

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



OCTOBER, 1914

WINNIPEG, CANADA



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A Chat with Our Readers

NEVER in the history of Canada has there been manifest such a spirit of universal brotherhood and sisterly love as we have witnessed since the declaration of war. Station, rank, creed, nationality, birth are all merged into the one great aim of service. Women formerly prominent in social, intellectual and aristocratic circles are now tenderly protecting those women and girls who face the foe of want—and one finds it difficult to draw the line, so loving and free from patronizing disposition are those who are ministering to their needy sisters. The sisterhood of women is at last being realized. During the past week women devoted all of their physical and mental strength toward helping girls and women who are out of employment. In Winnipeg an employment bureau for the purpose of providing work and shelter for women has been opened. This movement makes it unnecessary for any girl or woman to be out of work. In order to make this possible they urge employers and home-makers throughout Western Canada who can provide girls with work to let them know.

Seldom has such a spirit of kindness been shown as when these unemployed girls and women registered last week. The more needy they appeared the more eager were these women in their desire to assist them. Girls came in deeply depressed and they went away happy, inspired by the touch of sisterly tenderness.

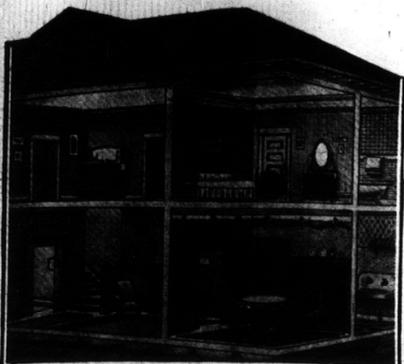
Our women of the west are responding generously to the patriotic appeal of the moment. The Daughters of the Empire in Toronto asked Manitoba women for several thousand dollars as their share in the provision of a hospital ship, and they responded with fourteen thousand dollars. Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia were equally generous. Every chapter of The Daughters of the Empire is busy providing clothing for the soldiers and bedding for the Red Cross society. At this moment one of the Winnipeg chapters are sending one hundred flannel shirts to our soldiers.

The Red Cross society has collected a large sum of money to send to the London Red Cross society. Women's clubs of all kinds are working and giving and sacrificing, society has decreed that refreshments for social affairs must be bread and butter sandwiches only, our patriotic fund is taking care of the families of our soldiers—every one who has a dollar is sharing it. Out of the great crisis is born the spirit of universal love, and the blessing of the peace of patriotism is ours.

There is another form of patriotism that we must not overlook and that is patriotic optimism, the lack of which will paralyze business. While we feel seriously sad for our soldiers and their lonely loved ones, and shudder at the mental vision of the bleeding battle grounds of Europe, it is our business to promote prosperity at home. We are away from the war zone and much is expected of us. Too many are going about blinded by a cloud of gloom. Pessimism at this hour and in Canada is a form of treason, and disloyalty. We are not patriotic when we go about crying hard times. The invisible crop of melancholy crushes hope. Business depression is caused not so much by the existing state of war as by the continual fear of "what may happen." If every one would change the cry of pessimism to the song of optimism, there would be a revival of business and consequently materially increased patriotic strength. Life is progress—perpetual adaptation to new conditions. Every pessimistic mood subtracts from the strength of our country.

Harness the hours with golden mountings of hope—thus power shall be gained and not lost. It will clear the mind—this discovered power will conquer business depression. We get what we prepare for—the nations at war prepared for war. Let us prepare for prosperity—this is what our soldiers expect of us and we fall short of our country's trust if we weaken our power by indulging in the poisonous intoxication of chronic mental fear and gloom. People at the head of affairs in Europe prophesy prosperity in Canada if Canada will keep the wheels of business moving.

The aim of The Western Home Monthly is to breathe the breath of peace and patriotism into every home of the British Empire. We hold in our power our future, and the strength of cheerful patriotism insures our country's wealth. Every honest British subject is confident that we shall conquer, then why be gloomy in the duties of the business of building prosperity? Last month's issue of our magazine was a patriotic number—we hope to fill every number with an atmosphere of patriotism so full of encouragement, good cheer, high inspiration, and patriotic loyalty that every home in the land will need The Western Home Monthly to help them in their devotion to a nation's welfare. If our readers would gladden the home of the soldier's family, send a subscription to The Western Home Monthly into every lonely home. It would be a helpful cheerful monthly visitor. Every copy is a chapter in the making of Canadian History. The illustrations alone make an art gallery of the life and geography of the world's most interesting country. These are rare pictures that should be kept for the education of generations to come. We are honest in the confidence we have of the place our magazine occupies in the heart of our people, and are sincerely grateful for the loyal appreciation of our readers. Let us be loyal to our Empire by cultivating a cheerful spirit of optimistic hope and trust in the bringing about of a revival of business prosperity that shall strike a responsive chord of peace and patriotism in every British heart.



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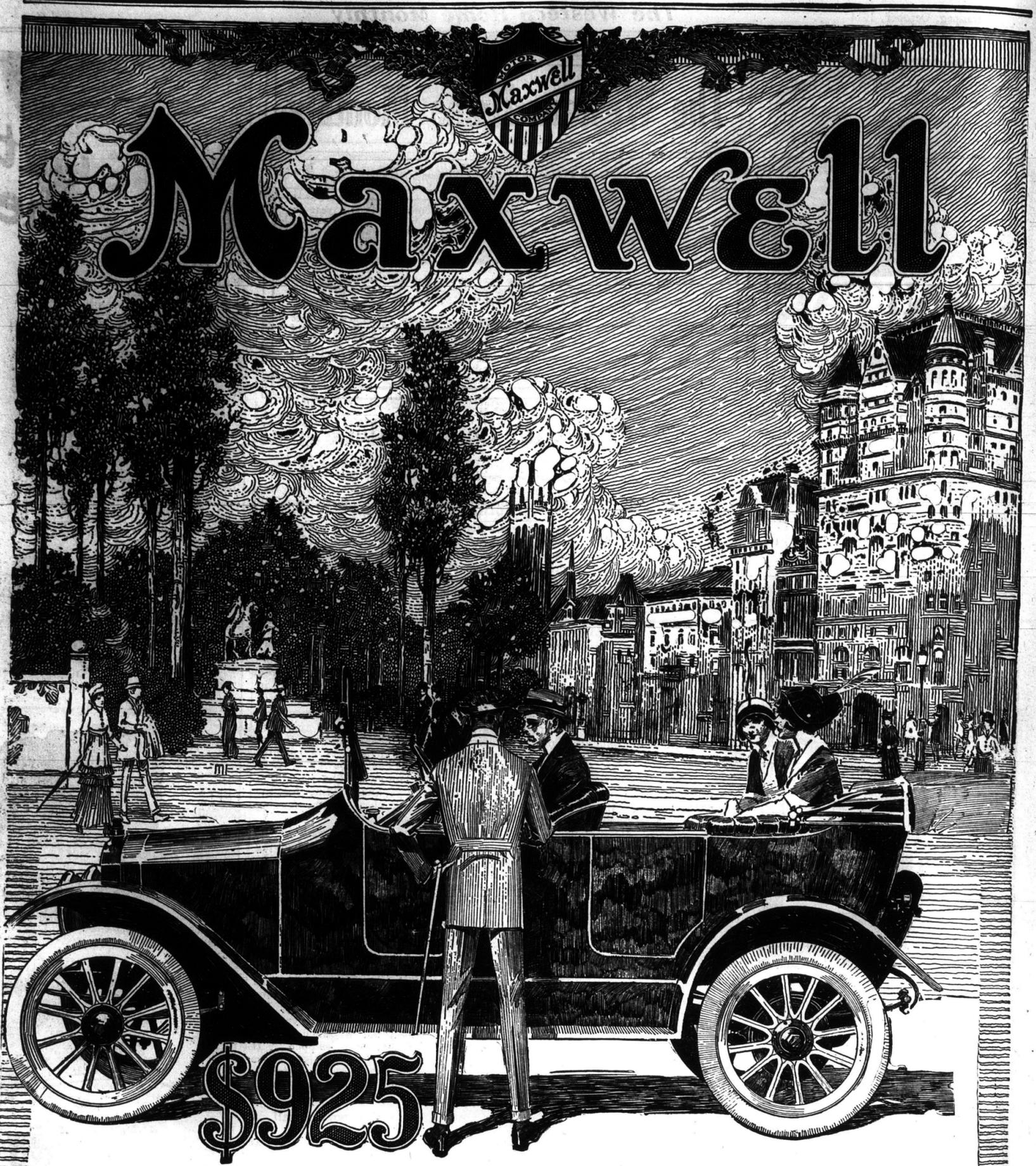
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EDITORIAL COMMENT

What Might Have Been

It is a saddening spectacle to witness a man throwing away his opportunities. It is particularly saddening when the man is a king and the opportunity is nothing less than leading a world in science, in art, in industry. The Emperor of Germany came to the throne when a young man. He found himself lord over an industrious, a frugal, a highly intellectual people. There was nothing within reason they might not have accomplished if properly encouraged and given full freedom of action. Unfortunately, however, there was around the young ruler a band of men who had achieved distinction in war. They placed but small value on the higher ideals—the ideals of peace. They were as caste-bound as the Brahmins, equally proud, equally self-sufficient. It was impossible for the young ruler to escape the contagion. It was not long until he was the most diseased of the lot. He set up as his models Napoleon, Alexander, Attila, Caesar. He dreamed of world conquest, and by all those with whom he associated he was encouraged in his dreaming. Then came the planning to achieve his purposes. Greatest on land, greatest on sea, greatest in the air—nothing less would do. Essen, Kiel, Krupp, Zeppelin, became the most common terms in court vocabulary. A suffering people was overtaxed to minister to the ambition and, may we say, the vanity of the young war lord. Then came dissimulation and duplicity. The lesser nations of Europe were treated as pawns to be sacrificed in the great game the Kaiser was playing. If it had not been for the close check-mating of France and England, the map of southern Europe would long ere this have undergone a serious change. In due time the psychological moment arrived. The young Jove would show the world that he could throw his thunderbolts. And so the war.

Now, had this young man fallen into kinder hands, had his imagination been fired by the deeds of such men as Peter the Great and Alfred the Great, or even if he had derived inspiration from association with the philosophers, the scientists and great industrial leaders of his own land, his life might well have been one of the most helpful in history. But as it is now, no matter whether he succeeds temporarily in attaining his purpose, or whether he is driven in a few months to sue for peace, he will go down in the records of the race as the greatest criminal of all time. All this because in his early years he was taught to look upon life as a battle rather than as a service. To put it in a word, if William of Germany had possessed the heart and if he had accepted the ideals of the Christian, he would not now occupy the dishonest position he holds in a world where honor, righteousness and humility are still revered.

The Navy

It is a fortunate thing that just a few months ago there took place at Spithead the mobilization of the British fleet. "No king in human history has ever commanded such an aggregation of power, such a triumph in war organization, such a devoted and loyal personnel, such vigor and efficiency of fighting manhood as did King George V during his visit to his sailors and his ships—between Saturday, July 18 and Monday, July 20." Not only was the fleet the largest and strongest ever assembled, but there were elements represented which never be-

fore appeared at naval reviews. First, there was mobilization of the ships of the third class—those manned by nucleus crews. These were rendered ready for war in an incredibly short time. When reservists came trooping in from every point in the Island they took their places naturally and worked as effectively as if accustomed to their positions for years. In this the Navy was true to its watchword—"Aye, Ready!" The second element represented was the aircraft—the aeroplane and the seaplane. It is possible that before the war is closed the British Admiralty may show itself more than equal to its great antagonist in aerial warfare.

The meaning of a great fleet of this kind is that it is an insurance for the trade of the Empire. The fleet is a guardian of world-wide interests, the protection of food supplies of our people, and of the raw materials out of which they make their livelihood. It preserves our prestige on international complications, and is even now through the terror it has inspired the one power that will ensure lasting world peace. Without it militarism would rule the world; because of it, militarism will be shorn of its power.

The premium paid on this great insurance policy is less than three per cent of the aggregate trade of the Empire. This may be considered a moderate price for preserving the continuity of industrial and commercial prosperity. Strong as is the fleet, it is not yet in all parts of the world equal to its responsibilities. Perhaps when the war is over and the great menace to civilization is out of the way, there will be less need for such a glorious defence. Thankful we must be for such a defence in the present emergency.

Bear One Another's Burdens

Because the war will necessarily be protracted, and because trade and commerce are so seriously affected throughout the world, it is unavoidable that many should be thrown out of employment. It is necessary in such emergency that the strong should help the weak. It is necessary that it be as true of us, as it was of the ancient Romans when the Etruscan hordes were at their doors:

Then none was for the party—
Then all were for the state;
Then great man helped the poor man,
The poor man loved the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then goods were fairly sold;
Then Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

This war is not that of the poor fellows who have faced such fearful odds on the plains of France and Belgium, it is not that of the thousands who are waiting the summons to proceed from Valcartier to the front. It is a war in which we are all engaged. The liberties of the last man in the Empire and the freedom of a whole world are at stake. The very least any of us can do is to sacrifice our time, our comforts and our means. Our brothers are offering up their lives.

The means of rendering assistance at this time are fortunately varied. The cost of equipping and sending forth the army will fall upon the public purse; the care of the unemployed in the great centres must fall upon the municipal authorities and upon private beneficence. And even yet

there will be hardship and distress. Homes will have to be opened—extra chairs placed at the tables. Rich and poor, city and country must come to the rescue. We are convinced that the three prairie provinces will not be in anywise behind hand in their open heartedness. Westerners were the first to respond to the call to arms. They will be the first to respond to the call of need and hunger. Many a farmer will now decide that it is time he gave his faithful wife a little rest and will obtain for her the services of some young lady for whom the city at the present time cannot provide employment. In that way the gain will be mutual. Many a city dweller will decide that instead of tending this year to his own furnace, he will be glad to pay a little to the married man who is temporarily out of "a job." The cry has gone abroad that we must all economize. That is painfully true, but it is not putting the emphasis in the right place. We must all economize in luxuries, that we may be able to assist our fellows. Our thought of economy must and will include the thought of all those who are even more unfortunate than ourselves.

The Bright Side

When the war is over and peace restored it will be found that there are a few great gains. First of all it will undoubtedly be decreed that the reign of militarism is ended. Then there will be good will among the allies for years to come. Last of all there will be a bond of brotherhood among all the people of the Empire, and this will be felt in every town and village of the remotest Dominion. When it is possible for vitriolic partizan papers to forget their partizanship, and for political opponents in the Province, the Dominion and the Imperial Parliament to forget their differences, surely the war has already done something. Before we are through with it all it will do vastly more than this. If it will only make war among professedly Christian peoples forever impossible, the price paid may not be too high. And yet, in the sight of God, how unrighteous must the whole struggle be.

After the War

After the war, Canada should occupy a new place among the nations. Beginning next year she should greatly increase the acreage in foodstuffs, for it is clear that Europe will not produce the accustomed quantity. Then she should plan to enter more largely into the field of manufacture, for it is evident that Germany will no longer supply the allies with her goods. In all probability her greatest factories will, for lack of workers and capital, be idle for a long time. There are many articles which can be manufactured here as well as in Germany. Canadians will do well to make enquiries, and to lose no time in preparing to meet the new conditions imposed by the war. Above all, should an effort be made to build up a mercantile marine. Canada will not reach her majority until she has provided fully for the transportation of her commodities. Industrial efficiency always necessitates three things: production of raw materials, provision for manufacture, provision for transportation. The more of this we can keep in our own hands the better.

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Twelve hundred Sherlock-Manning instruments went into Canadian homes last year, each representing a saving to the purchaser of fully one hundred dollars.

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The Taming of the Shrew

By W. R. Gilbert

TO see Mr. Peter Martin come hurrying out of his cottage door, with hands raised in a gesture of helplessness, and eyes upturned to the heavens, was a spectacle with which the village was familiar.

So well did they understand the significance of Mr. Martin's attitude that, without waiting to listen for the sounds of his daughter's voice pursuing him, they were wont at once to exclaim, "Aggie's at it again!"

Whence Miss Agnes Martin derived her temper it is difficult to say.

Mr. Martin, in moments of depression declared that it was a puzzle to him, calling friends to witness the sweetness of his own temper, and reminding them of the angelic disposition of the late Mrs. Martin.

Moreover, as he pointed out, his other sons and daughters didn't go about like packets of gun-powder, liable to explode at any moment. Granting that Aggie was the eldest, he argued that

quit the Martin cottage hurriedly, staring stonily straight before them, although their lips moved excitedly.

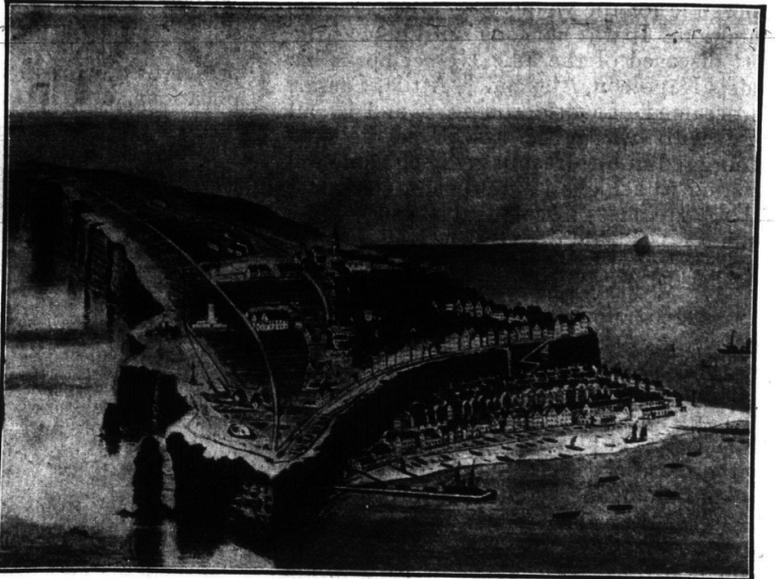
Over many and many a teacup were heads shaken at the disposition of Miss Aggie Martin. Humorous youths affected to be frightened when passing her in the lanes; friends of the smaller Martins always kept close to the door when she came into the room.

And feminine contemporaries of Miss Martin spoke with a stimulated pity of "Poor Aggie's temper," and secretly congratulated themselves that here was one woman the less to be feared in the matrimonial lists.

Such, then, was the position when Miss Aggie Martin was twenty-two, and Mr. Joseph Dapp arrived, as a thunderbolt, in the village.

He was young and single, a coincidence hailed with acclamation among daughters and parents alike.

Also, he was a city man, and this was a circumstance which would provide his



The fortifications of the Island of Heligoland. German Territory

that was no reason why she should think she had the right to go ordering everyone about, including her sire, just as she liked.

The fact remains that Miss Agnes Martin was an extremely masterful young woman. Her imperiousness was an unexpected quality, which had suddenly sprung into being when she left school to assume the management of her father's cottage and its turbulent contents. She had at once begun to rule with a rod of iron, and any behaviour that ran counter to her wishes was met by a forceful display of temper on her part, which was the cause of many secret indignation meetings.

At first folks were optimistic enough to ascribe her behaviour to the theory that her new position of authority had turned her head. Confidently they predicted that, within a month's time, her autocratic bearing would have reverted to a more normal standard.

But at the end of a month Miss Martin's high-handed rule was rather more assertive than it had ever been, and at the end of two months her malcontent relatives sorrowfully realised that they were under the sway of a tyrant who, whatever benevolent intentions she might have towards law and order, intended her behests to be obeyed unquestioningly.

Sympathy ran high with her harassed father. Old cronies suggested fanciful schemes for the humbling of his daughter, but he, with strong good-sense, declined to provoke her further.

Privileged female relatives pointed out to her that a girl whose temper was notorious for several miles around could never hope to entice a swain to her garden wall. The answers she made to these hints were direct, and such as cause the privileged female relatives to

future wife with good reason to look down on the other village girls as country people.

He moved into a cottage, covenanted with old Martha Gunn to superintend his domestic arrangements, and, nailing over his door a board with the legend, "J. Dapp, Watchmaker," settled down quietly to business.

Apparently he was quite oblivious to the excitement his advent had created. Laura Stebbings broke her watch-glass no less than three times in a fortnight; May Custance broke the mainspring of the kitchen clock twice within the same period; Annie Northcott, conceiving tardy suspicions of the reliability of her timepiece, had the satisfaction of taking it every day for ten days to the young watchmaker for purposes of regulation.

But Mr. Dapp, obtruse to the significance of these things, went on working steadily. By degrees he began to draw together the threads of a connection; three times a week he set forth on his bicycle to scour the country, and succour the chronometers of distant patrons.

And then one day a diminutive Martin entered his shop, bearing an aged clock.

Explaining that when the clock struck seven, and the hands pointed to twenty-three minutes past two, the actual time was then ten minutes to eleven, the youthful messenger requested that these discrepancies should be corrected.

"E wants cleaning pretty badly," said Mr. Dapp, glancing up from an examination of the works. "Did your father say I was to do whatever was wanted?"

"Fawther?" scoffed the small Martin. "Why, 'e don't say nothing about nothing up at 'ome. It was Aggie what sent me."

"Well, then, you run back to 'er and tell 'er the clock's full of dust and wants cleaning, and let me know what she says."

The youthful Martin sped away; Mr. Dapp turned his attention to the work he had in hand.

Ten minutes later the shop door swung open noisily, and Mr. Dapp, looking up in surprise, found himself confronted by the figure of Miss Aggie Martin.

"About that clock!" she explained controlling herself with difficulty. "What do you mean by sending my brother back to me with a message like that?"

"A message like what?" asked the perplexed Mr. Dapp.

"Why, he came back and said he was to tell he, from you, that the clock was all choked up with dirt, and couldn't have been dusted for years."

"I did say it was full of dust," admitted Mr. Dapp.

"Well, I say it can't be!" she retorted stormily. "There's no one could keep cleaner the room where that clock stands than I do! I dust every morning myself, and turns it out once a week. So where's the dust to come from that you say is inside them works?"

Mr. Dapp endeavoured to mollify her by a technical explanation, but it was clear that her feelings as a housewife had been outraged.

"Well, that's no excuse for you making me look ridiculous in front of my brothers and sisters!" she declared angrily.

"Well, I'm very sorry if a mistake—" he began.

"Oh, it's no good talking!" she burst out, and, snatching up the clock, she left the shop in a state of simmering indignation.

"Phew!" breathed Mr. Dapp helplessly. For a moment he appeared to be dazed. Then he went to the window, and watched her progress up the road.

"A pretty gal, too!" he murmured. He shook his head and returned to his counter.

"She was a pretty gal," he said again, a few minutes later. "Asn't 'alf got a temper, though," he added, rather regretfully, and fell again to the intricacies of watch-repairing.

LEARNING THINGS

We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady writes:

"After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of.

"I got no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve remedies I tried, because I didn't know that coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me ahead." (Tea, also, is harmful, because it contains the same poisonous drug, caffeine, found in coffee).

"Finally at the suggestion of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum, and against my expectations I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off tea and coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Tea and coffee are destroyers—Postum is a builder. That's the reason.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

The memory of Miss Martin dwelt persistently with Mr. Dapp for the next few days. Not altogether to his annoyance, he found himself unable to banish her from his mind.

In a cautious, roundabout way he began to make inquiries concerning her. The replies were discomposing, centring themselves, to the exclusion of every other quality, on her temper. Folks adduced abundant instances of her high-handed way of doing things.

On one occasion, as an object-lesson, Mr. Dapp was secretly posted behind the hedge opposite to the Martins' cottage, so that he might witness the manner of Miss Aggie's reception of her sire when he came home late.

And yet, in the face of these discouragements, Mr. Dapp was unable to banish the image of Miss Martin from his thoughts. On the contrary, moved by a sudden impulse, he went one day to the cottage to offer a belated apology for having inadvertently caused Miss Martin to take umbrage.

Here, not only did he perceive Miss Aggie's methods of obtaining obedience, but also he saw the results of them in the neatness and order that prevailed in the cottage.

"She's all right!" he told himself seriously as he returned to his shop. "Once get 'er tempter under, and she'd make a fine wife for any man. Just the sort of woman for me, any way, bar 'er temper!"

Till a late hour that evening Mr. Dapp sat up, considering the pros and cons. And when at last he went to bed, his mind was fully made up.

Three days later the astounding rumour circulated through the village that Mr. Dapp was actually courting Miss Aggie Martin. Excited neighbours, finding pretexts to call at the Martins' cottage, discovered Mr. Dapp there on most occasions.

He sat quietly and, indeed, rather meekly in a corner, and appeared to have submitted to Miss Aggie's domination just as unquestionably as her own immediate relatives did.

Miss Annie Northcott spoke openly of mesmerism and other occult methods. Miss May Custance declared that Mr. Dapp had been entrapped by superior force, and was Miss Martin's suitor only because he was afraid of her. Miss Laura Stebbings expressed an opinion that Mr. Dapp could not be in his right mind.

And this, indeed, was the general theory put forward by the village to explain Mr. Dapp's temerity in seeking the hand of Miss Aggie Martin.

When, however, kindly friends sought to offer him counsel, Mr. Dapp merely shook his head, and told them, somewhat distantly, that he knew quite well what he was about.

"She's got a rare old 'andful in 'er father," he would explain. "Why, the old chap 'ud spend every penny 'e's got in enjoying 'imself if she didn't keep a tight 'and on 'im. And then there's them brothers and sisters of 'ers—a nice unruly lot they'd be if she wasn't stern with 'em."

"But 'er temper," they hastened to remind him.

"Wouldn't you 'ave a temper if you 'ad to manage a lot like that?" he would retort. "I see 'ow it is, she 'ad to be quick tempered to get 'em all in 'and at first, and now she can't get out of the way of being bossy and snappy. It don't frighten me, though. Look at the Martins' cottage; you won't find a better conducted one nowhere."

"Yes, but 'er temper—" "That'll be all right," Mr. Dapp would reply confidently. "I'll see to that?"

And so, in due time, Miss Aggie Martin was conducted to the altar by Mr. Joseph Dapp to the no small relief of her brothers and sisters, and to the pained wonderment of the entire village.

For a whole week after the wedding the new Mrs. Dapp's temper was seraphic. Then habit, again became too strong for her, and the subject of tobacco smoking in the parlor formed the text for a spirited sermon she delivered to her husband.

He listened to her patiently enough, but when she began to diverge on mere potential offences, he asserted himself.

"Look 'ere," he said steadily. "It's just as well you and me should under-

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DOMINION PIANO.



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CORN FLAKES

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For bites between meals there is nothing equal to Maple Buds—all the goodness of the Indies seems to be caught and prisoned in these pure, velvet-smooth bits of solid chocolate—and they're so wholesome and nourishing too.



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CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



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CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM
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THE FAST, CLEAN, EASY HOME DYE

will restore their freshness and beauty, give them a new lease of life, and enable you to get far more value for your money.

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Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

stand each other, once and for all. And the sooner you understands that I'm master in my own 'ouse the better it'll be for both of us."

"I expect to have my wishes carried out," she said stiffly.

"If they're reasonable they shall be," he promised her. "If not—"

He shrugged his shoulders, and re-lighted his pipe in that sacrosanct parlor.

"I won't have smoking in here!" she shrilled. "I'm used to having my own way, and I'm going to have it! And there's a lot of your little habits you've got to mend, let me tell you!"

She went on to give him a number of instances where he would have to conform his standards to hers. Mr. Dapp listened to her in silence, and then, with some significance, he put away his pipe.

"We're goin' to 'ave no quarrelling," he announced. "I see 'ow it is with you—you're too used to ordering, and not used enough to obeying. Well, there's only room for one boss in this 'ouse. Is it to be me or you?"

"Not you!" she exclaimed rebelliously.

"Very well," he answered with gravity.

"It's to be you, then; that's understood. If you're to be master, I'm to be the other thing, that's all."

wearing his apron, he took a basket, and went down the village street to do a little marketing.

"A nice one you are to do shopping!" scoffed Aggie, affecting merely to be amused when he returned. "A fine lot of mistakes you've made, I'll be bound."

"Oh, no, I 'aven't," he replied. "I got Mrs. Stebbings and Mrs. Custance to come along with me to 'elp me."

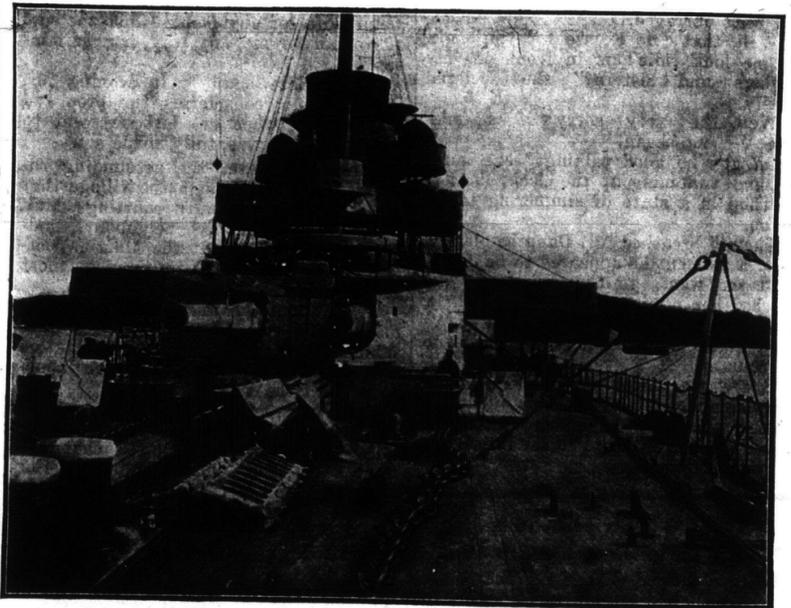
"Them two!" she cried, in horror. "Why, they're the two biggest gossips in the village!"

"I can't 'elp that," he replied doggedly. "I 'ad to get someone to 'elp me. I've got a lot to learn yet, you know."

In vain did his wife storm at him, threatening all sorts of pains and penalties if he did not cease this foolishness. Mr. Dapp, displaying an unexpected vein of obstinacy, merely reiterated his intention of persisting in these courses until Aggie should abdicate from the position of master.

"Very well!" she cried, in final exasperation. "Do what you like. I don't mind! It won't make any difference to me!"

Immediately after tea, an ecstatic row of villagers stood to watch him haul out a little washing he had been doing,



German Cruiser "Goeben" ordered from many neutral harbors during war progress

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He did not answer her then; but she understood next morning before breakfast. Glancing from a window she was amazed to see a delighted row of village faces staring at her front-door.

Hastening to the door to understand the reason for this, she was aghast at finding her young husband, an apron round his waist, on his knees, hearth-stoning the doorstep.

"Joe!" she exclaimed "What on earth—"

"That's all right. I'll be done in a minute," was Mr. Dapp's imperturbable reply.

"Come indoors at once!" she stormed. "Not me," he replied stolidly. "If you're the man in this 'ouse, it stands to reason I must be the woman."

For a minute she stood staring at him. Then, banging the door violently, she withdrew, to the accompaniment of mocking village laughter.

A few minutes later, Mr. Dapp, wiping his hands on his apron, rejoined her at the breakfast-table.

"What did you want to go and be so silly for?" she demanded irately.

"I told you why," he returned. "And what's more, I'm going to keep on like that."

"If you like to make a laughing-stock of yourself, I'm not going to prevent you," she said. "It don't make any difference to me, and it won't neither."

"We shall see," he replied. "Anyway, I'm going to keep it up till you asks me not to. When you tells me you're ready to change places with me, and let me be the master, I'll give it up, but not before!"

"Then you'll have to wait a long time," she promised him.

He was busy all the morning, and so could carry his scheme no further into practice till the afternoon. Then, again,

and the rumour ran that he had performed quite a lot of darning in the semi-publicity of his shop.

Within the next few days, Mr. Dapp's efforts at domesticity were the talk of the village.

Not only had he persuaded old Mrs. Tarver to show him how to use a mangle; not only had he performed the ceremony of washing-up in the full light of day outside his front-door; but also he had made tentative efforts to acquire the art of cooking, and, so proud of his experiments was he, that a putty-coloured cake, made by his own hands, actually stood in his shop-window between the tray of brooches and the second-hand alarm clock.

All these actions of her husband's did Mrs. Dapp regard with fierce anger; but, having asserted that she would feel no concern at whatever he might do, her prideful temper kept her from admitting any annoyance.

She merely simulated a frigid scorn at his silliness, affecting to be untouched by any warmer emotion.

Once or twice, intending to work up to the subject, she deliberately embarked on a recital of other points of contention, but Mr. Dapp refused to be drawn.

He would just listen to her in silence, meekly agreeing with what she said, and professing an intention of trying to do better in the future.

"I know I ain't quite a success yet," he would admit regretfully. "But I 'aven't 'ad much practice at being the mistress of a 'ouse yet. Just you wait!"

A few more days passed, and the behaviour of Mr. Dapp was losing its novelty.

Hourly his wife was expecting him to tire of the pose, and had already magnanimously resolved not to say "I told you so."

He, on his part, was just as anxiously waiting for her to grow weary of the situation, and end it by resigning the domestic leadership she had claimed.

Still he kept steadfast to his conduct, and, to the outward eye, had become a sort of hybrid creature, with no more than interests in life than the proper handling of a broom, and the upward tendency in the cost of butter.

And still, when not at work, he wore his apron as badge of servitude, and still he persisted in performing unnecessary feats of domesticity in public.

And both of them were tired of the position of affairs, though neither of them would give in.

It argued wonderfully for the self-control of Aggie that she was able to maintain her outward semblance of unconcern. True she had stormed at him on other points, but here he had been able to hold his own.

"Reckon, if she don't give in soon I'm in for a lively sort of life," was his gloomy reflection in secret.

"I told him I shouldn't care, and I'm not going to climb down," was her private thought. "I'm just about mortified to death by what folks says and thinks, but I ain't going to let on that I care."

There came a day when Mr. Dapp, returning from a round on his bicycle, arrived at his own back door just in time to find a tramp with his foot neatly inserted in the door.

Two men of the village were away at work, and the tramp, openly demanding a good meal, had called at the Dapps' back door. Aggie, terrified, had refused to give him an entry, and now here he was pushing at the door, while she, on the further side, was pressing against it with all her weight.

That tramp's first notion of Mr. Dapp's arrival was that an earthquake had intervened between him and his coveted meal.

Mr. Dapp, quite forgetting to be lady-like at this crisis, seized the fellow by the shoulders, assailed him with foot and fist, and then sent him spinning with a final adroit punch.

The tramp, rising, philosophically declared that he knew when he had had enough, and shambled off. Mr. Dapp watched him out of sight, and then went into the kitchen.

Aggie, very white of face, was crying tremulously. She put her arms around her husband, and seemed to find comfort in his strength. Presently her sobs ceased, and Mr. Dapp stood back a little.

"I'm sorry," he said, penitently. "I forgot myself for the minute. I forgot I wasn't the master. I ought to 'ave remembered that I'm the under-dog."

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The food experience of a physician in his own case when worn and weak from sickness and when needing nourishment the worst way, is valuable:

"An attack of grip, so severe it came near making an end of me, left my stomach in such condition I could not retain any ordinary food. I knew of course that I must have food nourishment or I could never recover.

"I began to take four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream three times a day and for 2 weeks this was almost my only food. It tasted so delicious that I enjoyed it immensely and my stomach handled it perfectly from the first mouthful. It was so nourishing I was quickly built back to normal health and strength.

"Grape-Nuts is of great value as food to sustain life during serious attacks in which the stomach is so deranged it cannot digest and assimilate other foods.

"I am convinced that were Grape-Nuts more widely used by physicians, it would save many lives that are otherwise lost from lack of nourishment." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

The most perfect food in the world. Trial of Grape-Nuts and cream 10 days proves. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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

"Oh, don't talk like that!" she begged. "I was glad you come. Oh, Joe, I had no idea you could be so strong!"

"I 'adn't any call to show it," he said apologetically. "As I say, I forgot myself. You're master here, and praps I didn't ought to 'ave interfered. I won't forget myself again," he promised.

"But I want you to, Joe," she broke out. "I want you to go on being master! Oh, you don't know how tired I am of it all. Just to be able to do whatever you like—that's no fun to a woman. I've had enough of being the head of the house. And I've been feeling so silly with all the folks thinking you was henpecked. Only, of course, I wouldn't give in. Somehow, I don't mind giving in—now. I've seen how strong you are, and how you ought to be master."

"You actually mean you want to be mistress in your own 'ouse?" he cried.

"Just as much as I want you to be master," she replied. "I've been wanting a chance to tell you that, but I was too silly proud before. You see, I've been used to ordering folks about so long that—"

"I understand all about that," he said sympathetically.

"I haven't got any other excuse," she went on. "And if I hadn't been so stubborn I'd have given in as soon as ever you began to act the way you did. One thing, we know where we are now, so you won't ever have to do it again."

"That's fine!" he said, putting his arm round her. "Now we can start proper. I always knew you'd be all right, once you come to your senses."

And in this manner was the shrew tamed, nor did ever Mr. Dapp have cause to complain again of any contradiction of his rights. For though occasionally domestic breezes rose, Mr. Dapp had merely to glance at an apron to restore instant calm.

It's a Way They Have

he man had strayed into a big department store to execute some commission for his wife, and, as might be expected, he was lost. In this predicament, he naturally appealed to a floor-walker, to whom he mentioned the first item on his list. Now, a floor-walker has problems hurled at him every minute of the day, and some of them are puzzlers. So far as possible he has everything properly classified in his mind, but there are articles that do not seem to belong to any particular department and that somehow were overlooked when he stored the classification away in his mental warehouse. But he always knows what to do.

"You will find that," he said in this instance, "in the notions department."

So the man went to the notions department, and received the haughty rebuff that is generally considered due inexcusable ignorance. He was in the wrong aisle.

"But where, then, can I find it?" he inquired, doubtfully.

"Ask the floor-walker. He can tell you," was the prompt reply.

He hunted up another floor walker and again put his question.

The latter knit his brows and did some hasty but hard thinking. "Try the notions department," he said at last.

"The notions department," he said, with emphasis and some bitterness, "seems to be a sort of trade trash, or possibly I might term it a croquette. It is a constant source of wonder and surprise; you never know what's in it. If anything is missing, you say, 'Dear me! it must have been used in the croquettes or the hash.' But you don't know. It may be there or it may not; it's all guesswork, and investigation reveals the presence of a lot of things you didn't expect and mighty little that you did. Now I find that your croquette department is a sort of last resort—an excuse, a subterfuge, an easy way out of a dilemma. I have been sent there five times out of a possible eight, and I am weary. I won't ask you where to go for the articles I have in my list, but I will ask you where to go for information. That's what I want—information, authentic information. Where can I get it?"

"Yes, yes, of course," he said; "I quite understand—something you want and you've been unable to get it. Try the second counter in the third aisle to the left—the notions department." —Elliott Flower.

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Range will retain its handsome appearance with very little care—no blacking required. See the McClary dealer.

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20 Gauge—This neat little, sweet little pump gun adds zest to the sport of shooting—5 shots, about 5 1/2 pounds, 25-inch barrel. A perfect gun for snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc.—handles fast and with wonderful precision. You will like the handsomely matted barrel—a high grade and exclusive feature. Uses 2 3/4" as well as 2 1/2-inch shells, allowing good, stiff loads for duck and trap shooting. For increased weight or range, 28-inch barrel at the same price—\$24.00.

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We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. You can't possibly lose a cent. We want to prove to you that it makes an ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; beats electric, gasoline or kerosene. Lights and is put out like old oil lamp. Tests at a number of leading Universities show it **Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon** common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed.

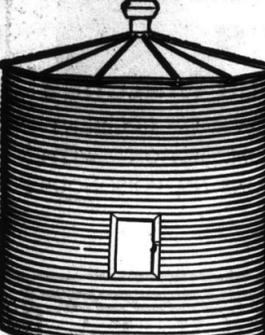
\$1,000.00 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge if there were the slightest doubt as to the merits of the Aladdin? **GET ONE FREE.** We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer tomorrow, under which one lamp is given free. Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get one free.

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the ALADDIN on our easy plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm, home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 61 lamps the first seven days." Another says: "I disposed of 44 lamps out of 51 calls. Thousands who are coming money endorse the Aladdin just as strongly."

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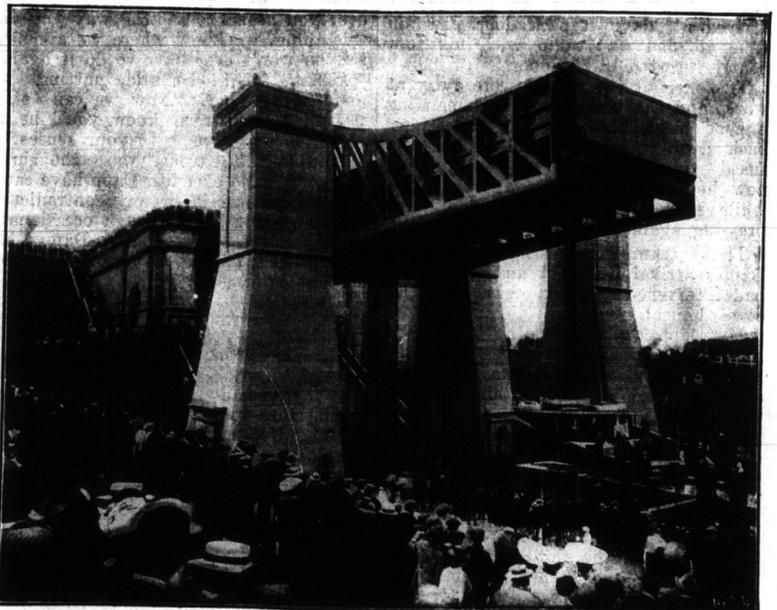
The Metallic Roofing Co., Limited
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5 797 Notre Dame Ave.

Our Banner Summer Outing
A Trip Through Ontario, By Bonnycastle Dale

IN these days of high prices it is well to know just how to take a summer's fun and still not run through a very large bank account. We had figured it all out in dreary December, nipping January, stormy February—"My, how long this winter is in passing!"—windy March—April—"Hurrah! Hurrah!" That was Fritz, my inextinguishable assistant cheering—April Fools' Day. What an appropriate time for a naturalist to start! And if he keeps a diary, what a good path he might blaze for the summer man!

Now one thing we had firmly determined—to grow our green vegetables at every camp—if we stayed there long enough. Fritz slyly asked if he "had to pack the garden along if we moved too soon." Next as to outfit. The tent was of eight-ounce duck. We put it up and painted it thoroughly with two pounds of paraffin, dissolved in a quart of gasoline, made hot by standing the tin in

current of that "Crooked River" so called in the Ojibway—the native tribe hereabouts—and in five hours made the busy manufacturing city of Peterboro. Here are the celebrated lift locks that raise you sixty-five feet to the river above. I send you a picture of them. No, the excited crowds are not gathered to see us pass through. This was taken on the opening day. See one lift lock on top of that huge hydraulic piston and the other—steamboat laden, level with the water. Truly, the first of its kind on this Western continent. Well, we had the shivery, open-air elevator feeling it gives everybody as we went up, and we felt quite consequential giving all this trouble for so small a craft. Fritz was so full of elation that I pushed the Mowich out of the lock and left him—full of worldly pride; perched on the great gate, and he had a mighty stiff run to catch up too. This Trent Valley Canal has been dug and deepened along natural waterways



Lift Locks, Peterboro, Ont.

boiling water—away off from the stove. Be sure of this, as if you heat gasoline on the stove, your trip will be to uncharted regions. Next we made a window and pipe hole, and netted them both. Then a tent cover of heavy sheeting to cover the entire tent—except the walls—and extend over the front six feet to form a porch. This was waxed also. We took along a cheap sheet-iron camp stove, one sixteen-foot Rice Lake canoe, made at Gore's Landing, Ont.—I have no retainer by anybody—but the best canoe made is their sixteen-foot double cedar at about fifty dollars with sail and everything complete; the life of this craft is fully fifty years. I have in my long outing life used all canoes; this is the steadiest. With air tanks it is a regular life preserver. Turner of Peterboro will furnish or rent tents. Our motor launch was from the Peterboro Canoe Co., 17 1/2 feet long, good beam, light draught, 1 1/2 horse, makes six miles an hour and is big enough for two or three for long trip; or for four to six for short ones. We find St. Charles canned milk preferable for long trips; it makes the best coffee I have ever tasted. We sent and got Eaton's (Toronto) catalogue, and bought our case goods there, saving a large per cent. You can sit down and outfit completely from that catalogue.

Behold the Mowitch launched, and we away off along the reaches of the new Trent Valley Canal!

From Rice Lake to Peterboro we followed the winding Otonabee. We had spent the month of April at our island in the lake—"Migration Point"—picturing the wild fowl. As the weather was getting warmer we were bound north just to see where you could go in a motor boat. We bucked the heavy spring

to connect Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario saving 247 miles—it may or may not be commercially valuable, but for a motor boat or canoe trip it is ideal, so much so that we loafed along its lakes and locks for full two months, gaining thereby much birdlore and photographs—so the fifteen million dollar ditch is of some use to the tourist. Here you find Ontario at her best, swift water and virgin forest, sloping lake banks and most modern agriculture, up-to-date towns and villages right alongside ye old time stump fence line roads. The primeval laziness of some of the people is without a rival. There was one family—who shall be nameless. The eldest hopeful struck up quite a friendship with Fritz. This "Bill" as red-headed and freckled a Bill as ever was seen, had supper with us at the foot of a placid lake, and bid us good-bye with much feeling. A glorious moonlit night tempted us to break camp and do an eight mile spin. The canvas rose like a huge fairy mushroom at midnight at the head of the lake. At daybreak—hearing an animal tramping about the tent I shooed" it good and loud and plenty. "Good morning" it answered. By all that's believable Bill had arrived for breakfast. "From morn till night he followed our flight"—lock, lake, river had no horrors for him. The lure finally drew him 25 miles from home. He never slept at camp. Just dropped in next morning like. Finally I asked him, kindly but pointedly, "Why?" Oh! so simple a reason. "So as Jack can get the crop in." Fifty miles walking to escape cropping. Ye gods! Fritz laughed so hard it injured Bill's feelings, and we lost him for ever. Another mighty lift lock—all steel this one—was passed at Kirkfield, and then we ventured out into

big Lake Simcoe. The things she did with us along that exposed north shore. Never try it in a sou'-wester; almost spoiled our naturally angelic tempers. Still we made Orillia damp but not disheartened. It proves the Mowitch is a good boat. Now came days under canvas filled with much studying of plans. Should we go north, along the railway, or west to Georgian Bay? How selfish some people are. Fritz always wants to go to exactly the opposite point of the compass, but I never give in. That's foolish. We are now at the parting of the ways. If you want to go north—say you wanted to start from Toronto, you would have to come to Orillia anyhow, so you are with us in our quandary. A short trip down the Severn, not all navigable for the Mowitch yet, as the "Trent Valley Canal is not finished quite down to Georgian Bay. One year more, and a total of \$16,000,000 finishes it. If we went this way, with a bit of trouble portaging with a team, we would have all the Georgian Bay, with its thousands of islands to explore all summer. If we took the Canadian Pacific R.R. we get off at Muskoka, and "put, put" along its numerous waterways—catch bass, see deer and moose—have a few flies and mosquitoes.

