watching you to observe," was the matter-of-fact reply. "I don't believe anyone else detected it either. If they did you can have 'em here again and show 'em what you can

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do. And you won't drive me off to the city either. What else?"

"I broke a cup."

"I'll take it to the city and match it if I have to call out the entire detective force. Next?"

"I burned my finger."

Burke disappeared for a moment. He returned with cotton and ointment, dressed the burn skilfully, then said:

"If you have told me all of your troubles I want to tell you some of mine. I had the queerest old client to-day ——"

The big, cheerful voice went on, telling her the incidents of the day until Constance's sobs were quite stiffled and she could laugh merrily at his graphic descriptions and droll impersonations.

"All right, now Chumsie?" he asked at length.

"All right, Burke," she replied softly.

"I know it's taking a mean advantage," he went on, "but I do love you, my girl, and I want you to-night more than ever. Won't you tell me that you will come to me as my little chum—for always? Please, sweetheart."

"Perhaps—some day—if you match that teacup," Constance conceded softly.

As seen on Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.

Written for the Western Home Montnly by Maisie E. Emery, Taber, Alta.

CLAIRE GREY, stenographer, was pretty—undeniably so. Perhaps a connoisseur would have found that she possessed not one faultless feature. However true that might be, the excellent coloring and pleasant expression lent a charm to the face that was better than mere feature regularity.

Clare had just put the finishing touches to the remainder of her Saturday's work, and as she laid the neatly printed pages on her employer's desk, she gave a little sigh of relief. She waited at the desk until the brusque, "All right, Miss Grey," told her work was satisfactory.

While putting on her wraps her glance wandered across the street and was held by the sign, "Moore & Manning, Real Estate." A shadow passed over her face as she murmured to herself "Two years! Nearly two years!"

Now it happened that one name on the sign meant a great deal to Claire, although she never would acknowledge it to her friend. Two years previous her engagement with Robert Manning, junior partner of the firm across the street, had been broken off. Claire's proneness to accept attentions from other young men had led to the quarrel, and now when all anger had died out, pride and stubbornness kept the breach as wide as ever.

As she walked slowly down the street that led to the boarding house she kept repeating to herself, "Nearly two years." Then with a little shrug of her well developed shoulders she thought, "O, what an idiot I was, I am, and apparently always shall be! I fibbed terribly to Bob that day but he was a bat not to see I did not care a straw for that scatter brained cad, Whitmore!"

A "Good evening, Miss Grey," caused her to look up and there stood the man she had designated as a cad. The smile with which she said "How do you do Mr. Whitmore?" was perhaps not exactly genial but the conceited man of the world never dreamed that this working girl could possibly be other than flattered when the wealthy Mr. Jas. Whitmore, gentleman of leisure, condescended to pay her attentions.

"I have been disappointed in not meeting you at the rink lately, Miss Grey," said Mr. Whitmore.

"My work affords me more real pleasure than some other people's play," was the answer.

Without noticing the sarcasm in her words the gentleman begged leave to call for and escort her to the Thistle Rink that evening. Permission was granted conditionally and the condition was that Grace Elmore, Claire's roommate, be invited to join them.

With as good grace as he could muster, Whitmore accepted the condition, saying he would call at 8 p.m., and Claire, pleading an engagement, hurried on.

On arriving home she ran up to her room to find Grace already there deep in the mysteries of stocking mending.

"Just think, Grace, that daffy old Whitmore wants us to go to the rink tonight. Will you go?" Claire rattled on without waiting for a reply "Let's go. We have not had a skate this season."

It was with some misgivings that Grace finally promised to go, as the type of man Whitmore represented was by no means popular with either of the girls.

At 7.55 the door bell rang, and a moment afterward the land-lady, Mrs. Cobb, tapped at the girls' door with "There's a gentleman in the parlor waiting for you."

"Tell him we will be down right away," answered Claire.

By the time the "right away" was over it was 8.20 and Mr. Whitmore was losing some of his complacency.

When the young ladies entered the parlor in all the glory of skating jackets, mitts and toques, Mr. Whitmore arose and expressed appreciation of their appearance by sundry smiles and glances of admiration.

As the rink was a considerable distance away, and the girls being in reality in a hurry to have a skate, the trio departed without further delay.

Just as they left Namayo for Jasper Avenue and were picking their way through the crowd, Claire espied the stalwart figure of Robert Manning a few yards ahead. His destination was obvious, for over his shoulder were hung two pairs of skates, and clinging to his arm was May Woods, a pretty little Strathcona University girl, famous on account of her varied flirtations.

Street cars, vehicles and pedestrians were numerous on Jasper that frosty Saturday night.

A woman pushing a child's sleigh was crossing the avenue when suddenly a runaway team came tearing down the street and was almost upon her before she realized her danger. Seeing at a glance that she could not save herself and the sleigh too, she left it and ran forward to safety.

Robert Manning was within a few feet of the deserted sleigh and muttering "Inhuman wretch," he plunged forward and with superhuman speed pushed the sleigh out of danger just as the terrified team was upon him.

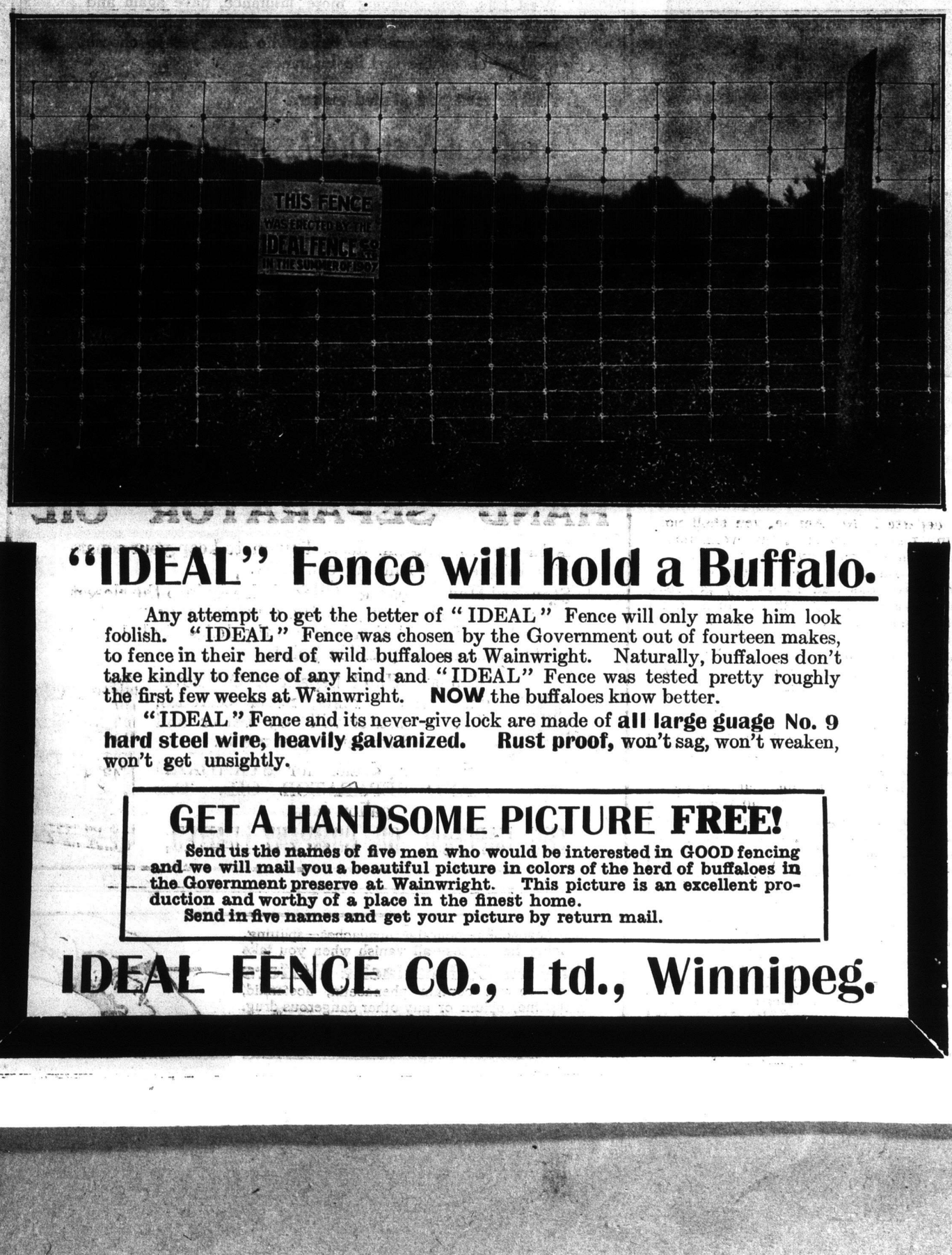
In an instant the team had passed over him and Manning lay in the midst of a crowd frightened and helpless spectators. Without assistance from anyone, he struggled to his feet, pulled himself together, and assuring the bystanders he was not hurt as he had gone down between the horses and had neither been tramped upon or run over, he inquired anxiously about the child in the sleigh.

A woman ran to the sleigh and pulled the coverlet aside, and, behold! there lay Mrs. Brown's Saturday shopping.

The crowd, appreciating the joke, sent up cheer after cheer for Manning.

A flush of anger overspread Robert Manning's face for an instant, but the humor of the situation forced itself upon him, and with a boyish laugh he threw his cap high into the air and cheered with the crowd.

In the meantime, May Woods, seeing Manning apparently ridiculed, sought refuge in a convenient confectionery store, but Claire, with utter disregard for appearances, hurried forward, caught Mannings hand in both her own, and as she pressed it, whispered: "You did splendid, Bob. Don't forget I shall be at home tomorrow."



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One day a man fell from a third floor window, and was killed.

The local clergyman called upon his widow, and after consoling with her, asked if she thought her late husband was prepared to meet his end.

"Oh, yes; I'm sure he was," was the reply, "for, as he passed the first floor window he was heard to exclaim, "Now for the bump!"

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Love and Revenge.

By W. R. Gilbert.

GIEL occupied the proud position of being on the staff of a daily paper. Now, anything more exalted than this can hardly enter into the imagination of man. Yet he was not satisfied. He yearned for greater power, so he bought the controlling interest in the Clarion, a paper emanating from Swishbury. To start the paper as he said, "on a solid basis," he took upon himself to write the leaders, and two columns of local notes, keep the ledgers, collect and pay accounts, canvass for printing orders and advertisements, do all his own reporting, take a turn at the case if necessary, and employed the balance of his time in recreation. There are scores of journalists who enjoy just such a happy (?) time. He said he liked the work, it occupied his spare time, but it was the recreation that tried him.

Our own Giel slept and ate—when he had time—at the boarding house of Mrs. Dollars, where the biff-tick-de-camboss reigned as the central dish on the board of that magnificent establishment. In this paradise of lodging houses, there were boarders galore who owed their landlady money with a cheerful resignation that reached the sublime. Among the boarders in the house, there dwelt a fair young damsel of the female persuasion, a niece of the proprietress, who had been known to draw nocturnes in black lead, and reveries in soft soap in the daytime, whilst at night she set the boarders a fine example as to an abbreviated appetite and attacked the drawing room piano with the fearlessness of a child who roams unconscious, surrounded by awful dangers, crisis and things.

The fair one with the flaxen locks had forged the key that opened the heart of Giel! He loved her with all the wild fervor of an imaginative journalist's nature, and his passion was returned by express wagons—metaphorically speaking—so bulky had it become. But I meander. Still, because Desdemona returned his passion, she loved him, and the more it was returned, the more it was returned, which to the uninitiated may seem curious but nevertheless satisfactory to the parties concerned.

Mrs. Dollars knew nothing of this romance—tender romance—nothing tender in fact being allowed in the house save the gravy, which certainly was, to say the least fragile. It was a warm night and one could see the ever familiar perspiration rolling down Giel's fat face as he wrestled with the leg of chicken lying on his plate. This was a bird of a vintage year soldered by passing centuries, and how that limb had been blasted from the body still remains a mystery.

"You do not seem to be getting on with your fowl," Mrs. Dollars said in those dulcet accents for which she was so noted. "Are you not hungry?" Giel smiled a weary smile, afraid to murmur aloud lest she might hear him, and demand a number of V's he owed her for prehistoric steaks, and chops that had become geological. Deftly he drew a small dynamite cartridge from his pocket, and inserting it in a nook in the leg, touched the cap with his knife handle. There was a faint movement, a sound like a whispered sigh and — nothing more.

"You do not like it," Mrs. Dollars repeated. "I can see it in your eye." The blood of all the Giels was aroused. With flashing eye and quivering lip, with the cruel recollection of a thousand evenings spent in the same fruitless exertions, the Worm it turned, at last it turned.

"I do not like it, Madam," Giel said. "I scorn such sacrilege, and I denounce the slaughterer of this noble bird that kept the Ark in eggs, and was the pet of Shem, Ham and Japhet. Surely there are birds bred since the advent of Columbus, ossified enough to afford us all the relaxation we require."

"Enough!" rasped Mrs. Dollars. "You leave to-night!"

Giel, accompanied by the forlorn and weeping Desdemona, adjourned to his room and packed up his fur lined overcoat, gold repeater, diamond studs and other odds and ends which comprise the stock in trade of the average journalist.

"My own," Desdemona whimpered as she clung about his manly breast, "you have been too reckless. If it is not a rude question, darling, what are you going to do now?"

"Revenge!" hissed Giel between a selection of teeth that he kept for that purpose. "I have thought out a deadly vengeance whereby my antagonist shall be routed and we be crowned with glory."

"Farewell my own ownest, I must depart, but only for a brief season.
Long ere the green corn has fallen into the serene and yellow leaf
I shall return to claim my bride."

Time passed on, autumn was at hand. Desdemona had disappeared, and, worst of all, so had Mrs. Dollars' boarders. Why they left was only known to themselves, but one by one, with pale faces and chattering teeth, they resigned and sought the refuge of the new establishment of the same nature which had been opened just around the corner.

Not to leave her all alone other visitors came, boarders who insisted on remaining rent free, and who appraised the furniture after their kind. On the fifth day these humorists decorated the front of the palatial residence with tasteful pictures in black and white, works of art in fact—entitled—"By order of the assignee."

"I am ruined," sighed Mrs. Dollars. "I am indeed undone."

"No, not so," said a voice with a man attached to it. "I will buy everything as it stands and you shall start the house again on my behalf."

It was Giel who spoke. He was got up in the height of fashion—including some garments—and on his arm smiled Desdemona, similarly caparisoned.

"Nemesis!" cried Mrs. Dollars. "Nemesis!" This resulted in the coming of the bottle which contained quite a pint.

Giel now resumed. "This is my vengeance," he said. "On the night you turned me out of your house I swore that I would retaliate even if it cost me the price of Beechman's Pills — a guinea a box. I went away from here and interviewed your butcher and poulterer and promised to give them puffs in my paper, on the understanding that they only sent you tender meat and real chicken. They did so, and frightened and alarmed by the sudden change, your boarders left you. Expecting this, I hired a lot of furniture, and opened a boarding house with Desdemona in disguise engaged to manage it. By advertising largely this as an establishment carried on upon traditional lines, known only to boarding house engineering, I secured all the clients that you lost. Now I am rich and Desdemona is happy. Give these harpies here this money and let them depart. Open tomorrow on the old lines and I will guarantee a full house."

Mrs. Dollars considers herself fortunate on ten dollars a week, and the establishment again rejoices in the leatherly viands of old, while in their country mansion the children of old Giel and Desdemona have bills galore to play with. Sometimes the galore is sucked off, but what matter when they can have more for the asking.

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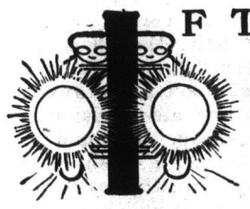

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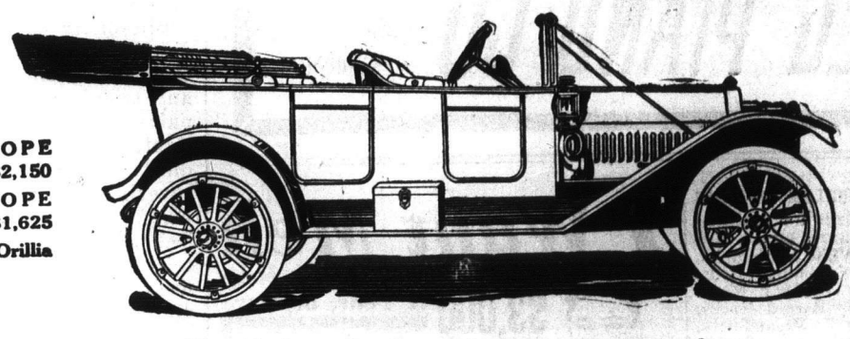

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GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A full-sized Grand Piano by The Gerhard Heintzman Co., Toronto, in rich dark mahogany case, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys. Looks like new. Manufacturers' Price $500. Sale Price..... **$278**

GOURLAY—A Cabinet Grand Upright Piano of our own make, in rosewood case of Florentine Design, full length panels and music desk, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, etc. This piano has been used for a short time in a musician's studio, but though used, has been well cared for, and is in every respect just like new. Sale Price..... **$305**

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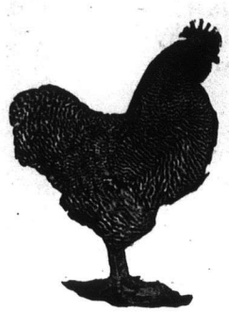

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Good Taste in Home Decoration

Bedroom Furniture and Ornaments. By Edith Charlton Salisbury, Professor of Domestic Science, Manitoba Agricultural College.

Since the first and most important purpose of a bedroom is to furnish a suitable sleeping place, it is obvious that the most important piece of furniture in the room is the bed. Economise as much as you will in any part of the room, omit all ornamentation if you wish, but do not be niggardly and cheap when purchasing the bed. And yet expense does not always imply comfort, and that should be the great aim. Satin finished, or polished brass bedsteads, lace spreads and embroidered linen do not by any means insure perfect repose; without a good mattress, good springs, and the right kind of covering, we are likely to rest uneasily, experience various aches and numbnesses and possibly even wish for a bed of new mown hay which makes no pretentions of being more than it is. What is your idea of a really comfortable bed? The first requisite, in my opinion, is a bedstead, firm and strong, and springs that support the weight of the body evenly. There is nothing much more annoying than springs that drop you out one side of the bed or dump you into the middle of it. If I had my choice of springs, I would certainly choose the box springs with a medium weight mattress on top. Second choice would be a woven wire, reinforced through the centre, and wide enough to come well over the frame. The box mattress is the most expensive, but is also much the best, and, as we are not to economize in the purchase of the bed, I would recommend it, even though its cost prohibits a rug for the floor or other of the bedroom furnishings.

Bed Linen and Comforts.

There is a difference of opinion regarding mattresses, but probably the general verdict will be given in favor of hair, though a good felt mattress over box springs is not to be despised But don't allow anyone to persuade you to buy an excelsior mattress because it is cheap. I would rather have a tick filled with fresh clean straw or clover hay than the excelsior, which is generally dusty and always harsh. If the bedstead has strength and durability, it is immaterial whether it be of brass, enamelled metal or wood. The first two will need to be of sufficient weight to insure strength and rability and the latter must be perfectly put together or it will be difficult to keep it sanitary.

Too often there is a skimpiness about the bed linen that is annoying to say the least. In some localities there is a very good law in force requiring hotels, sleeping car companies and other places of public lodging to furnish sheets full three yards long so that they will fold well over the blankets, which on public beds may not be entirely free from disease germs. This length is also reasonable in private homes because it protects the blankets and does away with frequent cleansing.

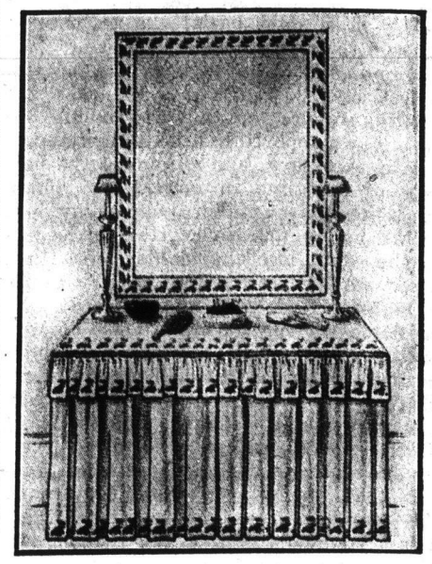
Pillows should be flat and soft to follow the rules of hygiene. If you have acquired the habit of sleeping bolstered up in bed, better try to break it else you grow round shouldered and other bad effects attend you.

Simplicity in bed linen is always desirable, plain hems with embroidered monogram look and wear better than any trimming of lace or embroidery. A pair of soft, fluffy blankets, thick and light, is warmer than several heavy quilts; and the acme of luxury in bed covering is a down comfort. These things of good quality make the ideal bed and guarantee for the easy conscience such nights of rest that make weary nerves and strained muscles grow young again.

As for the rest of the furnishings in your bedroom, the less you have the better, the necessaries are not many, and if you have expended forty or fifty dollars on the bed you may find it impossible to spend much on the dressing table, washstand and bureau. Well, do not worry, for if you are handy with the hammer and nails, and can secure two or three packing cases and a few yards of dimity or cretonne, you can manufacture very artistic dressing tables that will do good duty for at least one year.

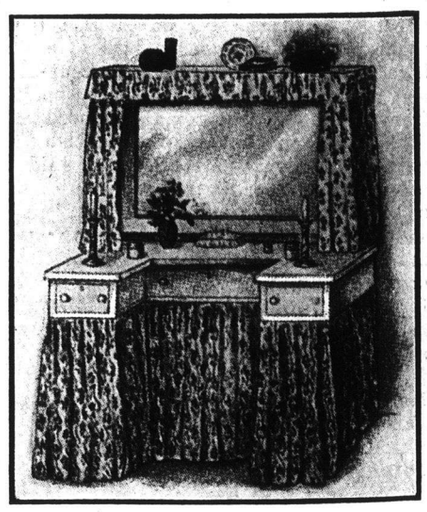
Home-Made Furniture.

The accompanying illustration shows what can be done in this line by a clever



This attractive dressing table is made of soap boxes clothed in scrim.

woman. The first illustration shows a simple, practical dressing table that for reasons of economy as well as for artistic effect may very well have an introduction into any sleeping room. Its foundation is nothing more than a couple of soap boxes set one above the other with a separate board top. The cover and draperies may be made of plain scrim with stencilled border. A pretty dimity or cretonne, in color and design to harmonize with the wall decorations, held in place with small brass headed tacks will be attractive. The boxes underneath make a convenient place of storage for anything desired and with care, especially on sweeping days, may be kept reasonably free from dust. A mirror which has seen better days may be rejuvenated by applying a couple of coats of enamel paint to match the prevailing color of the drapery, and the whole then makes a piece of furniture very attractive as well as useful.



Old Fashioned wash stand enamelled in white and draped with chintz.

The second illustration shows a plain old-fashioned washstand newly painted and draped with old-fashioned chintz. It is pushed close to the wall and a mirror hung flat above it. The shelf on top is just a plain board covered to match the woodwork of the room and fastened to the wall with brass supports. The shelf and the mirror are draped with chintz, like the stand, and the result is particularly satisfactory, especially in a girl's room.

Refinishing Old Furniture.

A chest of drawers of a bureau, as everyone knows, is a great convenience in a bedroom, and though generally a costly piece of furniture to buy, there are ways of securing one that are more ingenious than expensive. The first is to search the garret for cast-off furniture. Almost every house has one or more pieces and sometimes they prove to be real treasures. A couple of generations ago furniture was made of much better wood than goes into the average modern furniture, so the first thing to do when examining a piece of old furniture is to make sure of the kind of wood. If it is walnut, cherry, oak, or any other hard wood—there is a possibility, too, that it may be mahogany—don't think of painting it, no matter how scared or rough its surface may be. The thing to do is to buy three or four sheets of sand paper and rub it well until every vestige of the old satin and varnish has disappeared. Then wash it off with alcohol or kerosene—the first is better—and rub it down with steel wool which may be purchased from any dealer in paint and varnishes at trifling cost. Always be careful to rub with the grain of the wood, else the steel wool will scratch. When a real smooth surface has been obtained, then the wood may be treated with a coat of oil, a mixture of one part boiled oil to one and one half parts of turpentine, applied with a soft cloth. Rub this down with cotton waste, and then apply a couple of coats of good finishing wax, rubbing and polishing with cotton waste and chamois skin. The longer the wood is rubbed with steel before the oil and wax are applied the smoother and finer the polish will be. This will not give a glossy surface such as is obtained with varnish, but a soft rich luster, which is much preferred to the shining surface. If desired, the wood may be stained to make it darker, but now-a-days the aim is to preserve, as nearly as possible, the natural color and grain of the wood, and wait for time and exposure to air to darken it.

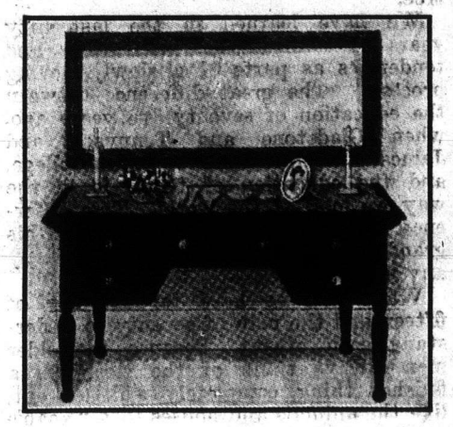
If the old bureau is made of pine or any other of the soft woods that do not finish satisfactorily in this manner, then it can be covered with two or three coats of enamel paint to match the color of the woodwork of the room. A bedroom with white woodwork, two or three pieces of white enamelled furniture, a white bedstead with inexpensive draperies of dimity or cretonne in which there is some pretty, delicate color printed on a white ground, is certainly a place of beauty and conducive to perfect repose.

Ornaments and Pictures.

The less bric-a-brac in a bedroom the better and whatever there is should first of all be useful—before any claim to decoration is considered. The dressing table will contain the toilet articles, and these can be as simple or elaborate as the occupant of the room desires. With dimity draperies the hand painted china toilet articles look very well indeed, and may include hair brush, hand mirror, comb and brush tray, hair receiver, powder box and a pair of candlesticks. The china pieces are easier to clean than the silver and are quite as serviceable. Of course, for real utility there is nothing better than ebony or white ivory, and the latter is very dainty, too.

A writing table or desk is almost a necessity in a bedroom that is to properly fill its requirements, but this need not be an expensive affair. Probably the attic which yielded the old bureau may have a table of like antiquity which can be rejuvenated in the same way. If not, it does not require a skilled carpenter to manufacture a contrivance that will answer the purpose and make a very good appearance when covered to match the rest of the furnishings.

Pictures and books should form an important part of the bedroom appointment and their selection should reflect the personal taste of the occupant of



Cast off table refinished at home is handy in the bedroom.

the room. It has been often asserted, and there is much truth in the statement, that nothing reveals real character more clearly than one's private apartment when it affords an opportunity to display one's individuality. Photographs of personal friends or favorites in public life are more suitable in such an apartment than any place else in the house since these are likely to have a greater interest for some members of the family than for others. Outside of pictures and photographs which have some personal association for the occupant, pictures of quiet, restful subjects are more suitable — than, for instance—a hunting scene, a famous battle, or any other that represents stirring action. In the child's room there should be, by all means, a Madonna picture. There are many of these from which to select, but one never makes a mistake in choosing a good reproduction of the Sistine Madonna. Raphael's Holy Family, or the more modern Madonna by Bodenhausen. Such pictures cannot fail to instil a little reverence and a stronger love for motherhood in the young mind; two qualities sadly lacking in the present age.

The student will want his or her room adorned with college scenes and college trophies, school and society pennants and pictures of classmates. Among these it is always well to introdue at least one good reproduction of one of the world's masterpieces, for no one can fully estimate the influence of a good picture in after life.

Books should include one's favorite authors and until the occupant of the room is old enough to decide which are his favorite authors there should be only those on the shelf which the record of years have stamped with approval. Books of travel, of adventure, of bravery and daring for the boys, similar subjects in milder form for the girls; for both books which reveal human kindness, unselfishness, honesty and perseverance and other qualities which make for true manhood and womanhood.

Some day I may have an opportunity to tell you of some of the books I would select for the busy housewife whose duties are never-ending and whose opportunities for self-development are rare and must be counted carefully.

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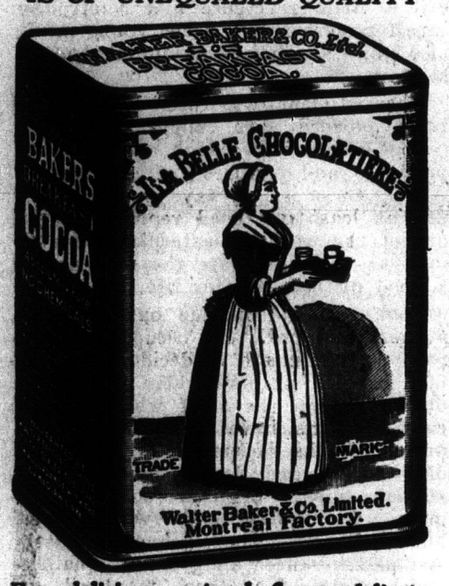

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The Evolution of Kindness.

By William H. P. Faunce, D.D., L.L.D, President of Brown University.

Kindness, like most other things of value, is a growth. It did not drop out of the sky like a meteorite. It unfolded from very small roots like a tree.

We have learned in the last fifty years to think of all institutions and tendencies as parts of a slowly-moving process. The great difference between the education of seventy-five years ago, when Gladstone and Tennyson and James Russell Lowell were at college, and the education of today is in the way we look at the world. This difference makes it difficult for a boy and his grandfather to discuss sympathetically any subject.

Why is it so hard for the boy of fifteen and the man of seventy to understand each other? Because the older men always think of the world as a finished thing, completely whittled out, like the animals and houses in a "Noah's ark," a collection of stationary pieces. But our younger teachers and scholars think of the world as a constantly developing process, changing like a flower from day to day, and never twice the same.

Not only do we like to trace the growth of rivers and mountain ranges, but of such inventions as the steamship or the electric light; and we delight to study the unfolding from age to age of great ideas and sentiments, like the love of freedom or the feeling of human brotherhood. A large part of the joy of being alive in the twentieth century comes from the universal conviction that the world we are a part of is not a finished thing, like a pressed plant in an album, but is a living organism, pushing, climbing, expanding, and that tomorrow will be brighter and nobler than today.

Contrast, for example, the capture of the Athenian army which besieged the ancient city of Syracuse in the year 413 B.C., and the capture of the Confederate army at Appomattox at the close of our Civil War. When the Athenians were finally obliged to surrender, about seven thousand of the finest Greek soldiers were made prisoners. The fate of these seven thousand is one of the most tragic stories in history. They were treated with incredible barbarity by their victorious fellow countrymen.

Just outside the city of Syracuse are still to be seen the ancient stone quarries, huge excavations in the solid rock, now overgrown with vines and wild flowers. Into one of these enormous caverns the seven thousand Greeks were let down by their captors, and each prisoner was allowed a pittance of bread and water daily. To the edge of the quarry came the captors each day to look down and gloat over the misery of the vanquished. Exposed to the glare of the pitiless sun and to the dews of night, half-mad with hunger and thirst, festering with disease, blinded with wrath and pain, the seven thousand were left to their fate until not one survived. This is the way the noblest men of the ancient world treated their prisoners in the most flourishing period of Greek civilization.

Treatment of the Conquered.

When Britain conquered the Boers how did she proceed: She gave them equality as citizens, with power of self-government for the Colony, and one of the rebel generals became premier.

When General Grant received the capitulation of General Lee at Appomattox, and the exhausted Confederate army had surrendered, how did he treat them? Every American boy knows the story. General Grant released the Confederate officers on parole, and arranged for a speedy exchange of prisoners. He gave the soldiers permission to keep their horses, as they would "need them for the spring plowing." That is the way Americans treated their prisoners in 1865.

Mt. Sir Donald

What has made this difference between treatment of captives four centuries before Christ and nineteen centuries after.

Before answering that question, we may well note the vast changes that have come about in the whole method of waging war. The law of nations—which is simply the custom of nations—now forbids many things which were formerly the universal practice. The use of poisoned weapons, the pollution of water in wells, the violation of a flag of truce, the wearing of the enemy's uniform—these things, once common in warfare, are now repudiated by every civilized nation.

Today the soldier on one side feels no personal hatred for the soldier on the other side. In the dramatic battle of Santiago, when the American ships chased and sank the Spanish fleet, the Americans rescued scores of drowning Spanish sailors and treated them with chivalrous kindness. So the Japanese rescued Russian sailors after the battle in the Sea of Japan. War is still a frightful, and, usually, a needless calamity. But honorable methods and kind treatment of the vanquished are now to be expected in every international struggle.

The treatment of prisoners in times of peace has undergone a similar change. Formerly it was thought that the only use of a prison was to punish, to make the wrong-doers suffer for their wrong. People seemed to think that the greater the suffering, the more effective was the punishment in deterring others from

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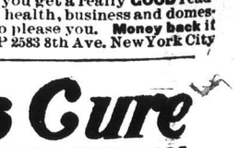

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crime. Unspeakable cruelties were practiced often in the spirit of personal revenge. The dark tragedies enacted at the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, the Bastile in Paris, and the Tower of London are familiar to all.

Helping the Feeble Folk.

But today we clearly see that while the prison must aim at punishment, yet punishment itself is for the sake of changing and uplifting the prisoner. Suffering is inflicted in order to reform. Our best prisons—two centuries ago there was no best—are training-schools, where society seeks through discipline, order, industry and education to reconstruct the unhappy men behind the bars.

The treatment of the insane has undergone a similar revolution. Once every lunatic was thought to be possessed by evil spirits, and was treated with rigorous cruelty. Confined in dungeons, fastened with chains and fetters, starved and beaten, the lot of the insane was most pitiful.

But today there is no more patient and skilful kindness anywhere in the world than that exhibited in our asylums for the insane. We think of these unfortunate beings as worthy of the utmost devotion. Even though their affliction is due in many cases to wrongdoing, we feel it our duty to relieve and restore The finest medical skill, the tenderest care, the best buildings and appliances are now bestowed on those who once were abhorred and forsaken.

Many of us have read Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." In that poem she pictures the children then employed in the English mines, driven like cattle through dark underground passages, stunted and starved. England heard the cry, and rose up in wrath, and such things are now impossible.

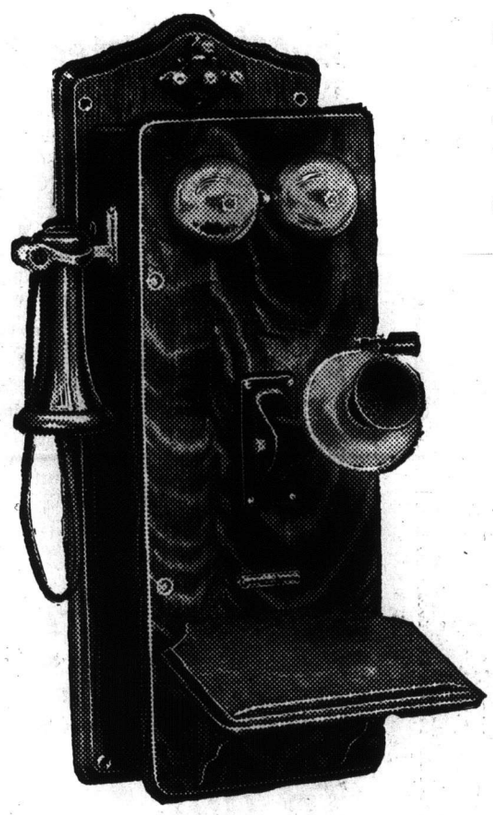
But our modern factory system is always tending, unless carefully watched, to deprive little children of the sunshine and air and education without which they never can become noble men and women. Therefore, most of the States have passed laws forbidding the employment of children under thirteen or fourteen years of age in any mill or factory. Men and women all over the country are fighting the battle of the children, determined that some day the weakest and poorest child shall have a chance to grow strong and wise.

All this is a movement of very modern times. In all Shakespeare's plays there is not one full length portrait of a child. In the writings of the great Greeks and Romans there is little or no allusion to the needs and sufferings of childhood, and Plato frankly advised that a child born deformed or sickly should be dropped in the forest and left to perish. Contrast that ideal with the sentiment which built the Babies' Hospital in New York City!

The Courage of Kindness.

In ancient Rome there was not one hospital or asylum. There were palatial baths, aqueducts, triumphal arches; there was money enough to build the Colosseum and Nero's golden palace, but there was not one home for the aged, the crippled or the sick. Even in England there was no hospital until the twelfth century.

In France, until the thirteenth cen-



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Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and those who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.

Without beautiful eyes, no one is really fascinating, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of the famous English chemist, Prof. A. P. Smith B. Sc., F. I. C., etc., formerly Professor of Chemistry at an English University, you may have eyes as radient as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

Better still, Professor Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and makes their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

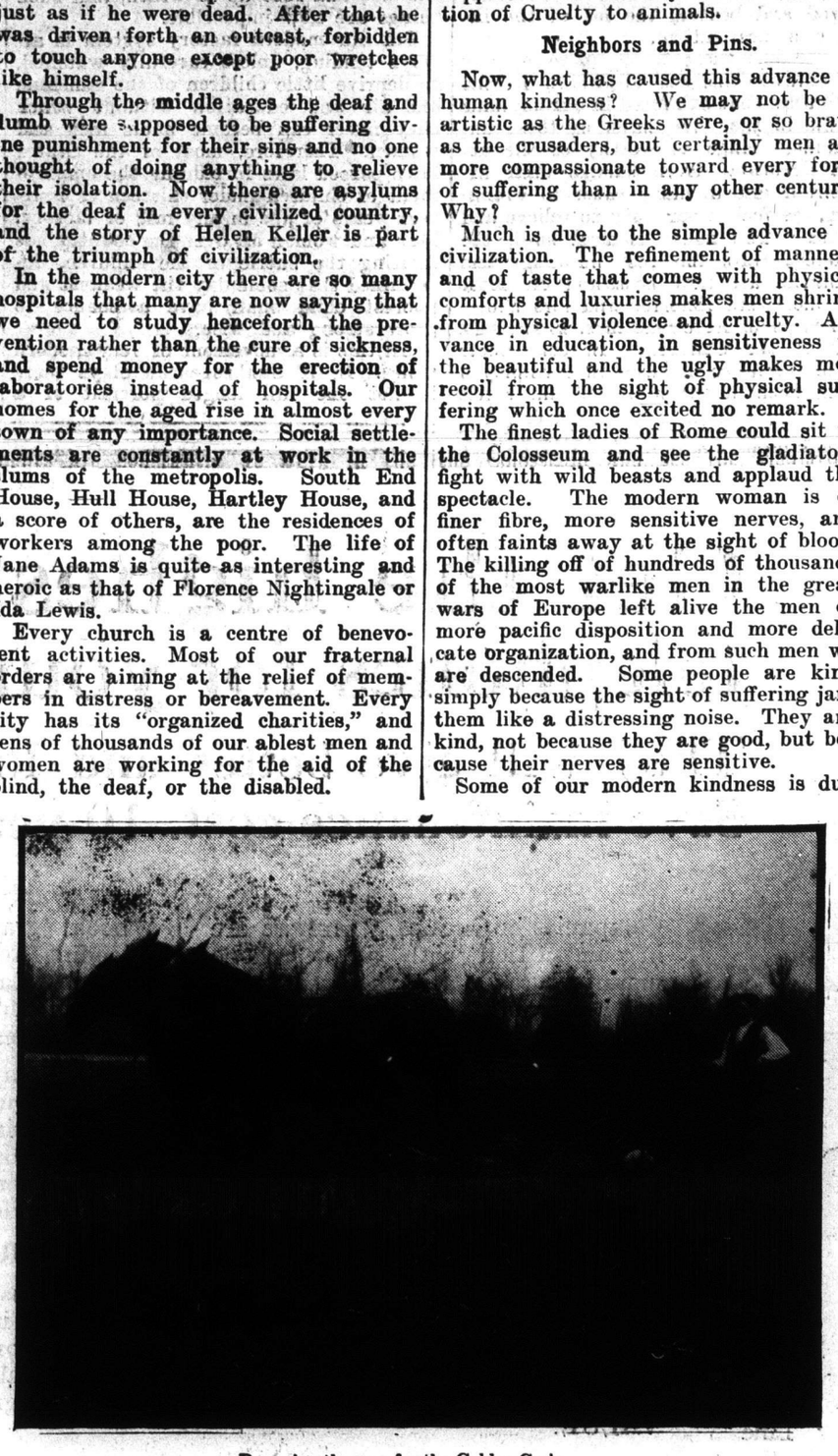
In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides clearing the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright and beautiful, write today, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply, (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 994 W. B., Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.

tury, if a man was discovered to be a leper, he was carried to the church and a burial service was pronounced over him just as if he were dead. After that he was driven forth an outcast, forbidden to touch anyone except poor wretches like himself.

Through the middle ages the deaf and dumb were supposed to be suffering divine punishment for their sins and no one thought of doing anything to relieve their isolation. Now there are asylums for the deaf in every civilized country, and the story of Helen Keller is part of the triumph of civilization.

In the modern city there are so many hospitals that many are now saying that we need to study henceforth the prevention rather than the cure of sickness, and spend money for the erection of laboratories instead of hospitals. Our homes for the aged rise in almost every town of any importance. Social settlements are constantly at work in the slums of the metropolis. South End House, Hull House, Hartley House, and a score of others, are the residences of workers among the poor. The life of Jane Adams is quite as interesting and heroic as that of Florence Nightingale or Ida Lewis.

Every church is a centre of benevolent activities. Most of our fraternal orders are aiming at the relief of members in distress or bereavement. Every city has its "organized charities," and tens of thousands of our ablest men and women are working for the aid of the blind, the deaf, or the disabled.



Preparing the way for the Golden Grain

New and ingenious forms of charity are constantly being invented. We have homes for old soldiers, for outworn sailors, for aged ministers, for nervous invalids, for consumptives.

The most heroic figures of our age are the scientists like Pasteur, who discovered the cure for hydrophobia, or the physicians like those who built their huts and lived for weeks in the malarial swamps of the Roman Campagna, that they might discover the origin and cure of the malarial fever. we have developed a new kind of courage—not the courage of anger, such as we see in Achilles, not that of patriotism, such as we see in Cromwell or Bismarck, but the courage of kindness.

The bravest men in the modern world are those who are possessed by an overmastering enthusiasm for humanity, and constantly risk their lives in order to help their brother men.

Bull-Fight for Charity.

Indeed, our passion for relieving suffering has reached down into the brute creation, and thousands of men and women are now banded together to abolish cruelty to all domestic animals, and all unnecessary pain in capturing and killing beasts and birds.

Even in Spain the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals has gained a foothold, although there the bull-fight is so far a national institution that the society deemed it prudent at first to abstain from any direct attack on the cruel sport. The result of this cautious policy is seen in the fact that the Spanish mule-drivers have become far more humane, and a few years ago the city advertised a bull-fight, the proceeds of which were to go to the support of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals.

Neighbors and Pins.

Now, what has caused this advance in human kindness? We may not be so artistic as the Greeks were, or so brave as the crusaders, but certainly men are more compassionate toward every form of suffering than in any other century. Why?

Much is due to the simple advance of civilization. The refinement of manners and of taste that comes with physical comforts and luxuries makes men shrink from physical violence and cruelty. Advance in education, in sensitiveness to the beautiful and the ugly makes men recoil from the sight of physical suffering which once excited no remark.

The finest ladies of Rome could sit in the Colosseum and see the gladiators fight with wild beasts and applaud the spectacle. The modern woman is of finer fibre, more sensitive nerves, and often faints away at the sight of blood. The killing off of hundreds of thousands of the most warlike men in the great wars of Europe left alive the men of more pacific disposition and more delicate organization, and from such men we are descended. Some people are kind simply because the sight of suffering jars them like a distressing noise. They are kind, not because they are good, but because their nerves are sensitive.

Some of our modern kindness is due to the banishment of superstition and fear through the advance of modern science. As long as men believed that insanity was due to demoniacal possession, of course, they were cruel to the insane. When in Massachusetts men really believed in witchcraft, really maintained that innocent women had sold themselves to Satan, of course cruelty was common.

In the old city of Salem we may still see the pins that were stuck into women and children to determine whether they were bewitched or not If we do not stick pins into quaint and queer neighbors today, it may be that we prod them in other ways that are quite as unbearable. But we do not believe in witches, because science has so revealed to us the laws of mind and body as to make the old superstition merely ludicrous.

We are learning today that "mutual aid" is the secret of the evolution of all living creatures The law of battle is not the deepest law of life. The survival of the fittest does not mean the survival of the most selfish and hard hearted. On the contrary, only unselfish creatures can long survive. Any flock of birds that will not fly together in the journey southward must all lose the way Any flock of sheep that will not stand together in the winter storm must all perish. Science has clearly demonstrated that only those species which steadfastly co-operate in mutual protection and defense have any chance in the struggle for life.

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ism is due to the sense of human brotherhood which has come through constant travel and through modern discoveries and inventions. In the centuries before Christ every foreigner was thought of as an enemy, and usually was one.

In the centuries when Christian and Mohammedan were struggling for the possession of Europe, no sense of common brotherhood between Turk and Christian was possible. But when men began to sail round the Cape of Good Hope to India, when they crossed the Atlantic and found a rich and proud nation in Peru, when they explored the Dark Continent, and civilized the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, a sense of the solidarity of the whole human race began to prevail.

Men discovered that among all races the temperature of the blood is the same—ninety-eight degrees—that among all races the rate of the pulse is about the same, and that the main differences among races are due simply to environment and education. An Indian papoose, if placed in the cradle of Princess Victoria and subjected to the same training, might turn out to be not a very different queen from the one whose long and noble reign we call the "Victorian Age."

Inventions have also had great influence in promoting human unity. At the laying of the Atlantic cable, the far-sighted Whittier wrote:

Stacking hay—the new way.

For lo! the fall of ocean's wall,
Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one.

Through the telegraph and the telephone the world has received, as it were, a new nervous system. Now, for the first time in history, the whole world can think the same thought and throb with the same feeling at practically the same instant. The whole world sorrowed over the condemnation of Dreyfus, hunted eagerly for the lost boy, Charley Ross, and joined in the ransom of the captured missionary, Ellen Stone.

But the chief factor in the growth of human kindness has been the steady advance of religious ideals. The biography of the Founder of Christianity was written in one sentence: "He went about doing good." The only credentials. He offered were not those of descent or title or office, but simply these: "The lame walk, the deaf hear, the blind receive their sight, the lepers are cleansed."

All through the centuries when Goth and Vandal roamed over Europe and the "dark ages" were upon the world, the great softening and healing power of the world was the picture of the Mother and Child carved in the stone of the cathedrals, painted by famous artists, explained by travelling friars. The figures of the Mother and Child melted hatreds and taught men that the weakest may turn out the strongest in the end. While the ancient philosophers made justice the foundation of all virtues, Christianity cried, "The greatest of these is love!" Saint Francis was reputed to be so in sympathy with even dumb creatures that he could understand the language of the birds. And wherever true religion has gone, the precept, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," has begun to change the face of the world.

But here some reader may reply, "Human nature, after all, has not changed; men were kind in the days before the Norman Conquest; men are cruel still, as pitiless in the siege of Pekin or in the atrocities of the Congo as in any country or any age."

I can only answer, I do not believe it. Englishmen before the Norman Conquest were not kind to the sickly, or the insane, or the prisoner. Although men are still cruel in dealing with savage or semicivilized races, that cruelty is not, as once it was, commanded by our leaders, praised by our poets and commended by our religion. If the world has made the slightest advance in any respect, it has surely made conspicuous progress in human sympathy. Such heroes as the revengeful Achilles or the brutal Attila no man in the modern world could admire.

We have learned that "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring." Feud and resentment and cruel oppression we still hame. Still the Turk and Christian hate each other. Still anti-Semitism disgraces civilization. But men do not praise and honor cruelty as once they did. Our leaders do not urge us for the sake of home and church to hate and persecute the Jews. We admire sympathy even when we fail to show it. We sing the praises of brotherhood even when we do unbrotherly deeds.

If such an evolution of kindness is going on in our world, each of us can do something to help it forward. The smallest and obscurest man can give the great world a little push toward the things that are worth while. Every candle burning brightly in a dark room makes the task of lighting that room easier for all the other candles in it. Every kind and generous deed makes kindness easier for the human race.

Fair, Fat and Tide-y.

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me ".

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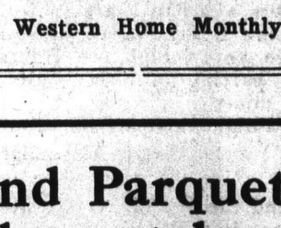

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Scotch Column

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary, Translator of New Testament in Braid Scots, etc.

Some Scots Proverbs.

Like Paddy's ghost, twa steps ahint.

The tod (fox) ne'er sped better than when he gaed his ain errand.

It's no what we hae, but what we do wi' what we hae that counts.

I'm forejidged, forefoughten and forejeskit.

Gude folk are scarce; tak care o' me.

Dinna bow to bawtie (the dog) lest he bite.

He compleens early wha compleens o' his parritch.

He can sook a laverock frae the lift.

Listen at the keyhole and ye'll hear news o' yourself.

Now's now and Yule's in winter.

The worth o' a thing is what it will bring.

It is persistently claimed on behalf of Burns that he had a hand in the correction and improvement of the Scottish "Paraphrases." This honor has been generally given to Rev. John Logan. But the man who could stoop to filch "The Cuckoo" from Michael Bruce (after he was dead), as well as several hymns, could easily be credited with doing the same with the corrections and emendations of Robert Burns.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear.

Be cantie, but be gude and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anithers aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see ye shine;
I'll see ye triumph ere I fa,:
My parting breath shall boast ye mine.
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a,!

Alexander Boswell.

Round the World. A late issue of the Glasgow Herald traces an imaginary cable message of two words round the world. Going westward, New York, Vancouver, Sidney, Bombay and Aden are successively touched, and the time is estimated at about half an hour, the cost being a fixed charge of 9s 11d a word. So that a pound sterling would send a message of two words round the world.

The Bailies of Glasgow are inviting the Burgomasters of German cities to pay a visit to Glasgow this year as guests of the Corporation. They think it will help to create a better feeling between the two nations.

A Hint to a Minister. "When ye ca' on John Ramage, sir, ye may speak aboot onything but ploughin' and sawin.' John, ye see, sir, is sure to see your deficiency on thae matters; and if he finds that oot, he'll no gie you credit for understandin' onything else."

Drucken Dunkeld. Either Dunkeld in old times was a very drunken place or else held some very scurrulous bard; for the following rhyme has been current in Scotland for one or two centuries:—

Eh, sic a parish, parish, parish,
Eh, sic a parish was drunken Dunkeld!
They hang't the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dang doon the kirk steeple and fuddl't the bell!

A List o' Whistles. An old lady, when asked her opinion of the organ of the church, the first time she had seen one, replied, "It's a very bonnie kist (chest) fu' o' whistles; but, oh, sirs, it's an awfu' way o' spending the Sabbath day!"

Dundee is planting in certain parts of the corporation half a million forest trees.

The completion of the National Monument on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, is again talked of. It has been a project for nearly a century now.

Two steel schooners are being built at Dundee.

Trace the whole world o'er, find me a fairer shore.
The grave of my fathers! The land of the free!
Joy to the rising race! Heaven send them every grace!
Scotland, dear Scotland! I've no home but thee!

Archibald Crawford.

A pleasure steamer is to ply next summer between Leith and Stirling.

There are between forty and fifty statues and monuments to Burns throughout the world. Montrose is now to erect another.

Sales of Land...For a wonder, several farms have been sold by auction in Scotland this season. From £20 an acre upward. The last we saw was probably a somewhat choice farm of 107 acres, which brought a little over £32 an acre.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea;
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

Robert Gilfillan.

"Boy," exclaimed a drenched English visitor, enquiring his way at a cross-road near Glasgow, "does it always rain here?" The encouraging answer was given—"Na; whiles it snaws!"

William Wallace wrote an official letter to the city of Lubec, inviting the merchants of the Low Countries to trade with Scotland, and assuring them of protection and welcome. The letter is still in existence. A photograph of it has been given to the custodiers of the National Wallace Monument, Stirling.

On 26th January something of a shock of an earthquake roused sleepers in Dunblane in Perthshire.

The son and heir of the Earl of Elgin, at a Burns celebration in Dumfermline, recited "A man's a man for a' that," but very strangely omitted the verse, "Ye see yon birkoe ca'd a lord." He probably "had his doots" about Burns lampooning his order.

Where mony a wild bird wags its wing,
Baith sweet o' song, and fair o' feather,
Where cavern'd cliffs wi' echoes ring,
Amang the hills o' Hieland heather!
Hey for the Hieland heather!

John Imlah.

The Assessor finds that for 1911 the rental of Glasgow is only £33 less than six million pounds sterling.

No less than 23,000 tons of Java sugar arrived lately at Greenock.

At Paisley the scholars are supplied for the winter with midday dinner.

Andra's garden scheme seems to have caught on in Dunfermline. Andrew's own town. About 170 boys and girls have made application for plots in the school garden. A successful scheme of this kind was carried on in Toronto, where the boys' plots of a few feet square were supposed to be "farms," and the whole garden a "township" municipality; and the boys elected a "Reeve" and "Councillors," and carried on a "government," as well as a neighborhood of "farms."

I wish I were where Gadie rins,
'Mang fragrant heath and yellow whins;
Or, brawlin' doun the bosky linns,
At the back o' Benochie!

John Park D.D.

One one occasion, when Burns happened to be in Greenock, just as he was passing a rich merchant accidentally fell into the water. A sailor immediately plunged in and saved him from drowning. When he had recovered from his evcitement, he put his hand into his pocket and presented the sailor with a shilling. A crowd who had gathered protested against such meanness. Burns remarked, "Let the gentleman alone. He knows best the value of his own life."

Roses and carnations were still in bloom in Greenock at Christmas this season. An evidence of the mildness of early winter.

The entire telephone system of Glasgow was taken over by the city on New Year's Day this year.

A Summer Scene on the Banks of the Red River.

Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian runner, defeated all competitors, especially a Finnish champion, in a 15 mile race in Scotland. Tom, aware of the temptations of the "fire-water," immediately took passage for Canada.

All kinds of Societies now celebrate Burns' birthday; among the rest the "Tripe Club" of Alloa in Clackmannanshire. What's in a name? No doubt Burns ate the wholesome tripe in his day.

It is not generally known that the poem, "Scots Wha Hae," of Burns had, as first written, two verses by way of introduction. By the advice of some friends he suppressed the first two verses. They were:—

At Bannockburn the English lay,
The Scots they werena' far away;
But waited for the break of day,
That glinted in the East

But the sun broke through the heath,
And lighted up that field of death,
When Bruce, in soul-inspiring breath
His heralds thus addressed.

"Scots wha hae," etc.

Carnegie will give £10,000 for a new library at Clydebank, Dumbartonshire.

Towards the end of next year Harry Lauder proposes to make a tour round the world. There are a good many laughs in prospect.

The Scottish poet, James Grahame, published his poem, "The Sabbath," without his name and unknown to his wife. He presented his wife with a copy and walked up and down the room while she was looking at the book and reading bits of it. At length she broke out in praise of the poem and exclaimed, "Ah, James! if you could only produce a poem like that." Pleasant explanations followed. Byron in one of his poems alludes to him as "Sepulchral Grahame."

"There were a hunder cats in oor yaird last night!" "A hundred cats!" "Weel, there were fifty at least!" "Oh, fifty cats! Now, think where they could all come from in this small place!" "Weel, there was ane mair than oor ain, onyway!"

Tannahill. It may not be generally known that the shy, fair-haired flute-playing, little Paisley weaver, Robert Tannahill, whose songs will evermore be precious in Scotland's melodies, left a love behind him. Her name was Mary Allan. His tragic death — suicide by drowning—could never, as long as she remained in Scotland, be mentioned, but she would break out into convulsive weeping. Many years after her lover's death, she emigrated to America, taking with her some verses addressed to herself by the poet, which she never allowed to get into print.

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THE PHILOSOPHER.

A CASE FOR SYMPATHY, OR NOT?

At Port Arthur a couple of weeks ago two men named Johnson, brothers, and a man named Walker were found guilty of having held up and robbed a man named Macdonald. One of the Johnsons and Walker were sentenced to nine months' imprisonment each, and suspended sentence was pronounced on the other Johnson, who thereupon asked the court to be allowed to serve half his brother's sentence, in order that his brother might leave prison that much earlier. He was told, of course, that the granting of his request was impossible. The Philosopher has no knowledge of the case, beyond what was published in the newspapers. It may be that the Johnson on whom suspended sentence was pronounced is a noble fellow and deserves what was printed, and said, about his "spirit of self-sacrifice." On the other hand, it appears that he was one of three who assaulted and robbed one man. What about extending some sympathy to the latter? It is curious how ready many people are to sympathize with the doer of wrong, if he will do or say something that makes an appeal for sympathy, while sympathy is seldom directed towards the victim. There is a reason. Sympathy is evoked by sorrow, or distress, that is seen and exploited, not by the hidden tragedy, the obscure grief. But sympathy is misdirected unless it employs intelligence to correct its impulses and to direct its applications. Mistaken sympathy is a self-indulgence, which yields one the enjoyment of one's own fine emotion, but does practical harm rather than good.

THE LATEST "LITTLE WAR."

More important matters. like the coal strike, have kept the people of Great Britain and of the rest of the Empire and the rest of the world, as well, from paying attention to the campaign against the Abors, the beginning of which was noted on this page a couple of months ago. Like most of the "little wars" which have to be fought on the far-flung fringes of the Empire, it has been brought to a conclusion almost unnoticed, and only a question asked in the British House of Commons and reported in the latest London papers to hand brought out the fact that it has cost no less than $900,000, and that the expedition is now on its way home to England. The Abors are an isolated tribe living north of Burma, under the shadow of the Himalayas. The country is a dense jungle, with many swamps, and the natives have a bad habit of shooting poisoned arrows from behind stockades which are so disguised as to be spoken of as invisible. A British agent, Mr. Williamson, without sanction and very imprudently, visited the country last year, with a friend and several servants. They were all murdered, except one man, who returned to tell the story The expedition sent out ot punish the Abors has accomplished its purpose, with a loss of only two men. The Abor casualties number thirty-nine killed and twenty-two wounded. Five of the ringleaders have been arrested and are held for trial, and fines have been imposed on the villages concerned. Eternal vigilance is the price of Empire, as well as of liberty.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES.

The approaching completion of the Panama Canal, which will place the West Indies on one of the World's principal highways of commerce, has revived interest in the present condition and future outlook of the British West Indies and of British Guiana and Honduras. There are those who declare that unless the British West Indies are united to Canada they may become a part of the United States, as a result of commercial intimacy and their proximity to that country. It is argued further that both this country and the British West Indies would benefit greatly from the wiping out of the customs duties now exacted by each on the products of the other. In a most interesting pamphlet on West India problems by Mr, Joseph Rippon, a London financier identified with Jamaican interests, there is a clear setting forth of the difficulty of harmonizing the various governmental systems in the West Indies, ranging from Crown Colony administration to local self-government almost as complete as we have in Canada. It is pointed out that the unification of the British West Indies is the first step necessary, if there is to be any arrangement with this country, as it would not be practicable to have special arrangements for each island. Moreover, unification would be a good thing for the British West Indies, as it would mean better means of communication, a single postal system, better quarantine laws, and many other advantages. The total population of the British West Indies is over a million and half—about one-fifth of the population of Canada. The great majority of the population down there is colored

AN UNEXPLORED REGION.

Captain Amundsen's return to Hobart Town, the capital of Tasmania, with the news of the discovery of the South Pole—the world event which will entitle March, 1912, to a notable place in the annals of human achievement—was taken advantage of by one of the Edmonton papers as the occasion for a notably eloquent setting forth of the fact that no one should be led into thinking that with the discovery of the South Pole there is no part of the earth's surface left unexplored. "In the region north and west of Edmonton," said the paper referred to, "there still remains a territory of vast extent, over hundreds of thousands of square miles on which the foot of white man has never trod, a land through which great rivers flow which have no Anglo-Saxon name, in which are magnificent mountain ranges whose peaks have never come within the range of the white man's vision, where lie innumerable valleys whose echoes have never been disturbed by any sound familiar to civilization." This is both truly eloquent and eloquently true. Not all eloquence is true; but this fine Edmontonian utterance is a statement of fact. How vast is the area referred to, and how unknown, may be gathered from a moment's contemplation of the fact that from the Peace River Pass to the place where the Mounted Police, on their annual journey from Dawson to Fort McPherson, come up the Porcupine River and through the mountains by the Peel Pass, there is no regularly travelled route across the backbone of the continent, a distance from north of considerably over a thousan miles. Over this country one might fly with an aeroplane, and never see the smoke of a white man's habitiation. To quote another passage from the Edmonton Capital: "Enormous riches may seam its mountain ridges, potential empires may be tucked away in its valleys, magnificent forests may deck its foot-hills, its streams may be inlaid with gold, but it lies to-day as it was when Columbus landed—a territory unknown." To convert this eloquence into matter-of-fact language, no part of that vast region has ever been really explored and its possibilities are secrets of the future.

THE RACIAL LINE IN IMMIGRATION

Out of the continuing discussion over the question of the barring out of Hindu immigration, there has emerged a strong consensus of opinion throughout Canada, which is constantly growing stronger, that no immigrants of alien race, differing in color from ourselves should find the door open to them. This principle should be laid down, in the interests of the future welfare of our country. It is not well to have races living together, and yet apart, in the same country, the one inferior to the other. Still less desirable is it to have the blood of two races of different color intermingled. This has been proved in many lands, notably in India.

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST.

There can be no doubt that when the next Dominion census is taken, in 1921, there will be four million Canadians between the head of Lake Superior and the Pacific. The percentages of growth in the Prairie Provinces and in the Western States during the past decade show some interesting and instructive contrasts. On the one hand, the increase in Manitoba was 80 per cent., in Saskatchewan 396 per cent., in Alberta 424 per cent., and in British Columbia 103 per cent; on the other hand, the greatest increases in the Western States were, 185 per cent. in Minnesota, 120 per cent. in Washington, and 110 per cent. in Idaho. These were the only States in which the population doubled during the decade, whereas in Alberta and Saskatchewan it increased fourfold. Even North Dakota, the newest of the hard-wheat States showed an increase of only 80 per cent. Nothing can be more plainly manifest than that the coming decade is to be the decade of Western Canada. And assuredly this Western growth and development must make the West a factor of ever increasing strength and importance in the working out of the economic and political problems of Canada as a whole.

CANADA'S GREAT WATERWAY.

Western Canada is greatly interested in everything that has a material bearing upon the improvement, or otherwise, of the great water transportation route from Fort William and Port Arthur, through the Soo Canal, and so on down the Great Lakes and out the St. Lawrence. It is the most magnificent waterway in the world, and Western products, not only from north of the international line, but from south of it as well, will continue to be carried to market along that route. It is satisfactory to know that the shipping interests of Canada have been properly represented in the hearings on the closing days of March at Washington in regard to Chicago's application for permission to draw more water out of Lake Michigan for drainage purposes. Whatever is taken from Lake Michigan in this way and sent down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico means, of course, an appreciable lowering of all the lake and river levels east of Lake Superior. This is a matter of serious importance to all who are interested in water-borne traffic. The committee of three experts appointed some time ago to collect material and prepare the Canadian case has been going into the whole matter thoroughly, an important part of their task being the preparation of carefully accurate estimates of the cost of maintaining all ports of the great St. Lawrence waterway at their present depth. If, as the result of the lowering of the levels it is found necessary to construct dams to bring the levels up and maintain them as the present status, the cost of the work should be borne by both countries, in fair proportions.

DISCHARGING A PUBLIC OBLIGATION.

A newspaper dispatch the other day announced that the Dominion Government is securing information from the British Government in regard to old age pensions. In this connection note should be made of the Illinois system of pensioning widowed mothers with only their own earnings on which to bring up small children. The law to establish this system was passed this year by the Illinois State Legislature, and the first payments under the system were made during the past month. Sums aggregating $4,000 were paid out in Chicago to 142 women, all of them having small children, and all of them either widows or deserted wives. The scenes attending the payments, as described in the Chicago papers, were touching. This is a form of state aid which has nothing of pauperization about it. What finer, better service is done the state than the service done by a widow who brings up her children in faithful discharge of her duty as a mother? What service more worthy of recognition by the state? One such woman in Chicago has for seven years supported four children, the oldest now fourteen years of age. Under the law, she now draws $21 a month, or $7 for each of three children. Could any juster payment of public money be made? The largest pension, or salary, or grant, or whatever you choose to call it, made under the Illinois law, is $45 monthly, paid to a mother of five children. The amounts vary, of course, according to circumstances. One mother of four children, whose pension was fixed at $24.50 was fervent in gratitude. 'It isn't easy," she said, 'to feed and clothe a family of four children on what little a woman can earn." Public opinion in Illinois appears to be well satisfied with the new law, which met with strong opposition at first, because of its socialistic character. The law is only permissive, but a number of counties in the State have already adopted the system, and it is expected that the others will follow. The system is based on the fundamental principle of the most advanced and progressive charity work, which is that the most important thing in connection with a young family which needs help is that it should be held together, instead of being allowed to get scattered. This is important not only in the interests of the individual members of the family, but in the interests of the public welfare. The institution on which human progress and human welfare are founded is the family.

A CHIEF OF THE SIX NATIONS

An interesting event of the past month was the smoking of the pipe of peace by the Duke of Connaught with his fellow-chiefs of the Six Nations in Ontario. The "noble red men" went to Ottawa for the ceremony. A historic interest attaches to the similar ceremony of forty-two years ago, described by the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, when the Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur, as he was then) was inducted as a chief of the Six Nations. He is the only white man who can lay proper claim to such a chieftainship, and he assured his fellow-chiefs with whom he smoked the pipe of peace last month that he has always taken a particular pride in the fact. Needless to say, the chiefs of the Six Nations are themselves exceedingly proud of their official relationship to the Governor-General, who is one of their number by all the rites the Indians hold most sacred.

THE BRITISH BIRTH RATE.

In Great Britain, as in France, the birth rate is becoming increasingly a matter of concern. The population of England is still increasing, but, as it is pointed out in a notable article in the current Nineteenth Century, the margin is small. In 1885 the surplus of births over deaths was 448,000; in 1911, with a population 9,000,000 larger, the surplus was within the 400,000 mark—and it must be kept in mind that in the quarter-century intervening the death rate has decreased, because of more hygienic conditions of life. It is thus plain that the birth rate in England since 1885 has fallen more rapidly than the figures cited would indicate. It is a much less serious matter, of course, that emigration meanwhile has been increasing, for a greatly increasing proportion of the emigration is to the overseas Dominions of the Empire. A falling birth rate does not imply, as has sometimes assumed, any degeneration of the race. It is rather to be explained as a product of social conditions, and is curable by a change in those conditions. To assume that it is always an evil is to forget the pressure of population upon subsistence; the human race has multiplied enormously within historic times, in spite of the enormous ravages of wars and disease, and fears of its dying out for lack of children are fantastic. The real peril of a period of prudential restriction is the relatively greater multiplication of the unfit, which is the reason why many great and famous civilizations have gone to the scrap heap.

AN AUSTRALIAN IDEA.

They have some ways of doing things in Australia that seem truly antipodean to our ways. Take, for example, their system of licensing not only the sellers of intoxicating liquors but the purchasers. The theory on this side of the world is, where there are liquor license systems, to base them on privilege. That is to say, only a limited number of persons are permitted by law to sell liquor. A monopoly is thus created, and those who share in the monopoly are required to pay; the theory of the creation of the monopoly being that by confining the trade in intoxicants to a few, it may be the more easily regulated. To make the purchase of liquor, as well as its sale, a "privilege," to be paid for, does not seem to harmonize with the habits of thought of a majority of people in this country. And yet there are restrictions put upon the purchasers of certain other commodities, as well as upon those who sell them.

ROUGH BUT KIND.

"Rough but kind"—but why not blot out the "rough" and just be kind. We are getting tired of "diamonds in the rough." It's about time the world's crop of rough diamonds began to gleam and glimmer from sheer "shinishness." Oh for a generation of great men to whom the following paragraph would not apply: "There was a good deal of egotism and conceit. In truth, some of our great men have not been noted for courtesy or suave manners. Johnson was known as Ursa Major, and Boswell learned to his cost many a time how bearish the great man could be. We have heard enough too, and more than enough, of Carlyle's boorishness. Bismarck was rough and brutal. Even Tennyson sometimes tripped in the matter of gentle manners, although he has immortalized the "grand old name of gentleman." To a lady who wrote asking the meaning of one of his poems, he replied, "Dear Madam, I merely supply poetry to the English people—not brains." We have been assured that his rough manner "concealed a genuine geniality." I suppose the same could be truthfully said of Johnson and Carlyle."

"COURTESY" WORTHY OF ANTIQUE DONS.

If this Mexican struggle doesn't result in anything else, it is at any rate giving the world some striking illustrations of "courtesy" worthy of the days of the palmiest days of the Spanish Dons. General Madero, the leader of the revolt against the Diaz regime, peppers away for days at Juarez, which General Navarro, of the Mexican regular army defends, announcing that he "will die rather than surrender." But presently changing his mind, he calls up Madero by telephone, arranges to surrender, gives up his sword dramatically and is the guest of honor at a dinner given by Madero. Side by side with news like this, we read of the rebels or the insurrectos, hanging or shooting or torturing captured opponents. Or we read of the wounded being robbed and left to die. It does not appear that the progress of the world during the past few centuries—progress which has included the invention of Mauser rifles and machine guns—has greatly changed the real fighting hearts of these American Spaniards since the days when the gold-laden galleons tried to get to Spain without meeting the English fighting ships.

Equal to the Emergency.

"So you break our engagement," Gwendolen!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Then in your presence let me end the life which you have blighted."

Drawing forth a vial marked "poison," he put it to his lips, and drained it to the last drop. As he sank back unconscious, did the beautiful girl fling herself upon his breast in an agony of remorse and burst forth into frenzied sobs? Scarcely!

Hastily quitting the room, she returned presently, her lovely face tragic, yet composed. Kneeling beside the young man she forced between his lips the following: (1) One cup of turpentine; (2) one pint of milk; (3) a bowl of warm soapsuds; (4) a small bottle of aromatic ammonia; (5) a cup of black coffee; (6) a glass of mustard water; (7) a gill of vinegar; (8) juice of a lemon; (9) the beaten whites of six eggs; (10) one cup of flour and water.

"Algernon," she observed coldly, as he began to revive, "it is evident you did not know that I am a graduate of a correspondence course in first aid to the injured. My one regret is that, since it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the poison you took was an acid or an alkali, I was compelled to administer all the antidotes of which we had learned."

The Muscovite's Excelsior

By William F. Kirk.

The shades of night were falling fast
When o'er the Yalu River passed
A Cossack who, mid snow and ice,
Carried a flag with this device:
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

His brow was sternsky, and his beard
Made in the breeze a whistling weird.
Cold, vodka-numbed, he wished to die,
But still that pi line waved on high:
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

"Beware the Japs!" a private said,
"Beware yon flying pills of lead!"
The stubborn Cossack only sneered
And muttered, through his icy beard:
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

"Stay here," the tavern-keeper cried;
"We've got an easy game inside.
You ought to win full many a stack."
The whiskered horseman answered back:
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

A chorus girl lisped: "Mumm's the word!
Let's have a bottle and a bird."
In vain she coaxed, in vain she cried;
The mumbling Muscovite replied:
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

They found him at the break of day;
On a Korean velt he lay;
And to these minions of the Czarsky
A voice came like a falling starsky:
"Wjhtqjkhaijskyroff!"

Success!—"Was the bazaar a success?" "Yes, indeed. We were within ten pounds of paying all the expenses!"

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WINNIPEG CANADA

What the World is Saying.

We Have All Felt So, At Times.

There has been enough of this sort of thing. Victoria Colonist.

Why Not New Ontario?

Northern Ontario is no name for so fine a country. Let's call it Upper Ontario.—Toronto Star.

One of the Banes of Progress.

Oratory is beginning to develop in China, showing that progress has its drawbacks.—Lethbridge Herald.

Some Murder Statistics.

Last year there were 148 murders in New York City. Murderers convicted thirteen. Executions? None.—Chicago Tribune.

An Army of Workers Wanted.

The demand for 50,000 men for railway construction in Canada is one of the signs of a good year.—London Times.

A Government Job Finished.

Joe Stevens has finished his contract of sawing twenty-five cords of wood in stove lengths for the local government office.—Cariboo Observer.

The Gasoline Age.

In grading the tax on automobiles, why not levy according to the number of cubic miles of atmosphere which the cars saturate with gasoline?—Montreal Star.

And this is Eastern Chivalry!

With judges ruling that the wife may pick her husband's pocket to the last cent, what more could the woman desire, even with the suffrage? –Brockville Times

Not Confined to Spain.

Instead of resigning and appealing to the country Spanish cabinet ministers simply give the portfolios another shuffle and stay with their salaries.—Ottawa Free Press.

Another Encroachment.

A woman announces that she is going to swim the English Channel, thereby showing that the gentler sex is encroaching upon another sphere of man's usefulness.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Voice From Australia.

The majority of the nation are more likely to come to a rational conclusion upon anything put before them than any aristocracy, bureaucracy, plutocracy or prigocracy.—Melbourne Argus.

New Towns in This Country.

Two hundred and three new towns were opened up in the Canadian West last year and it is expected this record will be exceeded in 1912, when every day will have a town site of its own.—Manchester Guardian.

To Protect Song Birds

Seventy-two prosecutions for the shooting of song-birds were made by the Quebec Association for the Protection of Game. Good work. A rascally thing such shooting is. The penalty ought to be heavy.—Ottawa Citizen.

Perhaps.

When we reach the point at which no bad man can give a candidate money and no good man need spend money to prosecute a campaign, politics will be satisfactorily clean—and perhaps foxes will have white wings and live upon wild honey.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Henri's Idea

Henri Bourassa would give three votes to the father of a family. Henri has the correct idea. After father has paid the bills and been consistently outvoted and over-ruled at home, there ouhgt to be some place for him to go to get even.—Peterboro Examiner.

Sweet Arguments.

Frank P. Croft has inaugurated his campaign for Congress in Bucks-Montgomery district, Pa., by distributing candies and other sweets throughout the constituency. Mr Croft is evidently catering to the female vote and influence.—Duluth Herald.

Horse Collars for Blind Pigs.

Whiskey is being smuggled into the Porcupine district, concealed in horse collars. The suspicions of the authorities were aroused when they noticed men who did not even own a saw-horse, carrying away stock enough to supply a livery stable.—Toronto News.

What Follows Forest Destruction.

The violent floods in Spain and Portugal are a reminder of the damage done by stripping a country of timber. Spain used to be in large part heavily forested but now few countries are so nearly treeless. And while the peninsula often suffers from ardity, when a heavy rain comes it is apt to work great devastation. —Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Canadians as Snorers.

An English authoress, who is touring the Dominion makes the cruel charge that Canadians are a race of snorers. The natives of this country are too loyal to do anything that would disturb the peace of the Empire, ut in the face of an accusation of this nature snorting is justifiable.—Montreal Herald.

Rainbow Rats.

In order to trace their migratory movements, the Seattle health department h s d ed a number of rats with variegated colors and turned them loose. Bibulous citizens, who observe red, white and blue rodents scampering across their path will loose no time in signing the pledge.—Vancouver World.

A Much-discussed Topic.

So heedlessly and ignorantly is our mating done to-day that the huge machinery of church and state and the tremendous power of public opinion combined have been insufficient to preserve to the institution of marriage anything like the stability it once had, or that it is desirable that it should have, if its full possibilities are to be realized.—American Magazine.

Keep up the Bar.

In an abstract sense there is only one reason for immigration at all and that is assimilation out of which will evolve the younger and more virile nation of the west. To import alien races who are strongly differentiated from the Canadian stock and will remain alien for all time is a very great mistake and should not be attempted.—Calgary Herald.

When the King Travels.

A local contemporary informs us that when the King is about to travel, the royal baggageman is told by the third valet how many grips and so forth will be needed. And but for running across this item we might have gone on thinking that His Majesty just rang up the expressman and told him to be at the palace at 9.30 sharp.—Hamilton Herald.

An Interrupted Church Service.

"Onwârd Christian Soldiers" was the proper hymn for the Presbyterian church at Portland which broke off its evening services suddenly one Sunday while the congregation ran to arrest a burglar, who was robbing the parsonage next door. The pastor's wife happened to see a light where no light should have been, and no doubt her husband forgave the rude interruption of his eloquence.—Spokane Spokesman-Review

A Percentage Constable.

There was not an applicant for the position of constable for the village advertised in these columns the past t-o weeks. No one in town seems to want the job. The council is issuing bills, to be posted in the towns around, asking for a man to come in and act as constable and work on a percent ge basis.—Teeswater (Ont.) News.

It Would Take Ten Years.

Dr. Cook, who thought he found the North Pole, told a Toronto audience the other night that since coming back he had addressed 7 000,000 people. Figure it out and see how many nights he will require to do that at 2,000 a night. Then you will decide that the abilities by which Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole have, if anything, improved.—London Advertiser.

Causes of Criminality.

Fifty-one per cent, of the bo s in the State Reform Schools in California are there through the breaking up of homes by divorce. This is the finding of the Board of Charities and Corrections, which has filed its report with the governor. Other causes given are the indiscriminate rush for cheap amusements and unbridled pleasures.—Victoria Times

Activities of Two Lords.

Lord Tweedmouth, a crack polo player, for a wager walked downstairs on his hands in a friend's home at San Diego, Cal., and Lord Herbert danced a clog dance while the guests applauded. Which goes to show that a peer may be just as clever as an ordinary fellow, notwithstanding what the enemies of the House of Lords may think.—Montreal Gazette.

Her Work is Never Done.

There is nothing more pathetic, were it not so common, than the si ht—so often seen—of the hard-working, conscientious mother who literally wears out her life in unheralded toil, thankless and not expecting thanks. She has no "eight-hour day." Even a twelve-hour day would be a boon to most wives who in the care of the house and children are always "doing overtime" without thought of extra pay.—London Free Press.

Must Educate the People.

Looking ahead, however, it is necessary for our people to realize that no principle of exclusion will in the coming days of universal intercourse protect our race from the competition of tougher peoples who can work harder for less money. It is for us to prepare for inevitable conditions by giving all our people such educational equipment as will fit them to ride the wave of progress and not be engulfed in it.—Montreal Witness.

Taxicab Highwaymen.

The highwayman with the black, rakish car provides a new problem for the police, one that they have not had notable success in solving. There have been a number of daring holdups in New York with the taxicab employed as a means of escape. The identification of the car is very difficult, its speed makes pursuit useless, and the simple expedient of using two cars puts the police at a most serious disadvantage.—New York Sun.

Juries.

The jury is an important and often decisive part of the court. It frequently has more to do with administering justice as between the litigants than even the judge himself. Yet we treat it as a bad joke. Juries transfer millions of dollars annually from one pocket to another. They sentence men to prison and they sen l them to the scaffold. Yet when we want a jury, we go out into the highways and t e byways and compel them to come in. We make stupidity a test, and we pay them like mendicants.—Toronto Telegram.

A Comparison.

Let the anti-hangers consider London and Portland f r one moment: We have 250,000 people, and we murder 11 in one year, and hang no killers; London has 7,000,000, and has more murders than we have, but hangs for every murder committed. Is there no relationship between the inevitability of the London gallows and London's small number of murders?—Portland (Ore.) Review.

In Spain.

The frequent disturbances in Spain must not, it seems, be regarded too seriously. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, whose sympathy for republicanism and whose knowledge of Spain are undeniable, says revolution is still a good way off, and that the dividing line in politics is following more and more closely the line of class distinction. "All those Spaniards who wear black coats, or spring from the black-coated class, tend increasingly to be Monarchists, while those who wear other sorts of coats, or spring from those who do, tend to be Republicans. At present the black-coated class holds t..e reins of government very firmly."—London Saturday Review.

In a Coast Saw Mill.

In the shadowy caves where sit the great band-saws that sing chromatic songs as they eat through the huge logs, flashing their teeth in the velvet dusk, the gnomes and afrites of the cavern show teeth in grins of widely different descent as they move amidst their surrounding machinery. They are Japanese, Chinese, Siwash, French-Canadian, Finn, Irish and Pathan. Also in the yards outside, among the balsam-smelling lumber piles, the East meets the West and borrows cigarette papers. Men between whose tongues, races and habits of life there is the width of the world, work together without apparent antipathy —the tall umber-brown men from the north of India, in unkept hair and beards, wearing the half-barbaric turban and American overalls, the grinning Japanese, and the tough-belted Canadian mill hand, with lean, tanned face and tobacco in his cheek.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

McKENZIE'S SEEDS CAPTURED THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP CUP AT WINNIPEG, OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

SEE OUR FREE PRIZE OFFER, PAGE 3 OF OUR SEED CATALOGUE

McKENZIE'S Specially Selected SEEDS

GROWN FOR THE WEST

OWING to the UNFAVORABLE WEATHER CONDITIONS of LAST FALL MANY THOUSANDS of ACRES REMAIN UNPLOWED, as a CONSEQUENCE FARMERS ALL OVER THE WEST will of NECESSITY be COMPELLED to make LIBERAL SOWINGS of LATE SEEDING GRAINS, such as FLAX, SPRING RYE, BARLEY, 60 DAY OATS, ETC. ALREADY the DEMAND is REACHING HUGE PROPORTIONS, and in MANY CASES INDIVIDUAL PURCHASES BEING FOR FULL CAR LOTS.

CALCULATE YOUR NEEDS, ORDER EARLY, ILLIMINATE POSSIBLE DISAPPOINTMENT in your REQUIREMENTS, as the PRESENT ENORMOUS DEMAND can but be a FORERUNNER of the RUSH that MUST of NECESSITY COME LATER for THIS CLASS OF SEED

McKENZIE'S SEEDS BLAZE A TRAIL OF VICTORIES WHEREVER GROWN

FLAX

We have MAGNIFICENT STOCKS of FLAX, CLEAN, PURE, HIGH GERMINATION and EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT FINE APPEARANCE.

The DEMAND for FLAX this season BIDS FAIR to EXCEED that of LAST SEASON.

LOW MARKET PRICES for COMMERCIAL FLAX is a THING of the PAST, as the BY PRODUCTS from this CEREAL now the MOST EXTENSIVE, ARE INCREASING by LEAPS and BOUNDS.

GROW FLAX, GROW LOTS OF IT, the DEMAND will always EXCEED the SUPPLY.

PRICE F. O. B. BRANDON COMMON FLAX PER BUSHEL $3.30; 10 BUSHELS or MORE per BUSHEL $2.75. PRIMOST FLAX PER BUSHEL $3.65; 10 BUSHELS or MORE, PER BUSHEL $3.65. PRICE EX WAREHOUSE COMMON FLAX PER BUSHEL $3.50; 10 BUSHELS OR MORE PER BUSHEL $3.45. PRIMOST FLAX PER BUSHEL $3.85 10 BUSHELS OR MORE PER BUSHEL $3.80.

VEGETABLES

PRICES POSTPAID	Pkts.	Oz.	Lbs.
BEAN, McK's Golden Wax	5c		.30
BEET, McK's Extra Early	5c	.20	
CABBAGE, McK's Winnigsted	5c	.25	2.25
CARROT, McK's Oxheart	5c	.20	
CAULIFOWER, McK'sEarlySnowcap	25c	3.00	
CELERY, McK's White Plume	5c	.30	
CORN, McK's White Cory	5c		.25
CUCUMBER, McK's Long Green	5c	.20	1.40
LETTUCE, McK's Prairie Queen	5c	.30	
ONION, McK's Yellow Globe	5c	.15	1.50
ONION, McK's Red Wethersfield	5c	.20	2.25
PEA, McK's Manifold	5c		.50
PEA, McK's Prosperity	5c		.45
RADISH, McK's Rosy Gem	5c	.15	1.00
TOMATO, McK's First of All	10c	.35	

BARLEY

The WIDE RANGE of USEFULNESS, EARLINESS, UNUSUAL PRODUCTIVENESS, EXCEPTIONAL QUALITY for STOCK FEEDING, USES as a NURSE CROP for GRASSES and CLOVERS, CLEANING CROP, etc., all COMBINE to MAKE BARLEY one of the MOST VALUABLE and GENERALLY CULTIVATED FARM CROPS that can be grown. This YEAR the DEMAND is VERY HEAVY, HEAVIER than we have EXPERIENCED for YEARS, having sold in SEVERAL INSTANCES ENTIRE CAR LOADS to INDIIVDUAL CONSUMERS. OUR STOCKS are BEAUTIFUL, CHOICE, CLEAN and of a VERY HIGH TYPE.

PRICE F.O.B. BRANDON PER BUSHEL $1.20; over 5 bushels PER BUSHEL $1.15; OVER 10 BUSHELS PER BUSHEL $1.10. PRICES EX WAREHOUSE CALGARY SAME AS BRANDON PRICES.

Mr. F. Crowe, Dauphin, Man., Won 66 Prizes with McKenzie's Seeds last year.

Agents for PLANET Jr. CULTIVATORS, DRILLS, SEEDERS, HOES

Hundreds of Prizes for McKenzie's Seeds

The following is a partial list of Sweepstakes or Collection Prizes with winner's name won by McKenzie's High Grade Seeds. This list does not include McKenzie's Special Collection Prizes. We have hundreds of others that space will not permit to list.

WINNIPEG, MAN.
F. Crowe, Dauphin.
LLOYDMINSTER, S.
W. Street,
HOLDEN, ALTA.
W. E. Hayes.
INNISFREE, ALTA.
J. M. Lorre,
MILNERTON, ALTA.
George Weir,
BROADVIEW, SASK.
Joseph Cope, Sr.,
SO. QU'APPELLE, S.
J. Elve,
McLean.
CLARESHOLM,
W. T. Rigby,
GAINSBORO, ALTA.
Mrs. Wm. Armstrong
CALGARY, ALTA.
T. S. Pulver,
PLUMAS, MAN.
R. C. Simpson,
MANITOU, MAN.
E. Kern,
MINIOTA, MAN.
Robt. Peel,
CARLYLE, SASK.
Harry Hooper,
Dalesboro.
ALAMEDA, SASK.
Harry Cooper,
Dalesboro.
MEDICINE HAT.
Dr. Holt,
DAVIDSON, SASK.
R. Lovatt,
Bladworth.
QUILL LAKE, SASK.
A. E. Jones,
WHITEWOOD, SASK
Joseph Cope, Sr.,
Broadview.
STONY PLAIN,
Rev. J. Goos,
COCHRANE, ALTA.
Cook Bros.
GRENFELL, SASK.
R. B. Irvine,
BLADWORTH, SASK
Ralph Lovett.
STOCKHOLM, SASK
E. Erickson,
SWAN LAKE, MAN.
E. Kern, St. Leon.
PADDLE RIVER,
Fred, Watt,
ENTWISTLE, ALTA.
Alex Brown,
VIRDEN, MAN.
MOOSE JAW, SASK.
SALTCOATS, SASK.
John Sangster,
CARTWRIGHT
G. B. Way.
KASLO, B. C.
Mrs. A. T. Davis.
CREELMAN, SASK.
W. J. Hugan,
DELORAINE, MAN.
W. J. Sanders,
Killarney.
MAPLE CREEK,
Jno. Stewart,
REVELSTOKE, B. C.
W. E. Smith,
FRANCIS, SASK.
Alvinn Linnen,
OXBOW, SASK.
Harry Hooper,
Dalesboro,
STAVELY, ALTA.
F. X. Beingessner,
Laurence.
HARDING, MAN.
Mrs. A. Brown,
Wheatland.
GIROUX, MAN.
Wm. O. Laing
DAUPHIN, MAN.
F. Crowe,
MAGRATH, ALTA.
Parley Carter,
HOLLAND, MAN.
John C. Walker,
CAMROSE, ALTA.
W. W. Harber,
MASSINGHAM,
Richard Knight,
FAIRMEDE, SASK.
R. L. Kidd,
FOAM LAKE, SASK.
Mrs. J. A. Willson,
RUSSELL, MAN.
J. S. Warrington,
MINNEDOSA, Man.
Mrs. H. G. Evans,
STOUGHTON, SASK
A. Kean,
CARNDUFF, SASK.
Henry Simons,
KELWOOD, MAN.
J. H. Burridge,
OAK RIVER, MAN.
R. Richardson,
DUNSTABLE, ALTA.
Robt. Livesey,
Sion.
BROWNLEE, SASK.
Mrs. W. S. Wells,
Wapella, Sask.

60-DAY OATS

This OAT MATURES in JULY throughout WESTERN CANADA. Its VALUE is ALMOST INCALCULABLE. It MAKES the HARVEST an ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY. As a CLEANING CROP it is INVALUABLE, RIPENING as EARLY as it DOES, ADMITS HARVESTING before wild oats and other noxious weeds mature and drop their seeds. While the growth of straw is rank the YIELD IS SPLENDID; kernels are white, slender with a thin hull. Weighs Well.

PRICE F. O. B. BRANDON PER BUSHEL $1.20; 10 bushels or more per bushel $1.15.

PRICE EX WAREHOUSE CALGARY PER BUSHEL $1.50; 10 bushel or more per bushel $1.40.

GRASSES—CLOVERS

	Prices F.O.B. Brandon		CALGARY	
	50 lbs.	100 lbs.	50 lbs.	100 lbs.
Montana Alfalfa	$12.50	$24.00	$13.00	$25.00
Turkestan Alfalfa	12.50	24.50	14.00	27.00
Grimm Alfalfa	15.00	28.50	16.00	30.00
Common Red Clover	16.50	32.00	17.50	34.00
Mammoth Red Clover	16.50	32.00	17.50	34.00
Alsike Clover	13.50	26.50	14.50	28.00
Timothy	12.50	24.00	12.00	23.00
Western Rye Grass	7.50	14.50	8.50	16.50
Brome Grass	8.00	14.00	8.00	15.00
Hungarian Millet	3.00	5.50	3.55	6.75
German Millet	3.00	5.50	3.55	6.75
Common Millet	3.00	5.50	3.55	6.75
Japanese Millet	3.20	6.25	4.50	8.50
Red Top Grass	15.00	28.50	16.00	30.00
Kentucky Blue Grass	18.50	36.00	19.00	37.00
Canadian Blue Grass	13.50	24.00	13.50	26.00

SPRING RYE

Our stocks of SPRING RYE are SUPERB, CLEAN, PLUMP, HIGH LIFE, VIGOROUS, HIGH GERMINATING, TRUE to NAME and PURE.

SPRING RYE is an ABSOLUTE NECESSITY on EVERY WELL MANAGED FARM as a PROTECTION AGAINST the LOSS of the WINTERS FEED SUPPLY.

SPRING RYE has a REPUTATION for SURE CROPPING. The LOSS of a CROP of SPRING RYE is PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN.

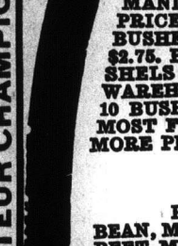
The QUANTITY PER ACRE is so RIDICULOUSLY SMALL—1¼ to 1½ bushels—that the COST is a MERE bagatelle compared to the ENORMOUS YIELD, HIGH QUALITY of the FEED, and EASE of CULTIVATION.

PRICE F. O. B. BRANDON per BUSHEL $1.25; 5 BUSHELS OR MORE PER BUSHEL $1.20

PRICE EX WAREHOUSE CALGARY PER BUSHEL $1.50; 5 BUSHELS or MORE PER BUSHEL $1.45.

Agents for CYHPERS, INCUBATORS BROODERS, HOVERS, ETC

McKenzie's Seeds won 22 Prizes at Winnipeg; 19 at Calgary; and 14 at Regina.



A POSTCARD WILL BRING OUR SEED CATALOG

BRANDON

WRITE FOR OUR INCUBATOR CATALOG

CALGARY

A. E. McKENZIE CO. LTD.

WON 32 PRIZES AT DAUPHIN, MAN.; 24 AT RUSSELL, MAN.; 22 AT MAPLE CREEK, SASK.; 23 AT CARTWRIGHT, MAN.; ETC.

McKENZIE'S SEEDS CAPTURED THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP CUP AT WINNIPEG, OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

McKENZIE'S SEEDS WON THE DINGWALL SPECIAL CUP, OPEN TO ALL THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES IN THE DOMINION

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

PRACTICE.

They say that Wendell Phillips was the best extemporaneous speaker which the American continent ever produced because he spoke to an audience every day for fourteen years. Practice is the great miracle worker. If you love your work well enough to apply yourself, you will win. The happiest people are the people who are doing what they love to do. To such practice makes and keeps perfect. It is said that Paderewski, the great pianist, carries with him on the train during his tours, a section of a piano keyboard, and the time that others usually spend in reading or observing he spends in exercising his fingers that they may become increasingly skilful in his already marvelous art.

LAUGHTER.

Don't let anybody laugh you out of your religion. It cost too much for that. Have your own creed, your own ideals, your own chosen sentiments, your own church, your own altar, and your own peculiar habits of devotion. Treat with disdain the man who laughs at your religion. Don't let any man laugh at your personal economics or sneer at you because you are careful in your financial expenditures. You know how much your money cost you Money is the most expensive thing in the world. It costs time, brains and blood. Treasure it.

An English admiral used to be fond of relating that, on first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying ,"God bless you and prosper you, my lad; and, as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers."

BODY AND MIND.

The body and brain are brothers. Keep them on good terms. Rest your body. Rest your brain. Give each one of these brothers his due. The body needs to be fed. The brain needs to be fed. New thoughts, grand music, rare pictures, social contact, these are brain food which stimulate the mind Study the relationship of body and brain—or man and mind. Remember we are two fold in our construction. Here's an excellent paragraph:

"It is a common saying that a 'good supper has often spoiled a good sermon'—for the very reason that the blood needed in delivering the sermon had rushed to the stomach to take care of the load imposed upon that often overworked organ. Professional singers generally fast before singing in public and it is the practice of some preachers and nearly all evangelists to go into a night service without supper, and make up for it after the meeting is over. An empty stomach, even if accompanied by pangs of hunger, generally insures a clear head and a free time in speaking. Of the two modes of discomfort pangs of hunger are preferable to a 'thick head' when one is trying to preach or lecture. It is rarely the case that a speaker will feel nervous when he has been careful of his diet, taken adequate exercise and had sufficient sleep".

HARD CIRCUMSTANCES.

Things are going hard are they? Clothes shabby—debts increasing, physical strength ebbing, and the results, generally speaking, unsatisfactory. Don't be discouraged. You are weaving the fabric of memory. All these experiences will be as threads of gold and silver in the warp and woof of life, by and by. Bishop Simpson writes thus of his college days.

"Uniontown to me has some pleasant reminiscences. Nearly twenty-four years ago I entered it one afternoon, as a poor student, having walked from Cadiz, Ohio, carrying my clothes and books in a budget on my back. I left home with a few clothes, a few books, and eleven dollars in money to enter upon a college course among strangers. I could not afford a stage passage, nor could I well afford to pay for regular meals, and hence I got but one meal a day, and lived on cakes for the other two till I reached the town. Then I called on Dr. Elliott, entered on my studies, was needed as a teacher, and in a few weeks was enrolled tutor. Change after change has since occurred, until this evening I entered it again by the same road on which I travelled then."

WAIT.

Wait Don't be in a hurry When a personal problem seems to be cloudy—when reasons seem to be about equally balanced—when duties seem to conflict—when you don't know which way to move—then put off your decision to the last possible moment—Give God a chance to speak. Mr. A. C. Benson in "The Thread of Gold" tells us that once when he had to make a momentous decision he was spending the week-end at a country house, where he could not, in spite of much thinking, make up his mind. Suddenly on the Monday morning, as the train was moving out of a wayside station, the will of God was revealed to him.

TACT.

Have regard for the tender side of humanity. Remember that every body is sensitive. We all like to be noticed. Our project and schemes have cost us blood and tears and love to hear them well spoken of. Say something. Say something kind. Say it with thought and discrimination. Say it, and it will come back to you years afterward, with splendid compound interest. A Scotch pastor, accounting for his successful ministry in answer to inquiries from a group of students, said that as he was leaving home in the morning of the day when he was to be ordained, his mother, holding his hand at parting, said, "You will be told your duty today by those who know it far better than I do; but I would have you remember one thing which they perhaps may not tell you—whenever you lay a hand on a child's head, you are laying it on a mother's heart."

REASON IT OUT.

When you have a mental problem—reason it out. Don't dodge it. Don't take the "say so" of another. Don't be satisfied with the opinion of an "authority". Know the why and the wherefore. In solving one problem you solve one hundred. Stick to your problem and it will help you. A new England writer says concerning Dr. Lyman Beecher:

"The doctor would have disowned his children had they refrained, in fair argument, from putting forth every atom of logical strength they possessed, Moreover, in his house, argument was always argument, and fair argument Opinions were canvassed without ceremony; but there must be no sophistry, no unfairness. He expected originality; he encouraged independence; he inspired boldness; he trained to mental toughness, tenacity, and endurance. The only law of thought was to keep to the point. Nothing really roused his wrath like an illogical or sophistical course of reasoning.

DON'T DRINK.

Don't drink You don't have to. Nobody can compel you to drink. Personal prohibition is a personal privilege. You can have "local option" in the realm of your own personality. Put your foot down. Fix your teeth. Say with one of old "I am determined"—We think you will after you read this:

"Dr. Sax, of France, discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called bacillus potumaniea. By a powerful miscroscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach, and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these destructive infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life, it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his brain."

HEALTH.

I met my friend Percy Hollingshead the other day as he passed through Winnipeg on a "starring". I had not seen him for several years and was immediately struck by the marked improvement in his physical proportions and especially in the particular of a splendid chest development. I said to him, "Percy, where did you get that chest?" He replied in two words—"Deep Breathing." A singer is not the only person who needs a good chest development.

Professor Huxley says, "Give a man a good deep chest and a stomach of which he never knew the existence, and a boy must succeed in any practical career."

KEEP MUM.

Get into the habit of telling less than you know. It will impress business men, cause the curiosity of business women, give thoughtful people confidence in you and give you a certain, inward, comfortable self respect. Don't tell all you know about yourself or others. One writer remarks: It has always been a mystery why so successful an author as the late Hugh Stowell Scott (Henry Seton Merriman) should persist in keeping secret his real name and identity. It has been hinted that it was for family reasons and now this anecdote has come out which shows his reserve and self-command.

His father, who was a director of the London *Graphic*, had an unaccountable objection to his son's following a literary career, and tried to make a business man of him. His son wrote in secret under an pseudonym, and, although his work was successful, he never betrayed his literary identity to his father. On one occasion his father placed before him one of the young author's own stories, saying, "now, if you could write a book like this, it would be another thing altogether." And still the son kept silence.

YOUR "HAND."

What sort of a "hand" do you write? Why do I ask?—For the reason that I am in receipt of letters everyday, which a Philadelphia lawyer could hardly decipher. Important letters too. What is the result—in the rush of business, such epistles, remain unanswered until circumstances will permit a more careful inspection. The editor of the New York Christian Advocate writes:—

"Not a few articles are sent to this office so poorly written that they cannot be read. On one occasion a sentence had to be shown to eight different persons before it could be deciphered. Illegible writers have no claim on attention unless they have been paralyzed or otherwise disqualified. When a writer in extreme age addresses us with a trembling hand we are glad to receive his communication and ready to give hours, if necessary, to interpretation. Otherwise, after trying awhile, we lay aside the paper. It is said that Dean Stanley's handwriting was so abominable that after his death, when an attempt was made to collect a volume of "his light and graceful occasional verses," an unforeseen difficulty occurred. In many cases the recipients of the poems were dead, and no living creature could decipher the dean's handwriting, so what might have been a pretty and instructive volume perished untimely."

YOUR "STAR".

You had better believe in fate or "destiny" than not to believe in anything at all. Napoleon believed in his "star" and other superstitious men of fame and achievement have had peculiar notions with reference to an unseen presiding genius interested in the affairs of an individual life. It was when Napoleon quarrelled with his 'star" and ignored all the inner suggestions of conscience that his glory began to wane.

If you turn to Morley's "Life of Gladstone," you will find as its very closing words a precept of Gladstone's own. "Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny."

EIGHT HOURS

I believe in eight hours of labor for the employer and four hours of spare time for the man who is employed, that aside from sleep, rest, food, and recreation he may add something to his mental strength and personal usefulness. Money is scarce, but time is "scarcer". No man of genius—we speak of the reliable men of genius—no man of genius ever ignored the time factor. Says an English divine:

"A friend of mine, in one of the great Government departments, said to me the other day, 'The rank and file are obsessed with the one idea of limiting their hours of labour; that's why they remain rank and file. The chiefs in our office do a day's work after the subordinates have gone home to their suburban villas; they don't spare themselves, that's why they're chiefs. They have no 'hours'—they have only work, and an unlimited readiness for it.' "

DO IT.

Great men think in continents, but powerful men think in deeds. The best gospel is the "Acts" of the Apostles. We are only sure of our ideas, emotions, sentiments, and convictions so far as we give them expression in enduring fact and living reality. Think over your right shoulder. Think down your right arm. Think into your right hand. Strike a blow Crystalize, Execute, Enact. In "The Remains of the Rev. Richard Cecil"—a forgotten but powerful book—there is a saying which Bulwer has put into the mouth of Austin Caxton. It is very relevant today. "The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say aloud to every man, Do Something—Do It—Do It."

QUALITY.

Some day humanity will get tired of cheap work, and ask for quality. "Bargains" are for those who seek for bargains, but give me good material and good work, and I will pay an honest price for it. The man who underbids every competitor will probably undermine himself. If he does not undermine himself he will hide poor work with cheap varnish, and put in second rate material where the shadows linger. A writer says concerning Hugh Miller:—

Throughout life Miller seems to have invariably put his conscience into his work. Speaking of the old man with whom he served his apprenticeship as a mason, he says: "He made conscience of every stone he laid. It was remarked in the place that the walls built by Uncle David never bulged nor fell; and no apprentice nor journeyman of his was permitted, on any plea, to make 'slight work.'" And one of his own Uncle James's instructions to him on one occasion was, "In all your dealings, give your neighbor the cast of the baulk—'good measure, heaped up and running over—and you will not lose by it in the end."

ELLA W. WILCOX.

Link everything with God by the power of thought. Thought in its highest aspiration is prayer and prayer is that attitude of the soul by which finite things are linked with infinite forces. Says Ella W. Wilcox. I read the other day that General Stonewall Jackson "prayed without ceasing," as the Bible commands. He said: "I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Then, when we take our meals, there is the grace. Whenever I drop a letter in the post office I send a petition along with it for God's blessing upon its mission and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good." That is a beautiful idea, and will sweeten life, enlarge the spiritual vision, increase power, and bring health to the body and mind of the one who makes it a habit.

SERIOUSNESS.

A man can be serious without being sad. There is no dignity like the dignity of earnestness. Purpose is the crown-seal of personality. Determination rests well on a human physiognomy. Be serious! Life is not a joke. Existence is not a comic page in the literature of universal evolution. Our pilgrimage is not a farce for the entertainment of angels or devils. So be serious. Secretary Walsingham, an eminent statesman in the time of Queen Elizabeth, in the latter period of his life, retired to a quiet spot in the country. Some of his former gay associates came to him, and made the remark that he was now growing melancholy. "Not melancholy," replied he, "but serious."

THE TENDER SIDE.

Healthy emotion is manly. It is evidence that a man is the possessor of certain noble heart qualities. These ought to be cultivated with a tender regard for the future of the soul. The best way to develop true sensitiveness of soul is to give every noble inspiration an instantaneous expression in some form of practical endeavour. If the enthusiasm of some new thought is permitted to die out, the result means a nature less sincere and a soul less responsive. Remember the tender side. An English historian remarks:—

"What was it the expiring Nelson said when his decks ran blood, and crimson victory placed upon his whitening brow laurels of triumph, whose leaves were mingled with cypress? 'Kiss me, Hardy,' was what he said. Strange words, were they not, for a scene of carnage? Yes, but words which touched the hearts of the English people.

NEATNESS.

Genius at the point of perfection is a natural gift or talent pushed to its utmost limit of development. The greatest men are not careless because they are great. Indifference in matter of detail never added a flower to the garland of a man's glory. George Whitefield, the most impetuous orator of modern times, was neat in his habits and scientifically careful in the matter of his pulpit preparation. The following is an interesting detail out of his life's story:—

Not a paper in his room was allowed to be out of its place, or put up irregularly; every chair and piece of furniture was properly arranged when he and his friends retired for the night. He thought he could not die easy if he had an impression that his gloves were mislaid.

THE SPECIALIST.

The man who can do one thing well, which needs to be done well, is a sort of an aristocrat. Since the world can't do without the man society opens its doors to him. He is treated with respectful consideration and in every crisis, touching his knowledge and experience, his opinion is asked for. When Smith, the Economist, met the Cabinet when William Pitt was the Premier, they all stood up, "For," said Pitt, "in your presence, Dr. Smith, we are pupils, and you are the master."

The Cost of Living

(Continued from page 3.)

demure as ever, and also apparently looking at the transaction as the most commonplace thing in the world. "You know it's an exclusive design and the very latest importation. Then the fur trimming——"

"Yes, I suppose that's true; I had forgotten it. All right; be sure and get it around early."

And the thing was over. A dress costing seventeen hundred dollars had been bought by this woman as freely as the average maid would have bought a kerchief. It hadn't even occurred to her to ask the price, except as an afterthought."

It is not necessary to comment upon these two statements. Somewhere there is a text which runs something like this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In New York and in that other city there are many poor and needy. Seventeen hundred and fifty dollars would go a long way in food and clothing. A single little pearl from the cluster would relieve much distress. There is a beauty which is higher than that of personal appearance—it is beauty of soul.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

The thing we have reason to be afraid of is not the armies of the Orient. There is, however, a danger of which we should be fully aware. There is a peril which no arms can shut out. Our race is not multiplying, they are increasing. They can work and can live on a pittance. We are forgetting the old virtues of industry and frugality. Compared with the Orientals we are slothful and wasteful. So long as we have a virgin soil, uncut forest, and mineral wealth we can laugh at forebodings of disaster, but in the long run it is manhood that counts. True manhood is inconsistent with laziness and extravagance. The Mother country and the United States are beginning to feel the pinch, and our turn will come. The strength of a nation is in its homes and its schools, for these are the breeding places of its children.

THE EDUCATION OF YESTERDAY.

"We pride ourselves on our progress; yet a prominent Illinois professor contends that the farmer boy of to-day is, by reason of our so-called advanced education, sadly handicapped in comparison to his immediate forebears. The youth of a generation ago, he points out, was a jack-of-all trades; he could shoe horses, fashion the family's footwear and shape all sorts of implements at the old barn forge.

But why, some one asks, should we shoe horses when the village blacksmith exists for that purpose, or make tools when the factory turns them out infinitely cheaper and better than we can? A release of the energy thus consumed has rendered possible the increased leisure and profits that send our farmer boys to college, where they gain a scientific knowledge of agricultural processes that would put preceding generations to the blush.

A boy may graduate without knowing how to forge an axe, but what could former generations have accomplished in the way of dry-farming? Can we admit that because our education in agronomy is gained at the cost of making tools by hand, our grandfathers were better, wiser or more efficient than ourselves? Each age has its own problems and must solve them in its own way. A difference in the manner of solution establishes neither inferiority nor superiority."

These words from the Country Gentleman contain a truth we might easily overlook.

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WANTED Live men and women to take orders for our Life Size Pastel Portraits. Exclusive territory. $5.00 or more a day easily made. Neat and valuable sample cases furnished. For further information write to

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You Can Hone Your Own Razor

You can make it give you quicker, easier, pleasanter shaves than you ever had before. You can do it easily, without any skill or experience, by a few strokes on the

Perforated Razor Hone

The old-style, plain hone, unless used by an expert, leaves a Wire-edge on your razor—a little curling over of the edge like you see on your jack-knife when you sharpen it on a whetstone.

This Wire-edge is what makes your razor pull and scratch.