"Get a ticket for Bala Falls, and we will ship the Mowitch by freight—the only way she will ever beat seven miles an hour." Fritz hurried off. I had the outfit dragged out, loaded on a big truck and at the depot in an hour. Now behold us—that same evening—serenely "put-put-putting" over the glorious Muskoka Lakes as if the Mowitch had been built there, and all for a few dollars freight. These railroads treat the tourist just as if they want him to come again. None of the haughty scorn shown as on the main lines—everything cheap to very bargain day prices.

June the fifteenth. Fishing opens in Canada, non-resident's fee \$5.00—a mere trifle to pay for wardens. The Mowitch is but a mass of lines and reels and bait—no, not the liquid kind—since I have seen that the present day hotelkeeper, in many instances, allows mere boys to become intoxicated. Look at the streets of our big cities on Saturday night. I shall hereafter vote against a thing that is—"good only in moderation."

Look at the exquisite beauty of Bala Falls. Does this give you that summery feeling? Add to that the bass fishing in all the further off lakes. The joy and economy of your tented home and the delights of photography in such a region of reflections as the Moon River. Still seeking green fields and distant pastures? Why then go on to Algonquin Park. An hundred lakes well stocked with bass and pickerel await your rod, or keep on up to Kipawa, and in the swift water there you will catch some trout, like those that made my big salmon rod, bend and complain. Look at the beauties of the dear old camp here, fish, and plenty of them right in front of the tent. If you would still adventure farther take the main line C.P.R. right to Nipigon—an all night run, and I tell you, and tell you truly, that this is the best place to get the most and largest trout on this continent. I do not include this in the economical part of the trip, but the fishing is unbeatable anywhere. Look at the kind of waters you work in, and see the skill that guides that canoe down the white water.

The first of September found us back at the good old Kwartha lakes. Here in three months we scored as follows:—Something over 300 black bass, about 12 Maskalounge, and 170 wild ducks, many of them the finest birds that fly. Wood ducks, teal, redheads, black ducks. We are at home here. What is the queer "campy" feeling that drew us back to these over shot, over fished waters? Past Nipissing with its myriad ducks and glorious fishing. The French river and the west end of the lake—as well as South Bay—are among the best shooting grounds in Canada. So I suppose it is each for his own camping ground. It has been our privilege to hunt the web-footed ones all over the continent more especially on the Pacific Coast, where they are in incredible numbers. Still we would rather kill a few ducks and take a few fish in the old time hunting grounds than fill our canoe; aye, and our motor launch, too.

Giving and Keeping

An American millionaire, noted no less for his wealth than for his spirit of Christian philanthropy, said a few years ago, "The only wealth which I count

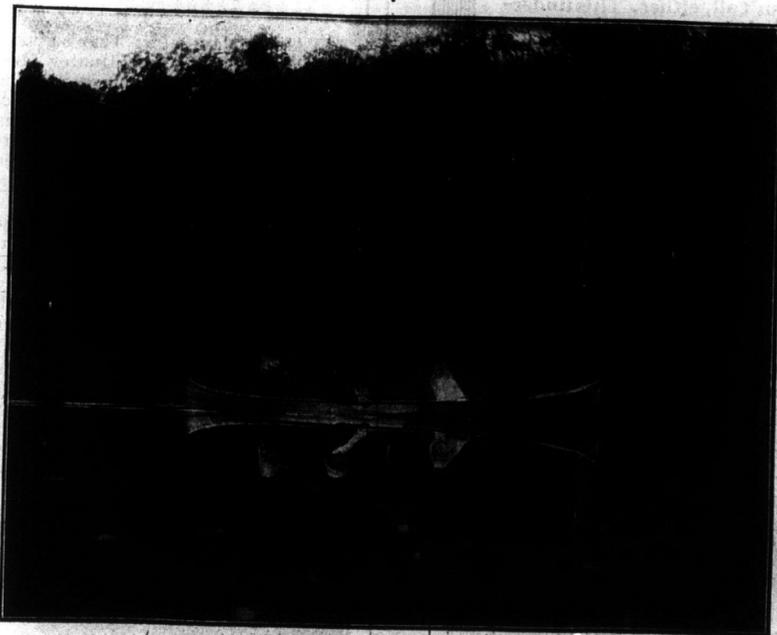
myself really to have retained is that which I have given away."

It was no affectation which caused him thus to speak. He had discovered that great law which Jesus taught when He declared that "Whosoever will save

his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

It is not alone millionaires who sometimes make the mistake of hoarding what they have, and who learn, sometimes too late, that they have made futile their own quest of happiness by the very means which they have employed to secure it. There is no temptation more common to young people whose advantages have lifted them up a little above the level of their homes and friends than the inclination to use their possessions selfishly and hoard within their own lives the good which they have secured. Thus too often they erect out of their advantages a barrier between themselves and those to whom they are indebted, and to whom they might be a blessing.

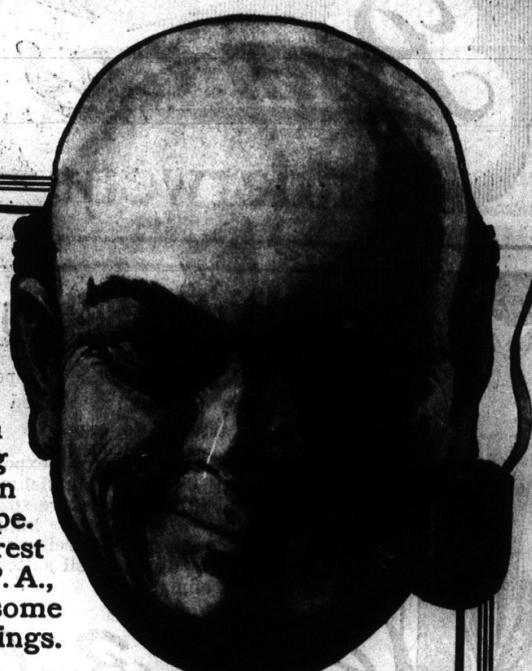
It is what we give that makes us what we are. We name substances by the qualities which they impart rather than by those which they retain. We call a flower fragrant because it gives forth fragrance, and we deem that sweet which yields sweetness to others. The rose, which we call red, holds in its petals every color in the rainbow but one, and that is the red alone. The yellow gold absorbs all other shades, and we name its color from the one which it gives forth. It has been remarked as strikingly appropriate that that which absorbs all colors and gives forth none should be called black, and should be counted the very emblem of evil, while that which unifies and gives back every color is the almost universal symbol of purity and goodness.



Canoe in reflection, Moon River, Muskoka District

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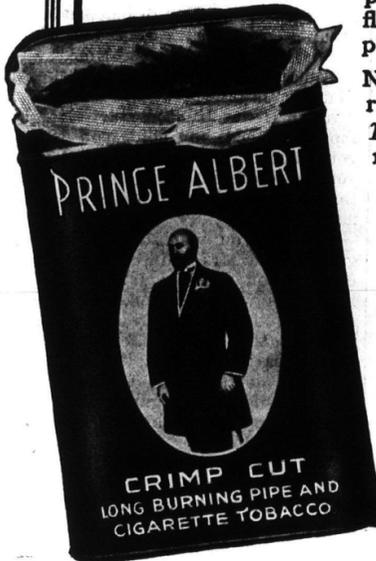
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How it Came to Pass

By Eben E. Rexford

IT WAS the day before Thanksgiving. In the kitchen of the Hunter farm house, great preparations were being made for to-morrow's feast. Rows of pumpkin pies were ranged along the pantry shelves, and pies of cranberry were there also. And the fragrance of doughnuts was in the air, mingled with odors of fruit cake.

That made John Henry's mouth water, every time he got a sniff of it. He had taken a stand by the kitchen table when the concocting of cakes and pies began, and that position he had steadfastly maintained all day, in spite of many peremptory orders and plaintive appeals from his mother to take himself off.

"I wish Thanksgivin'd come once a week," he said, after having cleaned off the last bit of frosting from the knife he had begged the privilege of licking. "If there's anything I like, it's cake, an' pie, an' turkey, an' —"

that I thought you got handsomer every year. But just look at me! Sometimes I think I look old enough to be John's mother, but he just laughs and says I look all right to him, so I don't mind it if my hair does begin to show gray streaks in it. I hope you won't think, from what John Henry said, that John and I ever thought of such a thing as calling you an old maid, when we've spoken of you. I don't see where the boy got the idea.

"Don't worry about it," responded Margaret. "As you say, it saves me a great many worries and troubles, no doubt. The one unpleasant feature of it is the possibility that some day I may come to realize that I am in the way, and that John and you, and Hugh and his wife, may feel that it would be a good deal better for all concerned if I had a home of my own."

"Now, Margaret Hunter, don't you ever



Sailing through the beauty spots of Muskoka Lakes

"And 'anything that's eatable," said his mother. "I never saw such a boy for eating. You never know when you get enough."

"That's cause vittels keep tastin' good," explained John Henry. "I wish my stummick was bigger, so I could hold more. It's 'cause I can't get enough, to once, that I wish Thanksgivin'd come evry week."

"Well, I don't wish so," said his mother, as she dropped into the rocking-chair. "What I'm 'most thankful for Thanksgivin' is, that it comes only once a year."

"I've often thought that maybe you'd be happier in a home of your own, Margaret, than with relatives, but I don't know's you would, come to think it over. You don't have the responsibility a married woman has. You're independent, and that's a good deal to be thankful for, specially at Thanksgivin' time."

"What's independent, ma?" asked John Henry. "Is it bein' an old maid?"

"John Henry Hunter, start straight for the wood shed, and don't you dare show your face in this kitchen till I tell you you can come in," said his mother, in a tone that convinced him she meant business.

"I hope you won't mind me, Margaret," said Mrs. Hunter, when the door closed upon John Henry. "You know how it is with children, they're always saying the very things they have no business to. They're enough to try a saint's patience, specially John Henry."

"Oh, I don't mind being called an old maid," laughed Margaret Hunter, "because I am one, you know. I was thirty-four last month."

"Thirty-four! I declare, Margaret, it don't seem possible! You don't look a day older, seems to me, than you did ten years ago. I was telling John, yesterday, not an hour before you came,

let me hear you talk like that again!" cried her sister-in-law, indignantly. "You know you'll always be welcome to a home with us, or with Hugh's folks. We're always glad to have you come, and you'd be welcome to stay forever, if you wanted to. I've heard John say, time and again, that as long as he had a roof over his head you were welcome to the shelter of it, and I know Hugh and his wife feel just as we do about it."

"I didn't say what I did because I thought you ever entertained such an idea," responded Margaret, "but I think it's natural to feel as if it would be better, all around, if we had homes of our own. You'd feel that way, if you were in my place, I'm quite sure."

"Yes, I presume I would," admitted Mrs. Hunter. "But maybe you'll have a home of your own, some day, after all. There's no telling what may happen, you know. I—I suppose Mr. Blair is coming over with Hugh's folks to-morrow, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," answered Margaret, reddening a little. "It wouldn't seem like Thanksgiving without him. Let's see—how many years is it since he began to attend our Thanksgiving dinners?"

"Six, I guess," answered Mrs. Hunter. "John said at the time that he reckoned there'd be another place to go to Thanksgivings, before long, but I've about made up my mind that—Mr. Blair hasn't made up his mind about it," and Mrs. Hunter laughed till her fat sides shook. "You don't mind my laughing about it, I hope? I can't help it, when I get to thinking about it. The idea of a man's being in love, year after year, and not saying so! I wonder you don't get out of patience with him, Margaret."

"I'm not supposed to know what his intentions are," responded Margaret, "and

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not knowing them, I could hardly be expected to do anything about it. I think he comes from force of habit. I admit that I used to have some curiosity about it, but I've nearly outgrown it now. I expect him to be part of our Thanksgiving dinner, just as I expect mince pies and turkey."

Mrs. Hunter leaned back in the rocking-chair, and laughed till she cried. The comical side of Mr. Blair's long-drawn-out courtship appealed very keenly to her sense of the ridiculous. The first time he came to share the Thanksgiving feast with the Hunters, her husband had invited him because, as he told his wife, he evidently "meant business," and he felt like helping matters along. Being so peculiar, and bashful, it was all right to "give him a chance." But a year went by, and nothing was said or done by him to declare his intentions; next Thanksgiving Hugh had felt it his duty to include him in the list of guests who partook of Thanksgiving Day hospitality at his place, and thus give him "another chance." Thus it had come about that for several years Mr. Blair had eaten his Thanksgiving dinners alternately with the Hunters, but the "chances" thrown in his way had never been taken advantage of. Though she would not admit it to her brothers, or their wives, Margaret had more than once got out of patience with the poor man. It was absurd to have him, year after year, at the family gathering, precisely as if he were a member of the family, yet without any right to be there.

"No man has any right to treat a woman in this way," she told herself. "If I were in his place, I'd speak and let the worst be known, as they used to sing at conference meeting. I should think he could see what a ridiculous position it puts me in. But I suppose he can't help being peculiar. The Blairs always were, they say. I don't know but he has a vague hope that some of these days I'll declare my feelings toward him, and that he's waiting for this to take place, before he declares his intentions—if he has any."

Thanksgiving Day ushered in no end of bustle in the Hunter homestead. Hugh's folks would arrive about ten o'clock, and there was a good deal of work to be done before they came. "I like to have plenty of time for visiting," declared Mrs. Hunter, "and the only way to have it is to get as much of the work as possible out of the way early in the morning. I'll see to the turkey, and the vegetables, and all the rest that's to be done in the kitchen, and you may see to setting the table, Margaret. You've got a knack of making things show to better advantage than I have, and I do like to have things look nice Thanksgiving Day. It makes the dinner taste better. Oh, John Henry, do go out to the barn, or upstairs, or somewhere—I can't stir without stepping on you, or over you. Go right out of the kitchen, this minute, or I'll tell your father to not let you have a mouthful of the fruit cake, when it's passed." This threat had the desired result, and John Henry retired to the dining-room, where he took up his position near the door, through which, whenever it was opened, delightful whiffs of fragrance came in from the kitchen beyond, tantalizing the poor lad almost beyond endurance.

Margaret soon had the dinner table looking very attractive. She gathered some chrysanthemums from the plants in the window, and placed them in the center of the festal board, and pulled back the curtains to let the sunshine in, and gave little touches to this thing and that, until John Henry, in watching her, came near forgetting what was going on in the kitchen.

"If I was that man Blair, I'd marry her," he thought, admittingly. "Ma talked as if she hadn't the first idea how I come to think of Aunt Marg'ret's bein' an old maid. Don't she s'pose boys sense things? Mebbe she don't say old maid to Aunt Marg'ret's face, but she thinks it, an' I'd like to know which is worst, to say a thing, or think it? But boys hain't no right to open their mouths, 'cording to some folks. Just wait till I get big. Then see if I don't talk when I feel like it, an' I'll bet they won't send me to the wood shed for it, neither."

From which it will be seen that the transactions of yesterday still rankled in the mind of John Henry.

Presently Margaret went upstairs to get ready for the reception of the expected visitors. She put on a pretty gown of gray merino that brought out beautifully the healthy color of her cheeks, and pinned a cluster of white and pink geraniums in the lace at her throat. When she looked in the glass, before going downstairs, she smiled at what she saw there.

"I wonder if Mr. Blair will like my looks?" she thought. "Poor man!" And then she laughed as she thought of what his thoughts must be, during the day,—that is, if, as used to be supposed, he "had intentions." Then she sighed softly, and looked almost sober as she hurried downstairs, having heard sounds that indicated the arrival of "Hugh's folks."

Hugh's folks had come, and so had Mr. Blair. His face brightened wonderfully

as he saw Margaret standing in the doorway to welcome them. He held out his hand, and opened his mouth as if to say something, but a wave of bashfulness seemed to sweep over him and freeze him into silence. He had to "look the thoughts he could not utter." Margaret could not help feeling sorry for the poor man. How he must suffer from his "peculiarities."

Dinner was over, and a little interval of "visiting" followed it. Margaret and Mr. Blair sat down by the center-table, and she showed him family photographs, exactly as she had done, at this time of day for the last six years. The honor of the situation struck Margaret very forcibly, occasionally, and brought a color to her face and a twinkle to her eyes that made the poor fellow sigh, as

if for things "so near, and yet so far,"—for "peculiar" people, like himself.

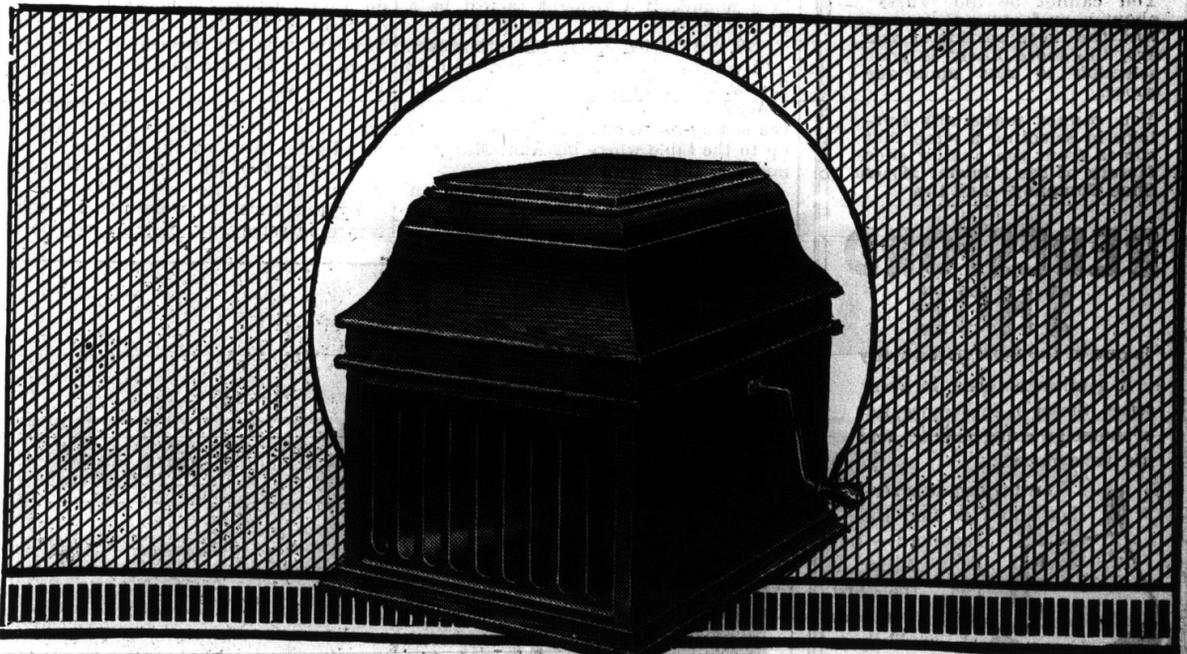
Hugh's wife and John's were talking over family matters in the kitchen, and the children were having a noisily good time upstairs.

"I wonder if we'll have supper," said John Henry, by and by. "Just as sure as you're alive, I'm gettin' hungry again. I say, ain't Thanksgivin's an' Chris'mases jolly, though?"

"They don't begin with weddings," said Cousin Jessie. "Did you ever go to one, John Henry?"

"No, I never did," answered her cousin. "But I'd like to, if they have good things to eat. Do they?"

"Do they? Well, I sh'd say they did," replied Jessie, very emphatically. "Oh! cakes, an' cakes, an' cakes! bride-cake, an' fruit-cake, an' cocoonut-cake, an' choco-



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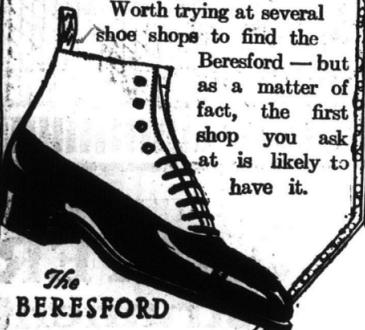
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late-cake, an' little cakes with frosting all over 'em, an' lemonade, an' ice cream. Why! I'd rather go to one wedding than a dozen Thanksgivins."

"I wish I could go to one," said John Henry. "I wonder if I'll ever have a chance to. I s'pose I'll get married, some time, but it seems like an awful long time to wait till then."

"I should think Aunt Margaret and Mr. Blair would get married," said Jessie. "I guess he wants to marry her, but dassent say so. Ma says he's waiting for somebody to propose for him. Wouldn't it be nice if they did get married? I wouldn't wonder the least bit in the world if they'd have a nicer wedding than the one I went to."

John Henry sat in thoughtful silence for some time.

Then—"Why couldn't we do the askin' if that's what he's waitin' for? I'll do it in a minnit, if I thought there'd be a weddin'."

"Oh, do!" cried Jessie, all enthusiasm. "I will," declared John Henry. "I'll do it now. There'll never be a better chance."

Accordingly, John Henry descended to the sitting-room, and marched resolutely up to the table where his Aunt Margaret and Mr. Blair were sitting.

"I say, Mr. Blair, why don't you an' Aunt Marg'ret get married? My ma says—"

the ice, an'-an'-now you know what I'd like to do, an'-I hope you haven't any objections. Have—have you?"

Such a proposal! Margaret laughed till she cried. This actually seemed to encourage Mr. Blair, and make him bolder, for as soon as her face sobered down a little, he said to her, in very much the way an ordinary man might have said the same thing, "I wish you'd marry me. Will you?" But the saying of it apparently cost a mighty effort. He felt that it was now or never, very likely.

"If you want me to," she answered. "Then let's get married right off—now!" said Mr. Blair. "Get your bonnet, and we'll go right over to the parson's," cried this most "peculiar" man.

"But—it's so sudden!" expostulated Margaret.

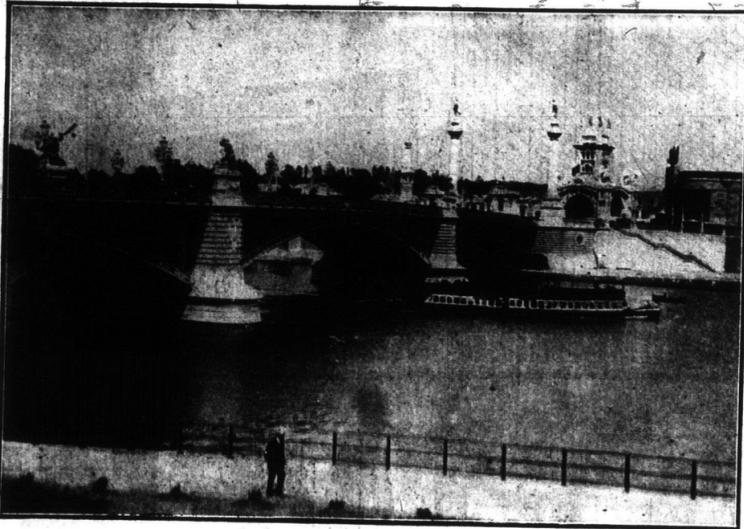
"Sudden! I should say so!" and Mr. Blair, realizing the absurdity of his courtship as he had never been able to do before, actually laughed.

"Shall I?" Margaret turned to her brothers, who had suspended their talk about crops to listen to this most original love-making.

"I don't see any reason why you need wait any longer," said Hugh, with a broad grin. "Strike while the iron's hot."

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day," advised John.

By this time the women had become aware, in some way, of the condition of



The beautiful bridge that spans the Meuse at Liege, where Germans were repulsed with great loss of life

Poor John Henry! His mother came into the room just in time to hear every word he said.

"John Henry Hunter, you come into the wood shed with me and you'll soon find out what ma says," she said in a tone that had awful meaning in it.

There was no alternative. The prospect before him was quite unlike the rosy one that had filled his mind when he came downstairs, but he knew from past experience, that it must be faced, and he suffered himself to be led out of the room in silent anguish, with dire forebodings of what was in store for him in the wood shed.

Poor Mr. Blair! John Henry's question carried with it as much consternation as would have accompanied the explosion of a bomb. At first the poor man's face was red as fire. Then he grew pale, and he opened his mouth once or twice, as if to say something, but no words came. But as the door closed upon John Henry he made what was apparently a last desperate effort, and what do you think he said?

"What—what—what's the reason we don't get married?"

At first Margaret was indignant. Then one look into poor Mr. Blair's woe-begone face changed her wrath to pity.

"I suppose it's because you've never said anything about having such intentions. It isn't customary for women to talk about such things with a man until he, he—dear me! I don't just know what I meant to say. Anyway, it's his business to tell the woman what he means, and give her a chance to say what she thinks about it."

"I know it!" cried poor Mr. Blair. "But when I've tried, and tried hard!—to say something, I couldn't say a thing. I don't believe I'll ever dared to say as much as this if that boy hadn't seen fit to help me out. He—he kind of broke

affairs, and they both urged Margaret to let Mr. Blair have his way.

"There's plenty enough left from Thanksgiving dinner to make a wedding supper out of," declared John's wife.

So it came about that a visit was paid to the parson's that afternoon, and "these twain were made one flesh."

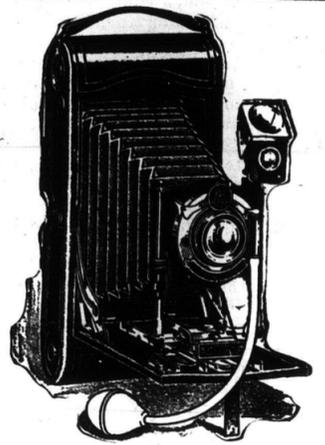
The remembrance of the particulars of the interview with his mother, in the wood shed, came back to John Henry vividly, and stung him with a bitter sense of the injustice of things, when he became aware of what had resulted from his agency in the matter.

"They're all tickled 'most to death over what's happened," he declared to Jessie. "An' they all know he'd never have got down to bis'ness if it hadn't been for me. But, of course, I had to get licked for it! But I ain't sorry I said it. Aunt Marg'ret, she kissed me, an' said boys hadn't ought to be whipped Thanksgivin' Day, 'specially when they didn't mean nothin', an' Mr. Blair—he give me this jack-knife—big blade an' two little ones, an' reg'lar bone handle—wouldn't swap with pa for his'n for less'n a dollar to boot,—an' I'm satisfied with the way it came out, even if I did get a lickin'—only,—and here John Henry looked sober and heaved a regretful sigh,—"I'd 'a liked it better if they'd had a reg'lar weddin' 'ith cake, 'n lemonade, 'n ice cream, 'n things."

Refuted.—"There's always room at the top," said the Sphinx.

"Take a look at us and guess again," replied the Pyramids.—"Cincinnati Enquirer."

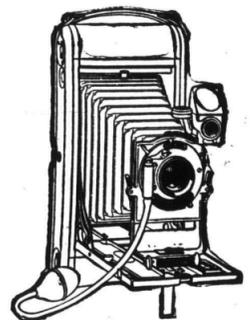
"Shakespeare says there are sermons in stones." "And object-lessons," added the Militant Suffragette, "in windows."



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"Honey"

By Harriet Whitney Durbin

MAK a mess o' nice, frash jew-berries, jist gethered?"
The lean little man standing at John Follen's log door-step folded back a clean, blue-barred towel, showing the edge of a splint basket full of berries, large, purple-dark, musky and moist from June fields of dew and sunshine.

"Fetch 'em right in, uncle," invited the poet hungrily.

The young man had a general utility utensil in the shape of a tin dish-pan, which he now dragged from under the stove, and into it the fruit tumbled with crushy fragrance as the old man tipped the basket.

John was delving, experimentally, into the heart of Nature for quiet and for inspiration to aid in his wooing of an uncertain Muse. And Nature was proving bountiful on those points; but tin cans, outwardly embellished with corpulent scarlet tomatoes, peaches like yellow full moons, and pea-pods resembling feather bolsters, had become a weariness to the spirit; and the most tempting of "flakes" and "granules" but as dust and ashes.

The old man looked as if the suns and rains that had ripened the wild berries to lusciousness had warped and gnarled him and beaten him brown; yet a measure of alert buoyancy animated his lean little frame.

"I could-er sold 'em every one at Jim Peters's sto'," he chatted away with blithe openness, "unly I'd haffer take trade. And that suits me, good enough; gimme whut coffee and sody's needin' and a plug o' chawin'—I'm happy. But Jim don't keep the little tricks gals likes, and I want'er buy Honey some year-bobs and a peenk ribbon to wear to quarterly meetin'."

The old man's weak blue eyes appealed trustfully to John for responsive interest.

"Is 'Honey' your daughter?" John asked.

"Naw; Honey ain't real kin. I married her Granny, and she hadn't no paw and maw, so her Granny and me riz her; Sereldy's her crishened name—Sereldy Baker. My name's Bean—Uncle Jabez, folks calls her. She's all I got left, Honey is—her Granny's dead—and I 'low to buy 'er all the little notions and trinklets I kin. Wish I could buy 'er a hat—a squashin' big one with red posies on it and a gret long feather dangling over the aige—Jing! Mis' Prince couldn't git 'er away fum me then, could she?"

"Is she trying to take 'Honey' from you?" John asked interestedly.

"Yas; Mis' Prince is the milliner-woman nex' ter Jim Peters's; she's goin' to the city to do millin' there, and wants Honey to go 'long to try hats on and wait on folks; she's forevermore tellin' her how sweet she'll look in a new hat every fifteen minutes or so, and whut a lot of jew'lry and stuff she kin buy with her selery; and young gals loves them little finifed fixin's—it's in 'em; they can't hep theirselves any more'n a pretty-by-night kin hep fum bein' red and han'-some. Wull, I must jog 'long so's to git the stuff for Honey. Fetch ye s'more berries?"

"You bet," answered the poet fervently.

II

When next the old man appeared at John's "shank," the big basket was piled nearly to the handle with the fragrant dark fruit, behind which the old fellow's weak blue eyes glimmered with new enthusiasm.

"The's a squashin' lot of 'em," he piped cheerily. "I 'lowed if the' was more'n you wanted I could trade part of 'em at the sto' and git a pound o' tea for money; she was feelin' kinder ache-y this mawnin'. 'N'en I want'er buy 'er somethin' spang this trip, and I want you to tell me somethin'. Ef you was me would you buy 'er some musling curtains for the winder by 'er bed, or a pair o' silk stockin's?"

"Wouldn't the curtains be the more useful?" hazarded John uncertainly.

"Yas—I do'no but whut they would. She'd love to hev some musling curtains. Reckon I'll try'n git some with a kinder

little frill on the aige, mebbly. The' ain't unly a little old peenk caliker curtain by 'er bed, now. But then, agin, Mis' Prince she promised Honey a pair o' silk stockin's, bang-up new ones, if she'd go 'long with her, and I'm powerful 'feared she'll git Honey away fum me."

"I should think"—John expressed himself bluntly—"if 'Honey' had any feeling she would stick by you, whatever offers Mrs. Prince makes her."

Uncle Jabez arose and took his basket,

with a patient shake of the head over John's non-comprehension of "gals."

"They ain't to blame, gals, fer likin' them little tricks and prettyfyin' things," he explained with gentle reproof; "they was made that-a-way; it's borned in 'em lak sugar in a mushmillin. Reckon"—he turned around, his interest in the vital question cropping eagerly out again—"atter all, I better buy 'er the stockin's this trip, and let the musling curtains wait till the nex'."

John watched the old man as he went hopping down the path like a cheery old wooden bird, and wondered within himself what manner of womankind "Honey" might be.

III

"Honey's gone."
The old man, standing once more in

John's doorway with his basket of berries, looked lean and wilted. Something of stored freshness, like the sear crispness of an autumn leaf, was gone from his look and manner, but his puckered old mouth paraded an unsteady smile.

"You don't mean she has left you, to go away with Mrs. Prince?" John asked.

"Yas; went's mornin'. Leastways, I tole her good-by 'fore I left, and she'll be gone agin I git back; Mis' Prince is startin' to-day. Honey settled it with her yisterday she'd go, 'cause, she sayed, it'd be betterin' us both fer her to go; mebbly it is—but law-law, I wisht the Lord could see His way cler to takin' me outer the world, now—yis, I do. Huh? The berries? Oh, you kin hev them ole berries and welcome; I unly fetched 'em, 'cause I wanted to come and tell you

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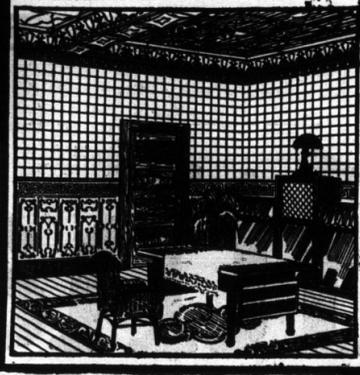
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"bout Honey, and not be there when she was leavin'. I don't want no money fer 'em, ner no trade nuther; I don't seem lak I want nothin', now Honey's gone. I wonder—say, do you reckon ef I'd of got 'er the musling curtains instid o' the silk stockin's, she'd of stayed—er a hat? I was 'lowin' to git 'er a plumb stiley hat some these days. Ef I'd hustled up and done it before, do you reckon it'd 'a' made a difference?"

The old man plied his questions with such piteous eagerness that John turned away for a moment before replying.

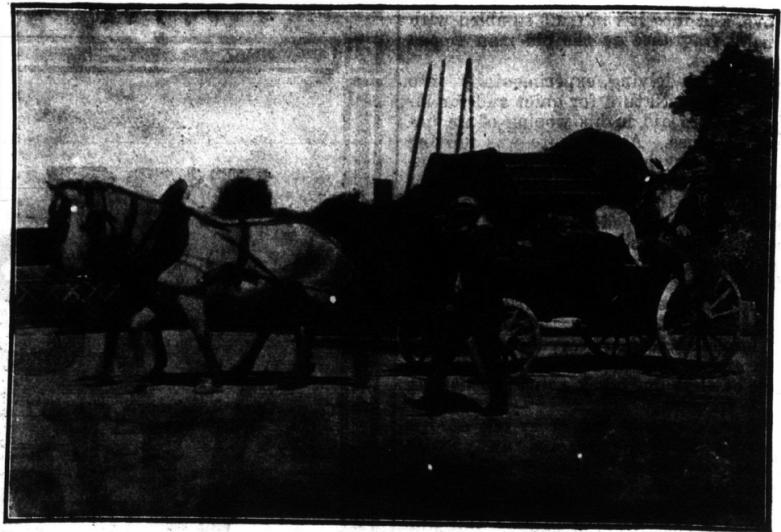
"No," he said at last, "I don't think it would have made any difference; she'd have gone anyway, if she was so inclined."

"Wull, mebbly — mebbly; I reckon it wouldn't-er been no use. I must iog."

weighted with a ponderous, jet-trimmed black hat; she held a sun umbrella in a neat case, and an imitation alligator-skin satchel stood on the floor beside her. The other woman wore a black calico riding skirt and a slat sunbonnet.

"Your train'll be along right soon, now," the latter observed, squinting along the track that flashed white in the hot sunshine. "Where's Sereldy?"

"Yonder at the station-house," responded the large woman in a voice that pounded its way through the tapping of Jim Peters' stamp, and made John think of a copper saucepan in sudden conjunction with the top of a stove; "it's hot enough to kill a snake over there; I told her if she wanted to fry out in that sun, she could—I was a-going to stay right here in Jim's store till I heard the whistle



Refugees with their baggage making their way out of France

He took up his basket and went out, trudging spiritlessly along the footpath from John's door and up through the wood. The last bit of spring in the poor, stiff old wooden bird was broken.

It was noon when he reached his cabin. Honey had spread a little lunch for him before she left, upon the small table against the wall — cold corn-bread and boiled bacon, young green onions, and a yellow bowl of musky ripe dewberries; a shabby little tin coffee-pot stood upon the stove. The fire was ready to light but Uncle Jabez did not light it.

"Shucks, I can't eat nothin'!" — he said aloud.

He went and looked into the second room of the cabin—Honey's room. Upon the floor just beneath the window stood a pair of shoes — Honey's shoes, small, somewhat battered, and run over a little at one side.

The old man's mouth twisted piteously as he stood looking at the shoes, his face taking tremulously new creases. With a sudden loud sob he hobbled quickly back through the kitchen and out upon the doo-step; there, under the suddenly loosened tension of his emotion, he sat sobbing unstintedly.

"Honey's shoes," he repeated weakly, between exhausting outbursts, "Honey's pore little shoes."

Shore," assented the woman in the sun-bonnet, "sereldy pleased to go with you?"

"Law, yes. Even now, a female under ninety-five that wouldn't go neer door to the brimstone place, she could get plenty of hats and silk buds by it? She

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IV

Uncle Jabez and his trouble stuck harassingly in John's mind and caused him, at last, to fling by his pencil and tablet and set forth to find the lonely old man's shanty.

Jim Peters, a clear-cut type of the country postmaster and storekeeper combined, volubly acquainted John with the exact spot upon a lonely hillside where Uncle Jabez's cabin could be found.

"Quare old shrub he is?"—Jim put forth the opinion, suspending his official stamp above the pile of letters under his left hand—"got a heart in 'im as big as a scalloped squash. Seems to me like I got a paper for the old boy—if you'll take and hold on till I get the mail bag fixed I'll han' it to you—train's most due, and I got to hustle."

John leaned against a show-case, looking idly at the cakes of bright pink soap, and bottles of "Appl. blossom" and "Meadow hay" perfumery it contained, and listening absently to the gossip of two women standing near the door. One was large and stout; she was dressed in a warm-looking black silk gown and

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did balk some about leaving that old dried-up herring, Uncle Jabez, but I pacified her telling her she could send for him after a bit, when she was making plenty of money—land! I'd like to see the old dry bones coming to me!"

The languid summer stillness of the country town was suddenly lanced by a long, sharp whistle with an undercurrent of rushing wheels. Jim Peters grabbed up his mail sack and fled across to the station; the stout woman shouted, "Well, good-by, Mrs. Singer," lifted her satchel, and set sail in the same direction, and John, from the post-office door, looked eagerly across to the station platform to see if he could distinguish "Honey" amid the tangle of passengers bustling aboard. He saw a slim figure and a flying blue veil directly behind the stout form and the alligator satchel, and felt a strong inclination to rush over to the wearer of the veil, and march her resolutely and vigorously home to her grandfather. But

The June afternoon was full of a rich, still peace. The "zooming" of a bee in a red hollyhock made a thread of sound that blended harmoniously with the wide quietude.

The old man threw up his head suddenly, then lowered it once more. "I got no more sense'n a doodlebug," he said; "I conceived I heered somethin' swishin' thu' the corn, lak skeerts."

Again his head went up, and he held his hand behind his ear, listening with nostrils a-quiver. A crisp, hurrying sound like the quick crushing of plaitain leaves became plain. Something—somebody, in a pink dress and a trim poke hat with a quilling of white chiffon in the brim, like the petals of a daisy, swirled around the corner of the cabin. John had a half glimpse of a small, heat-flushed face in the chiffon daisy-disk; blue, wide-open eyes, a heedless nose, tender lips, and a noticeable little curved chin. Then the chiffon disk bobbed down



A view of the Town Hall, Louvain, Belgium, the beautiful city that was destroyed by the German army. Photo by Underwood & Underwood

the big bell clattered its farewell to the drowsy station, the great wheels ground slowly against the hard steel, and the huge engine waved back a misty gray banner to the village, as it snorted forth into the world; and "Honey," poor, foolish "Honey!"

Jim Peters came back with the mail sack, gave John the paper he had mentioned, and the poet set forth to pipe what consolation he might into the ears of the forsaken old wooden bird with the broken springs.

V

John easily found the mossy wood-way described by Jim Peters as "branchin' off the country road and runnin' towards the creek." But what to do for the poor, despairing old fellow still sobbing upon the door-step of the hillside cabin was a more abstruse problem. All the bits of comforting philosophy John could offer blew over the old man as ineffectually as a swirl of dead leaves. Once, only, his lamentation was suspended for a moment, as he looked up at John with watery eyes, to ask:

"Do ye reckon if I'd of bought 'er a pair o' slippers—they reel slick kind with shiny toes and kinder high, tippy heels—it'd done any good?"

And John could only shake his head hopelessly.

over the old man's head and a pair of pink sleeves encircled him.

"Why, gran'pap—why, gran'pap," trilled a girlishly high voice, "did you feel that bad about me going? Well, I ain't gone; Mrs. Prince is, but I—I been thinking all along if I went I could take better care of us both; Mrs. Prince said so; but I've found her out all right—two-faced old—"

The soft, wide eyes that were beginning to flash sapphire glints caught John's interested gaze across gran'pap's bent gray head, and the voice trailed off. "I thought you went on the train with Mrs. Prince to-day," John hazarded boldly.

The pink flush in the girl's face flamed rose-red.

"It's no thanks to her I didn't," she said, with a note of bitterness in her fresh voice; "if the train'd come along ten minutes sooner than it did, I'd be along with her this blessed minute, and all snarled up in her webs—She's a spider, that's what she is, a sly, spinning spider. Nex' time she wants to bawl out things about gran'pap and me she'd better look whether the door between the post-office room and Mrs. Peters's sitting-room is open or shut."

"Were you in there?" gasped John.

"I was so," responded "Honey," and a quick-passing smile made her pretty

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

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 alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. 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.

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mouth entrancing; "the sun got so hot over at the station while I was waiting, I turned giddy, so I run over to the post-office, and Mrs. Peters was standing in the side door and she called me in, for she said I was white as a table-cloth, and I was all of a tremble. She bundled me in on the lounge and fanned me, and then run out to get some cold water. I was laying there, sort of gasping, and listening to Jim Peters pounding the letters, when all at once there come Mrs. Prince's voice a-bawling through, a-telling how glad I was to go along with her for the sake of 'duds,' and calling gran'pap an old herring, and—"

She broke off breathlessly, and the sapphire light in her eyes flashed indignation.

"And so," she began afresh, after a few minutes, "Madam Prince went to the city, and I—came home. I don't know whether she missed me or not when she got on the train, but I reckon she's discovered by now that I wasn't so crazy to chase after her— Why, gran'pap"—the cabin door had blown slightly backward, presenting an interior view of the room — "I don't believe you've eat a scrappin' of dinner; I see the table standing just like I left it. I must boil you some coffee— Now, gran'pap, you take and stop— Ain't I here? Ain't I going

swept its prestige to the winds. The mill vanished in a night and prosperity with it. Pinette however, saw a future there. He waited and worked while he waited. By day he lined track and tamped ballast—by night he combed the shores for driftwood. Soon he had a goodly store of it, an enviable pile of it. Driftwood is only firewood, reasoned his neighbors, because they used it that way. But Pinette could never use all his that way, nor did he mean to do so.

Pinette had ambitions. Moreover he was industrious. Was it not stated that he threw together a shack in which to live? Might he not build a better house? When he started it his neighbors thought he meant to keep pigs. He would use up his driftwood that way. What other kind of a pen or building would anybody put up the way Pinette was doing anyway? He laid the boards down flat and built a square inclosure by placing the boards in the same manner as one would lay bricks. Of course he had to dovetail the corners and he did it wonderfully well. It looked like a pig pen for a long time. He worked slowly because he was not an expert carpenter. Besides he would have it all ready for the winter so there was no rush. When he had it three feet higher than his tallest inquisitor he announced proudly that it was now ready for the roof. Of course the lamin-



Steers brought into a French camp to feed one of the brigades. Photo by Underwood & Underwood

to stay here?" The girl's voice grew suddenly quivery and her lips began to scatter kisses rcklessly about the old man's head and face.

"Stop, gran'pap," she besought; "don't you hear me telling you I never went? I'll never go an eanch from home again, gran'pap. I don't care a lick about Mrs. Prince and all the hats she can buy in a year— She can't get me away from you any more, gran'pap, nor nobody else can, and—there, now—"

Uncle Jabez reached out and gathered Honey's plump right hand into his two old unsteady ones.

"Oh, Honey," he sobbed, rocking back and forth with the pink fingers held close against his breast, "oh, Honey! — oh, Honey!"

John slipped silently around the corner of the cabin and was quietly effaced by the whispering corn-blades.

DRIFTWOOD COTTAGE
 By Chas. Dorian

Long before our bungalow was built we were trying to decide upon a name for it: the bungalow is a reality long since and yet it stands unnamed. We invariably revert to Pinette, or at least to a discussion of his cottage and how simply he announced the name of it, a name altogether appropriate.

Pinette was getting along in the world. He had been a section man on the railroad and lived in a shack he himself had thrown together. He got the lot for a song. It was close to the railroad track but fronted on the lake. Algoma was a prosperous town in those days, boasting of the only mill on the north shore of Georgian Bay. But adversity in the form of a flood

ated idea stopped right there—the roof was like any ordinary gambrel. There was a window in it facing the lake and a hooded stove-pipe through its centre high enough to carry sparks a long way off. This was foresight, because the roof was tar-papered.

It looked pretentious when finished. The rank growth of grass and small sumach around it gave it a very pretty setting.

There was a threatened boom coming to Algoma. It was to be advertised as a summer resort and tongues dripped with the news. It was suggested to Pinette that since style was coming to Algoma and he had the most unique cottage in the country he should name it.

"The name," announced he, "is easy. If you can call it anything better than 'Driftwood Cottage' then you'd better get into the business. I'm engaged to put up another just like it for one of these boom fellows and I guess I'll just go into the business. I've been savin' money on the section job and this is my chance to get into business. That house cost me altogether, including glass, hinges and stovepipe just fifteen dollars and forty cents. Johnson, the grocer let me have all his empty boxes and I lined the house with them. There isn't a warmer cottage anywhere. It won't cost much more to put style on to it—just a few shingles." Here for some unaccountable reason he blushed, but it was discovered afterwards that Bessie Avord told him that it would be a dear little cottage if he'd only shingle it over. I haven't seen it since he and Bessie were married but I have heard of the pretty shingled cottages at the Algoma summer resort, all of them with names ending alike, as "Jetwood," "Greenwood" some of them combining the names of the owners, as "Blountwood"

A Most Important Message

Here is the strangest situation that has ever presented itself. To-day, when every home in Canada is suffering from the burden of war prices, the only places you can turn for relief are to the manufacturers of Advertised Products of Standard Brands. And practically the only stores you can go to are the stores that have pledged their integrity to you through the same process of Advertising.

It would be fair to assume that the man who has established a name and created a demand would take the greatest price advantage of them now. And here you find the opposite to be true. For the man who has pledged fair dealing with you is dealing fair. While the man who made no pledges has raised his prices to the last notch that the public will stand and is acting like a Wallingford in a country town.

THE DAY

(Henry Chappell, London Express.)

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day, And now the Day has come. Blasphemer, braggart and coward all, Little you reck of the numbing ball, The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall, As they speed poor humans home.

Wherever you are getting a Raw product, you are getting a Raw deal. Wherever you are getting an Advertised product you are getting a Square deal. Take any illustration you may choose. The price of raw beans has gone up. The price of advertised beans is the same. Take any breakfast food. The price of raw flour has gone up. The price of prepared cereal foods has remained the same. Take shoes. The price of advertised shoes is the same. The price of unadvertised brands have gone up. Take any product you can think of—food, clothing, home furnishings—utilities, large and small—and you will find this true.

cause they have been Forced up by the prices of raw materials from the other end. We do mean that still, to-day, almost without exception, the prices of Advertised Goods and the prices in Advertised Stores have remained the same, and will continue to remain the same as long as their present stocks hold out. From this day on, the people of Canada should remember this fact. You should never forget how you are being held up to-day by nameless thieves hiding behind nameless products. And, beginning to-day, you should look only for Advertised Products for the rest of your lives. You should look for them in your newspapers and demand them of your dealers. For these are the only products whose prices are the same. And, lastly, you should deal only with Advertised Stores. For these are practically the only stores that are giving you, in these perilous times, what every Canadian loves and honors most—A Square Deal.

WE may not make customers of all our friends, but we do make friends of all our customers. No matter where you live, our prompt mail order service is at your command. We publish and mail FREE each month The Musical Monthly. Send your name and address for this month's issue.



A few of our Leading Lines: Pianos and Organs, all of the very best makes, and our prices are the lowest in Canada; Accordeons; Auto-harps; Celestaphones; Banjos; Guitars; Harmonicas; Mandolins; Band Instruments; Bugles; Cellos; Violins; Edison Phonographs and Records; Sheet Music. Get our prices—we pay the freight.

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has solved the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water-works required. A full length bath in every room, that folds in a small roll, handy as an umbrella. A positive boon to city and country dwellers alike. Now, I want you to go into partnership with me, but you don't invest any capital. I have vacancies in many splendid counties for live, honest, energetic representatives. Will you handle your county for me? I give you credit—back you up—help you with live, ginger sales talks. Badly wanted—Eagerly bought. Quick sales—large profits. Here are three examples of what you can easily earn. Douglas, Manitoba, got 16 orders in 2 days. Myers, Wis., \$250 profit first month. McCutcheon, Sask., says can sell 15 in less than 3 days. You can do as well. The work is fascinating. Easy, pleasant and permanent. Send no money, but write to-day for details. Hustle a post card for free tub offer.

C. A. RUKAMP, General Manager. The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., Ltd. 215 Sandwich St., Walkerville, Ont.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. Special Rates in combination with other papers.

Had Nervous Dyspepsia

With Frequent Sick Headaches and Much Pain After Eating—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Cured.

This letter is from a lady who gained 14 pounds by using the great food cure. It did wonders for her in improving her general health. She is enthusiastic in its praise, and refers to her neighbors as witnesses of the splendid results obtained.

Mrs. Susan Dobson, Spring Hill Mines, N.S., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was troubled with dyspepsia, and could not eat without suffering much pain; also had sick headaches frequently, and my nerves were in bad condition. About ten years ago I took a thorough treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, using altogether 21 boxes, and since then can eat anything, have been freed from headaches, and my health has been greatly improved in every way. I gained 14 pounds in weight, and feel sure I owe everything to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You may use this letter, and my neighbors can tell you of my condition before using this treatment."

YOU CAN LEARN MUSIC Now, in Your Home

Special Offer to Our Readers

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Hundreds of enthusiastic pupils everywhere, from 7 to 70 years old, have learned by this successful Method to play the Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Cello, Trombone, etc. Others are learning every week, but in order to even more thoroughly introduce their SIMPLICITY SYSTEM into every locality at once they are making this Special Offer through this newspaper.

Every reader who will mail a letter or postal card at once to the address given above will receive, all free and postage paid, a 48 page illustrated Booklet and full explanation of this easy method of teaching music quickly and thoroughly. You need not hesitate to write; this reliable Institute is anxious to send their Booklet to everyone to make known their Successful System and their present Special Offer and you will be under no obligation to them whatever. Write your address and the name of your favorite instrument plainly.

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Mary

A.L. Bent, Box E, Granville Centre, N.S.

The Cast Off

By Charles E. Van Loan

HE is not playing baseball now; occasionally the name of G. Audubon Spencer appears in magazines devoted to scientific pursuits, and he has been known to address women's clubs upon protective coloring as applied to lepidoptera. G. Audubon Spencer has a small but highly interested following; Slug Hardy was frantically worshipped by a few hundred thousand perspiring gentlemen who wouldn't know what lepidoptera meant and wouldn't care very much either. Yet G. Audubon and Slug are one and the same person.

He called himself Hardy when he decided to become a professional baseball player, and he became a professional baseball player because he needed the money. There was a time when he played the national game for love. He began as the star pitcher of a high-school nine, and when he was seventeen years of age he was whitewashing semi-pro organizations and letting real

world, and not the best, either. His humor, largely of the slapstick variety, often palled upon his teammates, but they endured him because he could pitch a baseball in seven different languages. His best joke was the one he saved up for whiskered yokels at country stations. When the train stopped, Jaggs would spy out a bucolic loafer with long whiskers and beckon him to approach, engaging him in close conversation about the town and the price of real estate. Still talking when the train began to move, Jaggs would lean far out of the window, entangle his iron fingers in the rustic's beard, and hold on for dear life. The sight of the outraged citizen, racing along and screaming with pain and rage, was one which never failed to fill Jaggs with pleasure. Sometimes the pitcher lost his grip. Sometimes the yokel lost his lace curtains, but whatever happened it was a very fine joke.



Belgian Soldiers cut off from their Regiments landing at Ostend

leaguers down with two and three hits. Then he went to a university where he made baseball history, and was in a fair way to graduate with some letters after his name when Spencer, Senior, took it into his head to die. He left a large family and a larger mortgage, and young G. Audubon packed his traps and disappeared, to turn up a thousand miles away as Slug Hardy, the star pitcher of a professional team.

He was a sensation for two seasons, partly because he could wrap a ball around a batter's neck and partly because he could hit at a .340 clip from one end of the season to the other, and wallowing pitchers are rare birds.

At twenty Hardy was a veteran pitcher and beginning to feel the effect of too much work. He would have been an exploded phenomenon at twenty-one but for his foresight. He knew that there comes a time to every pitcher when the strongest wing weakens and the former star is left out on the hill with nothing but a glove and a prayer, so he prepared himself for a new position.

Day after day "Dusty" Moles, his chum, put in his spare time hitting up "fungoes" to the outfield, and Hardy galloped after them. When Slug was ready to stop pitching he was a seasoned outfielder, and it was as an outfielder that he joined the Blue Sox and entered the big league.

There was only one thing the matter with Slug. He was born without a sense of humor. On the other hand, John Henry Patrick Callahan, "Jaggs" Callahan of blessed memory, had too much humor. That was where the trouble started.

Jaggs was not the worst fellow in the

The first encounter between Jaggs and Hardy shows what a small thing may put a ball player "in wrong" with his associates. When a player begins by getting "in bad" he nearly always gets out worse. Hardy got out worse.

Jaggs selected the big, red-faced, white-eyebrowed stranger as the softest thing among the recruits, and scraped an acquaintance with him. One evening on the hotel porch at the training camp, Jaggs told his famous story of the goat and the tin can. Hardy, silent and thoughtful by nature, overlooked the improbability of the incident, and concerned himself solely with the baseball problem involved.

"Y'see, it was like this," said Jaggs. "I was playin' right field that day, an' this blame' goat kept edgin' in an' edgin' in—you know how them country fair ball grounds are; no fences or nothin'—and he got in my way. I chased him, an' he picked up the can he was nibblin' at and started to run toward the diamond. Just then Maginniss hits a line drive right down over first, an' the ball hit square in the can an' stuck! Maginniss tried to make a home run, but I got him."

"Ball rolled out?" suggested Hardy. "Nope," said Jaggs. "Had to git it out with a can opener afterward. I just picked up Mister Goat, run to the home plate, an' touched the goat's foot to the rubber. Zing! The umps allows as how Maginniss is out!"

There was a deep silence, and then Hardy broke into speech.

"Why, the rule says—"

That settled it. The new man was a farmer or worse. Hardy was amazed when he saw the papers from the home

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Let me send you free full information that will enable you to restore your Grey Hair to the natural color and beauty of youth, no matter what your age or the cause of your greyness. It is not a dye nor a stain. Its effects commence after four days use.

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SPECIAL NOTICE: Every reader of this paper, man or woman, who wishes to be without grey hair for the rest of their life is advised to accept above liberal offer at once. Mrs. Chapman's high standing proves the sincerity of her offer.

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right in your own home, without the trouble or expense of attending a Bath House. Why fly to drugs for every little ache or pain? By keeping the pores free from dirt and sweat by helping Nature to do her work thoroughly, you have solved the good-health problem.



Take a Turkish Bath at home every three or four days. You will be astonished how different you will feel—Pains vanish, lassitude disappears, energy is restored, and life seems worth while again. The Robinson Thermal Bath Cabinet provides a Turkish Bath just as invigorating and refreshing as any you can get down town at from \$2.00 to \$5.00 for only 2c. It cleanses the system through and through, helps the work of the excretory functions.

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town. The war correspondents seized upon the incident of the goat and the tin can, and made it good for anywhere from two sticks to a whole column. Hardy was angry. He reproved one of the reporters.

"But I didn't say all that stuff!" he persisted. "It makes me—well, ridiculous. It isn't fair!"

Then that reporter told his fellow workers that the new outfielder was a rube who objected to press notices and had threatened to punch the head of any correspondent who took his name lightly between the bars of his typewriter.

Hardy was already "in bad" with several members of the team; he was now "in bad" with the press.

"If he drops dead on the field, we'll print ten lines about him," said the press gentlemen. "Otherwise, nix!"

So it happened that all the home fans knew about Hardy was the incident of the goat and the tin can. It was not an auspicious introduction.

The season opened on the home grounds, and Hardy, playing a sun field to which he was unaccustomed, dropped a fly ball which he should have "caught in his teeth," as Callahan reminded him, and the error lost the game. This was unfortunate, for a certain clique of leather-lunged rooters on the right-field bleachers decided that the new man would not do.

If a dozen baseball fans select a fixed idea and their voices hold out, they can do almost anything. By the end of the first game two hundred "regulars" were after the new right fielder, and it pleased them to see that Hardy resented their efforts.

Any ball player knows what it means to have enemies in the home town. He expects to get the worst of it on the road, but when he performs at home he expects loyal support and encouragement. One hundred hostile rooters in the home town can hound a player out of the club, and it has happened in almost every city in the league, and will happen again so long as performers are susceptible to outside influence.

The constant chorus of "Tin can! Tin can!" got on Hardy's nerves and worried him. Every time the ball was hit

in his direction there went up a sarcastic chorus. The boy was unused to this sort of treatment. In the town where he had previously played he had been somewhat of a local deity. A bad cigar had been named after him, and small boys followed him about the streets. He had never been a grandstander, but it is one thing to play ball before a friendly crowd and quite another to do one's best when that best brings only jeers and abuse.

Hardy began to make inexcusable errors. He mislaid his batting eye, and

swung wildly at "bad ones." Opposing pitchers quickly diagnosed his case.

"The busher is swinging at 'em," they said.

Overanxious, and fretted until his nerves were raw, Hardy played like a schoolboy, lost his stride entirely, and brought down upon himself the wrath of those stern censors of the press who edit the most interesting page of the paper. The sporting writers began to howl for his release. Hardy wouldn't do, they said, and they said it in headlines.

Wise old Ben Daly, manager of the club and team captain as well, a great infielder in spite of a dash of gray over his temples, tried to put some heart into the recruit.

"You've let the knockers get you going," he said. "Didn't they chase Dillon out of Louisville years ago, and didn't he play three times as well as soon as he struck a new town? There wasn't anything the matter with Dillon, only they got his goat, and they kept it. There isn't anything the matter with you, either. You'll hit your stride one of these days, and show these flannel mouths what a regular outfielder looks like. Buck up, kid!"

Hardy shook his head. "I don't know what's the matter with me. I go up there to hit, and I can't see a ball any more."

"You only think so," soothed Daly. "Don't you think I know a sweet hitter when I see one? Why, I never saw a man show up better in spring training! You're just worried, that's all that ails you. Forget it! You'll get started one of these days."



Carrying the Stars and Stripes, American Volunteers in Paris off to join the French Army

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- FIRST PRIZE---A MOFFAT RANGE
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FOR thirty years we have been interested in good cooking, for during this period we have been manufacturing the best ranges we know how. Now we want to produce a first-class standard Cook Book for use all over Canada. What better plan can we adopt than that of asking Canadian housewives to help by contributing their five best and well-tried recipes?

There may be a number of good Cook Books published now, but there can never be one so good or so complete as one produced by the united efforts of good cooks all over the Dominion, because this will then be a practical one based on the practical results of each individual contributor.

To promote interest, we have decided to hold a contest, and we are awarding the above valuable prizes for the best sets of five recipes sent to us.

All You Have To Do Is To Write Out Your Five Best Recipes And Mail Them To Us

Sets of recipes will be judged from the standpoint of variety, economy of materials, nutritive properties, ease of preparation, tastiness, etc. Remember that the recipes most likely to win a prize, are some of your own favorites—those you have tried and know to be real good. Write only on one side of the paper and be sure to sign your name and post office address at the foot. The first prize is a handsome Moffat Range—the best we make—as described (or you can have the best of any other stove we make, either gas, coal or combination). The other prizes will be awarded in the form of cash certificates for the

amounts named and will be accepted at their face value by Moffat dealers at any place in Canada, on the purchase of any Moffat Range. Competition closes November 15th, and all replies must be in on or before that date. If you wish to take advantage of the contest, and at the same time wish to buy a stove at once—buy a Moffat Range through our dealer in your town and send us your receipted bill—and when you win a prize, we will refund you the cash value of the prize you win. Every Contestant will receive one of the Cook Books.

The Cook Book, when complete, will be one of the finest compiled, and will be worth at least \$2.00. Every woman sending in five recipes will receive a FREE COPY. It will be well worth while for every woman to compete. We have secured the services of a graduate of the Domestic Science branch of the Toronto Technical School, and two other ladies to assist her. Their decisions must be accepted as final. N.B.—You will greatly assist the judges by sending in your replies as early as possible. Don't wait till the closing date.

First Prize—
CANADA "B" STEEL RANGE
Special Exhibition Nickel Finish; with reservoir; tiled panel in high closet; full nickel glass door with thermometer; oven either 16, 18 or 20 inches. Or, if preferred, we will give our best cast iron range with Exhibition finish, or any of our high-class coal and gas combination ranges in special finish.

Moffat Stove Co., Dept. "W", Weston, Ont.



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(34)



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"Another Rank Counterfeit!" the morning papers howled a few days later. "These fellows don't want me in this town," said Hardy to the manager. "They never did want me. They've been knocking me from the start. If it hadn't been for that tin-can thing—and Hardy broke off miserably. "Tell me the truth," he said. "Are these fellows right about me? Am I too slow for this company?"

Daly swore heartily. "You've slumped, that's all. If you could only get going once, you wouldn't have any trouble. Quit reading the papers, put some cotton in your ears when you get out there, and play some baseball."

Hardy tried to follow the directions, but met with flat failure. At the end of his first month he was hitting below .140, and the fire had been turned on Daly. Day after day he was hammered for carrying a counterfeit on the pay roll. The manager stood it for two weeks more, and then he did something which he expected to regret.

When the arrangements were completed he walked into Hardy's room at

the hotel just as the young man was going to bed.

"You know Catterson?" he asked. "Well, he wants to trade me that lopsided, splayfooted outfielder Harmon for you. The Reds have been a tail-end team for the last four years, but it's a good town to play in, and Catterson treats his men well. If I didn't like you personally, I'd probably send you out to some minor league, but I've got a notion that you'll get into your stride one of these days and—well, what do you say?"

"Anywhere to get away from here," said Hardy bitterly. "I won't forget how decent you have been about this thing, Ben. Most managers would have kicked me out a month ago. If I can ever do anything for you—"

"Aw, shut up!" said Daly gruffly. "Only when you get going right, don't bust up too many games for us, that's all!"

Hardy tried to smile at the pleasant, but his heart was too full for words. He had been expecting his release.

Catterson, a square-jawed, red-headed man, met Hardy at the train.

"Hello, youngster!" said he. "Glad to see you. First time I ever skinned Ben Daly in a trade in my life."

"The fellow you traded must have been pretty bad," said Hardy.

"No," said Catterson, grinning. "He was all right from the head up and from the feet down. Feel like going right in this afternoon?"

The Reds gave Hardy a warm welcome. His old chum, Moles, was the shortstop of the club, and he had been doing a little advance work for the recruit. Hardy, dispirited and doubtful of his own ability, scented a new atmosphere as soon as he entered the clubhouse at the park. It was like walking into the heart of a big happy family. By the time he was ready for the field he felt better acquainted with the Reds than he had ever been with the Blue Sox. The Reds had no foolish pride; they had been walloped so hard and so often that they had learned to be philosophical about it. Baseball was more or less of a joke to them and to the whole town.

Hardy was dropped into sixth position in the batting order, and it happened that when he went to bat for the first time two men were on the bases, and the local fans were roaring for a hit.

"Come on, Blondie!" they yelled. "Come on, boy, and give us a hit!"

The welcome warmed the newcomer's heart. "Lightning Bug" Martin, the opposing pitcher, had worked against Hardy before, and held no high opinion of him. He "grooved" the first ball, and Hardy "pulled" it down the first-base line like a flash of light. It was a cracking double, and it drove a brace of runs to the bench, and little Moles screamed himself hoarse.

"Didn't I tell you this bird was a ball player?" he said. "Oh, I guess he can't hit nor nothing! No-o-o! He's perfectly miserable, he is!"

Catterson grinned and looked up in the air. He was wondering what Ben Daly would say when he discovered that the Red discard was a man with a solid ivory skull, mahogany legs, and a glass arm.

The next morning the Blue Sox, on tour, examined the box scores over the cantaloupes and coffee.

"Sweet Jemima!" ejaculated Jags Callahan. "What do you know about this? The Goat gets three hits yesterday off Martin! Hey! You s'pose that stiff was laying down on us?"

Daly grunted sarcastically. "Well," said Jags, "I'll bet he don't get three hits in another game this season! He was playin' better'n he knew how yesterday. Just a streak of luck."

It proved to be a long streak, and Jags changed his mind when the Blue Sox, swinging around the big circle, dropped in for four games with the meek and lowly Reds. Jags pitched the opening game of the series, and Hardy, who had been moved up into the "clean-up" position, buzzed a line drive between Jags' shoulder and ear for a neat single.

"Hey, you discard!" roared Jags. "What you tryin' to do? Murder somebody?"

Hardy, dodging about off first base, answered with a bellow which amazed every man on the Blue team.

"Get that one in your tin can!" he shouted. "The next time I'm going to hit you in the eye!"

Ben Daly, playing second base, shook his head.

"Full of pepper," he thought to himself. "I ought 'a' kept him, doggone my fool soul!"

The Reds actually broke even on the series, thanks to the heavy stick work of the cast-off. A triple with the bases full sewed up the last game of the series, and Callahan was the victim. Even "Old Folks," the negro masseur who traveled with the Blue Sox, commented upon the startling change in Hardy's playing.

"Mist' Callahan," said Old Folks, while he was working on what Jags referred to as "the old soup bone," the same being the salary arm, "huccone Mist' Hardy to git that triple when the bases wuz densely populated? Accident, meb-be?"

Jags grunted and turned over on the slab. Hardy had made five hits off him in two games, which is getting out of accident and into design.

The season progressed, and the happy-go-lucky Reds fought their way to the head of the second division. They made no secret of the fact that they were playing better than they knew how, and first-division teams found them an unexpected stumblingblock. Hardy's terrific hitting was attracting attention, and it began to be broadly hinted that for once Benjamin Franklin Daly had made a mistake. The manager smiled grimly when the papers in his own town began to censure him lightly for allowing such a "sweet hitter" to escape.

As for the Blue Sox fans, they had some trouble in recognizing Hardy for the same man they had once tormented. They roared at him, and reminded him of the goat and the tin can, but Hardy only laughed at them with his thumb at his nose. He was noisy, aggressive, and almost cocky.

"Didn't I say that fellow would make trouble if he ever got into his stride?" asked Daly.

Down the home stretch they went to the close of the season. The Blue Sox were tied up in a driving finish with their old enemies, the Grays. By taking their last three games the Blue Sox could win the pennant, even if the Grays won their last two, which seemed likely, as no pitchers seemed to be able to withstand the terrific onslaught of the heavy end of the Gray batting order.

Curled up in the corner of a Pullman smoking compartment, Hardy read the sporting pages, and turned the situation over in his mind. It was pretty tough luck, he thought, to have to play against a man like Ben Daly in such a crisis. One more game won meant nothing to the Reds. One game lost meant everything to Ben Daly. A pennant meant a bonus for the manager, besides a fat slice of the post-season profits.

Catterson loafed into the smoking compartment, and cast an eye over the headlines of Hardy's paper.

"I wish it was the Grays we had to play," said Catterson. "I like Ben Daly, and I want to see him win out, but—we've got to spill the beans for him if we can. You remember what an awful belch there was two years ago when they said the Pinks laid down to let the Grays win? I never believed there was a word of truth in that, but the scores made it look bad. Cost the Pinks a barrel of money the next season, though, Jee-rusalem! I wish it was any man but Daly!"

Hardy looked out at the flying landscape, one knee doubled up, and his bony shin in his powerful hands. Catterson had been putting his thoughts into words.

"My own brother couldn't have been whiter to me," said the boy at last. "I owe him a lot; more than I can ever repay, but—oh, thunder! You know what I mean. I'll do the right thing if it breaks a leg!"

"Good stuff!" said Catterson. "I hope we drop these three games, but they've got a baseball team to beat. None of that scandal stuff in mine!"

This was the situation when the final series opened on the Blue Sox field.

On the first day the Sox alighted upon Cunningham, the Reds' spitball artist, and hammered him for four runs in the opening inning. The hits were nearly all clean drives. A thousand miles away the Grays were doing the same thing to their opponents.

On the second day the Blue Sox, still hitting like fiends, drove two Red pitchers to the bench, winning by a score of eleven to three. The Grays won their last game by a shut-out score. It was all up to the final game.

Catterson, always an early riser, picked up the morning papers at breakfast on the third day, and thereby ruined his appetite. On every sporting page he found an article telegraphed from his home town. It began:

Are the Reds throwing the pennant to Daly?

The afternoon newspaper men followed hard on the trail. They wanted to know what Manager Catterson had to say, and when he said what was in his mind they found that they could not print it.

"This article mentions Hardy," said one of the reporters. "He's known to be very friendly with Ben Daly, and that may have given rise—"

Catterson exploded with a mighty roar.

"Something will give you a rise in about three seconds!" he said. "It will be this number thirteen boot of mine! Now, get out of here!"

Naturally that young man, in a two-column article, pointed out that Catterson flew into a rage when questioned about the statement from his own town. The Hardy incident drew a subhead, and his friendship with Daly was mentioned.

It was an angry team which trotted out for warming-up practice before the last game of the season. Catterson had been reading the riot act to his men.

"What if there ain't a word of truth in it? I know it, and you know it, but if these fellows beat us by a big score this afternoon, we'll never hear the last of it. Let's dig in and show 'em some baseball!"

When it came time to choose the pitchers, Catterson picked Thomas, a tall left-hander with slow, puzzling curves. Ben Daly chose Callahan as the one best bet. The game opened with the Blue Sox keyed up to the breaking strain and the Reds sullen and defiant.

Callahan whipped over a lightning-fast strike on Moles, the first man to face him; a great roar went up from twenty thousand rooters, and eighteen men settled down to the final contest.

Inning after inning slipped by without a score. Thomas, flapping about in his loose-jointed, ungainly fashion, kept dropping his slow twisters across the plate, and the heavy-hitting Sox flubbed them along the ground or popped them into the air. Hardly a ball was hit to the outfield. Thomas had "something on the ball," and, for that matter, so had Jaggs Callahan, who was pitching for his life and the post-season money thrown in. In the fourth inning, after Hardy had doubled to centre, Jaggs fanned two men, retiring the side amid thunders of applause.

The last of the seventh saw the twenty thousand on their feet, "pulling for luck." The luck came, but to the wrong team, for Parrish, of the Sox, slammed a line drive into a lightning double play.

The end of the eighth found players and spectators keyed up to a savage pitch. The Sox were fighting for a pennant and everything which goes with one; the Reds were fighting for their reputations. During the last of the eighth Jaggs abused his teammates like pickpockets.

"What have I got to do for you stiff?" he growled. "Here I go out and hold these tramps down to three hits for eight innings, and you won't stake me to a single ace! Give me one run and I'll win this game!"

To the end of the eighth inning there had not been an error on either side. Suddenly there came the "break," that strange madness which attacks the best ball players at times and spreads like a contagion until the whole team is involved. There was no warning. Jaggs, pitching like a fury, retired two men, and Moles, known as a dangerous man on the bases, dropped a pretty bunt along the third-base line, catching the infielders asleep.

Callahan started the trouble. He should have been satisfied to let Moles reach first base, but when the big pitcher saw that the third baseman was not even moving on the play, he raced forward, scooped the ball, and, almost without looking, hurled it across the diamond.

Moles would have beaten a perfect throw; Callahan threw the ball ten feet over the first baseman's head into right field. Moles, rounding the bag like a ghost, scuttled along to second. The Blue Sox right fielder came tearing in, the ball struck the tips of his gloved fingers, and bounded out of his hand, falling ten feet behind him.

Moles, signaled by the coacher on third, crossed second like a rocket, and was almost at third base when the right fielder straightened up and whipped the ball in the general direction of the home plate. He had caught the contagion, and, as the catcher ran back for the wild throw, Moles let out the last link

in his stocky little legs, and slid over the plate just as the catcher whipped the ball savagely to Callahan.

Hardy on the bench found himself repeating:

"We didn't do it! They beat themselves! They beat themselves!"

Catterson was cursing in a whole-hearted fashion; all along the Red bench there was no sign of exultation. High and clear over the muttering in the stands rose the joyful whoop of a lone Red roter:

"There goes your old pennant! How do you like it?"

A loyal home fan reached over and mashed the offending one's hat down over his eyes, and he lapsed into sudden silence, chuckling to himself and muttering now and then under his breath. It was no time for loud hilarity.

Callahan raved; the first baseman threw his glove on the ground, and jumped on it, and the right fielder walked around in little circles, making motions with his throwing arm. Ben Daly alone remained calm. The Blue Sox got the last man on a pop fly, and in dead silence the teams changed sides for the last of the ninth.

Hardy, trotting to his position in the outfield, passed within ten feet of Ben

Daly. The manager was walking slowly toward the bench, his cap in his hand, and it seemed to Hardy that the man had suddenly grown gray and old. There were deep lines in his face, and all the spring had gone out of his step. Hardy wanted to speak to him, but could think of nothing to say, and so wisely held his tongue. It was the boy's first glimpse of a real baseball tragedy, and it hurt him to think that this thing had to happen to a man who had been his friend. He was conscious of a thankfulness that he had had no hand in the play.

In the coacher's box a blue-stockinged warrior was yelling that the game was still young.

"It's not over yet!" he shouted. "Not over yet!" There was no reassuring bellow from the grand stand where the fans were sitting huddled together, still stunned by the magnitude of the calamity that had overtaken them.

Thomas ambled out to the box to face "Budge" Tipton, put in to hit for Callahan. Jaggs could have done no worse. Budge swung at two slow ones, and then popped up a weak foul to the catcher. Harrison, the next man up, took a strike, and then dropped the ball neatly over the third baseman's head

for a single. The fans in the stands suddenly came to life with a sharp cheer. They screamed madly when the Red catcher crooped the next ball and Harrison slid to second. Like a flash the temper of the great sullen crowd changed. It began to roar for blood. Thomas tried to fast inshoot on Kennedy, and Kennedy spun around and took the ball between the shoulder blades. The umpire gave him the benefit of the doubt, and Kennedy jogged down to first base, so much elated that he forgot to limp.

Higher and higher rose the yells from the stands. Thomas' luck was deserting him at last. Turn about was fair play. Gilson, the Red catcher, walked into the diamond and handed the ball to Thomas. The pitcher went back into the box, and discovered that his shoe needed tying. The Blue Sox rooters interpreted all these signs, and yelled to the umpire to make the Reds quit stalling and play ball.

Ben Daly stood at the plate, wagging a short, heavy bat in narrowing circles. Twice he gripped his war club between his knees, patted his hands in the dust, and wiped them upon the front of his shirt. Thomas knew all about Ben

(Continued on Page 24.)

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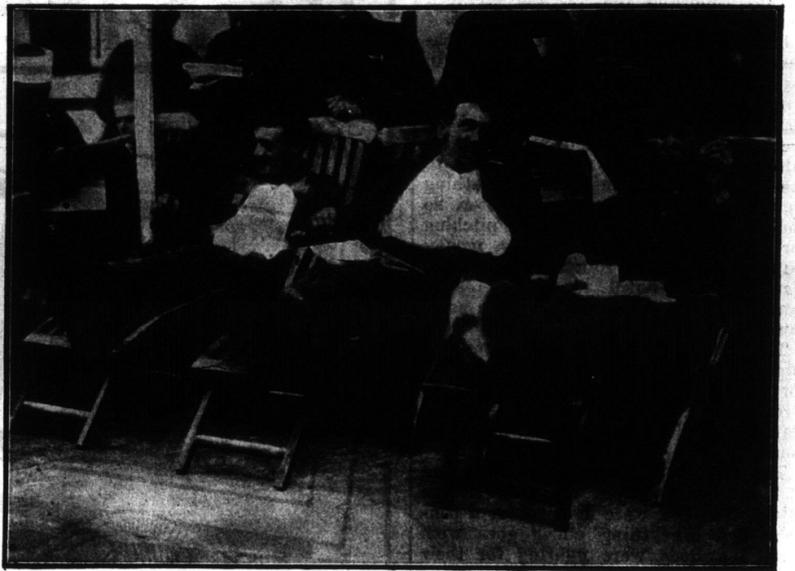
The War and Grain Prices

By Thompson, Sons & Co., Winnipeg

There can be very few people in the grain business to-day, who have had personal experience of the effect which a great European war can have in advancing the prices of grain. During the last half of the nineteenth century there were perhaps half-a-dozen wars or war scares, which radically disturbed the wheat markets, but in the past thirty years, with the exception of the Russo-Japanese war in 1904, there have been no important advances caused by wars, until the present year. Circumstances of course alter cases, and it has depended greatly on what countries were involved, or likely to become involved in a war.

The locality of the production of wheat has greatly changed in the last thirty years. In that time the production and consumption of wheat over the world has nearly doubled. All European countries, except the United Kingdom, have increased their production of wheat, but the great increase has been in Russia, the United States, Canada, Argentina, Australia and India. Most European countries while increasing their produc-

tion to the United Kingdom. So when the Russo-Turkish war broke out in April, 1877, the price of wheat in Liverpool shot up 45c. per bushel; it further advanced 15c., making 60c. per bushel in all, but within a few weeks it dropped 30c. again, and before peace was signed in Berlin in July, 1878, it had gradually declined the other 30c. back to where it stood before the war started. In the Franco-German war of 1870 which might easily have involved some other countries, prices rose 33c. per bushel, and in the short Austro-Prussian war of 1866, prices only rose 12c. per bushel. When the Russo-Japanese war started in 1904, it was feared the Russian ports would be closed, and export stopped, and although Canada, Argentina and Australia had greatly increased as wheat growers, and exporters to western Europe in the previous twenty years, the apprehension of Russian supplies of wheat being stopped, excited the speculative trade at least, and about February 1st that year the markets began to advance, and in twenty-five days, wheat prices advanced steadily 15c. to 21c., and then so far as



British Wounded Homeward Bound. Photo, Underwood

tion of wheat have also increased their consumption in a much larger ratio, and their requirements have been met by increased production and exports from the countries mentioned above. For instance for the year ending July 31st last, the wheat and flour imports into the undermentioned countries have been in bushels of wheat as follows, viz.,

	Bus.
United Kingdom ..	217,368,000
France	49,888,000
Belgium	70,568,000
Holland	78,864,000
Germany	36,928,000
Italy	49,560,000
Spain	13,280,000
Portugal	6,032,000
Greece	9,200,000
Scandinavia	18,016,000
Austria-Hungary ..	8,000,000
Turkey	1,272,000

The southern European countries, owing to their position, have had their requirements met mostly by Russian and Indian wheat while the United Kingdom, northern France, Germany, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries, have been supplied principally from the United States, Canada, the Argentine and Australia.

The foregoing shows in a fairly clear way where the exports of wheat come from, and where they go to, and thus it can be seen that the stoppage of supplies to importing countries owing to war, depends very much on which countries are involved in war.

Previous to about the year 1880, Britain was the only importing country of importance, and the chief exporters were Russia and central Europe, around the Danube country, and any stoppage of supplies from these two exporters was bound to be of serious import especially

the grain markets were concerned the scare was over and prices gradually eased down to a normal supply and demand level again. Three years ago the Italian-Turkish war started, and two years ago the Balkan war was in full blast, and in the latter case the Dardanelles was closed for a time, and yet these wars had no impression on the grain markets worth mentioning. This was just because the countries that needed large quantities of wheat were not involved in these struggles, and their main supplies were coming from other countries also not involved.

Thus, as we have come down the years since 1880, it is seen that the wars and war scares which have arisen, have not had any large advancing influences on grain markets such as they always had prior to that time. But the present European war for extent and far spread territory involved, multitude of men, animals and war machinery employed, and the momentous issues to be worked out to a satisfactory adjustment far transcends any former war the world knows anything about. Seven European nations are now engaged in mortal conflict, and one Asiatic nation is taking a hand in the war, on the side as it were, beside which five daughter nations of the British Empire outside of Europe, are taking an active hand in the conflict. Of the seven European nations engaged in the war all but one, Russia, require to import more or less grain for their daily bread, and for animal food. Thus the situation that has been created by this war is of unusual and intense importance and interest to the grain producer.

We are writing this article with a sympathetic hope and desire, that the information given and conclusions drawn

will be of advantage to our Western farmers. It is of course not possible to forecast to a certainty what the situation will develop for them in the way of material advantage, and one even feels a sensitive hesitancy in connecting the awful tragedy on the other side of the Atlantic, with thought of material advantage to the people on this side.

But in weal or woe the world moves on, and each individual has his work to perform and his duty to do, and who shall say that the result and the recompense, in each differing sphere of work and action are not from the Master's hand? Therefore we study and judge in the range of our daily work and business according to our light and experience, and we would again say that the influence of the present European war to advance grain prices is beyond anything we have ever known. At the time we write it is only about eight weeks since the war began. At that time the price of wheat was below average, so that there was a comparatively low level of price to start from. But as soon as ever the war began, the grain question sprang into front rank importance, and although financial facilities and business enterprise of nearly every kind were blocked or almost collapsed, grain prices shot up at once. In the interval the grain markets have had a variety of experiences with wild ups and downs in prices. Wheat, from the level of eight weeks ago, has advanced as much as 33c. per bushel, and has declined 15c. from the high point and advanced again 6c. or 7c. Up to the present time the advance has been caused chiefly by widespread speculative buying, mostly on the part of the American public and the large commercial demand, though working in much uncertainty as to shipping and financing, has had to pay the prices made by speculative buyers. So long as the war continues, with its uncertainty, and ebb and flow of victory and defeat, speculative trading will be active and we are sure to have quick and wide advances and declines, but a time will come when owing to the actual narrowing of supply to meet demand, prices will advance to a much higher level, and continue so until the supply becomes greatly enlarged. Wheat is not scarce at present, because the new crops of the northern hemisphere have just been harvested, and the first portion of them is moving freely to market, but this year's world wheat crop is at least 300,000,000 bus. less than last year's, owing to shortage caused by unfavorable weather to the crops of Russia, Roumania, Hungary, Italy, France and Canada. Last year's world crop of wheat was the largest on record, and the crop of 1912 was the record crop until eclipsed by that of last year. Two record world's wheat crops in succession, and yet the grain produced by these big crops has all been used up as is seen in the fact that the aggregate stocks of the world's visible supply during the past summer were much smaller than usual. Thus we go into the new crop year with no surplus of old stocks, with a big shortage in this year's production, and on the back of these a widespread war among the principal bread-eating nations of the world. In France, Germany and Austria-Hungary, as well as in the other central European countries, the wheat and rye crops are planted in the fall, and practically need to be sown previous to the middle of November. September and October are the usual months for seeding. With millions of men taken from farm work by the war, many of whom will never go back, the work is left in a great measure to women and children and the old men, so that through lack of adequate labor, the prospect is there will be a considerable shortage in the acreage planted, and much of the work will be poorly done.

Thus, the important question regarding wheat values this crop year, is not what prices can be got on the varying markets of the present time, but what prices may be next summer, and even next fall. The duration of the war no one can foresee but it is almost certain to continue for many months, perhaps even longer than any of us care to imagine, for the allied nations must finish the work of overthrowing the autocratic militarism of Germany, and it may result in a long drawn out war, with the continuance of disorganized conditions in Europe. In such circumstances crops cannot be planted and raised as

usual, but at the same time consumptive demands and waste by war will require more than the usual supply to meet them. Therefore after the usual liberal marketing of grain in America and Canada after threshing this year's crops, there will naturally be a restriction of available supplies, and prices will advance.

In view of this we would advise our Western farmers to go as slow as possible in putting their grain on the market. By all means market during the fall what may be required to get money to pay such liabilities as ought to be paid, say, before Christmas, but otherwise hold for future selling as much grain as possible. In connection with this subject we would point to the strong domestic position caused by the short yield of all Canadian grain crops this year. In an official report just issued at Ottawa from the Bureau of Statistics, the aggregate yield of winter and spring wheat in all Canada this year is given as 159,660,000 bus., against 231,717,000 bus. last year, or 72,057,000 bus. less this year than last. Oats 327,732,000 bus. this year, against 231,717,000 bus. last year, or 72,057,000 bus. less than last year. Barley 37,014,000 bus. this year, against 48,319,000 bus. last year or 11,305,000 bus. less than last year. These figures in themselves, if they approximately represent the actual production, and we have no reason to think otherwise, are sufficient reasons for high prices.

As a rule, it is the part of prudence to be chary of forecasting probable high prices in the grain markets, but in view of present circumstances and conditions, it seems to us there cannot be any mistake in confidently expecting abnormally high prices for wheat and oats during the coming twelve months, not alone from speculative forces but from the actual supply and demand situation, which is bound to develop as time passes, and we will say that it will be no surprise to see wheat go to \$1.50 per bus. in store Fort William and oats to 60c. per bus., and neither would we limit the advance to these figures, for we can imagine developments in the war situation, and in next year's crop prospects which would make these prices seem moderate.

It behoves our Western farmers therefore to use caution and deliberation in marketing their present crops of all kinds of grain and to prepare to put in the largest acreage possible of all grains next year. In conclusion, we would counsel farmers to keep themselves continually informed regarding the course of the markets and market probabilities. They can best do this by frequent inquiry of, and correspondence with, the commission firms that handle their grain business. Information regarding the market situation and the influences bearing on it, with study of the general conditions begets knowledge, and knowledge is power, the power that can be turned into money, or by which money may be saved.

"Why does father go out between the acts, mama?"

"For opera glasses, my boy."

"Why does your new baby cry so much?"

"Say, if all your teeth were out, your hair off, and your legs so weak that you couldn't stand on them, I rather fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."

There is a certain young lawyer in Winnipeg just entered into practice, whose heart was gladdened the other day by the appearance of a prospective client.

The client desired to bring suit against a railway company for damages alleged to have been done property of his on the river front.

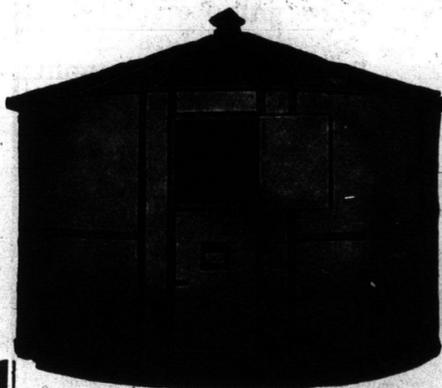
"Your claim appears to be a good one," said the youthful attorney, when the client's case had been outlined to him, "and I think we can secure a verdict without much trouble."

The man seemed pleased. "That's just what I told my wife," said he, "and you she insisted at first that I engage a first-class lawyer."

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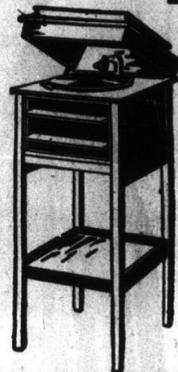
Places either of these Columbia
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THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL WHEN DUE

(Continued from Page 21.)

Daly. He had been pitching to the veteran for seven years. Thomas had many theories about Daly's hitting and only one certainty. He knew that Daly might hit anything anywhere.

The battery signals passed; Thomas was to try a fast drop. The ball broke like a wounded swallow; broke too soon, and striking in front of the plate bounded back to the stand, with Gilson in hot pursuit. Kennedy raced to second and Harrison to third. An insane asylum might have been recruited from the grand stand; the bleacherites were demented with joy.

Out in right field Hardy could barely restrain himself. He wanted to throw his cap in the air and add his voice to the tornado of sound. Only a baseball miracle could cheat Ben Daly out of his pennant now. Thomas was breaking; anybody could see that. At any rate, whatever happened, they could not say the Reds had not been trying.

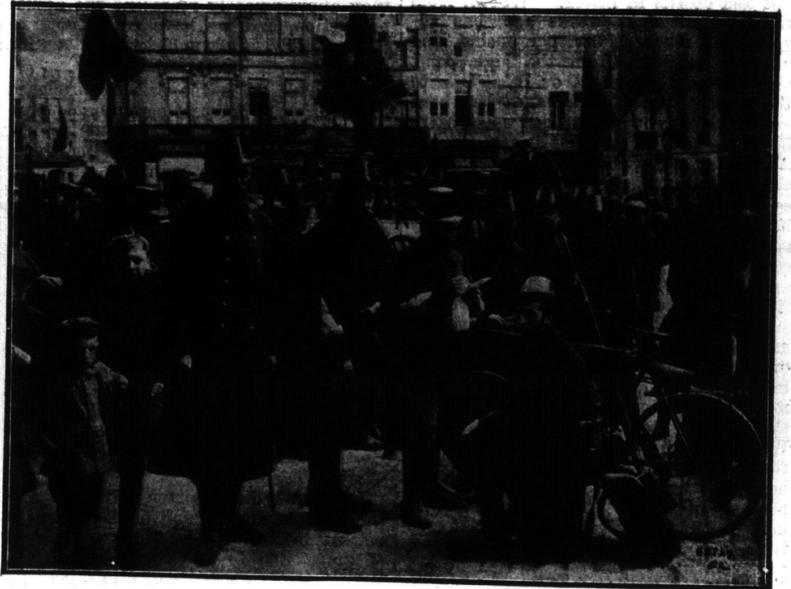
Just then Thomas delivered the next ball; Hardy, following it with his eye, saw Daly shorten his grip on the handle of the bat, and chop wickedly. The next he saw of the ball it was sailing toward him, ten feet over the first baseman's head. Hardy heard a tremendous bellow,

Over the din of the right-field bleachers behind him, the wild, hysterical yells of his old enemies, he caught the ancient refrain, lifted now in triumph:

"Tin can! Tin can!"
So they thought he had no chance, too, did they? Maybe he would show them something about fielding a short hit! That was the spur which carried him over the final forty feet. With one last bound, Hardy doubled forward and dropped both hands to his shoe tops. Something struck the palm of his gloved hand with a stinging thud, the leather fingers snapped shut, and with the triumphant yell of the rooters still quivering in the air, Hardy straightened up and, running a few steps, whipped the ball on a line to Moles, who was waiting on second base. The end of the game and the end of the Blue Sox pennant hopes came with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

In Due Season

For touring in summer,
Though mine is a hummer,
I never put hands to the wheel;
And this is the reason:
I like things in season,
And mine is an autumn-obile.



Antwerp City Guards ready to resist Germans

Lincoln at a Saloon Door

By John Talmadge Bergen, D.D.

Some years ago at a Lincoln meeting among the old soldiers of a Michigan city, one of the battle-worn veterans gave the following testimony: "We have heard what Lincoln has done for all of us; I want to tell what he did for me. I was a private in one of the Western regiments that arrived first in Washington after the call for 75,000. We are marching through the city amid great crowds of cheering people, and then, after going into camp, were given leave to see the town.

"Like many other of our boys, the saloon or tavern was the first thing we hit. With my comrade I was just about to go into the door of one of these places, when a hand was laid upon my arm, and looking up, there was President Lincoln, from his great height above me, a mere lad, regarding me with those kindly eyes and pleasant smile.

"I almost dropped with surprise and bashfulness, but he held out his hand, and as I took it he shook hands in strong Western fashion and said, 'I don't like to see our uniform going into these places.' That was all he said. He turned immediately and walked away; and we passed on. We would not have gone into that tavern for all the wealth of Washington City.

"And this is what Abraham Lincoln did then and there for me. He fixed me so that whenever I go near a saloon and in any way think of entering, his words and face come back to me. That experience has been a means of salvation to my life. To-day I hate the saloon, and have hated it ever since I heard those words from that great man."—Exchange.

which seemed to beat down on him from above, and then he found himself running at top speed toward the diamond.

The boy realized the situation in one sickening flash. Daly had chopped the ball just beyond the infield. Before Hardy there lay the choice of two things. He might "play the ball safe" by taking it on the first bound, but if he did, Harrison would tie the score, and it would take a perfect throw to catch Kennedy at the plate. On the other hand, he might try for a fly catch. Should he get his hands on the ball before it touched the ground, it would be an easy matter to throw to second base and complete a double play. If he tried for the catch and missed, both men would score and the game would be over.

Before he had taken two full strides toward the diamond, Hardy's decision was made, and in that length of time he had weighed his chance of reaching the ball. He would try for the catch, and if he missed it—well, it was baseball to take the winning chance.