The little, deftly-rounded holes in the Perforated Hone **clean off this Wire-edge** as fast as it forms, leaving a keen, smooth-cutting edge that will feel like silk on your face. **You don't have to be careful or experienced.** Keep the razor flat on the hone, and you simply can't hurt it. So simple a boy can use it. So good that barbers use it. Over **4000** were sold in Vancouver in three months.

Here is our offer. Give the Perforated Hone a fair trial for 30 days. Then if you do not find it to be all we claim, or all you expect, take it back to your dealer, or mail it to us, and **your money will be returned to you at once.** So you take no chances.

If your dealer does not happen to have it in stock, just write his name and address, and yours, on a slip of paper, pin a dollar bill to it and mail to us. We will send you at once, all charges prepaid, a Perforated Hone in a neat pocket case. You have a lifetime of shaving ahead of you. Make it a lifetime of **easy** shaving. This Hone makes good or costs you nothing. **Send to-day.**

Booklet, "The Secret of Easy Shaving," explaining fully, mailed free.

Perforated Hone Co., Dept. 5, Vancouver, Canada

Reference: Royal Bank of Canada, Vancouver

[4]

Exceptional Value in Lovely Japanese Silk Waists

We are unable to express in mere words and printer's ink the dainty style and beauty of these waists. To say they are magnificent falls far short. Exquisite in design and beautifully worked, they are undoubtedly the very best value we have ever offered.

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These lovely waists are all direct importations from Old London. We cannot give a strong enough impression of their value. The prices are so unusually low that they are no indication of their worth. The values are so wonderful that the waists must be seen to be appreciated.

Send for one and if you do not think it the best value you have ever had return it to us and we will give you back your money and pay the transportation charges both ways.

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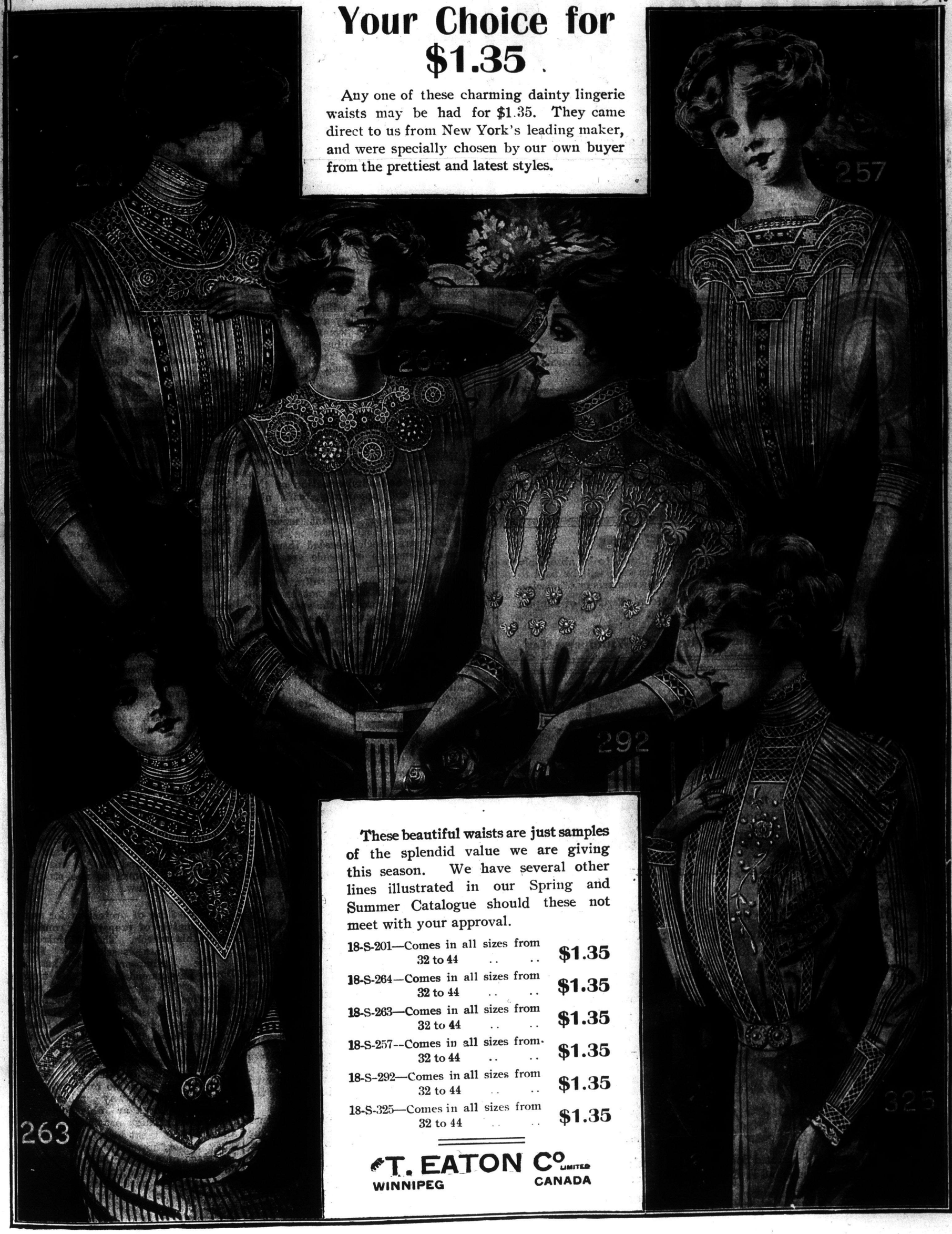
Pretty Lawn Waists

This lovely collection of beautiful waists has met with the highest approval by all who have seen them. Very dainty and neat, these pretty waists are made from an extra sheer quality of lawn. For afternoon wear they are unequalled.

Your Choice for $1.35

Any one of these charming dainty lingerie waists may be had for $1.35. They came direct to us from New York's leading maker, and were specially chosen by our own buyer from the prettiest and latest styles.



These beautiful waists are just samples of the splendid value we are giving this season. We have several other lines illustrated in our Spring and Summer Catalogue should these not meet with your approval.

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$1.00., 75c., 60c., 40c. per lb.

O.K. SAUCE

A delicious sauce, FRUITY in character

Appetising with fish, poultry, meats (hot or cold), in fact, with anything or everything.

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1000 GUINEAS

We guarantee every ingredient of the "O.K." Sauce to be absolutely pure and of the finest quality only, and the above sum will be paid to anyone who can prove to the contrary whether by analysis or otherwise.

October 1911 secured highest Award Gold Medal Festival of Empire Exhibition, London, Eng.

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

The Turnbull, Co., 179 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

It's ready for the saucepan.

"Remember my face—you'll see me again."

The children need never go without a bowl of good hot soup this chilly weather because "Mother's busy." No matter how busy she is, she can always find time to make Edwards' Soup.

All that's nice and nourishing in "Mother's home-made soup" is in Edwards' Soup; all that's a trouble for her to do is ready done.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and fresh garden-grown vegetables. Its manufacturers are soup-makers and nothing else.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup in made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There, and in England it is a household word.

134 S H B

The Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

The Suffragettes

Very many of the old country women who are now making their homes on the Canadian Prairies will have a very keen sympathy with the English suffragettes, and will no doubt have a much clearer and better understanding of why they have resorted to militant tactics, than Canadians can possibly have. During the month of December Mrs. Pankhurst lectured in Winnipeg, and though unfortunately I did not have the pleasure of hearing her, I have been much struck by the statement made by very many of both the men and women who did hear her, that, no matter what the suffragettes may do in the future, if it is approved by Mrs. Pankhurst they feel sure that there will have been good and sufficient grounds for the movement. It is very worthy of note that never in the history of Great Britain has the Government treated as conspirators any body of men who were simply seeking an extension of their rights, or what they conceived to be their rights; and in proceeding against the militant suffragettes as conspirators they are demonstrating the fact that a woman who shows herself ready and willing to fight, possesses more terrors for government leaders than does a man under similar circumstances.

History

The history of the movement shows that for 50 years women have been using every peaceful means to secure their rights in the matter of helping to make laws for their own government and also for the control and administration of their property; and apparently, with absolutely no result. The three years that have marked the militant movement have advanced their cause more than the 50 years which preceded them. Of course, thousands of people are saying that this militant movement has put back the clock for the suffragists for many years, but that is not the opinion of those who are on the spot. There is an analogy between this movement and the South African war which it might be well for leaders of the British Government to consider. The Boer war primarily came about because large bodies of Englishmen, having gone to South Africa (where they were not wanted by the Dutch or the natives) and having invested large sums of money, considered that they were entitled to votes, to say how that money should be protected and their own lives and rights insured. There were some people, of course, who objected to the Boer war and who denounced the men who had stirred up the trouble; but Britons generally, and the Government in particular, endorsed the stand which these men had taken, and they backed that endorsement with the sacrifice of many, many thousands of lives, and the expenditure of many, many millions of dollars.

Now the suffragettes are simply asking, in their own country, where they have also an enormous amount of money invested, for the right to say who shall make the laws that govern their lives and protect their property, and how this shall be done. Because they are doing this, and have declared their determination to fight for the principle, they are being arraigned as conspirators. It seems to me that, if the present leaders of the British Government were only possessed of the saving sense of humor, they would not have allowed themselves to be placed in such an absurd position. There is to-day absolutely not one sound argument against the extension of the franchise to women.

I was very much amused the other day, in discussing this matter with the speaker of the Manitoba Legislature. His great argument (?) was that, if women wanted the vote, they would have to go without seats in the street cars. He was not going to give his seat to any woman if she had a vote. I assured him that, speaking of women as I knew them, the majority of women would greatly prefer a vote to a seat in the street car, as it was much the more useful possession. This is an argument though, by the way, which I have heard advanced over and over again. Another is that women cannot bear arms, and therefore have no right to citizenship. This is an argument which is frequently used in England; and yet it may surprise a great many to know that, once a man takes up the profession of arms, he is deprived of his vote, and cannot exercise the franchise as long as he is a soldier in the regular army. If the bearing of arms is a necessary part of citizenship, it is rather singular that men who do the fighting should be prohibited from using their votes. However, the bearing of arms is one argument which can never be brought against women having votes in Canada. As early as 1873 the Canadian Government declared that the ability or willingness to bear arms was not essential to citizenship. This was done in connection with the Mennonites, who were admitted by thousands to the Canadian West and granted all the privileges of citizenship as soon as they had fulfilled homestead duties. They are to-day absolutely guaranteed that they will never under any circumstances be called upon to bear arms. They are not asked to find substitutes, nor are they asked, as they were when they were in Russia, to make any special contribution to the country to take the place of military service. In Russia they were required to plant so many thousand trees for the Government every year, and in time of war were obliged to furnish horses for the Red Cross ambulance wagons. The Canadian Government went further, and extended this exemption to the Doukhobors; so that the ability or willingness to bear arms is no part or parcel of the qualifications for full citizenship in Canada.

Woman Lawyers

The Manitoba Legislature is this session amending the Act governing the practice of law in Manitoba, to permit of women studying law and practising in the courts of the Province. The Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan have had this for some time; so has Ontario, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

I think it is in Nova Scotia that a woman applied, and claimed the right inasmuch as the Act spoke of "any person." She was told that "person" meant only men. A very short time after, some woman, arrested for crime, claimed exemption under the criminal code, because the punishment apportioned for her crime was to be meted out to a "person," and she claimed the law had decided that woman was not a person. The legislators in that Province were wise enough to see the trap into which they had fallen, and the Act was amended to admit women to the study and practice of the law.

The Dower Law

The question of protection for women in the matter of property is coming up again this season. The bill introduced last session by Harvey Simpson, M.P.P., has been amended, and this time is likely to pass. It affords protection to women where men dying leave their wives less by will than they would have received had the husband died intestate. The new clause provides that with a woman on a farm, with children, if her husband dies, in debt, she is to be permitted to remain on the land if she wishes to do so and can make a living best in that way ,until such time as the children ar able to earn for themselves. These provisions are good, and will be a great help to some women. They do not, however, in any sense take the place of a dower law, because they do not provide any protection for a woman while her husband is still living, if he chooses to sell the property away from her and make other investments of the money. The difficulty with provid-

ing a dower law is that, in this country transfers of land are so frequent that it would complicate business and be difficult with; but though possibly the dower law, as it is in Ontario, would be almost impossible to introduce into Manitoba, there is absolutely no reason why some means of protection should not be devised for the married woman who, having worked equally as hard as her husband for the accumulation of the property, has at the present time absolutely no hold upon it nor upon any monies arising from the sale of the same.

I would suggest to the women of Manitoba that, wherever a member of the Legislature is available, his views on this matter be ascertained, so that the women would know how many men in the House were favorable to some measure of protection. It would then be possible to have some lawyer who is sympathetic and thoroughly familiar with conditions, draw up an act which would embody a measure of protection to the women, while at the same time not seriously hampering the easy transfer of land. It would be well for the women throughout the country to bear in mind that we now have a new Attorney-General, who has not definitely declared himself in opposition to some form of protection for women along these lines The Hon. Colin H. Campbell was violently opposed to granting any protection to women, so that the case now is somewhat more hopeful, and it would be well for women to move in the matter during the present year.

I would like to say one word of warning in this connection. The bill that will be passed this session is not by any means what the women wanted, or what they need; but it is a step in the right direction, and perhaps few women will realize the effort which Harvey Simpson, M.P.P., made in working for this bill last year. It is a wise plan to show gratitude for favors received, while at the same time, of course, it is well to work away for what is really needed. I am sorry to say that there are one or two women who appeared before the law amendments committee, who antagonized that body, even the members who had previously been in sympathy with their movement, because they made demands which were impossible to grant at once. All such reforms are of slow growth, and there is much prejudice to overcome. I would like to say here, as I have said frequently before, that it would be wiser and simpler for the women, instead of approaching legislative bodies for these minor reforms, to concentrate their energies on securing the franchise. Having secured votes for themselves, the other reforms would be entirely within their reach.

Home Economics.

Swan Lake.

The meeting of the Home Economics on Saturday, March 2nd, was one of the most interesting which has ever been held in Swan Lake. The time was passed in listening to the reports of the delegates who had attended the convention at Winnipeg and all the members were unanimous in their praise of the full, clear and interesting account of the proceedings, which was furnished by the president, Mrs. G. B. Gordon, and by Miss Jennie Couch. We regret that our limited space will not allow us to give anything like a full report, but it was most noticeable that all the speakers at the convention held the same ideals before their audience, and that they emphasized the fact that it is the home life and the home training which will make our future citizens a credit to ourselves and to our nation, and it is therefore in the women that the chief responsibility of the future lies. They are not only the mothers of the nation, but, to a great extent, the makers of the nation, since it is to their training that the children will respond for good or evil, when they are called upon to take their place in the struggle of life in later years.

Compulsory education was another question which was discussed, and there again, woman's influence was shown to be almost paramount. It is a child's right that he or she shall be properly educated, and while they are too young to insist on the right for themselves it is the mother's duty to see that they have all the advantages to be gained by a good education.

The need of making the farm life and the farm home more attractive to both boys and girls was strongly urged; it is obviously unfair to expect one's own children to work for nothing when strangers demand and get good wages. It was pointed out, too, that work on the farm was too long and too monotonous for both women and children with insufficient breaks for rest and recreation, with the inevitable result that the children become dissatisfied and left to seek the greater distractions of a city life, and the mothers were often too weary to benefit thoroughly by rest and recreation when the chance came to take them.

And it was to those Home Economics Societies and their wide influence that those interested in the best happiness of the home life were looking for the best help and encouragement. In small country towns and farming districts the Economics Society was often the only neutral ground upon which everyone can meet, and the hours spent at these meetings should therefore be full of help and cheer to all attending; each should be encouraged to take her share in the proceedings and should be made to feel that she was an essential part to the success of the society; for so only by helping others to overcome their difficulties and brightening up the dark places in the paths of our neighbors can we hope to attain to all that is best and most helpful in life.

Month's Bright Sayings.

Jr. Andrew McPhail: It is seldom that a man succeeds in over-estimating his own importance.

Sir Horace Plunkett: We want to develop Ireland so that there shall be no real poor, and not many very rich.

James J. Hill: Most people believe anything if it is repeated often in their presence uncontradicted.

Earl Grey: Every preventable death ought to be regarded to some extent as a murder by society.

Lord Roseberry: For the common people war, whether successful or not, is an entirely profitless and disastrous business.

Lord Curzon: Rival cities regard each other with a jealousy to which rival lovers, and even rival politicians, seldom attain

Philip Snowden, M.P.: Workers should have the fire of freedom in their souls, but they should also have the light of knowledge in their eyes.

Rev. Dr. Bland: There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to live this life and live it as bravely and faithfully and cheerfully as we can.

George Bernard Shaw: A man who reads pernicious literature is infinitely more uncultured than the man with blue eyes and a ruddy face who can only read the winds and tides.

Arnold Bennett: Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another.

Dr. Grenfell: It is not what a man gets, but what a man is that he should think of. He should first think of his character, and then of his condition. He that has character need have no fear of his condition. Character will draw condition after it.

ROBINSON & CO.

(Winnipeg's Great Departmental Store)

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just ready for mailing. Will be forwarded only on request. Full of valuable information and suggestions that will solve your Grocery troubles.

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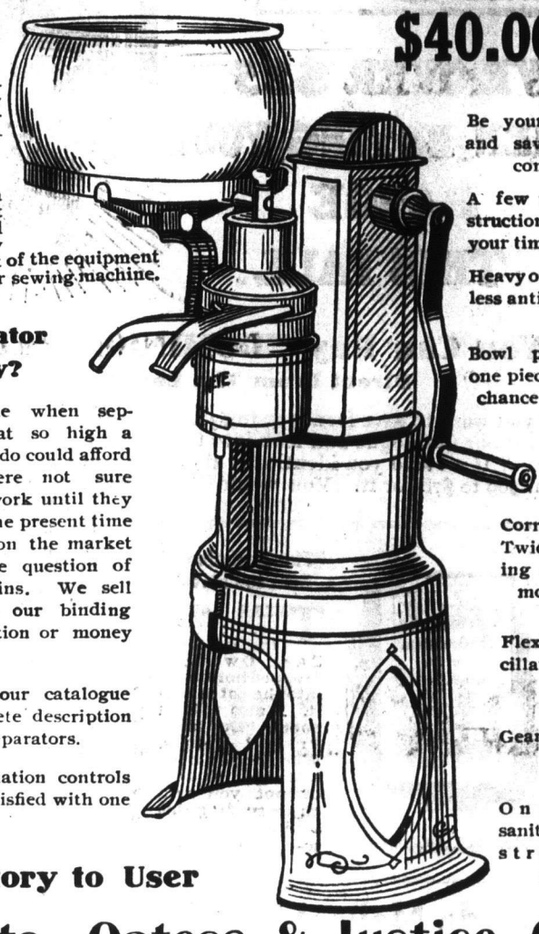

The greatest combination of high quality and low price ever known in the separator business.

Every Farmer knows the value of a cream separator. It is now a recognized necessity on every—farm as much a part of the equipment as the kitchen stove or sewing machine. The only question is

What Separator Will I Buy?

There was a time when separators were sold at so high a price only the well to do could afford one, then they were not sure they would do the work until they had tried them. At the present time there are machines on the market at all prices, but the question of reliability still remains. We sell our machines under our binding guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded.

Write to-day for our catalogue which gives a complete description of these up-to-date separators.

No trust or combination controls our prices. We are satisfied with one profit.

Be your own buyer and save the agents commission.

A few points of construction, well worth your time to look into.

Heavy one-piece seamless anti-splash supply tank.

Bowl pressed from one piece of steel. No chance of accidents.

Corrugated discs. Twice the skimming surface and more efficient.

Flexible and oscillating upper bearing.

Gears run in bath of oil.

One piece open sanitary base. strong and graceful.

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COWAN'S
PERFECTION
COCOA

Cowan's seems to hit the right spot. It is a great food for husky young athletes: satisfies the appetite: easy to digest: and delicious

Central Business College
Wm. Hawkins, Principal. Winnipeg.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Woman and the Home.

Mother.

There is a shrine whose golden gate
Was opened by the hand of God
It stands serene, inviolate,
Though millions have its pavement trod;
As fresh as when the first sunrise
Awoke the lark 'in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil
Of common days, yet should there fall
A single speck, a single soil,
Upon the whiteness of its wall,
The angels' tears in tender rain
Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,
But once within the enchanted door
The mists of time are backward rolled,
And creeds and ages are no more;
But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion, vast and sweet.

I enter; all is simply fair;
Nor even clouds, nor carven throne,
But in the fragrant morning air
A gentle lady sits alone.
My mother—ah! whom shall I see
Within, save ever only thee!

—Digby Mackworth Dolben.

The Women who Laughs.

People like her. Yes; they do; there's no getting away from it. The girl who laughs a ringing, whole-souled laugh—no affected simper and no silly giggle—is a general favorite.

A plump, rosy-looking woman rode on one of the suburban trains the other day, with two men. She was laughing continually, again and again. And the men with her laughed too. They were all in the best of spirits, though it was easy to see that the girl set the pace. Her merry comment and blithesome laugh kept the other two in high good humor with themselves, with her, and with all the world.

They were not vulgar, not boisterous. Don't understand that, please. Their conversation was refined, and their merriment perfectly within the limit of good breeding.

It was simply that the girl gave a merry turn to everything. Her companions were just naturally affected by her irresistible cheeriness. It was like sunshine. They laughed as spontaneously and happily as if they never had a business trouble or care in the world.

A woman of that disposition does a man good. She does anybody good, for that matter. To be sure, no one wants a perpetual and meaningless laughter as a companion. But there is no doubt that a girl knows when to laugh, and when to show another. graver, tenderer side of her nature.

If it is a time for quietness and thought even for tears, she could probably meet the occasion. It is the ordinary, commonplace routine of the day, whereover most of us make a wry face and a moan, that this girl transforms by the magic of her laughter.

Over most things that do not call for tears, we may well laugh. But we forget. And we all, men and women, like the cheery, sunny, whole-souled woman who helps us to remember.

Save Trouble by Shrinking Your Wash Goods.

In these days when so many are getting shirt waists and wash dresses ready for the summer, a hint from a New York writer is timely. Home dressmakers, she says, sometimes forget that many wash fabrics should be shrunk before being made up into frocks if good service is to be secured from them, and that they should also have their colors 'set.' The cotton voiles and mercerized poplins do not need to have this done, but percales, ginghams, and other cotton dress goods need it.

Thorough shrinking can be done by laying the material in a tub, unfolding it so the water can get all through it, and pouring plenty of boiling water until it is plenty cool enough to wring out easily. This means about two hours. In hanging up straighten as much as possible and there will not be nearly so many wrinkles as there would be otherwise. Iron while still damp enough to make perfectly smooth.

Oxgall is recommended as being one of the best things to set all colors—one tablespoonful to twelve quarts of boiling water being the right proportion. Do not use it, though, unless you can be sure that it is fresh. If there is any white in the goods, too much oxgall will have a tendency to make it yellow.

Salt dissolved in boiling water is another old standby.

Sugar of lead one ounce to twelve quarts of water, is good for all colors except blue.

Saltpetre one ounce to twelve quarts of water, is good for pinks or blues.

In using any of the above solutions, dissolve the powder thoroughly in a little hot water, then add the required number of quarts, put the material in at once, and allow it to remain until cool or cold; then, having some help in pulling it straight, hang it up to dry, ironing while still damp enough to get smooth.

A Jealous Wife.

(By 'Forty Years Married.')

When newly married I was stupidly jealous of all my husband's people until I learnt more sense. It was ridiculous, of course, because naturally he wasn't going to throw over his relations just because he had married. But I couldn't bear for him to be with them when I wasn't there. To tell the truth, I thought he would discuss me with them and criticise me with them. Just as if I was the only topic of conversation to people who had known one another all their lives. When my husband came home and began telling me about his people I was sulky and disagreeable, and would hardly answer him. I could not have made a greater mistake, for presently he ceased to mention the fact that he had seen them. And then I imagined that he spent every moment at his old home. I was sure he told them how disagreeable I was. I fancied I could hear all the relations-in-law laughing at my silly jealousy. This was my punishment and a very horrid one it was. Thank heaven I am wiser now, and my husband and I often laugh together over my absurd idea. When you have domestic difficulties the wisest thing is to keep them to yourself. Many women make a great mistake (I did it once) in rushing straight off to somebody for sympathy and advice the moment anything goes wrong at home. They generally repent at leisure. What is the good of telling a friend that you had some words with your husband? Whatever you say in the heat of the moment is sure to be a somewhat magnified version of what has really happened. The comfort which comes of telling is nothing to the subsequent discomfort of having told. You will feel awfully mean for having given your husband away, and when in future conversations your friend makes some little disparaging remark about the delinquent you will be perfectly furious with her—and with yourself.

"To bear and forbear" is an excellent motto for married people. Hard, bitter words spoken in the heat of anger are apt to sink deep into the memory and to be remembered long after th trivial cause of the quarrel is forgot ten. Men hate scenes, and are only too ready to hold out the olive branch if a quarrel is threatened. Women, alas, revel in them, and will not always accept the olive branch held out to them in the keen desire to air their independence and petty tyranny over the man who loves them. This is another great mistake I made.

Kissing and 'making up' may be sweet, but the wise wo..an will prefer a love idyll free from all jars and dis-

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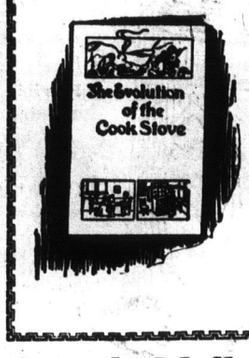

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When writing it will be a distinct favor to us if you will mention this paper. 7

cords and with no aftermath of angry words which can never be effaced from the memory.—"People's Journal."

The Ideal Woman.

This is how Max O'Rell describes the ideal woman: The woman I love is the female woman that I would protect and cherish in return for all the sweet attention she would pay me and which would enable me to cheerfully fight the battle of life. How to describe her I hardly know. Should she be beautiful? Not necessarily. Pretty? Yes, rather. Good figure? Decidedly. Clever H'm—yes. Cheerful? By all means. Punctual? Like a military man. Serious? Not too much. Frivolous? Yes just a little. Of scientific turn of mind? B-r-r-r! No; I should shudder at the idea of it. Of an artistic nature, then, with literary tastes? Yes, certainly. But, above all, a keen, sensible, tactful little woman, who would make it the business of her life to study me as I would make it the business of my life to study her; a woman who could be in turn, according to circumstances, a housewife, a counsellor, a "pal," a wife, a sweetheart, a nurse, a patient, the sunshine of my life, and always a confidante, a friend, and a partner."

Decision.

One afternoon a young woman stepped up to the telegraph counter in a local department store, and in a trembling voice asked for a supply of blanks. She wrote a message on one blank, which she immediately tore in halves; then a second message was written out that was treated in the same way; finally a third was finished; and this she handed to the operator with a feverish request that it be "rushed." When the message had gone on the wire and the sender had departed, the operator read the other two for his own amusement. The first ran: "All at an end. Have no wish to see you again." "Do not write or try to see me any more," was the tenor of the second message. The third was to this effect: "Come at once. Take next train if possible. Answer."

Sudden.

A judge in North Carolina was sentencing a big, loose-jointed negro who had been convicted of murdering another negro.

"George Earley," his honor said, "you have been found by a jury of twelve men tried and true to be guilty of murder in the first degree, for having killed, in cold blood, Moses Stackhouse, and it is the sentence of this court that on the tenth day of August the sheriff of Polk County take you to a place near the county jail and there hang you by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead! And may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The negro shifted from one foot to the other and twisted and untwisted the old felt hat he held in his hands. All eyes in the court-room were upon him. Finally, rolling his eyes up at the judge, he said:

"Look y'here, jedge, you-all don't mean this comin' August, does you?"

The Child's Natural Love for Singing.

By Florence B. Cleveland.

To sing is as natural to most children as sleeping and eating. After they reach a certain age, the self-conscious period, their singing loses much of its charm for the reason that they are singing for effect rather than for the sake of expressing their feeling through the medium of song.

The work of the kindergarten to-day is doing much toward correcting the careless usage of the voice. Kindergartners who have grasped Froebel's ideas, ask for soft and expressive singing. He plainly desired the singing to be the expression of the child's thought and feeling, never to be regarded as a gymnastic exercise per se. When children sing for the sake of the sound they make, and not because they are intent on saying the things their song talks about, they are missing the whole benefit of Froebel's plan for them.

But the child often sings before he is of the kindergarten age, and if he does attend he brings home the songs learned there. If mothers would pay more attention to their children's singing, we would have a race of sweeter and clearer-voiced men and women.

The mother does not need to be a prima donna to sing with her children, neither does she need to understand the technique and different schools of voice culture. If her ear is accurate, so that she can carry a melody successfully, if she sings softly and enunciates clearly, she can correct many of the errors that children fall into while singing or speaking.

The scene where Froebel describes the first singing lesson may profitably be taken to heart by the mother who desires to help as well as entertain her children. The master enters the schoolroom, and instead of speaking in the usual formal way, he surprises, delights and amuses the children by singing to them an improvised phrase, "Good-morning!" Perhaps without prompting, some child will answer "Good-morning" in a like way, either imitating the master's phrase or improvising one of his own.

The mother may work out this plan in the home, and might even make a little game of it. The mother can also sing little snatches of song about the windy sky, the green buds, or the swaying trees. The children soon catch the spirit of this if the mother's spirit is tuned aright, and they, too, make up little songs about the play, the birds and flowers. In time, if this is carried out, they will come to sing clearly defined little melodies of their own invention. Many times the children will have to be prompted, but it is possible to get them to sing of what they themselves notice in their surroundings or of what they are thinking about:

Practice in calling is also a help in training the voice of children. Let the mother learn to call musically—not with a shout out of the throat, but with a rising, swaying, head inflection which slides easily into tone. Beginning, say "O-O, Jo-ohn!" trying to sing like the birds. Have the child answer "Coming!" in a sweet, high tone. Many children can sing these pretty calling tones readily, and can be heard to do this spontaneously at their play. But many others shout with the speaking register forced high, which the home singing lesson should help them to overcome. The imitation of bird sounds is useful, for these are sweet, high and musical, and, furthermore, soft.

Never allow the child to sing in a loud, harsh tone; it is a habit hard to break when once formed. In teaching the children a song, be sure that they first know the words thoroughly and understand them and are interested in the pictures they present. Be sure the words are really worth while, really do present vivid pictures to the child's mind. Choose a simple song; many that are written for children are too difficult for them to sing correctly. It is much better to have a few simple songs, well learned and well rendered, than many half-learned and learned in such a way to make children careless about musical correctness.

When the words of a song are well learned, then the mother may begin to sing one line at a time until the children really know the melody. To sing the lines expressively from the first is important. The very endeavor to express the meaning of the words and music will fix them in thought, especially if the melody have any character. Often a light, graceful gesture with the hand at some expressive measure will help the child in singing the measure clearly.

The failure to grasp the melody accurately is accountable for the inferior quality of tone in children's singing. The test of the usual song may readily be made by asking the children to sing the melody of some supposedly well-known song without the accompaniment of the piano. Few children can follow

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WINNIPEG CANADA

the air correctly without the backing of the piano, a fact that needs to be altered.

Music is a necessity in the home—so much so that nowadays there is hardly a home that is without some kind of a musical instrument. When there is so much in a musical way that is fine and of high quality, it seems a pity that the musical ears of the children should be ruined with cheap ragtime and maudlin love songs. One almost feels a sympathetic note with Shakespeare's denunciation of the unmusical soul in this statement:

"The musical taste is one of the surest indications of disposition, because of its intensely subjective nature. A person may be more fully known by the music he likes, than by the coat he wears or the books he reads."

Mrs. Hailmann, in a volume of songs for children published as far back as 1887, speaks of the great importance of music in early childhood, and then adds:

"If the same care which is bestowed upon essays of high-school graduates were given to the music and literature which we offer our little children, we should soon lessen the demands for the sensational fiction that fills our libraries, and for the foolish love songs and trashy music that disgrace our music rooms."

The music that is sung by her little children is well within the province of the mother who wishes her children to have the highest and best that is procurable.

The Untidy Girl.

By Dell.

The untidy girl is the same no matter where you find her. She is careless in her personal appearance and in the little details of her toilet, is sure to be the same in the home, in her own room, in the business office, or wherever her lot may be cast.

She puts her clothes on in a careless manner, the collar pinned unevenly and probably soiled; the skirt sagging in the back, and skirt band showing, her shirt-waist pulled to one side, her hair untidy, buttons missing, and many other things badly kept and worn. These are some of the marks of the untidy girl.

Her room is in a state of confusion; shoes thrown about, dresses hanging over chairs, and everything in an untidy state. If she is a housekeeper, from cellar to garret, marks of her untidiness will be seen. The table is generally covered with unwashed dishes, the stove is far from being clean, things belonging to one room are generally found in another, and everything is out of place. If the untidy girl finds employment in a business office her failing will be noticed there. The desk will be untidy, covered with papers, thrown together in heaps, letters carelessly jammed into files, boxes bulging open from disorderly contents, and confusion reigning everywhere. Untidiness is something that every girl should beware of. Her personal appearance is ruined by it, her chance of success is diminished and oftentimes the home is spoiled by an untidy person in it.

The neat girl who presents a tidy appearance stands a better chance of getting on in the world than the untidy girl who simply hangs her clothes on herself in a careless manner, and does not attend to the details that make the appearance attractive. The clothing and the way it is put on is a key to character, therefore, we can judge a person by their dress. Tidiness can be cultivated, and every girl should be careful in the little things pertaining to dress and personal habits in the home.

Faithful Band.

Many instances of remarkable gallantry and devotion to duty are to be found in the Story of the Guides, by Col. G. J. Younghusband. At present this is a corps of native East Indians, fourteen hundred strong, with twenty-seven British officers. It was raised in 1846 to furnish not only fighters, but also men who could, at a moment's notice, act as guides to troops in the field and to collect trustworthy information. As it was for service, and not for show, the time-honored scarlet of the British army was laid aside for the dust-colored uniform now known as khaki.

In one of their expeditions on the north-western frontier, from the tribes of which many of the men were enlisted, they camped near a village, the home of one of the guides. His relatives and friends entreated him not to fight against them, and, a favorable opportunity coming, he deserted, and carried with him two rifles.

"How many men of that man's tribe are there in the regiment?" demanded the commander, Colonel Jenkins, when the fact was reported to him. It was found there were seventeen, all told.

"Parade them all here," said the colonel; and they were duly summoned and paraded in line.

"Now, take off every scrap of uniform or equipment that belongs to the sircar."

Each man did as he was bid, and placed the little pile in front of him on the ground.

"You can now go, and don't let me see your faces again till you bring back those two rifles."

He hoped that they might overtake the fugitive, but he was disappointed. Day followed day, and week succeeded week, but no news came of pursued or pursuers.

The matter had been forgotten; the vacancies had been filled; indeed, two whole years had passed, when one day there walked into Mardan cantonment a ragged, rough-bearded, hard-bitten gang of seventeen men, carrying two rifles. It was the lost legion.

Of those two years' trial and struggle, wounds received and given, a stark, unburied corpse here and there on the mountain side, days in ambush and bitter nights of silent, anxious watch, they spoke but little; but their faces beamed with honest pride as their spokesman simply said:

"The sahib told us never to show our faces again until we found the rifles, and here they are. Now, by your honor's kindness, we will again enlist and serve the queen."

Sickly Children.

Often they are fragile and tender from birth. Their little hearts are weak, flabby and small. Their digestions are far from being strong. Overfeeding would kill them. A weakly child should always be allowed to eat whenever she is hungry, even if it does spoil her appetite for the next meal. They are often fed upon the forcing system, which instead of causing them to grow stronger, makes them every day more weakly, through impoverishing the blood and rendering it grossly impure.

Feeding is of the first importance. Assuming that they have teeth, they must have something to practice upon. They must have milk, but something else must be added. There should be four hours between meals, although in the case of weak children something may be given between meals if the children crave for it, but not otherwise.

After washing and dressing, the weak child should have bread and milk, or if it is properly made porridge and milk. Children should be trained to take porridge without sugar. For dinner there should be nice broth, with bread in it. Then to follow it, there should be beef, mutton, or whitefish, with potatoes, and some simple pudding.

At five o'clock, or a little later, the evening meal should be served. There should be no tea nor coffee for children, but bread, butter and milk should be the staple food.

Parents who allow their children to become fat from overfeeding are sowing the seeds of disease. A fat child can never become a clever one. Excessive fat is a disease in itself. The best of animal foods are mutton, tender beef, chicken, lamb, whitefish, eggs, milk. The worst are pork, veal, game, salmon, mackerel. Puddings, not made too rich, are very suitable — rice, sago, tapioca and plain bread and butter-pudding. One egg in a tolerably large pudding is quite enough. Avoid sweets. Fruit is good in moderation, but it should not be too ripe nor too green. Dried fruits are to be avoided, and preserves used sparingly.

As to drink, good, pure water is first. A little lime juice in it has a value. Milk and good cocoa come next. Wines are entirely out of place. Aerated drinks are not good. Sweet buttermilk is very desirable.

Let the bedroom be freely ventilated. Better the cold than a stuffy room. Fresh air is as necessary as food. Bad air is the precursor of scorfula, tuberculosis.

Let sleep come without soothing medicines. Let good humor reign in the home and the punv child will soon develop strength.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE.

There is a little poem that follows me about wherever I go. I cannot get away from it—I do not want to for I feel that it contains a Christly message to me. I have repeated it often and I have had so many requests for it that I am using it here for my readers. Learn it and you will be happier for having made it a part of yourself.

Do you know the world is dying
For a little bit of love?
They have waited, oh so long,
For a little bit of love.

Everywhere we hear their sighing
For a little bit of love;
For the love that rights a wrong,
Fills the heart with hope and song,
From the poor of every city
For a little bit of love,
Hands are reaching out in pi
For a little bit of love.
Some have burdens hard to bear,
Some have sorrows we should share,
Shall they falter and despair
For a little bit of lov ?

Down below their burdens falling
For a little bit of love
Many souls in vain are calling
For a little bit of love.
If they die in grief and shame,
Some one surely is to blame
For not going in His name
With a little bit of love.

While the souls of men are dying
For a little bit of love,
While the children, too, are crying
For a little bit of love,
Stand no longer idly by,
You can help them if you try.
Go, then saying, "Here am I
With a little bit of love."

* * * * *

WANTED PLAIN STENOGRAPHER.

"Can you find me two sensible stenographers with plain faces and a simple style of dress?" asked a business man of me the other day. There is a growing demand for this type of girl in the business office and our business men are to be congratulated for the standard of qualities they are demanding. They are tired of the trifling, tinselled dressed girl and want young women who have devoted their energies toward putting something inside of the head instead of placing it all on the outside. Business men require girls with good common sense—girls who have character and mental ability, and I think this demand speaks more for the prosperity of our country than anything else; because men are bending all their energies toward making their business successful and have no time for foolishness. I am glad, too, of this demand because it will develop a stronger, more womanly class of young women for our great progressive country. Last week an American stenographer criticized, in one of our daily newspapers, the Canadian business man for wanting girls in their offices who are simply dressed, and she emphasized as an example the business man on the other side of the line, stating that the business girl had better chances there than here. In the first place, it was a bold, audacious thing to do—to critize our business men. In the second place, why does she not go back to the other side if she considers advantages more favorable there. The business man here is working for the interests of his home and his family, and when he is in his office this love of home and home life inspires him to direct all of his efforts toward success. He wants his work done and he has no time to bother with a frivolous stenographer. She not only does little work herself, but she attracts the attention of others in the office and hinders their work. A business man told me recently that he waited in an office the other day twenty minutes and during this time he watched a stenographer waste the valuable time of the manager's business. At every move she made, jewellery jingled, a curl out of place had to be pinned in its proper position, a pocket mirror had more attention than the typewriter in front of her, and the young men in the office hung around her like bees.

Do you wonder that business men are advertising for plain young women? Furthermore, the girls themselves—that is the sensible girls—want a reform in dress. I heard this problem discussed among about eighty young women. They say they do not want to spend so much money on business clothes, but they feel compelled to in order to keep up with the other girls in the office. Some girls buy their clothes on the instalment plan thus cultivating a habit of extravagance that leads to a sad state of affairs. It was this condition of affairs that led to uniformity of dress in departmental stores. Why may not business girls adopt uniformity of dress? The time is not far distant when the extravagantly dressed girl will have a hard time to secure a position. I know a great many sensible business girls who dress simply and they fill splendid positions and are enjoying a nice increase in salary every year. There are great opportunities for just such girls, and we are indebted to our Canadian business man for the stand he has taken. Give us girls with common sense!

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In its conception and realization, the underlying thought with Mason & Risch Limited, has been to promote the confidence of the entire public, not only by pursuing the most approved methods of modern merchandising, but also by catering to each and every phase of demand for meritorious musical instruments, from the moderate priced piano to the great pipe organ costing many thousands of dollars.

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P. H. Bennett.

Kenora, Feb. 23, 1912.

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Yours respectfully,
(Sgd.) P. H. BENNETT.

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THE BIG 4 CLOTHING STORE.
P. H. Bennett.

Kenora, Feb. 23, 1912.

The Bell Remedy Co., Winnipeg:

Gentlemen—I have great pleasure in reporting to you that I am completely cured of eczema of the scalp which had annoyed me for some months, through the use of your remedy, Bell Balm with P. S. of A. I might say that I was cured in less than two weeks from the time I commenced using it, and take great pleasure in recommending it to anyone who may be afflicted with any form of skin disease, as a sure and permanent cure. Thanking you for the interest that you have taken in my case, and wishing you every success, I remain.

Yours respectfully,
(Sgd.) P. H. BENNETT.

Combined remedies sent to any address on receipt of price.....$3.00
Consultation free by expert Dermatologists. Lady attendant.

BELL REMEDY CO.
710-712 Somerset Block, Winnipeg.

surrounded by comforts and luxuries, unless one is very careful the germ of unconscious vanity develops into a spirit of contemptible snobbishness.

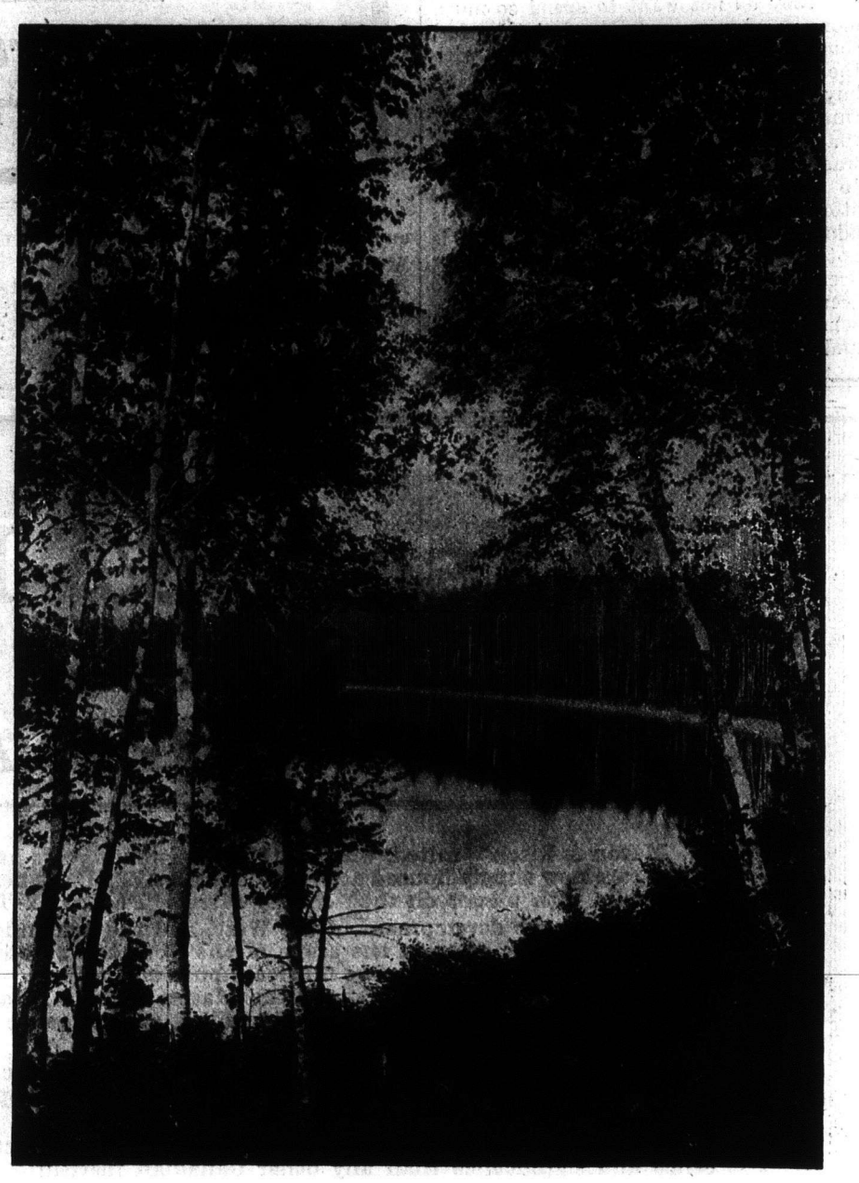
English and Scotch people, especially, who have inherited that fine quality of gentility—the product of an ancestry of noble manhood and refined womanhood—are disgusted with the coarse artificial manners of the "get rich quick" man or woman, who thinks that money makes character. A story of Pavlova, the Russian dancer, illustrates how she got even with a snobbish multi-millionaire's wife in New York. This woman called on Pavlova and asked her if she would dance at a dinner at her house on Riverside Drive. Pavlova said she would—for $1,500.

"But isn't that rather high?" said the lady.

"No, madam," said Pavlova, "I could not think of dancing for you for less."

"Come," said the other, "make it $1,200. Do!"

"No, said Pavlova, firmly. "No, my price is $1,500."



Calm as the Proverbial Mill-pond

"Very well, then, so be it."

The lady with a resigned air rose and drew her sables about her. But at the door she turned and said:

"Of course, you know, I shan't expect you to mingle with my guests."

"Oh, in that case," said Pavlova with a smile, "I shall gladly grant you the $300."

* * * * *

THE STRANGE GIRL AND THE CHURCH.

"I don't take no lady roomers," and she slammed the door in my face before I had time to answer. I turned to the white card in the corner of the window and looked daggers at the big letters that lied, for they said in ugly blackness—"Rooms to Rent."

Is it not the duty of women who manage rooming houses to extend to the girl in the city the right hand of fellowship instead of barring her out Why not have on the white card in front of the lace curtain on the window these words—"Good roomers wanted whether men or women?"

Of course, I really did not want a room. I merely wanted to know the experience of a young woman who hunts for a comfortable room.

The next house had a similar advertisement tacked on a post of the front verandah, so I walked bravely up to the front door. This time the landlady actually let me in. Every room, save a tiny affair in the attic, was rented.

"Where shall I entertain my young man friend?" I asked, stooping to warm my hands over the register that sent up refreshing breezes from the North Pole.

"I don't object to my girl roomers entertaining their company in their bedrooms," she exclaimed, evidently feeling that she was more generous than the ordinary landlady.

"That is strictly against my morals," I replied, and I left the place to search for another room. At the next place a woman with a face as hard as a rock came to the door.

"Pardon me," I apologized, "I believe I have came to the wrong house."

There were places where the landladies were motherly and kind, but they were in the minority. I was glad to go back to my house and feel that I was not forced to hunt for a room. How much better for the girl as an individual, and for society in general, if she could really enjoy social times in her temporary home, as girls do in a big boarding house. Since the majority of landladies want men roomers only, it is a pity that we cannot have big boarding houses or hotels for wage-earning girls. Young women do not want charity; they are willing to pay for their board and room; and there is a crying need for good boarding houses for women.

Churches are beginning to add the wage-earning girl to their work; and we hope the time is not far distant when every church will have a cozy room open all the time to young women. Business men, glad of the opportunity to secure the right kind of employees, are in every city church congregation. An employment committee in the church would solve many of the problems which involve the comfort, happiness and success of our young girls and women. Why should not club rooms in churches with their cheerful grates,

What We Do Is Thoroughly Done

Send us your Suit or Overcoat, and you will be satisfied our Chemical Dry Process is the perfection of cleaning.

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Dye House
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Phones: Main 1930-1931-7372

Offices: 279 Smith Street and 569 Ellice Avenue.

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FREE HELP TO CURE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Woman Tells the Secret of Her Complete Cure So That It Never Returned

"From deep despair to joyful satisfaction" was the change in my feelings when I found an easy method to cure a distressingly bad growth of Superfluous Hair, after many failures and repeated disappointments.

A full and complete description of how I cured the hair so that it has never returned, will be sent (absolutely free and without obligation) to any other sufferer who will send her name and address (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and a 2-cent stamp for reply, addressed to Elinor Chapelle, Sec'y, 994 W. B. Delta Street, Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Society Leader of Scranton, Pa., who tells Free how She was Cured of Her Hair Blemish so that it Never Returned.

R. U. suffering from any of the ills peculiar to Women? If so we want you to know of

OAK BALM

which is a true Specific for all such diseases. A trial package will be mailed FREE to any lady sending us her address.

THE HAGER MEDICAL CO.,
HAGERSVILLE, Ontario, Canada.

BLACK'S NEW YEAR'S JEWELRY CATALOGUE IS NOW READY

Drop us a postal card and get a copy of our new Illustrated Catalogue of the newest things in

JEWELRY and WTACHES.

It will pay you to look this Catalogue over carefully before making your purchases.

D. E. Black
Mfg. Jeweller and Optician
116a 8th Ave. East, Calgary, Alta.

pictures, books, pianos, sewing machines and writing material be made attractive centres where wage-earning girls away from home can gather and move in a safe environment? It means so much to a lonely, homesick girl to know she need not sit in her small room alone at night with a lump in her throat.

Physical comfort and good cheer impress young women and the Christian women in our churches have a great opportunity in the building of our nation by extending a helping hand to the girls and young women who have come from over the seas and from rural homes. As the young woman is protected and encouraged, so will our race be strengthened. I mention this because young women ask me strange questions about Christian women — questions I cannot answer. "Even the heathen in Africa does not have a wintry climate and cheerless boarding house room to contend with. He would be harder than ever to convert if he did."

* * * * *

THE COUNTY GIRL IN THE CITY.

Too little is done to help the girl from the country after she arrives in the city. The girl from the rural community is a brave girl and is worth our admiration and respect. With her fine, early training she is able to earn her living, and therefore does not come under the wing of charity. With her splendid moral character, she does not appeal to the homes of the friendless; with her great amount of health and ambition, she will make a success of almost any position she tries. Her whole personality breathes—"I will—only give me a chance."

Since many girls are driven from the country to the city, employers might give them a hearing. The great barrier that she finds in her way is "inexperience." Now, while she may not have had the experience of a particular kind of work, her environment has trained her to be adaptable and practical, and she will soon be more efficient than the girl with experience. In making her application she may be a bit timid and she may not wear a flimsy V-necked blouse and an elaborate coiffure, but she will make good use of her time and opportunities. While the painted petted freak of a run-a-way fashion plate is eating lobster salad at a midnight restaurant dinner, the girl from the country remains in her room saving her strength and her mental moral muscle for her employer's business.

Let the woman who happens to meet a country girl lend her a hand in securing a position by introducing her to an employer; she knows this is a very great aid to the girl—it gives her confidence.

The country girl comes to the city to make a success of her life, and it is our duty to encourage her when she comes, for she is deserving. If she is helped until she can walk alone she will surprise us by her capabilities. Since she has come to try her fortunes, give her a chance.

* * * * *

DETERMINATION.

There is no power in the universe that can help a girl do a thing when she thinks she cannot do it. Some girls invest time, others squander it, while others kill time. I talk with girls who accomplish a wonderful amount of work and people call them unusually clever, but they are no brighter than others—they have learned the value of time and every hour, every minute, every second means something. One woman says to another: "How do you accomplish so much? I am busy, but I never have time to help in outside work." The second woman has not learned the lesson of time economy. If a big piece of work confronts one let her face the situation for a few minutes and grasp comprehensively an outline of the work and then go at it systematically. Some women find ahead of them a raging sea of work and then they launch out in a boat, leaky with fretfulness and discouragement, and they are wrecked by the first wave they encounter. They have a system so full of complaint and discontent that their food curdles in their stomach, and they go through life failing in every attempt they make.

First be a girl of conviction, then back it up by study, concentration and purpose. Men laugh at women because we want something and we cannot upon examination explain why we want it. For example, we want a certain law changed. Then when they ask us to explain fully the faults in the present law and the advantages of a change, we cannot explain clearly because we are not familiar with the existing law. When we want a reform of any kind we need to be thoroughly educated on the subject so we can back up our requests by convincing arguments and clear logical statements.

Women need to cultivate the power of concentration. We are ridiculed because we change our minds often. When the great actress Maude Adams makes up her mind it is after study and thought. One of her helpers said: "She does not change her mind overnight. There is no waiting to see whether Miss Adams will think of something better to-morrow or next day. What we get from her in the way of ideas and suggestions is the finished product, the result, not of chance, but of thought and work, carrying forward steadily, unerringly, that which is sincere, fitting, true, and beautiful. Miss Adams has capitalized imagination by work such as not one woman in ten thousand could stand up under."

* * * * *

THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

An appeal came through this page to me last week from a lonely girl in this city—a girl engaged in domestic service. Now, the problem of the domestic is one I am studying from the girl's point of view as well as from that of the mistress. This necessitates my going about to visit the domestic at her place of work and in her room.

There are times when the maid is accused of "picking her company off the street," to use the words of a certain mistress. As a matter of fact, I doubt if it is any worse for a domestic to "pick her company off the street," since she has no other place to find company, than it is for the daughter of the house to accept the attentions of a strange young man at a moving picture show and allow him to take her home; when one considers that the daughter of the house has every opportunity to find company among her friends in good

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Is the one time reckoner that can be relied on as an accurate "Time Economist." Any watch sold by HENRY BIRKS & SONS carries the broadest guarantee for any latitude or temperature. They are also

THE BEST FINISHED WATCHES

that human skill and perfect machinery can produce, and their value never depreciates with time, if they are subjected to nothing worse than ordinary usage.