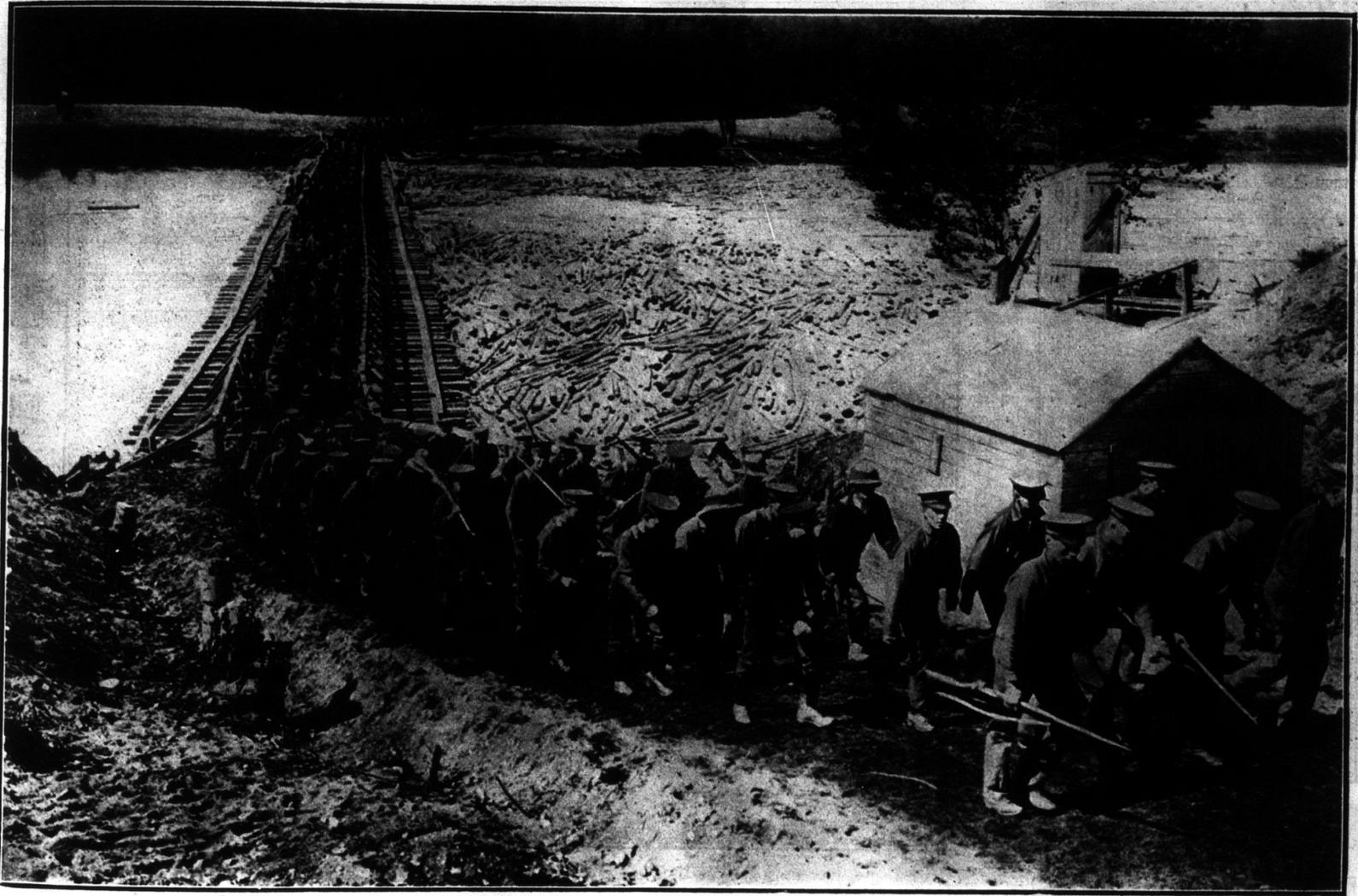
As he raced toward the diamond, Hardy was conscious of the monstrous unfairness of the thing. Why should this play be forced on him, of all the men on the team? Why hadn't Daly popped that ball to centre? It would have been safer there, for the centre fielder was playing deep. Without taking his eyes from the ball, Hardy saw that the coaches and base runners were willing to gamble that he could not make the catch. Harrison was almost to the plate, Kennedy was running down third, watching Hardy over his shoulder. Confound Daly!

Hardy measured the shortening flight of the ball with his eye. He knew if he made that catch it would be the greatest fielding play of his life as well as the most important one.



Western Home Monthly War Illustrations

Showing leading men and incidents in the great struggle being waged by the allied troops of Great Britain, France, Belgium and Russia for the maintenance of honor among nations.



Canadian Infantrymen in the Mobilization Camp at Valcartier. Passing over a pontoon bridge constructed over the Jacques Cartier River by the Engineer Corps



Royal Family of Britain sees Regiments off to the Front



Lord Roberts Reviews War Heroes

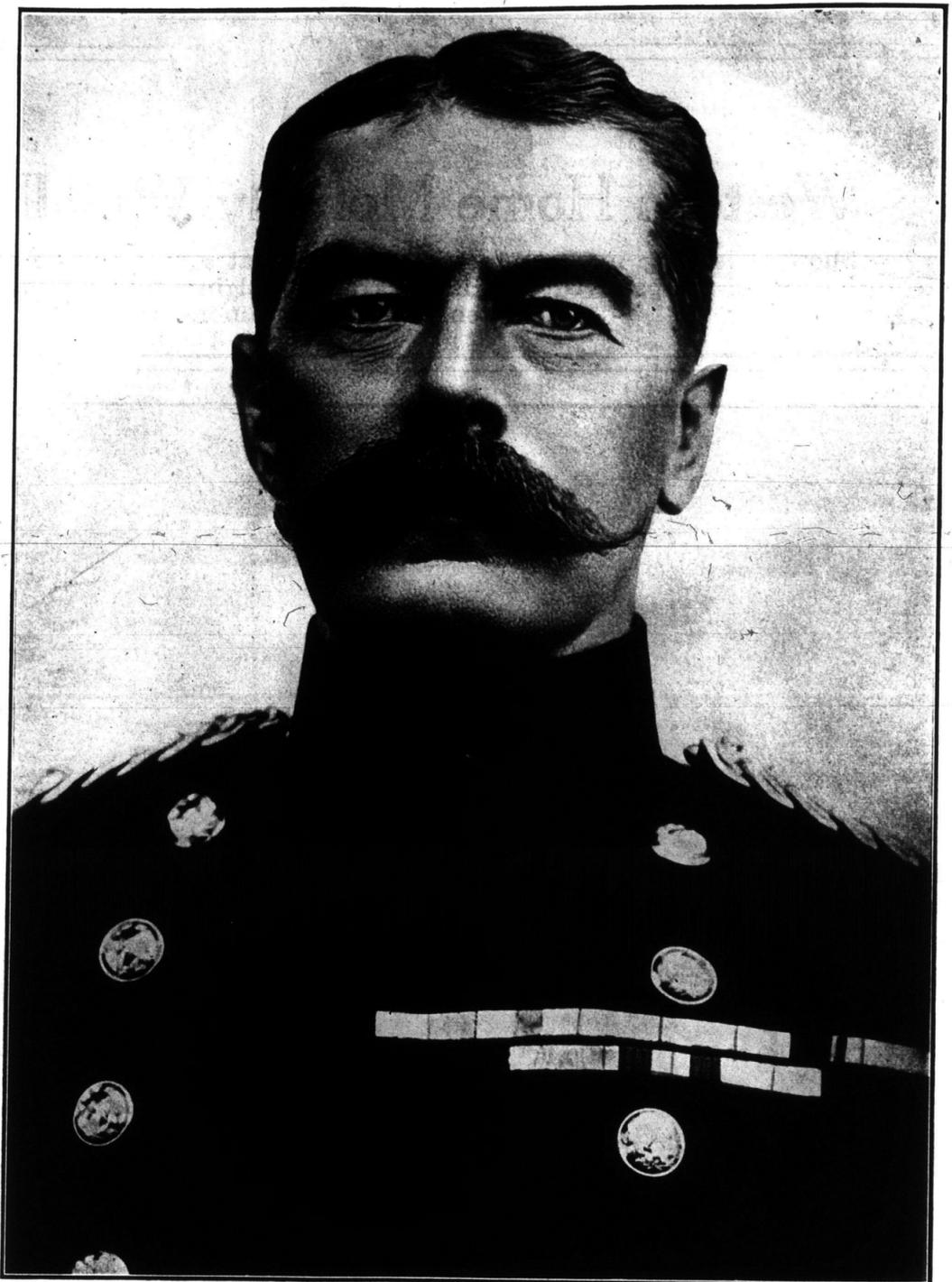
Some of Our Noted Naval and Military Officers



Admiral Sir Berkley Milne, in charge of Naval Squadron



Admiral Sir F. C. Bridgeman, serving under Admiral Jellicoe



Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, Great Britain's War Minister, who enjoys the entire confidence of the whole Empire



Major General Sir Archibald J. Murray, Chief of Staff to General French



General Sir H. Smith Dorrien, leading the 2nd British Army Corps, highly praised by General French. He will be remembered by Canadians as having the Canadian contingent in his command in the South African War



Lieut.-General Sir Douglas Haig; praised officially for his skill in commanding the 1st British Army Corps



Major General Colin John Mackenzie, former Chief of Staff and 1st Military Member of Militia Council of Canada, has taken the field



Woman and the War. Ladies at a London Hotel Sewing for the Red Cross



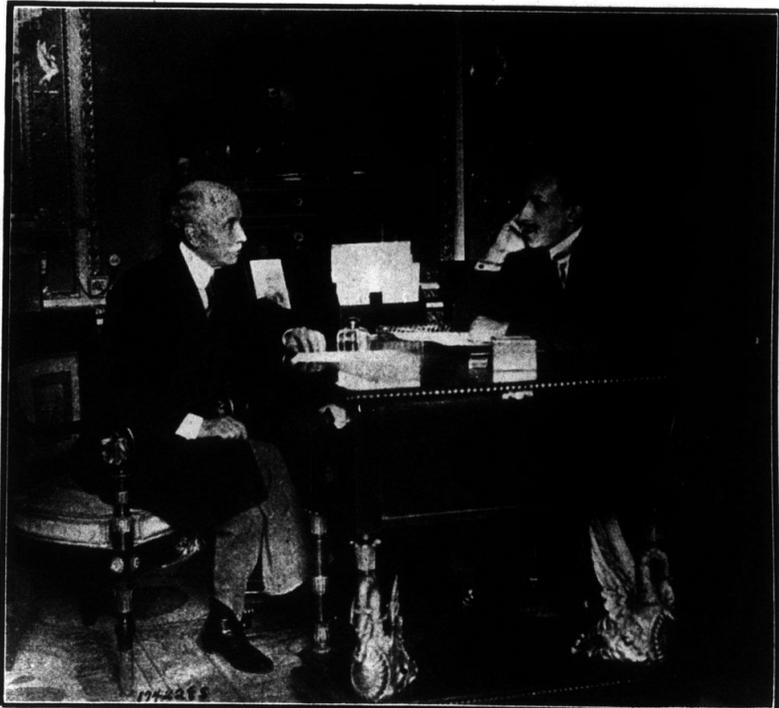
Earl Roberts and Staff



Nicholas II, Czar of Russia



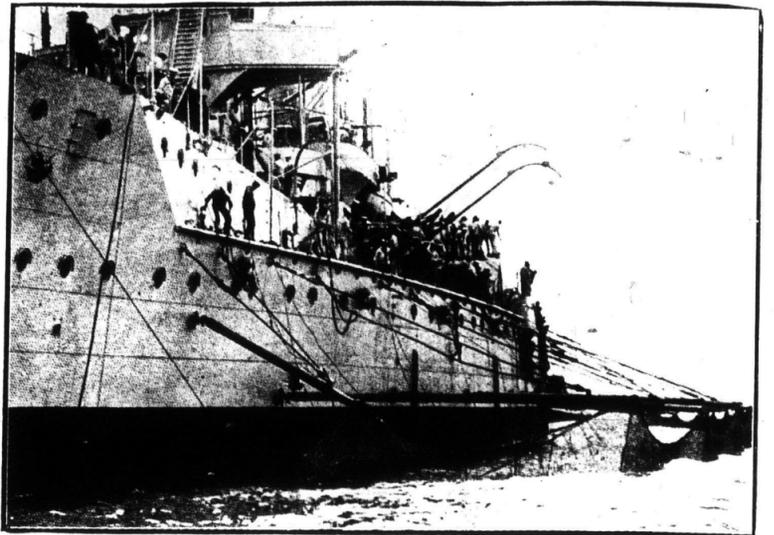
Prince Alexander of Teck, brother to Queen Mary, and named as the next Governor-General of Canada, now serving at the Front.



King of Spain discussing War Problems with his Prime Minister



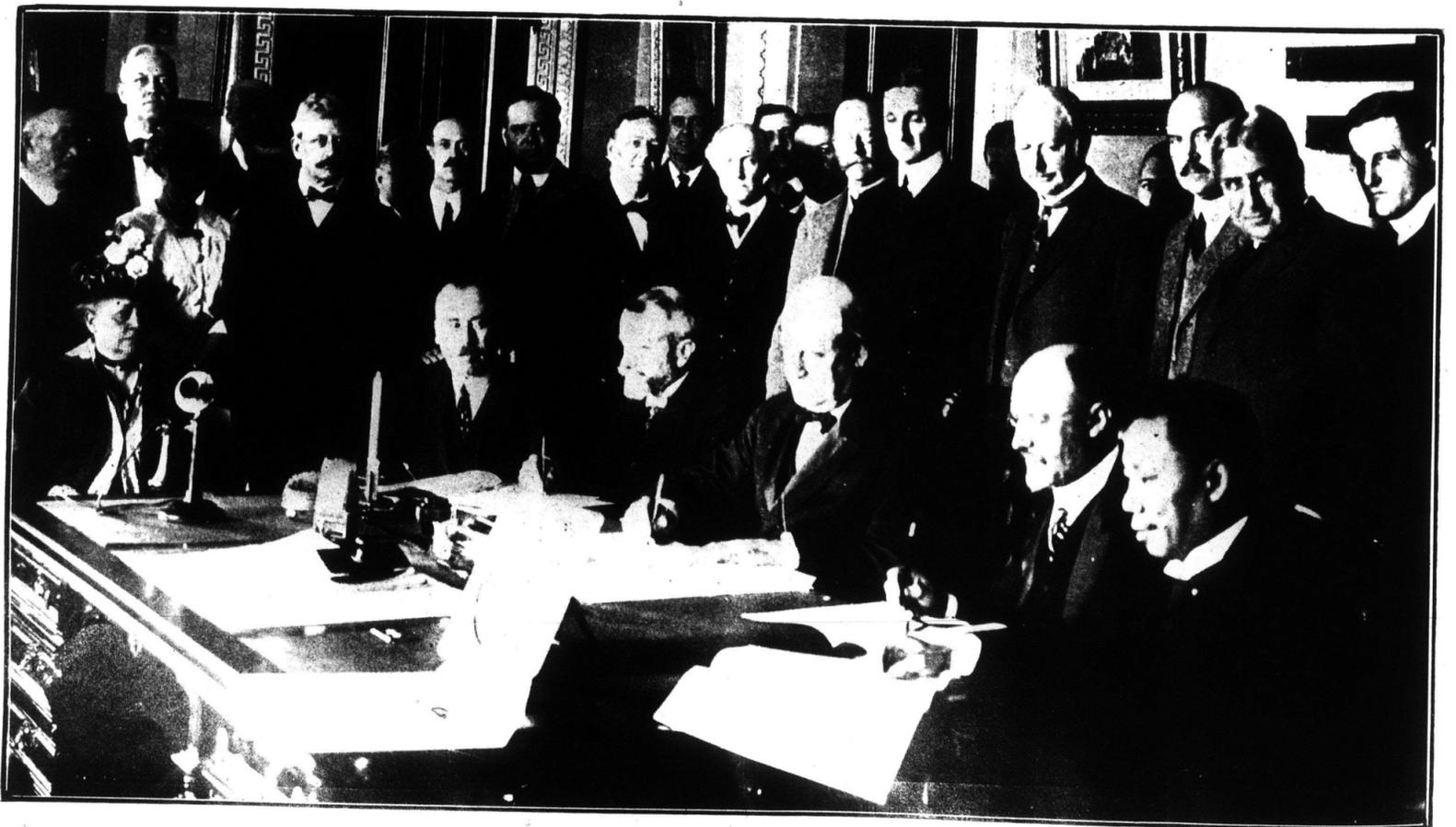
The Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty and the youngest member of the British Cabinet, to whose shoulders the present struggle brings great responsibilities.



"Out Torpedo Nets!" Showing how our Battleships obtain protection by means of steel netting.



A Cavalry Transport. How horses are swung ashore.



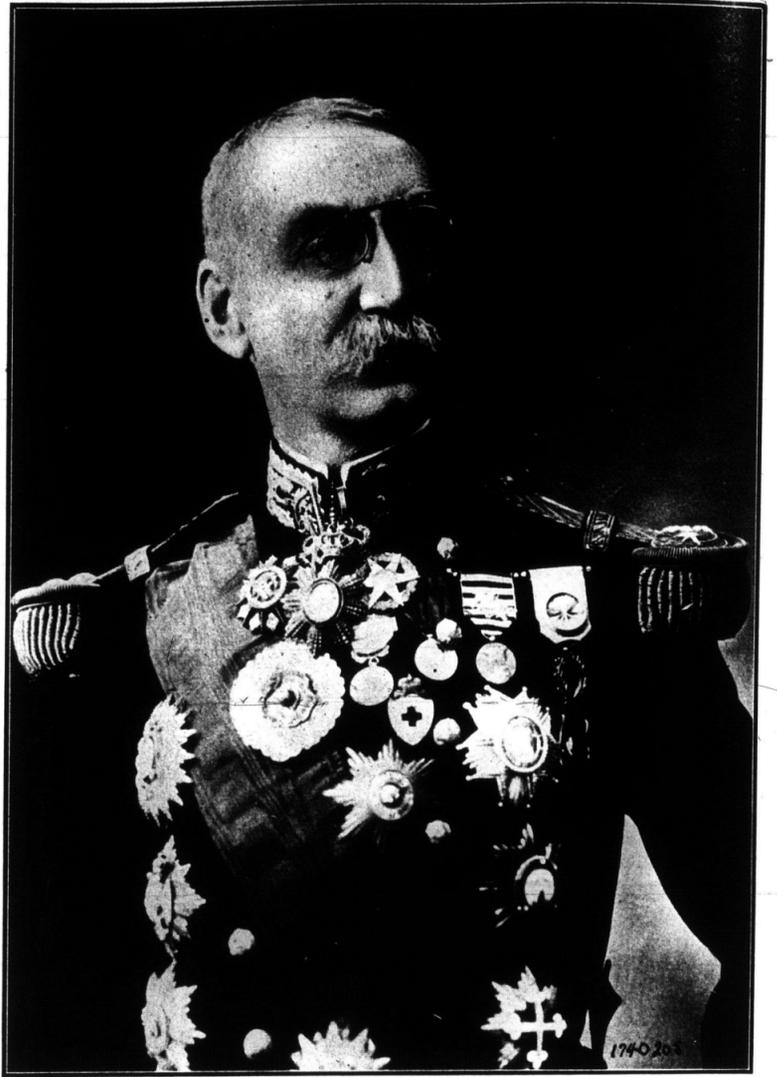
U. S. S. S. Peace Treaty with Great Britain, France, Spain and China, 1911



First wounded British Officer to arrive in England



The Cavalry Non-Com. looks pleasant in spite of his change of steed



Governor Gallieni, Commander of the Defences of Paris



Sir John French, the beloved leader of the British Expeditionary Forces, fighting Freedom's cause with our French Allies



General Pau, a hero of the Franco-Prussian War, where he lost his right arm, now in command of the French



Admiral Sir Wm. Henry May, Second in Command of the British Navy

The bravery and self-sacrifice of the British officer are proverbial, and in the present war nothing could be more glorious than the manner in which he leads, fights and dies.

Not his wounds, painful though they be, disturb the hero of the picture, but the thought that for the time being he is lost to his country and his regiment.

The affectionate regard of the British Tommy for his mate will be a kindly memory of the present fierce struggle. Each for all, and all for each, is the splendid motto.



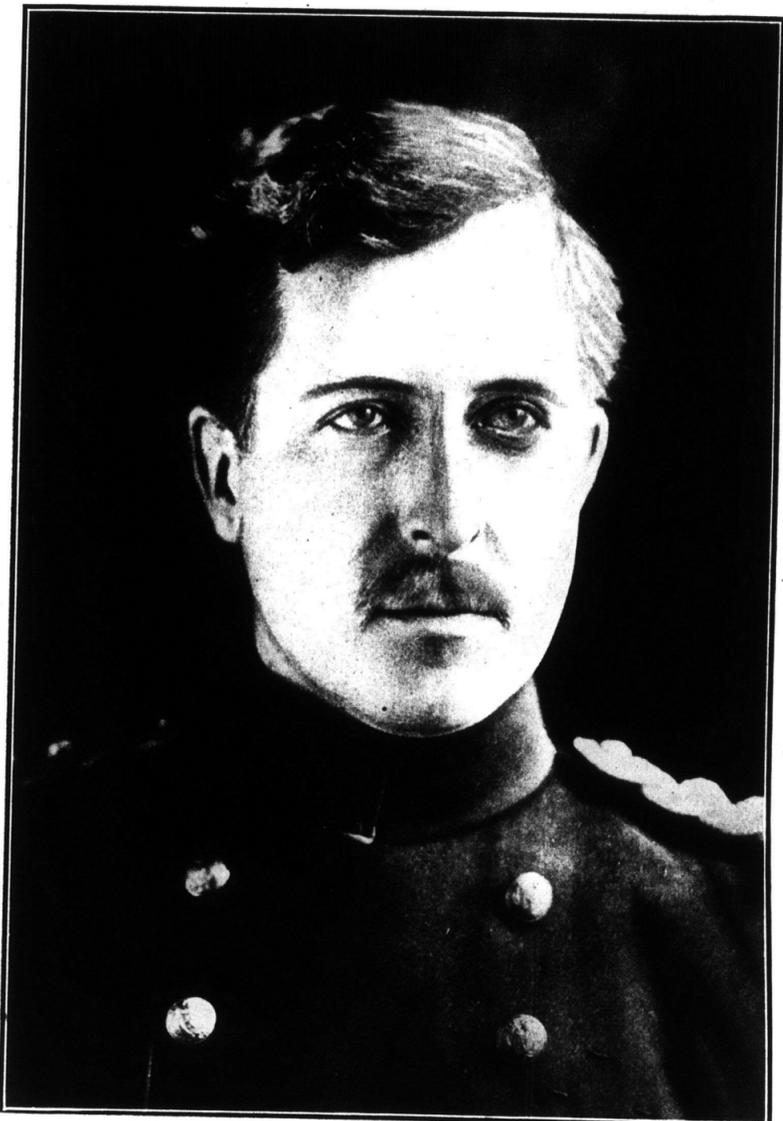
General Baden Powell, a hero of the South African War, and founder of the Boy Scouts, who has called 200,000 Boy Scouts to rally round the colors



Grand Duke Nicolai Nikolayewitsch, Chief Aid to the Czar



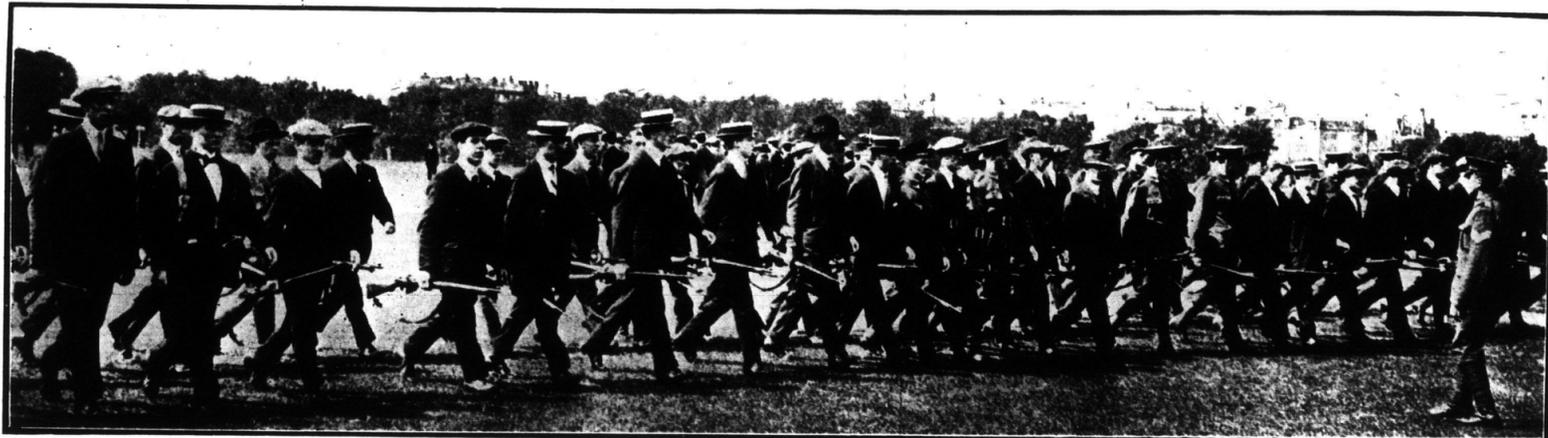
General Joseph Joffre, Commander-in-Chief of the French Army



King Albert of Belgium, who has manfully resisted the Kaiser's extraordinary demands



Famous Parisian Race Track turned into pasture in anticipation of a siege of Paris, which, so far, has fortunately not occurred.

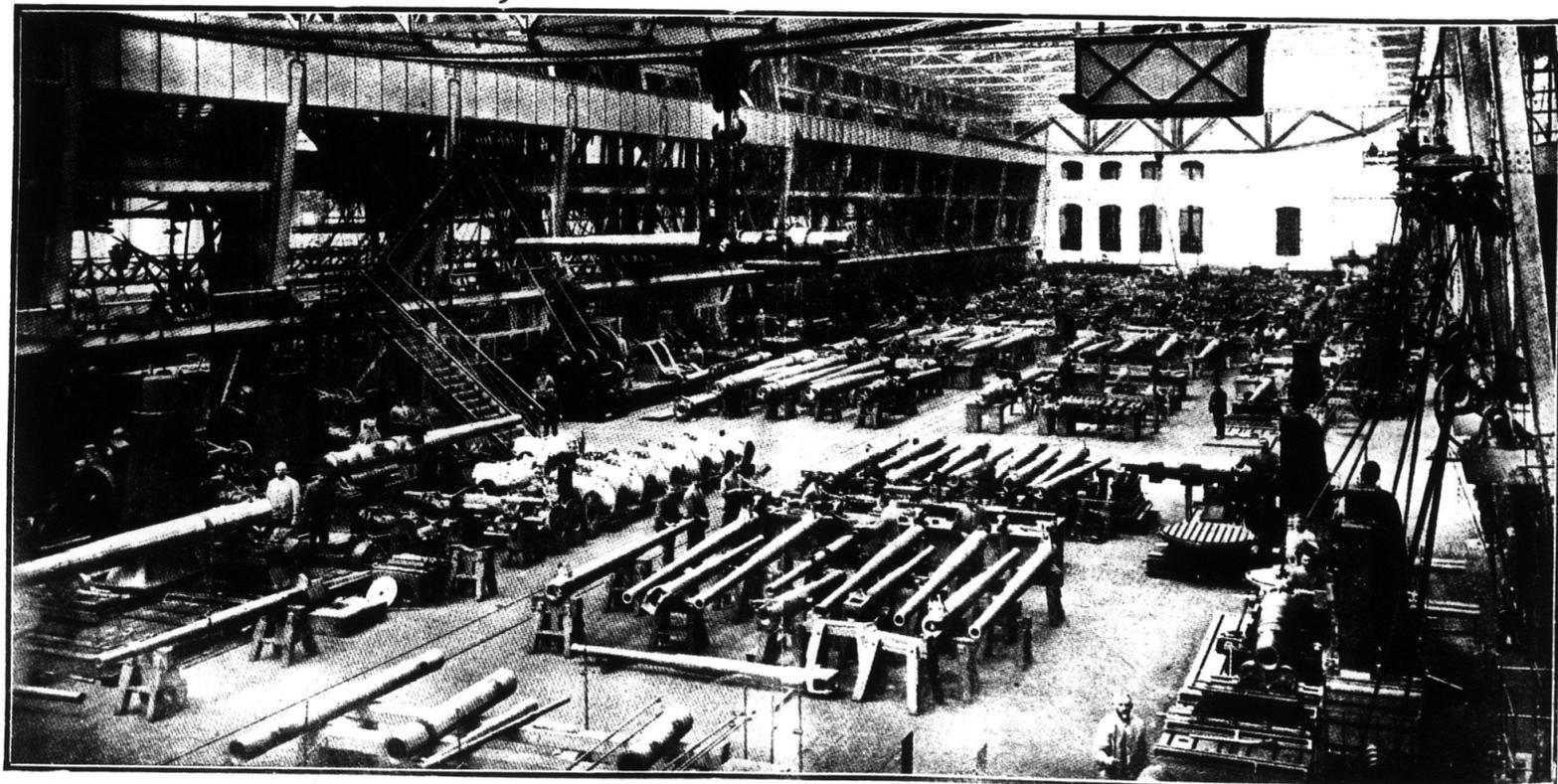


English Recruits who have answered their Country's Call being hurriedly brought to a state of efficiency.

Antwerp. — Homeless families whose homes have been razed to the ground compelled to live in the open in fortified towns.



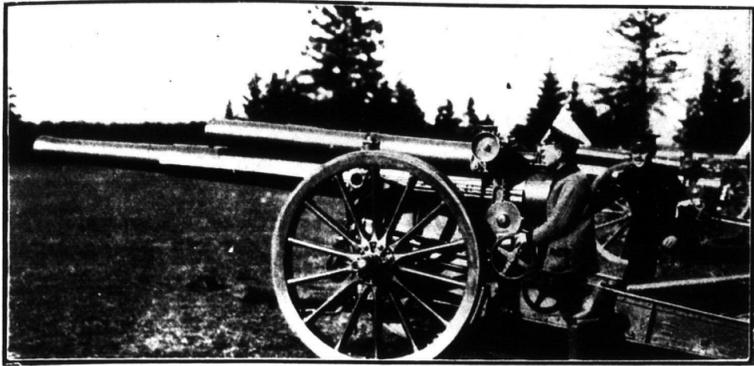
German Submarines in the Kiel Canal, waiting for an opportunity to attack the British Fleet.



Interior View of one of the shops of Krupp, Germany, where the big guns are made.

Canada's reply to the Motherland has been prompt and spontaneous. Over 30,000 Canadian citizen soldiers have been in training at Valcartier, Quebec, for the past five or six weeks. Many of them have already set sail for the Old Land and will soon be at the battle front. Contingent after contingent will follow until Britain's strength in Arms will be as unquestionable as her supremacy on the sea.

Valcartier Camp photos are reproduced by the kind courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.



Valcartier Camp. Showing 60 pounder.



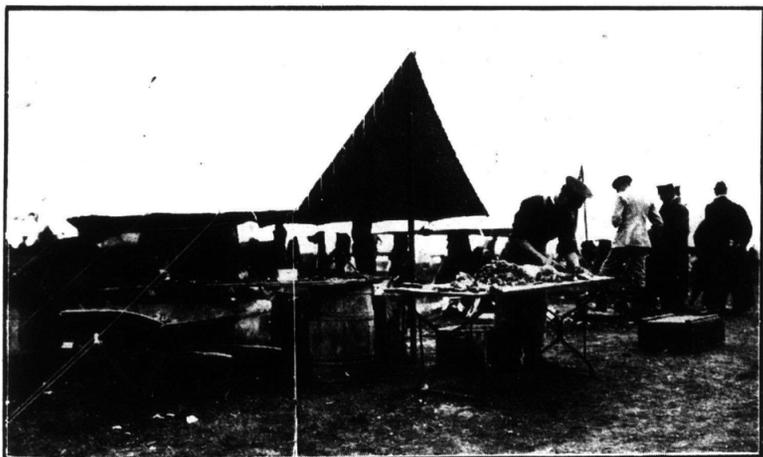
Y.M.C.A. Camp at Valcartier.



This wagon does away with all refuse incinerators cannot handle at the camp.



Valcartier Camp. Section of 11th Battalion returning from rifle practice.



Valcartier Camp. Typical Cook Camp.



Tents at Valcartier Camp run over 4 1/2 miles.



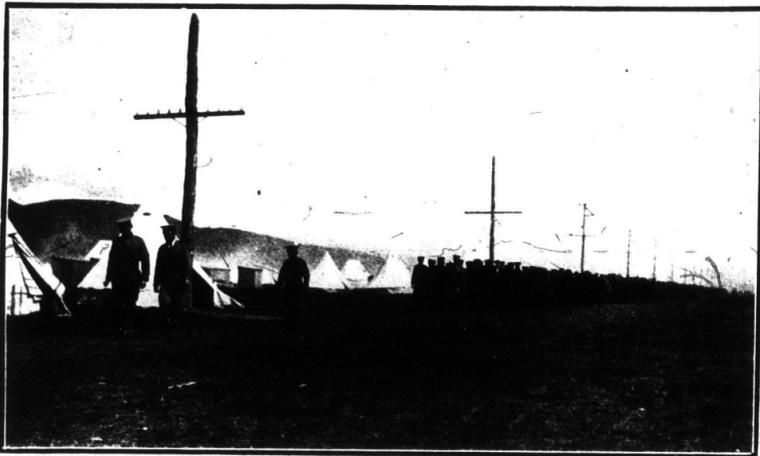
Canadian Officers at Valcartier Camp



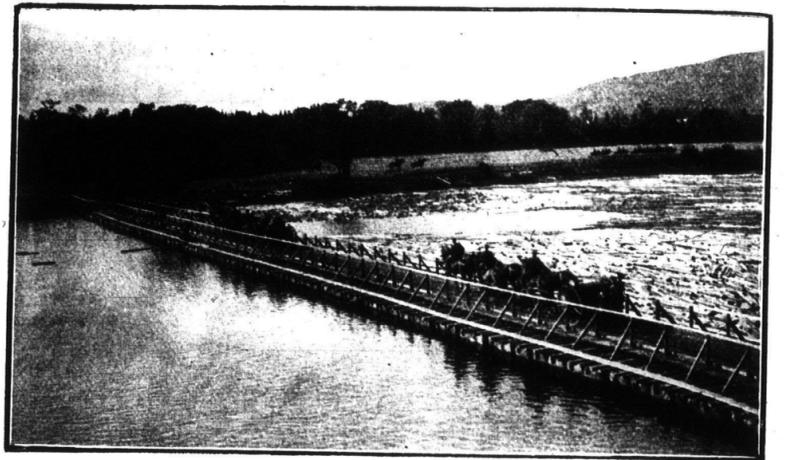
Showing Bridge Guard, near the camp.



Valcartier Camp. Recruits at rifle butts.



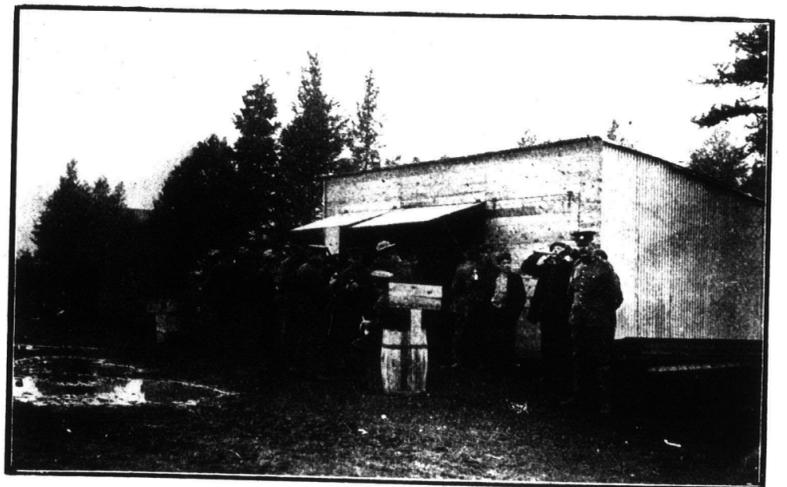
11th Battalion, comprising men of Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw and Prince Albert.



Valcartier Camp. Artillery crossing pontoon, Jacques Cartier River. Pontoon is 350 feet long. Was constructed in four hours by Royal Canadian Engineers, Major Bethune Lindsay of Winnipeg in charge.



A Bugler of the 90th, Winnipeg, sounding Reveille.



Valcartier Camp. On the outskirts of the lines, showing grocery store, type of canteen in use.



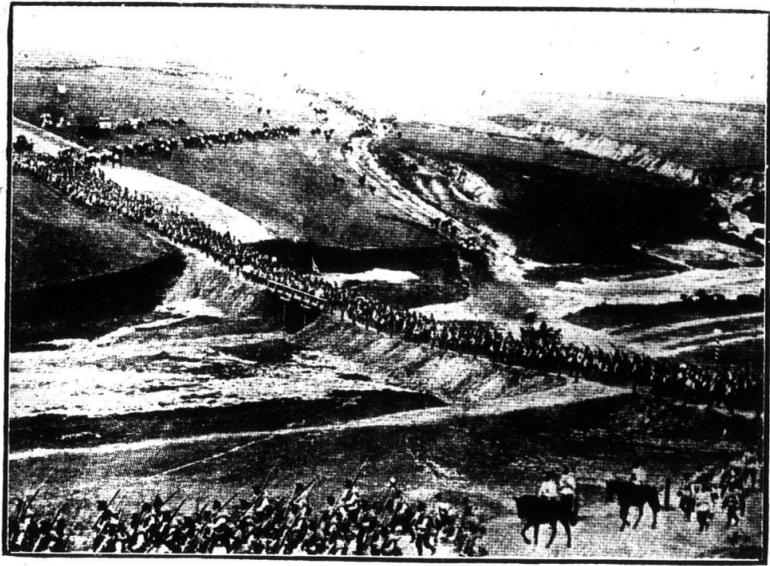
Members of B Company, Strathcona House, Winnipeg.



Valcartier Camp. Getting ready for Sunday service.



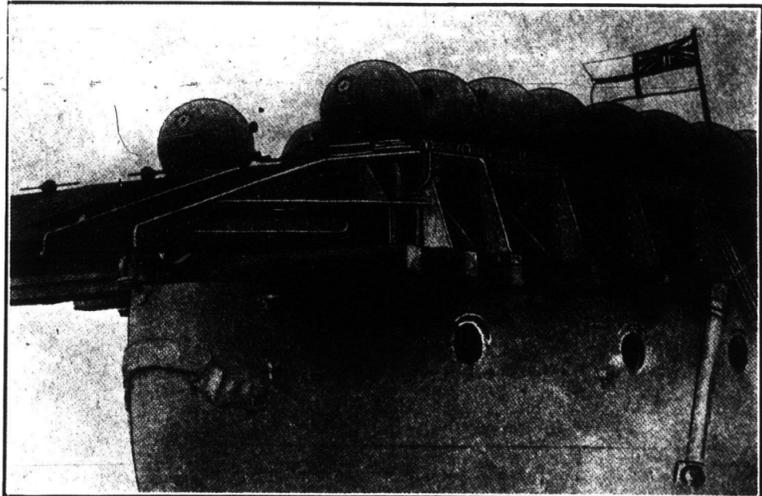
Showing where a German Zeppelin Bomb dropped into Antwerp



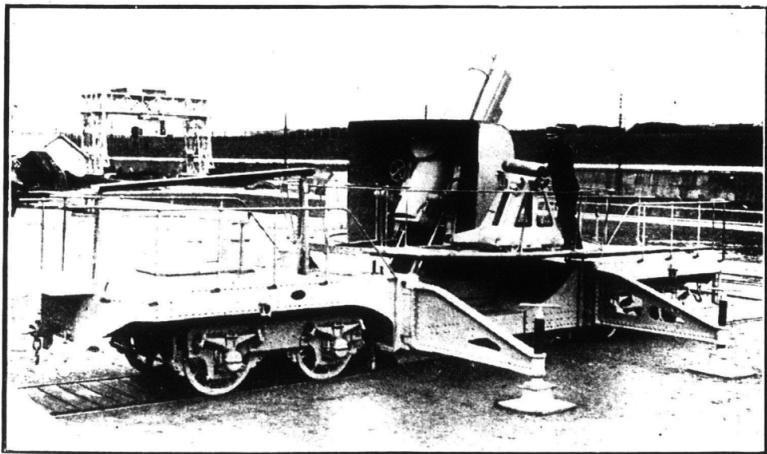
The Russian Army advancing towards Berlin



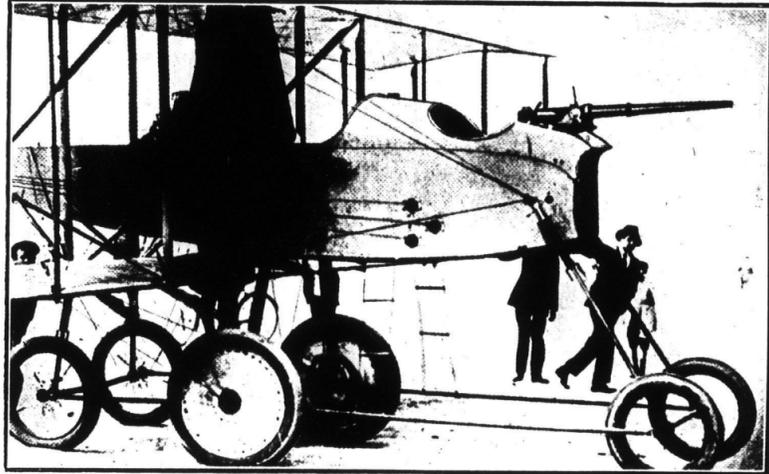
Quick-Firing Guns drawn by dog teams in the Belgian Army



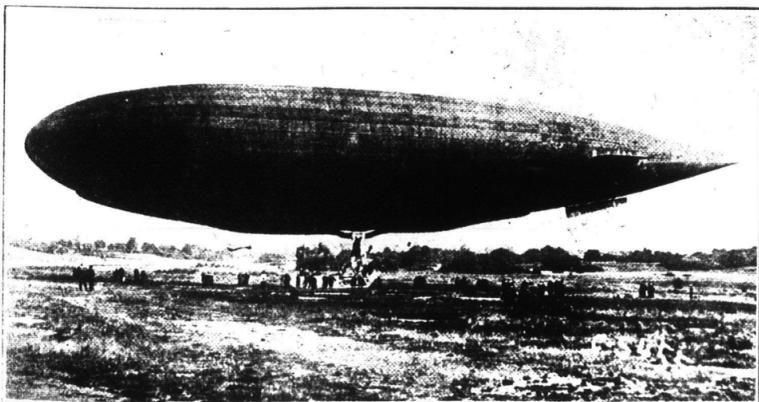
A British Mine Layer. The Mines are carried along rails and lowered over the stern



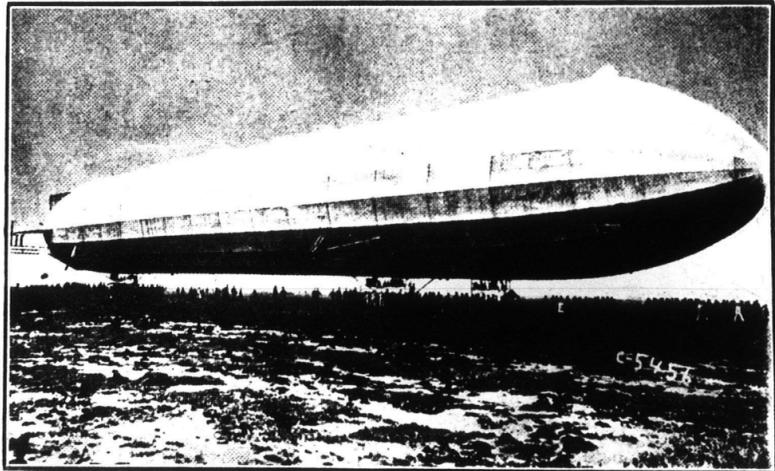
Armored Howitzer used by French in pursuing German Army



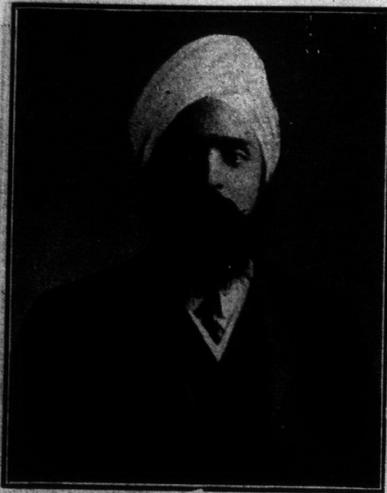
An Armored French Aeroplane



The type of Air Fighter used by the British Army



A Zeppelin. Germany's Air Fighter



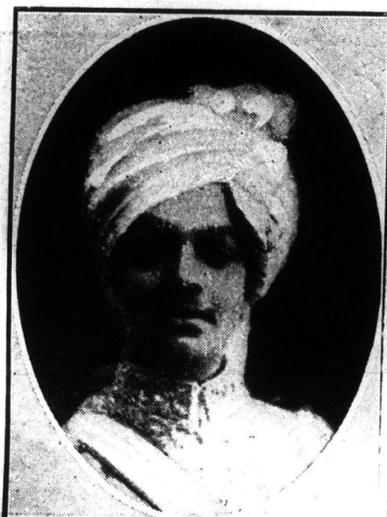
Maharajah of Nabha



Maharajah of Travancore



H. H. Thakore Sahab of Gondal



Maharajah of Jodhpur

The Sovereign Princes of King George's Indian Possessions who have all offered their services, their troops and their great wealth to the Empire in its hour of battle.



Maharajah of Mysore



Maharajah of Alwar



Maharajah of Baroda



Maharajah of Bikanir



A Tiwana Lancer



Baroda's C. in C.

India's Place in the Empire

That veteran Anglo-Indian, so well known in Bombay, Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E. discussing England's mission in India in September "Empire Magazine," says:

"Our mission, judged by the history of the rise, progress and consolidation of the 'Pax Britannica' in India, has obviously been to secure to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland the undisturbed monopoly, and failing that, the absolute freedom of trade with the East Indies—that is, of all those maritime countries from South Africa to China and Australasia, that form across the Indian Ocean the sweeping arch of which India is, in strong hands, politically and commercially the keystone.

"Our purpose is first to insure India from ever again relapsing into the wild and bewildering anarchy of the 1,000 years from A.D. 711 to 1757, during which mad millennium—let Englishmen never forget—the social and industrial and commercial life of India was kept intact simply by virtue of the Brahmanical Caste System, as stereotyped in the Code of Manu and similar Hindu Law Books; and being in India, this duty—this most sacred duty—is imposed upon us, quite apart from our own profit in it, for the greater profit of the people of India.

"What has India done for us? Why, literally everything—everything that has made these islands, on the face of the globe as inconsiderable as the islands that make up Japan, the greatest Empire—in blessing and glory and wisdom and prosperity and honor and might—the greatest the world has ever known. In detail, it started our Royal Navy on its modern basis; it made our commercial marine the carriers for all the world; it created the West-End of London—almost from Temple Bar and Charing Cross; and the West End of Edinburgh; and, again, Cheltenham and Bath and Clifton; and it was the wealth of India, the Nibelung's gold, brought us by our trade with India, that alone enabled us to face and repulse and crush Bonaparte down into the dust, and ship him off and bind him—a second Prometheus—to a before nameless rock in the South Atlantic, to die there like a Bengal tiger in its overlooked and forgotten jungle trap."

A Flower for Food

It is estimated that in the central provinces of India alone 1,400,000 of the native people use the mahua flower as a regular article of food. Though found in a purely wild state in many parts of India the value of the flowers and fruit has caused it to be brought under more or less cultivation. The economic value of the tree lies chiefly in its edible flowers and oil-yielding seeds. The flowers are eaten extensively while fresh, but generally speaking they are dried thoroughly and cooked with rice and other grains. Sometimes they are completely dried and reduced to a powder, and in this condition are cooked in round cakes and mixed with a variety of foodstuffs. Mahua is extremely sweet, and the ability to eat and digest it must be acquired. The art of distilling these flowers is a very ancient one. For the manufacture of spirits the flowers when dried are sold to village distillers or to the government distilleries. The flowers are immersed in water for about four days; they are then fermented and thereafter distilled. If the distillation has been carefully carried out the spirit thus produced is not unlike good Irish whisky. At first it has a strong, smoky and rather foetid flavor, but age remedies this and converts it into a quite palatable though strong drink. The method of distillation is similar to that pursued in all other countries, save that in India it is less scientific and correspondingly more wasteful.

The Real Frontier

Apart from the question of honour and of morality, it appears to me quite obvious that we must stand or fall with France or Belgium, or fall without them. . . . We have lost our insular security; the frontier of the British Empire lies between Germany and France.—Robert Blatchford.

Acts of the Redcoat Apostles

By W. McD. Tait.

No body of men have been more deservedly praised than the apostles of law and order on the plains of Western Canada. The organization came into being at a time of great unrest on the prairies of the West. The buffalo had disappeared from the ranges, and 30,000 "plain" Indians were starving. They blamed the white man for the depletion of their main food supply, and in this state they were dangerous to trifle with. Riffraff from the northern cities of the United States flocked across the border, and traders from the posts of the north-western states crowded in debauching the red men of the Bow and Belly Rivers with bad whiskey.

Law, there was none. An instance of how justice was meted out is seen in a conversation with a trader at Fort Whoopup when a white settler announced to him that the Mounted Police were on their way from the East:

"Hello, where you're goin'?" was the enquiry.

"Oh, I'm busy announcing the advent of the Mounted Police," replied the white settler.

"What's them fellers comin' for?"

"Why, to regulate the country."

"There's no need of that—we do it. You know if there's a real bad man turns up, his course is short; we just put him away. Now there's _____; he was a desperado, but he slumbers at Slide Out; and there's _____; well, we laid him away at Freeze Out."

It was in the early seventies that the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company ceased, and the Dominion Government took over judicial rights in all that vast territory which lies north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude. The ending of the monopoly was the signal for an inrush of adventurers. Gamblers, smugglers, criminals of every stripe, struck across from the Missouri into the Canadian territory at the foothills of the Rockies. Without a white population, these adventurers could not ply their usual "wide open" traffic. The only way to wealth was by the fur trade; and the easiest way to obtain the furs was by smuggling whiskey into the country in small quantities, diluting this and trading it to the Indians for pelts.

Chances of interference were nil; for the Canadian Government was thousands of miles distant without either telegraph or railway connection. But the game was not without its dangers. The country at the foothills was inhabited by the confederacy of the Blackfeet—Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet—tigers of the prairie when sober, and worse than tigers when drunk. The Missouri whiskey smugglers found they must either organize for defense or pay for their fun by being exterminated. How many whites were massacred in these drinking frays will never be known; but all around the Old Man's River and Fort Macleod are gruesome landmarks known as the places where such and such parties were destroyed in the seventies. The upshot was that the smugglers emulated the old fur traders and built permanent forts where they plied their trade in whiskey.

In May, 1873, Sir John A. MacDonald, then premier of Canada, acting on the report of Colonel Robertson-Ross, decided to form a police force to deal with the Indians and whiskey traders from whom he was constantly receiving disquieting rumors. He desired a capable, ready force with as much efficiency and "as little gold lace" as possible. Hence in May, 1873, a bill was carried through the Commons at Ottawa, authorizing the establishment of a force of 300 mounted police in the West.

This force was put under the command of Lieut.-Col. French and was recruited in Toronto, Ontario. Immediately upon organization they started to Fargo, North Dakota, by rail, and made a march to Dufferin. The commencement of their famous march through 800 miles westward to the Rocky Mountains with two field pieces and two mortars, and

relying wholly upon their own transport train for supplies, followed.

Here on October 10th in the very heart of the Blackfeet country, where no man's life was safe, Fort Macleod, the first Mounted Police fort in the North West, was completed. Another force was sent north to Edmonton among the Assiniboines and Wood Crees. The main body turned back across the plains to Fort Pelley, and thence to Dufferin, so that in four months the force had travelled 1,959 miles. These 300 police had accomplished, without losing a life, that which had been declared as impossible without the use of an army—the taking possession of the Great Lone Land. In 1875, Inspector Brisbois built a police fort where Calgary now stands. This was at first called "Fort Brisbois," but was renamed "Calgary" by Colonel Macleod after his old birthplace in Scotland. The spelling became modified to Calgary.

For a long time the chief work of the force consisted in managing the Indians, in acting for them as arbiters and protectors, in reconciling them to the coming of the whites, in stopping the excessive sale of liquor to them, in winning their confidence, respect and even friendship, and in protecting the surveyors who were parcelling out the land from the railway. They had to arrest criminals and law-breakers both red and white. These they were compelled to take to Winnipeg for trial, a distance of over 800 miles and this continued till 1876. They were also deputed to collect custom dues on the American frontier, and while the wars between Indians and American whites were going on across the boundary they were constantly watching the line. During this period they exercised a truly astounding moral influence, not only over the Canadian Indians, but over large bands of American red men, who crossed the line at sundry times.

During a period of agitation and unrest caused by some unpopular legislation dealing with the preservation of the buffalo. Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux Chief, who had massacred General Custer and his men in 1876, tried to stir up trouble amongst the Canadian Indians. Nothing but the firmness, the diplomacy and the constant vigilance of the North West Mounted Police saved the country from an Indian war, with all the horrors that had followed such outbreaks in the neighboring states of the American Republic.

In 1882 the police had become responsible for the lives of many thousands of people and property scattered over 375,000 square miles of country. Trading posts were developing into towns, and cattlemen were bringing in large herds. They wanted to push the Indians from the land and this begot severe resentment. The Indian had become, to some extent, an uncertain quantity owing to the disappearance of the buffalo and his struggle for existence. The Canadian Pacific Railway was building and it was necessary to maintain law amongst the thousands of foreigners at work along the line. These and other considerations made it necessary to increase the force to 500 men. The headquarters at this time was Fort Walsh, near the western boundary of Saskatchewan province but following the suggestion of the commanding officer it was changed to Piles of Bones Creek, now Regina. Permanent headquarters were established there, substantial barracks instead of the log cabins and stockades which existed at other posts, being erected.

Begg, in his "History of the North-West" gives an instance of the manner in which the Mounted Police exercised moral influence over the Indians:

"A small party of Sioux had had all their horses stolen, and applied to Assistant Commissioner Irvine, then stationed at Fort Walsh, to have them recovered. This officer accompanied by a sub-inspector and six men, set out to find the guilty parties, and after scour-

ing the country for some distance, at last located the stolen animals. The following is from the report of Col. Irvine:

"It was a large camp of 350 lodges at Milk River, Assinaboines and Gros Ventres, on a creek near the west end of these hills. I thought it not safe to take the Sioux Indians into the camp, especially after dark, so left my wagon with two men and a Sioux Indian, about two or three miles from the camp, and rode in with sub-inspector McIlree and four men. It was quite dark when I got into the camp. I went straight to the Chief's lodge. It was surrounded with Indians. I told the Chief I knew he had the stolen horses in the camp and had come to get them. He said he did not think his young men would give them up, and that the Americans were very strong, and would not allow any white man to harm them. I told him we could not allow anyone to steal horses on this side of the line, and that he should have to give an answer before I left the lodge. He then said: "When you come in the morning, I will hand you over every one of them." I went in the morning and they handed me over all they could find.

"It would have been impossible for me, with only four men, to have made any arrests; besides, it would have been difficult to have found the guilty parties. However, I gave them a good lecture, and they promised to behave themselves in future."

What an example of moral force! An officer with only five men goes into a camp of a thousand or more warlike Indians, compels them to deliver up stolen property, and then lectured them about the consequences if they steal any more.

An intelligent Ojibbeway trader told Father Scollen, an early missionary among the Blackfeet and Crees that the change after the coming of the police was wonderful. "Before the Queen's government came," he said, "we were never safe, and now I can sleep in my tent anywhere, and have no fear. I can go to the Blackfeet and Cree camps and they treat me as a friend."

The year 1879 was a most anxious time for the police. The Plain Indians were left without any food or resources. In some cases they went over to the United States territory and hunted, for there were still buffalo south of the boundary line. The American authorities, however, ordered them to return, and so they had to face starvation. The Blackfoot tribes, we read, "when visited in 1879, were found to be in a most pitiable plight. The old and infirm had largely perished, strong young braves were reduced to skeletons, their ponies traded for food, their dogs eaten; they were dependent for sustenance on what gophers, mice, and other small ground animals they could find." In the year referred to, E. H. Maunsell found that he lost 59 out of a bunch of 133 cattle. The Indians had taken the pioneer rancher's cattle as a gift from the Great Spirit. Other ranchmen had suffered equally or worse. This called for stern measures from the police. A case where Indians were caught red-handed with fresh meat killed on the prairie, is told by Dr. MacRae in his "History of Alberta." The story is from a report by Superintendent Steele, then in command of Macleod district:

"A party of police under Staff-Sergeant Hilliard, left the Stand Off detachment soon after dark, to intercept a band of whiskey smugglers that our scouts had located about 10 miles up the river. Soon after the police party started they separated, Alexander and Ryan being instructed to scout down the river and cross at the Cochrane's crossing. They then ascended to the high land at the other side, all the time on the alert to catch a glimpse of the whiskey smugglers. Soon after reaching the high ground, Alexander caught sight of something moving in the distance, which on nearer approach proved to be horsemen with two pack animals. The constables immediately gave chase at full gallop, and on coming up with the fugitives discovered them to be Indians with fresh-killed meat.

"As they galloped up to make the arrest, one of the Indians threw his rifle into the hollow of his arm, pointing it at Alexander, and as the constable

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dashed in to seize him fired point blank at his head, the bullet taking effect in the neck. Ryan, seeing Alexander reel in his saddle and imagining him to be seriously injured if not killed, drew his revolver and fired on the Indian, who returned it, one bullet passing very close to Ryan's head, while one of Ryan's shots struck the Indian in the back, passing through his lungs and coming out at his left breast."

Neither of the shot wounds proved serious and both men were able to go around in a few days. The incident shows the danger that these guardians of the law were frequently exposed to in the discharge of patrol duties.

One of the principal reasons for the success of the Redcoats among the Indians was the fact that they recognized that the Indians had rights in the Westland. In Quebec and New England, in Ohio and Arizona, in Mexico and Minnesota, every forward step of settlement has been marked by bloodshed and massacres that are untellable in horror. How the Royal North West Mounted Police averted serious trouble and yet showed the iron hand and iron nerve is well exemplified in the story of Red Crow, Chief of the Blood Indians, as told by Hayden in his "Riders of the Plains:"

"Two members of Red Crow's band were wanted on a serious charge of cattle killing, 'Prairie Chicken Old Man' being the picturesque name of one. Both men were known to be in the Blackfoot camp in the vicinity of Stand Off, and a sergeant and constable were sent out to arrest them. With all promptitude they marched straight to the encampment. Having secured their prisoners they were about to lead them away, when their howls brought a number of squaws and young braves to the spot. There was a scuffle, and the police found their captives forcibly wrested from them.

was a critical one. The minutes slipped by, and the time limit fixed was nearly reached without any sign of the Indians. It was a tense moment for the police as they waited. There was no knowing that they were not in for a pretty stiff tussle. At last, the hour having expired, the inspector gave the word to mount, and the troopers got ready to move, when suddenly a solitary Indian appeared on the brow of the hill. After him came another, then two more, followed by others in small parties, until quite a number were seen to be approaching. Among them was the Chief, Red Crow, himself.

"With the police by their side the whole mob was marched into Fort Macleod, where Superintendent Steele was ready to sit in judgment upon them. Those who had helped in the recapture of the prisoners were dealt with first, and severely admonished for their behaviour. Then Red Crow was summoned to receive a sharp lecture on his conduct. After him 'Prairie Chicken Old Man' was brought in, handcuffed, sentenced, and led out in full view of his friends to the guard room. The second prisoner was similarly served, none of the other Indians daring to lift a finger in defence.

"This sharp lesson had its effect. Red Crow's band was duly impressed, and departed back to their camps with chastened hearts. In consideration of their final good behaviour, however, and of the fact that they had come some distance, the Superintendent made them a few presents of tea, tobacco, and other things before they left. It should be added that 'Prairie Chicken Old Man' and his brother in crime subsequently each received a sentence of seven years' imprisonment."

Begg, in his "History of the Northwest, refers to the Royal North West



Body of Strathcona Horse, of Winnipeg on parade at Valcartier camp.

In the excitement the youthful constable drew his revolver, and a worse riot would have been precipitated had not the sergeant immediately ordered him to replace the weapon.

"Recognizing that it was more discreet to retire for the time being, the policemen returned to Fort Macleod to report to Superintendent Steele. That officer approved of their action in the circumstances, but he had no intention of allowing the Indians to defy him. He accordingly ordered Inspector Wood, Dr. S. M. Fraser, and a non-commissioned officer with twenty troopers to proceed at once to the camp and demand the surrender of the two men. With them went that faithful ally, Jerry Potts, the half-breed interpreter.

"The little company marched out to within a mile or so of the camp, which lay on the other side of some low hills. Then Potts was sent forward to make known that Superintendent Steele required both the men previously arrested and those who had aided and abetted their release. In due time the interpreter returned to announce that Red Crow was smoking his pipe, and would think the matter over. The chief sent word also that his young braves were very excited, a sun-dance was being held and they were getting out of hand. In a word, the old Indian game of 'bluff' was being tried. To this Inspector Wood replied curtly: 'Tell Red Crow that we must have the two men wanted, and those who helped to rescue them, within an hour's time; and Red Crow must bring them in person. Otherwise we shall ride in and take them, in which case Red Crow will have to abide the consequences.'

"When the ultimatum was delivered by Potts there was great uproar in the camp. The young men of the band were worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the dance, and were more in the mood for fighting than before. The situation

Mounted Police in the following language:

"A mere handful in that vast wilderness, they have at all times shown themselves ready to do anything and go anywhere. They have often had to act on occasions demanding the combined individual pluck and prudence rarely to be found amongst any soldiery, and there has not been a single occasion on which any member of the force has lost his temper under trying circumstances or has not fulfilled his mission as a guardian of the peace. Severe journeys in the winter, and difficult arrests, have had to be effected in the centre of savage tribes, and not once has the moral prestige, which was in reality their only weapon, been found insufficient to cope with difficulties which in America have often baffled the efforts of whole columns of armed men."

Major General Selby Smythe, once commander of the Canadian militia, after an inspection of the Royal North West Mounted Police said:

"Of the constables and sub-constables, I can speak generally, that they are an able body of men, of excellent material and conspicuous for willingness, endurance, and as far as I can learn, integrity of character. They are fairly disciplined, but there has hardly been an opportunity yet for maturing discipline to the extent desirable in bodies of armed men, and, dispersed as they are through the immensity of space, without much communication with headquarters, a great deal must depend upon the individual intelligence, acquisitions, and steadiness of the inspectors in perfecting discipline, drill, interior economy, equitation, and care of horses, saddlery and equipment, together with police duties on which they might be occasionally required."

The stability of many individual constables may be seen in the story of a well known mounted police sergeant

who was very badly wounded in the Riel Rebellion. When the surgeon came to see him he was apparently unconscious. After examining the wounded man he declared he would die. The sergeant suddenly opened his eyes and remarked very vigorously: "You're a blankety blank liar". The badly injured man duly recovered, and still is in the land of the living.

Hunting the Crocodile and Alligator With an Account of their History and Habits.

By Colonel Nicholas Pike.

At an early period of our planet there existed upon it a gigantic saurian perfectly adapted to live both on land and in the water. Armed with huge jaws and claws, and encased in a coat of mail, he was a horrible, snakish, savage-looking reptile. Some of them were of immense size, one, to which Dr. Buckland gave the name of "Megdosaurian," (Great Lizard), was one of the most remarkable marine crocodiles ever known to have existed. It was formed somewhat like a crocodile of the present day, especially that now found in the River Nile, the teeth being almost identical. They are said to have been seventy feet in length. There was another terrible monster among the numerous denizens of the deep, with a thick coat of mail, and armed with massive jaws, filled with tremendous teeth, which it could open to a distance of six feet. These animals were thirty feet or more in length and must have been fearful monsters. Scientists find their impressions in the rock, and have restored, classified and named them.

The alligator and crocodile are all that are now living and left to us characteristic of these primeval times. They are found in tropical, and semi-tropical countries, such as Egypt, the burning coast of Africa, on the torrid banks of the Senegal, the Nile and the Gambia in the Archipelago of the Mothucas, and the Antilles, where the sun maintains an everlasting reign, also in the intertropical solitude of America. The crocodiles of America are all inhabitants of fresh water, and are extremely carnivorous. They are unable to swallow their prey in the water, and so drown it, and suffer it to remain in some aquatic cavity until it putrefies before they eat it. They are not gregarious! If found together, it is only because they are drawn by the want or attracted by the same bait. If they ever defend themselves in common, it is only when they are attacked in common. The females are more numerous than the males.

The Egyptians tamed the crocodile and looked upon it with reverence, as they held it sacred. They embalmed and placed it in their tombs, and used it in all of their religious ceremonies. Toy models were made of clay and given to the children to play with, and these models are found perfectly preserved in their tombs at the present day. On the western coast of Africa the negroes procure the young crocodile and bring it up in such a manner that it becomes so gentle that the children play with it, and I have seen them riding on its back.

The alligator differs from the true crocodile in the shorter and flatter head, the existence of cavities or pits of the upper jaw, into which the long fore-teeth of the under jaws are received. They are also less web-footed. The head of the alligator is broader, and the snout more obtuse. They are less aquatic, and are nocturnal, making a grunting noise at night. They show much affection for their young ones, although the males often destroy large numbers of their offspring from the time they leave the egg until they are three months old.

There are several species of these saurian reptiles and some of them grow to a large size from a few feet to twenty or more. They are all ferocious, and will attack man. The most ferocious and dangerous brute of this genus is found in the United States. The food of the crocodile and the alligator is the same. They are very fond of fish, flesh and fowl. The crocodiles of the African Coast and islands of the Indian Ocean

formerly destroyed an immense number of turtles that came to the shore from the sea to deposit their eggs, as I found their bones in great numbers in nearly all of the islands of the Seychelles group. They will destroy and eat any animal, even man, when hungry. The manner of taking their prey is curious. If a living object is behind the alligator he will bring his tail round the victim with the rapidity of lightning and whip it into his capacious jaws in a moment. When he wishes to catch a fish he places his body at a suitable distance from the shore, and, as soon as the prey comes between him and the land, the body is curved, the tail run ashore, and the mouth opened wide under water, the ensnared fish having no chance to escape, except running the gauntlet of the terrible jaws.

The Indians on the Orinoco River, South America, assert that the alligator previous to going in search of prey always swallows a large stone, that it may acquire additional weight to aid it in dragging its prey under water. Bolivar, the traveller, related this to a companion, who was somewhat inclined to disbelieve it. To prove that there was really something in the stories related by the Indians, Bolivar shot several alligators while in the presence of his friend, and in all of them rocks were found, weighing according to the size of the alligator. One immense fellow, over seventeen feet in length, had a stone in his stomach as large as one man could lift.

During the mating season the male crocodiles fight terrible battles, and I have known them to kill each other. The males are fit for generation at ten years of age, and the females at eight or nine years. The fecundity of the latter seldom lasts above five or six years. The laying takes place in March or April. From thirty to forty eggs are deposited in an excavation made by the female. They are deposited in layers, each of which is covered with earth carefully. These eggs are white, and about as large as a goose egg, hard and small compared with the size ultimately attained by the animal itself. The excavations for the eggs are generally made near the banks of the rivers or lagoons which they inhabit, and are left to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The young ones issue from the eggs at the end of the month. They are ten to nine to ten inches in length. The growth continues for more than twenty years, and some of them get to be at least twenty feet in length in that time. The females always guard their nest during incubation faithfully. One species of crocodile uncovers her eggs the precise moment of exclusion. A very curious circumstance connected with some species is, after depositing the eggs, they diligently seek some small animal, which they destroy and place near the nest. This is done in order that the carcass may be in a state of putrefaction, and serve as food for the young when they emerge from the eggs.

One of my servants, an old Mozambique, who was a close observer and knew the crocodile well, informed me that he had killed many with a spear. He once saw a mother gather her brood of young crocodiles around her, and, after taking a quantity of nutre-fied carcass of an animal she had provided, threw it off her stomach and the young ones greedily devoured it. He was positive that this was a common habit, and that the mother guarded and provided for her young till they were strong enough to take care of themselves.

The eggs are said to be good eating, and are esteemed by all the colored race. While at Madagascar my servant brought quite a number to my "Hangar," and they were cooked in different ways, and served at table, but they were so impregnated with a strong musky odor that I refrained from tasting them. They were, however, deemed a great luxury by them, and I was informed that all through the East, where these animals are found, their eggs are diligently hunted for.

The Africans are all fond of the tail of the crocodile, as are also some of the white race in the South, who hunt it for food.

Alligators in tropical America attain a great size, one having been killed at

Demerara measuring twenty-eight feet in length. The true crocodile is also found in tropical America, and is by far the most ferocious of its genera. It is also bold and defiant, and is not the cowardly brute that many think. My experience with them shows that they are as intelligent as a dog, and can be tamed if taken when young. While residing in Southern Africa, some years ago, I captured a number of young crocodiles. They were carefully brought to my home and placed in the garden, which was well walled in. Most of them I killed and preserved for scientific purposes and some I gave away. Two I retained, and under my treatment they thrived well. I kept them until they were four years old, always feeding and caring for them myself, and not allowing anyone to go near them. They would come from their hiding-places near a running brook, which passed through the grounds, and feed out of my hands. They would answer my call when some distance from me, as they knew me as well as a dog would his master. They were averse to strangers, and would generally hide from them unless I was present. I could handle them with impunity. One day some boys teased them, and one was badly bitten, and I was obliged to part with my pets, much to my sorrow.

During my visit to the great island of Madagascar, my "Hangar" was very near a small lagoon that was fringed with reeds and shrubs, except a small, bare place just in front of my home. Women used to come hither to wash their clothes. One morning, while a young woman was thus employed, her child, eight years old, was playing near the margin of the pond, when a large crocodile seized and made off with it, and soon disappeared below the water.

deep burrows at the approach of cold weather, generally on or near the bank of the river or lagoon which they inhabit. They become quite torpid, and remain without food in their hibernaculum through the winter months, and do not leave it till the warm rays of the sun call them forth. The crocodile during the summer, more especially after they have left their burrows, utter loud bellows, as powerful as that of a bull, and which cannot be compared with any other cry. They can be heard in great numbers, replying to each other at evening, causing the marshy forests to re-echo with frightful din. This is so great sometimes that it prevents one from sleeping in the neighborhood. They also make a loud noise by striking their jaws together, and this may be heard at a very considerable distance. The rattling of the jaws often takes place in the daytime, and the motive of the animal for making it is by no means apparent.

There is a difference in the habit of these great saurians. Those that inhabit rivers are far more destructive and fearless than those living in lagoons. The natives of Ceylon hold the former in great terror, while with the latter they run great risks which often prove fatal. Some of the large rivers, southeast in Ceylon, abound with ferocious crocodiles, and the natives fear them so much that they enter the water very reluctantly. In some parts of the country large lagoons are set apart for the express purpose of caring for great numbers of crocodiles. They are fed and loaded with favors. Hundreds of them may be seen lying side by side, basking in the afternoon sun. No one dares to molest or injure them, for they are held in great reverence by the natives.

The crocodile biporcatus (Cuvier) used to be numerous in the Seychelle Islands.



Westerners waiting their turn at the Rifle Butts, Valcartier Camp.

The mother was frantic. When I told her I would kill the brute she would not listen to it, and implored me not to do so, and not to molest it in any way, as the evil spirit would haunt the family. She said that the brute was endowed with supernatural power, and it was certain death to some one of the family if I should carry out my intentions. I had quite made up my mind that such a dangerous brute should not be allowed to remain so near my house, as he might gobble me up some time when off guard. One morning early, when all was still and painfully silent, I took my stand a short distance from the open spot on the shore. After making my dog fast to a young sapling, giving him cord enough to move about, I hid behind a bush and waited. In a short time the barking of the dog brought a number of these brutes to the surface. One was a very large one, and evidently the child's destroyer. He came boldly to the shore, and, with his body on the land and tail in the water, gave me an excellent chance of killing him. I was not fifteen feet away when he raised himself on his forefeet and looked square at me, for he had discovered me and was ready to make a charge. I took deliberate aim and fired, killing him instantly. When drawn from the water where I could have a full view of him, it made me shudder as my servants opened his capacious jaws—filled with terrible teeth—to think that I might in an unguarded moment have met with the same fate as the poor child. This brute measured fifteen feet. It is strange what terror these animals give to the inhabitants of the East; they inspire so much awe and reverence and superstition that the people do not dare to raise their hands against them.

The crocodiles and alligators make

When I visited this group, in 1870, I carefully looked for this species without success, and was informed that the last one seen at Mahe was killed a few years ago and the basin near the village where it took place was shown me. Some years ago an English gentleman, residing at Johanna, an island about four hundred miles south of the African coast, was walking on the beach and he saw an object swimming in toward the shore. He watched it, and finally it reached the shore and landed in safety. It was a large crocodile, and appeared much fatigued, as it could scarcely crawl over the sand. As soon as the man discovered what it was, he determined to destroy it. Hastening back to his "Hangar," he procured his rifle and ammunition, and called to his assistance two of his servants, who also armed themselves. They immediately repaired to the spot, but the animal was gone. A search was at once made, and after awhile they concluded that it had taken to the water again. One of the servants was intrusted to look carefully along the shore. After a long and diligent search, it was found half buried in the sand. The others were notified and were soon on the spot, and preparations were made to shoot it. As it remained motionless one of the men approached a little too near, and was seized by the leg and taken into the water. The servant, being a Mozambique and somewhat familiar with the animals, had presence of mind enough left to run his finger into the eye, which caused him to let go his hold. As the water was shallow the man, though severely wounded, attempted to reach the shore, when the brute seized him a second time. During the struggle the gentleman entered the water and sent an ounce bullet into its vitals, and the poor fellow was released a second time

and brought to the shore. The animal was a monster and very tenacious of life, struggling and dashing about for some time, and it was not until more shots were fired into him that he gave in and expired. When beached he measured sixteen feet in length. His tail gave good food to twenty-five people. Where did this animal come from? Could he have swum from the African coast, the nearest point where they existed? This species was once common in all the islands of the Indian Ocean, but is now becoming extinct, and it is not long before it will be a thing of the past.

There are various ways of hunting these animals. The first time that I ever saw a crocodile killed was at Ceylon. We made a party composed of six stalwart Gold Coast negroes, who had hunted wild beasts of all kinds, and were familiar with the crocodile. We repaired to a lagoon where they were plentiful. The negroes all had long spears, and two of them carried small iron bars, about four feet in length. These bars were sharpened at both ends. When an alligator is found basking on the bank of a river or lagoon, a number of natives approach from all sides stealthily, and attack him with spears. One or two of the number, who are armed with the sharpened irons, advance immediately in front of him. As soon as he discovers those in front advancing toward him he becomes furious, and makes for the one nearest him, who stands firm with the iron rod in his right hand extended. The brute, with mouth wide open, rushes madly on, and when near enough the iron is dexterously inserted, and as the jaws close the irons completely impale him, and he is rendered harmless, and is soon dispatched with spears.

Ceylon is the home of the crocodile. They are met with around the margin of ponds and rivers, and lie concealed under the thick grass and reeds, ready to seize man or beast at a moment's notice. Sportsmen who go on the lakes and rivers have two boats lashed together, and they sit on an elevated seat in the middle, as crocodiles have been known to frequently whip persons out of a boat with their tails and take them below the water. Although they swim alongside the boat, they are very shy when out of the water. When at Ceylon a party was made for me to have a day with the crocodiles—a good old-fashioned hunt, with a determination to make a good bag. The lagoon we were to visit was full of crocodiles. Two double boats were procured, as there were six in our party, including our two boatmen. These boats were lashed together with ropes, and two persons only could sit on the elevated seat of each boat. The boatman was well protected by being seated at the back of the elevated seat, where he used his paddle to propel the boat. Our rig was unique, but one of safety. Then equipped with double-barreled rifles, with plenty of ammunition and with resolute hearts, we launched our boats upon the lake. It was near midday—all nature was smiling! Not a ripple on the surface of the water, and not a sound could be heard to mar the stillness of the hour.

Out we paddled upon the bosom of the placid lake. No signs of game, no moving object could we see. All nature seemed at rest. After paddling about for some time, our boatman and guide informed us that it was doubtful if we should meet with game on the water before the afternoon. We then concluded to proceed to the other side of the lake, and were some time in reaching it. We landed on an open, sandy spot, with tall grass and a few small shrubs growing round it, which appeared to me to be a general landing-place for these brutes at night, as there were distinct trails made by them in the sand as they crawled over it.

We hauled our boat from the water, and seated ourselves on the sand to smoke our pipes and take refreshment. My companion thought he would like to explore a little in the neighborhood, and, securing his rifle, he sallied forth alone. He had not gone one hundred yards before he halted, and turning around to the party seated together on the sand, called in a low tone of voice for me to join him with my rifle. In a minute I was by his side. He pointed out a long, dark object, lying half-hidden in

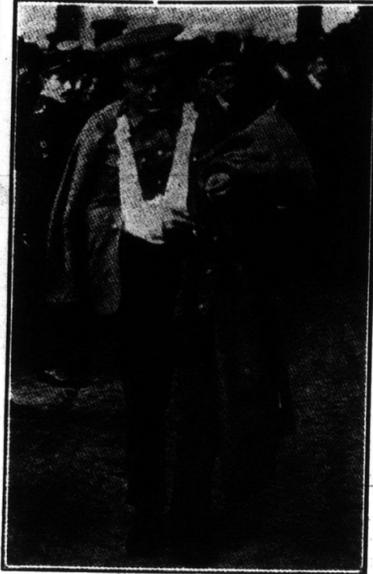
the tall grass, reeds and rushes. I suggested that we shoot it at once, but my friend thought at first it would not do to molest him, as it was the most terrible beast he had ever seen. When I insisted that we advance upon him and fire simultaneously, he finally agreed. We both knew the animal, and were well aware that great caution must be observed. He might be wide awake and playing possum, and spring upon us as soon as we were near enough. We therefore advanced step by step, with rifles cocked at the shoulder, and when within six or eight feet stopped, as we thought he moved a little. Taking good aim at his head, we fired, sending two bullets crushing into his skull. The death-blow was so sudden that he sprang half his length toward us, and lay motionless as if dead. We cautiously advanced toward him, as frequently a sudden shot only stupefies them for the moment. We thought it safe to take its measurement, and then left it on the spot where it was shot. Two hours later I visited the place with the view of removing its skin, when, to my surprise, it was gone. We saw tracks through the tall grass and reeds, and we found him floundering in the water twenty yards away. We finally killed him by sending a number of bullets into his body. The report of our guns made a great commotion in the small lake or pond, and the splashing and grunting attested the fact that other monsters were moving about. It is a mistaken idea that the hide of the crocodile and alligator can ward a bullet from a rifle. I can only say that I have killed many, and was always successful when circumstances were favorable. Their hide is very thick and cannot be penetrated with bird-shot, or with bullets from a pea-rifle.

At sunset we dragged our boat overland to a small lagoon. The water was turbid and crocodiles plentiful. They were on its banks and moving about the surface of the water. It was a sight to see these brutes in every direction, sporting to their hearts' content. All sizes were observed; one very large one, larger than that we had killed, swam within ten feet of our boat on the surface of the water. The splashing of the oar did not molest him as he was intent on

us in the boat. After swimming some time near us he made a rapid dive, coming up directly under our boats, which gave us a great shock, and made the boats tremble from stem to stern. The native who paddled the boat became alarmed, and was afraid of being whipped out and devoured, and sought safety on the platform we occupied. The ferocious beast was so determined that he made charge after charge on the boat, and after every charge he became more furious. The last charge was fearful, and I was determined to kill him. Taking deliberate aim, I shot him in the vital parts, but did not kill, for he made another charge upon the boat, throwing his tail out of the water, very nearly reaching us. A second bullet was given him as a pacifier. This seemed to quiet him, and in a few moments he sank from our view. By this time hundreds of these reptiles were around us, and those that were the nearest received a leaden pill, out of compliment, from us. We found them so numerous that we deemed it prudent to draw our boat from the water and beat a retreat which we did in good order. When we had fairly embarked on the lake we saw hundreds swimming on its surface.

The colored races all through the East are fond of hunting the crocodile, and they seldom resort to firearms. They say that if one is shot or wounded in the water, he is lost to them. They prefer to attack it on land. The impalement of the jaws with iron bars, which I have described, is quite common among them. I was once encamped in the vicinity of rivers and ponds containing many very large specimens of these saurians. At this time provisions were rather scarce, and my six Malagash attendants proposed to have a hunt for the purpose of filling "the pot." They immediately set at work making preparations. Stout ropes were made of fibres of plants and "lianes," which grew abundantly around us. Sticks of hard wood were cut—in length about two feet by one and a half inch in diameter. These were sharply pointed at both ends, and were fastened together with sinews of animals, forming a sphere of sharp points. These points were covered with pieces of decayed meat, the whole fastened to the end of a strong rope. When ready it locked

like a ball of flesh. It was then taken to a spot on the margin of the pond, where these brutes come to sun themselves, and often frequent at night. It was deposited within ten feet of the water, and made fast to a tree. After all was ready a small dog was tied to the bait; a little string was allowed him that he might move about. It was left with one man to watch it from a tree-top. In less than an hour we had a



A chauffeur wounded four times driving British staff officers about a battlefield.

fair-sized crocodile impaled. He had nearly swallowed the bait, and closed in upon it with such force that some of the impaling sticks had penetrated through the body. The dog, strange to say, had escaped unharmed. As we advanced toward the spot we found the reptile in a furious passion, whipping and slashing its tail about frightfully. He could not open his jaws, and was comparatively harmless, though he could strike a serious blow with his tail. We all advanced upon him with spears, and I found no difficulty in sending mine into

his body, just behind his fore-shoulder. Others penetrated through the abdominal line, and in a few minutes we had his carcass skinned and cut up. It was boiled and served. I only tasted, but could not eat it.

We resorted to another method later and captured a large one. An iron hook that was made for the purpose was attached to an iron chain, six or eight feet in length. This was made fast to a strong rope. The hook was baited with the carcass of a "kid" that had been killed some time. We then placed a stake in the water, ten feet from the shore. To this we made a slip noose with our rope, and attached it to the stake so that the bait should be on the surface of the water. The end of the rope was then fastened to a tree. In a short time the bait was taken, and we hastened to the spot with clubs and spears to dispatch it. It was with some difficulty we drew him to shore, and secured him to a tree. He was then clubbed and speared to death; not a sportsman-like manner of dispatching the brute, and only once did I witness such a cruel scene, and then only to see how the children of the forest hunted the crocodile.

Signs of the Times

There's a merry little fellow in a very broad brimmed hat
And his whistles and his smiles are all about,
With h's badges and his bare knees, his staff and khaki shirt
He's ready with his first aid if any one is hurt—
This useful little fellow called a Scout.
Now you will never miss him for be sure he's come to stay,
And for the King and Empire hear him shout;
He shames the lazy loafer propping up the post
And often at the right time, he's equal to a host—
This important little fellow called a Scout.
In the brotherhood of Nations—the Parliament of man,
When ignorance and vice are put to rout,
To him shall be some glory and to him we'll sing a song,
For he's cleared up lots of muddles, and has helped to right the wrong—
This epoch-making fellow called a Scout

Blind Justice.

A great war is the day of judgment; a mighty earthquake, in which everything that can be broken is shattered to atoms, in which men and nations find themselves alone and naked in the presence of God. Only what is indestructible abides the shock.—Spencer Wilkinson.

The Lost Germany.

The Germany of Werther, the Germany of Moltke, is dead—if it ever existed.—M. Jules Huret.

The Censorship.

We want a censorship to protect our soldiers in the field. We do not want it to protect our own nerves or our own comfort.—Cecil Chesterton.

The Military Fetish.

If we were asked why France, England and Russia are so tolerant and Germany so impossible, our explanation is that only in Germany have the people allowed militarism to become a fetish.—The New Age.

The Farmers' Market

It is the dwellers in the cities who consume the product of your farm. Give to them the ability to produce your grain, your beef, your produce, and you give to yourself prosperity.

Prosperity works in a circle. If you buy from the city dweller the products of his industry you enable him to buy the product of yours—you help him to help you. If you support the manufacturers of Canada you help Canada's cities to grow and city people to be constantly employed—you create profits for yourself.

There is very little you need that is not "Made in Canada," and made just as well as it is made anywhere else, and sold as cheaply.

There is nothing "Made in Canada" that does not need your support now and always; buy "Made in Canada" goods, all other things being equal.

LET US ALL PULL TOGETHER

The Simpson-Hepworth Co. Limited

461 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, make a specialty of handling farmers' cars, and devote their entire efforts in the interests of the man who has grain to sell. You will find them an excellent firm to deal with, and accurate and painstaking in their work.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The daily and weekly papers have of late been giving a good deal of prominence to the number of women in Winnipeg who, through the closing down of business on account of the war, are out of employment.

The suggestion that many of these women could find homes and employment, and possibly a small amount of wages, in some of the country towns and on the farms has come in from a number of sources; in fact, it was surprising the number of people who, without collaboration had the same idea at the same time. The response from women in the country has been very hearty, and, in the majority of cases, they have offered to pay a certain amount of wages, though, in a number of instances, the women state that they can make no promise beyond that of

board and room in return for help with their housework. A large number stated that they are willing, in addition to very small wages, to train inexperienced women and girls in the doing of housework, and, on some of the farms, in the making of bread and butter.

The committee of Winnipeg women who have the matter in charge have had difficulty in finding any large number of girls, who have applied for work, who were willing to go to farms, or even to the smaller towns. To the women on the farms and in the smaller towns I am afraid that this will present the unemployed women in a very unfavorable light, but in talking with a number of these women I have found that the trouble is very often one of complete inexperience of anything like country life. They are nervous about the unlighted roads and frightened of being in the country. This applies more generally to the women from the old lands, and is really a very difficult thing to deal with, especially as quite frequently they tell you that girls who have been brought up in the country have told them this, that, and the other in the way of terrible tales of hardships in the country. I feel sure that, when a few have been in the country and the smaller towns for a few weeks, it will be much easier to persuade others to go and try it, but I would like to suggest to the woman on the farm or in the smaller town who receives one of these girls into her household have considerable patience with what will seem to her foolish timidity. Even the Canadian bred girl who has lived for some years in the city finds it rather eerie to walk along an unlighted country road at night, and strange sights and strange sounds are often much more trying to the nerves than many people realise.

Having said a word for the foolish sister Woman's Side from the city, I would like to express my warm appreciation of the response which has come from the women on the farm and in the smaller towns to this appeal for work. It will require tact and patience on the part of the women in the country to handle this help when they receive it. Indeed, in many cases it will not be help, but a hindrance for the first few weeks at least. Again, it is not a light matter to receive a total stranger into your immediate family circle, especially for the winter months, when the family are very much confined within four walls.

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The members of the committee who are arranging for girls to go into the country are endeavoring to point out to them that this is an opportunity to learn much that will be useful to them in after life, especially if they have homes of their own.

Women who have never been in receipt of a regular salary of from \$40 to \$75 a month, will find it difficult to understand the feeling of the capable business woman, who, through absolutely no fault of her own, is suddenly deprived of that income, and is unable to secure employment to which she is accustomed. She, knowing her capabilities along her own particular line, will find it hard to believe that she is not worth her board and keep to the capable housewife and only patience and forbearance on both sides will make the positions tenable, but granted that patience and forbearance I cannot help feeling that ultimately much good will come out of an apparent evil.

Women, who previously have seen nothing of country life will learn to appreciate its advantages and opportunities, and women in the country will have an added respect for the business woman, who in time of need, has adapted herself to strange conditions and made good, as many, very many of them, I feel sure, will make good.

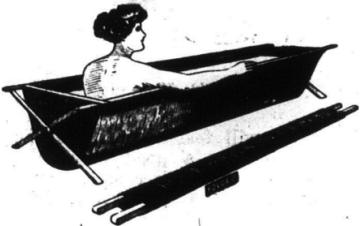
It will draw the women of city and country more closely together than they have ever been before. Many of these women will have the common bond of loved ones who have gone to the war.

Many a city girl, who cannot do housework is good at making her own shirt waists or trimming a hat, or in doing some kind of fancy work that the woman on the farm will find useful and profitable more especially in a year when dollars for new hats and dresses are none too plentiful.

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C. A. RUKAMP, General Manager.

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Busy this \$85 Steel Range

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A new design with elaborate nickle trimmings. The nickeling is done by special process, and is of a white silvery effect. The Ideal Household Steel Range is equipped with all the latest improvements, and thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. Pay \$85.00 to the local dealer and you will not get a range to equal the Ideal Household. Absolutely the hand-somest, most elaborate and highest grade steel range made in the world. A long step ahead of others in high art stove making.

The IDEAL will last years after the cheap, light weight stove has gone to the scrap heap. No better range made than the IDEAL HOUSEHOLD. Send in your order to-day. Burns wood or any kind of coal. Takes wood 24 inches long.

No. 9-20 has oven 20 x 20 x 13 inches, six 9-inch lids, copper reservoir encased, shipping weight, 550 pounds. Complete with high closet and oven thermometer, \$51.75.

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Old Style Way

Easy Form Way

When the Music Says "B," Just Strike the Key Marked "B." You Can't Go Wrong!

Note how simple this is compared to complicated old-style music where a beginner couldn't even find the right key.

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By This New "Easy Form Method" that Enables a Child or Beginner to Play Well in One Evening

No more mysterious, difficult notes to learn before you can play the piano or organ. No more spending of years in study and practice. Why? Because music has now been simplified so that anybody who can read printed letters—A-B-C-D-E-F-G—can read the new "Easy Form" music at a glance, and the key-board guide which is placed in back of the key-board shows you where to put the fingers of both hands on the right keys every time.

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You can test and prove this method without paying us a cent. Just send the coupon. Complete instructions, keyboard guide, and 100 pieces selected sacred, popular and dance "Easy Form" music will be mailed to you. Test it and enjoy it for seven days—then either return it and owe nothing, or keep it and send us \$1.50 down, and \$1.00 per month until a total of \$8.50 in all is paid.

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Please send the "Easy Form Music Method" and 100 pieces of music for 7-day free trial as per terms of this advertisement.

Number of keys on piano or organ..... Do you play old-style note music?.....

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Right Side View

THE three most important branches of the army are: the cavalry, the artillery and the infantry.

The main object of the cavalry in the army is to reconnoitre and obtain information of the enemy. For that purpose it is sent out ahead of the main army and is therefore generally the first arm drawn into active engagement with the enemy's advanced troops. During the fighting of the infantry and artillery the cavalry must be in readiness, in addition to its scouting duties, on the flanks, to throw its supports to wherever it may be most needed for the success of the army. The cavalry is armed with a carbine or sword, or both, and in some cases with the lance.

The artillery of a modern army is undoubtedly the most important branch, next to the infantry. Its object is to support the infantry in its advances or its retreats. It aims to hit the part of the enemy which is most dangerous to the infantry and which would hinder its success. In fact until the enemy's artillery is silenced an advance of the infantry would be practically impossible.

As the infantry advances the field artillery must be in readiness to fire over the advancing lines and attack parts of the enemy's troops, or must be able to move with lightning rapidity to any other position where its fire is needed or is more effective.

A battle is never won until the infantry has driven back the enemy's lines.

The usual mode of advancing for the infantry is to deploy them in a line with intervals between each soldier. This, naturally, is for the purpose of offering a smaller target for the enemy. It makes it more difficult, however, for the leaders to keep good control over the men, and for that reason one of the objects of field artillery is to make the enemy's troops play early.

The infantry soldier is armed in all countries with a rifle and bayonet. The rifle is the weapon upon which reliance is placed, the bayonet being used only as a last means, when in a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy.

The Canadian Soldier and his Equipment

By Captain E. E. Erb, Winnipeg Light Infantry

Nineteen Infantry Regiments (including Princess Patricia Light Infantry); two Cavalry Regiments, the Dragoons and the Strathconas; 300 Machine Guns and 150 Armored Trucks, the whole consisting of 31,200 men and 7,500 horses are probably now on their way to Great Britain from Canada. A second contingent of Canadian troops, 19,000 strong, is expected to be raised in November, which will bring the Canadian forces up to 50,000. This is Canada's first contribution to the Empire, and other contingents will follow if necessary.



Front View, showing Water Bottle, Ammunition Pouch, etc.

Military authorities in Canada claim that the Canadian soldier will be armed with a rifle very much superior to any now in use in the present war. The Ross rifle is a Canadian product, made at the Ross Rifle Factory in Quebec. The rifle is of the same calibre as the British rifle and will take the same ammunition. Its weight is about eight pounds. Its rifling has a uniform right handed twist of one complete turn every ten inches, with a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet per second. The strength of the pull-off is from four to six pounds.

This rifle is provided with a magazine which holds five cartridges and is fitted with sights, wind gauges, etc., much superior to any service rifle made. The one great feature, however, which will probably enable the Canadian soldier to obtain superiority of fire over the enemy is the fact that it can be loaded and magazine fire used without taking the rifle from the shoulder, the bolt having a straight pull back.



Rear View, showing manner in which equipment is strapped on soldier's back.

The illustrations accompanying this article show the Canadian infantry soldier in full marching order, and indicate clearly the small space into which the modern fighting man's impedimenta are compressed. The white canvas bag contains one suit underwear, one pair socks, one pair boots, one tuque, one muffler, and one housewife, which consists of soap, buttons, thread, yarn, needles, etc. The haversack at left side contains towel, soap, razor and strop, lather brush, cleaning outfit for uniform, knife, fork and spoon.

There are two equipments issued at the present time, the Webb and the Oliver equipment as shown on this page, which consists of main braces with front straps complete, cape braces for cape or overcoat, straps for mess tin, frogs for bayonet and entrenching tools, waist belt, water bottle with holder and strap, ammunition pouch containing 80 rounds, leggings or puttees, greatcoat and scabbard.



Left Side View

Canadians will feel assured that our soldiers will give a good account of themselves and that their complete equipment has been carefully looked after

In Freedom's Cause

Ye sons of Britain, freemen born,
Arise a noble host.
Your fathers bled in freedom's cause,
Let not that blood be lost—
The Teuton's heel would press you down,
But Allies from afar
From Empire wide, stand side by side,
The Gothic host to bar.
Then give a cheer the world will hear,
Hurl back the shock of war.

The native emblems flourish still,
The Shamrock and the Rose,
The nodding Thistle on the hill
Stern and defiant grows.
And wist ye not, brave men are there
To fight by land or sea,
To strike for Britain, Belgium, France,
And force the foe to flee.
For what they are in freedom's cause,
We'll pledge them three times three.

They'll come from Austral's sunny clime,
From Zealand's fertile strand,
And Canada will send a host
To aid the Mother land.
E'en India's sable sons will come,
To strike for freedom's cause,
For honor, justice, liberty,
For Britain and her laws.
Then, once again, a three times three
For the Allies and their cause.

—H. Elliot.

War a la Zeppelin

To murder wantonly and futilely, to slay or mangle little children and young mothers in their beds, to salute the Red Cross flag with a bomb, to slaughter and terrorize non-combatants, to rain down destruction with no military results, with no permanent result except to sicken and anger all civilized mankind: this is war as practised on a city from Zeppelin airships.

Millinery and the Mere Man

Edith G. Bayne

"JACK, dear, I need a new hat," said the Angel behind the urn. No response, after a short interval of waiting.

"Jack?" in a faintly inquiring tone. Still no reply from the end of the breakfast table where the morning paper obscured the features of John Wainwright.