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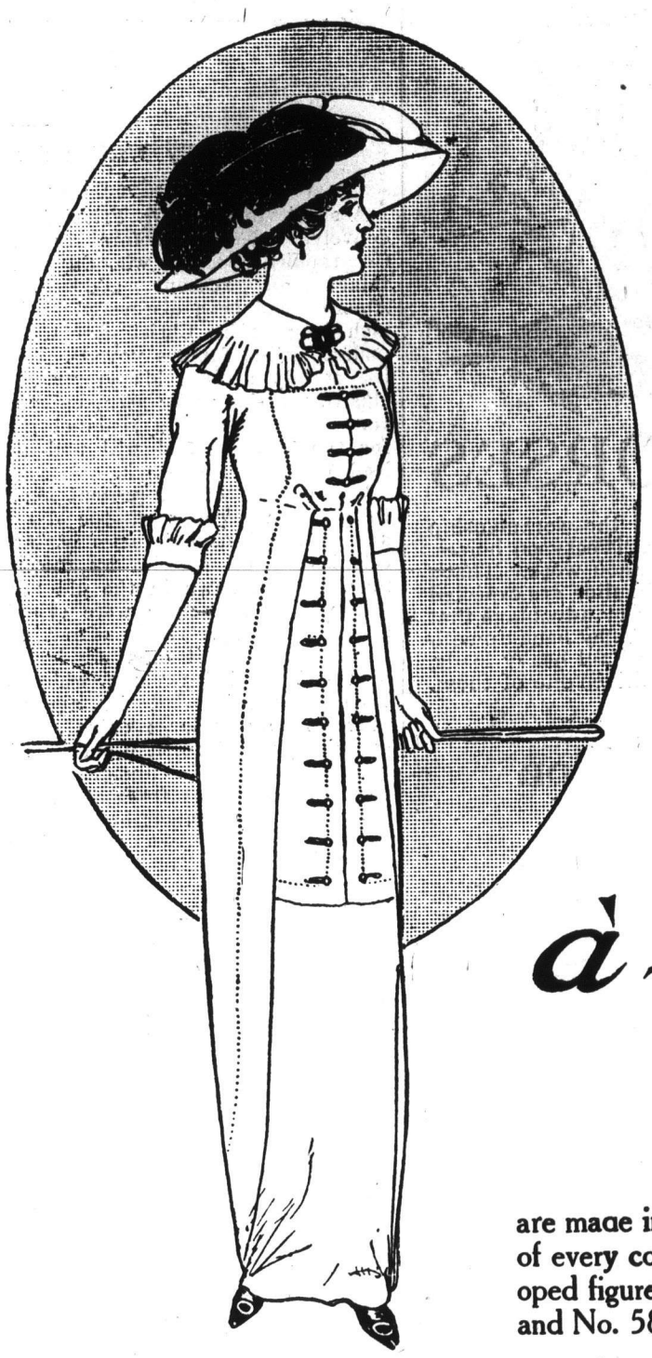
OUR VALUES CANNOT BE SURPASSED IN ANY MARKET

HENRY BIRKS and SONS Limited

WINNIPEG.



TO have two or three corsets in constant use is really an economy. The newest one should be reserved for dress occasions. A second one may be chosen especially to wear with tailored suits. The third and oldest one gives perfect freedom and comfort while attending to household duties.

C/C

à la Grâce

CORSETS

are made in a variety of models to meet the requirements of every costume and every figure. For the well-developed figure we recommend Models No. 687, No. 467, and No. 589.

Sold by the best stores everywhere in Canada. Write for book of new styles to Crompton Corset Company, Toronto.

homes. In this case, however, the domestic did not find me on the street. I have learned that there are women who take advantage of the strange girl and they do not live in a questionable part of the city either. For example, I know of a case where a girl was a bit timid and was afraid to venture about in a strange city. Her mistress kept her busy all of the time, so she had no opportunity to make friends or to look about for a new position. The mistress managed to take the advertisement pages from the newspapers so the girl could not have a chance to read of other positions. I shivered in her cold attic room as she described to me her life in that home. It was like imprisonment. I have yet to find a case where the man of the home is not kind. Some girls tell me that the only civil words spoken to them come from the man at the head of the home.

There are other cases where a girl's wages are held back; but as soon as the mistress finds that the girl has some one looking after her interests, the wages are paid without a murmur. I know of another woman who took advantage of a girl sent by an employment agency. The agency would not send a girl out for wages less than fifteen dollars a month. When the girl reached her place the mistress told her she would pay only twelve dollars a month, and the girl, being a stranger, did not know that she should report the matter to the agency. If there ever were two sides to a question I know there are to this one, but the mistress will have friends to sympathize with her difficulties as long as she has money and position, while the girl is kicked out and has no one to sympathize with her, therefore I sympathize with the girl in most cases.

When I urge women to see that their domestic girls have some social life, they exclaim: "Why, you surely do not mean for us to associate with them!" I am not asking that, though I do know maids who are better educated and more refined than their mistress. It is the duty of the mistress to see that her maid has a little social life in a safe environment. For example, I know a woman who took her two maids to a social in a young woman's club room. She introduced them to the leader of the club and said she wanted them to meet some of the girls and have a pleasant evening. If more women would do likewise there would be no domestic problem. There are splendid homes in this city where the maid is treated kindly and where the mistress takes a personal interest in her maid. I know women who keep their maids for years. To be kind is really a matter of economy, because a girl is willing to work for a few dollars less if she is in a good home where her mistress is considerate, and she takes an interest in the work. A woman will not sacrifice her dignity any if she says "Good morning" to the maid. There is a saying that some women "treat their maid like a dog." If the saying were only true, many lonely, heavy-hearted domestics would be happy! for the dog is allowed a walk every day in the fresh air, is taken out for automobile rides, and is the recipient of kind words, sympathy, and even kisses.

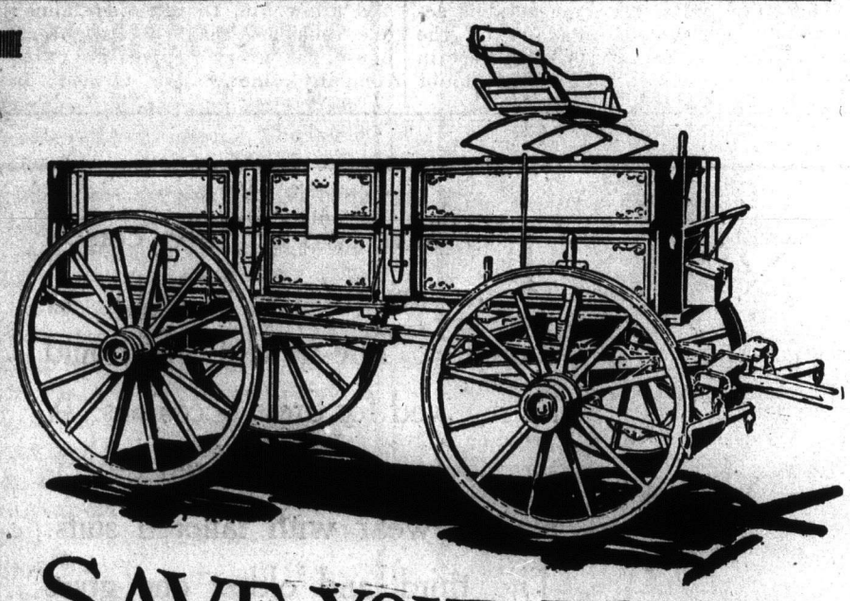
PERFECT PRINTS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK PP BRAND

WOMEN OF TASTE CHOOSE P.P. PRINTS

P. P. Prints come in the dainty distinctive designs and patterns that appeal to the heart of every woman. The cloth is of the finest weave and the colors are fast. Ask your dealer to show you the New Spring designs, or write us direct if he can't supply you.

R. J. WHITLA & CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG.



SAVE YOUR HORSES

WHEN a wagon is designed for light draft, and the workmanship carries out that design, you have a wagon that is easy on horses. You need not be afraid to make your I H C wagon work. That's what it's built for. Loads and roads that make hard hauling are expected conditions for I H C wagons. I H C wagons have every advantage that first grade material and skilled labor can give them. They back up with actual results every claim we make for them. They haul heavy loads, with least strain on horses. Ask any farmer who has driven one of them. I H C wagons:

Old Dominion Hamilton
Chatham Petrolia

will do all the work you would ask of any wagon.

I H C wheels—the foundation of wagon service—are built from selected, air-dried wood. Hubs, spokes, felloes and rims are designed for strength and service, and the workmanship on them carries out the plans of the designer. Hubs are accurately bored and mortised. Boxes are forced to position in the hubs by hydraulic pressure. Therefore they fit accurately, and, the skeins and skein boxes being paired, easy running is assured. The wheel has the proper dish to make it as strong as possible.

The care and thought given to wheel construction and tire setting is evidence of equal thoroughness in the building of all parts of I H C wagons. Let the I H C local agent show you the extra value of other strong I H C points of construction. You can get literature and full information from him, or by writing the nearest branch house.

WESTERN BRANCH HOUSES

International Harvester Company of America
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I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U. S. A

Hope.

By M. Ernest Graham, Winnipeg.

Sweet Hope, Daughter of God. Life without thee
Is a wild tempestuous sea.
No more for me shall rise to-morrow's dawn
If, Sun of Life, Thou art withdrawn.
No more for me shall bloom Earth's sun-kissed flow'rs,
Remain no more Life's joyous hours.
Hope lost, Life is a Riddle of the Sphinx,
Unwelcomed, undesired, methinks.
Anchorless, rudderless, all despairing,
Aimless I drift. Where? Uncaring.
Life is no garden but a wilderness,
Nor gladness, only bitterness.
On thy Soul's throne, O hopeless wanderer,
Crown Hope, embrace and worship Her.

The Discovery of America by the Norsemen.

Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly.

A short time ago Dr. Frithiof Nansen delivered a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society wherein he maintained for reasons adduced, that America had been discovered by Norsemen long before Christopher Columbus undertook his famous voyage. Whether the society accepts his proofs as conclusive remains to be seen, but the lecture has generated a renewed interest for the question and will undoubtedly lead to further research.

The purport of the present sketch is to give an account of the discovery, and the subsequent attempt at the colonization of America by the Norsemen, as laid down in the old "sagas."

The early Norsemen were essentially seamen, daring, reckless and adventurous. The soil of their home-land held out no inducements which could keep them interested in agricultural pursuits to any large extent, but the sea always held forth promises of rich merchantmen to be plundered or battles with notorious freebooters wherein glory and booty might be gained. Thus the aim of an ambitious man was to enlist as a follower of some noted sea-chieftain, and after gathering renown and riches, to obtain and command a ship himself. Those who were exceptionally valiant and possessed sufficient riches to fit out a ship served no apprenticeship; the sagas record no failures, even among the inexperienced to obtain a satisfactory number of followers.

Their activities were by no means confined to the coast of Scandinavia or Denmark; far from it. Rolf the Red, one of the fiercest of these freebooters wrenched Normandy from the French king. In the ninth century the Vikings, as these freebooters were called, began to ravage the coast of England, while some of the more adventurous spirits passed through the straits of Gibraltar and travelled eastward even to Constantinople. Neither the gales, which sweep the North Sea, nor the hardships experienced in being driven before the tempest for days together out of their course, could curb the seafaring spirit of these people. The ancient saga writer, in detailing such occurences, speaks of them in but a matter-of-fact way; they were common events, and, to his mind, enduring the attendant trials, displayed no particular heroism. In view of these statements, should we consider as wholly untrustworthy the assertion of the sagas, that a ship while sailing from Norway to the west coast of Greenland was driven so far out of its course that the crew sighted America?

* * * * *

About the year 986, so the saga tells us, Eric the Red left Iceland to found a colony in Greenland. Of the twenty-five ships which set out on their expedition, only fourteen reached their destination; the others were either lost or driven back. The colonists landed on the west coast, near the southern extremity, and there made their abode.

Eric had two sons — Thorsteinn and Leif—both very promising young men. Thorsteinn stayed at home with his father, but Leif took to travelling.

In the year 999 Leif sailed to Norway and passed the following winter at the court of King Olaf. In the spring he prepared to return to Greenland, at the King's express desire a priest was to accompany him and the two were to co-operate in christianizing the colonists. On this voyage they met with severe tempests, were long tossed about, and finally driven to a shore entirely strange to them. To quote from the saga: "There were fields of wheat self-sown and vines. There were trees called "Mosur" (Maples), and they took specimens of all these; some of the trees were so large that they could be used in building houses." On the return voyage Lief picked up a number of men who were drifting about on a raft. These passed the winter with him at his home in Greenland.

In view of his success in converting the colonists, also, in view of the discovery he had made, and of his kindness to the shipwrecked men, he was hereafter called Leif the Lucky.

Leif gave a vivid account of Vinland (Vineland), as he called the country he had discovered, to the people of Greenland. Especially was his narrative in-

teresting to Eric, who at once was anxious to sail away and explore the new land. In the spring of 1001 Thorsteinn—Leif's brother—accompanied by Eric and some twenty others, set sail with the purpose of learning something more definite regarding Vinland. The project failed. After being tossed about on the high sea during the summer and experiencing the most unfavorable weather, they returned in the fall.

Thus the saga records the discovery of America by Leif the Lucky and the first subsequent attempt of the colonists to gain its shores. Authorities were for a long time at variance as to the probable location of Vinland; but the records of early American explorers, together with the description of Vinland given by the saga, point to the south coast of Nova Scotia as the scene of Leif's landing, and this is now generally accepted.

In the autumn of the year, 1002, two ships, commanded by Thorfinn Karlefni and Bjarni Grimolfsson, came to Greenland from Iceland. The ships' crews were the guests of Eric the Red through the winter. Karlsefni was deeply interested in the accounts he heard of Vinland, and the following spring found him prepared to launch upon an expedition thither. The project of founding a colony in that country appeared most feasible to him and others. Its climate was evidently mild, its products promised abundant food-supply, and these were particularly captivating inducements to people accustomed to the rigour of a northern climate.

When all was ready, three ships, carrying one hundred and forty would-be colonists, their household effects and some domestic animals, set sail from Greenland. They followed a south-westerly course and saw land ahead in a comparatively short time. When they landed they found that this place did not fulfil their expectations. Instead of verdant fields, they found vast slate-covered areas infested by poplar foxes. The y called this land "Helluland" (Land of Slate). After some further sailing, they again found land "covered with vast forests." This place was also immediately abandoned. They, however, gave it a name and called it "Markland" (The Land of Forests). They proceeded, following a southerly course. The saga informs us that they came to an unbroken, sandy coast, "very long to sail by;" in fact, from its exceeding length they called it "Ferley" or Wanderstrand. Thereafter, the coast became more indented, and finally they came to a large bay into which they sailed and on whose shore they landed. Here they made their abode. Yet their sojourn here was to be but temporary, for they were satisfied that this was not the land whereof Leif had spoken, though resemblance in many ways was strong. The spot was suitable for winter quarters, and in the spring they determined to renew the quest.

The winter happened to be exceedingly severe. The food-supply ran low and towards spring the colony was suffering keenly from famine. Directly the weather changed, however, fish and game became plentiful.

Now, some members of the party expressed their belief that Vinland lay to the north, and that the wisest plan to follow would be to turn back and seek to the northward. Karlsefni opposed this plan and was determined to continue the southerly course, for, to his mind, the land became more promising the farther south they went, and he considered it but natural then that Vinland should lie to the south and not to the north.

Accordingly, the colonists broke up into two parties; Karlsefni and his followers sailing southward, the others turning back.

Karlsefni followed the coast until he at length came to the mouth of a river. Here the party landed, and after viewing the surrounding country came to the conclusion that this must be Vinland. "Where the land was low, they found fields of self-sown wheat, but the hillsides were overrun by vines. Animals of various kinds were found in the forest." They called their landing place "Hopi," and made their abode at the mouth of the river.

Very early one morning Karlsefni and another of the colonists saw to their astonishment that nine boats, "the like of which they never saw before," were approaching. "The men in these strange boats were small and fierce-looking, their hair coarse and unkempt, they had big eyes and broad cheeks." The description given of the men and boats, in the saga, answers practically in every detail to Eskimos and their peculiar boats, the "Kayaks." The strangers landed, stayed for a while, "wondering at the things they saw and then departed." No Eskimos were seen during the following winter, but one morning in the following spring, a host of Kayaks landed at the mouth of the river. The Eskimos brought a large quantity of fur which they desired to exchange for weapons. The colonists refused to part with these, but offered the Eskimos colored cloth for their fur. This was readily accepted. "A strip of cloth a span wide was exchanged for a fur, but when the stock of cloth began to run low the width of each strip was reduced to a 'finger breadth.'" Now, the trading might have progressed most peaceably to the end, and Eskimos and colonists parted on the best of terms, if an incident had not intervened which, in itself, though comical, brought about the most serious results, owing evidently to the superstition of the Eskimos.

In 1920.

Father's in his airship,
  Gone to spend the day,
Looking after loans and bonds
  In Europe o'er the way.
Mother, who likes comfort,
  And does not care to roam,
Is shopping via wireless,
  In Paris, at her home.
Brother, who in deep seas,
  Has a coral grove,
Is going in his submarine
  Among the crops to rove.
Uncle in the navy,
  Who left his ship a span,
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes
  To join her in Japan.
Sister, who's a suffragette,
  Has worked reforms so rare
That even the ward meetings
  They open now with prayer;
And when, tired by their labors,
  She'd body rest and soul,
She goes to spend for pleasure,
  A week-end at the Pole.
—Detroit Free Press.

Come Down!

Twinkle, twinkle, little veal,
Oft I wonder how you feel,
Perched above the world so high
No one has the nerve to buy.
—Baltimore Sun.

The Limit of Foolishness.

We do a great many foolish things from day to day, but keeping the temperature of a living room up to 80 and above for the sake of a rubber plant, strikes us as about the most foolish of all.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"People count their chickens afore they are hatched becuz they like to enjoy what they think they're goin' to hev."—Boston Herald.

She Doesn't Care.

She doesn't care if people know
  How old she is.
She doesn't bid inquirers go
  About their biz.

We needn't ask her to confess
  Her age, I ween,
The same is very safe to guess
  At seventeen.
—Washington Herald.

Another Plan.

He (encouragingly)—"I'm sure of one thing, my angel—you and I will never quarrel as that couple are doing!"

She (with decision)—"Indeed, we shan't. If you ever speak to me as he did to her, I shall call the police!"

Athletic Uniforms

Our Baseball Uniforms

are made from materials imported by us direct from the leading English Mills For Fit, Fine Appearance and Durability they are unequalled. We make them in four different qualities and will mail sample book of materials and measurement blanks on request. We also carry a full line of FOOTBALL UNIFORMS at a great range of prices.

The Hingston Smith Arms Co. Ltd.

Athletic Outfitters, (Dept. M.) WINNIPEG

Big Ben

To sleep late's pleasant, now and then, Make it Sunday morn—says Big Ben

Big Ben is an alarm clock that's on the job every minute of the day. He *rings* on time, he *runs* on time, he *stays* on time.

He *weighs* three times as much as the average alarm clock, he *rings* three times as loud, he *lasts* three times as long.

He has a great big dial you can easily read in the *dim morning light*—a cheerful, deep toned voice that will wake you on your *sleepiest mornings*—large, strong winding keys that are a *pleasure to wind*—selective alarm calls that ring *just when you want* and either way you want, steadily for *five* minutes or intermittently for *ten*.

He's punctual, lasting, handsome and the best *insurance* against oversleep that's ever been heard of. His work doesn't end with the morning call, he's a good reliable time keeper for *all day* use and he's good looking enough for any surroundings.

5,000 Canadian dealers have already adopted him. His price is $3.00 anywhere.—A community of clockmakers stands back of him, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.*—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to them will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

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Temperance Talk.

The Victory.

Short is the triumph of evil,
Long is the reign of right,
The men who win by the aid of sin,
The trickster, the knave, the thief
May thrive for a time
On the fruits of crime.
But their seeming success is brief.

We know that the truth shall triumph,
That evil shall find its doom;
That the cause of right,
Though subdued by might,
Shall break from the strongest tomb;
That wrong, though it seems to triumph,
Lasts only for a day;
While the cause of truth
Has eternal youth,
And shall rule o'er the world for aye.

An Army Officer on the Canteen

A recent number of the Continent contains a very able and interesting article by Colonel L. Mervin Maus, the chief surgeon and chief medical inspector of the Central Division of the United States Army.

Colonel Maus, whose opportunities for forming an accurate opinion on this subject are unexcelled, declares emphatically, "I am opposed to the restoration of the beer feature to the canteen, because I am morally sure that it would improve neither the condition of the army nor the rank and file individually, which is composed principally of young men between the ages of 21 and 24 years.

"Fortunately we are living to-day in a progressive age, where the alert business man finds there is no room or place in this busy world for the tippler or bar-room habitue. It is a well-known fact that drinking men can find no employment in railways or in colleges, schools, banks, or among most leading business corporations. Even the so-called first-class bar-rooms will not employ drinking men. Our young soldiers should know this, and so be instructed rather than encouraged in forming drinking habits.

"Practically all of the crime committed in the army, directly or indirectly, can be traced to the effects of alcohol. Murders, robberies, desertions, court martial and dismissal of officers, prison and guardhouse sentences of enlisted men, fights, brawls, broken friendships, misery, wretchedness, and moral degeneracy should generally be ascribed to the use of intoxicants.

"As the chief medical officer of the Department of the Lakes and the Dakotas, I have learned during my recent inspections that our young soldiers are very temperate and moral, notwithstanding the fact that life is lonely and monotonous at many of the army posts. The amount of drinking to-day is about one-half of that which existed from 1885 to 1900, when the sale of beer was allowed in post canteens. I am satisfied, however, that it would be greatly increased were beer put back in the canteen.

"With the bar, the post exchange becomes a loafing and drinking place for the men. I feel certain that a large number of the young soldiers who do not drink to-day, would in self-defence have to treat their comrades and drink themselves, if they visited the exchanges at all, were beer sold there. The non-commissioned officers and older soldiers would induce many of these young men to drink, just the same as the old commissioned officers of the army did the recently joined lieutenant from West Point, thirty years ago. I remember quite well that the young officer who did not drink in those days was practically tabooed by the drinking crowd. Fortunately a wave of temperance has permeated the country since then and affected the habits of the army as well as men in civil life.

"It is with regret I have learned that the advocates of the beer canteen have appealed to the wives and daughters of army officers to sign petitions for the return of officers to the post exchange. If army women will recall the sad tragedies connected with hundreds of the families of officers and soldiers, past and present, resulting from the alcoholic curse, I am satisfied they will spurn such petitions with the contempt they deserve."

Whisky Drinking: A Magistrate's Warning.

"Above all, beware of common whisky sold in pub houses—it is poison, deliberate poison—it hardens the liver, rots the inside, and destroys the digestion. If people only realised what it was, they would never touch it!" This was the concluding passage of a temperance lecture read by Mr. Fordham in West London Police Court the other day to a twenty-year-old cinematograph operator who was charged with drunkenness. Other points from his address were: A young lad wants as much sleep as he can get. If you give way to drink, and listen to others who tempt you to drink, you will have nothing but misery and ruin in your life. Don't give way to people who ask you to have "one more" and "the last," and the rest of it. I have seen a lot of the world, and I have met all sorts of men, and I tell you that drink is the greatest enemy of mankind in my opinion. It is all very well for older people in moderation—I take it myself because I like it, and because I can take it in moderation—but young people ought not to take it at all.

Protecting the Public.

At the Mansion House, in London, England, on January 23rd, the Lord Mayor heard the case of a taxicab driver, who was charged with being drunk, and driving recklessly when on duty. The Lord Mayor imposed only a nominal fine, but spoke very strongly about the terrible danger of permitting a drunken man to operate a motor car, and despite the the culprit's pleading that his living would be taken away and his family would suffer, the Lord Mayor cancelled the driver's license, and prohibited him from having charge of a motor car until July 14th.

Smith's Glass.

Now, Mr. Smith, after a good deal of thought, decided to give up strong drink. He knew great temptation would be placed in his way. So he hit on a novel idea to quieten his friends from always asking him to come and have a drink with them. Now, one Mr. Jones, being

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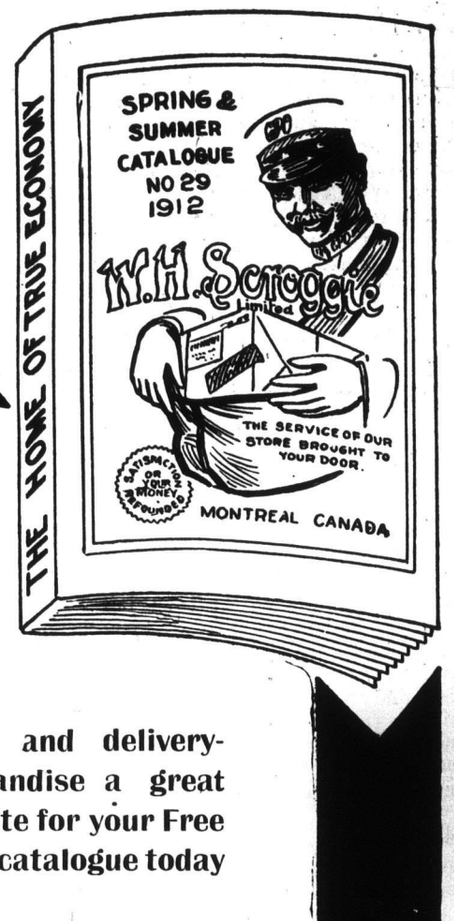

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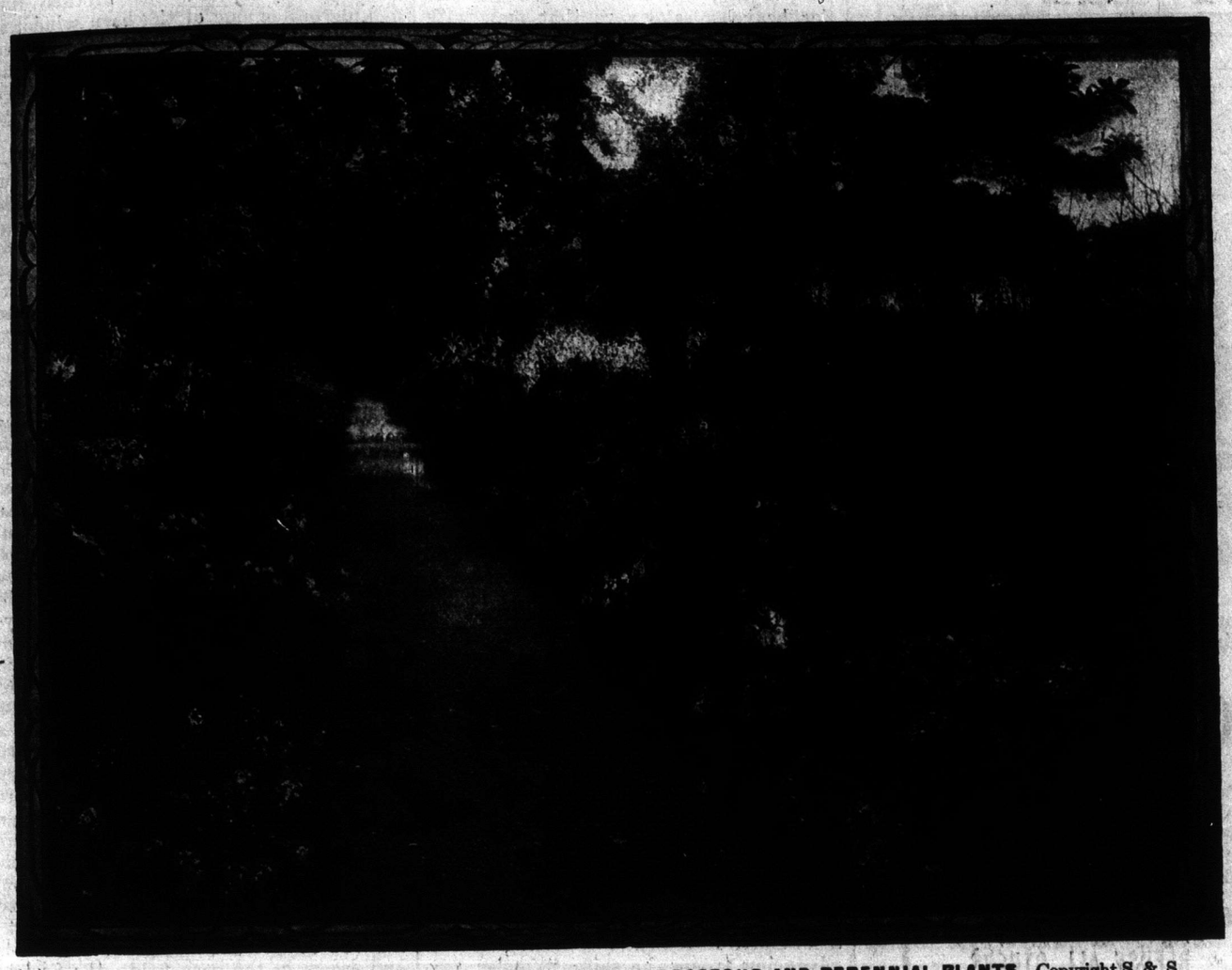

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one of his most intimate friends, was the worst of the lot. And he answered him on one occasion in rather angry tones, "I have my glass at home, and you would be a better man if you had yours at home also." Jones said, "You old hypocrite." On one occasion a little later, when Mr. Jones was dining at Smith's and thinking how happy they all seemed and no black looks from Mrs. Smith as on former occasions, said to Smith, "I haven't seen you have your glass." So Mr. Smith laughed loud and said, pointing to the barometer on the wall, "I have my glass at home." Jones replied, "Good, for the future I will have my glass at home also," and so he did.

About Fanatics.

Writing to the Newcastle Daily Journal, Dr. G. B. Hunter replies to a criticism of some importance concerning an address which he had delivered on temperance. He says:

"It may not, as I have said, be wrong to drink a glass of wine or beer; but it is for those who do so, and not for drunkards, that the 'devilish and destructive' drink trade with all its evil effects, is maintained. St. Paul said ,"All things are lawful for me, but not all things are expedient.' 'If meat maketh my brother to stumble, I will eat no flesh for evermore, that I make not my brother to stumble.' Our Lord and Master said, 'If any man would come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me.' A respected friend has written me strongly objecting to my having said I am not 'a fanatical teetotaler.' I think my friend may be somewhat deficient in his appreciation of humor and irony. It would not be far from the truth to say I have met with but few fanatical teetotalers and many fanatical moderate drinkers. But for those who are called fanatical teetotalers, but who are wrongly so called, the drink evil would be much greater than it is. I wish there were more of them!"

A Parable.

A man had two sons. Promising youths they were, and the father's heart rejoiced in them. The elder was an aggressive fighter of evil, and, early in his career of well doing, because of the startling crimes he had unearthed, he was stricken down by a "Black Hand." The father's heart was sore within him and he was instantly possessed with rage against the hand which had smitten his firstborn. With all haste, he strode forth to seek, by land or sea, the destroyer of his offspring, that he might wreak vengeance upon the murderer. After years of fruitless search, he returned to find that his only remaining son had fallen into reckless ways because of unwise companions, and was fast heading toward a drunkard's grave. The old man grieved that a son of his should prove a weakling, and when, as the result of alcoholism, the lad died, the father wept bitter tears because he was left childless in his old age. It never once occurred to him that his last born was not a weakling, but a victim of a blacker hand than that which had slain the elder brother. But against the alcohol, the arch-murderer, he raised no hand!

The Universal Remedy.

He used to take a drink of whiskey when he was feeling gay and frisky; and when his health was out of plumb he tried to heal himself with rum. In fiery days of mid-July he tried to cool himself with rye; when winter storms began to toot, he warmed himself with tanglefoot. When children came to cheer his home, from tankards tall he blew the foam, and when friends died he tried to drown his grief by pouring bug-juice down. Whate'er the crisis or event, it called for Spiritus Furment. And when this pickled guy was dead in that old town he painted red, his poor, sad, weary, heartsick frau must put a mortgage on the cow to buy a misfit box of pine in which the old man might recline. And while they laid the corpse away out in the churchyard, cold and gray, the men who kept the grog saloons with diamonds on them in festoons, were selling booze to other chumps, who took it for the doleful dumps, to keep them cool, to keep them warm, to shield them from the wintry storm, for any reason or excuse a foolish mortal can produce.—Walt Mason.

A Good Example.

When the Scotch curlers were in Montreal much surprise was expressed over the fact that all of them, except five, are total absainers. Now when they reached Toronto, it was said that they were all total abstainers except two.

Those two might as well get into line with the rest. What's the use of two of them holding out? They cannot hope to handle all the hospitality that will centre upon them, and they are sure to find it embarrassing to be pointed out at all the curling rinks as "the two who are not." They should get in line—unless, indeed, they have a cannie club arrangement by which they take turns at being the unregenerate two. But we would not like to suggest such a thing.

It is quite an advertisement for Scotland to send out a group of teetotal curlers. Some people here had supposed that there were not thirty teetotallers in all Scotland who could curl.

Drink in Africa.

A prominent citizen of South Africa made the assertion, the other day, before a London audience, that not less than one million blacks die each year from excessive rum drinking. This is almost unbelievable, but it is the candid belief of a man who is of international reputation and who is careful in his statements. He asserts that every steamer arriving on the western Africa coast is a floating rum supply house. The natives from far in the interior of the continent journey to the coast with the trade wealth of a year's saving, invest it in one wild debauch, such as a white man can hardly comprehend, then crawl into the bush to die. He asserts that all of the suffering of the Abrian slave marts at Zanzibar could not in a generation parallel the havoc wrought by the modern Afrjean trade in alcoholic beverages.

A professional humorist was having his boots blacked. "And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked the boy.

"No, sir," replied the bootblack; "my father is a farmer."

"Ah!" said the professional humorist, reaching for his note-book, "he believes in making hay while the son shines."

Mrs. Suburbs: "Do you still receive that dreadful Mrs. Comealwus at your At Homes?"

Mrs. Tiptop: "Impossible to get her to take a hint. Do you know, when she called I never offered her a chair."

Mrs. Suburbs: "And what was the result?"

Mrs. Tiptop: "Result? Why, the next time she came she brought a folding camp-stool with her."

He Could Not Resist.

A young Japanese, with the national love of cleanliness, came to London to study. As he was a stranger in the city he had to select his own lodgings. His first choice was not happy; the hall especially was very dirty. This the newcomer did not like, but decided to say nothing then.

One rainy day the maidservant put up this notice:

"Please wipe your feet.'

Seizing his opportunity the Japanese student wrote underneath:

"On going out."

He needs no stronger recommendation of her ability to make a happy home than the use in all her baking of

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This is the ONE Flour which contains the full nutriment of Canada's famous Red Fife Wheat. It is noted for its real food value, for nutrition and digestibility and for bone, muscle and blood building qualities. It is the secret to complete satisfaction in the kitchens of all particular people throughout Canada.

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Household Hints.

Some of the most modern and beautiful wall coverings are obtained by the use of dyed burlaps.

These burlaps are the outcome of a desire for an artistic decorative effect sought after by the refined; the ideal wall fabric that has demonstrated conclusively the artistic effect of an unpatterned wall surface, where texture and color are carefully and scientifically considered.

It is not too much to say that burlap has brought about a revolution in ideas concerning decoration with its many colors as fast to light as modern scientific dyeing can make them—all artsitic in themselves or in combination with each other. A parelled dado, living-room, hall, den, makes an exquisite decorative scheme.

The Warning of Food Experts Against the use of Alum Powders.

There are many housewives that unthinkingly use alum baking-powders in making biscuits, cake and pastry, when it would only take a little precaution to avoid doing so.

Baking-powders containing alum cause indigestion and nerve disorders. English food experts condemn alum as an injurious adulterant unfit for a baking-powder ingredient. If you are not careful you may be buying alum in your baking-powder and putting it in food. The way to be sure is to read the label on the baking-powder, and if the ingredients are not plainly printed on it, refuse to accept it.

Anecdotes.

The gravest animal is the ass, the gravest bird the owl, and the gravest fish the oyster. It is only fools who are always serious. Gravity is often the very essence of imposture. Gravity of demeanor is no test of mental capacity. There are people who think they are pious, when they are bilious. Most of you can call to mind persons who never make an attempt at mirth. I have seen some as invincible as the old lady at Concord: "Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked a visitor, as he took tea with the old lady. "Electricity?" said she. "Well, yes, I reckon I has, I was struck by lightning last summer, and hove out of the window, but it didn't seem to do me no sort of good."

The principle of mirth is not a deep one, but it is as innate in the mind as any other original faculty we possess. More sayings and incidents provocative of true mirth can be found nowhere than in our northern states on all subjects. We are apt to find only what we look for and thus peculiar wit often has to be explained to people in good set terms. I once heard a man inquired of in a shop as to the health of his wife. "Oh, well," said he, "she's pretty poorly; she don't seem to get no better at all. She's been sick about seven years, now, and the doctors don't appear to know what to make of it; but she kind o' hangs along, and it's a great trial. I declare, I do wish she'd get well, or —something." But the other party gravely acquiesced, and neither of them saw anything funny in it.

Frequently the speaker has no adequate conception of the force of his own remarks. "I'm kept so busy with this big estate my brother left me," said a sharp Yankee lawyer, "I declare sometimes I almost wish John hadn't died." I remember having read, in a letter from a tourist in our northwestern states, a description of the difficulty of shooting the rapids of one of our northern rivers and the slow process of poling up stream again. Two of the settlers undertook to dispense with the usual boatmen; the boat was upset, and the two adventurers were swept rapidly down the river. A tall, gaunt shopkeeper ran down the pier, crying, "Save the red headed one! For heaven's sake save that man with the red head!" This started the people to work, and they saved him. The tall gaunt man waited to see that life was not extinct, and then turned away with the remark, "I wouldn't have had that man drowned for considerable. He owes me sixteen dollars." "Well, there's something in that," said one of the by-standers. "I expect a man don't know how valuable he is in this world till he owes somebody some money. Then folks want to know where he's goin'." A stage driver in the White Mountains, when asked what he thought of the Notch, replied: "Well, I was born around here, you know, and I don't mind it so much. But if I should go down to New York I reckon likely I'd gawk around considerably myself." Violent contrasts are common to both wit and humor. None of the more acute writers on mirth vary much from this idea. The most exhaustive definition has been given by Dr. Barrows: "Sometimes the wit of a thing lieth in the past allusion to a known story; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expressions; sometimes couched in a bold form of speech or in acute nonsense; sometimes in an affected simplicity; sometimes from a crafty resting, but oftener from—one hardly knows what." But we may get a more distinct idea from the remark of Hazlitt: "Man is the only animal in the world who laughs, because he is the only one who can see things as they are and things as he knows they ought to be." During the existence of the Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island, the leader of the insurgents drew up his men on the summit of a hill near Providence. Pointing to the advancing troops, he said: "Yonder, my men, come the enemy; the aristicrats who would rob you of your suffrages. Fight 'em to the last gasp, and, if you have to retreat, do it with your face to the foe, selling your life dearly at every step you take; and (as the troops came nearer) as I'm a little lame I guess I'll start now."

When the charming Sidney Smith complained to a Yorkshire lady that it was so hot he wished he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones, we detect the same principle. A small boy was hoeing corn in a sterile field by the roadside when a passer-by stopped and said: "'Pears to me your corn is rather small." "Certainly," said the boy, "it's dwarf corn." "But it looks yellow." "Certainly," replied the boy," we planted the yaler kind." "But it looks as if you wouldn't get more than half a crop." "Of course not," said the boy, "we planted her on shares." In a Cape Cod village some years ago, lived a very argumentative schoolmaster. One day he opened an attack upon a traveling salesman, an Englishman, telling him our folks could "lick" his folks easy. "Ah, yes," said the Englishman, "but how was it at the battle of Long Island—Brooklyn Heights—how was it there?" "Oh, yes, I remember that, now you speak of it," replied the schoolmaster. "That wasn't of no account. Somehow, our folks didn't appear to take no sort of interest in that scrimmage!" A boy who was too lazy to work on a farm was asked by his father what kind of business he would like to go into. The boy said he would like to go into a counting room in Boston, for he thought it would take a long time to find him a place, and, meantime, he could remain idle. So they sent for the schoolmaster to see what the boy knew about arithmetic. "Tell me," said the schoolmaster, "how much 9½ pounds of beef would cost at 9¼ cents a pound." "That's a hard one to do," said the boy, "with two halves in it. Couldn't you make one of 'em ten?" "Very well," said the schoolmaster, "then tell us what 10 pounds of beef would cost at 7½ cents a pound?" The boy was in a quandary. He had no idea of the multiplication table, but he was a Yankee boy, and he got out of the scrape. "Seven cents and a half a pound," said he; "pshaw! that's nonsense. You can't buy no sort of beef for 7½ cents a pound." Another Yankee boy invented a flying machine, but kept everything secret, and sprang from the eaves of his father's barn and nearly broke his neck. Looking up, he saw his brother Bill looking out of one of the barn windows, and Bill asked him: "How do you like flyin,' Tom?" He had his wits about him, and instantly replied: "Oh, flying's well enough; there ain't no trouble about flyin'; lightin' 's the pint."

An old man in a Massachusetts town, an old farmer from the north parish, entered the village bar room one evening. "Oh," said he, "you'd orter ben over to our place this mornin.' Pettengill's new barn was burnt down flatter'n Jerusalem." He was asked by half a dozen voices how it happened. "Well, you see," said he, "Pettengill was away, and Zeke, the Irishman, he went out to shoot one of them brown owls that comes around in the daytime. The wadding set fire to the hay, and the whole thing's burnt up, and no insurance on it. Pettengill's most crazy about it." (Silence in the bar room for several minutes, perhaps out of sympathy for Pettengill.) Then an old fellow inquired, with some eagerness: "Well, did he kill the owl?" There is very little sentiment in the mind of the true Yankee countryman. His utterances are something stolid to a ludicrous degree. A father said to an old acquaintance who came to condole with him on the unmanageableness of his two sons who had committed a burglary in the next town, and had both been sentenced to prison: "It is pretty rough on me to have them both go to onct, but there is one thing to it—when it comes night now you know where them boys be." During the voyage home of several New England farmers from the Paris exposition, a Scotchman used to air his knowledge every day. Talking one day of the ravage of blackbirds and crows in the corn fields, the Scotchman asked why they didn't dress a bale of straw up like a man to frighten them away. "Well," said one of the farmers, "that is ingenious, but it's nothing compared with the article I've been over to Paris to get patents on. Did you ever hear of Gen. Leonidas Brownlow's double-back-action, and anti-friction, rear-propeller crow scarer?" "Goodness, no," the Scotchman replied, "I have never heard of it. What is it?" "Why," said the farmer, "it's such an efficient machine that when the blackbirds and crows see it work they not only get away quick, but it scares them so that they hurry to bring back what they've stolen before."

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—or hard of hearing—will be able to hear perfectly when they use the ACOUSTICON.

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The Home Doctor.

Value of Deep Breathing.

By Guy H. Henry.

People in general do not know the value of deep breathing. It is a cure for many little ailments and many times will keep anyone from a serious sick spell.

In the first place there are many who do not know the cause of their ailment. Drugs are taken to kill the pains and harsh salts for a laxative. Constipation is caused by weak abdominal muscles; they can be strengthened by abdominal breathing. Drugs add more poison to the blood.

By breathing to the bottom of the lungs we purify the blood, and stops the pain or whatever is the trouble. It also improves the digestion strengthening to the stomach and bowels. Deep breathing also relieves constipation and similar ailments.

Energetic men and women who are successful are deep breathers. Deep breathing enables them to do more work and with less energy and strain on the nerves.

Nervous people and people who have no confidence in themselves are not deep breathers. By breathing the full capacity of the lungs we get confidence and determination as well as poise which will help us to succeed.

Ex-President Roosevelt is an advocator of deep breathing. He is interested in outdoor and country life. He takes his morning exercises in the open air, rain or shine. He often walks and sometimes rides.

By breathing deep we are almost immune from colds and catarrh. Any one who has catarrh can be cured almost entirely. Try deep breathing in the open air several times a day, you soon will be immune from colds no matter how you expose yourself. It will soon become natural and you will use all the lungs all the time.

Deep breathing will do much for sickly people if they will try and keep at it. I value it for my immunity from colds, for I was seldom without a cold and always had catarrh. Any one can be improved if they try.

The writer of this article had catarrh and indigestion. But now eats anything he wishes.

Let the Children Play.

By Abram Goldberg.

The writer's attention has often been called to the fact that many persons fail to appreciate the true significance of play. In his capacity as physical director of a playground in the metropolis of New York City he has had many opportunities of observing the attitude of adults towards the gambols of the youngsters. Play is actually prohibited by some parents, tolerated by others, and appreciated and encouraged by but few.

Nature endowed the child with the play instinct for a definite purpose. It is a means to an end.

"Childhood is a formative period and play is the formative mechanism."

To restrict the child in his play activity is to thwart nature—is to interfere with his normal growth and development.

"The thing that most needs to be understod about play is that it is not a luxury, but a necessity. It is not simply something that a child likes to have; it is something he must have if he is ever to grow up. It is more than an esesntial part of his education; it is an essential part of the law of his growth; of the process by which he becomes a man at all."

Play is of great value physically, as it encourages growth and development, helps to maintain the body in a normal, healthy state, and produces grace, agility and suppleness.

Mentally, it d uch towards developing the power of quick and accurate thinking. Morally, it may be used as a very efficacious instrument. By proper supervision and guidance, the child is encouraged to form desirable habits while at play. Honesty, obedience, courtesy and a respect for other's rights are inculcated; selfishness and egotism are discouraged, and he is given a conception of the value of co-operation and the glory of self-immolation.

It is positively ridiculous for parents to fret and scold because their boy or girl comes home with disheveled hair, dirty face and hands, and perhaps with soiled or ripped clothes. What would you have? Do you want your child to be an immaculately-attired mummy?

Give your "kid" freedom. Let him act as nature had intended him to act. Dress him comfortably in clothes of endurable and easily washable material, and let him go forth and enjoy to satiety the bliss of child-life.

The Nursing Mother.

Where there is acidity in the mother's milk, all foods which will aggravate the disturbance must be avoided. Green vegetables, particularly cabbage, cauliflower, onions, turnips, beans, tomatoes and corn must be avoided during the early months. Grapes, pears, apples, strawberries, uncooked figs, can be taken by but few mothers without distress to the child. Raw salads, sour fruits, pork, shellfish, tinned foods, pastry, new bread, rich cakes and all highly seasoned foods must be excluded. Alcohol in any form whatever is strictly barred. Some mothers have been taught that beer is beneficial, but this is not true. Alcoholic stimulants do not improve either quality or quantity of milk, but pass through the child distressing him, and also offer opportunity to a habit. Tea and coffee can only be taken in moderation. Meat, particularly rare meat should be eaten but once a day. Cereals, thick soups of lentils or dried peas, whole-wheat bread, poultry, fish, eggs, porridges, custards, simple puddings, oatmeal, should form the principal diet.

If the milk is poor or thin in quality, more rare meat should be eaten, more thick nutritious soups taken with plenty of whole wheat breads. A tonic of cod liver oil preparation with maltine is also excellent, or some good emulsion. Butter and cream should also be eaten in quantities. Plenty of cocoa and milk should be taken.

Feeding at Sixteen Months.

The child at sixteen months should have four meals daily, with a bottle or cup of milk at 10 p.m. if wakeful.

The breakfast should consist (at 7 a.m.) of a cup of warm milk, in which is a tablespoonful of cream (unless the milk is very rich of itself), and two to four tablespoonfuls of oatmeal jelly; with a slice of thin stale bread and butter; or any well cooked cereal (cooked from one to three hours) with milk and cream, a little salt, but no sugar; and a bit of bread (always stale) and butter; or a soft-boiled, poached or coddled egg, with the bread and butter, and cup of warm milk.

It is well to not give the same breakfast every day; the child will soon tire of an unchanged diet. At 9 a.m. the juice of some fruit should be given, orange, prune pulp, grape juice, or any other fruit juice available, sweetened if necessary, a tablespoonful at a time.

All fruits should be mashed to a pulp and strained through clean cheese cloth.

At 11 a.m. two tablespoonfuls of scraped or pounded meat (beef scraped, poultry pounded), preferably mixed with stale bread crumbs and moistened with dish gravy (the juice which flows from the meat, unthickened), or with the stale bread soaked in this gravy given separately. One or two tablespoonfuls of the pulp of stewed prunes or baked apple; a cup of warm milk; or if the child has not had an egg for breakfast one may be given now with the bread crumbs, or with a slice of bread and butter; also the fruit pulp (cooked) and milk.

Milk should not be given at the same time as the raw fruit juice.

Bread given to babies must be always stale. Under no conditions give

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

The "KITCHENETTE" Family Dishwasher & Sterilizer

It Solves the Servant Problem

A Great Time Saver!

It is made expressly for use in the kitchen. The family dishes, silverware and glasses can be washed, rinsed, dried and sterilized in five minutes without getting the hands wet. The machine washes the dishes as well as can be done by hand, and the boiling water sterilizes every piece, which is a decided advantage. There are no springs, cogs or gears to get out of order. All parts are metal, thus making it very durable. The dishes are absolutely stationary in the machine, so there is no danger of nicking them or breaking them. Only eight quarts of boiling water are needed to successfully operate the machine. This machine costs so little no home should be without one.

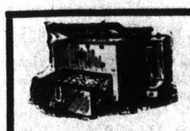
Write Dept. C.W.H.M.,

The GEM MOTOR CO.

HOUSEHOLD SPECIALTIES,

419 PORTAGE AVENUE,

WINNIPEG, MAN.



Tamlin's English Nonpareil

Hot Water Incubator, holder of World's championship in hatching. Awarded 53 Gold Medals. Used by the Royal Families of England and 95 per cent of the Governments of the World. 20 years ahead of every other make. Thermometer registers on out side of egg drawer. Lamp burns 30 days with one filling, self-regulating. Finished like a Piano. Will last 40 years. Made in London, England. Different from common makes. Canadian customers joyful with results. If you send 5 cents in postage for mailing we will send you FREE our beautiful Illustrated Catalogue 1912 as well as a neat little book on Poultry diseases and their cure. Send to-day to

Fletcher Bradley's Poultry Supply House

1 3 Waverley St., Ottawa, Ont.

Sells direct to buyers at factory prices Iron and Wire Fence, all styles; Gates; barbed, coiled and plain wire; Staples; fence hooks; tools. Special prices car loads.

I save you big money, give you best fencing and quick service with Western warehouses. 17 years in Canadian fence business. My printed matter explains my methods. Get it. Write to-day.

DYER THE FENCEMAN Ask for Folder H **TORONTO**

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Complete with Wringer

$22.50

Simplest, Strongest and Best

We guarantee to save you $5 to $10 on your purchase

Makes Washing a Pleasure instead of Drudgery

Wringer runs independent of washer. Do not have to stop engine to stop Washer. Guaranteed to satisfy, send your orders on the condition that it is perfectly satisfactory or you do not have to keep it. Sold direct to you, no agents. We can supply you an engine of any size. Catalogue free on request.

C. S. Judson Co. Winnipeg, Man.

HOW I KILLED MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Even after Beauty Doctors, Electricity, Powders, Pastes, and Liquid Depilatories Failed

(From a Correspondent)

"Killed" seems a strong word to use, but that is just what I wanted to do to the hair that disfigured my face and arms:—I wanted to kill it root and all, so that it would never live again. It spoiled my looks, made me seem old and masculine, and hence interfered with both social and business success.

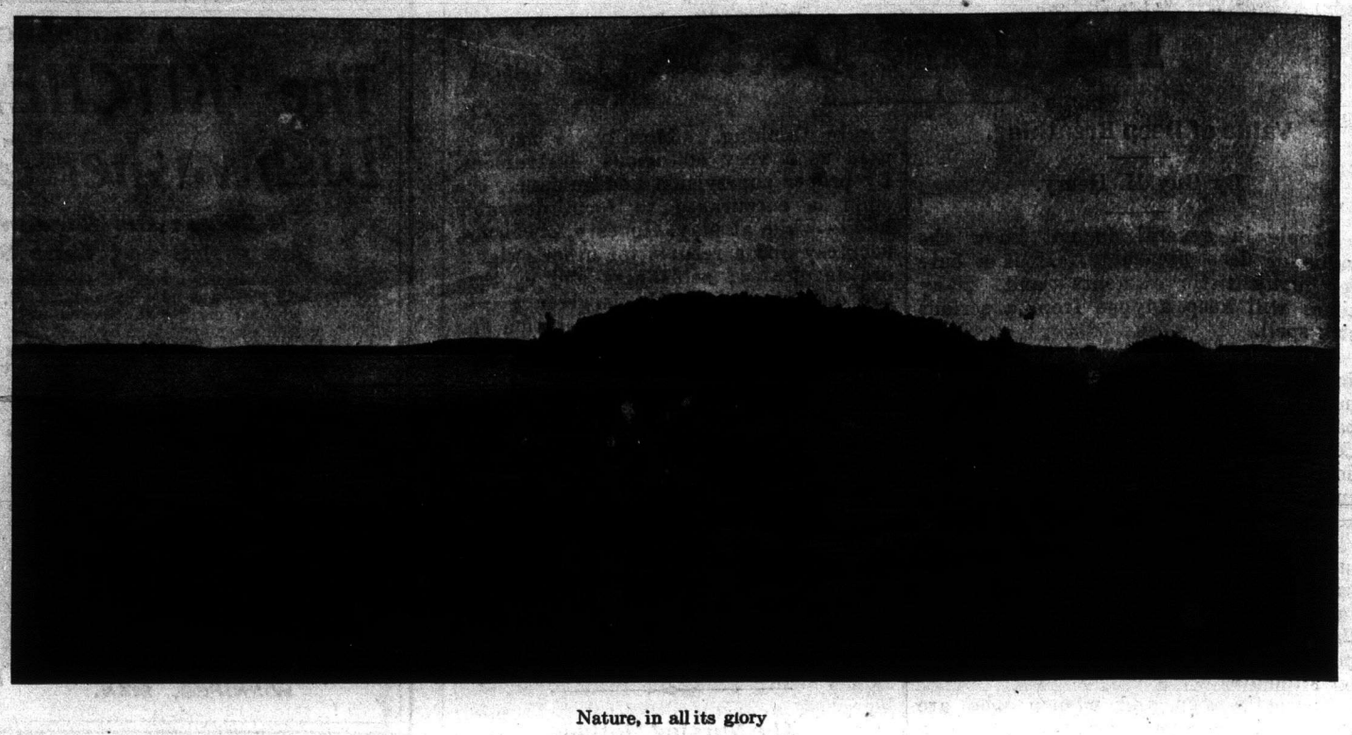
I tried the ordinary dissolvents and depilatories, but found them worthless—even dangerous. From a so-called specialist, I secured electrical treatment. It was painful and expensive, but I would have stood the suffering and cost, had I not found that the needle (electrolysis) often leaves scars that are even worse than the disfiguring hair itself.