"Jack!" insistently this time. "Uh?" came at last, in a long-drawn-out interrogatory groan.

"I need a new hat. I've simply got to have one for Mrs. Allen's tea."

"A new hat, eh? What's the matter with the one you have?" "That! Oh, Jack, it's positively palsy-stricken, it's so old. I've had it three months! Besides it doesn't go well with my suit and Mrs. Newman next door has just bought a perfect dream! It's made of—"

"All right, I've no objection. How much do you need?"

"Oh, I couldn't tell you off hand. Mrs. Newman paid forty dollars for hers but then it's the sweetest thing, all chiffon and pansies. Of course I wouldn't think of going so high myself but I want you to come with me, dear, and help me choose one. You have such good taste you know and I always dress to please you—at least I try to."

Wainwright made a grimace at the sporting page.

"I saw a beauty in Holbrook's," continued his wife, "it's a white and gold satin shape with a single rose in leaf brown on the side, and then there was a stunning one in the Nell-rose shade with a pink plume. I saw a black lace shape, too. I'm sure it cannot be expensive and still it is in style and made with the best materials. It has a row of—"

"All right. How much do you want? Will twenty-five dollars do?"

"Oh Jack, I don't know. I couldn't say until I saw what I wanted and tried a few hats on, you know. If you come I could decide in half the time. Do come."

"Oh, well if I must I suppose I must!" John groaned.

"That's a dear! I knew you would. I'll be at the office after lunch—say three—and we'll go right up to Holbrook's. I won't keep you long and you can get back to your old books again inside of a few minutes."

At three Mrs. Wainwright was not dressed for the street but by a quarter-past four she fluttered into Jack's office, all eagerness. She refused to wait until he had added up a long column of figures. "I waited for you from three to half-past," said Jack, "and put Forster off. So now he may be in at any moment." "Never mind, dear, Forster can wait. He has no hat to buy, and you can leave a note for him on your desk."

At Holbrook's the full tide of late afternoon shoppers was surging through the store and the millinery section especially was crowded. It was fully twenty minutes before Mrs. Wainwright was served, during which time Jack stood about disconsolately while his wife flitted around from one table to another, examining, admiring, disparaging, exclaiming.

"Guess I'll go back to the office, Dora; and see if Forster has come in. I'll be right back," said Wainwright at last. "Oh Jack, wait. We'll soon be attended to. Here's a girl now."

During the next half hour Jack was obliged to stand by and listen to a language which was as unfamiliar to his masculine ears as baseballese is to a Chinaman.

"Plaitings of ribbon on the left side—crown raised a little and a band of velvet set in—yes, it was pretty enough but did not seem to be becoming—try this one then—everybody's wearing them now—oh, yes I had one last season—crown made entirely of ribbed satin—brim of a contrasting shade—no, it isn't what I want—how much is the brown tagel over there?—the burnt orange flowers are more suitable for a darker person—well, I'll try on the white lace shape, please—something high on one side seems to be necessary—ospreys are very chic—no, I'll try something softer I think and perhaps the brown rose could be taken out and a bunch of violets put in—certainly, no trouble at all—violets are not quite so

fashionable. The rose is really the thing now, etc., etc., etc."

Only once or twice was Wainwright's judgment sought.

"Do you like this, dear?" asked his wife revolving about before a long mirror and holding a hand-glass at arm's length to "try" the effect from the rear.

"Well, it's all right, but—"

"But what? Have I got it on too far back?"

"Does look kind of queer."

"There then. How's that?"

"Guess it'll do. When are you going to break away? It's nearly half-past five."

"Do you like the roses on the left, or would you prefer them on the right side, dear?"

"Those brown things, you mean? Are they roses?"

"Don't be silly, Jack. Do you like them?"

"No, can't say I do. Why don't you get something that looks well on you?"

"Oh, but even if this isn't very becoming it's the latest thing out, Jack."

"But, I thought you wanted a hat to match your suit?"

"Oh, well, this would go with any costume and besides it's a real bargain."

"Forty-nine-fifty reduced from fifty-seventy-five," glibly recited the salesgirl at this point.

If Wainwright looked mildly shocked his wife did not appear to notice.

"It's very reasonable," she observed.

"All right, get it Dora and let's beat it out of here."

"Oh, but I've not decided yet about the color of that rose on the left side."

"Try a pink one," suggested the attendant.

"Yes, I believe I will. Have you a deep pink about that size?"

Another intermission of ten minutes while the girl goes to seek a rose of the proper color and size.

When the rose and the girl arrive, Dora is a little doubtful of the shade. It seems so deep you know.

"I used to be able to wear that shade of pink but somehow I cannot now. I think after all I'll take a cream one."

Dora begins to gather up her purse, muff, gloves, etc., and Jack's longing to be away seems about to be realized.

"Shall we send the hat up in the morning or could you wait until we put the rose in?" asks the girl.

"Send it, please," said Jack.

"Oh, I'd love to take it," cries Dora.

"I don't mind carrying it."

Another ten minutes while the hat is being arranged and placed in a huge box.

"Isn't it adorable!" cries Mrs. Wainwright, "and such a bargain, too!"

John is about to make some reply when the closing gong sounds through the building.

The girl and the box come up in great haste. Dora opens her handbag and rummages about for her purse.

"I guess you'll have to pay for it Jack, dear," she says at last, "because all I have is twenty-three cents."

In the kitchen of Patrick Casey's establishment, Mrs. Casey was busily engaged, as the clock struck twelve, in the interesting occupation of frying steak-and-onions. The little Caseys, six in all, came trooping in one after the other and at last the master of the house made his appearance.

"Sling on the maynoo, Norah, me girl—guess we're all here," said Pat as he gave his hands and face a little attention at the wash-bench and then carefully parted his hair at the cracked mirror.

Pat's appetite was of the best and Norah watched him furtively as he made away with a very satisfying meal.

"Come across wid a foive-spot Pat, me boy," she said at length as he reached for the tooth picks.

"An' what for?" inquires Mr. Casey in great astonishment.

"Faith an' I need a new head piece an' that's what for."

"A new lid! Phwat's the matter wid the ould wan?"

(Continued on page 29)

Cure Your CATARRH Now!

Take it in hand at once. If you don't get rid of Catarrh now, in the autumn, there's certain peril ahead, for you'll meet the extreme cold weather coming with your system terribly weakened and undermined by this treacherous, poisonous trouble. Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps incurable and deadly disease.

It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly make them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in saying "Only Catarrh." It isn't "Only Catarrh"—it may be CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time. Cure your Catarrh now before it becomes Consumption. Don't be discouraged if other doctors or the widely advertised so-called "Catarrh remedies" have failed to help you.

Seek aid at once from one who thoroughly understands all about Catarrh and its cure. Accept the generously proffered help of Specialist Sproule, B.A., (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service), the Catarrh Specialist known the world over. He will give you



Don't be a nuisance to your friends, And that's just what you are, With hawking, spitting, and a breath Made loathsome by Catarrh.

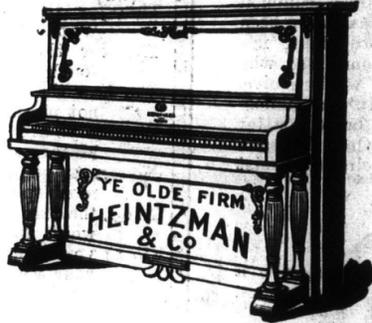
MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

THIS FREE COUPON entitles readers of this paper to medical advice on Catarrh free of charge. 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 forehead? 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?

FULL NAME ADDRESS

and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. To-day he is recognized as a leading authority on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled; yet with all the benevolence and open heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been PERMANENT. He will send you the names of people, living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without its costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

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The Heintzman & Co. Piano Has No Peer

It stands in distinct leadership among Canadian Pianos and ranks amongst the very foremost of the most famous instruments of the Old World.

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329 Portage Ave.

Winnipeg, Man.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Winnipeg

HOURS OF VISION

Treasure up your hours of vision. Every mental struggle, every spiritual conflict, every time of peculiar temptation—all these conquered and subdued, lead the soul to heights of victory and supreme hours of illumination and great vision. "Horace Bushnell late in life was addressing the students in Yale College. Recalling the day when, long years before a tutor in the college, and a stout unbeliever, he had struggled with himself, and by the grace of God had surrendered and begun the new life, he said, 'There is a story laid up in the little bedroom of one of these old dormitories which I pray God the recording angel may know, allowing it never to be lost.'"

A FAILURE

"The man who exchanges character for cash, purity for power, manhood for money, principle for party, his soul for silver, and his God for gold, is a failure, first, last, always, altogether, and under all circumstances, as he was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end—a failure."

JAMES A. GARFIELD

Garfield on the day on which he was made president of the United States, kissed his aged mother in the presence of fifty thousand people. The city of Washington never beheld a more beautiful sight. It was a moment jewelled with the expression of a great sentiment. It was a reward sufficient to compensate for years of motherly toil and parental sacrifice. It lifted Garfield immeasurably in the estimation of the American people.

"CHESTY"

Don't take yourself too seriously. Don't imagine that you are the only toad in the pond or the only pebble on the beach. Don't imagine that folks are talking about you or sitting up all night planning a surprise for your family. They say that there was once "a man who entered the Edinburgh theatre at the same instant with Sir Walter Scott. The audience cheered lustily; and while Sir Walter modestly took his seat, as though unaware that the cheers were meant to welcome him, the other man advanced with dignity to the front of the box, and bowed in acknowledgement of the popular applause."

TEN IDIOTS

"In union there is strength. But the strength of the union depends upon the strength of the unit. It has always been difficult to organize common poverty into common wealth. Death has never been organized into life, nor darkness into light, nor stupidity into brilliancy. There are some men who 'don't enthuse,' and some things that won't evolve. Ten fools can never be organized into one philosopher. Ten idiots will not furnish brain matter sufficient for one bright intellect. One thousand cords make a cable, but one thousand circles of mist make a fog bank."

SELECTION OF A WIFE

Would you make a wise selection in choosing a wife go to the home where your fair friend resides. Watch her in the candle light of her own mantelpiece. See how she behaves toward father, mother, brother and sister. Watch for any unusual manifestations of ill temper or eccentricities of disposition. An old man once remarked: "Once I was young, now I am old, and I have never seen a girl that was unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband."

HE HEARD A VOICE

Destiny is speaking. The voice of God is heard in the wind, in the water, in the forest, in the jungle, in the city and in the street. The man who can hear that voice is a child of destiny. An American preacher remarks: "Out in a Denver court, four years ago, a judge pronounced sentence on a 12-year-old boy for stealing. He committed him to jail. From the boy's mother, who was a spectator, there burst a heart-piercing cry. That cry went to the heart of the judge, and then he asked himself if this sentence was best for the boy. Would it be well to send that boy to jail to be a companion of hardened criminals? The question answered itself. The sentence was revoked. From that day to this, Judge Lindsey has been asking, not how to punish boys, but how to save them. He is a friend and helper of boys, and it is as sure that hundreds of boys go to him rather than as a judge."

THE MAN OF GENIUS

"The man of genius possesses a certain audacity of spirit. He lives in the atmosphere of that startling motto penned by Disraeli: 'Here's to the man who dares!' Joseph Parker, in the moment of his grandest inspiration, flings aside his hod exclaiming: 'God Almighty never intended Joseph Parker for a hod carrier.' When Bishop Lavinton, in the days of Wesley and Whitefield, warned a young Anglican curate, touched by the spirit of early Methodism, that if he did not cease preaching in the open air, his 'gown' would be taken away; the young curate responded: 'I can preach without a gown!' The child of genius is ever audacious in spirit and daring in soul.

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

Britain's Answer

Mr. Kipling's Prophetic Vision

The offers received and accepted from the Dominions within less than a week after the declaration of war suggest to the "Morning Post" the republication of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's well-known poem.

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless
than to ban;
Little use to lie down at the bidding of any
man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone
that I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be — stern as your
fathers were.
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life
our tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when
we come together,
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not
gone by;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dug
are not yet dry.
Draw now the three-fold knot firm on the nine-
fold bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law after
the rule of your lands.
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the
Wattle-bloom.
This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the
southern Broom.
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do
not press my will,
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me
Mother still.
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they
must speak to you,
After the use of the English, in straight-flung
words and few.
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in
your ways,
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole
of praise.
Stand to your work and be wise — certain of
sword and pen.
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in
a world of men!

HOME TRAINING

The best university is the home; because the "course" is not limited to four years but is usually expanded into two decades. Twenty-one years of suggestions, admonitions, information, education and inspiration usually produces a type of culture which will bear the wear and tear of life. Robert Collyer remarks: "Or when I ask how it has come to pass that I have 'wagged my paw in a poopit' in some sort these fifty-five years, and through forty-four years in the churches of our faith, my good home training, I say. 'For my father and mother made no 'profession' of religion, but they held our home so sacred that I cannot remember one profane word passing their lips or ours while the instinct lay so deep in my own nature that, when I became a preacher and might make them 'tell' in a sermon, I still shrink from the words 'devil,' 'hell,' and 'damnation.'"

"I HAD A FRIEND"

Many acquaintances will drain you of your time but a few good friends will be like strong anchors to a ship. Have a friend who is profoundly religious. Have a friend who is literary and well read. Have a friend who has "good horse sense." Have a friend who would sacrifice an arm for you. Four true friends. "What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He answered: "I had a friend."

MANUFACTURING SUNSHINE

The best light shines from the human eye. That is "the light ne'er seen on land or sea." It sheds a radiance like the glory of God and dissipates the gloom of un hospitable weather. One man can keep a whole neighborhood lit up with a strange supernatural effulgence. "A Boston daily paper contained this item one day: 'Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row yesterday at lunch time, nodding and smiling as he passed many friends, and although the heavens were overcast with clouds and the pavements were wet with rain, the street seemed to be filled with sunshine.'"

THE COMING MAN

"I have before me a vision of the coming man. In youth he shall stand forth, fine grained and clear brained—big hearted and broad shouldered. 'A young man with the health of the winds on his cheeks, the light of the stars in his eyes, the strength of the mountains cut upon his brow, the swell of the ocean in his heart, the spirit of the century thrilling his veins, the spring and bound of civilization's progress in his manly step and the prophecy of coming milleniums chiming like cathedral bells in his brain'—a young man whose heart God has touched. The world never fails to recognize a strong man."

KEEP STRAIGHT

Crime is becoming impossible. There are too many eyes and too many ears. The telescope looks and the telephone listens. Everything makes it safe to be right and dangerous to be wrong. "A crime was found out recently in a strange way. The suspected man had run away, but a public library ticket was discovered in his room. Going to the library with it, the detectives found that the man had been reading books on South America. They telegraphed the police at New Orleans, and the man was arrested stepping on board a steamer for a South American port. People study up the countries to which they expect to go. Our reading ought to show a heavenward tendency of our minds."

TWO CLASSES

"God divides men into two classes, Spiritualists and Sensualists. Body men and Spirit men. Let the body master the soul—and you have a sinner. Let the soul master the body—and you have a saint. Paul affirmed, 'I keep the body under.' He restricted his body and fed his soul. Those were sad words of Darwin: 'For years I have not been able to endure a line of poetry.' A famished saint was he, but a splendid soul with all."

AIM HIGH

Aim high. Be noble in your aspiration. Be intense in your ambition. Believe in your vision. Fondle your dream. Exercise the faith which would attempt the impossible. Believe that all things are possible for you. Remember that there is always room at the top. Be satisfied with nothing less than the supreme place in your profession. "Such was the motive which animated the American orator and senator, J. C. Calhoun. When at Yale College on being ridiculed for his passionate devotion to his studies, he replied, 'Why, sir, I am forced to make the most of my time that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress.' And when this saying was greeted with a laugh, he added, 'Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years I would leave college this very day.' You are never defeated until your spirit is broken. So long as you have courage, enthusiasm, spirit and determination you are the master of your soul and stand a fair chance of winning in the conflict of life. Fortify your soul. Strengthen your will. Garrison your spirit. Rein in your emotions. Inside victories prepare the heart for outside conquests."

Had Pain Around Her Heart for Three Years Was Not Safe to Leave Her Alone

Day after day one reads or hears of many sudden deaths through heart failure, and many people are kept in a state of morbid fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable, and are unable to attend to either their social or business duties, through this unnatural action of the heart.

To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief.

Mrs. Norman H. Esan, Ship Harbor, N.S., writes:—"For three years I have been troubled with a pain around my heart. I took medicine from my doctor until I found it was of no use, as it only seemed to help me while I was taking it. I got so bad at last that it was not safe for me to be left alone, so having heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I took five boxes of them, and I can say they helped me so much that I feel like myself again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25. For sale at all druggist and general stores, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Go on now, do yez think I'm goin' to wear that fierce-lookin' thing all year?"

"It looks foine on yez, Norah, if I do say it."

"All the same I want a new wan for Tessie Reilly's weddin' nixt wake."

"Can't ye get a bargain hat thin? All I paid for mine was sivinty-foive cints down to Marshall's."

"Pat Casey, it's aisy seen yez don't know annythin' at all about a lady's wearin' apparel. There's Mrs. Harrigan up the shreet wid an illegant gray and green chiffon hat an' all she paid was nine dollars—an' that was cheap!"

"Shure if Moike Harrigan's made av dough I ain't! Here's the foive but I call it extravvygance!"

How Mrs. Casey hurried through her work, put the baby to sleep and left it at a neighbor's, how she plunged into the throng of shoppers downtown and spent three hours and a half examining and trying on hats, need not be told at great length. When Pat Casey came home for supper there was no supper ready. At half-past six Norah reached home tired, but beaming. What mattered it that her old hat was set at a sharp angle over one ear or that she had lost one glove and torn a hole in her best green skirt! She carried in a fond embrace a huge box two feet square and a foot deep.

"They wanted to sind it," she panted, "but I couldn't wait till to-morrow so here it is!"

Pat and the little Caseys forgot their hunger and gathered about the point of attraction, waiting with breathless awe while Mrs. Casey undid the cord and lifted the lid of the box.

A chorus of "Oh's" went up as a filmy chiffon hat in the new tomato red shade was disentangled from a mass of tissue paper. It was the most wonderful creation that they had ever seen as far as millinery is concerned.

"How d'ye loike it, Pat?"

"Begorra, Norah, the hat's all roight, but I'm thinkin' it sure will fight wid yer hair!"

"I'll put it on an' show yez how it looks," and Mrs. Casey stood on tiptoe before the cracked mirror.

"Norah, yez are gettin' betther-lookin' every day!" declared her spouse, lost in admiration.

"Oh, ma!" cried the five little Caseys. "There now, ould man, yez see it agrees wid me hair foine! An' see how the maginta-satin bow sets me complexion off! Isn't that so?"

Pat bethought him of the practical side of the affair.

"How much was it?"

"Now how much d'ye guess it was?"

"Foive?" he ventured.

"Foive, indade! D'ye think yez could git this beauty for foive dollars! There was a swell-illigant wan in pale blue that I loiked but sure it was eighteen-fifty. No, sir, this was eleven an' a quarter reduced from twelve! A rale bargain it is!"

"Oh, Norah, yez have me broke! An' how did yez make the raise av the six twinty-foive?"

"Faith an' I jist borried the rist from what I'd been savin' up for the new parlor rug. It was the bist of luck I had it wid me! Shure I'm glad yez all loike the hat an' yez can't deny it was a great bargain, can yez now, Pat Casey!"

A Hilltop View

By Charles L. Patterson

I love, beneath a pleasant sky
Upon the rugged hills to rove,
High towering in majesty
The verdant valleys far above,
And from some lofty point to gaze
To the horizon's far, dim line of haze

Pure breezes play upon the hills
And sing of boundless liberty;
The soul with noble yearning thrills,
Full of a strong sweet ecstasy,
While to the horizon far away,
The eye across the varied scenes can stray.

O, for a hilltop view of life,
A grand horizon wide and free,
No walled thought-ways of petty strife
Where beyond the hills eye cannot see;
But one grand view of plain and hill,
River and wood and leaping, laughing rill.



Every farmer should hire him

You pay him only \$3.00 for 365 full 24-hour days a year—and nobody knows how many years he'll last, for he has never been known to wear out.

His board amounts to a drop of oil every twelve months—that's all the pay he asks.

His work is getting the farm hands in the fields on time, starting the before-breakfast chores on time, and telling the right time all day so the women folks can have the meals on time—these are easy jobs for him.

Big Ben stands seven inches tall. He is triple-nickel plated and wears

an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His keys almost wind themselves. He rings for five minutes straight, or every other half minute for ten minutes as you prefer.

The next time you're in town just drop in at your dealer's and ask to see Big Ben. If your dealer hasn't him, send a money order for \$3.00 to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, and he'll come to you, transportation charges prepaid, all ready for work. Hire Big Ben for your farm and he'll prove the promptest hired man on the place.

Big Ben Alarm Clocks

Are Illustrated in the 1914 Catalogue of

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SELDOM SEE

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.



will clean it off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 8 K free.

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Rid your house of Bedbugs, Fleas, Cockroaches, Chicken Lice and all insects. Leaves no stain, dust or disagreeable smell. Thousands of satisfied customers everywhere. One package enough to kill thousands of bugs. Parcels Post, in plain wrapper, 25c. or 6 for \$1.

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Current Events under Review.

THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND PROGRESS

All the great newspapers of the United States, regardless of party, are practically without exception on the side of Great Britain and the Allies against Germany. So pronounced is the sympathy of the United States press generally with Great Britain and the Allies that a group of wealthy Germans, centred in New York, have begun the publication of a weekly paper, *The Fatherland*, which announces itself as having for its purpose "fair play for Germany and Austria," and which labors to present the official Berlin view of the facts, the causes, and the issues of the war, and complains bitterly of the unsympathetic attitude of the people of the United States towards Germany. But the reason for that attitude of the people of the United States is deeply based in history and in instinct. It is not personal, nor has it anything to do with "jealousy" of Germany, as charged by *The Fatherland*, or with anything of the sort. It is because of the fundamental difference between the American and the German types of national life and ideals. The interest of the people of the United States in this world struggle is not at all the interest of common blood and common language alone; as a matter of fact, only a small proportion of the people of the United States is of British extraction. Every intelligent American knows, and feels strongly, that what is best in his heritage of political freedom and self-government came through the pioneers of British freedom who fought their way clear of despotic rule and "made the bounds of freedom wider yet." If Prussian military despotism were to emerge triumphant from this struggle, it would mean not only the shackling of the peoples of continental Europe, but the overthrow of free government in the British Isles. And would not that mean peril looming up ahead for the United States? This is why it is that while the United States is neutral and non-combatant in the eyes of international law, the spirit of their life and civilization lines up the people of the United States with the democracy of the whole British Empire, as well as of France, in this world-struggle.

A COMPLETELY MISTAKEN VIEW

The German Emperor and his advisers found out immediately upon their beginning the war that they had been completely mistaken in regard to several matters of the highest importance. They know now that they were altogether wrong in their notion that the British Empire would go to pieces. Among the other wholly erroneous notions with which they deluded themselves, none has been proved to be so utterly unfounded as their belief that Great Britain was a decadent nation. That delusion was assiduously fostered by the dominant caste in Germany, and its prevalence was no doubt due in part to the strenuous agitation in Great Britain for social reforms. But that agitation was no mark of degeneration; on the contrary, it was the proof of the persistence in Great Britain of devotion to high ideals. A decadent nation is not concerned with questions of social betterments. There is no more vital factor in the progress of Great Britain than the unrest which has never been absent from its essentially democratic national life. The militarist German mind is incapable of understanding the mind of the people of Great Britain and of the overseas Dominions of the Empire. Minds possessed by the monstrous doctrine that brutal and selfish might is the absolute master of mankind cannot appreciate the clear conscience and strong conviction and unwavering determination with which this war in defence of all that makes life worth living is being waged by the British Empire and its allies.

MISCALCULATIONS

Since the last war with France, Germany has been transformed from an agricultural into a manufacturing country. The rulers of Germany after the war of 1870-1 deliberately set about the amassing of wealth through the creation of industries as the quickest way of building up, in addition to their military system, a navy which would make Germany powerful on the sea and secure it a dominant place in the world. They made the blunder of underestimating the importance of agriculture to a country which had not as yet without a fleet powerful enough to protect its overseas commerce. The strength of the German Empire that marched on Paris forty-four years ago was in rural recruits. Agriculture then employed one-third the population of Germany. The statistics of 1912 show that only 28 per cent of the population were engaged in agriculture. Germany, when this war began, had forty-eight towns with more than 100,000 inhabitants, compared with only fifteen in France, thirteen in Italy and nine in Austria-Hungary. In no other country has the migration from the rural districts to urban centres

been so marked. In Great Britain, too, it is true, there has been a decline of agriculture industry; but then Great Britain has her overseas sources of food supply and her dominating sea power to keep the sea-routes open for those supplies, while Germany is now closed in upon herself.

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

In the volume of recollections published after Bismarck's death by Moritz von Busch, who was the secretary of the man of "iron and blood," it is related that in his last years Bismarck was sometimes heavily oppressed in conscience on account of unscrupulous methods by which he brought about the war against France in 1870-1. This might appear somewhat incredible to readers of Bismarck's own graphic, and even humorous, recital of how he tricked the aged Prussian King by the forged Ems telegram into mobilizing the Prussian army.

FREEDOM'S CAUSE

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
by D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

The tocsin is sounding o'er valley and plain;
The mountains re-echo again and again;
The forces foregather to join in the fray;
For justice and freedom are threatened to-day.

The sword of the tyrant has wounded the weak;
The women and children with eloquence speak;
And men from the city and village and farm
Now eagerly hasten the foe to disarm.

They join with their kin in the isles of the sea;
They serve 'neath the folds of the flag of the free,
And vow that the people shall come to their own,
With autocrat Kaiser and warlord o'erthrown.

By Britain they stand for humanity's cause,
To seek the enthronement of equity's laws,
Promoting extension of justice and right,
Defending democracy's freedom and light.

The cause they espouse has awakened mankind;
The issue is clear and stern duty defined;
Shall tyranny triumph or liberty sway?
Decision and destiny call men to-day.

Abreast of brave brothers in Belgium and France,
Canadian hearts shall their courage enhance;
And shoulder to shoulder they'll march on a field,
Which speaks of a valor that knows not to yield.

We'll pray for a speedy and permanent peace,
That conflict and slaughter forever may cease,
When Briton, and Belgian, and German, and Gaul
Shall work for The Kingdom with God over all;

When kindreds and nations throughout the wide world
Agree that all flags of destruction be furled;
When the spear and the sword turn to prune
and to till,
And the day fully dawn of love, peace and good will.

Winnipeg, Sept. 1st., 1914.

But Von Busch states positively that one evening not long before his death Bismarck sat staring into the fire in his study for a long time, and said at last that he had had self-accusations of conscience on account of the tens of thousands of lives destroyed in the Franco-Prussian war and the suffering and misery caused, but that, finally, he "had explained it all to God," and his conscience was at rest. Well, every man has his own conscience to deal with. It would be enlightening to know what the nature of Bismarck's "explanations" were. The thought also forces itself upon attention that the present German Emperor has a heavy load of accountability to answer for—far greater than Bismarck had. He is exceedingly glib in his use of the name of God. Will the time ever come to him when his conscience will accuse him for the crime he has committed in precipitating this war? Certain it is that his name will go down to future generations as that of the greatest criminal in history.

THIS COUNTRY AFTER THE WAR

The latest available statistics of immigration into the United States are for the three months ended August 31st. In those three months only 133,429 immigrants arrived at New York, as compared with 347,672 during the corresponding three months of 1913. For August the immigration was only 27 per cent of what it was the August before. At the same time the outflow of rescivists to Europe was large. With these statistics and the results of previous wars in view, the *New York World* predicts an astounding reversal of conditions when peace is restored. The two years following the close of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1 brought an extraordinary increase of immigration to the United States, Canada not having yet begun to figure largely in the world's knowledge as a land of vast agricultural resources and opportunities. The Russo-Japanese war was in like manner followed by a great outflow from Russia to this continent, of which this country received a share. Says the *New York World*:

"These were wars of two nations only. What will happen after the close of the war of the eight nations, when in the home lands of hundreds of millions of people industry lies prostrate, when property to the value of billions has been destroyed and when financial resources shrunken by the war are no longer adequate to employ labor? We get our greatest immigration now from regions that are undercapitalized. After the war all Europe will be undercapitalized, and if we do not then feel the most tremendous pressure of immigration in our history, precedent is a blind guide."

Needless to say, this country will share to the full in the pressure of population from Europe seeking admission. The question will arise of the admission only of the more desirable. By that time tens of millions of acres of virgin soil will be accessible to settlement along the National Transcontinental and Canadian Northern in Northern Ontario, and in the Peace River country and Northern British Columbia, to say nothing of the areas awaiting cultivation in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

SPLENDIDLY UNITED

The most complete antithesis to the despotism of Berlin is the splendid unitedness of the British Empire, in which all the self-governing Dominions freely, without compulsion, without constraint, without command from Great Britain, indeed without request, are giving proof of their determination to throw all their energy and all their resources, if need be, into this just war. History has never before seen the like. This is the supreme distinction of the British Empire, this the triumph of British ideals of liberty and self-government, by which even war-swept South Africa lines up shoulder to shoulder with Canada and Australia and New Zealand in support of Great Britain, with devoted loyalty proved in the severest test that a perilous war in Europe could impose. A dozen years ago the Boers were at war with Great Britain and the rest of the Empire. Now the Senate and the Assembly of South Africa have enthusiastically adopted an address to King George, in which they say:

"While deeply deploring the outbreak of the war, we are convinced that participation therein was forced upon the Empire, and we respectfully desire to be allowed to express our approval of the action taken in defence of the principles of liberty and justice and of the integrity and sanctity of international obligations."

South Africa is contributing of her manhood to the great struggle, like the other Dominions. What better proof could there be that the greatness and strength of the Empire rest upon self-government?

"THE ACCURSED SYSTEM"

When the military despotism which is responsible for this war is crushed and destroyed, nobody will benefit more than the German peasant and the German mechanic. The allies are fighting for the freeing of civilization from "the accursed system," as Mr. Bonar Law so well termed it, of which the Kaiser is the head. Peace is not possible now until it has been decisively settled that Kaiserism is ended and done with. Without a new birth of freedom, all the sacrifice and suffering and bloodshed would be in vain. The allies are fighting for every ideal by which civilization can continue to exist and go forward. Beyond questions of treaty obligations and national security lies the wider obligation and necessity of resisting, on behalf of humanity, the savage doctrine that might is the absolute master of mankind, a doctrine which is a denial of civilization. Napoleon said that the moral element in war is to the material as three to one. It is a truth which the Kaiser and his advisers will find themselves forced to realize.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

The Coming of a Classic

The heart of every woman in the British Empire must have been touched with a sense of honor, loyalty and admiration at the advice given by Earl Kitchener to his men: "Be courteous to the women and only courteous." This remark will go down in the annals of history as a choice classic. It will leave a pure impression in the mind of every honest British subject. The volumes of meaning embodied in those few words delineates to the whole world the character of the great British military leader.

A Blessing in Disguise

The young woman and her problem has concerned us for several years but never so much as at the present time. Let me urge upon the minds of our young women that any honest work is honorable, and house work performed successfully is the finest attainment a woman can accomplish. If every girl knows how to cook and keep house well when she marries, domestic peace is insured. Poor housekeeping is the chief cause of poverty, distress, and divorce. I have interviewed scores of girls in this crisis and few know how to do house work—few can cook—yet every girl expects to marry. It is an appalling sight to see crowds of girls and young women out of employment, while housekeepers are asking for experienced help, yet few out of all the host of the unemployed are able to respond. This condition makes me feel that the present crises will in the end benefit the majority of the young wage-earning girls. It will dignify domestic service. Business women, and other women who are in responsible positions are usually good housekeepers and splendid cooks. Perhaps the ambition that has made them superior in mental training has made them efficient housekeepers. It is the girl engaged in the minor position who knows nothing about housekeeping. This is the girl who will be benefited by the present condition. I cannot understand why so many refuse to go to the country. Some of the best homes in Western Canada are in the country and most farmers' wives have big, kind motherly hearts. The most successful winter the writer ever spent was in a shack in the middle of a cornfield seven miles from town—isolated from social life. Before this, history was the weakest link in her education but careful study during the long winter evenings prepared her for a position as teacher of history and literature later in high school. Besides there is social life in the country and especially in our country towns. I know personally many women in Western Canadian rural homes and a superior class of women they are. Girls would be fortunate indeed, in their homes. It is a fine trait of disposition to be able to adapt one's self to new conditions.

Heroines of History

Florence Nightingale

In a very beautiful part of English country the rolling romantic land of Derbyshire—where valleys and wooded heights thrill one with delight at its picturesque enchantment, a little girl looked down at her Ayrshire terrier and exclaimed: "Oh, but isn't it lovely, Max!" Then both ran down into the flower garden while her father and the vicar came down the stone stairway. "There's Florence," said the father. "Give that little daughter of mine flowers or birds or animals of any sort to care for and she's as happy as the day is long." That afternoon as she and the vicar rode over the downs they met an old, bent shepherd hobbling after his sheep. "Where's your dog?" asked the little girl as she stopped her horse. "The boys have been throwing stones at him, sir, and have broken his leg, poor beast," he replied. "He'll never be good for anything again and I'm thinking of putting an end to his misery."

Florence immediately went to the poor moaning sheep-dog and knelt down on the mud floor, taking the greatest care not to hurt him; as she touched his head and patted him he lifted his big brown eyes and looked gratefully into her face.

The vicar told her how to make a compress and Florence Nightingale began to nurse her first patient. She soon had hot bandages on the dog's swollen leg and soothed him, while she tried to keep him quiet.

The vicar urged her to go home, but she replied: "Oh, no, I want to see him get better. A nurse should not leave her patient."

The dog recovered and from that time on Florence nursed wounded birds and animals until she was quite grown up. Her interest naturally turned towards nursing and she with Elizabeth Fry visited many English hospitals and studied the methods of nursing. At Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, in Germany, a school for nurses had just been started and there Florence Nightingale went to study.

When England went to war with Russia in the Crimea, Miss Nightingale knew that many soldiers would lay down their lives there for want of proper nursing in the military hospitals, and she offered to take a band of women nurses out to the Crimea to serve through the war—thus began the Red Cross movement.

Before the war had ended Florence Nightingale had come to be loved by the British soldiers as the little girl of Lea Hurst had been loved by her father's neighbors. She who would be great in big things must be great in small duties.

A soldier once said of her: "Before she came into the room there was much cussing and swearing but after she visited us the place seemed holy."

Florence Nightingale dignified the profession of nursing. Before her time nursing was considered a menial kind of work but she raised it to its present status of dignity. Such was the wonderful influence of one woman's personality whose devotion to the common duties about her in the girlhood of her life prepared her for the higher call of womanhood.

Joan of Arc

A little, dark haired, dark eyed girl played with a small boy in a sunny valley of fair France. The boy threw down his pipe of willow saying, "Tis broken, Joan; I know a better tree by the Meuse. I'll cut some wands there and make another that will play a rare farandole like the minstrels play at Domremy Fair."

"Father says there'll be no more fairs in Domremy," replied Joan. "He says we're all like to lose our homes these days. He says the English are surely coming for us, and we'll be driven out of France into the sea."

"Tis only Saint Michael can defeat them, Joan," continued the boy, "I saw his picture on a shield the other night, and father says 'twas he who drove the English from his mount in Normandy, the one they call the Mount at Peril of the Sea."

The girl said seriously: "I dream of Saint Michael, all clad in shining silver, some fast days, brother; he comes and looks at me and when I wake up I can still see his eyes."

Then she bent forward and looked down the valley to the side of the red-tiled roofs of the little town of Domremy. "When the soldiers come again, and are like to burn our home I'll pray to good Saint Michael. He may hear me." Then the boy and girl went to look for rushes to use in weaving a mat for the floor that was so cold in winter.

After that Joan listened many times for the voice of St. Michael and the picture of the saint became very clear to her vision. At last she heard his voice. He told her the kingdom of France lay in his care, that the king of France and all his people were in danger, and that she must prepare herself to go to her king's aid, for it was through her that France was to be delivered. He bade her be not



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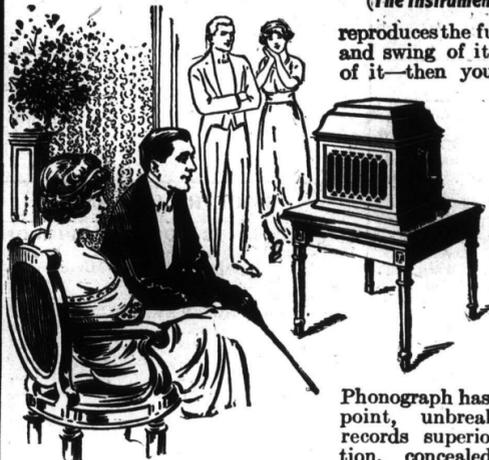


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afraid but prepare herself for the great work she was to do, and told her that the two saints—Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine—would be near her always and would direct and strengthen her. Such was the vision of Joan of Arc that came in response to her faith in prayer.

Later when the priest visited her father he said: "There is a prophecy made long syne by some holy man that our France shall be ruined by a woman and then be safe restored by a maid from the borders of Lorraine. We know the woman, King Charles' mother, but where is the maid? God grant that she come soon!"

Joan was like other girls—she helped her mother in the house and her father in the fields, and went to mass and confession, and attended to the little duties about her while the years of her girlhood passed. When she was sixteen the English and the soldiers of Burgundy swept down on Lorraine and drove the peasants from their homes. When they returned and found their homes in ashes, Joan realized that God had called her to the work of saving her country.

In the autumn of 1428 when the fate of France seemed trembling in the balance she felt two commands; one was to save Orleans from the English, the other was to lead the Dauphin to Rheims and have him crowned king—two impossible tasks because she could not ride, she knew nothing of war and had never been out of the valley of the Meuse. But the voices assured her that she would be guided safely. She saw the vision and obeyed. She said: "Though I would rather spin by my mother's side, I must go and do this work, for my Lord wishes me to do it." It was her faith that prompted men of France to help her. Always she acknowledged this faith.

In a very short time the young girl of seventeen was at the head of the French army and rode north to raise the siege of Orleans. Clad in full armor, astride a white horse, she carried a banner. The field of the banner was sown with the lilies of France, in the centre was painted God holding the world and on each side knelt an angel. She was greeted as a warrior maid sent by God and hope revived in the hearts of the people. The French were victorious and the enemy was forced to retreat, and so raise the siege.

Her first task was accomplished. She then performed the second task. This gave her country new hope and strength.

This peasant girl—Joan of Arc—the Maid of France—was true to duty's call and in all history there is not a heroine more honored.

The Heroine of Siberia

Praskovie Lopouloff was her name. Her father belonged to a noble family of Ukraine but lived in Russia and entered the Russian army, distinguishing himself in campaigns against the Turks—he was exiled through the ill-will of a superior officer. At the time of his daughter's journey the father had been exiled fourteen years.

Praskovie contributed to the support of the family by helping the reapers and the washer women and was paid in corn, eggs, and vegetables.

At the age of fifteen she conceived the idea of going all the way to Petersburg to seek her father's pardon, an idea which she attributed to the inspiration of Providence.

Soon the idea absorbed her mind and she prayed for strength and means to carry it out, but her father objected as he thought it useless. He even ridiculed her for even thinking of a task so impossible. He scolded her and laughed at her.

Three years passed, her will was not shaken—she still determined to go.

She tried to get a passport but her father urged that it be refused her. Finally she succeeded in getting the passport and begged to be allowed to go so earnestly that her father consented.

She said the same Power that had already enabled her to surmount so many obstacles would be able to bring her into

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the emperor's presence and put into her mouth words of persuasion to win a father's pardon. On her way she found difficulty after difficulty but would not turn back. All obstacles that a girl could experience confronted her but she would not give up. For months she was ill with fever but her determined purpose won her many friends on the journey. After twenty months she reached the capital as full of hope and heart as on the first day of her journey. With her petition she went to the senate-house but was ignored by everyone. They thought she was a common beggar. For two weeks no one would listen to her.

Some one said to her: "You might as well offer your petition to that statue. I should think you would be disheartened."

"I hope," replied Praskovie, "that my faith will save me. To-day I make my last appeal to the senate, and surely my petition will be taken. God is all-powerful!"

She won her way into the hearts of some influential people, among whom was an officer of the Empress Dowager's household.

One day as she related the story of her adventures of her long journey, the wife of the officer urged her husband to mention her to the Empress. That same evening the Empress Dowager ordered Praskovie to be presented to her. When she related her object to the Empress, the royal lady praised her for her devotion and courage and promised to speak for her to the Czar. Her father's pardon was granted together with a gift of five thousand roubles. This heroine accomplished her purpose through faith and courage.

Catherine The Great

Catherine the Great was taught the value of the power of girlhood and this was what she cared for later in life.

In the German town of Stettin she played with other children. She was better off than her boy playmates because she did not have to be moulded into a soldier.

Though a royal princess, her family was poor—and lived in a corner of the palace at Stettin. When she was twelve years old the Empress Elizabeth ordered Catherine's portrait sent to her, despatched presents to her and invited her to Moscow. Catherine's mother knew what this meant. The Empress meant to marry her to the Grand Duke Peter.

Though Catherine did not like him, she could not refuse the plans of royalty and so married him. She had to study the Russian religion and become accustomed to Russian habits. Her husband cared nothing for her—all around her were conspirators and slanderers, but she had tremendous ambition. She proved a strong, determined woman. She kept her eye on what was happening in Russia, and knowing that her husband would make a bad emperor, she seized the throne, proclaimed herself Czarina, and determined to rule alone. Dressed in the uniform of a general she appeared before the troops and announced that she was their new commander. The rough soldiers knew that she was strong and that Peter was weak, and they put the care of their country in her hands. She became one of the great sovereigns of Europe because she knew her strength. She was a far-seeing statesman, and a brilliant commander of her armies.

Mothers of Men

Heroines of History—the records of the ages are alive with stories of courageous girls and brave women. Women who appeared made of iron so determined in their convictions were they, but so tender and sympathetic at heart that they filled men with hope and victory. But I turn the pages of history over and read about Marie Antoinette, the girl of Versailles, Josephine, the girl of Martinique who married Napoleon, the sad queens, the good queens, the great queens of the nations and I read of no heroine more womanly, more powerful or more courageous than the mother of the Gracchii who was visited by a brilliant society leader. The woman of fashion proudly spread her jewels before the mother of the Gracchii and asked: "Where are your jewels?" The mother of the Gracchii called her children to her and replied: "These are my jewels."

And the heroines of history—are they not the mothers of men?

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Where Red and Assiniboine Meet

A Story of Manitoba in the Long, Long Ago

By J. D. A. Evans

IT'S a long time ago since I heard father telling a Hudson Bay man from the North who happened to be in the Fort, about a fight at the mouth of Assiniboine river," said Goulet, as he cut vigorously at a plug of smoking tobacco.

The evening of an October day. The writer with two friends had come down from Winnipeg to spend a week duck shooting upon some sloughs in the vicinity of Goulet's hay camp away in the tamarac woods of Southeastern Manitoba. A shanty amidst the depths of the timber, quietude and tranquility, a retreat from the ceaseless roar of Portage Avenue traffic.

"Goulet" said one of his visitors the evening of arrival. "Tell us some story of the old days."

Goulet is a native of Manitoba. The years of early boyhood were spent by him in the neighborhood of that locality Red River enters into the great waterway of the northland, Lake Winnipeg. Ah! but long ago, for Goulet to-day is approaching years when the shadows of life's evening creep away.

"Gracious boy," he exclaimed. "A story of the old times, eh! I used to know lots of them, heard father tell a good many, too."

the river at St. Vital and St. Norbert. Indians used to meet sometimes at the Fort to talk matters over; they were always going to do wonders afterwards. When the spring sales of furs were made, the tom-toms would be beating for days, and dances all the time so I suppose the Indians were at the Fort getting supplies, perhaps meeting others they hadn't seen for a long time. All these Indians weren't friends, don't think that for a moment. One lot might be waiting for a chance to kill some other band off, maybe these had stolen horses from them or something else. It didn't take much to cause a row, but they took good care to do no quarrelling around the Fort, they'd have got packed off out of there mighty quick. Well, at all events I guess some Indians had met with others they wanted to get level with, some thievery or other father said he thought was the matter. When these fellows had gone down toward the river, another lot went off in a different direction to gather up other Indians to help in the row. Just before sunset, a number were seen coming toward the log house; they were carrying guns, and —"

"Guns, thought they used bows and arrows in those days," was the comment of a listener.

"No, guns," repeated Goulet with



Moving supplies of the French Army to base of operations. Underwood & Underwood

After lighting his pipe and replenishing the stove, he remarked in a somewhat solemn tone.

"Father died in 1853. He's buried in old St. Andrews on the river. He often used to speak of a fight which took place when he was a young man at the mouth of the Assiniboine. I guess very few people remember about that nowadays, and —"

"Tell that, Goulet," a chorus of voices interrupted. "Just the kind of story, couldn't be better."

"I'll try," he replied. "Maybe I can remember other stories to-night as well. I'll tell of the fight first anyway."

"You know where the Assiniboine runs into the Red River. There's a bridge of the C.N.R. close to the mouth; it's nearly opposite to the hospital of the Grey Nuns in St. Boniface. A big fight took place here. I was only a little fellow at the time and we were camped on the river bank. Father had been to the store of the Company, when he came back to the tent he said a lot of Indians had just come in, some from Ellice, others were Lake Winnipeg men. Just come down with their winter's catch of pelts, feast and have a good time. Quite a number of Indians were living in a large log house at the river mouth; those from a distance used to stay there if they didn't want the trouble of putting up teepees. A lot of —"

"Suppose you recollect when there were plenty of Indians in Fort Garry," interrupted the writer.

"Yes, lots of them, a bad lot too when they felt that way. You people don't know what has taken place in the old times where Main Street and Portage Avenue are now. As I was saying, a lot of Indians were in Fort Garry; some of these were staying with other niches living along

emphasis. "Hudson Bay muskets, long single barrel guns, kill ducks a long distance though, father had one of them. The Indians walked up to the house; a lot of loud talking began, suddenly off went a musket and down fell an Indian who was standing in the doorway. I suppose this was a signal for a regular set to; some Indians ran outside the house and started to shoot; they were well shot at too. At all events, the fight continued until the Indians who had come to the house were nearly all killed; those who were not, took to their heels and got away mighty quick. The sound of the shooting had been heard at the Fort; a number of people came down to find out what the noise was about. There were some Indians dead in the house; outside, father said over thirty had been killed. Quite a fight wasn't it?"

"What did they do with the bodies?"

"Do with them!" Goulet exclaimed.

"Just piled as many as they could into a Red River cart, took them down the bank and dumped them in, then came back for more. There were no funeral processions in those times; many a dead Indian, yes and white men too have been dropped into Red River; I can remember lots, and if I can think of some of these happenings, you'd be interested, I'll try and think of some directly."

A story of Fort Garry in the many years ago. And marked with bloodshed upon the river bank where Indian and trapper assembled when the smoke of teepees curled over the plains, yell of hunter sounded amidst prairie silence. Old Fort Garry of the stone gateway; rumbling of Red River cart heard no more; electric car rushes along the once crooked trail of the Indian, who, in days relegated into the abyss of forgetfulness, traded his pelts at the Company's store.