So I gave up hope, and in despair resigned myself to being called the "hairy lady" for the rest of my life, until a travelled friend persuaded me to try a new and easy method learned from the Japanese. In it I found a way to actually kill the hair, and I permanently removed the superfluous growth, at the same time improving my complexion.

Having myself experienced so many previous disappointments, I have decided to forget my own sensitiveness, and for the benefit of my sex, I will gladly explain to others the method which cured me. It is nothing like the powder, paste and liquid preparations that simply burn off the exposed hair and ruin the skin. It is a discovery only recently introduced into this country and so simple that any woman can use it in the privacy of her own room, and in only a few minutes' time.

Many friends have said to me, "It seems too good to be true," but the test proved it true both for myself and others as well. If you will write me for full particulars, enclosing stamp for reply, which will be sent in plain, sealed envelope, you too may enjoy the same happy experience, for I will tell you fully and freely about this wonderful discovery so you can be just as successful as I was. Address, Mrs. Caroline Osgood, Suite 994 B. R. 118 East 28th St., New York City, N. Y.

SPECIAL ENDORSEMENT As the method above referred to has been endorsed by doctors, true specialists and many other publishers, we advise all readers thus afflicted, to take advantage of Mrs. Osgood's offer and write her at once at above address.



Nature, in all its glory

warm or fresh bread or biscuits.

At between two and three (fix a regular hour) give beef juice, broth from mutton or poultry, a cup of beef soup thickened with barley or rice, an egg if one has not been given before, bread and butter and a cup of milk.

A Cure for Nerves.

The "nervy" girl will find that an hour's sewing is a wonderful nerve-soother. She can sew in all her little irritations, her fancied injuries, and generally become her normal self again when she has finished a long seam.

One of the most neurotic and excitable women, the famous George Sand, wrote in praise of the soothing powers of needlework, and every girl who tries this simple remedy for nerves will doubtless confirm her testimony.

The Baby That is Slow Cutting Teeth

The baby that is fifteen months old with no teeth showing, is not getting the right food. If he is still nursing he should be weaned immediately. He needs cereals thoroughly cooked and served with rich milk. He must have broth and eggs and fruit juices. He ought to have same bran crackers, too.

This baby needs bone-building and muscle developing foods. He should be much in the open air, and should sleep in a room with open windows. He must drink quantities of water between meals. It is a great mistake to keep a baby too long on the milk diet of the first months.

The Vomiting Baby.

The baby does not vomit naturally, as many mothers think. Many times the baby vomits immediately after eating, because the stomach is overloaded. If this child is fed what it needs and what the stomach can hold without crowding, vomiting will cease. If the child vomits sour curd, the trouble is indigestion from wrong feeding and the food should be changed. It may be necessary to experiment a little, but the necessary time and attention should be given the matter at this time.

It is a good plan to change the baby to milk and water, the right proportions for the age of the child.

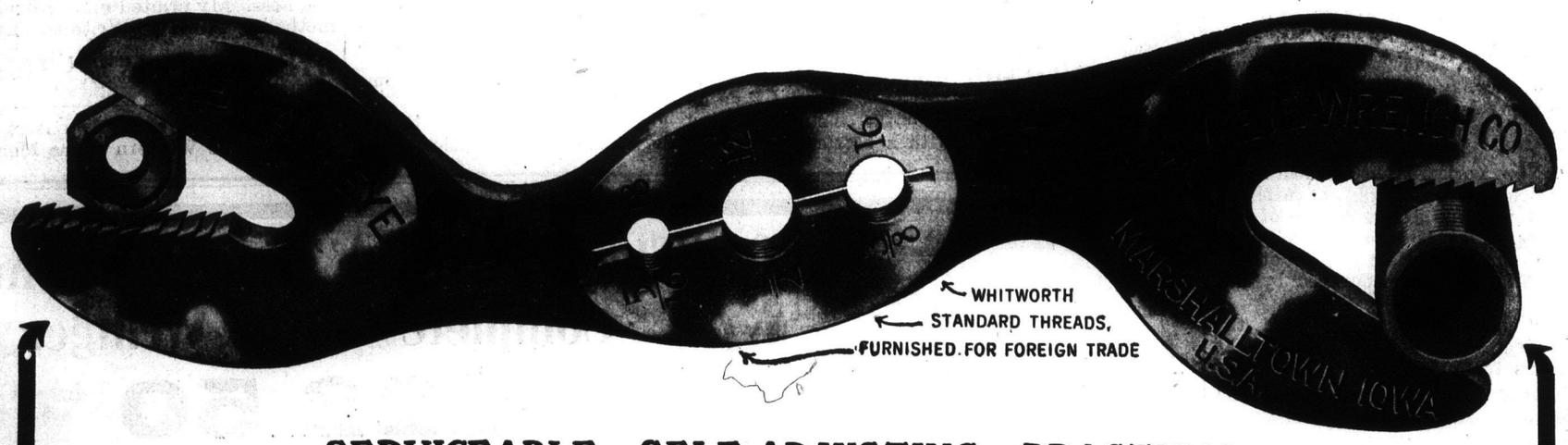
A pinch of bicarbonate of soda and a tiny bit of sugar added to the milk, will help to sweeten the stomach.

The soda is only a temporary remedy. It should not be used continuously.

The Weekly Free Press

from date order is received to JANUARY 1, 1913, and the FAMOUS "HAWKEYE WRENCH," both for **$1**

FIVE HANDY TOOLS IN ONE



SERVICEABLE, SELF-ADJUSTING, PRACTICAL

The Wrench is drop-forged from the finest grade of ENGLISH TOOL STEEL, scientifically tempered. It weighs 17½ ounces, is 8½ inches long, with gunmetal finish, and the Jaws and Dies are hard, sharp and keen. The Wrench will clean threads on all standard farm machinery, and should be in the possession of every farmer.

Before overhauling your machinery for the coming season, secure one of these ***"HAWKEYE WRENCHES."***

SPECIAL COUPON

WEEKLY FREE PRESS, WINNIPEG.

Enclosed find $1.00, for which send me the WEEKLY FREE PRESS to JANUARY 1913, and the "HAWKEYE WRENCH," by return mail

NAME.....

ADDRESS, ...

ADD 25c TO THE ABOVE AND WE WILL ALSO SEND THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY TO JANUARY 1913

W.H.M.A.

Embroidery—Some Useful Ideas.

On this page will be found some ideas which we hope will prove attractive.

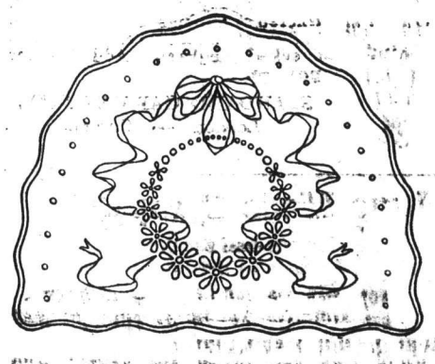
The first is a corset cover of the popular Slip Over Shape, the same design as the matched set of lingerie shown in our February number. These corset covers are the favorite shape to wear with waists fastened in the back as they button on the shoulders and after being embroidered are very easily made up, a point which our readers will appreciate. Suitable materials are fine lonsdale or soft lingerie material. Lustered cotton in size E for the eyeleting and D for the button hole edges will embroider this garment effectively.

We illustrate a handsome afghan for which a Baby Pillow matching in designs can be supplied. This is the season of the year when these articles seem to suggest themselves to the attention of those interested in the little ones and these embroidered afghans are a very charming adjunct to the summer baby carriage. This embroidered cover may be used over the padded silk slip which will give the needed warmth for the spring season. The dainty pillow design to match this afghan consists of two pieces of embroidered linen back and front, which laces over a small silk form. Either linen of a medium weight or pique are suitable materials for these embroidered pieces.

No. 5501—Afghan, 75 cents.
No. 5523—Pillow to match, 50 cents.

No. 7001—Corset Cover 30 cents.

Every housekeeper will appreciate the Tea Cosies illustrated here, as these useful articles are in such general use. Two



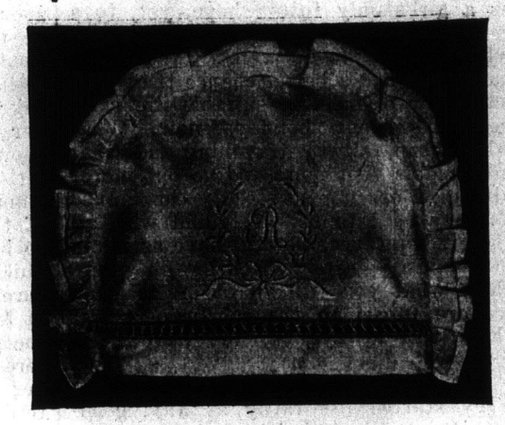
No. 5159—Cosy, 45 cents.

varieties of these are shown. The first is one of the useful slip over variety, which is supplied already made up from white linen with a hemstitched frill and drawn work border, a simple but effective design is embroidered on one side, any preferred initial may be stamped.

Two other designs for cosies are also shown, these belong to the lacing variety and they are stamped on white linen, eyelets through which ribbons may be laced are placed inside the scalloped edges and these cosies are most useful as they are so easily laundered. The first design, No. 5159, shows a combination of eyelet and solid embroidery. The bow knot is to be embroidered in solid padded satin stitch and the reminder of the design worked with a combination of eyeleting and satin stitch.

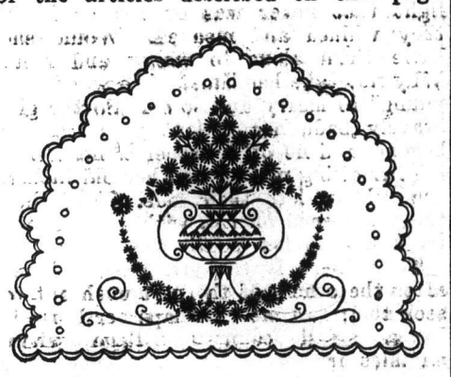
The second design, No. 5638, shows a beautiful arrangement of the Millefleur Embroidery previously described in our July, 1911, number. This may be carried out in either white or colored embroidery, eyelets for lacing this cosy are also stamped within the border.

Readers will please note that all the designs quoted on this page, as well as on preceding numbers, are for stamped materials only. We do not supply made up or embroidered articles. Materials and directions for working same will be furnished if desired.



No. 28—Cosy, 55 cents.

For further information regarding any of the articles described on this page



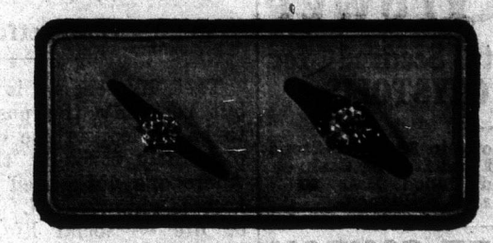
No. 5638—Cosy, 45 cents.

write to Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Dept. L., Montreal.

Allow at least 10 days from the time the order is received for filling.

But wait a wee; oh, love is slee,
And winna be said nay;
It breaks ilk chain except its ain,
But it will hae its way!
In spite o' fate, we took the gate,—
Now happy as can be!
O poverty! O poverty!
We'll wed in spite o' thee!

Alexander Hume



"Those who in April date their years,
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
For vain Repentance flow; this stone
As emblem of innocence is known."

The Diamond is the April Birth Stone

and because of its beauty, purity and value is one of the finest of gifts, delighting the heart of the lady receiving it.

Dingwall's diamonds offer you the best value you can obtain because of their perfect quality and fair price.

Particularly we would call your attention to our fine showing of rings, many of which are reproduced in their natural colors in our 1912 catologue, a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of your request.

As an example of Dingwall diamond value we illustrate two rings, either of which sells for

$50.00

D. R. DINGWALL
LIMITED
JEWELLERS - - WINNIPEG.

If You will send us 35c.

For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the new HEATHER EMBROIDERY.

We will give you FREE, this Centre Piece, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this as illustrated, also a diagram lesson which will teach any woman this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that our ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

Address:

BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED,
Dept. L. Montreal, P.Q.

English Hair Grower

American Rights Secured for New Drug CRYSTOLIS

Grows Hair an Inch Long in 30 Days—Stops Falling Hair, Dandruff and Itching Scalp—Restores Gray and Faded Hair to Natural Color and Brilliancy.

CUT OFF FREE COUPON AND MAIL TO-DAY

Why Wear Puffs, Pompadours, Rats and Braids of Filthy Chinese Hair When Crystolis Grows New Hair in 30 Days?

Here's good news for the man who vainly tries to plaster a few scanty locks over "that bald spot."

Good news for the woman whose hair is falling, whose locks are too scanty to properly pin up her false hair.

Good news for both men and women who find a handful of hair in their combs every morning, or men and women growing gray before their time.

Good news for all with itching, burning scalps, with dandruff, with any and all forms of hair and scalp trouble.

Thd Creslo Laboratories, 5-D-Street, Binghamton, N. Y., have secured the exclusive American rights for Crystolis, the famous English hair treatment.

Crystolis is a household word in Europe, where it is acclaimed "the most marvelous scientific discovery for promoting hair growth." It has won gold medals at Paris and Brussels.

Better yet, it has won the warmest words of praise from those who have been fortunate enough to test its remarkable qualities.

Crystolis has been tried out in America for over a year now. Hundreds of men and women from every state unhesitatingly hail it as the true hair grower.

Here is a statement of just a few of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation;

Mr. Kelly of Memphis, bald for 30 years, says; "My head is now covered with hair nearly an inch long; friends simply astounded."

Mrs. Evans, of Chicago writes; "Since using Crystolis can report new hair an inch long coming in thickly all over my head."

Mr. Macklain, of St. Louis reports; "One six week's treatment made my hair two inches longer."

Mr. Morse, of Boston, declares; "I lost my hair 18 years ago. Have used less than one treatment. My head is now entirely covered with a thick growth of hair of natural color. No more itching, no more falling hair, no more dandruff."

Mr. Boyd, of Chicago, says; "My bald spot was as shiny as a peeled onion. It is now all covered with thick new hair. The grayness is also disappearing."

Mrs. Morris, of Philadelphia, writes, after only three weeks' use; "I can see new hair in plenty and it is now a half inch long."

Lewis Neff says; "New hair began to grow in ten days after beginning the treatment."

Mrs. Jackson, of New York, writes; "My hair stopped falling the first week. No more itching scalp and new hair coming in fast."

Mrs. Rose, of Rock Island, writes: "Was almost wild for five years with itching scalp. Two or three applications of Crystolis stopped this. Now I have a fine new growth of hair."

You may be acquainted with some of these people or some of your friends may know them. Write us and we can give you the full address, so that you can prove every statement.

But the best way to prove, without the risk of a penny, just what Crystolis will do in your own individual case, is to cut out the free coupon below and mail it today.

This invitation is open to bald-headed people, wig wearers, to men and women with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, dry hair, brittle hair, stringy hair, greasy hair, matted hair, dandruff, itching scalp or any and all forms of scalp and hair trouble. Don't lay this paper aside until you have mailed the Free Coupon to the Creslo Laboratories, 5-D-Street, Binghamton N.Y. Write your name and address plainly.

FREE COUPON

The Creslo Laboratories,
5-D-Street, Binghamton, N.Y.

I am a reader of The Western Home Monthly. Prove to me, without expense, that Crystolis stops falling hair, grows new hair, banishes dandruff and itching scalps and restores gray and faded hair to natural color

Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

Bess's Column.

The Tactful Girl.

Tact, like charm, is difficult to define, but certainly the possessor of tact is to be envied, as she can steer her way pleasantly through the thorny paths, where one not gifted with it is apt to become shipwrecked. It oils the wheels of life — social life, family life and business life — causing them to run smoothly and freely without jolting or unpleasantness. Now, what is tact?

Tact is the art of saying the right thing and leaving unsaid the wrong one, and of doing the right thing in the right way. And the two need to go together to make tact, for often the right thing may be done, but tactless, thoughtless words will spoil it, and will often make one lose sight of the nice action in the unlovely words which accompany it. Tact is often associated with charm, and is sometimes called its twin sister. Charm is, widely speaking, the art of pleasing, and here tact is needed, for no one can charm without tact. A person, no matter how good-looking, is rarely loved, if she has not charm, and, indeed, more often than not is heartily disliked.

No person who is a fool can be tactful, but still tact depends more on heart qualities than on those of the head. It requires, nevertheless, a certain cleverness to be thoroughly tactful. I do not mean the brain of the clever learned woman, who may lack perception, nor the practical, clear brain of the clever housewife, who may lack sympathy, but certain sympathetic qualities of mind and heart, or ready sympathy to feel the mood of others, and the amiable desire to accommodate oneself to this mood Some clever people, kind-hearted it may be, though thoughtless, would sacrifice their best friends for a joke or for the pleasure of saying a smart thing at their expense, but tactful people do not do this. The Golden Rule comes into use if one would be tactful, "Do to others as you would that they should do to you," and if one observes this, in thought, speech and action, it will carry us far towards attaining this wonderful gift, tact.

The woman who is not tactful and does not try to be, often calls tact hypocrisy and other hard names, but this is unjust. To be tactful, one need only be sympathetic, not hypocritical. The tactless person with abrupt, unpleasant manners, often prides herself on these and thinks they denote honesty. She will blurt out "the truth" on all occasions, forgetting that "blunt truths more harm than nicer falsehoods do," and that the same truth might have been told in a way that would have given no pain, or, better still, perhaps, might have been left unsaid. She will not allow anyone present to gloss over facts to avoid giving pain to some one present. Oh! no; there must be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," and what matter if some heart breaks, she, at least, has not indulged in kind-hearted hypocricy!

The tactful person is a tower of strength in all ill-assorted company. She will strive to bring together those who have tastes in common; she will adapt herself to one and all, and inspire them with a "home" feeling; she will throw her interest, for the time at least, into what interests those around her. A tactful person never indulges in personalities; she would not be so tactful or charming did she do so, as the tactless person has a knack of "opening her mouth and putting her foot in it." She will not indulge in controversies on religious or social problems in a mixed company, because for aught she knows she may be treading on "thin ice." Of course, at times she may be taken unawares; we are sometimes worried or irritated and out will come the awkword word! But, and here the difference between tact and the want of it shows, she will at once recognise her error and try to efface it, whereas the tactless person goes on her way rejoicing and unheeding, never knowing she has been tactless, and has said the wrong thing, and nothing will make her see it. The fault is not hers if offence is taken.

But from all tactless persons, preserve me from the tactless relations! They come on us like a wolf on the fold, asking questions we do not want to answer, probing matters we want to lie quiet, and turning the knife relentlessly in the wound, using their relationship as a cloak for rudeness and inquisitiveness until we positively squirm. We are glad to see the last of them and breathe a sigh of relief as the train bears them away. But the tactful friend comes to us like balm in Gilead, soothing, encouraging and making us well pleased with ourselves once again. Life takes on a different aspect, the world is no longer awry and every man's hand against us. The tactful person has a knack of making all we do and say seem just the right thing, and we are once more pleased with ourselves and with the world.

Girls who Don't Marry.

A decade or so ago, girls who did not marry were looked upon as total failures, and they realised it themselves, too, poor things! From their childhood up they were taught that the "chief end" of woman was to marry quickly and well, and if, for one reason or another, they failed to secure an eligible partner, they were soon shown that they had failed in the vocation. They had to step aside to let a younger, and fairer, sister have a chance of shooting her dart, and what wonder that they lost heart and settled down into the drab, colorless estate of old maidhood long before they had any reason to?

Though now-a-days we have partly changed our views as regards marriage as a girl's only future hope, yet, to a certain extent, we still hold that "she who marries doeth well." And never have girls had a better chance than they have now of meeting suitable life partners! Everyone "holidays" now. What with cheap railway travelling and what not, people visit more and go out more; also girls are not so strictly chaperoned as they used to be. Yet, and with all these advantages, we still have as many old maids, spinsters, bachelor girls, call them what you will, in our midst, and we are forced to the conclusion that there will always be, and have been, girls who don't marry!

But why? And whose the fault? They started life fairly as any, good-looking, frank and fair, yet here they are at thirty-five, forlorn and unwed, withering on the parent stem, an unappropriated blessing!

Perhaps the parents were in fault. Mayhap, she was their one ewe lamb, they could not spare her, and when he came along, dazzling her eyes with "the light that never was on sea or land" they whined and moaned. Would she leave them alone to weary and fret? Why not take her time? She was "over young" to marry and so on. So the girl bravely bade her gallant young wooer begone, and no other wooer came. Tending her ailing mother and her old father, she seldom left their side. And thus the years sped on till, with a start, she realised that her youth was gone.

Then there is the girl left at home after the others of the nest push out to seek their fortune. Perhaps her home is in a small country village where eligibles are scarce and no stranger ever comes. Such a girl is forced into celibacy against her will, because she never gets a chance to marry, be she ever so winning or fair. Money is too scarce to let her travel or leave the home tree, even should she be free to go, consequently she passes from girlhood to middle age without absolutely one chance to marry.

These are two examples of girls who do not marry through the fault of others or of circumstances. But there are many girls who spoil their own chances. What young man will choose as his wife, as his home queen, the girl who is never happy unless in a whirl of gaiety, and who frankly avows that she is not domesticated and never enters the kitchen unless under protest? He listens, perhaps even smiles in an amused way, and the girl fancies she is interesting him, but inwardly he shudders, as he wonders what cost of management his home would be, did he ask such an undomesticated female to be its presiding genius. Yet, very likely, it was "all talk." The girl would have been quite a home bird, clever and domesticated, but "other girls talk so, and men like to listen to them!"

Then there is the girl who "hates children," and says so. No matter how pretty she be, how winning and fair, no man wanting a home and loved wife and little ones will ask a woman who "hates children" to become the future mother of his! Such an act he thinks would be unfair to the little ones who might be his, and besides, he thinks one who "hates children" can never be wholly sweet and fair, let her outside appearance be ever so beautiful.

Then there is the flirt. She, with too many strings to her beau, agreeable and fair to all, often falls between two stools, and lands herself without a lover. Seeing her such a general lover, the young men are apt to think she is heartless, and leave her unwooed. A flirt does not often marry well, for though a man may like to talk to her and amuse himself with her, it is the shy, little home bird, who watches his comings and goings, and his alone, with eyes of love, that he chooses for his wife.

Then there is the mercenary girl, who often by her very mercenaryliness spoils her chance of marriage. She may become engaged, but sooner or later she shows that it is the man's income, not his love, that attracts her, and once the man realised this, he will have none of her.

Do pretty girls or plain ones wed most often? I know not, for circumstances alter cases. The pretty girl, who plumes herself only upon her looks, neglecting to improve her mind, may attract at first, but a short acquaintance soon reveals that she "has all her goods in the shop window" and nothing behind. So the man who wants an intelligent life partner, "a chum," who will take an interest in his business, leaves her for her more intelligent and thoughtful sister. There are pretty girls, of course, who are unspoilt, sweet, womanly and tender, who are not vain of their looks, though they are pleased to be fair for his sake, and they marry quickest of all. For it is human nature to be attracted in the first instance at least, by a pleasing exterior, and it is the pretty girl's fault if she lets this interest lag. She has this advantage over her plainer sister, that men are interested in spite of themselves, without effort on her part, for are we not a beauty-loving nation as a whole?

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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Tailored Suits of Spring Fabrics.

7314—Cutaway Coat.
7261—Four Gored Skirt with Two-piece Lower Section.
7296—Norfolk Coat for Misses and Small Women.
7283—Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women.
7332—Empire Coat.
7297—Four Gored Skirt.

Spring fabrics for tailored suits are unusually handsome this season and unusually varied. Here are three that show novelties of three distinctly different sorts.

The suit at the extreme left is made of striped serge with trimming of taffeta and heavy lace. The coat is made with cutaway fronts and a big collar that can be either round or square at the back. The sleeves are of the regulation two-piece sort. The skirt is quite novel; it is four gored, but the back gore is extended for full length, and there is a two-piece lower section that is overlapped for several inches at the front so that it provides ample freedom for walking. For the medium size the coat will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 2⅝ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with 1 yard of taffeat and ¾ yard of lace banding; for the skirt will be needed 4¼ yards 27, 3¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is 2¼ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the coat, No. 7314, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 bust, of the skirt, No. 7261, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The misses costume shows one of the novelty suitings and is made with collar of satin. The Norfolk coat is extremely becoming to girlish figures and will be much worn this season. The skirt is made in two pieces and is a pronounced favorite. It can be finished either at the high or natural waist line. The model is an excellent one for mohair and for linen and other light weight

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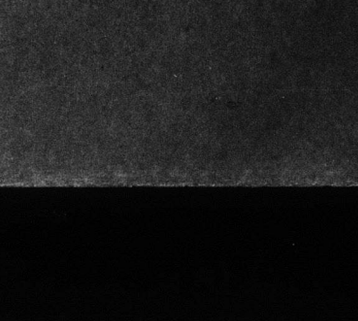

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suitings as well as for the wool illustrated. For the 16 year size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide with ⅛ yard of velvet; for the shirt will be needed 3¼ yards 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is 1⅞ yards.

The May Manton pattern of the coat, No. 7295, and of the skirt, No. 7283, are out in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The third and last suit combines an Empire coat with four gored skirt. The coat is an exceptionally smart one and very generally becoming. It includes three-quarter sleeves and flaring cuffs, and a becoming collar. The upper and lower sections are finished separately and the lower section is lapped over the upper and stitched to position, therefore the making is a very simple matter. The coat is held by a single button and buttonhole. The skirt is four gored. There are extensions at the edges of the front and back gores that reach to about flounce depth and these extensions form deep inverted plaits. The skirt can be finished with a belt at the natural waist line, or be cut to the high line and underfaced as liked. For the medium size will be needed 4¼ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 or 52 inches wide for the coat; 5¼ yards 27, 3¾ yards 44 or 52 for the skirt; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 3 yards, 2⅛ yards when the plaits are laid.

The May Manton pattern of the coat, No. 7332, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, No. 7397, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Pretty Frocks for Girls and Little Children.

7271—Girl's Dress.
7289—Child's Empire Frock.
7298—Girl's Dress.
7319—Girl's Tunic Dress.
7257—Girl's Dress.
7279—Girl's Dress
7326—Child's Dress
7260—Girl's Dress.

Frocks for the very small folk and little girls are exceedingly charming this season, and in the group are shown a number of most attractive as well as eminently fashionable designs.

No. 7271 shows a pretty girl's dress which, in this instance, is made of plaid Scotch gingham combined with plain linen. The feature of the blouse is found in the overlapped edges. The skirt is straight and plaited and the two are joined by a belt. All seasonable materials are appropriate, challis and the like as well as washable fabrics. For the 8 year size will be needed 3½ yards of material, 27, 2⅝ yards 36, 1¾ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the trimming, ⅞ yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7271, is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8 and 10 years.

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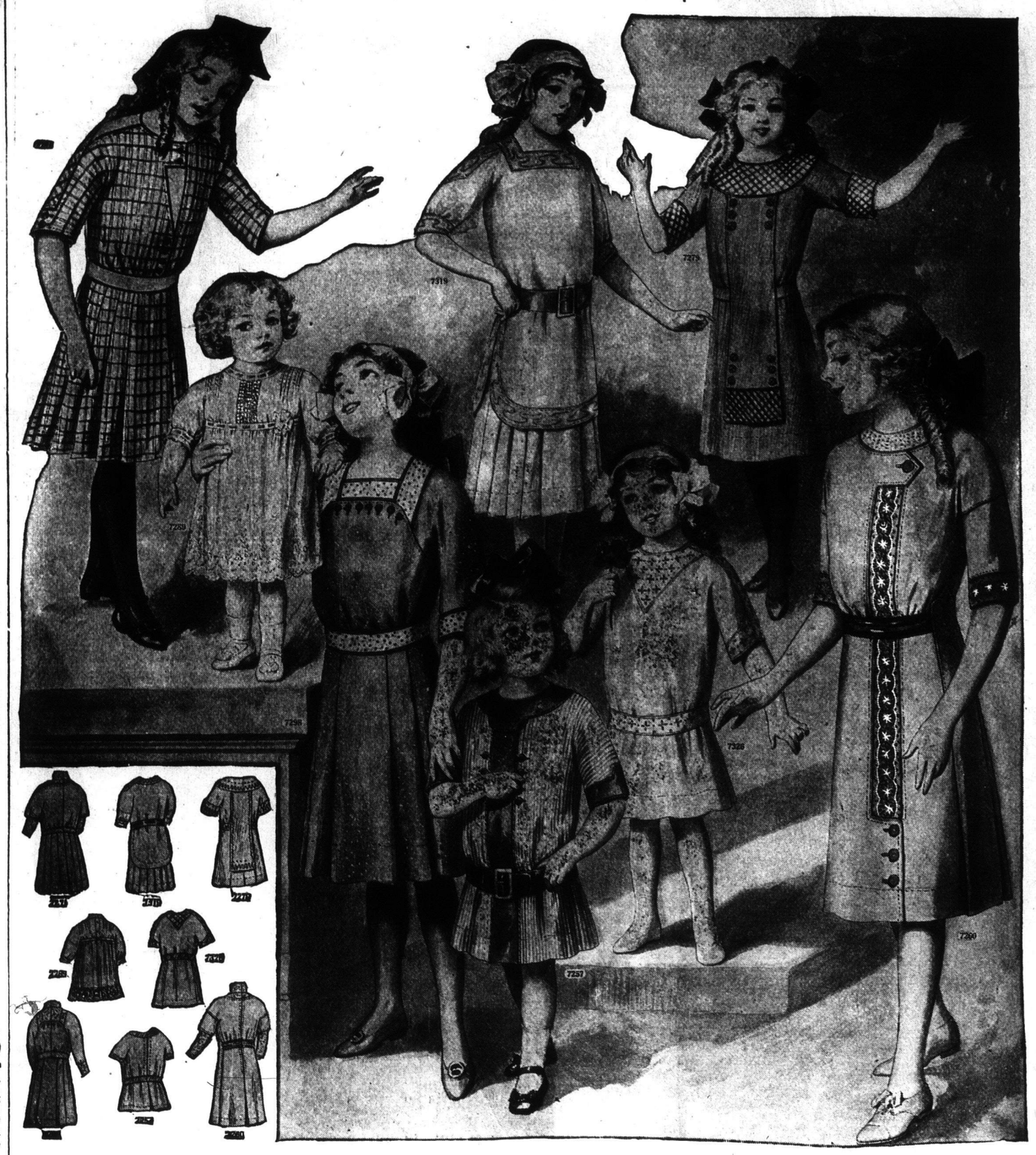

PRETTY FROCKS FOR GIRLS AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

No. 7289 is a dainty little frock, the body portion or yoke of which is made in one with the sleeves. The skirt is straight, gathered and joined to it. In the front view it is made of flouncing. In the back view the whole dress is made of plain material with a frill of embroidery at the lower edge. For the 4 year size will be needed 1¾ yards of bordered material or embroidery 18 inches wide with ½ yard of plain material 36 and 1¾ yards of beading, ¾ yard of insertion to make as shown in the front view; 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 3½ yards of embroidery to make as shown in the back view.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7289, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

No. 7298 is a most attractive dress designed for slightly older girls. The skirt is six gored and laid in plaits at front and back, while it is plain at the sides. The waist portion is distinctly novel. The kimono sleeves are cut in one with the side portions. There are separate front and back sections that are stitched to them, and there is a yoke to which both sleeves and main portions are attached. It can be made with high or square neck and with three-quarter or long sleeves. For the 12 year size will be needed 5¼ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3½ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming, ¾ yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7298, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

No. 7319.—Tunic dresses are among the newest shown, and this one is exceedingly smart. In the illustration it is made of natural colored pongee and the trimming is red silk braided with soutache matching the gown, but dresses of this kind will be found admirably well suited to the simple washable materials, such as linen, chambray, and the like as well as to pongee and other fabrics of the kind. The skirt is straight and plaited and joined to a belt. The tunic is cut with front and back portions and is closed over the shoulders beneath the trimming. For the 10 year size will be needed 4¾ yards of material 27, 3¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7319, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

No. 7257. Dresses that are made with body portion and skirt in one are the best liked for the younger folk. This one is simple yet novel. There is a little panel at the front to which the main portions are attached, and the shaped trimming bands and yoke give a distinctive touch. The closing is made invisibly at the back where there are inverted plaits. For the 6 year size will be needed 3½ yards of material 27, 3¼ yards 36, 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7257, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

No. 7279 shows one of the newest dresses made with a panel at the front and one at the back. These panels are attached at their upper edges only, but held slightly to position by means of a belt. The round bertha makes another attractive feature and the deep cuffs are smart in the extreme. The skirt is four gored. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves. The dress can be worn with or without a guimpe and can be made without the panels if something plainer is wanted. For the 10 year size will be needed 4¼ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7279, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

No. 7326. A pretty one-piece dress that is finished with a V-shaped yoke and trimming that makes it entirely novel and individual. The closing is made at the shoulder beneath the trimming straps. This dress is made of rose colored linen and the trimming portions are of white eyelet embroidery. For the 6 year size will be needed 2 yards of material 27, 36 or 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 18 for the trimming.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7326, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

No. 7260. Overlapped effects are just as smart for the girls as they are for the grown folk, and this frock shows the effect handled with exceptional success. The trimming portions are made of embroidered banding and the dress itself is of blue linen, but frocks of this kind are made from a great many different fabrics, the wools as well as the washable materials. The waist can be made with or without the lining that includes under sleeves. The skirt is four gored and the box plaits at the sides are applied over it. For the 12 year size will be required 5¼ yards of material 27, 4½ yards 36, 3¼ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of banding and ⅜ yards 18 for the round neck yoke, ¾ yard 18 for yoke and under sleeves.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7260, is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

The above patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

A Fashionable Gown of Mohair and Silk.

Mohair is one of the smartest materials of the spring season. This gown

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7340 Semi-Princesse Gown, 34 to 42 bust.

shows it striped and combined with the Persian silk that is very effective. The model is both smart and simple. In this case the neck is cut round and finished with a big collar and both blouse and skirt are slashed and arranged over trimming portions that give a very distinctive effect; but the gown shown in the small view is the foundation for it all, and if a plain simple dress is wanted it can be made in that way, with straight uncut edges and with high neck. If liked the sleeves can be made shorter and loose so that while the gown is a simple one it means a good many possibilities. Made after this manner it is charming for mohair or serge or for taffeta or any similar material of the spring and also makes a good model for the linens and Bedford cords and materials of the kind and other washable materials. Made after the simpler, plainer manner it is adapted to every material that can be used for general

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wear, those of wool, those of linen and those of cotton. The trimming of the Persian silk on the mohair is effective but any contrasting material could be used. Plain taffetas are being much trimmed with the same material striped and that treatment would be pretty for this model, or changeable taffeta could be trimmed with one of the plain colors, or, again, the gown could be made of white serge and the trimming portions braided with a little soutache to be very handsome. The blouse is made with front and back portions and with one-piece sleeves that are sewed to the arm-holes, and the skirt is six gored. The closing of the entire dress is made at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be required 9¼ yards of material 27, 5¾ yards 36, 4⅝ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 24 or 27 for the trimming, the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2½ yards.

The May Manton pattern, No. 7340, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Foulard with Satin.

Foulards never were lovelier than this season and they are promised even unusual vogue. This one is combined

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
7362 Fancy Blouse,
34 to 42 bust.
7269 Skirt with Tunic Effect,
22 to 30 waist.

with satin and trimmed with frills of ribbon, and with collar and cuffs of all-over lace, while the chemisette and under sleeves are of dotted net. The gown is a very charming, graceful and altogether attractive one that is thoroughly practical and useful at the same time. Light weight silks are among the most satisfactory materials that can be worn for they are comfortable and durable and they always look well. The foulard and satin are charming, but the model could be utilized for taffeta, plain and striped, or plain and figured, or voile with taffeta or satin or indeed for any preferred material. The blouse is new and smart; it is closed at the left of the front and in this case it is made over a lining that includes under sleeves, but if liked the

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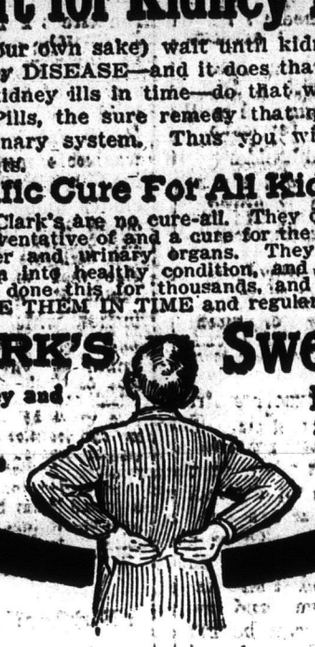

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On returning from a recent trip Dr. F. Turner the physician, scientist and traveler, who has won fame and world-wide renown through his writings and scientific researches, accorded an interview to press representatives who were astounded by his loss of more than 100 pounds of excessive fat since they last saw him. They found it difficult indeed, to recognize in the slender, muscular and perfectly proportioned form of Dr. Turner to-day the same man whom only a few months ago they knew as a semi-invalid, so enormously fat that he could hardly walk.

When questioned concerning his health and the remarkable change in his appearance, Dr. Turner said that neither illness, medicines, starvation dieting, nor strenuous exercise had caused him to lose so much excess weight. In fact he said that fatty degeneration had eaten into his vital organs to such an extent that it would have been foolhardy to even attempt the usual methods of reduction, and he was forced to seek other means of escape from his former terrible condition.

On being questioned further the doctor said; "When I began to feel the stuffy, cramped feeling inside, which, as a physician, I recognized as the first tell-tale symptoms of fatty degeneration and when my heart pounded and throbbed at times so it shook my whole body and seemed about to burst, I knew from these warnings that the end was approaching very rapidly although the examining physician of a large Life Insurance Company, when refusing point blank to accept me as a risk, had already told me I was likely to drop dead at any minute. I tried every means of reduction known to medical science, but without the slightest relief. I then became desperate and began to use all the advertised treatments I had ever heard of. These not only failed to help me, but they did considerable harm, one nearly causing my death on account of the powerful drugs it contained. Although a physician I am strongly opposed to the use of drugs in treating obesity. I have never known a case where they did anything but harm when used for this purpose. They are also treatments put on the market by persons who are without a physicians training, and I firmly believe that if I had continued one or two of the methods recommended by these ignorant, so-called advertising "specialists" I would now be in my grave."

"My discovery came about during my trip and in this way; When seeking data for some literary work, I found a reference to the manner in which the Japanese were said to easily overcome any tendency to take on superfluous flesh. It was easily apparent from observation that the Japs are comparatively heavy eaters and that their diet consists largely of rice, the most starchy and therefore the most fat forming of all grains. I had often wondered why, in spite of these facts the natives of Japan both men and women, always present such a slender, trim, neat appearance Although corsets are rare in that country, the women there have beautiful figures that any American woman might well envy, and the Japanese men have strength and powers of endurance that are proverbial. After diligent inquiry about the cause of this, I became more than ever convinced that they were using there in Japan methods of fat reduction and fat prevention far in advance of anything known to medical science in this country. As the finding of such a method was a matter of life or death to me at that time, I consulted numerous authorities and set about asking questions of those who would be likely to know anything about it. I am glad to say that my untiring efforts were finally rewarded by the discovery of a new means of fat reduction that I determined to give a short trial immediately. I was fairly startled to behold the wonderful change it made in my appearance, and the improvement in my health that was noticeable from the very first. My fat began to vanish at the rate of one pound a day, sometimes more. I knew I had at last discovered the secret that had been vainly sought for years, and I continued the treatment until I had lost more than 100 pounds in weight I became stronger with every pound I lost, and soon regained all my old time vigor of both body and mind. It made me feel twenty years younger to be rid of all the fat that had formed inside and outside of my body. After discontinuing the treatment and keeping a careful record of my weight for more than two months, I was delighted to find that reduction was permanent, nor has my fat shown the slightest tendency to return since then."

"Can you imagine my ecstasies of joy and inespressible relief, the tremendous load that was lifted from my mind, when after all my suffering I discovered almost by accident this wonderfu secret method that enabled me to rid myself of 100 pounds of fat, and which transformed me from a hopeless, helpless wreck into a perfect specimen of physical manhood again. I have now been gladly accepted by the same large insurance company that previously rejected me."

Dr. Turner then went on to explain the treatment he discovered, and while anyone must admit that it is a highly logical method and undoubtedly effective to a wonderful degree, yet it is so simple that even a child can understand it and obtain most satisfactory results. Surely no stout person need any longer feel that he or she must remain fat now. Lack of space prevents a full description of the entire method here, but Dr. Turner has described it in a handsomely bound and extremely interesting little booklet entitled "How I Reduced My Weight 100 pounds," and by special arrangment with the Doctor we are able to announce that these valuable booklets, while they last, are to be distributed absolutely free to those of our stout readers who are sufficiently interested to send a two-cent stamp for postage. Tne books are sent in plain wrapping, and we are told that there are about 1,000 left. When these are gone, the Doctor may not have any more printed for some time, as he is planning another long trip and will probably have no time to give the matter attention again until he returns. The Doctor's address is F. Turner, M. D., Suite 1335A Clark Building, Syracuse, N. Y., and any request sent there during the next few days will be given prompt attention. We urgently advise all of our stout readers to obtain this wonderful book and begin reducing weight immediately, as such an opportunity as this may never present itself again.

lining and under sleeves can be omitted. Also the collar is optional and it can be made with a square back that reaches to the high waist line or with a shorter square or with a pointed back. The skirt is cut in three pieces, the foundation in two and the closing is made at the side. It can be adjusted at the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2⅞ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅜ yards 36, 2⅛ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of all-over lace for collar and cuffs, ½ yard of satin and 1 yard 18 inches wide for the under sleeves and chemisette; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 3½ yrds 27 or 36, 2¼ yards 44 and for the foundation 1½ yards 27 or 36 inches wide; for the frills will be needed 10 yards of ribbon.

The May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 7362, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, No. 7269, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

A simple and good rule to remember and to follow is to buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are plainly printed in English on the label. This information is stated on every package of Magic Baking Powder. All Grocers sell it.

Bow Falls B.C.

Beauty for All.

By Agnes Chedholm

Did I hear you say you had given up trying to be pretty? Because your eyes are dull, your skin rough and yellow and dotted with pimples and blackheads? That is a formidable list of beauty drawbacks, but if you will promise to give me your undivided attention I will tell you a way to gain the clear skin, glowing with the rosy hue of health, the lustrous eyes, the rosy lips and the contented mind that renders the woman who possesses these attractions beautiful to her friends, her family, and herself.

Here's the secret, maids and matrons—use vibration! Yes. I know you are all surprised, but to use vibration will, in my opinion, put you on that short and narrow path which leads to beautyland. Vibration is so easy to employ, so wonderfully effective, so unexcelled in bringing quick beauty returns that it is a wonder to me that more women do not posses that marvellous little instrument— a vibrator.

Why wander wearily along, with your beauty goal many months away, when by employing vibration you can overcome such defects as a flat bosom, a wrinkled skin, hollow cheeks, a double chin, scanty hair and a host of other beauty ailments, in no time at all, comparatively speaking. A daily treatment from a vibrator will develop your physical and mental energy in a large degree, thus enabling you to go about your daily duties or pleasures wholeheartedly. Vibration is worth while.

"Exactly what is vibration?" some one asks. That is a very pertinent question. To be explicit, vibration is an electrical kneading and stroking of the flesh. As a result the circulation is stimulated, contracted muscles relaxed, flabby muscular walls toned up, and the tissues restored to a normal condition.

If you are the little maid with pallid cheeks who likes them not, avail yourself of vibration. It will send the sluggish blood coursing through your veins, racing to all parts of your system. After two or three brief treatments you will have the exquisite joy of seeing your cheeks one flame of scarlet.

As a wrinkle remover and as an ideal face massage the vibrator is without a peer. Special attachments which can be used for massaging the face, and move gently over the skin in small circles, will drive your wrinkles away in no time.

There is no longer any need to worry when the hair grows scanty and short, as vibration stimulates the circulation in the scalp. It brings new life and energy to the oil ducts that keep the hair in perfect condition—neither too dry nor too oily. If the vibrator is employed correctly it will remove all traces of dandruff and your hair troubles will be at an end forever.

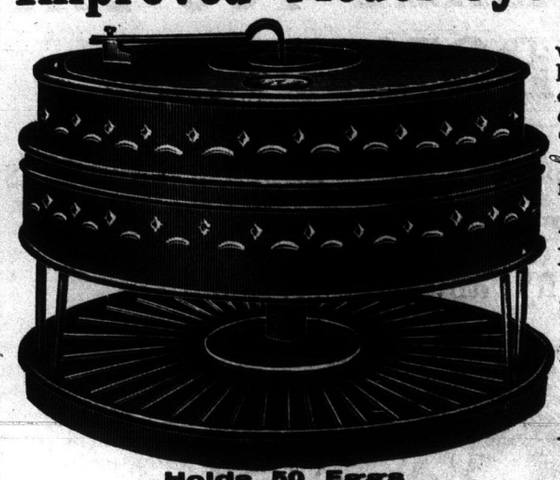
Should your pores be torpid and filled with those little dark specks called blackheads, you can not do better than run a vibrator hither and thither over your face for ten minutes daily, until your skin is painted a deep red and the lazy pores are working overtime, as it were, setting their houses in order. Blackheads cannot exist where the pores are stimulated to do their duty by vibration.

Before applying the vibrator to your face, it would be well to cover the skin with special vibrator cream, as it is of great assistance in this work of freeing the pores from their unsightly contents.

It is most distressing for a woman to have her face or body dotted with pimples, consequently those so afflicted should fly to vibration as a means of delivery from their beauty trouble. In what way does vibration improve the condition of a pimply skin? It causes the blood to circulate rapidly, thus carrying off poisonous deposits; and, applied to the stomach, hips, back, and breast, will be the means of curing constipation, which is the chief cause of blotchy, unsightly skins. This should be good news to those of our readers who are so unfortunate as to have the beauty of their skins marred by ugly eruptions.

The Oil of Power.—It is not claimed for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it will cure every ill, but its uses are so various that it may be looked upon as a general pain killer. It has achieved that greatness for itself and all attempts to surpass it have failed Its excellence is known to all who have tested its virtues and learnt by experience.

Improved Model Cycle Hatcher



Holds 50 Eggs

A Twentieth Century wonder hatches every hatchable egg. Easily operated, fire-proof. Glass window so that Thermometer is in sight without touching machine.

Made entirely of metal, weight 20lbs. Securely Boxed. **Price $7.00**

We carry in stock all sizes of Incubators and Brooders, Poultry Supplies and Poultry Foods.

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I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR BUST.

Tha magnetic charm, and the power to fascinate others to compel admiration and obtain wonderful success in business or society, depend to a great extent upon the possession of a full beautiful bust. No woman can hope to win and hold the attention of others who has a flat, undeveloped bust. If you will spend a few minutes of your time night and morning you can make your bust as large and firm as you desire,

HERE IS MY SECRET

I want to point out the way for you to obtain a beautiful bust, rested nerves and radiant health—I want to send you a free copy of my book "How I obtained a Beautiful Bust by an Accidental Discovery," if you will agree to read it.

This book is a key to this marvellous process which is bound to cause a miraculous transformation in your appearance. You can place yourself in reach of a copy merely by a request. Make it now and learn more about a royal road to perfect development, more beauty and charm. Write me to-day for your free copy, and enclose two 2 cent stamps for reply. Address—

Margarette Merlain (Dept. 1,038B) 85 Great Portland St. London W., Eng.

$200.00 IN CASH

And Numbers of Valuable Premiums

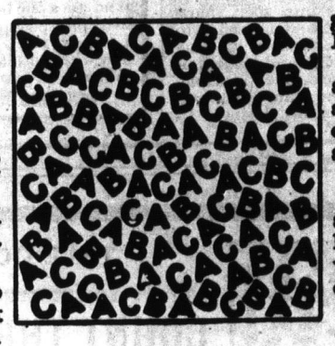
GIVEN AWAY FREE

For correct solutions of A.B.C. Puzzle.

Read Carefully if You Wish to Win a Money Prize.

"Simple as A.B.C." the old saying is. This puzzle may look simple, but try it, and you will find it puzzling enough.

The puzzle is to count the number of A's, B's, and C's in the square. State how many of each letter you find.



To the person who sends in the highest correct count we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars, ($100.00). To the person who sends in the second highest correct count we will give the sum of Fifty Dollars ($50.00).

To the person who sends in the third highest correct count we will give the sum of Thirty Dollars ($30.00). To the person who sends in the fourth highest correct count we will give the sum of Twenty Dollars ($20.00).

Should two persons send in equally correct answers for the first prize, the first two prizes will be divided between them, each receiving the sum of Seventy-five Dollars ($75.00). Should three persons send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will be divided between them, each receiving the sum of Sixty Dollars ($60.00). Should four persons send in equally correct answers, the whole sum of Two Hundred Dollars ($200.00) will be divided between them, each receiving Fifty Dollars ($50.00). And so on in like proportions.

DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY

We mean exactly what we say We do not ask you to send us any of your money. There's only one simple condition (which does not involve in the spending of any of your money) to be complied with.

If you think you can correctly count the A. B. C's, write to-day, as this advertisement may not appear again. We will reply at once, saying whether your answer is correct or not and will send you a full prize list, together with particulars of the simple conditions mentioned above.

Address—

BOVEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

BOVEL BUILDING MONTREAL

LET US MAKE YOU FAT
50c BOX FREE

We Will Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny and Undeveloped

The Mirror Shows Plainer Than Words What a Wonderful Improvement May Be Realized by a Gain of Even 10 or 12 Pounds.

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman in Winnipeg and vicinity. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good, solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy: to do this without drastic diet "tonics," severe physical culture "stunts", detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women whose clothes never look "anyhow", no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box to-day. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener to you. We send it that you may see the simple, harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon to-day and mail it at once to The Sargol Company 5-R Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., and please inclose 10c with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

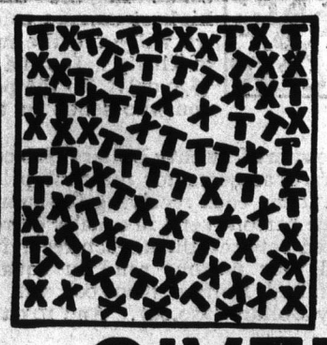
GOOD FOR 50c BOX

Sargol Co., 5-R Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

Gentlemen;

I have never tried Sargol, and ask you to send me a 50c box Free as per your offer. To help pay postage and distribution expenses I enclose 10c. Please send in a plain package with no marks to indicate its contents. Write your name and address plainly and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER



1912 CONTEST

COUNT THE Xs AND Ts

$100.00
GIVEN AWAY

And many other prizes according to the Simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent).

This is a chance for clever persons to win Cash and other Prizes with a little effort. Count the Xs and Ts in the Square, and write the number of each that you count neatly on a piece of paper or post card and mail to us, and we will write you at once, telling you all about it. You may win a valuable prize. Try at once.

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

In Lighter Vein.

The Aptness was Too Much.

A minister, a man of great vigor and vehemence, while preaching one Sunday, bent forward and shouted with great force the words of his text: "The righteous shall stand, but the wicked shall fall."

Just as these words escaped from his lips, the pulpit broke from its fastening, and he fell out and rolled over on the floor before the congregation. Picking himself up he said:

"Brethren, I am not hurt, and I don't mind the fall, but I do hate the connection."

Much Too Good.

Mother: "Johnnie, why are you beating little sister? Surely she has not been unkind to you?'

Johnnie: 'No, Mamma, but she is so fearfully good I simply can't stand her."

The Only Attraction.

"Is your husband going with you to the concert?"

"Oh, no! He's not interested in hats and frocks.'

The Vein of Poetry.

"I'm sure I've got a vein of poetry in me, dad; it only wants bringing out."

"You'd better see a doctor and have it out."

More Faith than Cure.

"What is your opinion of the faith cure?"

"I am beginning to fear," answered the sceptical person, "that it requires hope and charity more than it does faith."

To be Married Again.

Marie: I hear you are going to be married again.

Edith: Again! Why, I've never been married yet.

Marie: No; but I can't recall the number of times you "were going to be."

A Cautious Man.

Jacks: Townley is an exceedingly cautious man, don't you think?

Johns: Cautious! Why, he wouldn't pay a compliment without getting a receipt for it.

His Meerscham Pipe.

Mr. Williams (exhibiting it to visitor): I've had this old meerscham pipe forty years, and I think a great deal of it.

Mrs. Williams: And I can't think of anything else for twenty-four hours after he has smoked it in the house.

An Expert.

"I need a man for the information bureau. He must be one who can answer every question, even the most unexpected, without losing his head."

"I'm just the man you want. I'm the father of eight children."

Shameful Waste.

Pa Smith threw down his newspaper in despair.

"It's shameful," he exclaimed, "the way these 'ere colleges waste money on furniture! Here's an account of somebody giving Harvard $200,000 for a new chair."

New Possibilities of the Auto.

Bones: Why are you crawling under the machine? There's nothing the matter with it.

Jones: I know it, but there comes Brown. If he sees me with this auto, he'll expect me to pay the money I owe him.

The Haughty Man.

"Helloa, Pepper, old chap!" exclaimed a man to another, "you have altered—scarcely knew you."

"My name—haw—is not Pepper," protested the other, haughtily.

"Ah," remarked the first speaker, in no way abashed, "then your name has altered, too. Bye, bye."

An Impression.

"Now, I have an impression in my head," said the teacher. "Can any of you tell me what an impression is?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied a little fellow at the foot of the class. "An impression is a dent in a soft spot."

Taking No Chances.

Speaker Cannon, at one of the unique dinners that he gives in Washington (these dinners are strictly limited to one hour of time), talked about mean rich men.

"The meanest rich man in Illinois," he said, "lives in Vermilion County. He is a bachelor, and we'll call him Crust.

"One day the superintendent of the local cemetery told his lot salesman to call on Crust and see if he couldn't work off a cemetery lot on him.

"The salesman set out with a hopeless air, and in a half-hour he was back again.

"'No go,' he said.

"'Couldn't get him, eh?' said the superintendent.

"'No,' said the salesman. 'He admitted that I reasoned well, and that the lots were fine ones, but he said that if he bought he mightn't get the value of his money in the end.'

"'Why, said the superintendent, 'there's no fear of that. The man will die some day, won't he?'

"'Yes, said the salesman, 'but he says he might be lost at sea.'"

She Said It.

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother.

"And now, dear," she said, "when the Duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your Grace.'"

Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess, he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?" Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes and with clasped hands exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly fankful, amen."

John Cheerfully Agreed.

A lad who was visiting at a relative's house was unused to the form of saying grace before meals. He began to eat at the dinner-table without waiting or watching to see what the rest did.

"John," ventured his uncle hesitatingly, "we-ee usually say a little something before we eat."

"Say all you want, say all you want," replied John cheerfully. "You can't turn my stummick!"

She Knew Her Man.

It was New Year's morning, and Mary Ellen and John Stubbins, as broad north-country folk as you like, stood dutifully before the marriage altar, the clergyman reciting the service in his most dignified tones.

"Will you have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" he presently asked.

"I 'ull," Jack made answer.

"You must say 'I will,'" corrected the cleric, and he asked the question over again.

"I 'ull," resounded Jack, more firmly than ever.

The clergyman threatened to stop the ceremony if the response was not properly given.

That was too much for Mary, who broke in quite spiritedly:

"Get along wid ye, mon; thee 'ul 'ave our Jack say he won't in a minute or two."

Fresh Supplies Wanted.

A missionary writes from the Fiji Islands as follows:

"Our small force of brethren seems to be absolutely unable to cope with the distress which prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many of the natives are starving for food. Please send a few more missionaries."

When Willie Felt the Cold.

Little Willie found a looking-glass and scraped the mercury off. Afterwards he swallowed it, thinking it would cure his cough.

Little Willie's mother, in relating the story to Mrs. Brown, said, "It was a cold day for little Willie when the mercury went down."

The Newest Theology.

A boy at a recent examination in Scripture was asked where Cain went after he killed Abel. He replied that he went to bed. The teacher wanted to know how he made that out. He said, "It's in the chapter, sir, that Cain, after he had killed Abel, went to the land of Nod."

Gave the Game Away.

As the alien staggered aboard the omnibus he deposited a heavily-laden sack upon the seat in front of him. In due course the conductor appeared on the scene.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "A Christmas present?"

"Yes," meekly responded the passenger.

"Then you must pay for it."

"Ach, no; I never pays for zat," cried the alien. "I vil not do so! I never won't."

"Then here goes! said the conductor, throwing the sack overboard.

"Mine gootness!" screamed the alien. "You haf kilt me pardner, Jacobs!"

Don't Shoot.

A Southerner, hearing a great commotion in his chicken-house one dark night, took his revolver and went to investigate.

"Who's there?" he sternly demanded, opening the door.

No answer.

"Who's there? Answer, or I'll shoot!"

A trembling voice from the farthest corner:

"'Deed, sah, day ain't nobody hyah 'ceptin' us chickens."

Staggering Curiosity.

The minister of a country church was greatly annoyed on Sundays by the women turning round every time anyone came in, and so interrupting the sermon. At last he hit upon a plan for stopping it.

The next time he preached he gave this notice out: "So that no one need turn round, I will call out the names of the person or persons entering this church during my sermon."

Then he started: "Dearly beloved brethren—Farmer Jacobs and his wife Jones—seventh chapter second verse—Mrs. Brown and baby—St. John, where it says—Mr. and Mrs. Smith with a new bonnet on."

Here he discovered his mistake and was going to correct himself, but it was too late—all the women in the place had looked round.

A Canny Caretaker.

It is more or less always difficult to get a Scot to commit himself. There is a story told of how an Edinburgh postman, wishful of a New Year gift, once approached the caretaker of a large business premises in that city.

"Is Mr. Macpherson likely to be in to-morrow?" he asked.

"I hae ma doots," replied the Scot.

"How is that? Is he away from home?"

"I dinna ken whaur he is."

"Not ill, is he?"

"I hae not heard."

"Then what makes you think he won't be in to-morrow?"

"I didna say he wouldna be at home. I said I hae ma doots. He's been dead nigh on a year."

A bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, taken according to directions, will subdue a cough in a short time. This assertion can be verified by hundreds who have tried it and are pleased to bear testimony to its merits, so that all may know what a splendid medicine it is. It costs you only 25 cents to join the ranks of the many who have been benefitted by its use.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
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Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board of Moral Reform, Toronto.
Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto
Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, *Catholic Record*, London, Ontario.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity no loss of time from business, and a certain cure.

Consultation or Correspondence invited.

Blank Cartridge Pistol, only 25c

5 inches long, with nickeled barrel. For protection and sport every man and boy should have one. Order at once, get American flag FREE. Money refunded if desired.

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Vigor of Youth.

EVERY MAN CAN HAVE IT.

Youth with all its energy and enthusiasm can be yours. Youth is only health; it is only fresh young manhood. When your blood is warm and your nerves full of energy and you have youth and health and all the force that goes with it. The fire of the nerves dimmed by neglect and misunderstanding of life, can be rekindled and all the sparkling vitality of youth restored. You are only as old as self-made worry makes you. You can get back the fire and vim of youth and feel like a young man again. Circulation will do it, and you must use electricity to get that. 20,000 have used it and they join in praise of this wonderful remedy.

You may have heard of it, you may of some of its wonderful cures, but still you have been doubtful and afraid to venture. Your hesitation is due to the failure of drugs. That's no argument against electricity. You have paid dearly indeed for the little mite of relief which drugs have brought you, and it was not even permanent relief. My way of applying electricity cures to stay cured. You use it two or three hours every evening or at night at sleep. No bother, no waste of time, nothing but pleasure while treating. Circulation is revived, you feel new life, invigoration, such as only fresh pulsating blood will bring you. If your blood is stale and sluggish, there is a reason and a remedy. It's Electricity, the fire of life.

Cured of Lumbago and Stomach Trouble

Strathcona, Alta.

M.A. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir;—Since wearing your Belt, I am very glad to say that my health has been very much better, and I have increased 24 lbs. in weight. From the time I began wearing your Electric Belt, I began to improve until to-day, when I am better than I have been for years. My back does not trouble me as before, and I must say that I am very glad I gave your Belt a trial, and I wish you every succes in your great work of relieving suffering humanity. Perhaps I should have let you know of my cure before this, but I was waiting to see if the results were permanent. Again thanking you for what your Belt has done for me.

I am yours gratefully, A. Stanley.

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Yours truly, Victor Dubord.

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Dear Sir;—Your Belt has done me a lot of good and better than any doctor, because I have tried many doctors but none of them have done me any good. I would not be without your Belt for anything. After about two weeks' use of your Belt I could walk over two miles on my foot, which was so bad before that I could not walk well around the house. My son had rheumatism bad for over two years and he used it about two hours a day for a little over a week and he is entirely cured. I would recommend your Belt to everybody suffering thanking you for the belt and wishing you every success, I am,

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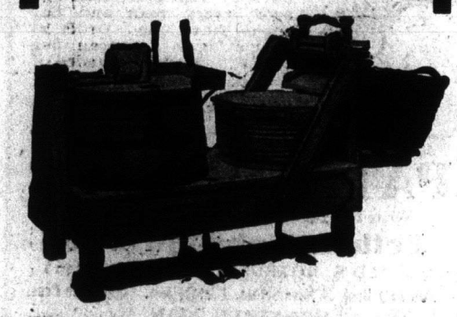

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About the Farm.

Glanders in Horses.

A Stock Farmer writes:—

"I have something wrong with one of my brood mares and a yearling filly. Last August, while suckling a mule colt, she came down with a cough similar to distemper. She ran down very thin, and this cough has stayed with her up to now. In October she had large spots raise all over her right hip and along the backbone. Since then these spots have grown in size to half a dollar and a nickel. They raise up and the hair all comes off with from one-half to two drops of matter. Now the hip is a sight. Nearly one-third of the hair is gone. She is in foal, and I can not heal these sores or get the mare to fleshen up. I have tried stock food and everything I have been told to do, but with no apparent good. I am feeding as much grain now as I do when she is suckling and at hard work. She came down a year ago, only not so bad. When she has no colt, she is the best looking horse in my lot. The filly also has the same raised spots, but no cough and no matter. The hair does not come out on the filly. Another brood mare has a cough but no sores, and is as fat as can be. I do not believe the disease is distemper, as all of my horses and mules had distemper three years ago. Can you tell me what the trouble is and what to do? I have tried stock food until I am tired of it, and want to try something else."

The symptoms point to that most dreaded of all horse diseases, glanders. Possibly we may be mistaken, but our correspondent will make no mistake if he separates at once all horses affected with a cough and sores and described in the above, from the other horses on the place; if he disinfects the stalls thoroughly, and if he calls in a veterinarian at once, to make a definite diagnosis for him. Glanders is not only incurable, and extremely contagious, but it may affect man. For these reasons no one should take halfway measures when there is the slightest chance that there may be glanders on the place. The most common symptom of the disease is a cough accompanied with a discharge from one or both nostrils. At first it is thin and watery, but later becomes thick and yellowish, and may be streaked with blood. The glands of the jaw are often swollen, and in some forms of the disease swellings break out just under the skin in other parts of the body. These swellings are especially likely to break out just as our correspondent has described them along the hip and thigh, the side of the neck or the shoulders.

About the only thing that can be done with glanderous horses is to kill them so as to prevent the spread of the disease.

A Peaceful Scene.

How Soils are Built Up.

Every farm boy ought to know something about how soils are made in the first place. He should not be allowed to believe that the earth is quite now as it came from the hands of the Creator. He should know better. He should know that the work of fitting the soil for the abode of man was a very, very long process, dating back perhaps millions of years before there was a man upon the face of the earth. The Good Book describes this process: how life began in the sea; how gradually grass began to grow, and plants, the plant yielding seed and the tree yielding fruit, each after its kind; the process covering five or six long periods (no one knows how long), until at last the earth was fit for the abode of man. Ever since the earth cooled off processes have been at work to fit it for the abode of man; and we can conceive it at one time to have been simply rock and water. The Almighty covered the rocks with moss, which clung to it and began the work of disintegration. Then came lichens, then small trees and coarse grasses, until the rocks were crumbled by frost, by heat, by growing plants or trees whose immense roots found their way into the crevices, prying off and actually splitting the rock. We did not intend to go back that far.

Speaking broadly, there are three kinds of soils in the United States—one the non-glaciated soils, where the character of the soil is determined by the character of the rock from which it was formed. Where the rock was limestone, a rich soil was formed; where the rock was sandstone a thinner soil; where t re was too much iron in the soil, a still less productive soil.

In the glaciated sections the hills were planed down and the valleys filled up, and the soil picked up and carried by the glacier and deposited after the returning heat melted the ice. In the river of ice, really packed snow, a point was finally reached where the ice melted off as fast as it shoved down; for ice moves just like the river, but very, very slowly. Wherever it melted off, as fast as it was pushed down, a moraine was formed, in which there would be large deposits of rock and very likely lakes or lakelets. The character of the soil so far as fertility is concerned would depend on the character of the soil carried by the glacier, and that will depend upon the source from or over which the glacier moved. Hence some glaciations are rich in every element of fertility; others lack phosphorus.

Then we have all over the United States what are known as alluvial soils, which are made up of the wash from higher lands that have been deposited in ancient lakes or along the beds of rivers. Usually the river or branch is the natural drain of the lake, and it is subject to high water and overflow. In this overflow the heavier particles in the muddy water are dropped at the first opportunity, and therefore near the bank of the river. Hence the land is always lower back next the hill than it is next the stream.

In any case, whether in the non-glaciated, the glaciated or alluvial soils, plant growth followed, the plant growth being determined by the character of the soil. The object of the plant growth was evidently to supply vegetable matter to these soils, which are from 90 to 95 per cent. rock, except in peat beds, which are the remains of old lake beds. That's the reason why weeds grow so luxuriantly everywhere. Thats the reason why grass grows on the prairies. The timber soils are supplied with vegetable matter by the falling leaves and the decay of dead trees.

Then earth-worms take up their work and literally eat the soil, passing it through them, leaving it in casts about the ground. Boys have often seen them. Darwin has told us how many years it takes the earth-worm to pass through the whole upper portion of the soil. We don't remember how many; but that does not matter. Then the ground dwellers—mice, moles, shrews, squirrels, and sundry others—dig in the soil, in-

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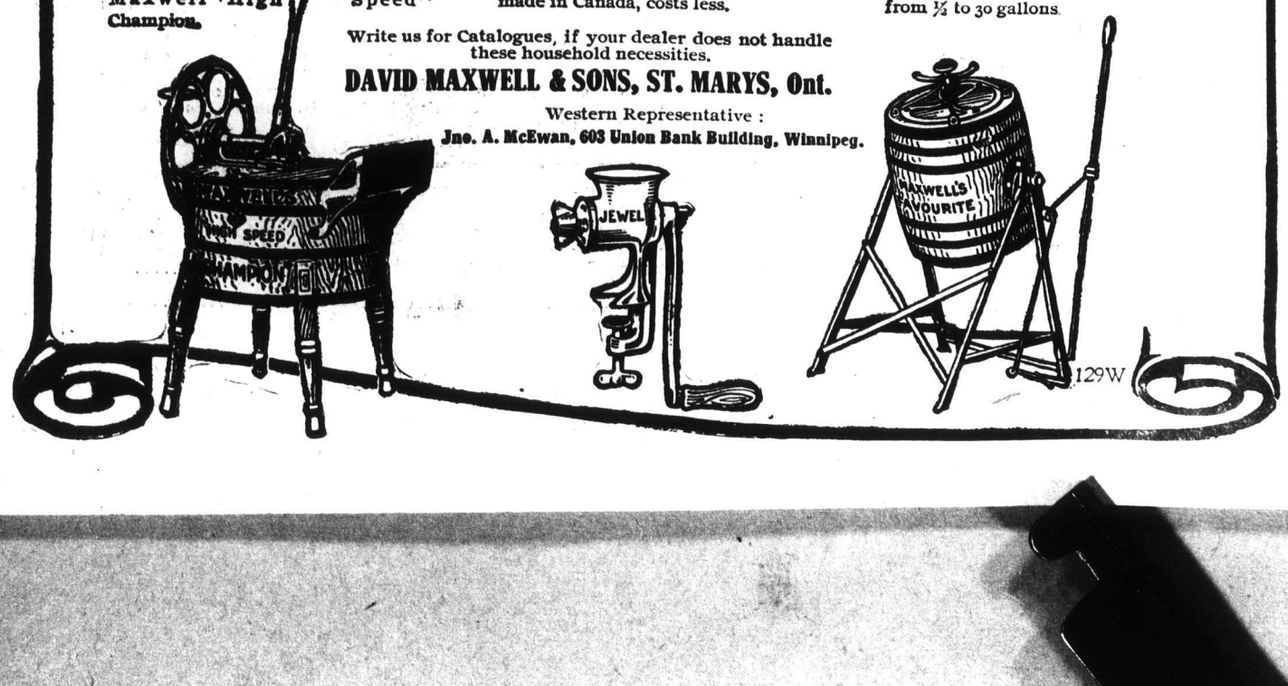

corporate the leaves and vegetable matter with the soil itself, and thus in the course of thousands of years build up soil on which man can live.

In the alluvial soils, old lake beds, or what we know as bottom land, grass suitable to the soil is sown—water grasses, rushes—all of which, by spreading their leaves in the air, obtain carbon and add this to the soil. Minute organisms begin their work. The soil is really alive; indeed, the liveliest kind of a thing. Some of these have a way of obtaining nitrogen from the air, like the clovers. Others of them work up the vegetable matter, and still others on other products. And so in a wonderful and mysterious way, which we are just beginning to understand in these later years, the soil was gradually prepared for the home of man. Thus we see that nature in her soil making operations is very careful about two things—first, to supply vegetable matter; second, to supply nitrogen from the air—hence her wide use of the legumes.

These soils, however they may be

Western Dogwood (Cornus Nuttalliio.)—Canadian Alpine Journal.

formed, differ greatly in the size of the soil particles. In sand the soil particles are coarse; in gravel much coarser. Hence soil of this kind requires a great deal of water, for the simple reason that water can exist in the soil only on the surface of the individual grains, however small or large they may be. In other soils, for example the clays, the particles are very small, perhaps smallest in the volcanic ash soils. Hence these soils have a greater water-holding capacity and will hold water in a dry time.

Now we have not told you all about soils—very little, in fact; but we wish our boys and girls to have some intelligent idea about it; or at least we wish to tell them how to obtain an intelligent idea of how the soils on which the farmers must depend for a living in all time to come were made: how long and tedious was the process; how careful the great Soil Maker through all His agencies has been to add humus material and nitrogen to the soil through the long ages.

The Physical Condition of the Soil.

The crops of 1912 will depend mainly on three things: the physical condition of the soil before planting, at planting, during cultivation, and the growth of the crop; the temperature and the rainfall. The temperature and the rainfall are under the control of another Power, to give as He sees fit. The physical condition of the soil will be determined in part by conditions over which we have no control, and in part by the farmer's intelligence while working under these conditions.

While we can not fix the temperature of the season, yet we can so manage our affairs as to get the most out of what is given us. The same is true with regard to rainfall. We can waste it, we can save it; and we can do something, but not much outside of drainage, in getting rid of it when in excess.

We would not care to say which of these three—the physical condition of the soil, the temperature or the rainfall —is most important. They are all three of vital importance. It matters not how rich the soil may be, or what its possibilities. It may have potash and phosphorous and nitrogen in abundance, and yet if it is not put and kept in proper physical condition, they will not contribute very greatly toward the harvest. A poor soil kept in proper physical condition during the season will yield a much better crop than a very much richer soil, so farmed that it is out of physical condition.

By a proper physical condition we mean such a state of tilth that the plants will have an opportunity to occupy the ground with their roots as fully and quickly as possible; a condition that will enable them to utilize the heat to the best advantage where it is deficient, and that will make the greatest possible use of the rainfall that is given us during the season. The best example of fine physical condition is a clover sod plowed at the proper season (in the north in the fall, in the very southern portion of our territory in the

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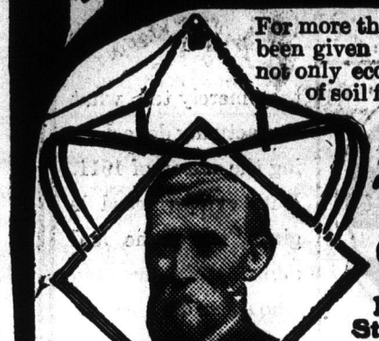

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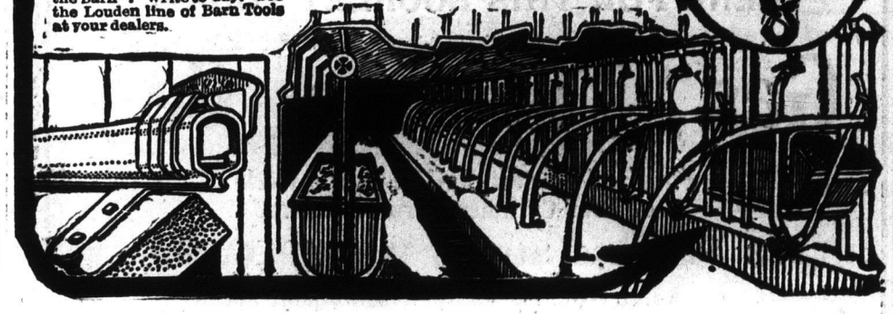

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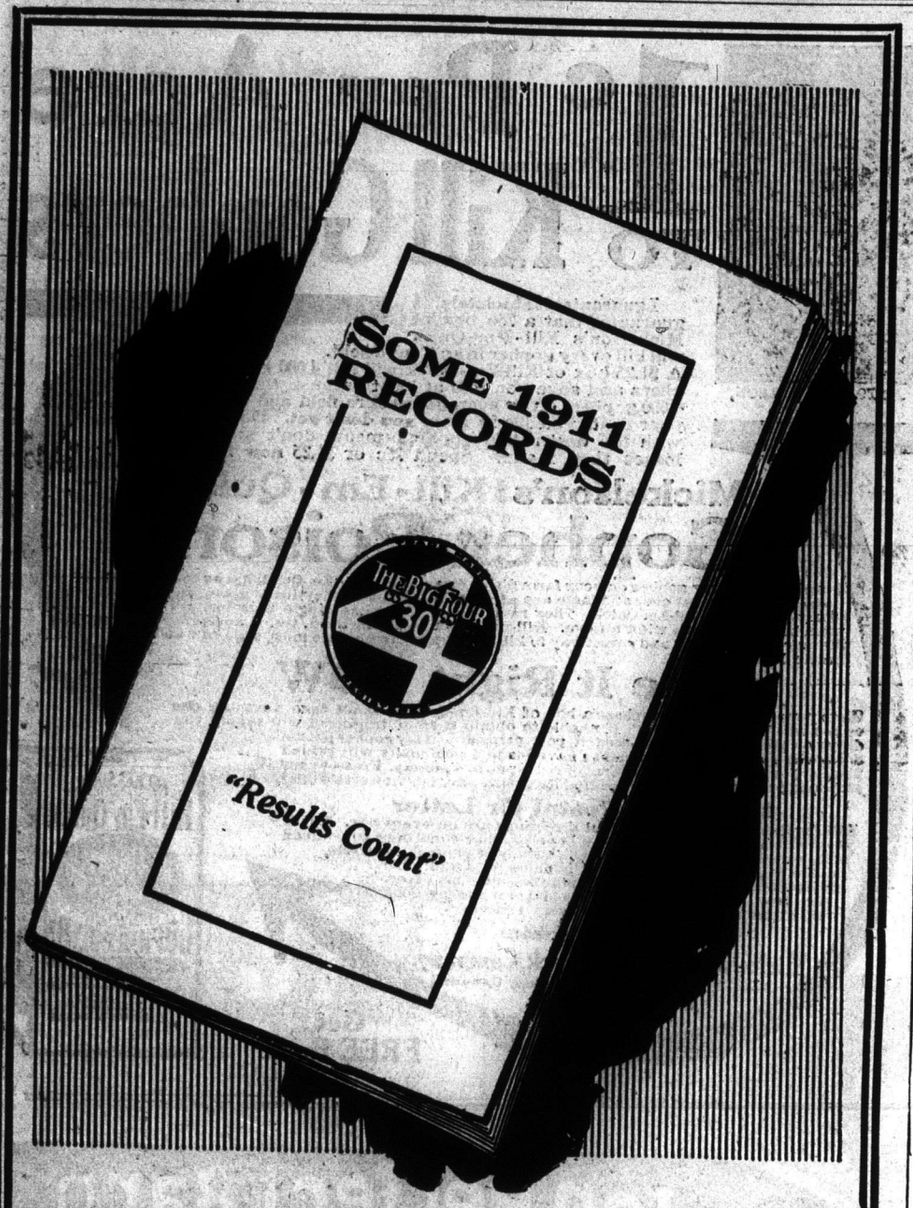

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spring, and so disked and harrowed that capillarity has been restored below, and the upper soil is in that mellow, crumbling condition which the farmer can feel as he walks over it better than any living man can describe it.

There are some things which the farmer can do to put his soil out of physical condition. He can plow it after the frost is out while it is wet. In clay soils this will surely form clods. A clod contributes nothing to plant growth so long as it remains a clod, for the simple reason that plant roots can not penetrate it. These clods allow too free access of air, and the land dries out. Hence the man who allows his land to get cloddy through bad cultivation invites a crop failure, which will not wait for a second invitation. Where the farmer is undertaking too much, he is almost certain to plow some of his ground wet. He can remedy this mistake to a certain extent by harrowing after plowing, and doing it before there is time for clods to form. This clod formation does not take long, especially on a dry day, with a south-west wind blowing.

The farmer can get his land out of physical condition if he allows his fallaw land to lie untouched until the end of the planting season. On dry days, when the evaporation is very rapid, this land will crack open, and every crack is simply the outline of a clod. This can be prevented by disking frequently, beginning just as soon as the ground is in condition in the Spring. This will form a dirt mulch and if followed with the harrow will effectively save the moisture that is in the soil, bottle it up, as the saying goes.

Lands which are worn, or, in other words, lands in which the vegetable matter is to a great extent exhausted, are much more likely to get out of physical condition than lands which are well stored with humus material. Hence, generally speaking, the poorer the land, the more difficult it is to secure the proper physical condition. In lands that are well stored with humus material or humus, the soil particles are not nearly so likely to run together and form clods, as in those in which the humus material has been exhausted by improper cultivation. Sod land is always easier to get in proper physical condition than oats stubble or wheat stubble.

We do not claim to be able to tell each individual farmer what he ought to do; that is impossible. Our aim at present is simply to call the attention of farmers to the fact that unless in some way or other they get their soil in proper condition, they must not expect a big crop this year, no matter what the season may be.

How to Improve the Lawn.

It is singular, though not very surprising, how many there are who forget that the common grasses are plants requiring food; that a lawn simply consists of thousands and millions of these plants growing closely together and emerald green, when in very good condition.

Lawns are periodically mown, sometimes with a scythe or shears, commonly by means of a lawn-mower. It is chiefly since the advent of the lawn-mower that lawns—and especially old lawns—have become more or less unsatisfactory in so many cases. This is because the lawn-mower with grass-box attached—as it is in more than 99 per cent. of cases—collects practically all the grass it cuts, and the whole is removed from the lawn.

Imagine a meadow mown for hay by a farmer who never applied any manure to that meadow, and never turned any stock into it to supply a fertilizer indirectly. It would, after a series of years of such treatment, chiefly present a patchy appearance—green, brown, and earthy—unless it chanced to be near the water-level and became flooded occasionally.

The Process of Exhaustion.

Lawns are in nearly all cases removed from the last-named contingency, but the process of exhaustion is unceasing. The grass is mown and taken away. The plants continue to extract nourishment from the soil below so long as any remains available. Nothing has been returned to the lawn to serve as manure during that period, and where the soil is thin or poor, there the grass first

A Scene on "Poplar Crescent" farm—Hardisty, Alta.

ceases to flourish and turns brown.

This process of exhaustion continues, other patches of brown appear, and in each case practically the whole finer grasses have perished from lack of food. The green grass exists only where, from causes, there chances to be a larger store of food for the plants; and in this way lawns become weedy, patchy and unsightly.

When the scythe was nearly always used, the exhaustion and deterioration was not so rapid, because the whole of the grass was not removed from the lawn in the operation of collecting it, the smaller particles of grass escaping the teeth of grass rake and remaining to act as a mulch in hot weather and at all times serving as a source of food supply—though small—for the grass plants.

When Lawn-mowers are Used. . .

But in these days of the lawn-mower careful gardeners, who have consideration for the welfare of the grasses constituting the lawn, have been careful to refrain from removing all the grass shaven by the mower. The box is taken from the mowing-machine, and the grass is allowed to remain upon the lawn, especially during a period of heat and drought.

Occasionally the lawn, as a consequence, does not look so clear and brilliant; but in a short time, when other lawns are brown and patchy, the lawns upon which the grass was judiciously allowed to remain continues to look fresh and green.

The Importance of Manure.

The best lawns undoubtedly are those which are considered in the above way, and which, in addition, receive periodical dressings of manure in one form or another. The finer grasses are maintained in strength and beauty thereby, and successfully compete for life with their stronger-growing kindred, the result being lawns perfect in their clothing of green, rich and bright in tint, free from daisies, plantains, and dandelions.

Lawns which receive such careful attention with regard to nourishment are not likely to be spoiled by the three objectionable plants mentioned, and they are jealousy excluded therefrom; or, if perchance present, they are diligently cleared by means of spud, old table-fork, or specially-prepared lawn-sand.

It is thus seen that there are essential points in the maintenance of good lawns, and they may be summarised as follows:

1. Daisies, plantains, dandelions, and other coarse plants should be cleared from the turf.

2. The lawn should not be mown too closely in hot or dry weather, and the grass should be allowed to remain on the ground occasionally.

3. Apply a dressing of manure—artificial or otherwise—each autumn, winter or spring as may be most convenient.

I shall have something further to say on this subject next issue.

Dairy Farming and Soil Fertility.

By Professor Long.

It has frequently been stated that farmers who sell milk rob the soil of its fertility. This is untrue both in substance and in fact. It would be just as reasonable to assert that the sale of wheat robbed the soil of its fertility.

It is true that if farmers continuously fed their cattle on foods which the farm produces and on nothing else, or made a practice of growing wheat continually on the same land without supplying manure, there would be no fertility to remove. We must take things as they are and treat our subject rationally.

My desire in these remarks is to show, as simply as I can, that instead of improverishing the soil the dairy farmer or small cow-keeper gradually improves it. There was never a time in the history of modern dairy farming—and I speak as one who well remembers its inception—when cows were fed with such liberality as is the case today. Grass was regarded as quite sufficient as a summer food, and mangels, straw, hay, and small quantities of bran or crushed oats formed a liberal winter ration. A cow was regarded as remarkable if she gave 600 gallons, although I believe not one man in a hundred ever measured the milk.

Where crops and stock are grown continuously on the farm and carted off, the farmer is bound to fail unless he replaces the fertility which has been removed. This fact is so obvious that it may appear absurd to state it, but it is just what those who tell us that milk selling and cheesemaking improverish the soil ignore.

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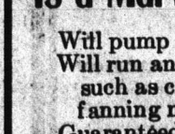

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The Bureau is a center where the best ways of doing things on the farm, and data relating to its development are collected and distributed free to every one interested in agriculture. Every available source of information will be used in answering questions on all farm subjects if the questions are sent to the I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

A Pretty Lake Scene in B. C.

principle that unless the fertility of the soil is maintained it ceases to be productive; hence the dairy farmer whose produce is entirely removed from the farm replaces the fertilizing constituents which it contained by supplying his cows with purchased food and his soil with purchased manures.

I use the word "purchased" advisedly, because it relates to the import of fertility which is intended to replace the export. The dairy farmer as I know him—and I have the privilege of knowing hundreds—from the keeper of one cow to the owner of 250—does much more than repair the loss, for he buys more than he sells.

An Example.

Let us take an example case. A cow yielding 500 gallons of milk, which, small as it is, is a fair average yield for an average herd, produces 50 pounds of fertilizing matter in its three most important forms—nitrogen, purchased in nitrate of soda in which it is present to the extent of 15½ pounds per hundred; phosphoric acid, the most important constituent of superphosphate and basic slag; and potash.

The nitrogen forms 15½ per cent. of the casein of the milk, while the minerals produced are present in the ash. The sugar and fat of milk have no manurial value, as they are produced from foods which are derived from the atmosphere.

Imagine it. Burn a lump of sugar and a tallow candle and prove the truth of it, for both vanish into the air. The nitrogen referred to is equal to 30 lbs., and the phosphoric acid and potash to 20 lbs. At sixpence a pound for the nitrogen and market price for the minerals, we barely reach twenty shillings, a sum which represents the vanished fertility present in 500 gallons of milk.

What, may I ask, does the dairy farmer spend on purchased foods? We can leave manures out of the question altogether. A quarter of a ton (560 lbs.) of decorticated cotton cake costing in an average season 35s.—it costs a little more today—would provide 34¾ lbs. of nitrogen, 17 lbs. of phosphoric acid, and 8¼ lbs. of potash.

This quantity of cake would represent about 1½ lbs. per day, whereas dairy farmers who know their business provide from 6 to 12 lbs. of cake and similarly concentrated foods during the period October to May, and a pound or two of cake daily on the pastures.

Thus, while the cake alone more than replaces the lost fertility, the ration as a whole immensely increases it. If, however, we were to deal with the subject of manure we should be able to place the matter in a still more brilliant light, for not only are the mongles, swedes, hay, and straw manured with artificial fertilizers in addition to the dung, but practically all the crops on the farm.

Butter-making stands on a different footing in this matter. Butter consists of the fat of milk and of the water which cannot be expelled in the process of manufacture. Fat contains no minerals, and nitrogen does not enter into its composition. For these reasons the production of butter is not attended with the loss of fertility. The whole of the materials which possess fertilizing value pass into the offal milk, and if this is supplied to stock there will be no loss to the land.

Learn to Make Repair.

A boy we know who hopes some day to be a farmer will sit 15 minutes on a rake mower, and call for someone to tighten a nut or adjust another bit of mechanism. If he succeeds he will have to learn to do these things himself, for every farmer must be a machinist. The man who can put a reaper together after he has seen it done will do well, but the man who can do it without having seen it done will do better. Time on the farm as anywhere else is money, and when a tongue breaks it is money in the pocket to be able to repair it without driving to the blacksmith.

A Heretofore Unnoted Benefit from the Growth of Legumes.

In a recent bulletin from Cornell University, Professors Lyon and Bizzell report some experiments in growing timothy with alfalfa, timothy with clover, and oats with peas, especially with regard to the effect of such companionship upon the non-legumes. Contiguous control plats, where the timothy and oats were grown alone, furnished opportunity for direct comparison, and in every case the timothy grown with alfalfa or clover, and the oats grown with peas, contained an appreciable higher per cent. of protein.

We append the summary prepared by the authors:—

Timothy grown with alfalfa contained a greater percentage of protein than did timothy grown alone. The same was true of timothy grown with red clover.

Oats grown with peas had a higher

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protein content than oats grown alone.

The yield of the mixed oats and peas, when cut for hay, was considerably greater than the yield of oats alone.

The increased value of a non-legume, due to its greater nitrogen content when grown with a legume, is of some economic importance. A method for increasing the protein content of certain forage crops by growing them with legumes is thus suggested.

The increased supply of available nitrogen, which these results indicate to be due to the presence of the legume, must have a very important influence on the yield of the non-legume on soils where nitrogen is the limiting factor in the growth of the crop.

Soil on which alfalfa had grown for five years contained more nitrates than did the soil which had grown the timothy for the same length of time. Sections of these same plats kept bare of vegetation for the summer gave similar results.

The rate of nutrification of ammonium sulphate was greater in alfalfa soil than in timothy soil, thus indicating an influence of the plant on the conditions favoring nutrification. The higher protein content of non-legumes growing alone is probably due to the more active nutrification caused by the presence of the legume.

The nutrifying power of a soil which grew alfalfa for five years, and which was then kept bare of vegetation for a summer was greater than that of adjacent plats on which timothy had been grown for the same length of time, and which was likewise kept bare for a summer. This indicates a benefit arising from the influence of the legume on the rate at which nutrification goes on in the soil even after the crop has been removed.

Alfalfa grown on soil in need of lime contained a higher percentage of protein when lime was added to the soil than when none was added. The weed, Erigeron annuus, growing with the alfalfa, possessed a higher protein content when grown on the limed soil. Ammonium sulphate, when added to the limed and to the unlimed soil, nutrified more rapidly in the former.

The greater protein content of a non-legume when grown with a legume on a soil containing sufficient lime as compared with one deficient in lime is apparently due to the more abundant formation of nitrates under these conditions.

FALLS, KOOTENAY RIVER.

The Blessing of Work.

One often hears men say that so and so works too hard; that he is just slaving his life away. "What does Mr. Doe want to work for? He has enough to keep himself and family. Why doesn't he take it easy?" These are common expressions. So are the following: "If I could just have as easy a time as Mr. Smith, I would be the happiest man on earth." Many of us have a way of envying the other fellow. This is wrong. Some of us are constantly trying to get a living with the least possible exertion, considering work and strenuous effort disagreeable. Wrong again.

It is only through proper exercise—which is work—that strength of body can be developed. It is only through thought and study that strength of mind can be attained. Inactivity never produced an intellectual giant; neither did it ever produce a strong man physically. If you have neither developed your body nor your mind, what do you amount to in this world? So long as everybody works—even father—the world will advance, but when a large proportion of us cease to be industrious retrogression sets in. Rome reached the stage when the idle class became too large for the slaves to feed and care for, and Rome died. The Manchus, in China, who through their idleness and inactivity have become feeble and worthless, will no doubt soon cease to be the ruling class in that country. It is said that they have purposely kept the common people in ignorance so that they might more easily exploit them. This, no doubt, is true. It is equally true, also, that their inactivity during the three centuries they have ruled the Chinese Empire has made them physical, mental, and moral weaklings with no ambition and no desire for the better and higher things of life.

It is an inexorable law of Nature that all creatures in order to grow and develop must work, and he who thinks that he can be happier idle than busy is on the wrong track. Work for work's sake. Work of all kinds is broadening, inspiring. You need not "work like a horse." In fact, you shouldn't do that. You should work intelligently. Give your brain a chance to do something, too. An overworked body never houses an active brain, and to-day brain is as valuable as brawn—often much more so. When you feed your cattle think of what the feeding-stuffs contain and how their nutriments build up flesh, fat, bone, hair, and hoofs in the animal. When following or riding the plow think of the mysteries of the soil — the bacteria that work within it, and the chemical changes that take place in the soil itself, making food ready for the plants it is to nourish. While you milk the cow, think of her wonderful machinery for converting grain and roughage into milk and cream.

As we go about our daily tasks let us reflect on the knowledge we have acquired through years of experience, the character we have built up, and of the broadening influences toil and properly directed effort have brought. Such and thousands of other similar thoughts are pleasant; they give us renewed inspiration, put us in harmony with and make us feel that we are an essential part of the world in which we

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The Renfrew Machinery Co. Ltd., are pleased to announce the opening of a Sales office in Winnipeg, Man.

One Car Load of the famous "STANDARD" Cream Separators was delivered there in January and other cars are following for points farther West.

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I H C Gasoline Engines

are in use on thousands of farms throughout the country, running the many farm machines, such as the cream separator, churn, feed grinder, pump, fanning mill, thresher, washing machine, electric light plant, etc. They guarantee you reliable power for every requirement at a surprisingly small cost.

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Don't you think it would pay you to investigate an I H C engine before you buy any? They are made in so many sizes and styles that you can select just the right size and style for your work: Vertical type—2, 3, 25, and 35-H. P.; horizontal—1 to 50-H. P.; semi-portable—1 to 8-H. P.; portable—1 to 25-H. P.; traction—12 to 45-H. P.; sawing, pumping, spraying, grinding outfits, etc. Built to operate on gas, gasoline, kerosene, distillate, or alcohol—air-cooled or water-cooled. Ask the I H C local dealer for catalogue and all information, or, if you prefer, write nearest branch house.

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The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish farmers with information on better farming. If you have any worthy question concerning soils, crops, pests, fertilizers, etc., write to the I H C Service Bureau and learn what our experts and others have found out concerning these subjects.

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Ask any druggist who is posted, and he will tell you that D.D.D. Prescription is just a mild, harmless compound, externally not internally used, and safe even for the tenderest skin. So if it can't harm you and may cure at once, will any sufferer fail to try the remedy to-day.

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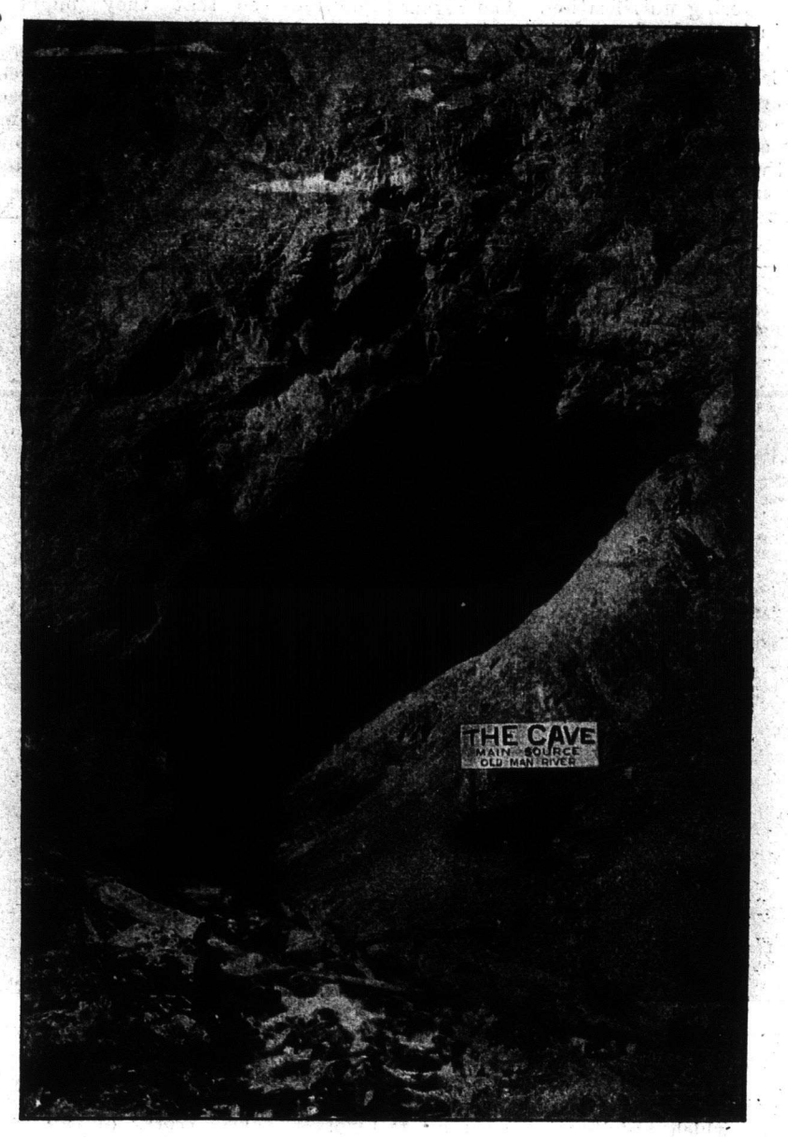
Smoking Pork on the Farm.

The smoking of meats is an important part of the curing process if a supply of high quality is desired. It is the last process through which the meat passes before it is put on the market or used in the home as cured meat. The smoking of meats is a very ancient method adopted for preservation for future use. The method in vogue at present is not different from that of ancient times except in a mechanical way. Many different kinds of artificial liquid smoke have been manufactured and used; but none have been discovered that can take the place of the good old hardwood or corncob smoke.



The preservation of meat by smoking is by reason of the development of tannic acid from the smoke and the depositing of the same on the meat. Much of the saltpeter used in curing meat lies dormant until after it is exposed to warmer temperature, when its curing properties become active. This, with the tannic acid, acts as a preservative.

After the meat has been in the brine from five to eight weeks it is ready to be smoked. Take it out of the brine and soak in fresh water at a temperature of 65 degrees for the period of about one and a half hours. This is done so as to remove the surplus salt, which would otherwise form a coating or crust on the outside. It also greatly improves the appearance and palatability of the meat. It should be hung in the smoke-house and allowed to drip for a day before the smoke is started.

The most desirable smoke-house is one that is quite high, even though it is not large. A house six by eight feet and eight to ten feet high will take care of all the meat smoked on the average farm. This house may be constructed of boards or brick. It should be built so as to provide ample ventilation and an opening for the smoke to escape, as unless the smoke can pass out it becomes heated and stale. The fire pot may be directly under the meat, but preferably on the outside, and the smoke conducted into the house by means of a small stove pipe. If the fire is directly under the meat, it is well to hang a piece of tin about two feet above the fireplace so as to spread the smoke as it rises, and thus give a more even distribution of the smoke through the meat.

In case a smoke-house cannot be provided, the meat may be smoked under barrels or large dry-goods boxes, but such method makes it more difficult and unsatisfactory.

The most desirable fuel for smoking meat is green hickory or maple wood smothered in sawdust. Hardwood of any kind may be used, but soft woods should be avoided as such woods will impart an objectionable flavor to the meat and also deposit carbon on the outside, which is objectionable. In case the hardwood cannot be obtained, corn cobs may be substituted.

A steady, gradual smoke is most desirable. The meat must not be frozen when put in the smoke-house, or allowed to freeze during the smoking process. If the meat is allowed to freeze, the smoke will not penetrate it evenly and the outside will be smoked too much, while the inside does not receive enough.

It is highly important that the pieces are so hung that they will not touch one another, as this will prevent uniform smoking. If a steady smoke is kept up, hams and bacon should be smoked from 36 to 48 hours.

Smoked meats may be kept for some time in the smoke-house if the place is well ventilated and kept dark and flies and insects kept away. It is well to start a light smoke about every two weeks while the meat hangs in the house. The meat may be hung in a cool, dry cellar or place where there is a free circulation of air, provided it can be kept dark and insects can be kept away. One of the best ways of keeping smoked meat is to wrap it in paper and bury it in dry grain or bran. A desirable paper is one that will keep out air and not absorb the grease from the meat. It may also be wrapped in paper and canvas and a coat of whitewash applied to the canvas.

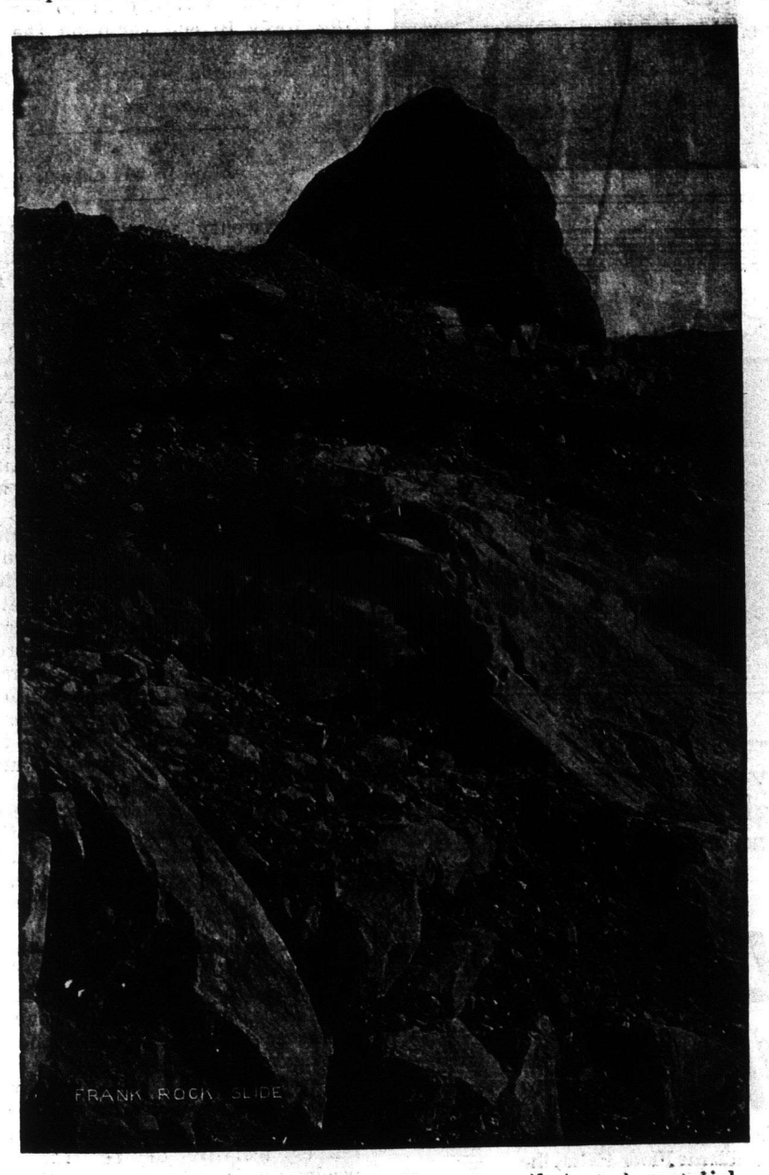
Be a Booster.

If you see some feller tryin'
For to make some project go
You can boost it up a trifle;
That's your cue to let him know
That you're not a-goin' to knock it,
Just because it ain't your "shout,"
But you're goin' to boost a little,
'Cause he's got the "best thing out."

If you know some feller's failin's
Just forget 'em 'cause you know
That same feller's got some good points,
Them's the ones you want to show;
"Cast your loaves out on the waters,
They'll come back," is a saying true;
Mebbe they'll come back "buttered,"
When some feller boosts for you.

Feeding Hens.

That the feeding of poultry is the most important factor of success in making the business profitable is no longer doubted by the majority of experienced poultry raisers. Yet, many of them still make this feeding question a complex one, mixed up with a



conglomeration of formulas requiring a knowledge of chemistry, organic and inorganic. They will tell you that hens must have a certain per cent. of protein, fats, minerals, etc., and get all mixed up with a question which is so simple in all its details that a child can readily follow.

In the beginning we will say that in feeding chickens one does not need to confine himself to any strict code of rules or any particular diet. We should be governed in a large way by the supply of feed at our command and also take into consideration whether our fowls have full range or are yarded. After a varied experience with dry mash feeding by the hopper method, we have discarded this method almost altogether for yarded fowls, and are now using a method which seems to us simplicity itself and one that practically all farmers can easily follow, because they have the feeds at their command. The feeds I refer to are oats, bran and milk. This feed is for laying hens. We feed the oats morning and night, and the bran and milk in the form of a crumbly mash at noon. With the bran may be mixed 5 per cent. of beef scraps, but as the milk itself is rich in protein, the beef scraps are not absolutely necessary. Oats, bran and milk will produce not only plenty of eggs, but strong, fertile eggs. However, the oats to be used should be of the best quality and should be full weight or above. We do not raise much good oats in this section, so I buy northern oats, which run from 38 to 40 pounds to the measured bushel. Hens will eat other fattening foods, such as corn in preference to eating oats, so it is often necessary to force foods.

Farmers should not be slow in taking advantage of the feeding value of grains for poultry to realize the greatest profit. They should feed corn only when they want to fatten for market. Oats is a much cheaper feed than corn and is productive of far greater results in egg production when fed in conjunction with bran and milk. If you want to use some hens for table use, put them up for eight or ten days and feed corn, which as all farmers know, is a fattening feed and should be used only for such a purpose.

In cold weather and before eggs are used for incubation, hens may be fed corn once a day, at night, but we consider even that not essential. Feed good heavy oats and if fowls have range keep a box of bran before them, and feed milk in clean vessels. If yarded, feed heavy oats in litter during the winter, and on the ground or spaded into loose soil in summer, and mix bran with milk and feed all they will eat once a day. Fowls in addition to this should have green stuff, such as sprouted oats, cabbage or lawn grass, weeds or anything of that nature. We have fed a deal of succulent matter, also grit and pure mixed grain feed in the form of scratch feed, but have about discarded this feed, as it contains a large amount of corn and other grains that have a tendency to fatten. Such feeds as these have their uses and may be fed to growing stock and pullets up to the laying age.

While we believe that oats, bran and milk will produce more eggs than any other combination of feeds, we are doubly sure that this feed will produce the eggs at one-half the cost of most feeds. The farmer produces his own milk and in most cases raises his own oats, as well as wheat from which bran

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Free To prove it is better in every way, we give you the privilege of testing it at our expense in your own home. It will hatch ninety per cent of all fertile eggs and raise for you more strong, healthy chickens for market and make you big and easy money.

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can be had. Wheat is also a very good feed, but far too expensive and not nearly so good as heavy oats. Corn, while cheap feed for the purpose of fattening, is a dear one, indeed, for producing eggs. The amount to feed depends on the breed of fowls kept and whether yarded or on full range.

Having tried quite a number of breeds we find Houdans consume much less feed than any other variety we have tried. Having at present Houdans and Orpingtons, we find that Houdans consume less than one-half the feed of Orpingtons in many cases, and, at the same time Houdans produce more eggs. Why is this so?

Farmer readers would like to know our reason for the above assertion. Like our method of feeding for eggs, the reason seems very simple to us. Farmers generally, know that some kinds of stock are more easily fattened than others, some breeds of cattle and hogs more easily convert what they eat into fat and tissue while others keep poor and thin on the best of care, yet as a general rule make good breeders. We believe this also applies to fowls.

Take the larger breeds, Orpingtons, for instance, they take on fat easily; they consume a large amount of feed, and while they are good layers they eat far more than is required for the purpose of egg production and the surplus goes largely to fat. On the other hand, Houdans, a medium sized breed, are moderate eaters and by practical test eat one-half the amount required by Orpingtons, but do not fatten easily. The remain thin and the most they eat goes to eggs.

At the present time we are experimenting along this line. We are feeding our Houdans and Orpingtons on exactly the same ration as given in this article except we feed the Orpingtons about twice the amount that we do the Houdans. We have been making this comparative test for about two months, partly to give a trial test to this method of feeding oats, bran and milk and also to test the comparative laying qualities of these two breeds or rather four breeds, as we have three varieties of Orpingtons. We have found under this test that Houdans lay more than twice as many eggs as the Orpingtons. However, many of the Orpingtons are broody little advantage in this respect. Now we are feeding the Houdans all they will eat, but not the Orpingtons, and although the latter get twice the feed, still they are not satisfied. As one of my customers said in a recent letter:—"Houdans are very small eaters and do not eat over one-third the amount of other large breeds," and yet they lay more eggs.

A FISHING STREAM NEAR PT ARTHUR

Now it is not our intention to boom a breed in this article, but merely to give our method of feeding for eggs, and in saying what we have about these particular breeds we keep, we have given the facts brought out by comparative tests. We want all farmers to test this method of feeding and cut out all corn feed for laying hens. It is needless waste to feed corn to hens unless you want to sell them on the market. Especially to yarded fowls feed heavy oats, bran and milk. — The Farmers' Guide.

Drying off Cows.

My twenty years with dairy cows have convinced me that continuous milking is not desirable and I doubt whether it is profitable. It is not unusual to find a cow that shows no inclination to dry off. Such an animal exhibits an excellent dairy trait—persistence in yielding milk. No cow should be forced to dry against manifestly natural resistance. If, however, the milk has an unpleasant taste and turns creamy she may as well be dried at once, regardless of the date, for her milk will not be good until she is fresh again. This condition as a rule does not occur until a short time after calving.