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A Wise Old Owl

By Marvin Leslie

OLD man" Woodford, the "lumber king" of the Ottamachi River, threw down the scale bill with a puzzled frown, and summoned the new assistant manager.

"I have a problem on my hands, Carl," said the old lumberman. "Elliott and Perry have been cutting by the thousand this winter on the Big So' West. Last year the logs from the same ground took fifteen for a thousand. This year they can't possibly be as good, but Daly has just handed in his scale showing that they are only taking twelve."

"Elliott is a great old schemer," suggested Carl. "Is it possible that he has fooled Daly in some way?"

"That's all I can think of," replied Woodford; "but Daly has been handling a rule for us now for over twenty years, and is up to all the jobber's tricks. I can't understand it."

"Why not send another scaler to go over Daly's work and make an independent survey?" suggested Carl.

"I've about decided to do that," said Woodford, "and you had better start up there to-morrow."

"Me?" exclaimed Carl.

"Sure," replied Woodford, "it is your first chance to show whether you are cut out for the lumber business or not. You can get to Juniper Junction by noon and strike the camp before night."

"Where does Elliott get his supplies?" asked Carl.

"At McIntosh's store at Juniper," replied Woodford, "and we pay the bills on Elliott's order."

The next day a way freight dropped Carl at the crude lumber siding that appeared on the rail road maps as Juniper; and he at once looked up the proprietor of the local store.

"I would like to see Elliott and Perry's account," asked Carl, after introducing himself.

"Elliott and Perry comin' out behind?" quizzed McIntosh as Carl glanced over the invoices.

"Oh, no, only we are paying the bills and like to keep tab on them."

That night Carl reached Elliott's camp, and, after a hearty lumberman's supper, retired to the "beaver house" with Elliott and the taciturn Perry.

"And the old man is not satisfied with Daly's scale?" suggested Elliott.

"Hardly that," replied Carl, "but we want to check over things a bit. You must be getting a fine run of logs when it only takes twelve for a thousand."

"Yes," replied Elliott easily, "we've just cut the best this winter and got a dandy bunch of logs. You'll say so in the morning when you see them."

Early next morning Carl and Elliott started out. A heavy storm was brewing and before they had gone far the snow was falling so thickly that they could scarcely see ten feet ahead of them. A two mile tramp through the trackless woods brought them to the first "yard." The logs were piled in

solid tiers against a steep bank and across the ravine another hill loomed up dimly through the storm.

Carl looked around with a little shiver. The snow was falling thicker than ever, and shut out everything except the towering mass of logs. From somewhere on the other side of the ravine, out of the white pall that seemed to stifle the young surveyor, came the sonorous mournful hoot of an owl.

"Pretty good logs," said Elliott who seemed to enjoy the storm.

"They look all right," replied Carl as he took his scale rule and began work.

In less than an hour he had scaled and marked enough to give a fair average, and Elliott led the way into the thickening storm. After what seemed to Carl an interminable tramp through the woods with a hundred winding turns they came to the next yard. By this time the storm had increased so that they almost ran against the logs before seeing them.

All day, simply stopping for a hasty lunch, they tramped from yard to yard, and towards night Carl descended from the sixth and last with a sigh of wearied relief.

"Some logs, eh?" said Elliott triumphantly. "What do you figure it'll take for a thousand?"

Carl made a rapid calculation on his score card. "I can't figure it out to a foot," he said, "but it will run between twelve and thirteen."

"Not far from Daly's figures," laughed Elliott. "I guess he is about as good as any of the college scalers," he added with a sneer.

The chill of approaching night was in the air; the silent flakes of snow still fell, and the early winter twilight added to the gloom. Off to the right boomed the sonorous mournful hoot of an owl.

"Let's get back to the camp," suggested Carl, "I'll have to get up early to catch that south express."

The next morning Elliott drove Carl to the siding at Juniper. "I'm glad you found everything tallied with Daly's figures," declared the jobber as he shook hands with the young surveyor.

"Yes," replied the latter, "we'll send Daly up next week to scale the other yards."

"The other yards!"

"It's no use looking surprised," said Carl. "I'm 'wise' to your scheme. You put all the big logs in one yard and the small ones in the others. Then on a stormy day you took me to the big yard six times. While we were gone your useful partner rubbed my marks off the ends of the logs. Daly must have been here on a stormy day too, or you couldn't have caught him."

"How—how?" stammered Elliott.

"Your account at McIntosh's aroused my suspicions," explained Carl, "for there is only one thing a jobber buys sandpaper for, and that's to erase a scaler's marks from logs. Even then, though, you might have caught me, if it hadn't been for the old owl that hooted every time we came to the yard."

Time to Spare

An eccentric-looking person, with exceedingly long hair, was walking down Walnut Street in Philadelphia one day not long ago, when he was approached by a mischievous youngster who inquired the time.

"Ten minutes of four," said the eccentric person.

Whereupon, much to his disgust, the disrespectful lad rejoined:

"Well, at four o'clock get your hair cut."

The boy then ran swiftly down the street, pursued by the now incensed person with the long hair. The latter, after running a block, suddenly found his passage barred by a policeman.

"See that boy, officer?" demanded the angry pursuer, pointing at the fleeing lad. "He asked me the time, and when I replied 'Ten minutes to four,' he had the nerve to tell me, 'Well, at four o'clock get your hair cut.'"

The policeman gazed stolidly at the agitated man with the long hair. Then he asked:

"Well, what are you running for? You've got seven minutes yet!"



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WINNIPEG CALGARY FORT WILLIAM NEW WESTMINSTER

Preserving Manitoba's Forest Assets

By J. D. A. Evans.

In the year 1909, legislative enactment tending toward a certain feature of Manitoba's prosperity in future years, was inaugurated by the Federal Government under auspices of the Department of Forestry. And the purpose of this propaganda are to protect the young growth of timber; replant specified forest areas. The Government are likewise fencing ten thousand acres of this huge space for pasturage. Verily a stimulus for the agriculturist of adjoining localities to engage in that dire necessity of Manitoba to-day, mixed farming.

"You are going to walk through the Forest Reserve, eh? Quite an undertaking, not many people living there at present, it's a pretty wild place."

The scene of this conversation was the platform of the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Carberry; the speaker, a well-known resident of that town. A few minutes previously, two loads of tamarac cordwood had passed along the main business thoroughfare; the writer had expressed surprise relative to the size of the timber which had provided the fuel.

"Plenty of that," remarked the Carberryite with a laugh. "Miles of tamarac in the Reservation, for the Dominion Government have—"

He stopped momentarily, then resumed his remarks: "Just come to my office and see a map which will show you what that Forest Reserve represents."

Upon a wall in the editorial sanctum of the News-Express, a map of recent issue was hanging. A glance at this indicated that a few miles southward of Carberry, an area of land adaptable for the purpose of forestic propagation is located.

The road crossing the Canadian Pacific Railway tracks one half mile eastward of Carberry, is the main highway to the Forest Reserve. For three miles, until Brandon Junction, C.N.R. branch line to Neepawa is reached, a fine stretch of agricultural country is traversed. At the Junction, a countryside of extremely rough characteristic is entered. Upon the occasion of the writer's visit, this occurred at the latter end of March, a snow storm which as evening approached assumed blizzard attainment, was not conducive to comfort, neither an additional feature to the bleak landscape. A few and apparently untenanted habitations are visible; in close proximity to the boundaries of the Reservation, commodious buildings appear in a bluff of poplars. These form a ranch; until recent years its operations were conducted by Nathaniel Boyd, ex-M.P., constituency of Macdonald. Today its programme of raising equine stock continues under proprietorship of men who are following the footsteps of their predecessor, Mr. Boyd, otherwise, achieving good success. One half mile from this ranch, a large implement shed will be noticed; adjacent to this stands a gate upon a post of which a signboard announces, "River road." And this is the indicative finger pointing out the main highway to Cypress River and Glenboro; the Assiniboine crossing is distant seven miles, and the ranch spoken of is adjacent to the Reservation, at the limits of which an iron pillar bearing in black letters upon red painted surface: D. G. F. R. Dominion Government Forest Reserve, is seen.

A region rugged and wild now commences; vast area of the sandhill creating, scattered coppices of spruce. Between the dunes are occasional small acreages of arable land; from the trail no evidences of human tenancy are observable. It would be appropriate to now remark that any allusion associating the circuitous relic of Indian days upon which we are walking as highway or road, would be a misnomer. The similitude of the many sandpeaks is remarkable; in the majority of instances these dunes are carpeted with a species

of juniper; poplar, scrub oak, ash may be seen; a sprinkling of maple which, however, and by no means of diminutive girth, occurs in a ravine through which the trail winds. Three miles from this point, are the highlands, flankments of Assiniboine Valley. The boulder and stone of large dimension are conspicuous by absence in this portion of the Reserve; the bed of the stream passing through the glen to which allusion has been made, bears evidences in which the student of mineralogy would evince keen interest; years of not distant future may attest the statement of the writer, that more is existent beneath the surface of the Forest Reserve than is known to-day. Upon the sandhills, shells of marine classification can be noticed. From the presence of these, a query arises concerning the originative basis of this section of Manitoba. Perchance, ah! Yet who can tell, these formations of sand are resultant issue of glacial tenancy of Manitoba in centuries long remote. Within some districts of the Reservation, an absence of tree growth is prevalent; this may be assumed the aftermath of fire; as preventative of repetition, protection is to-day afforded by wide plowed guards; the planting of saplings will within few years remedy this defect.

But, at the summit of the Assiniboine highlands, the panorama of the valley is majestic; its landscape must be ranked in the primary list of Manitoba's grandest scenic possessions. Amidst small coppices, farm houses peep forth; large stubble fields corroborate the fact of the riverside's extreme fertility. A large scow on the bank of the stream is suggestive that when winter's icy tenure of the waters has succumbed to sunshine of spring, a ferry is maintained at this place. The home of an English settler is located here; in this abode a day was spent by the writer, hours which sped away too quickly in the company of Mr. Smart, his excellent wife and intelligent children at this peaceful domicile on the river edge. The main road to Cypress and Glenboro is situate here; these towns are within a radius of seventeen miles. To the south of the river, the trail re-enters the sandhills two miles distant. The timber upon this portion of the Reserve is not of general distribution; spruce limited, of minor size only. For three miles a trek is necessary through the miniature mountains; then, the eye will be observant of the prairie; in the distance Cypress and Tiger Hills. The limitations of the Reservation have now been passed.

As a game preserve, the territory is unsurpassed; rumor emanating from excellent authority, claims such is under consideration at Ottawa. In walking through the Reserve, a person would express amazement at the quantities of partridge and prairie chicken; the jumping deer with other members of the fauna, wander the more secluded recesses of the area. From a military aspect, the Forest Reserve is highly adaptable for training purposes; at the present date, an annual encampment of Manitoba's forces occurs at Sewell. However, that district is not within the Reservation confines, the boundary of which lies one mile to the south of that village. In reference to the forestic area situate southward of the Assiniboine, the limitations are within twenty-six sections of land; the entire dimensions of the Reserve are representative of 224 1/2 square miles, in other words, a territory slightly in excess of fourteen miles. No homesteads at the present time are available; thousands of acres are suitable for such purpose. It is possible that at some future time the Dominion Government may specify certain sections as open for entry. The officials in control of the Reservation, these act under the instructions of R. H. Campbell, Superintendent Department of Forestry, consist of chief ranger, supervisor, four subordinate rangers, all of whom are resident within the area.

What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose, and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic, and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in, almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational, and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep up correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature, and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean, drugs must be persisted in and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D. of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means, causing less strain on the system, and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch" and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 259, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Western Home Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness, as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

WAR MAP OF EUROPE IN COLORS

Size 20 in. x 30 in.

This Map is correct in every detail, and, in addition, will show vital statistics regarding numerical strength of armies and navies of the nations engaged in conflict.

PRICE 25 CENTS—Sent postpaid upon receipt of price.

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\$200.00 IN CASH GIVEN TO BOYS AND GIRLS The Great War Puzzle

16 10 20 7 12 15 11 15 1

A Great English General

2 4 20 20 6 15 19 12 10 5 19

England's Best Defence

19 8 6 17 10 15 1 19

What the nations depend on

9 1 4 11 7 15

England's Friend

What words or names do the figures spell? The magic circle will tell you.

Each number in the words called for above stands for a letter of the alphabet. When all the numbers in each word are found and placed in proper rotation you will have the word asked for. What words or names do the figures spell? That is the puzzle for bright girls and boys.

How to solve this great puzzle

Look at the magic circle and you will see that each section has a number and contains a certain number of dots. In the words above each number stands for a corresponding section of the magic circle. The sections of the circle in turn each stand for a letter in the alphabet. You find the letter by counting the number of dots in the section. For instance "A" is represented by section 4 containing one dot because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. "B" is represented by two

dots because it is the second letter of the alphabet. "C" is represented by three dots (section 7) because it is the third letter in alphabet, and so on. In order to help you, we will tell you that the first letter in the first word is "K". It is represented by section 16 and this section contains 11 dots, because "K" is the 11th letter in the alphabet. Now find the letters represented by the other numbers, and send your answers in to us.

The boys and girls, fully qualifying for entry to the contest, whose answers are correct, or nearest correct, neatest and best written, will be awarded the following:

Magnificent List of Prizes	
1st prize	\$50.00 in cash
2nd	25.00 "
3rd	20.00 "
4th	15.00 "
5th	10.00 "
6th	8.00 "
7th	5.00 "
8th	5.00 "
9th	5.00 "
10th	5.00 "
11th	5.00 "
12th	3.00 "
13th	3.00 "
14th	3.00 "
15th	3.00 "
16th	3.00 "
17th	2.00 "
18th	2.00 "
19th	2.00 "



Special Prize
Handsome Shetland Pony and Cart

As the entirely from the magnificent cash prizes that will be awarded to lucky boys and girls this handsome Shetland Pony and Cart (or his cash price) will be awarded to the boy or girl sending us the best letter of not more than 60 words, giving us their experience with our goods. (See how to enter the contest below)

How to enter this great contest

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF ALL COST OR EXPENSE OF ANY KIND EITHER NOW OR HEREAFTER

We are the manufacturers of the famous "Hearts of Flowers" Parisian Perfume, an absolutely new and exquisite perfume, which we want to quickly introduce to as many ladies as possible. Therefore we ask every boy or girl who enters this contest or sends an answer to the puzzle to compete for the prizes, to help us advertise and introduce this famous perfume. We have specially prepared a beautiful, big 10c sample size of this lovely perfume and in order to qualify your answer to the puzzle to stand for the judging for the prizes we will send you just 20 of these dandy sample size of "Hearts of Flowers" to distribute for us among your friends and neighbors at our special introduction price of only 10c each. This will be as

easy as fun. We will send six of the most popular and best selling odors, White Rose, Lily of the Valley, Wood Violet, Heliotrope, Lilac, and French Carnation—it will be no trouble at all—you will sell them in a few minutes. "Hearts of Flowers" is so delicious, fragrant and lasting that many ladies buy 4 or 5 as soon as they see them. This is the only condition necessary to qualify for entry to the contest. Every girl or boy selling the perfume receives at once a handsome gift as a reward. We will send you a picture of these gifts or premiums when we get your answer. They are special rewards for your work in introducing the perfume and are entirely in addition to both the cash prizes and the pony and cart.

Boys and Girls—Observe the following simple rules:

1. Only boys or girls under 16 years of age may enter this contest. Give your full name and address and state your age. Age of contestant will be given consideration in making the awards.
2. More than one member of a family may compete but only one cash prize will be awarded in any one family or household.
3. Boys and girls may obtain assistance to solve the puzzle but the answers must be written by the contestant personally.
4. Winners will be chosen from among the boys and girls sending correct or nearest correct solutions to all four names, whose answers are decided to be (age being considered) 1-neatest, 2-best written. The general neat-

- ness of the reply or letter containing it will be the deciding factor in case of ties.
6. Every boy and girl entering is to sell 50 of Yvonne's Hearts of Flowers at 10c each in order to compete. Beautiful premiums of value (entirely separate and apart from prizes) will be given to every boy and girl for this service.
6. Four gentlemen, having no connection with this firm or no personal knowledge or acquaintance with any competitors will judge the answers for the awarding of prizes.
7. Sons and daughters or relatives of any member or employee of this firm will not be allowed to compete. Get your answers in at once, addressed to

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Contest Dept. 50 TORONTO, ONT.

How Oil was Discovered in S. Alberta

By Max McD.

IT IS now long since holes in the ground in the southern portion of Southern Alberta flowed the only mixture that has set men crazy in all the ages of the world. The fact has been demonstrated beyond peradventure that an oil field exists somewhere in the bowels of the earth adjacent to and beneath the Rockies in Southern Alberta. It is known because men have drilled and found it. The writer of this article has seen the wells drilled, the oil struck, the pumping machinery put down, the crude petroleum lifted to the tanks above, and afterwards refined into twelve different and distinct ingredients. Seeing is believing, and to scores of persons the presence of oil in the South Kootenai Pass of the Rockies is a reality.

Well, then, why is development work not in progress there as in other fields in the province? But thereby hangs a tale; and that tale is the beginning of this story of oil in the South Kootenai Pass.

Everybody in Southern Alberta knows "Bill" Aldridge. He is a Mormon pioneer. Once he lived under the shadow of Bear Mountain on the shore of the Middle Waterton Lake. That was some time after "Kootenai" Brown, now superintendent of Waterton Lakes Park, came to settle in what is now the Province of Alberta. "Kootenai" and "Bill" were neighbors and pals. They went into the mountains together trapping and hunting, while their large bands of cattle and horses fed on the prairie grass along Waterton River.

There was no "Waterton" Lakes or river then. The Kootenai Indians hunted and fished in that district, and from them the big waters took their names. "Kootenai" was the first and local name. John George Brown was called by the same name, and to-day his intimate friends refer to him as "Kootenai." The "e" has been dropped because it is unnecessary and was only used at all to bring out the long vowel pronunciation used by the Kootenai Indians in speaking the word. "Waterton" was what the government authorized to be written on the maps of Canada, but the old-timers of the West still hold to the name Kootenai.

It will probably never be known whether "Kootenai" Brown or "Bill" Aldridge first discovered oil on Oil Creek. As a matter of fact, oil was discovered on this little creek in the high mountains. "It was floating on the water," so "Bill" told the writer, and to make sure it was oil he skimmed it off and found it would burn. Then the pals went up the creek to a point almost on the British Columbia line, and there oozing out of granite cliffs and limestone was the same deposit as they had found on the water of the creek. There was no mistaking. It was oil.

Don't look for "Oil" Creek on the map. It isn't there. This, too, is a local name, and what could be better than "Oil" for a creek where even to-day you can skim the stuff off the water with your hand? But the geographers said Cameron Creek. No one, not even "Kootenai" Brown or "Bill" Aldridge know who named it or when. But that doesn't matter. The oil was there, and that was the important thing.

Whether "Bill" Aldridge was more enterprising than "Kootenai" Brown is not the point to be decided here. The fact is that it was "Bill" Aldridge who took a pack horse up the narrow and dangerous Cameron Creek once and again, and brought out to the prairie, in buckets balanced on the cayuse's back, literally barrels of crude oil. This went on for some time. The oil was refined in a crude refinery constructed by the man who discovered the crude material, and was sold to the early cow-men of the foothill country. That was before there was a Cardston or Pincher Creek, towns within a few hours' drive of greaseland. There was no coal oil in those days nearer than Macleod; but there was no trail to Macleod, and packing coal oil with the back of a cow horse for a reservoir was no cinche.

And so, wise old "Bill" saw in his crude oil a fortune. He had his market right at his door, and the desire to manufacture on a larger scale took hold of the old man. He moved with his family into the Pass where he built cabins miles from civilization, and there he prosecuted the work of taking apart the black paste that oozed down the mountain side, lighting his own log cabin and the shacks of his fellow-ranchers on the prairie beneath him.

Packers travelling through the South Kootenai Pass to-day stop at the old Aldridge buildings on Cameron Creek, and if they know where to find it, place a mountain flower on a little mound that holds the remains of "Bill's" little girl, born and buried on the creek that promised her father great riches.

Just how many years "Bill" Aldridge carried on this business in oil is hard to determine. "Bill" forgets. But it is known that when settlement came to the prairies of Southern Alberta the story of the discovery leaked out, and there was a stampede for the Kootenai Pass oil district. Men of all nationalities came; men who had drilled and pumped in Borneo and Sumatra; some who had seen service on the pole rigs of California; others who in old Ontario had put wells down in their own back yards; they all came in a rush—walking, riding, with wagons and democrats, fording swollen streams and cutting roads through the brush and timber, filing everywhere, some of the claims running away up to the mountain tops. Immediately behind these prospectors came the surveyors and engineers, for no proper survey of the pass had been made. They had heavy wagons to carry them as far as they could drive, and then a little donkey pack took them the remainder of the way, and packed their tools. It was a matter of only a short time that all the country was surveyed for filing, and in a few weeks every claim was staked.

But staking the claim did not produce the oil. Old "Bill" was careful enough to register his seepage on Oil Creek, and when the time came sold for a good sum, reinvesting the money in stock in the company that bought. "Bill" continued to refine his seepage oil and peddle it to the prairie, till a development company came in and monopolized the right to use the crude material. The old man lived with his family in the pass for a time; but there was nothing there for "Bill" now, so packing up one fine day he loaded his effects on a prairie schooner and hid himself to Cardston, where he is passing the remaining days of his life in comparative peace.

The Babbling Brook

Afar upon a mountain-side
I paused to watch a streamlet glide.
"Pray little stream," to it I say,
"Why do you murmur thus away?"
"Well, I can't rest," the brooklet said,
"Because there's boulders in my bed;
And when the sun is hot and high
My mouth gets very parched and dry;
And now the huntsman's gun and lead
Have shot the hares off of my head;
But I'll be dammed if people see
The power that there is in me,
And when to steel and wheel I'm fast
Then I will get my turn at last.
That's what they say about the worm,
So this is why I always murmur."

Why?

Why is it that people sit t-h-i-s
w-a-y
In the car we miss,
And in the car we finally catch
Are crowdedlikethis?

Of Literary Turn

When autumn days are growing brief
The forest quickly turns the leaf,
Until, no longer green, 'tis said
She is remarkably—well, red!

Household Suggestions

Visions

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
 And both were poor;
 Both sat with children, when the day was done,
 About their door.
 One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
 And shining moon;
 The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
 Made night of noon.
 One loved each tree and flower and singing bird,
 On mount or plain;
 No music in the soul of one was stirred
 By leaf or rain.
 One saw the good in every fellow-man
 And hoped the best;
 The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
 And doubt confessed.
 One, having heaven above and heaven below,
 Was satisfied;
 The other discontented, lived in woe,
 And hopeless died.

Sarah Knowles Bolton.

and a cream shape or custard should not appear at the same meal. Apple dumpling should not follow a beefsteak, and kidney pie or roly poly succeed a substantial joint. Let roast beef or mutton be followed by a light dessert and fish pie or rissoles by a good molasses or raisin suet pudding.

For a light dessert after a rich meal course, stewed fruit never fails us at any season of the year, and is one of the most wholesome and inexpensive of foods; one, also, of which few tire. It is especially in place after a curry with rice.

Perfectly cooked plain boiled rice is a simple dessert that can hardly be improved on if served with stewed fruit, jam and cream, or simpler still, with milk and brown sugar.

When eggs are cheap and plentiful, they should be freely used for souffles, batter puddings and sweet omelets; at other times baked and steamed puddings may be substituted.

Tomato Soup. — Heat a quart can of stewed tomatoes, add a teacupful of hot



American Refugees bargaining for transportation from war zone. Underwood & Underwood

Puddings and their Making

With cooler weather the appetite for hot desserts is ours again, and every housekeeper is on the lookout for something new in the way of puddings.

Puddings are such a wholesome addition to the bill of fare that they should be provided daily. With their help we can arrange a satisfactory and nourishing meal at a smaller cost than is the case when we depend on soups, fish and meat courses only.

Yet we hear people say, "Oh, none of us like puddings; we never have them now." The reason is not far to seek, for they have had one or other of a half-dozen puddings every day for years, and are naturally tired of them. When the variety possible is almost endless, and such as to satisfy all tastes, it seems a pity that so little trouble is taken to provide this variety.

Another cause for dissatisfaction lies in the fact that the dessert is too often planned with no regard for the remainder of the meal. Certain principles must always be followed in order to arrange a really successful dessert.

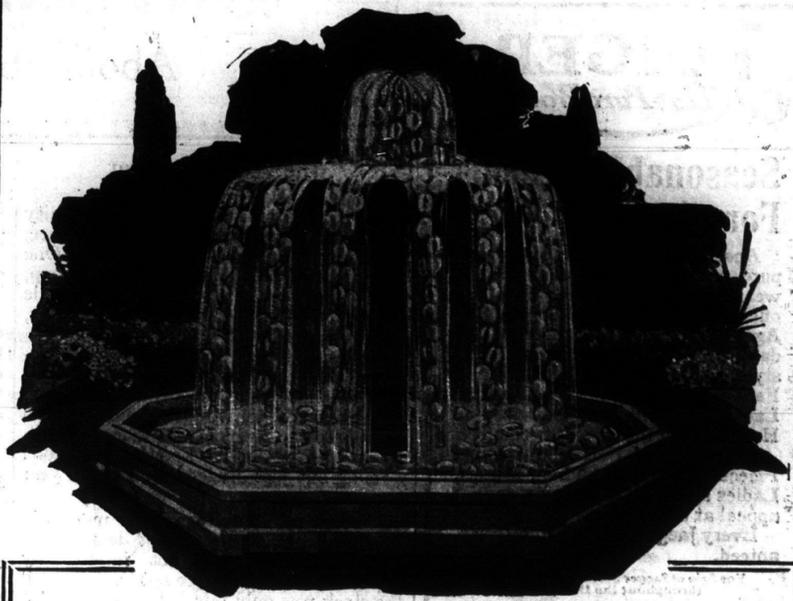
When every preceding dish is hot, let the pudding be cold. The hot pudding is required when there is no soup or when fish, cold meat or made-up meat with vegetables form the principal dish for luncheon or dinner.

The necessary variety and sequence must be taken into consideration. For instance, tomato soup and fish with salad should never be followed by an acid sweet such as lemon sponge or pudding. White soup, creamed vegetables, fricassee with white sauce, cream salad dressing

water, and rub through a colander. Season with salt, white pepper and a heaping tablespoonful of butter. When boiling hot add a quart, more or less of milk to make the quantity desired, and thicken with a little corn starch to the consistency of thin cream. Serve a small portion in each dish with hot, crisp crackers.

Timbale of Parsnips. — Scrape and slice the parsnips and boil slowly until tender; drain and mash fine; add salt and pepper, a little onion juice, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, two eggs beaten up with half a cup of milk; beat up well with a fork; then pack into well buttered timbale moulds lined with buttered paper; stand them in a shallow pan with boiling water half way up the sides and bake twenty minutes; when done run the blade of a thin knife around the sides of the moulds to loosen the timbales and turn out on a hot platter, pour a cream sauce around them and serve. These are nice served with creamed cod or with heated canned salmon.

Chicken Pie. — Joint the dressed chickens. Cut the upper part of the legs into two pieces, and the breast into three or four, and pick the meat from the neck and back. Line the sides only of the baking dish with buttermilk or baking powder biscuit, arrange the meat, the dark and the light meat as evenly as possible; season with salt, pepper and bits of butter, and moisten with a little of the water in which the chickens were boiled, thickened with corn starch. Cover with crust, gash and bake. Make giblet gravy. Serve with sour jelly. Early in the morning prepare the vegetables ready for cooking. Keep the potatoes and turnips under cold water, and the onions and squash in a cool place.



The Fount of Table Joys

Do you realize what a fountain of joy—in a world of homes—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are to-day?

Every morning—with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit—they greet a million people.

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They will introduce to your table some new fascinations, and you'll always be glad that you know them.

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Inside of each grain—by Prof. Anderson's process—we cause a hundred million explosions. Each food granule is blasted to pieces. Digestion is easy and complete.

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WINNIPEG

About the Farm

The Value of a Farm

I know several farms in one locality which are being priced at \$200 an acre, and are not for sale at that figure. One farm, located in the midst of this group, with equally as good land, was for sale recently at \$100 an acre. Obviously, there was not 100% difference in value.

An inspection of the farm for sale revealed that the owner was sickly, and his sons did not desire to stay on the farm. Alone he could not work the land and with hired help the problem was more difficult. He had no instinctive knowledge of good farming but just dragged along from year to year.

He had spent quite a little money in improvements, altho a great deal of this was wasted because not intelligently applied. The fields were not kept up, and the stock was only fair. There was not a speck of paint on the farm.

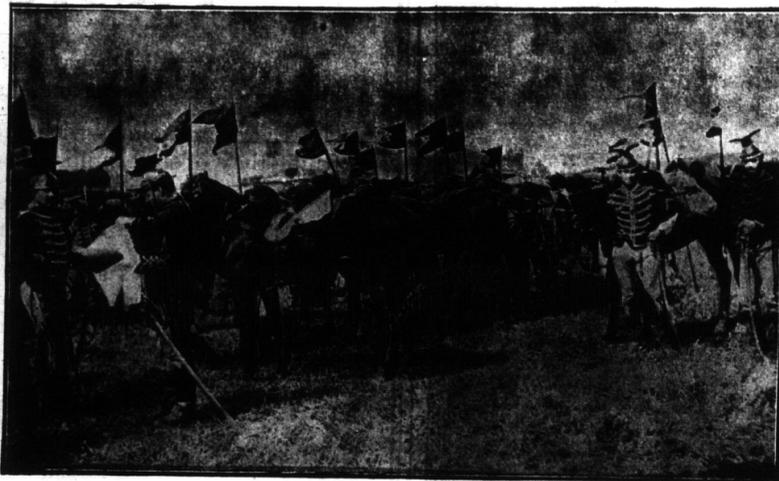
With the most progressive farmers in the state as his neighbors, this man was so oblivious to the events about him as to miss what they were doing to make money. He just drifted. Not making any money himself, he overlooked the possibilities of the farm, and really priced it at less than its value.

that the paper be sent to the reading rooms of the schools, and in many cases these are rural schools, are showing themselves alive to the possibility of training the young minds in the lines that shall make it possible to emphasize the importance of home life.

The time is past when the young people of this country must turn from the farm to the city in order to find a field in which to develop and to use the trait and the talents that are given them naturally or that are springing into existence through the cultivation that school training provides.

Everywhere the more progressive people are asking that their children be given the privilege of learning just what the rural agricultural training holds in store for them. Of course the higher type of training comes from the agricultural college, but there is no reason why the desire for a college course should not be stimulated in the city and rural schools.

The men who are directing the agricultural industries of the various countries, that is the agricultural experts who are being put in charge of the colleges in the different sections of the country are asking that their reading rooms may be supplied with dairy literature. Those in charge of the rest rooms, which the farmers and



Belgian Standards tattered by German shells. Photo by Underwood & Underwood

A progressive man on this farm, one who will repair the buildings and establish a good dairy business, should be able to send the price up \$50 an acre in five years. At that time he could make a handsome profit selling out, but he would probably be so pleased with the way things are coming his way that he would work all the harder to put the farm on a good business basis.

It is the old, old story of business-like organization, of intelligently directed work. A farm is really only a raw factory site, and its value depends upon the use made of it. Mr. Slipshod is forced to sell out at a sacrifice while Mr. Thinking Cap creates a veritable gold mine from the once barren acres.

If your farm is not paying well, or does not seem to impress your neighbors very much, take an inventory of yourself and your methods. Are you sure that all the weeds have been cut from the fence corners, that the buildings are painted, the grounds well kept, and the fields neat and orderly? Is system an integral part of your program? Are you doing this and that because your parent before you did so, or because you know it to be the best procedure? If such a self examination does not suggest some means of building up your farm value, you are either on the high road to wealth or you are a "dub" who will never get very much further.—W. A. Freehoff.

Dairying and the Schools

Not only the agricultural colleges but the public and rural schools throughout the country are awakening to the importance of dairying as a form of farm activity. There has been within the last year or year and a half a remarkable change along this line. The farmers who are asking

their wives are invited to make their headquarters when in town, are asking that the reading tables may be supplied with dairy literature. The same thing is true of the city school and of the rural school. It is an interesting and encouraging development. It shows a keener realization of just what dairying means to this country.

One of the specially interesting things in connection with this movement is the fact that the business men, the bankers, the secretaries of commercial clubs, the county superintendents and the principals and even the rural school teachers are the people who are asking that the papers may be sent forward for the reading rooms.

When one looks back 15 or 20 years he is impressed with the change that has taken place. In the old days such a thing would have been unheard of.

The Fireproof Roof

If reliable statistics of a general nature were available it would undoubtedly be shown that the majority of fires that occur in the rural sections start on the roofs. In cases of homes the danger may sometimes be from the over-heated chimneys or from sparks that come from the chimney. When once a fire has started in a farmstead the roof is the thing to watch in order to prevent spreading. The fireproof roof would save much

Relieves Asthma at Once. If you could read the thousands of unsolicited letters received by the makers from grateful users you, too, would realize the remarkable curing powers of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. All cases, incipient and chronic, are benefited by this great family remedy, and many of them are cured. Why suffer or experiment with worthless preparations when the genuine Kellogg's can be purchased everywhere.

On the Advice of His Doctor

He Used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Protruding Piles With Splendid Results.

Too often a doctor can only think of an operation when asked for a treatment for piles. Some are sufficiently broad-minded to use the most effective treatment available, which is undoubtedly Dr. Chase's Ointment, as was proven in the case referred to in this letter.

Mr. Simon E. Jones, Railway street, Inverness, N.S., writes:—"I have found Dr. Chase's Ointment the best treatment obtainable for protruding piles. For three years I suffered from piles, and was advised by a local physician to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I had tried many treatments in vain, and therefore know which is the best. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment, and you are at liberty to use this statement."

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It is a mild and powerful liniment, and in addition is an antiseptic and germicide of proven value. This makes it a different liniment and doubles its efficiency. Absorbine Jr. is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application and even retaining its germicidal powers diluted one part Absorbine Jr. to 100 parts water. It is purely herbal, containing no acids or minerals. Always pain promptly and makes good wherever an effective germicidal liniment is indicated.

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 Send for booklet "Evidence" which gives positive, clear-cut, emphatic evidence of what Absorbine Jr. has done and will do. This booklet, together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Absorbine Jr. is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or sent direct, all charges paid.

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anxiety, would reduce a tremendous amount of loss and would be a great blessing to the farmer generally.

There are materials which are practically fire-proof and which can be used to the best advantage in roofing the buildings of the farmsteads throughout the country.

The good old fashioned shingle is undoubtedly here to stay. It will be in use as long as the lumber mills can find material from which to make it, but the men who hesitate to use the more improved forms of roofing which offer not only the same protection against the weather but a much greater protection against loss through fire, are standing in their own light.

There is another advantage in connection with the fireproof roof and that is its beauty. In many cases it is the most thoroughly attractive roof that can be found.

Dairying that Pays

A few farmers make a handsome income from their dairy—many achieve a moderate success—some do not begin to make as much money out of their cows as they should.

There is a good profit in milk. The farmer must know, first of all, what this profit is—and second, how to get the profit out of the milk.

and pay this profit all the year round, cannot study the problem too carefully.

One of the most helpful books we have ever seen on the subject of profitable dairying, has just been received from the Vermont Farm Machine Company, of Bellows Falls, Vermont, U. S. A.

In order to insure prompt receipt, those who write the Vermont Farm Machine Company might mention this paper.

Incubation Items

Eggs should be selected, as well as breeders.

Discard all poorly-shelled or unevenly-shaped eggs.

The normal egg weighs about two ounces.

Its shape should be even, slightly larger at one end than at the other.

An extra large egg, or a small one should be rejected.

Large eggs are seldom fertile. Small eggs mean small chicks.

From every flock you will get a percentage of eggs that have never been fertilized.

Beware of "buttermilk" eggs; they are seldom fertile.

You will know them by the spotted or mottled appearance of the shell when candled.

When setting hens see that proper surroundings are provided.

Poor accommodation means poor hatchings.

The nest should be large and roomy, and not too far from the floor.

Moist earth is the best bottom.

It approaches the nearest to nature and helps to retard evaporation in the eggs. See that the slope is towards the centre, or the eggs will roll out and be chilled.

Fine cut straw, hay or excelsior are needed to prevent the moist earth chilling the eggs.

Remember that the hen wants exercise sometimes; give her room to get it.

Yearling or older hens are more reliable than pullets.

Medium-sized birds are best; they do not crush the eggs.

The dust-box should be at least eight inches deep.

A few handfuls of powdered sulphur mixed with the dust will help the hen to rid herself of vermin.

Place a pan of whole corn, or corn and wheat near the nest, also some clam or oyster shell, and about every other day, provide green food.

Change the drinking water frequently. See that the eggs do not get soiled.

Hens as Big as Turkeys

Eugenics in hens has been carried to a high degree of perfection by an American doctor. Last year he evolved a new breed called the "Noflaw," remarkable for its size. For his New Year's dinner he served a pair of roosters that weighed thirty-one pounds, and resembled turkeys in size, says the "American." He has a number that weigh fifteen pounds, and a good many that weigh eleven pounds and over. The pullets weigh from eight to ten pounds. The "Noflaw" chickens are reddish, chunky, and notable for egg-laying and breeding. Dr. Lowright declines to tell how he produces such mammoth chickens.

Corns are caused by the pressure of tight boots, but no one need be troubled with them long when so simple a remedy as Holloway's Corn Cure is available.

The Most Popular Perfume in Daily Use

INDISPENSABLE ON EVERY DRESSING-TABLE



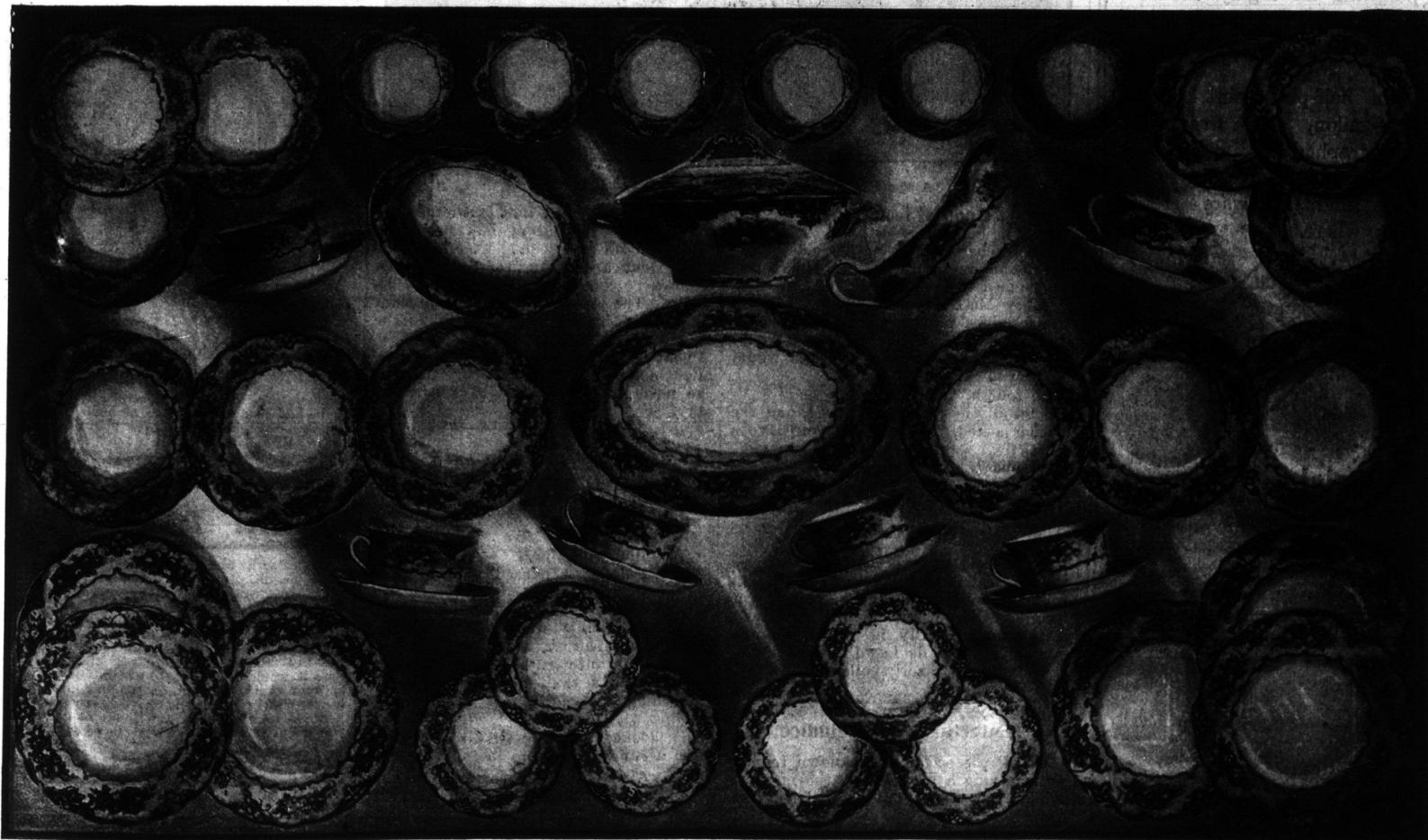
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Always be sure to look for our Trade Mark on the neck of the bottle.

Advertisement for a book on Dog Diseases and How to Feed, by H. Clay Glover, V.S., with a small illustration of a dog's head.

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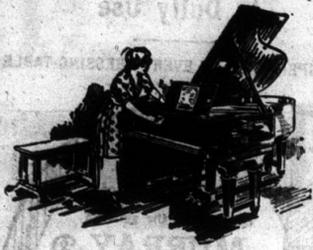


The above illustration only begins to do justice to this handsome combination Dinner and Tea Set, which we have decided to give away Free to our readers.

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English Semi Porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft

and velvety in tone. A neat, embossed design follows the edge of every piece. All handles and edges are traced with gold. Each set is guaranteed by The Western Home Monthly and by Messrs Robinson & Co., the well-known Pioneer Winnipeg merchants. All that you have to do in order to get this set is to send us seven new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at one dollar apiece. Surely a magnificent reward for such a little labor. For any further particulars write—

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In Lighter Vein

Took Her Choice

"You know the engagement between Jack and myself is off, and I asked him to send back my presents and a lock of my hair that I gave him."

"Well?"
"Well, he sent a servant this morning with a large packet containing innumerable locks of hair from gray to flaxen, raven to red, with a message that I could choose from among them my own property!"

Innocence at Home

The cartoonist's wife was talking to a friend.

"I just know Fred didn't want to work at the office last night," she said.

"Why, how do you know?" was asked.
"Because in his sleep he said, 'Well, I'll stay, but I don't know what to draw.'"

Birds of a feather flock together. It therefore happens that if there is one prejudice present, there are also others. They always come in unawares, and take their places silently and unobtrusively. But oh, how they hang together in an argument!

A group of prejudices is invincible. They have never been beaten.

The strange part of prejudices is that one would think they would prefer more commodious quarters. But no, the narrower the mind, the more content they are. They don't mind close quarters. The closer the better.

Prejudices are always busy. If they are not tampering with one's eyesight, they are screening the mind from the open; putting blinds on, and making it dark enough to sleep in comfortably.

A man can get insured against almost anything else but prejudices. He can insure himself against fire and water and loss of life and accidents and depreciation in his property. But there is no



A squad of French Infantrymen defending road to Paris

Good at Fractions

The teacher was giving her class their first lesson in fractions. An object lesson seemed to be desirable.

"Mary McCauley," she said, "if there was a mince pie on your dinner table, and your mother asked you if you would have a third or a fourth, what would you say?"

"A fourth," said Mary.
Some of the children tittered, and the teacher asked, "Why would you have a fourth?"

"Cause," said Mary, "I don't like mince pie."

News to Him

An old darky was passing a church where a fair was being held. On a sign, was the word "Bazaar" in conspicuous letters. The old man looked at it for a long time. Finally he broke out disgustedly: "Foh de Lawd's sake! Who ever heard of 'razor' spelled with a 'b'!"

Entertaining a Prejudice

Of all the occupations known to men, entertaining a prejudice is the most absurd. Yet the practice is almost universal.

The prejudice is usually uninvited. He comes in quietly, removes his hat and coat, saunters up to the guest chamber, and prepares to become a permanent feature of the establishment. You entertain him royally, strain him to your bosom, exhibit him proudly to every one, fight for him, defend him, and perpetuate him. Yet you do not even admit that he is present. "I entertain a prejudice?" you say, with becoming concern. "Never!"

company so fortified that it would take the risk of insuring against prejudice. And then no man would ever think of taking out any insurance against one, because he would never admit that he had it. The prejudice himself fixes that. The first thing he does is to make the man think he isn't there.

That is why prejudices, no matter how much damage they cause to character, are never evicted. They have come to stay.

The Pedestrian in 1915

Chug-chug!
Br-r-r! br-r-r!
Honk-honk!
Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets, and looked about.

An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor-cycle from another, an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!
He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole—just in time to be run over by a subway train.

Requisite on the Farm.—Every farmer and stock-raiser should keep a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, not only as a ready remedy for ills in the family, but because it is a horse and cattle medicine of great potency. As a substitute for sweet oil for horses and cattle affected by colic it far surpasses anything that can be administered.

WAS BOTHERED WITH BILIOUSNESS AND SOUR STOMACH FOR 20 YEARS

Sour Stomach and Biliousness are caused by a sluggish Liver, for when it is not working properly, it holds back the bile, which is so essential to promote the movement of the bowels, and the bile gets into the blood instead of passing through the usual channel, thus causing many stomach and bowel troubles.

Mr. Charles Pettit, 256½ Richmond Street, London, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write you a few lines in regard to your Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have been bothered with Biliousness and Sour Stomach for twenty years until a year ago I started to use Laxa-Liver Pills, and I have not been bothered since. I wish to let it be known to all those who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00. For sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at



all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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YOUR KIDNEYS MUST BE WRONG

Many women work day after day with an excruciating pain in the back, and really do not know that the kidneys are the source of this pain. When the back starts to ache you may be sure that the kidneys are not working properly, and the only way possible to make a complete cure is to take "time by the forelock"—and get rid of all these aches and pains by using that old and thoroughly tried remedy

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. John Power, Peake Station, P.E.I., writes:—"I suffered from backache for three years, and I tried all kinds of medicine but got no relief. I was so bad at times I would not be able to walk. A friend told me to try your Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got five boxes, and before I had three boxes used I was nearly well. I used the other two, and I can say your Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. Had it not been for them I would be suffering yet."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression under the skin you which defies all the remedies you have tried. Perhaps your knees are swollen, the joints same with the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; allowed to continue you may have attended various hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will.



Send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

GRASSHOPPER

ointment and pills, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Housemaid's Knee, Carbuncles, Snake and Insect Bites, &c., &c. English Prices, 1/6 and 2/6 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on a Green Label. Prepared by ALBERT, Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England.

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Fashions and Patterns

1045—Boy's Suit with Trousers—The pattern, which is good for galatea, gingham, drill, serge, linen, velvet, or corduroy, is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for a 5 year size. Pattern 10c.