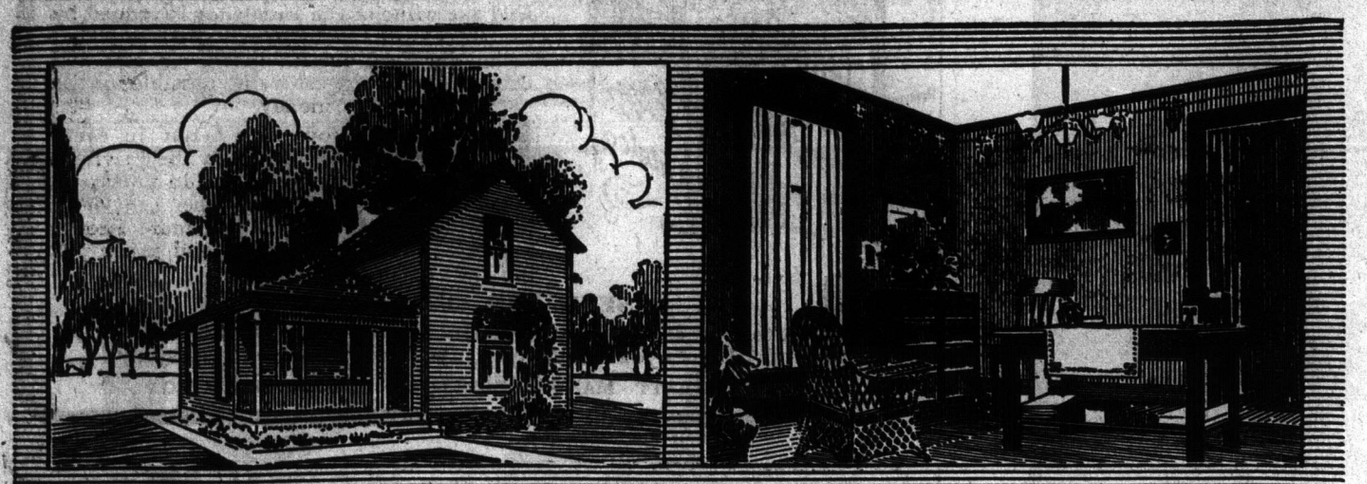
I am sure that better results are to be obtained from cows that are given a rest—not too long—to allow recuperation and furnish the strength to be imparted to the rapidly growing calf. My observation leads me to believe that the cow that milks up strongly until she drops the calf is sapping her vitality and that either the calf or the cow, or both, suffer. However, the mother will tear down her own body to build up that of the calf as long as possible, the results showing later on in the reduced milk yield.

One does not need to possess any extraordinary reasoning powers to conclude that a cow cannot maintain her own body, build up a new one and, at the same time, give milk without drawing heavily on the strength.

One instance to prove this was that of a Guernsey-Holstein grade that I owned. She was a heavy, persistent milker, usually drying three or four weeks previous to calving. One summer I found her daily milk yield increasing within three weeks of calving. It was then too late to dry her off, and by the time she dropped her calf she was giving fifty pounds of milk daily. The calf was only of medium size, and that year this cow fell off nearly 2000 pounds from her previous year's milk record. But a small part of this loss was met by the extra milk obtained in the previous period.

Every cow should go dry from three to six weeks before calving. An accurate record of service by the bull is essential to drying off cows at the right time. When the time comes for drying off a cow the grain food should gradually be withdrawn. This may of itself cause milk to cease forming. If not, omit one milking a day, then milk once in two days, thus extending the drying period. The udder must be watched and if any hardening or abnormal heat is shown regular milking must be resumed until a normal condition is brought about. If a cow continues to secrete milk it must be drawn.

Dry cows may be kept on pasture alone, or on a low stable diet, mainly



Summer's coming—bright sunny days—evenings on the porch. You don't want your home dark, dingy and unattractive when all the rest of the world is busy brightening up—not when it is so easy, so economical, and so satisfactory to brighten it up inside and out with

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They include a finish for every purpose around the farm and farmhouse—durable, protective paints for house, barns, wagons and implements; stains, varnishes and enamels for interior furniture, woodwork, floors and all the other worn places about the home. Each Sherwin-Williams Finish is made for a particular use from carefully selected pure raw materials, mixed and ground in proper proportions by the best of modern machinery.

Sherwin-Williams Paint is the paint that will give the outside of your home the longest, surest protection at the lowest price per year. Made of pure lead, pure zinc, and pure linseed oil and the necessary coloring pigment and driers, SWP spreads further and costs less by the year than inferior paints that cost less by the gallon.

Sherwin-Williams Mar-not will give your floors that tough, durable varnished surface that you have been looking for—a surface that will not easily show heel-marks or scratches, and is not affected by hot or cold water.

If you prefer a painted floor, be sure to use Sherwin-Williams Floor Paint, the tough, elastic gloss paint, made to withstand foot-wear and frequent scrubbing. Eight appropriate colors make it an easy matter to select a shade to harmonize with the rest of the room.

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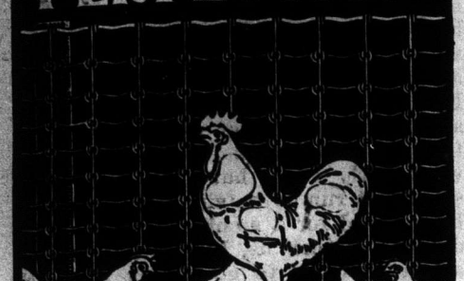

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because it is the poultry fence that never needs repairs.

Peerless poultry fencing is made of the best steel fence wire—tough, elastic and springy—and will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick atmospheric changes. Our method of galvanizing positively prevents rust and will not flake, peel or chip off. This feature alone adds many years to the life of a fence.

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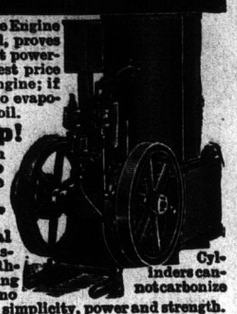

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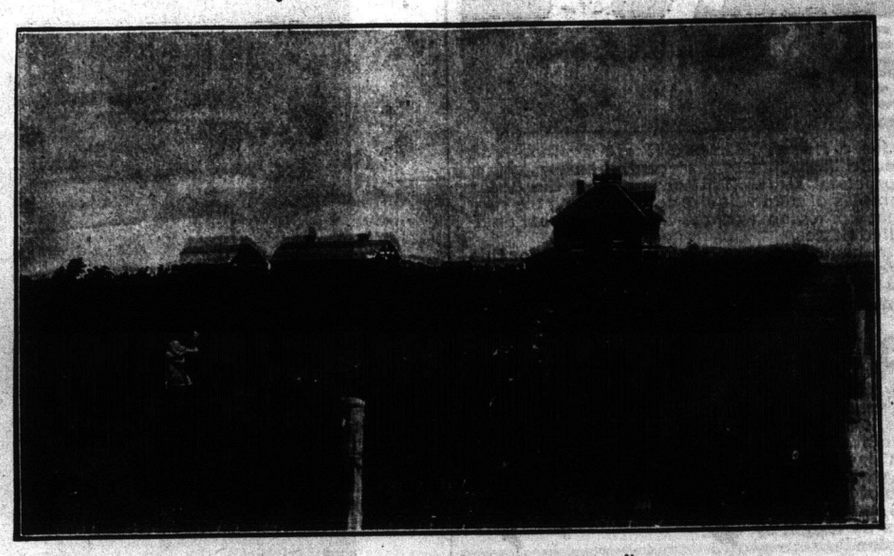
Why I returned to the Farm.

The Story of Another Farmer's Son.

"Why did you ever drift into farming?" "Isn't it a very lonesome existence?" "Is there anything in it?" These and kindred questions I have been asked again and again by benighted friends in the city since I became a farmer. Some of them have splendid positions, but the majority are not so fortunate. These are too deeply in the ruts of city life however, to get out. Others have lost ambition, and acquired some content.

I was born, and, in a sense, raised on a farm, though since my parents were well-to-do and the district school not so good as it might be I was early sent away to boarding-school, and thus for a number of years was at home only during the summer months and the holidays. Whether on reaching manhood I should of my own accord have become a farmer I cannot say. Fate decided this for me. My father suffered some heavy losses which necessitated the sale of his farm and stock. He went to the West Indies "to begin over again," as he said, and a place was found for me in a wholesale grocery house, which, the head of the firm informed me, was an unusually fine opportunity for a young man who wanted to learn the business and "grow up with the concern." My salary was six dollars a week.



A Modern Farm House with pleasant surroundings.

For the next six months my job consisted, in the main, of nailing up and opening boxes, but meanwhile I was being carefully initiated into the business by a sub-boss who was a capable man. At the end of this time I was thoroughly acquainted with the stock, and could name everything in the store from Aunt Somebody's Pancake Flour to the newest brand of dog biscuit. I was also weary of nailing boxes and of my meager six dollars a week. After a talk with my employer, who had been watching me more closely than I had thought, I was given ten dollars a week, and was to act as assistant to the shipping clerk.

I continued in my new position for several months, putting in a part of my time in the office as salesman. One Saturday my employer called me into his office, and unfolded a plan for starting a manufacturing department, and placing me in charge. This opened fine possibilities if it should work out as we expected, and I entered into the new occupation with great zest, feeling that here lay my opportunities. After the installation of mixing-tanks, bottling machines, and other paraphernalia we were ready for business. I had gathered all the formulas obtainable for making flavoring extracts, syrups, ketchup, and so forth, and with these it was "up to me" to produce these articles for less than we had been paying, and to sell them at the same prices we had been receiving.

Those were the glorious days before Doctor Wiley and the Pure Food laws, and I shudder to think of the horrible concoctions that we made and sold to an unsuspecting public—for they did sell, and in gratifying quantities too. I took special pride in my maple syrup. With a sample of good Vermont syrup before me I experimented for days until I produced a syrup that would have deceived the very elect, and yet it contained very little maple sugar.

My employer was much pleased at the success of his enterprise, and sent me to New York to purchase materials—some of them damaged goods—and to select labels for the stuff. While there I bought a large quantity of dried apples, which upon their arrival proved to be too far gone even for our iniquitous purposes. I felt rather foolish at being deceived by maggoty apples, for the whole mass was squirming weirdly; but, as I was in the office, showing the boss a sample of the fruit, the manager of the best store restaurant in the bay came in. He seemed interested in the apples, and presently bought them all at a bargain. I wondered what use he had for them. "Oh, I make 'em into pies." he replied. Only a few days after, when looking out of the window, I saw some society or other embarking on a steamer for a day and dinner at his resort, and thought of the apple pies. I also bought a good many beets for pure tomato ketchup.

Things now ran along very smoothly for a year and a half. During this time we had added equipment to the plant, and were gradually becoming overstocked. I spoke of this to the boss, and suggested as a remedy that he have one salesman make a specialty of our products instead of letting all the salesmen handle them as a side line, as had been done. This did not appeal to him, but the money he was making from the department did, and he thought that a word from him to the salesman would cause them to make greater efforts. It was a never-ending marvel to me that they sold any of the stuff. He also asked me if I could not reduce still farther the cost of production. I said no.

About two weeks after my talk with him he appeared one morning, bringing with him an ill-nourished Englishman, who, he explained, was an expert in manufacturing—he must have meant debasing—bottled foodstuffs, and who was to coach me for a week or two. Under his guidance I made some fearsome concoctions, though I must admit that they tasted pretty good. But I was becoming disgusted at the business, and one morning after mixing an especially villainous compound under the instruction of my English friend my soul revolted. Going to the boss I entered a protest. He seemed much surprised at my dislike of the business and made several caustic remarks about a young man and his ideas of trade. I took exception to his talk and, being pretty well worked up over the whole thing, "chucked" my

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Be ready! Get a package of Kill-Em-Quick from your druggist and use it according to directions. Every dead gopher means 10 cents extra profit for you. A 75 cent box of Kill-Em-Quick kills 2000 gophers. It is *guaranteed.*

Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison

has a *peculiar odor and taste that is attractive to gophers.* One poisoned grain kills a gopher *stone dead.*

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Ask me any questions about gophers. I've made a 10-year study of them. Write me now or ask your druggist for genuine Kill-Em-Quick—or send me his name with your order. I'll ship direct postage prepaid. Write for free book *now.*

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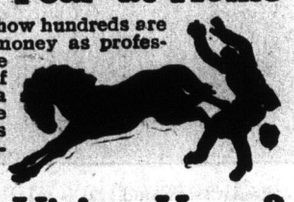
Every owner of an unmanageable horse or colt should send for this book. Everyone who loves horses should learn the secret of subduing and controlling the wildest horses without the use of whips, cruel "curb bits" and other instruments of torture. Every man who is looking for a profession that pays

$1,200 to $3,000 a Year at Home or Traveling should learn how hundreds are making big money as professional Horse Trainers with the aid of the simple, safe, humane Beery System. Take for example the case of Emmett White, of Kalona, Iowa, who has followed the Beery System and become a professional Horse Trainer. Mr. White says: "I would not take $500 for what you have taught me. You may judge of my success when I tell you that I have been able to buy a home and an automobile solely through earnings from training horses as taught by your excellent methods. I am proud of my profession."



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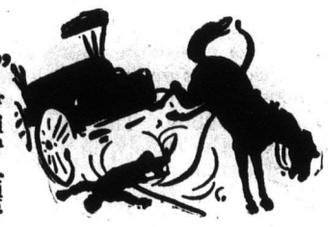

Today he can point you to thousands of men—yes, and a number of women!—who are making all kinds of money by training horses, breaking colts, giving exhibitions, buying up cast-off "tricksters" and "man-killers," taming and training them and re-selling at high prices. Prof. Beery's lessons are simple, thorough and practical.

A. L. Dickenson, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "I am working a pair of horses that cleaned out several different men. I got them and gave them a few lessons and have been offered $400 for the pair. I bought them for $110."

F. N. Goux, Vernon, N. Y., writes: "I cannot speak in high enough praise of your instructions. I am at present handling a $1,000 horse. People bring me horses to train from miles around."

Roy Fordyce, 041 Adams Street, Spokane, Wash., says: "I am delighted with your teachings. Have trained a 3-year-old stallion to drive without a bridle or lines. I would recommend your system unqualifiedly to anyone."

Coupon Gets the Book Or simply send a postal. Tell me all about your horse. (22)

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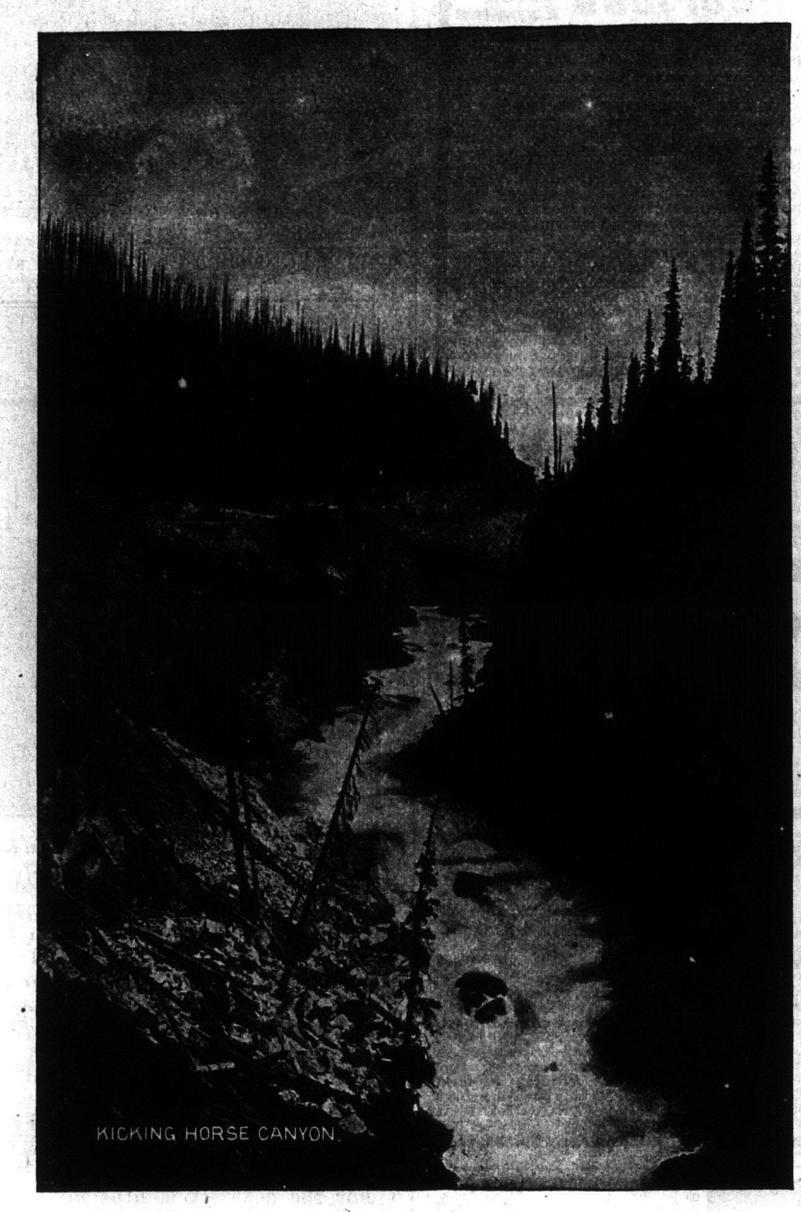
job" then and there. The boss told me that I was making a big mistake, and that I would hunt some time before finding another such job. I had been getting twenty-five dollars a week.

The boss was right. For five weary weeks I tramped the streets, seeking employment in similar houses, not only in the same city but in two others, without success. Finally I determined to take any kind of job I could get. This proved to be a position as clerk in a pretentious retail jewelry establishment at twelve dollars a week. While with this firm I had an opportunity to see and experience the slavery of a clerk's job. One of the salesmen, who had been with them for nineteen years—he was probably getting not over twenty dollars a week—told me one day that he really lived only two weeks out of the year, during his annual vacation. He, like several others of our older clerks, had formerly run a small store of his own, but the competition of larger stores had forced him to sell out, and accept a clerkship in lieu of proprietorship. I regarded my place as temporary, however, knowing that, be-



I was advanced in three months, there yond the fifteen dollars a week to which was nothing to look forward to. At the end of the year I found a position more to my liking—that of receiving clerk for a wholesale house. This was pleasanter work, and I received three dollars a week more, but there was no chance of advancement.

One night while I was dining with a friend he mentioned that his father had recently bought a large farm. This set me to thinking. I had long wished to get back to the country, and here was a possible chance. I called on his father the following morning, and asked him if he intended to keep much poultry. I added that if he did, inasmuch as I knew something about that part of farming, I should like a position on his farm. He replied that it was his ultimate intention to keep a good many fowls, but that there was a great deal to be done first, and offered me the place of assistant manager at fifty dollars a month. I promptly closed with his offer, and in two weeks was on the farm. Fifty dollars a month did not sound very large, but with no board to pay I soon found that I was able to save more money than when getting twenty-five dollars a week in town.

During these years my father had been in various enterprises in the West Indies, and, though he had by no means recovered the fortune that he had lost, was fairly on his feet once more. He wanted to go to farming again in the North, and suggested that I join forces with him, putting in what savings I had. After searching for a time we found a place. The buildings were fairly good, but the land was somewhat run down, since the farm had been leased for a number of years. This did not disturb us, however, inasmuch as we intended to go largely into the poultry business, and thus gradually increase the fertility of the farm.

In my opinion there is no comparison between the town and the country. I have thoroughly tried both. The money to be made on a properly run farm is more than the average young man can make in the city; the work is neither harder nor more monotonous; and the amount of leisure in the course of a year is much greater. Best of all, you cannot lose your job; and the fear of this, I long since learned, is a constant bugbear to the city employee.

Rat Catching.

Rats.—A writer in the Cornhill Magazine described a novel plan for trapping rats. "The cunning of rats makes attempts to catch them in traps almost futile, their keen scent recognising the places where a hand has been, and warning them to avoid so dangerous a locality. The use of gloves smeared with aniseed may lull the suspicions of the animal, but traps will never be the means of greatly diminishing its numbers where it has fairly established itself. The best course to take where the extermination of a colony of rats becomes a necessity, is to make them help to destroy one another in the following manner. A number of tubs, proportionate to the number of rats in the place from which it is desired to rid them, should be placed about the middle of each occupied by a brick standing on end. The bottom of these

tubs should be covered with water to such a depth that about an inch of brick projects above it. The top of the tub should be covered with stout brown paper, upon which a dainty meal of bacon rind and other scraps dear to the rat's palate figures—a sloping board giving the rodents facilities for partaking of it. The feast should be renewed for several nights, so that all the rats in the neighbourhood may get to know of the food which is placed within such easy reach. When it is judged that this policy has been pursued long enough, the centre of the brown paper should be cut in such a manner that any rat venturing on it will be precipitated into the cold water below. It might be thought that the result of this would be the capture of a rat, or at the most two, in each tub prepared, but no such meagre result for the trouble that has been taken need be feared. The rat, finding its trust abused, and itself struggling in the water at the bottom of the tub, soon recovers sufficiently from the shock to discover that here is an island of refuge, on to which he clambers, and squeals his loudest for help. Now, the squeal of a rat in trouble attracts everyone of his kind within hearing, and very few minutes will elapse before the victim of misplaced confidence is joined by one of his friends. The newcomer is as quick to discover the chance of escape from a watery grave as the original victim, but when he attempts to avail himself of its presence it becomes apparent that there is not room for more than one upon it. The first comer resists with tooth and nail the effort of his companion in trouble to dispossess him of his coign of vantage, and the squeals which form an accompaniment to the fight for a footing upon the brick attract more rats to the scene of the tragedy. The conflict waxes more and more furious as rat after rat topples into the water, and by morning bedraggled corpses in plenty will gladden the eyes of the man whose losses at the teeth of rats have induced him to adopt this means of thinning their numbers. Some years ago the plan described above was tried in a city warehouse, with the result that 3,000 rats were destroyed in a single night."

Egg Laying.

In Poultry Culture for Profit the Rev. T. W. Sturges, M.A., Vice-President of the Poultry Club, writes:—

"The poultry keeper who can make his hens lay well from Michaelmas to Christmas will reap twice the profit of the one whose hens begin to lay only in the spring time. That is when he is looking chiefly to the sale of new laid eggs for profit.

"If he can supply eggs in winter he is more likely to find ready custom for eggs when they are more plentiful.

"There are certain well-known, but too little practised, methods of attaining this end:—

"(1) Pullets must be hatched at the proper season. The general purpose fowl, such as Orpingtons, etc., should be hatched from the beginning of March to the end of April;and the lighter, non-sitting breeds from the end of March to the end of April.

"(2) They must be brought on to lay by Michaelmas. If backward, a little additional flesh food will produce this effect.

"The farmer's great mistake is in beginning to hatch too late in the year, and to have only half-grown chicks when the cold season arrives. If they are hatched too early they lay a few eggs, and then go into moult like old hens, and if they are hatched too late their growth and development is retarded by the cold weather.

"(3) Good feeding, housing, and cleanliness have much to do with it also. It should not be forgotten that in the springtime when all the feathered tribes, wild or domesticated, lay most freely is the time when insect life is abundant. And as this diminishes in the winter, a substitute should be provided by an increase of the albumenoids in the food.

"It is easier to manage pullets than the year-old hens. When it is decided to keep the hens through a second year, every effort should be made to get them through their moult early.

"In the case of the sitting breeds it is advisable to let them bring up one or two broods of chicks. The result thus obtained during spring and summer, and the warmth during sitting and brooding, induce an early moult. And if a hen sits late in the summer she often changes her dress entirely during this period.

"But in case the hens do not moult early, whether of the sitting or non-sitting varieties, it can be induced by feeding them on half rations, and by keeping them warm. If they are shut in the houses and scratching sheds, and only fed very sparingly during the warm days of July and August, a fortnight will often start the whole pen to moult. An aperient added to the drinking water will be an aid.

"After the birds have started fairly to moult they should be let out on every fine day, and fed more liberally with nourishing food. If the moult still hangs, a handful of linseed for every ten fowls, boiled and added to the soft food, is an assistance; or, on warm days, a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur.

"Overfed fowl cannot moult easily. Care must be taken not to overfeed the fowl after they are fairly well on with the new attire. If they are to lay during the winter they must be kept in fairly lean condition. Nature prompts the birds to overfeed in order to lay on a lining of fat for winter protection; but, then, Nature does not ask them to lay in the winter, and we do.

"There is more than a glimmer of truth in the saying I have known from childhood, 'Run the hens to make them lay.' When a hen is listless and lazy she does not lay, and this condition is brought on by overfeeding. When a hen is not producing eggs she does not require more than half as much food as when she is laying. The strain upon the system is not so great, and yet the careless poultryman goes on giving the accustomed ration. Feed them on hard corn only, and make them scratch for it until they begin to lay, and then, if you will divide the layers from the non-layers, you can feed them more liberally; and don't forget the green bones or flesh food of some kind.

"These methods are simple, but effective."

It is much better to obtain eggs in the natural way than to be continually dosing the birds with various condiments and spices.

A lawyer had a horse that always balked when he attempted to cross a certain bridge leading out of the village. No amount of whipping or urging would induce him to cross it, so he advertised him for sale. "To be sold for no other reason that the owner would like to leave town.'

Spontaneous Applause.—A political orator was addressing in English a club of Italian voters. To his surprise and satisfaction, his listeners paid strict attention and applauded at the proper places, shouting "Viva!" and "Bravo!" repeatedly. At the conclusion of his speech the orator resumed his seat beside the chairman, whispering that he was delighted with his reception and had never spoken to a more intelligent audience. "Ha-ah!" replied the chairman. "Me fix all-a dat! Me hol' up one-a finga, evera man say-a 'Hurrah!' Me hol' up two-a finga, evera man say-a 'Viva!' Me hol' up t'ree-a finga, evera man say-a 'Bravo!' He hol' up whole-a hand, evera man say-a 'Hi-yi!' like one great yell. Me fix all-a dat!"

Small but Potent.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are small, but they are effective in action. Their fine qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are known to thousands and they are in constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those acquainted with them, but to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.

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I H C Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house for agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problem to the I H C Service Bureau.

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I want 10 men or more in every township to write me quick for a special offer on the sized engine they need. When you get this offer you'll buy. I make it practically irresistible. Then everybody in your neighborhood will know the truth about Galloway—his quality and savings—and all will understand the foolish tales the dealer tells in order to get his big price and personal profit.

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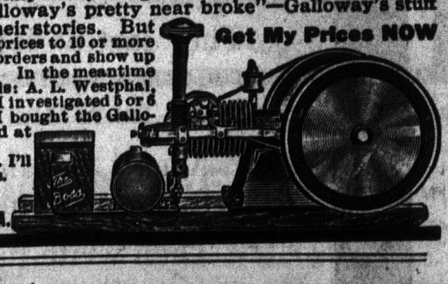
Write Now to Galloway

You'll soon see the reason for the really funny things that dealers say of Galloway—"Galloway has no factory"—"Galloway's pretty near broke"—Galloway's stuff is poor quality"—those are a few of their stories. But I'm going to call their bluff and make such prices to 10 or more men in every township that will bring the orders and show up the dealers' "jokes" in their true light. In the meantime I'm getting hundreds of letters like this: A. L. Westphal, St. Francis, Minn., writes: Last winter I investigated 5 or 6 different engines on the market, but I bought the Galloway, and I am very well satisfied with it. I have saved at least $100.00 on it.

Get My Prices NOW



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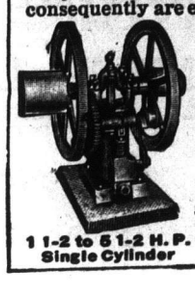

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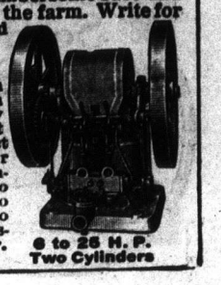

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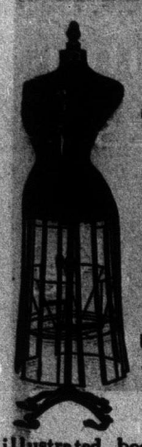

BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a life-time. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited., Dept. S. 72-74 Pearl St Toronto, Canada.

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Sunday Reading.

Insight.

On the river of life as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.

For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changeless law of kindness.

The commonest error that truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.

And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to man descended,
Grows rank with nettles and pois'nous stings
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began,
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan.

And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

The Timely Rest.

There would not be so many worn-out, fagged-looking women if we learned early the value of that ounce of prevention. So much of the misery of life is preventable that it is pitiful how rarely the effort is made. We lose our looks, break down before our time, and either are snuffed out altogether, or hang on creaking hinges when we should be in the full flush of living.

Most women act as if they were fatalists—what must be, must be. Then they groan when the inevitable occurs instead of living up to the true fatalist spirit of stoicism.

Perhaps you are one of the persons who never take any rest. Have you the foolish idea that to stop a minute and read the papers or to dip into a famous book is stealing time that should be devoted to husband or children? Are you charitable to everyone but yourself, and look upon a rest in the course of your mad race as shirking? Are you one of those misguided beings who think monotonous plodding is duty, and crush out young longings for an occasional concert or social outing lest you fail in some chimerical duty?

If so, readjust things. Learn to look on these things as "that ounce of prevention" without which smash-ups are inevitable. It is continual plodding that not only makes life stale, but brings wrinkles and narrow minds. It does us all good to run away from duty once in a while. Variety is not to be measured by the ounce in its preventive value. Do you ever stop to think what a breakdown means? How many of the coveted pleasures or longed-for rests could have been had for the doctor's hire? Occasional flights from the grind are better than skilled specialists to keep one well, which is the sensible modern woman's reading of "that ounce of prevention."—London Chronicle.

"He Leadeth Me."

Oft times through byways dim;
Not always by the beaten path
Of sacrament and hymn;
Not always through the gates of prayer
Or penitential psalm,
Or sacred rite, or holy day,
Or incense, breathing balm;
Perchance through faith intense;
Perchance through humblest avenues
Of sight, or sound, or sense.
Thou knowest not, nor I;
His ways are countless as the stars
His hand hath hung on high.
His roses bring their fragrant balm,
His twilight hush its peace,
Morning its splendor, night its calm,
To give thy way surcease!

Proverbs for the Week.

SUNDAY.—Love was given, encouraged, and scantified, chiefly for this end; that self might be annulled.

MONDAY.—You have not fulfilled the most important of your duties unless you have fulfilled the duty of being pleasant.

TUESDAY.—Love never thinks of its sacrifices.

WEDNESDAY.—Many a man who is "A Good Fellow" is good for nothing else.

THURSDAY.—The easiest way to dignity is by humility.

FRIDAY.—It is a pretty safe rule to give only that which you would be willing to take.

SATURDAY.—Frugality is fair fortune, and habits of industry a good estate.

God gives us power to bear all the sorrows of His making; but He does not give us power to bear the sorrows of our own making, which the anticipation of sorrow most assuredly is .—A. Maclaren.

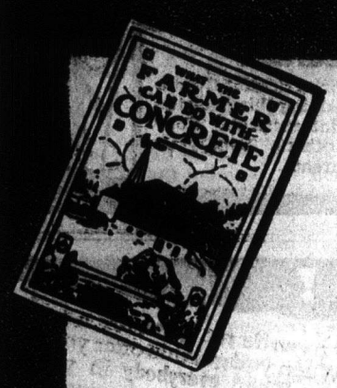
Secret Inspiration.

The power of spiritual vision marks man out from every other creature, and the quality and range of it are the keystones of his greatness. As long as some high goal beckons "above the howling senses' ebb and flow," almost everything is possible. Mere intellect alone will not suffice for the accomplishment of arduous tasks unless supported by a resolute purpose that fills the whole house of life. However much the kings of men differ in the type of their special aims or the way they seek to reach them, they are enabled because of secret hopes to maintain the struggle against opposing forces, and to show a reserve of strength that will not be dismayed. The joy towards which they aspire is no immediate or tangible gratification. It is harbored in the soul in spite of appearances that seem to render its advent impossible, and its sublime idealism throws over the hard road of duty a flood of fadeless light.

"We are near awakening," says Novalis, "when we dream that we dream;" and we are fully awake when all that is best in our dreams remains with us. Every one dreams good dreams now and then, at least. But with some the dreams are allowed to

"Die away,
And fade into the light of common day,"

while with others they are gradually inwrought into the tissue of experience. It is seldom that any career turns out just as was anticipated. No foresight can possibly provide against all the things that may be encountered between the starting-point and the goal. But the certainties of life far outweigh its uncertainties. Though we have no assured information with regard to every coming event, we may know that, whatever happens, the same eternal principles govern both yesterdays and to-morrows, that right is never changed into wrong, nor good into evil. The pathetic chasm which so ofen yawns between dream and reality is not the fault of accident, but of personal failure to illustrate the deepest convictions of the



Don't let repairs eat up your profits

Whether they represent actual cash outlay, or only the time of yourself and your help, repairs are *waste* just the same. When you make an improvement—no matter how small its cost may be—let it be *permanent*. Then it is a real investment, something on which you can realize in *cash* should you decide to sell your property; and something that will pay you constant dividends in convenience, sightliness and comfort as long as the farm remains your own.

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McCREARY, Man. (Special) — "Four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new person of me."

The speaker is Mrs. Oliver Poulin, of this place, and her numerous friends here fully verify her statement.

"For nearly two years," Mrs. Poulin continues, "rheumatism tortured me. My back and head also ached. My eyes were puffed and swollen. I am sixty-three years of age, and you can see I was a pretty sick woman. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Mrs. Poulin is only one of many who have had a similar experience. They were weak and run-down, and sick all over. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured them. How? Simply by curing the kidneys. The diseased kndneys were the cause of all the trouble. They were failing to strain the impurities out of the blood, and the result was disease all over the body. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured the kidneys, the impurities were strained out of the blood. The result was pure blood and good health all over. The cause of the disease had been removed.

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soul. We ourselves have much to do with determining what our future shall be. That pillar erected by Absalom in the flush of youthful pride might have turned out a fitting monument. It was his own perfidious ambition that spoiled the prospect, and exchanged the splendid cenotaph for a grave of shame. No doubt the actual self is prone to lag behind the ideal self. But if the finished picture in the inner room of consciousness is not reproduced, in strong outline at least, upon the wall of life, we shall feel some day a keen regret that we ever looked upon its reproachful beauty. Vision becomes embarrassing, and at times tragic if we persist in being disobedient to it.

A Domestic Scene: A Father Reading the Bible.

Mrs. Hemans.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken seemed,
Still, but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey, holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there!
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality!
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives:
While every feature said—"I know
That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity,
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reference melt?
O! blest be these fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt!

In this poem we have a picture of a patriarch poring over the sacred page. It is early morning, and his snow-white hair is touched by a ray of the rising sun as it streams through the lattice. But as he reads the promises his face is radiant with another light—"the light that never was on sea or land." Under the spell of the Unseen he wist not that his face shone. He is nearing the end of the journey, and the light from the farther shore is reflected in his transfigured countenance. He has the assurance that one day he will see his Saviour and her whom he has "lost awhile." His children, witnesses unseen to him, feel that the place whereon they stand is holy ground.

Although not exactly similar, the student of these verses will find it profitable to read in connection with them Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night," for the subject suggests the oft-quoted lines,

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

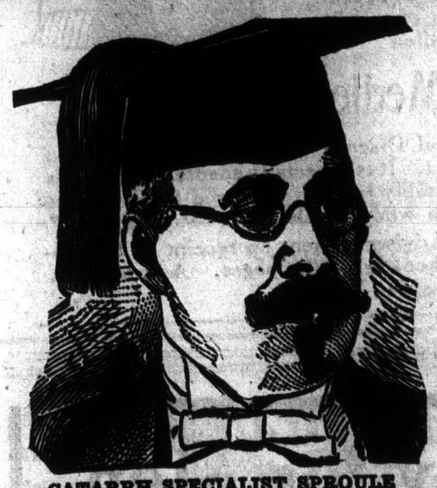
To be brought up in the atmosphere of such a home "where God is felt" and where the Unseen is recognized as the real is a priceless heritage, for there is a spiritual heredity whereby blessing, not less than iniquity, is conveyed "to the third and fourth generation" of them that love Him and keep His commandments. There is no legacy to be compared with the dowry of the Spirit.

Spirituality and Culture.

We were discussing the condition of a mutual friend: "Doctor," I said, "that disease runs in the family; he has inherited it from his father."

"A man cannot inherit a disease,"

FREE ADVICE ON CURING CATARRH



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon. Specialist Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Does your nose feel full?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your foehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information.

Address
Catarrh Specialist SPROULE
117 Trade Building, Boston.

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer.

Don't let it destroy your happiness— your health—your very life welfare itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums

Don't think it can be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the right place.

Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Not merely for a day, a week, or a year—but permanently. Let me explain my new scientific method of treatment, discovered by myself—used only by myself.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclean disease—more than a brief ailment. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and may open the door to the most dreaded of diseases. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

I'll gladly diagnose your case and give you free consultation and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

Let Me Tell You Just How To Cure Catarrh

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my twenty-five years of experience—my wide knowledge of Catarrh and the way to cure it.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 117 Trade Building, Boston, please send me, entirely free of charge, your advice on the treatment of Catarrh.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Premature Old Age
WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

[à la Quina du Pérou]

is THE vitalizing tonic "par excellence."

It is a true tonic—not a stimulant. Hence it restores the virile and physical powers.

Big Bottle. **Ask YOUR Doctor.**

A WONDERFUL REMEDY

Orange Lily is daily curing the most obstinate cases of Female Disorders. Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, etc., etc., are all of them relieved from the start by its use, and a few weeks' or months' treatment accomplishes a complete cure. This remedy is a positive, scientific preparation, and is based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. It is an applied treatment: that is, it is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering parts, and it, therefore, acts with all the certainty of the known laws of chemical action. As it comes in direct contact with the diseased tissue, its antiseptic and nerve-food properties cannot help have a beneficent influence. I receive from 10 to 50 letters daily, speaking of the benefits and cures it is performing, and so sure am I that it will do what is claimed for it that I will send, absolutely free, a 35c box to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, $1 per box, which is sufficient for one months' treatment. Address, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, ONT.

The Human Heart

The heart is a wonderful double pump, through the action of which the blood stream is kept sweeping round and round through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour. "Remember this, that our bodies will not stand the strain of over-work without good, pure blood any more than the engine can run smoothly without oil." After many years of study in the active practice of medicine, Dr. R. V. Pierce found that when the stomach was out of order, the blood impure and there were symptoms of general breakdown, a tonic made of the glyceric extract of certain roots was the best corrective. This he called

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

Being made without alcohol, this "Medical Discovery" helps the stomach to assimilate the food, thereby curing dyspepsia. It is especially adapted to diseases attended with excessive tissue waste, notably in convalescence from various fevers, for thin-blooded people and those who are always "catching cold."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps for the French cloth-bound book of 1008 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

New Vitality for Men

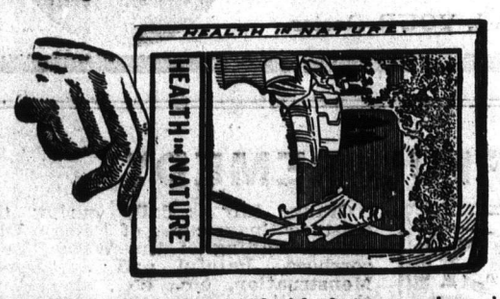
USE THE

Free Coupon

Vitality gives you the manly courage to protect those depending upon you, as portrayed in the picture. No matter what thoughtless action or early indiscretion may have sapped your strength, Vitality restores it to you. It makes you over into a strong, vital, manly man, without an ache, pain or weakness.

Vitality puts the real VIGOR OF YOUTH into your blood, no matter how nervous or debilitated you may be it puts the sunshine of vigorous manhood into your life; I make you feel young, and keep you feeling young, without the use of drugs, without the necessity of dieting, without one bit of change in your present mode of living except, of course, dissipation must cease Just lead a manly life and use my HEALTH BELT; everything else will come. My HEALTH BELT, with suspensory attachment, worn nights, pours a great soft stream of VITAL STRENGTH into your blood, nerves and organs during all the hours you sleep; in one night it takes the kink, pain or weakness out of your back; ere long friends will say: "How well you look," and you are answering: "Never felt better in my life."

Your eyes will sparkle with health; you will have that pleasing influence to fascinate and control which comes to all full-blooded, strong, vital, manly men. Thousands upon thousands are now using my Health Belt all over the world. With special attachments it cures rheumatism, kidney, bladder, stomach disorders, etc.



Let Me Send You This Book FREE

This 96-page book, illustrated with photo-engravings, gives a fund of health, vigor and vitality information which no man, single or married, can afford to be without; it points out Nature's way to preserve manhood and how to restore it. I send it to you willingly, free of charge, in a plain, sealed envelope. There will be no obligation on your part; keep it in your pocket, think over what it contains, then if you need me I am here at your service. The book fully describes my Health Belt. It contains a chapter on rheumatism, stomach disorders and other ills. If you are in or near Toronto, drop in to see me; no charge whatsoever for advice. Please fill in the coupon when you send for book.

DR. W. A. SANDEN, 140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Book, as advertised, free.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

said the Doctor with an indulgent smile.

"Well, then, what does he inherit? That disease has dogged that family for a hundred years."

"That may be; but it is not the disease which has been handed down. Probably our friend has inherited a diminished power of resistance to that particular variety of germ, and is therefore more susceptible; but the germs of disease are not transmitted from sire to son."

How that remark flashes the lime light upon the problem of education! Are there not children who seem to have inherited a diminished resistance to ideas? They learn quickly and retain tenaciously. And, alas, are there not others who have received from generations of shiftless ancestors an increasing resistance to information? With each succeeding generation the brain cells have become less responsive; ideas can hardly penetrate their wooden heads. The most acrid truth, the most moving vision of beauty drifts between the stubbed branches of their brains like smoke and steam through leafless trees. How different the teachers of Ralph Waldo Emerson must have found him! "Eight generations of cultured, conscientious and practical ministers preceded him. In each generation they held the most advanced positions in religious thought." He was no more the physical child of his Puritan ancestors than he was their spiritual and intellectual child. He inherited a constantly diminishing resistance to both human and divine wisdom. No wonder he is pre-eminent for spirituality and culture.

These two much misused words denote the highest human attainments. Spirituality names an attitude of mind which has become habitual. Culture a state of mind the result of many habitual activities. Spirituality and culture cannot be attained in a moment. One may "get religion" at a "protracted meeting," but to be "spiritually minded" is quite another matter. One may imitate people of culture in points of dress, and in manner of life, but everybody knows the "yellow rich" — All is not gold that glitters.

The spiritually minded man asks himself not "What do I ike?" but "What is best for me?" not "Am I noticed?" but "Am I useful?" not "Am I getting a rich bank account?" but "Am I growing a ripe character?" The man of culture is best described by Emerson himself:

He must be musical, tremulous impersonal
Alive to gentle influence of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit touch of man's or maiden's eye:
But to his native centre fast,
Shall into future fuse the past
And the world's flowing fates
In his own work recast.

During their early years almost all children show occasional gleam of spirituality, all have moments when they desire to do right, when they stand for justice, when they will to do the will of one wiser than they. During these same years they have hours when they respond to the very finest things, are sensitive to kindness, imitate gracious acts, follow the divinest impulse. To multiply these transient experiences, to cultivate these intermittent perceptions, to make habitual the response to the highest, this is the exacting task of parents, a task so great that it demands all their powers and all the helps they can manage to enlist.

Of course parents must accept themselves as the only immediate ancestors their children are likely to have, and make the best of it. They will remember that no matter how small their own capacity for spiritual insight may be, it can be increased; that no matter how crude their own natural reactions may be, they can be more perfectly adjusted by taking thought. And they will be encouraged to self discipline by the knowledge that their longings for the finer life, their effort to attain it, their perpetual example of well ordered living will make it easier for their children to attain a riper character.

Nor will ambitious parents forget that for themselves and for their children books as healthful companions and wise teachers are of supreme importance. And in the quest for spirituality and culture books by the poetseers of the race lead all others in helpfulness. A poet-seer is more than a rhymester.

The rhymester is master of the

". . . . Jingling serenader's art
Or tinkle of piano strings."

The poet-seer

"Can make the wild blood start
In its mystic springs."

for he is the man of insight and the master of moving speech. He sees the world and all it contains as the garment of the Invisible. He presents what he perceives, the deeper truth and beauty and goodness, in a captivating and enduring form. His lines are composed of what Homer called "winged-words;" they penetrate the innermost citadel of the mind and remain there unforgetable, leavening the whole life. Napoleon had this fact in mind when he wished that he might make the songs of the nation. He realized the truth expressed so happily by the poet O'Shaughnessy:

We are the music makers
And we the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers
And sitting by desolate streams.
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world, forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an Empire's glory.
One man with a dream, at a pleasure
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a Kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

This claims so much for the poet that at first one is inclined to discount it; but as he examines his own life and realizes how potent poetic words have been in transforming his ideals and in shaping his character, he will be more inclined to take the poet's claim at face value.

The reading of poetry enables us to acquire a richer vocabulary, for the poets have thrown to each fact a tuneful name. The study of poetry leads to finer discriminations, and to a nicer adjustment of words to ideas, for the poets are past masters in the art of expression. And all this re-acts upon the character and promotes spirituality and culture.

We Halt Not on the Roadside.

George Klingle.

The days are full of echoes—the music
of some word;
The music of a snatch of song, returning to be heard;
The whisper caught and lost again —
love's whisper, or its sighs;
Oh, days are full of echoes of a voice
that drifteth by!
There is no place for silence, though
quiet be the day;
Though not a footfall soundeth there
are echoes all the way,
And the past becomes the present, but
we dare not wait to dream,
Or to stop to catch the music of the
past day, or its gleam.
Still onward, ever onward, to touch on
either side
Some empty hand that reacheth, or
some staying foot to guide.
We halt not on the roadside, but Despair's cold hand defy,
Though hearing still the music of the
echoes drifting by.

A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

are the best friends for sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia. 50c. a Box at your Druggist's. Made by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

149

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a specia lstudy of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particulars address:

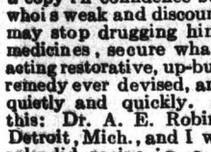
The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.,

Orillia, Ont.

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremain's Natural Hair Restorative will positively restore gray hair to its natural color, and keep it so. It is not a hair dye and will not injure the scalp. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price, one dollar. Sent post paid Address **The Tremain Supply Co.,** Dept. "M," Box 487, Toronto.

This Ring given FREE



for selling Assorted **PICTURE POST CARDS.** In one hour you can earn this handsomely Chased **Signet Ring,** engraved with any initial desired **Free.** The design is an exact duplicate of a solid **18K** Gold pattern. Given for selling only **18** pkgs. of our **Multi-color Picture Post Cards** at **10c.** a pkge. Each pkge. consists of **6** cards done up in a **Valuable Coupon Envelope,** which makes your friends buy them on sight. Don't wait a minute. We prepay postage on both Cards and Ring. **Big Catalog** of all our Premiums sent with each order.

COLONIAL ART CO., Desk 31, TORONTO

Correspondence

We invite our subscribers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all the interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print. We would point out that we cannot send names and addresses of our contributors to these columns, but anyone wishing to communicate with any of the letter writers should send us a letter in a stamped envelope, which we will address and send to the party named. We receive a great many letters, both for publication and to be forwarded from persons who are not subscribers, and we wish to say that so great is the work incurred that we really cannot promise to publish or forward any letters from non-subscribers. We think this only fair to our large number of subscribers, as they should be given the prior use of this column.

A Reader from the First.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 9th, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have often intended writing on spec. of being admitted into The Western Home Monthly family circle. In all probability this letter will adorn the Editor's w.p.b., which fate it undoubtedly deserves. I have been a constant reader of The Western Home Monthly ever since it was first published. I can remember the first numbers contained only about half a dozen sheets without even a cover. I must congratulate the editor on the steady improvement it has maintained ever since. If this district can be taken as an example, I can safely say that no other paper is more eagerly looked forward to, or more genuinely appreciated, both by young and old than The Western Home Monthly. I greatly enjoy perusing the correspondence columns. This exchange of letters can, without doubt, be the means, not only of forming friendship, but also the source of exchanging ideas, and gaining information about different parts of the country. Again, take the "Young Man and His Problem" by Rev. J. L. Gordon every month, one can gain by reading these columns. They give one the impression that the writer is a man who understands his subject, and is not afraid to voice his convictions. I would like to meet a few more men of his calibre on the prairie. Am not going to describe myself, beyond saying I am a bachelor, verging on 30, a friend of Lady Nicotine, and, according to the fair sex, "very handsome." Have been farming the last 16 years, and can thoroughly enjoy a picnic, or any sociable event that takes place. One change I would like to see if feasible in The Western Home Monthly, that is, if the advertisements could be placed at either end instead of being scattered through it, so that any wishing to keep their numbers or have them bound could do so. It is late to start this winter but I would like to have a debating column started, so that we farmers who can't join a town club could join. Also, as a farmer, I would greatly appreciate, and am sure others also, a veterinary department. I can see the editor getting mad, as Rev. Gordon describes, so will close wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success. I should be glad to hear from any who care to write. The ladies will find I am not as dry as this letter. Will be glad to get a letter from Constance in January issue. Will answer all letters. Address with the editor.

Anglo-Indian.

Sincerity a Great Gift.

Sask, Feb. 28, 1912.

Dear Editor, — I have been a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly for some years past and enjoyed it very much from its earliest copies before the advent of the correspondence and other valuable departments, and can truthfully state I think it the best family magazine that enters the Canadian

Superfluous Hair

Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

MRS E. COATES COLEMAN

224 Smith Street, Winnipeg

Phone Main 996

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE.

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR Co

ESTABLISHED 1895.

All Orders Despatched by Return Mail Without Fail.

SWITCHES OF PURE HUMAN HAIR.

WEST END SHOW ROOM. THE LONDON LOUVRE, 133-135, Oxford Street, London, W.

TRANSFORMATIONS

MADE OF THE FINEST QUALITY HUMAN HAIR.

Any Style, $7.50, The only measurement required is the circumference of the head.

Extra Full of Hair, Any Style, $10.25.

A STYLISH POMPADOUR.

OUR CAP CURLS, mounted on Light Frame. Price Only $3.75

16-in. 65c.
18-in. 85c.
20-in. $1.20
22-in. $1.80
24-in. $5.00
Any Length to Order.

TOUPET ONLY $3.75

ENTIRE TRANSFORMATION $7.30 or $10.25

TWIST OF PURE LONG HAIR to complete this effective dressing. Price according to length and thickness required. From $3.75.

A PATTERN OF HAIR, REMITTANCE and 25c. EXTRA FOR POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY EACH ORDER.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL upon receipt of our list price as deposit and 25c. extra for Postage.

CASH REFUNDED if not satisfactory, and returned in good condition.

Entire Transformation. 7.30 or 10.25 dls. Toupet only 2.60 or 1.60 dls.

Address, Manageress:

84, FOXBERRY ROAD, BROCKLEY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."

If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES.

It is time for you to stop.

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue efforts; ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life, this invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Breakdown and a

Giving out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed NOW. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you ner life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, and the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with Special Chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve sheir Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks, England**

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CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

THE WORLD In Colored Post Cards-FREE

We want a chance to cure every stammerer and stutterer. We want their names and addresses and ages as near as you know them. Send us all you know and we will mail you, free of all charge, a series of 50 wonderful colored post cards illustrating a trip around the world. Splendid for your album or to mail to your friends. At the same time you'll be doing a good turn to the sufferers whose names you send us. Send the list to-day to 10

The Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ont. Can

The Wizard Who Ends All Corns

Some years ago a chemist invented the now famous B & B wax

to apply it we invented the Blue-jay plaster.

Since then, fifty million corns have been ended forever by this little application.

It is applied in a jiffy. The pain instantly ends. Then the B & B Wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and all, comes out.

No soreness, no discomfort. You simply forget the corn.

Why pare corns when this thing is possible?

Paring simply removes the top layers. It is exceedingly dangerous, for a slip of the blade may mean infection.

Why trifle with corns—treat them over and over—when a Blue-jay removes them completely, and in 48 hours. Prove it to-day.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package.

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Bauer&Black, Chicago and New York.
Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

The Biggest and Best Club of All

The Western Home Monthly
The Nor'-West Farmer
The Weekly Free Press

The Ideal Combination for Western Canadian Readers — ALL FOR — **$1.75** — Each One a Leader in Its Own Particular Line

Here is an offer that will interest you and meet the needs of readers of both sexes, young and old, during the whole year when the papers become family friends. Just think of it! For $1.75 you can receive for one full year the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY (Canada's greatest Household Magazine), THE NOR-'WEST FARMER (the recognized Farm Paper of the West), and the WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND PRAIRIE FARMER (with the news of the world).

Our readers will, no doubt, agree with us that this is the most extraordinary offer that has ever been advertised, and as it is not likely to be repeated, we suggest that you take advantage of it today. These three papers can all be sent to the same or different addresses. This special rate of $1.75 holds good to any address in Canada (except Winnipeg) and also to Great Britain.

Those of our readers, who in addition to sending in their own subscription, also forward us subscriptions for one of their friends, are entitled to ask for a magnificent picture of His Majesty, King George V, which will be sent to them free.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find the sum of $1.75, for which, send the papers mentioned to the following address or addresses:

Western Home Monthly.. ....

The Nor'West Farmer.....

Weekly Free Press.....

"MONEY MAKING SECRETS EXPOSED."—This book gives twenty plans to start business, worth at least five dollars each. Postpaid $1.00 Manitoba Novelty Co., 648 Jessie Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

MAGIC POCKET TRICK worth 25c. Sent to anyone enclosing 5c in stamps FREE Catalog FREE
MAGIC CO., Dept. 12-270 W. 39th Street, NEW YORK

home, because it is the most practical, most helpful and interesting to one and all in the home, not to speak of the uplifting influence and social intercourse provided for the benefit of the younger generation. This is my first letter to the correspondence columns, and I assure you it is not for the purpose of criticism, but to give praise where it should be given: That is to every writer to the columns, as all have been helpful in some way by giving advice, experience or knowledge, or by showing appreciation, courage, and, best of all, sincerity. I was born on a farm and at the age of sixteen it fell to my lot to undertake the management, and, as a result, I come to know a little more, in some directions, than I otherwise would have observed. I have developed a sense of appreciation of the inspiring and enobling virtues to be found surrounding the human race, and have come to the conclusion that sincerity is the most valuable gift that is for the welfare of the wayfarers through this life. Be sincere to God, to man and self, and you will have done your best. Will the readers just consider this one word, and unfold all the beautiful qualities it contains? If I were to express any opinion on the individual letters, I would say that the letter from Constance in the January issue appealed to me, because she opened the window, and, in all sincerity and open-heartedness, told a story of real life, which should be beneficial to many. Now, as such is custom, I will describe myself as best I can. Age 21, height 5 feet 11 inches, weight 150 lbs.; never smoke, chew, drink, swear or gamble; in fact, strictly temperate. I am a lover of nature, of books and music, but not practised in the latter. Quite timid with the fair sex, you know, which reminds me that I'm of Irish descent, and much like Pat when he said—

"So great was me dear
At her illigant ways
That the first toime Oi kissed 'er Oi
missed 'her."

Now, I think I will step out of line and give my neighbors a chance. The editor will have my address. So wishing The Western Home Monthly the success it truly merits, I will sign myself

Leap Year Goody.

From Ontario.

Ont., Feb 8, 1912.

Dear Editor,—For quite a while we have been reading your valuable paper. We like it, especially the correspondence columns. Not seeing our first letter in print, we will try again. Seeing everybody gives a description of themselves, will try and follow suit. No. 1 is 18 years of age. 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 140 lbs. dark brown hair and blue eyes. Would like to correspond with Just Snooks in January issue. No. 2 is 18 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches in height and weighs 125 lbs., black hair and dark eyes. Would like to correspond with Prairie Sprite in January issue. We are railroad men and in good positions. Will answer all letters promptly. Hoping to see this in print, we join in wishing the paper every success. No. 1 Harry, No 2 Cassey.

Two Lonely Boys.

Gainsboro, Sask., Feb., 1912.

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your most valuable paper for one year and I think it is a great help to the farmer and a very good way of forming acquaintances. We are two bachelors, and being rather lonesome at times would like a few correspondents, male or female, and will answer all letters. We will exchange photos with any young ladies that care to write. Now, girls, get a hustle on and get busy. We will now draw our letter to a close. Wishing your paper the success it deserves, we remain yours,

Slim and Weary.

Would Like to Hear About California.

Carmangay, Alta., Feb. 6, 1912.

Dear Editor, — Your valuable paper has been in our home for the past two years, and I enjoy the correspondence columns very much. I noticed in your January issue about two California boys, Little Jack and Slim, inquiring

about this part of the country. I think I can give them, or any other parties desiring any information, a lot of valuable hints, as I have lived here all my life, which is between eighteen and twenty years. I am also interested in news from California. Thanking you for the space and wishing your paper every success, yours sincerely,

Echo from the Prairie.

A Subscriber for Ten Years.

Manitoba, Feb. 8, 1912.

Dear Editor,—As time passes rather slowly on the prairie, I now take the liberty of writing to the best of all magazines, namely, The Western Home Monthly. We have been a subscriber to this monthly for about ten years and intend to be for many years to come. I am a farmer's son and am not ashamed of it either, for I consider there is no other occupation more honorable than "tillers of the soil," whatever The Doctor or the Hired Man may say to the contrary. There are all kinds of sports here in winter, such as skating, dancing, card parties, etc., and I participate a little in all. Pretty girls are rather scarce around here, but by descriptions given in some of the letters of your paper I should be delighted to open up a correspondence with some of the fair ones. As for a description of myself, I have brown hair, eyes of heavenly blue, and a cute wee dimple in my chin. I am on the sunny side of twenty, am a total ab-

SUFFERED TERRIBLE PAINS OF INDIGESTION.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS CURED HER.

Mrs. Wm. H. MacEwen, Mount Tryon, P.E.I., writes.—"For more than a year I suffered with all the terrible pains of indigestion, and my life was one of the greatest misery. It did not seem to make any difference whether I ate or not, the pains were always there, accompanied by severe bloating and belching of wind. I did not even get relief at night, and sometimes hardly got a bit of sleep. In my misery I tried many remedies said to cure indigestion, but they did me not one particle of good, and I fully expected I would always be afflicted in this way. At this time my brother came home on a visit and urged me to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills, and got me a few vials. By the time I had taken one vial I began to improve, and could eat with some relish. I was greatly cheered, and continued taking the pills until all traces of the trouble had disappeared, and I could once more eat all kinds of food without the slightest inconvenience. I am so fully convinced of their virtue as a family medicine, I have no hesitation in recommending them."

Price, 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for $1.00 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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This book, written by a well-known physician, is a most interesting treatise on a subject of great importance: that of keeping up to "concert pitch" and securing that 100% of efficiency so necessary to meet successfully the business or social requirements of the present age.

You will learn something about yourself that you never knew before by reading this book, which will be forwarded without cost if you mention The Western Home Monthly.

Chas A. TYRRELL, M.D.
275 College St. Toronto, Ont.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

FARMS WANTED We have direct buyers Don't pay commissions, Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers ocate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg Minneapolis, Minn.

stainer, and do not use tobacco in any form. I will say nothing about my beauty, as I believe in the maxim, "Self praise is no praise." My last wish is that this letter may escape the w.p.b., and trusting that a few of your fair readers will take pity on me. I will sign myself Candy Boy.

You Can Do the Same.

Saskatchewan, 14th Feb., 1912.

Dear Sir,—The Western Home Monthly comes to the farm every month and we all enjoy it very much. In fact, I liked it so much that I sent subscriptions to have it forwarded to three of my friends, and I also induced a neighbor to subscribe. The correspondence columns claim a good deal of our attention, and very naturally the letters of the opposite sex attract special interest. It always amuses me to see the girls advertising themselves by weight in the same way as horses are sold. Supposing, for a change, they, instead of saying how many pounds they are, say how many dollars they are worth. It has been often said that the best way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach, but as sure a way is through a substantial pocket book. When a man marries, his wife ought to be a real partner, and it is no shame to the woman that she was able to help her husband financially. More young men would marry if they thought they could afford it, but they look upon wives as an expensive luxury they cannot afford, and so time drifts and they remain unwed. Some of the girls say they are fond of skating, dancing, horseback riding, etc. Do they imagine a farmer wants to marry a butterfly? Are none of them fond of housekeeping with its multifarious duties, such as washing, baking, churning, etc. We all admire a dainty pretty maid who delights in outdoor life and amusements, but we love a domesticated girl who is fond of her home, and who does not draw the distinctions between men's work and women's work. The farmer wants a wife to take a genuine interest in all that concerns the farm, and her husband's as well as her own prosperity. No man would make a slave of his wife no more than of himself, but true comradeship, true happiness can only be where there is a mutual desire for the general benefit. Among your many readers there are no doubt numerous Scotchmen. To them let me whisper that there are two nice, sensible Scotch lassies, meantime on the other side of the water, who would fain cross to make your homes happy and comfortable. The girls are no relation of mine, but I have undertaken to help them, and to anyone writing me I shall gladly forward their addresses. It has several times occurred to me that you might print a note at the head of the correspondence columns instructing those answering letters how to proceed. Possibly you may see your way to do this for the benefit of novices and new subscribers. Yours faithfully, Hamlet.
[See note at head of column.—Ed.]

From a New Subscriber.

Baildon, Sask., Feb. 12, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have recently subscribed to your most interesting magazine, which I think has no equal as a farm and home paper. I have enjoyed reading the correspondence columns very much. I think this is an excellent pastime for both young and old. I am 21 years of age. I do not indulge, girls, in anything stronger than cider. Would like to hear from No. 2 Heavenly Twin in your issue. I will sign myself

So Sly.

From an American.

Sask., Feb., 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have been a subscriber to your paper for almost a year, and must say I enjoy reading it very much; for not only is it filled with interesting reading, but it is also very instructive, especially those two pages, "The Young Woman and Her Problem" and "The Young Man and His Problem," and I trust that all the readers of these pages live up to that standard, as that is the kind of young men and women that our country (Canada) is proud to own. I am an American by birth, but was reared un-

Useful and Entertaining Books Given AWAY FREE TO OUR READERS.

WE publish below a list of books, any one of which will be included free with one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly. We have seen these books and have no hesitation in forecasting that they will be very popular with Westerners of all ages and all tastes. If you are already a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly send us in a subscription for one of your friends and request that the book be sent to your address. This special premium offer will be withdrawn at an early date so we advise that it be taken advantage of immediately.

A B C Guide to Music

This book will serve to introduce all into the theory and practice of the musical art. It contains simple and illustrated chapters on singing and cultivation of the voice: full and explicit helps to the piano and organ, short sketches of eminent composers, and a complete dictionary of musical terms, etc. The reputation of the author is such as to require no introduction to the public. 164 pages fully illustrated.

North's Book of Love Letters and How to Write Them

With directions how to write and when to use them. By Ingoldsby North. This is a branch of correspondence which fully demands a volume alone to provide for the various phases incident to love, courtship and marriage. Few persons, however otherwise fluent with the pen, are able to express in words the promptings of the first dawn of love, and even the ice broken, how to follow up a correspondence with the dearest one in the whole world and how to smooth the way with those who need to be consulted in the matter. It also contains the art of secret writing. The language of love portrayed, and rules in grammar. 160 pages.

Practical Etiquette and Society Guide

A strictly modern book on politeness. Just what one needs to keep in touch with what is "correct" at the present time. Hints on politeness and good breeding, sensible talks about etiquette for home, visiting: sensible talks about parties, evening entertainments, social intercourse, dress, etc. No part in daily conduct has been omitted. The immense popularity of this little book is attested by its enormous sales. It is an invaluable adjunct to any home and will be found exceedingly helpful in the hands of parents and teachers as well as young people of both sexes. 160 pages.

Photography Self-Taught

This volume has been written in the interests of the ambitious amateur, and in it the writer has endeavored to impart such instruction as will enable the novice to avoid the pitfalls which beset the path of the beginner, and to make an encouraging start on the road to success. Any man, woman or child of ordinary intelligence, without previous experience, by simply following printed instructions, can soon acquire the knowledge necessary properly to operate the camera, develop the plate or film, and print and finish the picture.

Complete Debater's Manual

This book will fill a place occupied by no other. It is not only a manual of parliamentary usages but a complete guide to all matters pertaining to organization. Debating clubs will find this book unequaled. It tells all about how to start the machinery. How to outline and prepare a debate. It gives full debates, so that the inexperienced speaker may know about what he is expected to say, and how much is required to fill his allotted time. 160 pages.

Telegraphy and How to Learn it

With brief chapters on elementary electricity. The importance of uniting these two allied subjects is apparent to any one about to take up the study of telegraphy, either for a livelihood or pastime, and who has not a rudimentary knowledge of the theory of electricity. This book, therefore, treats of the electro magnetic-telegraph in its simplest form, and with an instrument and a little practice you will be surprised at the rapid advancement you will make by the aid of this treatise. Handsomely illustrated.

Hodgson's Modern House Building with Plans and Specifications

A new, up-to-date book, containing fifty houses ranging in cost from $450.00 to $6,200.00. This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built. Full description, giving sizes and information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost, and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility, and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

Keller's Variety Entertainments

This is a collection of original, laughable skits on conjuring, physiognomy, juggling, performing feats. Wax works, panoramas, phrenology, phonography, second sight, lightning calculators, ventriloquism, spiritualism, etc., to which are added humorous sketches, whimsical recitals, parlor, club and lodge-room comedies. Fully illustrated.

McBride's Latest Dialogues

This collection of dialogues, parlor dramas, colloquies and amateur plays is without a doubt the best published. They are bright and original and are designed especially for the use of young people in school exhibitions, social meetings, lodges, Sunday school entertainments and literary societies. Every selection available, nothing vulgar or objectionable. Handsomely bound.

Comic Recitations and Readings

A new volume of comic readings and recitations, many of which have never before been published in book form. Its contents comprise some of the best efforts of such world-renowned humorists as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Ezra Kendall, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, Ben King, Geo. Thatcher, Lew Dockstader, Wm. S. Gilbert, James Whitcomb Riley and others. This is an unequalled collection of the most amusing, eccentric, droll and humorous pieces, suitable for recitations in schools, drawing room entertainments, and amateur theatricals.

Irish Wit and Humor

Irish wit and humor is a factor in human experiences which the world can ill afford to lose. In some of its qualities it is second to the wit and humor of no nation on earth. Judging it by its average specimens—and it would be manifestly misleading to take a lower standard—it manages to convey an idea fully: but in its haste to express itself, the metaphors get mixed, and the thoughts transposed or reversed. For playfulness, for sarcastic keenness, for gracefulness, and for red-hot scorafulness, nothing is more effective than some of the examples of the wit and humor of the Irishman, as told in this timely volume. For amateur theatricals or entertainments of any character, this book will be found a most acceptable source for gathering material. 160 pages.

Conundrums and Riddles

This is the latest, largest and best collection of conundrums ever published, containing upwards of four thousand choice, new intellectual conundrums and riddles which will sharpen your wit and lead you to think quickly. They are always a source of great amusement and pleasure, whiling away dious hours and putting everyone in a general good humor. Any person, with the assistance of this book, may take the lead in entertaining a company and keep them in roars of laughter for hours. We heartily recommend it to amateurs and professionals, for entertainments of all kinds. 160 pages.

How to Make $500 Yearly Profit With 12 Hens

A most wonderful scientific discovery for hatching all kinds of eggs and raising fowls without using the heat generated from hot water, lamp, gas, coal or electricity, and for which the author has been awarded 45 medals and diplomas. Prof. Corbett has made a life study of poultry and poultry raising, and he has discovered a natural way of artificial incubation, without the use of lamp, hot water or electricity. He thus not only hatches the chicks without the aid of the hen or artificial heat but he constructs brooders on the same principle and holds that chickens, and all domestic fowls can be raised at a cost not to be compared with the cost of raising them in the ordinary way. The method is strongly endorsed by the leading journals, scientific men, and exhibitions.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS

Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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Get pure blood and keep it pure by removing every trace of impure morbid matter from the system.

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market about thirty-five years, and is one of the very best medicines procurable for the cure of boils and pimples.

PIMPLES CURED.

Miss J. M. Wallace, Black's Harbor, N.B., writes:—"About five years ago my face was entirely covered with pimples. I tried everything people told me about, but found no relief. At last I thought of B.B.B. and decided to try a bottle. After finishing two bottles I was entirely cured, and would advise any lady who wants a beautiful complexion to use B.B.B."

BOILS CURED.

Mrs. Ellsworth Mayne, Springfield, P.E.I., writes:—"My face and neck were covered with boils, and I tried all kinds of remedies, but they did me no good. I went to many doctors, but they could not cure me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and I must say it is a wonderful remedy for the cure of boils."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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I Will Tell Any Woman Absolutely Free of Charge How To Do It Positively and Safely.

Many women believe that the bust cannot be developed or brought back to its former vigorous condition. Thousands of women have vainly used massage, electricity, pump instruments, ointments, general tonics, constitutional treatments exercises and other methods without results.

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I will explain to any woman the plain truth in regard to bust development, the reason for failure and the way to success. The *Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method* is different from anything else ever brought before American women. By this method, any lady—young, middle aged or elderly—may develop her bust from 2 *to 8 inches in 30 days*, and see definite results in 3 to 5 days, no matter what the cause of the lack of development. It is based on scientific facts absolutely.

This method has been used in Europe with astounding success, and has been accepted as the most positive method known. To any woman who will send a 2c stamp, to pay postage, I will send complete illustrated booklet of information, sealed in plain envelope. Address

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Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Wears a No. Six Shoe.

Saskatchewan, Feb. 2, 1912.

Dear Editor and Readers of The Western Home Monthly,—I have been a silent and interested reader of The Western Home Monthly, and always turn to either the fashion or correspondence pages first. I am a dressmaker, but my father and mother live in the country, and as I sew at home a lot would like some good correspondents to wile away the long evenings. I am a Canadian girl, five feet eight inches tall and weight about 120 pounds. I have dark brown hair and blue eyes; take a number six shoe. Now, don't laugh all of you. Am very fond of reading, music, card playing, and would like to be a good dancer, but as I have attended only a few parties where they danced I never got very good. My age if anyone cares to know is eighteen. So, now, if any member cares to write I will answer promptly. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I will sign myself Pussy-in-the-Corner.

When the Postman Comes.

Grandview, Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—As I have been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for the last three years, I think it's time to take part in your correspondence columns, if you think this worth while putting in. The Western Home Monthly is the best paper I've ever read, especially the "Young Woman and Her Problem" and the correspondence. There's a regular scrap at the door when the postman brings it, as we all look eagerly forward to its coming. I certainly recommend it to all my friends as a good reliable and instructive paper. I would like to receive some letters from the lonesome boys between 20 and 25 who live on the farm. I live in the city myself, but perfer the country life every time. I am just 17 years old, have light brown hair, dark grey eyes, good complexion and teeth (but eat lots of candy), weigh about 125 lbs, and am 5 feet 5 inches in height. I like skating, horseback riding, cards, and am passionately fond of music. I play the piano a little. Would like to correspond with Sask. Kid, Sask. Batch, and any others that care to write, so get busy, boys; although it is leap year don't get frightened. I'm not looking for a "hubby" yet. Will answer all letters at once. Leaving my address with the editor, I will say so-long. Dimples.

der the Union Jack in the province of Saskatchewan, so, of course am a Canadian, and received the degree of "bachelor" two years ago. As it is very lonely baching alone during the winter, I would be pleased to hear from young ladies between 16 and 20. All letters will be answered. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the valuable space you have given me and wishing The Western Home Monthly continued success.

Socrates II.

Will Little Jack and Slim, and also Constance kindly send in their addresses, as letters are waiting at the office for them.—Ed.

One of the Happy Ones.

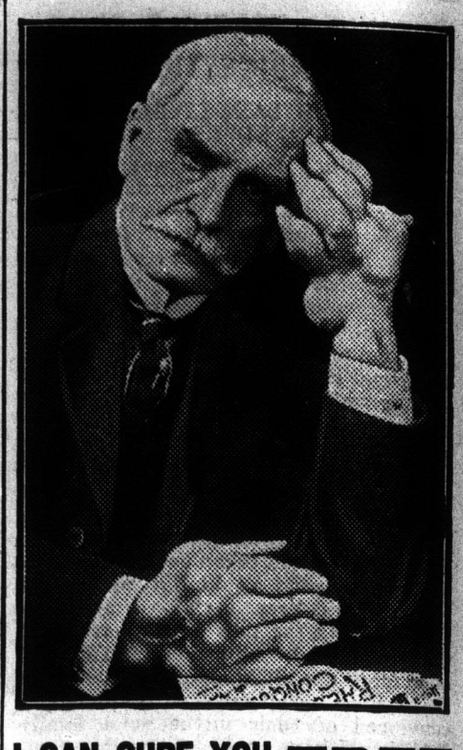
Alberta, Feb., 1912.

Dear Sir,—Having been an interested reader and subscriber of your valuable paper for some time, I would very much like to join in with the boys and girls. I live 12 miles from town and am a bachelor, but not one of those poor lonely sort. No, sir. I haven't time. My family here see that I don't get lonely. If you could have heard the racket going on here when I got home from town this evening, you would certainly understand why I am not lonely. I had a bunch of horses to feed, chickens and pigs to feed, and cows to milk, and I can tell you I had to jump around. But what a fine life this is, boys. It is a pleasure to wake in the morning with my family all waiting to be fed. And it makes me feel proud when I look at them to think they are mine, bought and paid for. Some people tell me I am lucky, but it's not all luck, boys. No; it's the average amount of luck and hard work. So my advice to the poor lonely bachelor is—dig in. I am 29 years of age. I neither drink or chew, but, oh, girls! I must plead guilty to smoking a pipe. Really, girls, you must leave me that, or I'll sure get cranky, as it is, I am just as happy as the birth. Would be pleased to answer all letters from either boys or girls. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, and wishing your paper every success. Leaving my address with you, I will sign Happy-Go-Lucky.

"Life is Real—Life is Earnest."

Winside, Sask., Feb. 2, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I like your paper, The Western Home Monthly, very well; it has much good reading in it and many instructive articles, and I find a few good letters in the correspondence columns also. I think Constance's letter was very impressive. It will not hurt to try a definition of the deep, much expressed words quoted from Longfellow. Let us know that "Life is real, life is earnest." I consider this word to be worthy of every person's consideration. This sentence is both conjuring, warning and very instructive, if one will turn them over a few times and analyse the contents. We are so very much inclined to carelessness. Beware! Wake up while young and take the necessary precautions for future life! While young we should arm and equip ourselves and make ourselves fit to meet the future. If our youth is spent in a thoughtless way, we are liable to get some rough sailing later on. Longfellow wants to tell us that we should begin to use our faculties early, commence to prepare our own self for the world we are to pass through.. In parenthesis I will say that I think much of horseback riding, because it is healthy for boys and girls, but dance-



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This photograph truthfully shows the terrible effects of rheumatism in my case, but today I enjoy perfect health and devote my life to curing others.

After spending $20,000 and suffering untold agony for thirty six years, I discovered a remedy which permanently cured me, and I will send you a package of the very same medicine absolutely free.

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Every day lost means one more day of needless pain, so write now to S. T. Delano, Dept. 328a Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

NOTICE TO FAT WOMEN

Presumably you know, ladies, that the proper caper nowadays is lines. Curves are passe. You have got to take off your fat. This must be done in one of three ways. By dieting, by exercise, or by means of Marmola Prescription Tablets. The two former will keep you busy for months and punish you pretty severely, the latter will cost you 75 cents at the druggist's. The tablets will not make any alteration in your diet necessary, and yet in all probability, before you have used up one case, you will be losing from 12 to 16 ounces of fat a day. Which method do you like the best?

If you fancy this pleasant method of getting off the fat, see your druggist instantly, or else write the Marmola Co., 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich., to send you a case by mail. These cases contain so generous a quantity of tablets that the treatment is very economical. It is, also, quite harmless, for the tablets are made exactly in accordance with the famous Marmola Prescription.

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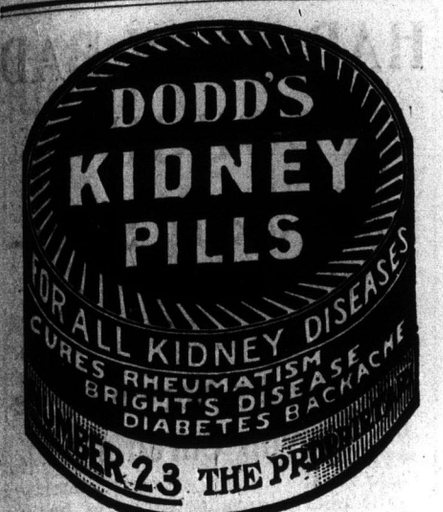

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

"Upon my word as a minister of the gospel I could not have lived had it not been for your Tablets. I had heart trouble severely for fifteen years and many doctors had failed. I could scarcely walk fifty steps, could not lie on my left side, had fluttering and pains most excruciating. I am now well."—W. H. Thompson, Adams, Ky.

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 867, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Don't risk death by delay.

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ing is the opposite of it for many reasons. But remember, one who has a good home will find the best school right there and also find that good parents are the best teachers. Now, if a person wants to make life smooth, comfortable and happy he will have to work for it, and work hard. You will not be a good farmer unless you educate yourself for farming. Study it thoroughly make yourself familiar with every detail, so you know how to work the soil in and to raise a good crop, how to raise animals and develop your herd so they make good in the service you want of them. This is farming, and the man who takes care of the business can be called a farmer. It is the result and reward for hard work and study. Now he is happy and prosperous, because as a kid he lived that life is real, life is earnest, and he developed and accomplished himself accordingly. Girls, you are under the same natural law, and you cannot get around it, omit or neglect one single paragraph, if you want to be an able housekeeper, a happy wife and mother. A thinking man rarely takes a liking for the most stylish and extravagant lady he happens to see. He will, on the contrary, often despise her. Why? Because they generally bring their husbands lots of trouble and discomfort. This is not idle talk. I am a bachelor myself, but none the less a little familiar with life. "O, you are an old crank!" someone will say. O, no; not so very old, and quite the contrary of cranky. Now, before I close, I will just mention Josephus' letter. Although I do not condemn dancing when it is kept within proper limits, I, however agree with him in what he criticises as improper and dangerous. Thanking you in advance for space if published, I am, yours sincerely,

Agriculturist.

Virginia Too Slow Now.

Callholme, Alta., Nov. 17, 1911.

Dear Editor,—Although not a regular subscriber to your paper, I obtain access to it through my partner farmer, and think it O.K. I am a Virginian by birth, but as I grew up I heard a lot about the West, so I came to North Dakota and settled on a homestead, and stayed 12 years. I then took a notion for more cheap land, so came to Alberta. I think Western Canada is O.K. Although I have been back to old Virginia three different times since I came West, things are too slow there now for me. I am a bachelor, dark, wavy hair, brown eyes, stand 5 feet 6 inches, weight, 160 lbs., and on the sunny side of 30. I would appreciate a line from any one that would feel like writing and will answer promptly. Will leave my address with the Editor. Wishing you and your paper every success, will sign, The Virginian.

Put on Your Thinking Caps.

Sask.

Dear Editor, — Your note in the January number is, I think, a timely criticism. I have been a subscriber of the Western Home Monthly for some time and have always enjoyed the reading of the correspondence page, although as the friend of our magazine says, sometimes it does appear a little monotonous. The general trend of a great many letters is to write a few sentences in praise of the correspondence page, a few words of where they live, a description of physical appearance, and ends up with their likes and dislikes concerning out of doors sports, dancing, card playing, music, the use of tobacco, etc. Now, members of our excellent page, I hope you will not be angry with me if I offer a little criticism. I really think our circle can assume a far better literary tone within a few months. Let us put on our thinking caps, get to work, and write something that will show thought. The present day tendency among young people seems to be to do as little solid serious thinking as possible. What we need is more writers like Josephus. He always has something interesting and instructive. A letter which brings out some beautiful trait of character, some grace of manner, or some proof of culture, is far more pleasing and attractive to the reader than a description of

That Tired Voice Needs

prompt attention, lest through neglect you do it a permanent injury.

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT Pastilles

FORMULA OF THE LIVERPOOL THROAT HOSPITAL

strengthen and heal the overstrained or inflamed tissues of the throat and give prompt and permanent relief. Endorsed by prominent throat specialists, and used by leading public speakers and singers the world over. *Send For Free Sample to* 172

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS. Box H. 36 WINDSOR, Ont.

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GEORGE'S
NAVY PLUG
For Sale Everywhere
THE ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO. LTD.
QUEBEC

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."—Mrs. FRANK EMSLEY, Lindsay, Ontario.

We cannot understand why women will take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, without first trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration.

$3.50 Recipe Free For Weak Kidneys.

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K2045, Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

one's eyes, hair, height and age. It is the person with a cultivated intellect—and each of us can have one if we but apply ourselves—one interested in the moral condition of himself, his neighbor and his country, that we wish to correspond with, rather than with one because she has blue eyes, dark hair, and is five feet six inches tall. The mental condition is of far greater importance than the physical appearance. We have often met people that would appear ugly, without their attractive manner and intelligent expression Because of training and culture they have a power of charm and fascination. If we wish faithful and interesting correspondence through this page, we must write interesting letters. Just leave out the color of eyes, hair, etc., in its place write something of an instructive and moral nature, something that requires good, sound reasoning. I would like to hear of others expressing their opinions on this subject. Dear Editor, should you think this letter worthy of your columns, I will try, in the near future, to practise what I preach in regards to writing the kind of letter I have advocated. Should any reader care to write, I will try to be an interesting correspondent. I might say I am a man of Saskatchewan and will sign as such.

Man of Saskatchewan.

A Good Example.

Daysville, Sask., Jan. 15, 1912.

Dear Editor,—Can you find a little space in your valuable magazine for a few words from an old subscriber, as I would like to have a little chat with some of your readers in the correspondence columns. I was very much interested in Prairie Sprite's and Betsy B's letters, and would like to hear from them. As for the Western Home Monthly, I cannot praise it too highly, and I always forward it on to my friends in England. But I am going to send a subscription for them, as it takes so long by the time I have read it and sent it on to them. I am only waiting till I hear from them again. I think the Western Home Monthly is just dandy, as it helps to make friends whereas we should all be strangers, and this is a big country for strangers to be in. As I have been here four years, I know it is, but I still keep smiling, and I go to a dance when I get the chance, so I get through the winter pretty good. Well I will close now with a verse to Prairie Sprite and Betsy B:—

If they would kindly write to me,
At correspondence I am real good,
And answer them I surely would.

I will sign myself, Broncho Bill

Would Appreciate Correspondence.

Gull Lake, Sask., Jan. 24, 1912.

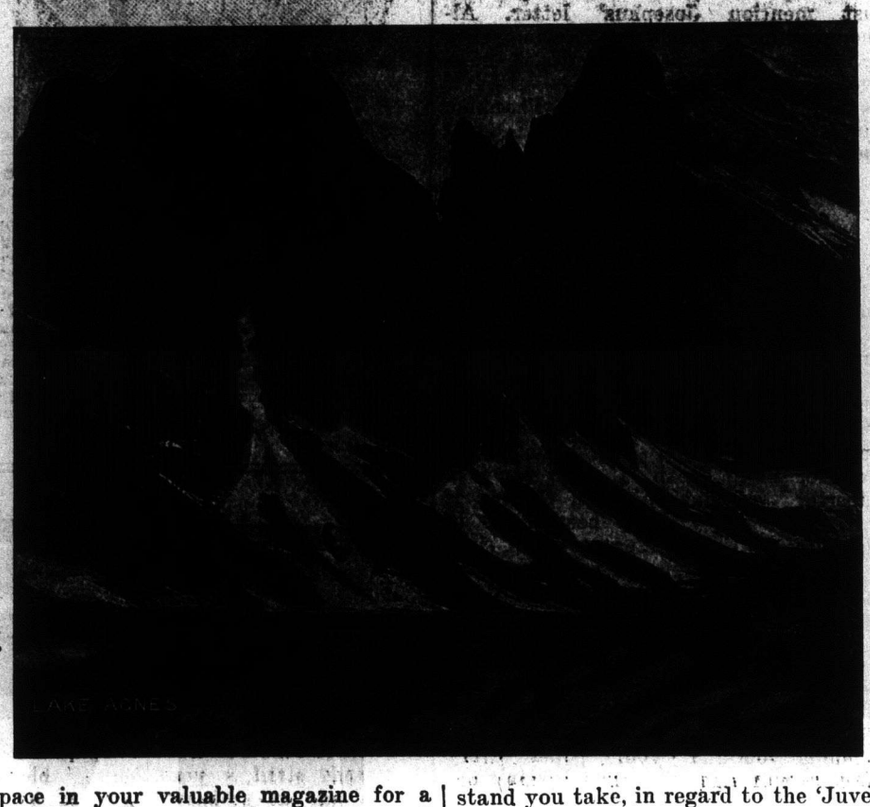
Mr. Editor, — I am a subscriber to your most valuable paper. I take great delight in reading some of your stories, and they help me to pass away many lonely hours while on the homestead. A noble character is Helen in "The Professor's Dilemma." Am a lover of good books and stories, which help build up a good character. Would be glad to correspond with any lady readers. Am a lonely widower and am between 40 and 45 years old. Would be glad of a correspondent for pleasure, and will answer any and all letters. I like the West and think it fine. Anyone wishing to write me will find my address with the Editor. I will sign—

A Lonely Widower.

The Standard is Higher.

February 22nd, 1912.

Dear Sir.—I have never written you before (except purely business), but after seeing your February issue I feel that a letter is due. I first saw a copy of the W.H.M. in 1903, but did not subscribe to it until 1911, as I was not settled down until then. I should like to congratulate you on the improvement in your paper since the time I first saw it. I do not know of any other publication in the Dominion that has made such wonderful improvement, and your correspondence column is of a higher standard to-day than it was at that time. This part of your magazine I still look upon as of only secondary importance, although I hope to use it with this letter. I was very much pleased with your article "If he were your boy," and especially with the



stand you take, in regard to the 'Juvenile Court.' Personally, I think the reformatory is more of a cure than blessing; but I think it is chiefly the name that is to blame. You suggest calling it by some other name, but I am afraid that whatever name it was known by it would still be looked upon as a reformatory. I really cannot offer any very feasible suggestion as to how to overcome that difficulty. The only way I can see for it would be to have some arrangement made with some public institutions, to take charge of the boys and girls in an ordinary manner, and instead of having the children's names published in the newspapers to banish all reporters from the court to take proceedings against any paper publishing their misdemeanours. In that way the young offenders would be sent away to some school, where they would be strictly and well brought up at the same time would have the association of children of good morals, and, as they and the masters would be the only ones there who knew how they came to be there, they would not become so ashamed and hardened as they frequently do in the reformatories. Some people may take exception to my remark 'ashamed.' I can only say that I believe that many children who have been a few years in a reformatory are so ashamed of it that they are afraid to meet the friends they once had, and so endeavour to hide away, and even-

HAD VERY BAD COUGH

And Tickling Sensation in Throat.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured It.

Miss C. Danielson, Bowsman River, Man., writes:—"Last fall I had a very bad cough and a tickling sensation in my throat. It was so bad I could not sleep at night, so I went to a druggist and told him I wanted something for my cold, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup which I did, and after taking one bottle I was completely cured. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to anyone who suffers from a cough or throat irritation."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is without a doubt one of the greatest cough and cold remedies on the market to-day, and so great has been its success there are numerous preparations put up to imitate it. Do not be imposed upon by taking one of these substitutes, but insist on being given "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. Price, 25 cents a bottle; put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. 40c and $1.00 per box. Prepared by ALBERT and Co., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England (copyright).

Wholesale Agents. The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

ASTHMA Instant relief and positive cure. Trial treatment mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 772, Augusta, Me.

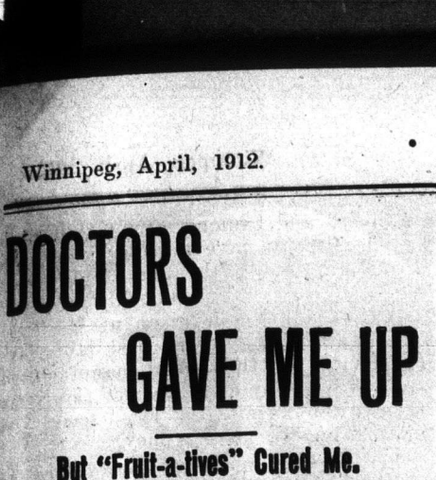
DOCTORS GAVE ME UP

But "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Me.

MOORFIELD, ONT., March 25th, 1910.

"I suffered from severe indigestion and dyspepsia for nearly two years. I could not take food without fearful distress.

I could not do any work and became so run down and weak that I could hardly walk. I was attended by two experienced doctors and they both pronounced my case incurable, that they could do nothing more for me as they thought my disease was HEART FAILURE AND INCURABLE. The doctors gave me up and I looked forward for death in a short time.



At this time my son asked me to try 'FRUIT-A-TIVES', and from the outset of taking these wonderful tablets I was better, and gradually this medicine completely cured me. I took a large number of boxes, perhaps a dozen, and now I am entirely cured and I have gained over thirty pounds in weight."

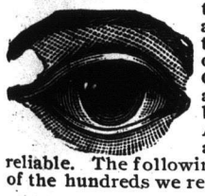
HENRY SPEERS, J.P.

"Fruit-a-tives" is sold by all dealers at 50c. box—6 for $2.50, or trial size, 25c.—or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Eyeglasses Not Necessary

Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, Cataracts, etc., without cutting or drugging. Over ninety-three thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of the hundreds we receive:



F. W. Brooks, Beauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using "Actina" less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever.

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: I have used "Actina" as directed, and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using "Actina" I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me.

John Krahmer, Ricketts, Pa., writes: "Several years ago my eyesight began to fail. Oculists prescribed glasses but I received little benefit from them. After several months' use of 'Actina,' I could read and write by almost any kind of light. I would not take one hundred dollars for my "Actina.'"

"Actina" can be used with perfect safety by every member of the family for any affliction of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. Send for our free trial offer and valuable free book. Adress: Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84N, 811 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Shiloh's Cure

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS PRICE, 25 CENTS

tually fall into a life of deepest vice. There are many other excellent qualities in your paper which I could write about, but as I have another subject which may take up considerable space I deem it best to close my enconiums.

Now to business. I wonder whether there are any of your lady readers who would be prepared to help the poor homesteader to make a home. I know there are lots of them who are prepared to share his home with him if he has a good one, and has lots of stock or crop around him. But I never see one suggest that she would help make a home. There are lots of good worthy bachelors to-day who are poor and struggling. That is a hard lot for anybody, but especially for the bachelor. Now I do not want to be thought selfish in asking girls to share a lot like that, but must confess that in the nine years I have been in this country I have noticed that in almost every case of a poor homesteader the married man comes out on top, whilst the bachelor frequently goes under, or, if he does not go under he has to struggle for several years longer than the married man. I feel sure that there are many single girls in the Dominion who have as much 'grit' as the married ones quoted, and who would be willing to share the lot of a poor but industrious and worthy man.

I should be pleased to hear from any such if they would care to write to a bachelor of 33 years of age. Am fairly well educated and of smart appearance.

Trusting this is not too lengthy an epistle to get into your columns (if it is I would suggest you start a 'condensed letter' list). Yours faithfully,

Conundrum.

An up-to-date Manitoba Prairie Schooner.

A Case of Necessity.

Whitebeach, Sask., January 26, 1912.

Dear Editor, — I think you might head my letter "A Case of Necessity"—why? Well, I've been a subscriber to the Western Home Monthly just one month. Yet in my wanderings in this Land of the Maple Leaf I have had the pleasure of reading it in different homes, but now Mr. Editor, I'm a homesteader and need it. Yes! Need it, sir! Shall I describe myself, like the others do? Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 150 pounds, and am not marvellously like the Two Heavenly Twins, and as honesty is the best policy I guess it would be best to leave further description. That is the outside show, the inner man is somewhat akin to the thoughts and impressions so beautifully described in a letter claiming the signature of Constance, of Hamilton, Ont. This life story and message appealed to me very much, and I only wish I had that "power," Constance, to write letters that would inspire, but will you allow me to add a little to your good stand for temperance, nay rather say total abstinence. We saw and heard enough in dear old England—and thought we were coming to New England where drink held little sway—but am much afraid that is not correct. I believe the best way to treat intoxicants is to keep as far away from them as possible. It is a known fact that the grave swallows daily, by scores, drunkards, everyone of whom thought he was safe while he was forming his appetite. A clean mouth, a sweet breath and unstained teeth—are not these treasures worth preserving? Now a word to Josephus, and a hearty co-operation, friend. I voice to the letter your ideas on dancing. One surprise party only have I witnessed, and I hope it will be the last. For the first hour it was rather a novelty, but afterwards it was a bore. Physical culture is more in my line, not "kitchen sweats." Yes, I think physical culture is a very important thing. Some of us get this in our employment, and are growing up with manly frames and strong arms. But there are others in the city who are coming up delicately, with spindle shanks, and narrow shoulders, and flat chests, and weak arms—great babies, with soft hands and soft muscles, and not enough physical prowess to undertake to carry a disputed point with the cook in the kitchen. How a woman ever makes up her mind to love such a man as this is a mystery to me. A feminine man is a masculine monster, and no woman with unperverted instincts can love and marry him. A true woman loves a pair of good strong arms, fastened to a pair of broad shoulders, for they can defend her, and provide for her. Now, I must close this time, friends, but let us always remember that when turning over a new leaf, the only difference between determination and obstinacy is — a strong will and a strong wont. Wishing my Editor and all friends a happy and successful New Year, I am, yours sincerely,

H. P.

The Dog and the Dishes.

Medicine Valley, Alta., Jan. 19th, 1912.

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, and I think it is just O.K. There is something of interest to everyone in its columns. I have just finished reading the last issue and thought the two letters signed Constance and Josephus were just splendid. They held such good advice for young people against the evils of the liquor habit and dancing. I fully agree with both. Now I will just fall in line and be a good little fellow if the rest don't tease me too much. I came from Saskatchewan some time ago and found this country quite different to the former. However, I believe every place has its drawbacks. To describe oneself seems to be the general custom among the "crowd" just now, so I will follow suit. I am between the age of sixteen and twenty, dark hair, brown eyes, but am not certain as to my weight, five feet five inches, and a rowdy. My favorite amusements are skating, horseback riding, fancy work, and can be reckoned as a bookworm also. I am fond of music, and can sing enough to scare the folks away. I am fond of cooking also and keep my dog well fed with my dishes; no one else would eat them. I like lots of fun, so don't think I am too sober to write to. I am sorry for the bachelors, as I believe they are all good fellows if they had a fair chance. I must ring off now. My address is in the Editor's hands, and anyone wishing to write to a "jolly kid" just come along. From

Brown-Eyed Jack.

Had Palpitation of the Heart

Weakness and Choking Spells.

When the heart begins to beat irregularly, palpitate and throb, beats fast for a time, then so slow as to seem almost to stop, it causes great anxiety and alarm. When the heart does this many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, and become weak, worn and miserable.

To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. John J. Downey, New Glasgow, N.S., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I was troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells, and could scarcely lie down at all. I tried many remedies, but got none to answer my case like your Pills. I can recommend them highly to all having heart or nerve troubles."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25. For sale at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

600,000

Willow Cuttings, Russian Laurel, French Laurel and Russian Golden, $4.50 per 1000, express paid to any station in the three provinces. Also a nice stock of reliable trees, shrubs, trees and small fruits. No Agents. Deal direct with me and save 35% to 50%. Any trees that are not satisfactory may be returned at my expense and I will refund the money. Native Ash are proving the best tree for street planting in the West. I have a fine lot, send me your address on a Post Card and I will send you my price list and printed directions. Nothing beats the willows for a break.

JOHN CALDWELL, Virden Nurseries

VIRDEN, MAN

The Highest Attainment IN... Boot Making

Is to be found in the world-renowned

FIFE

FOOTWEAR

For Farmers, Gamekeepers and all country wearers

I GUARANTEE also the fit and wearing qualities of every pair.

REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

PER PAIR $4.75, CARRIAGE PAID

Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE

A. T. Hogg, No. 103 **Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland**

The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post Trade."

Taking his number. Bicycle run over by Auto.

Corner in the Western Home Monthly Studio.

Old land mark about to be torn down to make room for a sky-scraper.—Winnipeg.

Household Suggestions.

One Girl's Room.

The girl of to-day seems to take so much more interest in beautifying the home than she did a few years back, and oftentimes now, when we enter a girl's room, we are in a perfect little bower. Everything is so tasteful, neat, and artistic.

Let me tell you of such a room which I visited a short time ago. This girl's name was Rose, and in all the appointments of her tiny den you found something to remind you of the fact. It was a small room with a double window facing the east. On the floor was a clean light matting, with a rug in brown and pink. The wall was hung with cream paper, with a straggling wild rose design. The furniture consisted of a white enameled bed, red birch dresser, washstand of cherry. The latter, an heirloom handed down for several generations, she had covered the front of it with sprays of wild roses in surface carving. Two uprights put at the back and a rod across, with silkaline in pink and white roses shirred in. The washstand set had roses and leaves in a bold pattern. And then one of those dainty spindle-legged writing desks. On the bed was a dotted swiss cover over pink. On dresser and stand were embroidered scarfs, done in wild roses. Beneath the window was a long seat, made of a box covered with old rose denim. On this were several pillows of harmonizing shades. Swiss curtains hung at the window, and a jardiniere with an American Beauty rose held an important place in the window. A few pictures on the wall, one, a yard of roses framed in white. A dainty chair before the desk, a white rocker with an old rose cushion and a shelf of books completed the furnishing. There was nothing expensive, but everything was so dainty and suggestive of the occupant.

Now why could not some of the many girls who have flower names carry out this idea. There is Lily, Violet, Daisy, and many others. Or if it chance you are Mary Green or Florence White; nothing makes a more tasteful room than one of the dainty shades of green or white and gold. But whatever the color scheme be, remember to carry it out.

To Save Time and Dishes.

When setting away food and putting it into clean dishes I always keep in mind how it is to be prepared for the next meal. For instance, instead of putting gravy into a clean bowl, I would use a granite basin in which I could warm it over the blaze. Also, I find wooden plates splendid for dry foods, and oiled paper helps to make a dozen of them last a long time. A sheet of the paper laid on such a plate makes an excellent substitute for a good plate on which to place a cake, for instance. A number of the papers can be used until the plate itself is soiled; then I take a new one. Since adopting this plan I have had few of my good dishes nicked or broken through use in the refrigerator.

To Keep the Wall Clean.

If, as often happens in rented houses, there is no porcelain behind the sink, or what is there covers a small area, cover the wall with white table oilcloth, cutting a piece the full length of the sink and the height needed, and finish the edges with a plain molding. Use rather long nails in putting up the molding, and they will serve the double purpose of supports for dipper, sink brush, coffee strainer, vegetable brush, and the like. Or, if you prefer, these utensils can be suspended from the molding by picture hooks. When the oilcloth gets worn and dingy from much washing, do not take it down, but renew with a coat of white enamel.

Practical Hints for Ironing Day.

When ironing, place a folded piece of carpet on an old cushion on the floor to stand on to prevent tired feet. Most of the fine ironing can be done easily by sitting on a high stool.

Keep a sponge and a bowl of water near by when ironing, to moisten dried-out places.

A wash dress that looks unfit to wear is often made to look clean and new by sponging with clear water, to which starch has been added, then pressing dry with a heated iron over a dry cloth.

The best and easiest way to shrink wash goods is to sponge well with cold water and iron dry with a well-heated iron. The first dampness can be removed by ironing over dry cloth.

Sticky irons may be made smooth by rubbing them over salted sandpaper.

When ironing, if all garments that need mending are put in a place by themselves, it will prevent any oversight and loss of time later on.

Time and temper are often saved if the button box and a threaded needle are kept near by when one is ironing and the slight rip or lost button is immediately cared for.

A little paraffin added to hot starch makes the clothes glossy and white.

Iron-rust and ink are easily removed from white goods by saturating them with lemon and salt and placing in the hot sun, rinsing well before applying soap. Ink may be removed from garments by soaking in sour milk.

To Save Hose.

If your hose supporters make holes in your stockings, take a piece of strong tape or muslin about an inch and three-quarters long, make buttonholes in one end, then stitch them by machine back and forth two or three times, on either side of hose on the hem; fasten supporter in the buttonhole instead of on the hose. You can buy buttonholes ready made in strips of cloth at the stores, if you wish.

To Sweeten Butter.

Take a pound of the butter, stir into it a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, wash in sweet milk and afterward in cold water, and you will be surprised to find what good-smelling and good-tasting butter you will have.

Every Day Uses of Salt.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowl or meat will prevent slipping.

One level teaspoonful of salt will season one quart of soup, sauce, or vegetables.

Clean ivory by dipping the half of a lemon in salt and scouring the pieces; afterward wash with warm soapsuds.

Salt, placed on the coals when the meat is broiling, prevents the dripping fat from blazing.

Salt water is the best and simplest solution known for cleaning willow ware and matting.

Salt for table use should be mixed with a small quantity of corn flour to prevent its forming into lumps.

Metal kitchen spoons should be washed to get rid of the grease, and then scoured with salt and sand.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, foled ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water often cures sick headache.

Uses of Ammonia.

The simplest thing for removing iodine from hands or white goods is household ammonia, which converts the iodine into iodine of ammonia.

To clean curtain hooks place them in water in which a little ammonia has been poured, and leave for a little while.

Verdigris may be removed by rubbing with liquid ammonia.

Pumice soap and ammonia will cure the worst case of tarnished brass. Just moisten the cloth with ammonia and rub it briskly over the soap and apply to the article to be cleansed.

Plants will grow more quickly if a few drops of ammonia be added once a week to the water with which they are washed. The water should be lukewarm, not colder than the atmosphere and the leaves of the plants should be kept free from dust by being sponged or syringed.

Dufferin Home Economics Society.

Carman, Man.

At our annual meeting in December the election of officers took place. Having decided to leave a part of the old board of 1911, we elected Mrs. McPherson and Mrs. Durant as new directors, with Mrs. Fender as president and Mrs. Birnie vice-president.

Our first meeting under the new directorship took place in January and proved a decided success. Mrs. Salisbury, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and Prof. Herner of the same staff, addressed the ladies. Both gave very interesting and instructive talks, and many questions arose with regard to poultry raising, which Prof. Herner answered in a very painstaking manner.

At the directors' meeting held the last of January many helpful suggestions were given in framing future programmes, and, among other things, it was decided to have a paper known as "Economics" edited by one of the members and read at each monthly meeting; also that a prize be given at the local agricultural fair for the best labor-saving device for the home, manufactured and exhibited by a member of the Home Economics Society. This society is putting up the prize money.

Our regular meeting took place as usual on Feb. 1st in the court room of the Land Titles Office. A good attendance was the result, and the reports of the delegates to the convention were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Mrs. Birnie gave a talk on some of the demonstrations and addresses as he remembered them, and also brought home some of the receipts. Mrs. Fender gave a splendid address on the convention as it appealed to her, also remembered to give us some of the witty sayings, as a good laugh does us all good.

The paper, "Economics," was edited this month by Mrs. McCouin and proved very helpful as well as witty. This is a part of our future programmes that I feel sure will be looked forward to with much interest. A vote of thanks was tendered our delegates, to which Mrs. Fender very suitably responded. After the singing of the National Anthem, tea and cake were served, which brought a real enjoyable afternoon to a close.

The question of having a rest room in Carman has been under discussion for some time, and a request from one of the local grain growers societies came to hand at our last meeting to get our opinion on the advisability of such an undertaking. After a vote had been taken, we placed ourselves on record as being willing to lend our efforts in that direction. We hope this will prove a benefit to the country as well as the townspeople, and trust it will be more than just a rest room. Some of us would like to see a library in connection with it. I may say, in conclusion, that we all find our meetings very helpful.

Annie L. Murray.

The Day Will Come.

The day will come, the blessed day,
When things which tempt the weak astray,
Shall lose their power to so betray;
The day will come.

The day then shames which life debase,
And thus its gloriousness efface,
No longer shall afflict the race;
The day will come.

The day when they whom lust of drink
Has caused below the brutes to sink
Shall from the curse in horror shrink;
The day will come.

The day when mothers shall not fear,
And tremble, with their children dear,
To see their father's form appear;
The day will come.

The day when men shall be ashamed
To be with things so awful named,
And so shall from them be reclaimed;
The day will come.

The day when through sobriety
Such things shall wholly cease to be—
The world at last shall surely see;
The day will come.

The day from far beheld of old,
Which seers in glowing words foretold,
And looked for, as the age of gold;
The day will come.

The moving picture man making pictures of Manitoba Snowshoe Association Sports, at Elm Park, Winnipeg.

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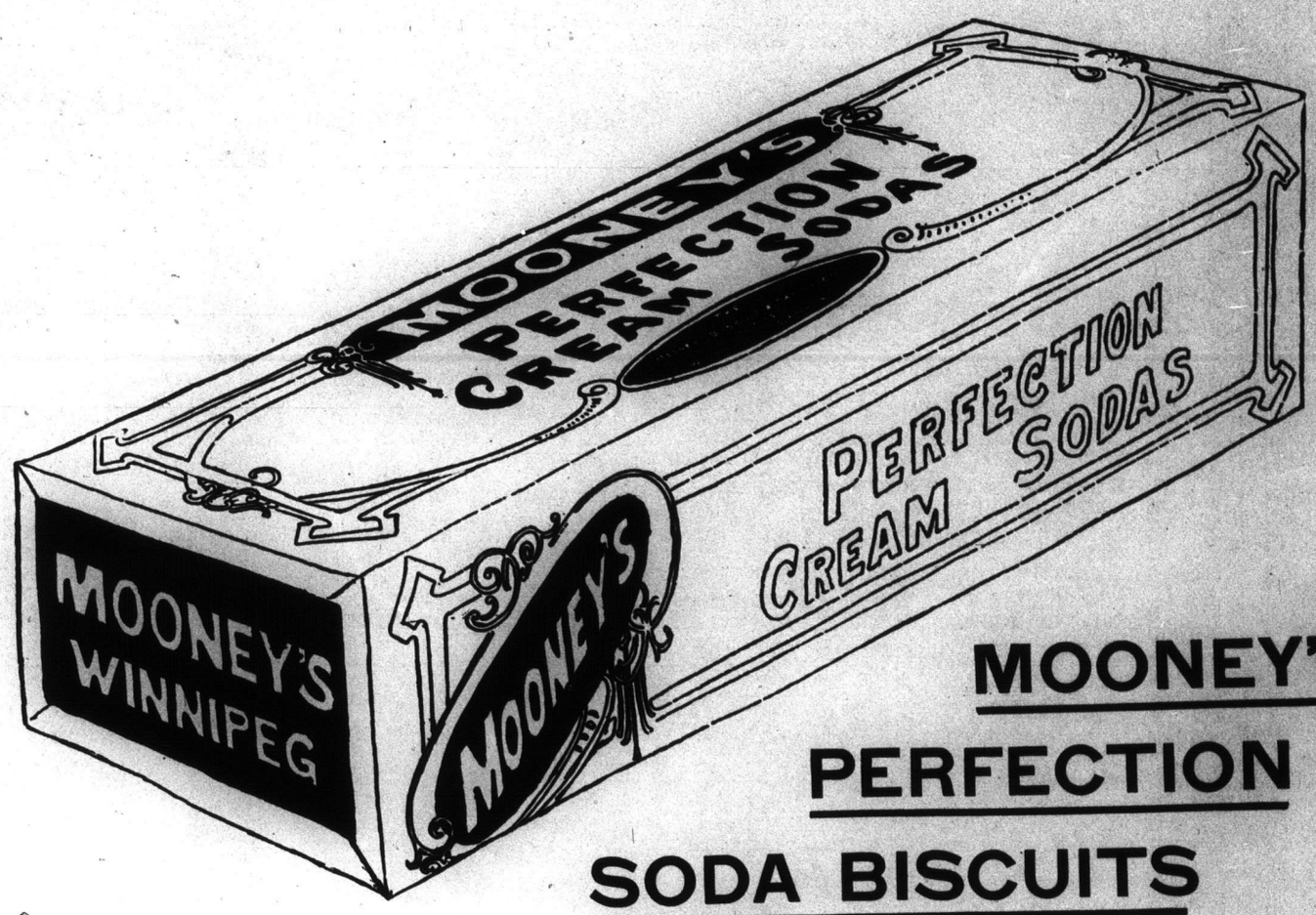

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