1030—Girls' Two-Piece Dress — This style would make such a comfortable play dress to be worn with bloomers. The fulness of the waist is drawn up to the neck over a stay, or by means of ribboned beading or tape run through a casing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2½

1036—1025—A Charming Gown, Suitable for Many Occasions—Composed of ladies' waist pattern 1036, and ladies' skirt 1025. The waist is cut with low fronts, revealing a vest of ecru batiste. The collar is in medici style. The sleeves are finished with pretty cuffs, and are cut in one with the fronts. The tunic may be omitted. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 6¾ yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. The patterns are also good for silk, velvet, cloth, linen, crepe, gingham,



yards of 36-inch material for an 8 year size. Pattern 10c.

1048—Girls' Dress with Long or Short Sleeve—It is a good style for a school dress, and well adapted for the growing girl. The blouse is cut low at the neck edge in front, and has a sleeve in raglan style. The skirt is made with a panel front, and a lap tuck at the centre back, and is joined to an under waist. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material for an 8-year size. Pattern 10c.

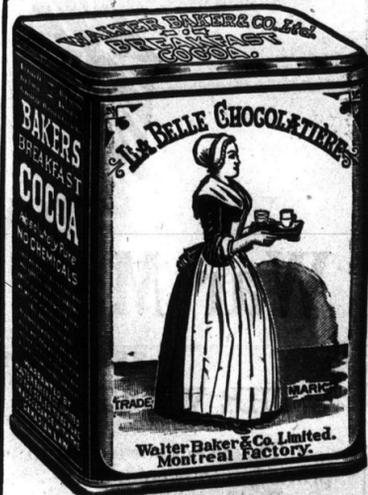
1035—Ladies' House or Home Dress Length. In Raised or Normal Waist Line—For morning wear, as a porch dress or for outing and business, this style has many attractions. The model is easy to develop, and in either length the sleeve is effective. The skirt is a three-piece style with slight fulness gathered in back at the waist line. The closing of waist and skirt is at the center front. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

lawn or batiste, and may be developed separately. The skirt measures about 1½ yards at its lower edge. Two separate patterns 10c. each.

9747—Ladies' Apron with Panel Front—This design has two special good points, i.e., the deep convenient pockets and the panel front, which is cut high over the bust, and this affords good protection. The apron is easy to make and will give satisfaction. Gingham, lawn, or cambrie may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4¾ yards of 27-inch material for the medium size. Pattern 10c.

1038—Ladies' Dressing or Lounging Sack—Here is a pretty sack that may be readily and speedily developed in any of the inexpensive dainty fabrics, such as lawn, crepe, voile, dimity, batiste or soft under a simple belt, that may be replaced silk. The sack is gathered at the waist, with a soft ribbon sash or girde. The neck may be finished with or without collar and the sleeves are neat with or without the cuffs.

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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

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1023—Dress for Girls' and Misses with or without Tunic—Embroidered voile in a new shade of blue with dotted batiste. Val insertion and lace was used to make this attractive model. The design has many new style features. The tunic, and panel effect is most pleasing. For slender figures this model is especially becoming. The pattern is also suitable for silk, crepe, batiste, lawn, serge, linen or linene. It is cut in 5 sizes: 12, 14, 16, 17 and 18 years and requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 16 year size.

9823—Ladies' House Gown or Lounging Robe—Flannel, blanket cloth, flannelette, crepe, lawn, cambric, cashmere or silk may be used for this design. The neck has a deep opening and is finished with a wide collar. The short, comfortable sleeves are topped by neat cuffs. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5 1/8 yards of 44-inch material for a medium size. Pattern 10c.

rice cloth. The neck edge is low and cool looking, with a neat tab edging the right front. This feature is again repeated on the skirt, which also shows a convenient pocket. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Skirt measures 2 1/8 yards at the lower edge. Pattern 10c.

9879—Ladies' Negligee or Dressing Sack and Cap—This attractive house sack may be developed in silk or cotton crepe, percale, lawn, flannel, cashmere or henrietta, lawn, crossbar, batiste or dimity. Feather stitching, lace, ribbon or braid binding or embroidery may serve as trimming. The sack is fitted by a belt at the waistline. Its lines are simple, and the peplum is a good style feature. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. For the cap, 7/8 yard of 27-inch net all over em-



1026—Girls' One-Piece Dress with Long or Short Sleeve in Raglan Style—What a boon this neat plain designs are for the busy mother, who must or will make her children's clothes. This model is easy to develop, and will be found practical, comfortable and artistic in its very simplicity. The sleeve, which is cut in raglan style, may be in wrist or elbow length. A shape yoke band trims the neck edge; this may be omitted. The pattern is good for galatea, gingham, chambrey, lawn, crepe, batiste, linen, or dimity. It will develop equally well in cloth or silk. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 6 year size. Pattern 10c.

broidery, or lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss and silk are suitable. Pattern 10c.

1032—A Dainty Frock for Mother's Girl—How daintily and prettily this combination is, of Dolly Varden crepe and batiste. This design will certainly appeal to the home dressmaker. It is so easy to develop, and looks equally well in either style illustrated. The model is good for challie, lawn, voile for silk, taffeta, messaline and for the light-weight woolen fabrics. The sleeve is good in wrist, or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes; 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for an 8 year size.

1024—Ladies' House Dress—White drill was selected for this model, with a simple finish of stitching for ornamentation. For work dress there are such serviceable neat gingham, percales, galatea and seersuckers, that will be good for this design. As a porch dress, it will be equally satisfactory made up in lawn, batiste, linen, linene, ratine or

1046—Ladies' Waist with or without Front Facing—Flare effects on neck and sleeve finish are most popular at present. The style here shown is very attractive and lends itself readily to any of the pretty waist fabrics now in vogue. The collar is of ecru batiste. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

9695—Ladies' Dress with Tunic Skirt—Blue voile with a trimming of blue and white striped satin is here shown. The design is equally suitable for serge, prunella, silk, wash fabrics, cloth or velvet. A deep collar trims the front. The long shoulder forms part of the dart fitted sleeve. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

1050—Girls' Dress, with Separate Blouse and with Long or Short Sleeve—Checked gingham suiting in brown and blue is here shown, with facings of white on cuff, collar and belt. The dress is made with a yoke that combines the sleeve. The long blouse is finished with a belt, and is adjusted over an underbody, to which the skirt is joined. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3 3/8 yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

played. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the entire gown for a medium size. The skirt measures 2 1/4 yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out. Skirt pattern 1034 cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Two separate patterns 10c. each.

1047—Ladies' Eton Jacket—Practical popular coat styles such as this are easily and readily developed and form a serviceable adjunct to the new gown. The model here shown has its fronts lengthened by shaped extensions. The sleeve is cut in one with the coat body, and is finished with a flare cuff. The deep neck opening is finished with a rolled shawl collar. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Pattern 10c.

1029—Ladies' Combination with Raised Waistline—Consisting of camisole and



9722—Girls' Dress in Balkan Style, with Long or Shorter Sleeves, and with Two Styles of Collar—Blue and green Scotch plaid suiting, with facings of blue, was used for this model. The blouse waist has deep box plaits in front and back. The sleeve may be long and finished with a band cuff, or in shorter length gathered in "puff" style, or finished with a deep cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 10 year size. Pattern 10c.

1042—1034—A Stylish Dinner or Calling Gown—The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It may be finished with a chemisette, and the revers and collar may be omitted. The raglan sleeve is a good style feature, either in wrist or short length. The skirt has plaited fulness at the sides, and is slightly gathered at the belt, over the hips. For velvet, serge, corduroy, taffeta, foulard, crepe, cloth, charmeuse or voilet, these models are very suitable. As here shown, gray broad cloth with trimming of novelty silk in green tones was em-

drawers. White nainsook embroidered and lace trimmed is here shown. The style is new and comfortable. The drawers are joined to the camisole at raised waistline, but may be finished separately at normal waistline. This style is also good for batiste, lawn, dimity, cross-bar-muslin, crepe or silk. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, medium and large. It requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1041—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt with or without Tunic, and with Raised or Normal Waistline—Serge, broad cloth, velvet, velveteen, moire, taffeta, charmeuse, voile and crepe, are all suitable for this model. The tunic of checked or plaid woolen, with skirt of cloth would make a serviceable garment for business or street wear. In velvet and silk or a cloth and velvet combination, it would be nice for more dressy occasions. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size, to make skirt with tunic; without tunic it will require 3 yards. Pattern 10c.

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Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Vim-Food Made Inviting

A Giant Food with a Fairy Flavor

This is why Quaker Oats—nearly all the world over—holds the dominant place among foods. And why peoples of a hundred nations send here now to get it.

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Nature stores in every dish a battery of energy. This grain stands supreme as a source of vitality. We make it welcome—make it desirable—so that children eat it liberally and often.

Unless children love the food that holds them, these priceless elements are lost. They need them daily—need an abundance—else they suffer from the lack.

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Quaker Oats

These big, white flakes are made of only the richest, plump-est grains. We pick out for Quaker just the cream of the oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These we treat by dry heat, then by steam. Hours of this treatment enhances the flavor. The result is this matchless taste and aroma which millions send over seas to get.

That is why you should always say Quaker. It costs you no extra price. And no puny grains—starved of their flavor—are in it.

It means a winsome dish. And children and grown-ups—who all need vim—will eat enough to get it.

Make a 30-day test of Quaker in big dishes and note the result in vitality.

10c and 25c per Package, except in Far West



A skin you love to touch

Why it is so rare

A skin you love to touch is rarely found because so few people understand the skin and its needs.

Begin now to take your skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it by using the following treatment regularly

Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the skin gently until the skin is softened, the pores opened and the face feels fresh and clean. Rinse in cooler water, then apply cold water—the colder the better—for a full minute. Whenever possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Use this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your skin will show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter, and before long your skin will take on that finer texture, that greater freshness and clearness of "a skin you love to touch."

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. It costs 25¢ a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear out the illustration of the cake below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast including Newfoundland

Write today to the Canadian Woodbury factory for samples. For 4¢ we will send a sample cake. For 10¢ samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address The Andrew Jerison Co. Ltd., Dept. 10U, Perth, Ontario.



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A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player.

Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Mandolin or Cello will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write: "Wish I had known of your school before." "Have learned more in one term in my home with your weekly lessons than in three terms with private teachers, and at a great deal less expense." "Everything is so thorough and complete." "The lessons are marvels of simplicity, and my 11 year old boy has not had the least trouble to learn." One minister writes: "As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

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Instruments supplied when needed. Cash or credit.

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Summer Embroideries

Our readers are always interested in dainty articles for children's wear, and we are illustrating some attractive little garments which will appeal as they are easily embroidered and made up on simple lines and, at the same time, stylish and up-to-date.



No. 1909 Dress Stamped on Corded Pique75 cents
Lustered Cotton to Embroider20 cents



No. 1910 Dress stamped on Sheer Lawn65 cents
Lustered Cotton to embroider ..25 cents

No. 1909 shows a dainty little dress which is stamped on Pique, and the cutting outlines are stamped on the goods so that the little dress is easily made up, this little garment may be effectively embroidered in either white or colored thread, and may be had in sizes suitable from four to six years. No. 1910 is an exquisite little dress, the design for which is stamped on sheer fine lawn and lace ruffles may be sewn underneath the scalloped edges, making this an exceedingly dainty and dressy little garment, the design is simple but effective, and the illustration shows how the finished dress may be trimmed with pretty soft ribbons. This dress may be had in sizes from two to four years. Both No. 1909 and 1910 dresses are stamped only on materials as quoted, and not made up.

No. 23 and 24 illustrates a made up dress for children sizes to fit from two to five years; for the convenience of those who prefer purchasing these little garments already made up and only requiring the embroidery to complete, these little dresses have been prepared, the materials may be either white pique or tan percale. The dress after being embroidered should be opened down the back and finished in any preferred manner, either with buttons and button-holes or eyelets for lacing, with cord or ribbon. The embroidery may be carried out in either white or colored effect.



No. 22 Made up Dress, Fine Lawn\$1.25
Cotton to Embroider15



No. 23 Made Up Dress, White Pique60 cents

No. 24 Made up Dress, Tan Percale .50
Lustered Cotton to Embroider15

The dress after being embroidered should be opened down the back and finished in any preferred manner, either with buttons and button-holes or eyelets for lacing, with cord or ribbon. The embroidery may be carried out in either white or colored effect.

No. 22 shows a very dainty little frock completely made up and ready to embroider. Fine sheer lawn and the pretty muslin insertion at the waist line are the materials used in the making of this pretty little garment, which comes in sizes suitable from one to five years. The embroidery design is attractive but simple.

A charming set of designs for embroidered baby or guest towels are pictured here, and the embroidery is carried out in outline stitch and French knot effects. The design should be worked in colored threads, but the borders may be white if preferred. It will be noted that



Design No. 601.

Handy Bag

Stamped on Pure Tan Linen.

This attractive bag

GIVEN AWAY

Absolutely Free

In order to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home, This bag outfit is sent free and prepaid, if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of six skeins of BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS to commence the work and five cents extra for postage. Outfit includes—

One Handy Bag.
One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you exactly how to place every stitch.

Six Skeins of Belding's Royal Silk Floss. Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada. WRITE TO-DAY.

Silk or Fancy Work
32 Skeins
Assorted Colors
50 cents post paid
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of
Art Needlework
Order to-day as supply is limited.

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Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Fall and Winter Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dress-making, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

This Stock Must Go!

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Wigs, Switches, Pompadours, Toupees and Transformations

and can now offer our customers some big bargains in hair goods. Write and let us know your requirements

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These designs may be stamped on either hemstitched towels or designs stamped for button-holing. Lustered cotton to embroider these towels is also quoted in colorings suit-



Guest or Baby Towels Hemstitched (Single)35 cents Cotton to Embroider12 cents Stamped for Scalloped Edges30 cents Cotton to Embroider20 cents

able for the design, and allowing white for the scalloped edges. If one should prefer to embroider the border in colored effect, please specify choice of shades.

If the articles quoted in this page cannot be obtained from your dealer they will be sent postpaid on receipt of the prices quoted. Allow at least ten days from the time the order is received for filling, and write address plainly.

The Art of Living Together

A young woman is spending her life in a work which requires intimate association of many people who have high ideals, but who also have wide variety of experience and temperament.

This variety naturally leads to frequent differences of opinion, and causes different standards to be set up. The young woman recently put the matter plainly in a letter to a friend.

"Good, sincere and true as they are," she wrote, "it is hard for our workers to maintain a right spirit toward each other. We do not show for each other the reverence that we feel, and we do not feel enough reverence. It sometimes seems as though we were so constituted as to develop in each other just those qualities which compel the opposite of reverence. We suffer for it deeply, but it grows in spite of us. Can you not help us to be more careful and thoughtful of the touch of our lives upon the lives of others? It is a terrible thing to have a day ruined and our souls shriveled because in coming in contact with some one we allow that person to put us out of sorts, or we put that other person out of harmony, or both. I do not want to give you the impression that we are wranglers, for this is not true. We believe in each other and love each other, and love our work; but we are differently constituted and have different methods and tastes, and we are often unjust to each other without intending to be so. The fact that we suffer for it, and that we try to find a remedy, proves our desire for a more consistent life. Please send us some message, if you can, that shall be a help to us."

Surely very many people will be touched by this appeal, for the case which it discloses is far from being isolated. If the person addressed in this letter could answer it wisely and make the answer effective, the answer would be worthy of a place in many a home, school and office, and in every place where people of varied training and attainments must associate for mutual ends.

"No man liveth to himself." Even the narrow circle of the home life has its sevenfold tie, binding it to other lives—a tie that unites him to father, mother, brother and sister, and later, to wife, son and daughter. No one of these seven is precisely like any other, and this sevenfold cord is but one strand in the interwoven thread that binds us to our fellow men. It is not enough to learn how one shall keep himself unspotted from the world. Whatever answer may be given to this

letter, the letter itself will prove as good an answer as can well be made to many people who experience the same failure, but who have thought less deeply into the causes, and have prayed less earnestly for help to overcome a sin that so easily besets those whom God has placed together in the most intimate of earthly relations. When death comes, and those we love and respect are removed too far to be helped by our thoughtfulness or comforted by our penitence, we often begin to learn a lesson which should have been considered long before.

It is the matchless charm of the religion of Christ that He lived His life not only in purity and obedience to the will of God, but in sympathy, gentleness and patience displayed while He lived and labored among men. It was He Who said of kindness or of cruelty toward the humblest of the children of men among whom we must live and work on earth, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A Heaven of a Time

Little Helen had developed the habit of holding her thumb in her mouth, even while eating. The mother had resorted to all sorts of methods to correct the child, and finally, in desperation, said:

"Helen, the first thing you know, you will swallow your thumb, and then what will you do?"

"Well, mother, I should hate to swallow it, because I'd have a heaven of a time without it."

"Why, Helen," said the astonished mother, "where did you hear an expression like that?"

"Well—well," hesitated the little girl—"I didn't hear it exactly like that, mother, but I thought it would sound better"

Still Waiting

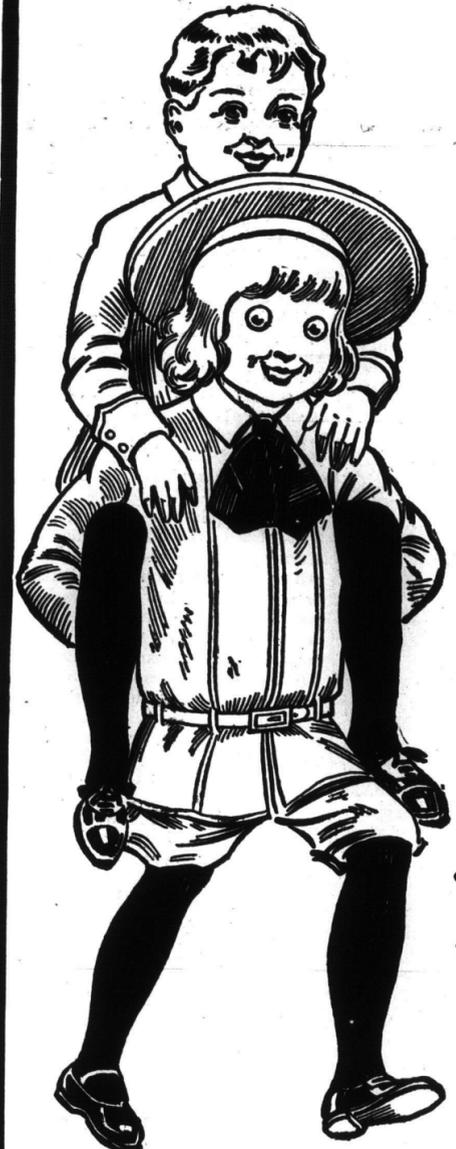
The guest was a good-tempered if somewhat dull fellow, and his host did not wish

him to miss any of the good things that were being said at the dinner-party.

"Did you catch that last joke?" he asked the young man, whose face wore a cheerful but not too animated expression as the fire of stories rattled from side to side of the table. "The one about the place where they had two skulls of the saint—one when he was a boy and one when he was a man?"

"No," said the guest, "I missed that one. I'd like to hear it now, if you're good enough to repeat it."

Miller's Worm Powders never fail. They immediately attack the worms and expel them from the system. They are complete in themselves, not only as a worm destroyer, but as a highly beneficial medicine for children, correcting weak digestion and restoring the debilitated system to healthfulness, without which the growth of the child will be retarded and its constitution weakened.



Buster Brown Helps Mothers!

Buster Brown stockings are a real first aid to busy mothers. Buster Brown defies the boys to rub holes into these stockings, by making them of the strongest, long-fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with a three-ply heel and toe, and double leg. Buy Buster Brown Stockings for your boys and save hours and hours of darning.

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

Your dealer can supply you with Buster Brown Stockings for your boys. Colors—Black and Leather Shade Tan. Cost no more than the stockings that "rub right into holes."

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

Largest Hosiery Manufacturers in Canada

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MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.

Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

Had a Bad Attack of Diarrhoea and Vomiting

Had the Doctor Eleven Times BUT DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY FINALLY CURED

Mrs. Wesley Pringle, Roblin, Ont., writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. When our little boy was three years old, he had the worst attack of diarrhoea and vomiting I ever saw. We called in our doctor, and he came eleven times from Tuesday morning until Saturday night, but still no change. We expected each moment to be the last of his suffering, as the doctor said he could do nothing more. Mr. Pringle was going up town on Saturday night, and was advised to try your great and wonderful medicine. He got a bottle and about 9 o'clock the first dose was given, and was kept up, as directed, and when the doctor came on Sunday, he said, 'What a wonderful change; why! your little boy is going to get better.' Then I told him what we had been giving him, and he said, 'Keep right on, he is doing well.' 'I often think as I look at my boy, growing to be a man, what great thanks I owe to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.'"

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for close on to seventy years, and has been known from one end of Canada to the other as a certain cure for all bowel complaints.

When you ask for "Dr. Fowler's" be sure you get it, as any substitute is liable to be dangerous to your health.

The genuine preparation is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Price, 35 cents.



SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION 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 Land 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.

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by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills \$1.00 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills 4.00 Cutter's Blackleg Pill Injector 1.50 Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. Every package dated, unused pills exchangeable for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine (ours or any other), as it affords less protection than fresh. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. Send check or M. O., we pay charges and ship promptly. Vaccine and injectors pass duty free. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.



Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Appearance First

Sask., Aug. 16th, 1914.

Dear Editor—Please may I join your merry circle, as I am not satisfied as an onlooker any more. I have been a reader of your valuable paper for six years. It was first given us to read by our neighbors; then some kind friend sent a couple of years' subscription to my sister. When I first saw your paper I was too young to take any interest in the correspondence page, but I certainly do enjoy the letters now.

I quite agree with Canadian Frank and Bismarck not liking the idea of being pitied as bachelors by strong, healthy men looking for some one to pity them in their free and healthy life. Now, you bachelors, rouse yourselves and memorize the letters of A.N.S. Lassie and Pharos. I think they give an excellent cure for the "blues," as you call it. In the hustle and bustle of life one hasn't time to think, whereas the bachelor has his quiet evenings to read or study, whichever he may choose; and when he tires of that it takes a little rust from our brains to exercise them a bit. But, Bismarck, I don't quite agree with you in saying girls place too much importance on their looks. Would you like to have someone stirring your porridge with their dressing gown and hair not combed? No, girls, you don't have to neglect your appearance for your work, nor your work to always appear neat. First appearance is everything, you know.

Before I close I must say I enjoyed the letters of "Arthur-at-the-Gate" and "Sunset Bill," though I think, "Sunset Bill," you are inclined to be a flirt, are you not? I suppose in your case, then, you regard marriage as a failure, since you can love anyone you take in your arms. Well, perhaps, I am mistaken, as I am but nineteen and haven't had your experience. My address is with the editor to any who care to write. I will answer all. Thanking you for your valuable space. Will sign Conetta.

Men vs. Women

Melville, Sask., Sept., 1914.

Dear Sirs—Have read with pleasure and interest many of the letters in the correspondence column, though, unlike some, it is not the first thing I turn to upon the arrival of the magazine, as I prefer the stories, which are always good. I cannot help commenting on the letter of Sunset Bill. It looks as though he were in the habit of hugging the girls all right, and he does not seem to care which girl it is, so long as it is a girl. It makes me "mad" to hear the female sex run down continually for the very faults which are so glaring in the male sex—flirting, fickleness and overfondness for dress. Sunset Bill is a flirt, and also fickle, and if he isn't conceited, well—put me down for a bad guesser. And he isn't the only one either.

Now, girls, you don't understand the men, not one of you. I have had enough experience with the opposite sex, both in business and socially, to "know the critters" fairly well, and though I am no gosling, I have not reached the old maid stage yet, being still under twenty-four. So listen and profit by a few pointers: In the first place, know this, that everything masculine from a bishop to a bartender will bite at yellow hair, no mat-

ter whether its natural or—just peroxidized. Yes, they will all go crazy over that color, and the sillier and shallower the owner, the better they will like her. Another thing, men declare with one voice that they want a girl that can cook. This is the biggest joke on record. I knew two sisters once, both equally good-looking, but the eldest had the advantage—so I thought—over the younger because she was an AI cook. You should have seen the bread that girl could make, and the doughnuts and pies, and lovely puddings! Gee whiz! it makes me hungry now just to think of it. Well, of course, they both had young men friends, but the younger sister had three to her sister's one. Why? Search me! She couldn't boil a pot of water without burning it. The elder was dark, the younger fair. I myself have never had a fair-haired girl friend. Somehow I don't trust blondes. I leave them to be the playthings of the men.

Men form their judgments of girls from the street-walking type. There is little chance for a husband, for the girl who is to be found in her mother's kitchen. You may stick at home all day and all year, darn socks, cooking washing, etc., and your dressed-up sisters who parade the streets ogling the men will carry off the "prizes" every time. So, girls, don't take that old-fashioned fib about good cooks too much to heart.

Men say they have no use for the girl who follows the fashions too devotedly. Another fib. A man is as proud as a peacock to be seen in a stylish girl's company, and if by any chance he has to escort a plainly dressed or a somewhat "shabby" girl he will take all the back streets and hike along in the shadows of the buildings for fear he may be seen with her.

Another point is this: Men like a girl best of all who has financial prospects. I doubt if even the yellow-haired lassie can win out in competition with the plain or even homely girl who is heiress to a good farm or a neat bank account. I once knew an old maid—well she was 46 then—who had always been turned down for more attractive girls. She was no slouch either. She was a bit high-minded, a bit of a blue-stocking, and, oh! how the men hate brains in a woman. It is a positive brand on a woman to "know" things of any account—things other than silly chit-chat and petty gossip. Well, at 50 this old maid came into one thousand dollars from her brother-in-law who had no wife or children to leave it. What happened? Why, the male element of her town soon wore a pathway to her door in good weather and bad, in rain and mud, slush and snow and everything else. It was like sugar to flies. Some of them came to admire her for her real intrinsic value, for her real self and charm of manner. She turned 'em all down, though, flat. Yep! She is still unmarried, and from choice. I think the sexes ought to know a little bit more about one another. The home-loving girl will rush into marriage with the rolling stone and all her home-making qualities are wasted moving about from one place to another at the husband's whim. The crazy, "gadding" girl marries the good business man who likes a quiet fireside in the evening and can't have it because his silly wife drags him out to parties, etc., at night.

I am through with my "lecture" now, so don't think I'm going to fill up a full page on the faults and foibles of men. Women have their failings, too. Why don't some of you talk about looks, music, art, etc.? I know nothing of the latter, but would be glad to talk of books or music any time. I think we should "lift" the tone of this correspondence column. Would be pleased to get letters from any who care to write. My address is with the editor. Wishing The Monthly every success, I am yours very sincerely, Freda.

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

PURGEN THE IDEAL APERIENT. Of Druggists 30c per box or postage paid for 30c direct from LYMAN'S, LTD., 474 St. Paul Street, MONTREAL

Oxydonor Will Restore and Guard Your Health

Twenty-three years of actual use in thousands of cases of disease of every name, has demonstrated the infallible power of OXYDONOR that it will stand the severest investigation.

WILL YOU WRITE FOR PROOF?

And ask us to give you our latest book telling in detail of the curative powers of this modern, scientific health restorer.



159 Gore Vale Ave., Toronto, Ont. "After having an Oxydonor in my house for over six years, I would not part with it for any money if I could not get another." Jan. 25th, 1909. Mrs. E. S. GIBSON.

What Oxydonor has done for Thousands—It should do for YOU. Take your first step towards Health to-day. Beware of fraudulent imitations. All genuine instruments are stamped with the name of the inventor and discoverer—

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Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dept. 12, 364 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, P. Q., Canada

Send now for the FREE BOOK containing complete information on OXYDONOR.

It may be the means of saving some dear friend's life.

Please send me your Free Booklet, describing the Oxydonor. I this places me under no obligation. Name..... Address.....

CANCER



R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

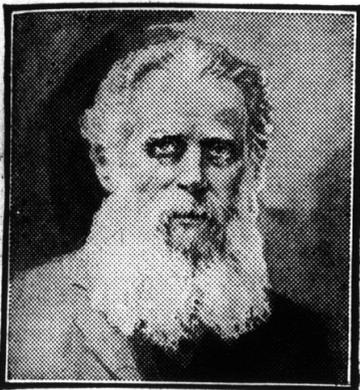
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A FAMILY REMEDY FOR MANY YEARS

Used "Fruit-a-tives" With The Best of Results.



GEORGE MCKAY Esq.

KIPPEN, ONT., June 17th, 1913.

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A Mind of Her Own

Sask., Aug. 12, 1914.

Dear Editor and People as well—Having made up my mind, after about four years, to write to you, I am now going to send a short letter. I have often thought of writing, but did not suppose that you would have any room to print such a letter as mine will be. I have just finished reading the last number of The Western Home Monthly, and in these columns I read Sunset Bill's letter. Now, Mr. Sunset Bill, I do not agree with you on some subjects or things. I believe you wrote that letter just to see what somebody would say about it. Confess now, didn't you? Of course, I have had no experience in what you wrote about, but I don't believe it is so any way. I am only a "High School Kid," but still I have a mind of my own. I am called a kind of tom-boy, I believe, or, if I am not, I should be, as I delight in all boys' games. Baseball is my favorite, and skating next. I guess I do not care much for dancing, and regard playing cards as a dry amusement. I guess it is too quiet for me. But I am not all "tom-boy," even if I have been called something like that by prim, precise old maids. I can cook, indeed, I pride myself on that, as I have taken a few dollars' worth of prizes at fairs already, and I'm not yet out of high school. I can also scrub. How I do love that occupation! I think that my highest aim will be a scrub-lady or a negro-cook. I thump the piano and organ a little, and try to embroider, but generally come out with sore fingers, resulting from jabbing the needle into them. But when I'm really quiet is when I'm reading. I have read many books, and I spend most of my winter evenings reading when I'm not skating or sleigh riding. Well, this is a short letter, but I'm in a dreadful hurry, so I will close, wishing the paper success and enjoyment to the members of this column. My address is with the editor. From High School Kid.

Will Not be the Last

Invermay, Sask., Aug. 9, 1914.

Dear Editor—This is "Wee Willie's" first appearance in the columns of The Western Home Monthly, but it may not be the last. I enjoy very much the reading of the letters from some of the fairer sex. Who said that women's votes were much needed in the West? I think it was "Manitoba Pearl" who made this statement. Certainly the working women in the Old Country need the vote, but here they do not. When a woman works hard for herself and for a family in order to support them it is only just that she should have a vote. It is the stubbornness of some of our law-makers "across the herring pond" that is to blame for so much of the havoc wrought by the militants of that land. Had they listened to their women long ago and compromised to an extent, much trouble would have been prevented. But our women out here do not need the vote. What say you, "Peshishik"? Would you kindly give us some advice on the subject? Speak up, "Sunset Bill." I should like to hear the opinions of some of our old, wise and far-seeing correspondents on the subject raised by "Kittie" in the issue of August, 1914, namely: "Which would make the better wife—a clean, cranky woman or an untidy affectionate woman?" Certainly the former would be more fitting for the wives of some men, but, as for me, kindly excuse me from either extreme. I would like a girl with some tidiness and affection, but, of course, the girl might have something to say to it. When I see some of our poor, forsaken hen-pecked husbands I feel like "Farmer Brown" in that song, "This is the Life," for you see I'm single, and if any one takes a notion to write, she may ask the editor for the address of "Wee Willie."

A Boon for the Biliou.—The liver is a very sensitive organ and easily deranged. When this occurs there is undue secretion of bile and the acrid liquid flows into the stomach and sours it. It is a most distressing ailment, and many are prone to it. In this condition a man finds the best remedy in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are warranted to speedily correct the disorder. There is no better medicine in the entire list of pill preparations.

Nature Never Intended Woman to be Sickly

As a matter of fact it is her right and her duty to enjoy perfect health and strength—to be just as strong and healthy as man—perhaps more so—in view of the fact that it is she who brings into the world the offspring.

Every woman can be strong and healthy. Don't resign yourself to a delicate life. If you suffer from headaches, backaches, nervousness, low spirits, lack of ambition, or have lost all hope of being well again—it's more than an even chance that you will speedily regain your health if you will try

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This famous remedy is the result of years of patient research by a physician who has made women's ailments a life study.

Since its introduction—more than forty years ago—thousands of women in every part of the globe have testified to its wonderful merits. You, too, will find it beneficial. Try it now. Your dealer in medicines will supply you or you can send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial bottle. Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N.Y.

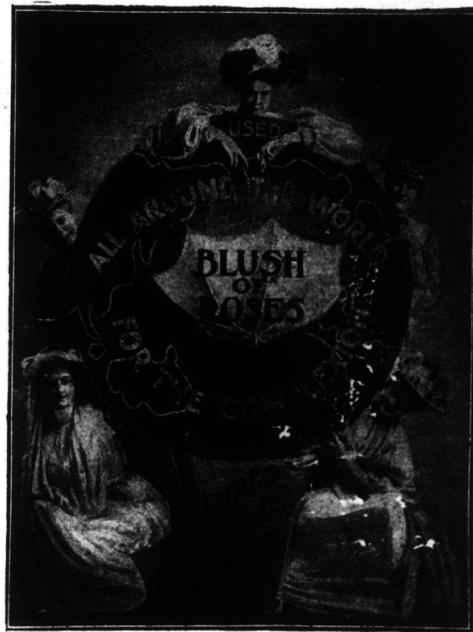
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The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. BLUSH OF ROSES is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. BLUSH OF ROSES will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the BLUSH OF ROSES? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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Woman and the Home

The Marriage Problem

The man Molly married has an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. I furnished their home in a way befitting the wife of a man making five thousand a year. I argued that I had the right to do this, because I was spending my money, not his. I knew that Molly would have to do all but the heaviest of her housework; yet I supplied her with a trousseau as delicate and elaborate, if not so large, as Bertha Wilson's, who married the head of an automobile concern, lives in a Colonial house on the Heights and keeps two servants.

When Walter's earnings did not come up to Molly's trousseau and furniture, she thought he was a failure. He ought to go out and earn more money. Her father knew how to do it! Now she realizes that the fault was not Walter's, but mine. I should have outfitted her and their home in a fashion appropriate to her husband's income. I argued that a girl marries only once, and is entitled to all the lovely things her parents can afford to give her. Now I know that many girls marry twice, because their mothers, acting on my argument, start the first marriage wrong.

Looking back over my life as Molly's mother, I realize that her mistreating for wifehood started before she was born. By nature I was quiet and retiring. I went as a bride from a gentle, refined home circle in a college town to a crude, booming mid-west city. My husband had no time for society, and I had no desire to enter it. Most of the women I met were newly rich. Their mental horizon was bounded by clothes. I regarded their garish homes and their pointless gossip with equal contempt, and took snobbish delight in the simple but subdued furnishings of our five-room cottage. Next to books, my chief delight lay in sewing. Being an expert needlewoman, I could make more beautiful hangings and table linen than they could buy.

Molly's layette was a source of joy to me. Relatives back East sent me bargains in sheer nainsook, lawn and mull, bits of delicate lace, et cetera, on which I worked with infinite pains. Her little slips were hand tucked. Their yokes and cuffs were hand embroidered. Her coarse wicker cradle and bath basket were hidden by billows of silk-lace clouded with Swiss and lace. Had I bought the layette in a city shop it would have cost more than my husband earned while I sewed.

When Molly started to school, we were paying eighteen dollars a month for rent, and I had to run the house and clothe Molly and myself on fifteen dollars a week. But Molly was the best dressed child in her class. My husband never had occasion to accuse me of extravagance. Molly's clothes cost little, because I knew how to buy, sew and embroider, and because turning Molly into a dainty little figure had become an obsession. When my husband was appointed attorney for big corporation interests in our state, Molly was fifteen. We built a new home, and I planned it for and around Molly. The drawing-room would furnish the setting for her coming-out tea, the dining-room a background for her debutante luncheons. I spent more on her little suite of rooms, consisting of a sitting-room, bedroom and bath, than on the drawing-room.

So it happened that Molly, the daughter of a struggling lawyer, curled up in this luxury like a kitten in a tufted basket. She was an adaptable girl, with an appealing personality and a remarkably sweet disposition. She was not exactly beautiful, but so well groomed, so daintily and appropriately dressed, that she was flower-like in her attractiveness. Nothing that I did for Molly was a sacrifice, for I took the same selfish pleasure in outfitting her that a collector takes in denying himself

creature comforts in order to increase his horde of coins, miniatures or porcelain.

When we decided to send Molly to a fashionable eastern finishing school for a year, I gave months to planning and sewing on her clothes. Her smart but inconspicuous frocks were worn over silken skirts, hand-embroidered lingerie and silk stockings. The very simplicity of her wardrobe was the hall-mark of its costliness and genuineness in the eyes of her new friends. When she wrote of week-end visits in rich homes, I felt no anxiety. I knew her clothes as well as her manners would pass muster. The idea that I was doing Molly an injustice in dressing her like the daughter of a millionaire, when her father was making less than ten thousand a year, never entered my head. My husband was considered a coming man. His income would increase. We owned a fine home and we owed nothing. He invested a certain share of his earnings and gave me the rest. If I chose to spend most of my share on beautifying Molly, this was my privilege as her mother.

One fact I overlooked—Molly might not marry a man as rich as her father. And she didn't. When she came home from school, gentle and flower-like as ever, she promptly proceeded to fall in love with Walter Hyde, resident manager of a machinery company for which her father was the attorney. Like her father, Walter was a self-made man, that is, as far as he was made at all. He had started as billing clerk in the company's headquarters five days after graduating from the high school. He was a clean-cut young chap with a promising future, but he was determined to marry Molly on twelve hundred a year. What was more, for the first time in her easy-going, pliable existence, Molly stood firm against me. She turned a deaf ear to my plea that they wait until he was better established.

When I finally yielded and the date was set, I felt a strange exhilaration. Planning Molly's trousseau and furnishing her home promised to be a most interesting experience. Walter talked to me frankly about their future. He had invested his savings in building and loan shares, and through the society, he would buy an attractive eight-room cottage. This he would furnish only in part; but they would add to the fittings gradually after they were married. From his salary of a hundred dollars a month, forty dollars must be laid aside for payments on the house, taxes, insurance, et cetera. Fifty more would be required for current expenses, and the remaining ten Molly should have for furniture.

At that hour I should have been equally frank with Walter. I should have told him just how I had brought up my daughter; that her tailored suits cost as high as fifty dollars; that hand-embroidered blouses such as I made for her would cost in shops from eighteen to twenty-five dollars; that I paid one dollar and twenty-five cents for silk stockings she wore; that the graceful aigrette on her evening hat had cost fifteen dollars; in fact that the simplicity of her dressing which he admired so much cost far more than the more striking styles worn by other girls, which he decried.

Instead I listened in smiling pity for his ignorance on financing a home, agreed that he had planned very well and said that doubtless everything would work out very nicely. Of course Molly should take with her many things which we had given her, the furniture from her own rooms, her rugs, pictures, et cetera. Then there would be their wedding presents. No, by all means, he must not worry. He should just leave everything to me. I did not tell him that I intended to practically furnish their home, nor that after marriage Molly would continue to receive much of her clothing from me as the gifts of an adoring mother. I felt instinctively that Walter would resent such an arrangement, and I was too eager to begin the delightful

task of outfitting the bride to waste time in argument.

I did not take Molly completely into my confidence. I induced her to help select the table and bed linen. Once this was stamped, I set her to work embroidering monograms. And while Walter watched her nimble fingers with adoring eyes, I sat in the library, planning, figuring and reveling in my work. If I consulted them at all, it was always separately, never together. In this way I could play on their affection for each other to win my point.

When I decided to give Molly the baby grand piano from our drawing-room, I convinced Walter that even if he could afford to buy her a new instrument she would find the touch strange. When the question of turning one end of the second floor hall into a little library arose Molly demurred. Walter had said that it could wait. I explained that when she had company and Walter wanted to look over papers alone, he would find the room a necessity. For his sake she agreed to "surprise" him with the fitted room.

When I found I could gain points in this way, I began to answer with great skill the inquiries from relatives and intimate friends on the subject of wedding gifts. No mother ever planned a more profitable campaign for sane, satisfying wedding gifts. I made a complete list of articles to furnish and beautify Molly's new home, all within the means of interested inquirers. I wrote the most diplomatic of letters, invariably suggesting something that I felt sure would cost just a trifle less than the giver had planned to spend.

As a result, Walter woke up to find that his house was furnished and his purse strings had been hardly touched. The little drawing-room in mahogany tones melted into a dining-room of all woodsy-browns and greens. No, he must not worry about that expensive rug. It had been sent by Molly's Uncle Randall, who knew a rug importer. That beautiful old desk? I had picked it up at a second-hand store and had it done over. Aunt Sarah's check had been put into the desk. I did not inform him that I had doubled Sarah's check when settling with the antique dealer. It was all so lovely when everything was in place that he could not be ungracious; so he kissed me dutifully and said that he hoped that Molly had inherited my wonderful abilities as a manager.

Molly's trousseau was the sensation of the season in our set. It was a triumph for my ingenuity, resourcefulness—and management, being made under my supervision by two dressmakers who came to our house by the day. The wedding invitations bore the stamp of a famous New York jeweler. The dainty boxes of wedding cake were monogrammed in gold. A stringed quartet played, and the highest priced singer in our city sang "Oh Promise Me." Molly gave her attendants lavallieres set with real pearls and went off on her honeymoon wearing a broadcloth suit which, with hat, gloves and accessories, cost as much as her husband would earn in a month.

In actual cash Molly's trousseau and wedding were not so extravagant; but they gave the impression of luxury. They established a standard up to which her husband could not possibly live. I spent on her clothes and my share of fitting her house a trifle over twelve hundred dollars. The wedding itself cost over two hundred dollars. It was out of all proportion to Walter's income and my daughter's future mode of living. The man who was to support Molly's home was making one hundred dollars a month, just a little more than my husband was earning when we married. Yet I never stopped to ask what I would have done with a trousseau and a home like Molly's. We—my husband and I—spent an hour choosing a half wool art square for our living-room in colors that would not betray its cheapness. Our most imposing single purchase was a good cooking range. My first dressing table was built from two shoe boxes, covered with dainty chintz and lined with wall paper. My underwear was made of cambrie, edged with Hamburg embroidery and trustworthy Torchon lace. My wedding dress was of mull, inset with Val, and I possessed no silk stockings.

To-day I know that Molly and Walter should have started in much the same way—that they were willing to do so if I had not interfered. They should have had furniture and hangings that Walter could have afforded to renew to-day, not when his income equals my husband's. Her trousseau should have included clothing that Walter could have paid for, with perhaps a few extras as gifts, not as necessities. If I had put the money I paid for her Cluny lace lunch cloth into a course in domestic science for her, I would have been wiser. If I had taken the time I spent embroidering her lingerie to teach her how to run a house on a dollar a day I would have invested my hours to better advantage.

The Quality of Flour

In addition to the character of the wheat employed, the method of manufacture is also a most important factor in determining the value of a flour for bread-making. Good workmanship in milling flour is necessary to secure quality, and the good workmanship must be combined with the best of appliances for manufacture. Each flour possesses an individuality that is determined by the character of the wheat and the method of manufacture.

Then, too, good yeast is as necessary to good bread as is good flour. If the yeast is too old or does not contain a sufficient number of active yeast cells, fermentation will be slow and there will be a tendency to prolong the process to such an extent as to soften or injure the physical qualities of the gluten. When this occurs, the gas that is formed is lost from the weakened dough and the loaf is small and of poor texture. A prolonged fermentation period cannot make good the lack of freshness and quality in the yeast. Too little yeast, will, of course, yield a badly raised loaf, but too much yeast is just as objectionable, as the bubbles formed in the gluten of the flour, unable to resist the pressure of the excessive amount of gas, break open, the gas escapes, the dough becomes heavy and soggy. Too much yeast also gives an unpleasant "yeasty" taste to the bread, due partly to the presence of superfluous yeast cells. Even when used in small quantities yeast has a decided influence on the flavor of the bread. The amount of yeast which should be used depends on the strength of the flour. A flour in which gluten is abundant and tenacious can resist a much stronger pressure of gas than one with scant or weak gluten.

Occasionally an insufficient amount of water is used in making the dough. If there is not enough water the gluten fails to develop physically. With strong flours 65 per cent of water or other liquid is necessary to make a good dough. With weak flours 10 per cent or so less water is required. Good yeast and a proper adjustment of the amount of water to the flour used are essentials that are too frequently overlooked in bread-making. A strong flour will stand more mixing, kneading and manipulation than a weak flour. A flour of poor quality and small amount of gluten is easily injured. Another essential is the regulation of the temperature during fermentation. From 75 to 80 degrees Fahrenheit is the best. If the temperature is either too high or too low good bread is not secured. In bread-making the measuring cup and the thermometer should be the guides; the finger is a poor thermometer. Sometimes the yeast is dissolved in water that is taken from the teakettle and warmer than it appears. If it is about 125 degrees the vitality of the yeast is greatly impaired.

It is false economy to use poor flour because it is cheap. The cost of the raw materials for six loaves of bread made from good flour is usually about a cent more than when poor, low-gluten flour is used. When you consider the difference in quality and in food value, however, the strong flour is much the cheaper. Moreover, if the bread is good more is eaten and a saving of more expensive foods is effected. If the flour is strong in gluten it is not necessary to use such large amounts of meat to balance the ration, because the bread is already balanced as to protein content for tissue-repairing and vital purposes.

For People and the Crown



WE have been favored with an order from the Department of Militia to supply military shirts to the brave men who have nobly volunteered their services in the defence of the Empire to which we proudly pay allegiance.

Just ten days after the order was placed with us, the number of shirts required for the first shipment was on its way to Valcartier, and before these lines will have been read by the readers of *The Western Home Monthly*, the shirts will have added some comfort to Canada's splendid volunteer force.

Fully realizing that comfort and serviceability are essential to the clothing worn by the soldier in active service, the demands of the Militia Department are most exacting; but, fortunately for us, our military shirts were fully equal to the severest demands.

Are all Made for Hard Wear

As a matter of fact, all the working shirts we sell are made specially for us to meet conditions almost parallel to war times. Many of our customers live long distances from Post Offices, to say nothing of centres of population; and to send orders, in many cases, involves genuine hardship.

It is therefore up to us to see that our customers get good value for every dollar they send us. With this thought always present in our mind, it is small wonder that our shirts will withstand the most searching scrutiny.

The prompt service we gave the Department of Militia is characteristic of our system of doing business. To have several hundreds of dozens of shirts made required some days; but to handle the hundreds of orders that we receive daily, requires less than twenty-four hours. Unless we have to procure goods we do not handle, or have to have alterations made to goods we do, all orders are filled on the same day on which they are received.

This is the sort of service the public expects, and this is the sort of service we are giving it.

All Charges are Prepaid

The customer who buys by mail is entitled to know just exactly what the goods described are going to cost laid down at his nearest Express or Post Office. That is why every price quoted in our catalogue includes all charges prepaid. With this information it is an easy matter to compare our prices with the prices of others. And that is just what we want; because we know that our values will stand more than favorable comparison with any values offered in Canada.

But coming back to the military shirts—you will find this particular shirt illustrated and described on page 43 in our Fall and Winter Catalogue. Here is the description:

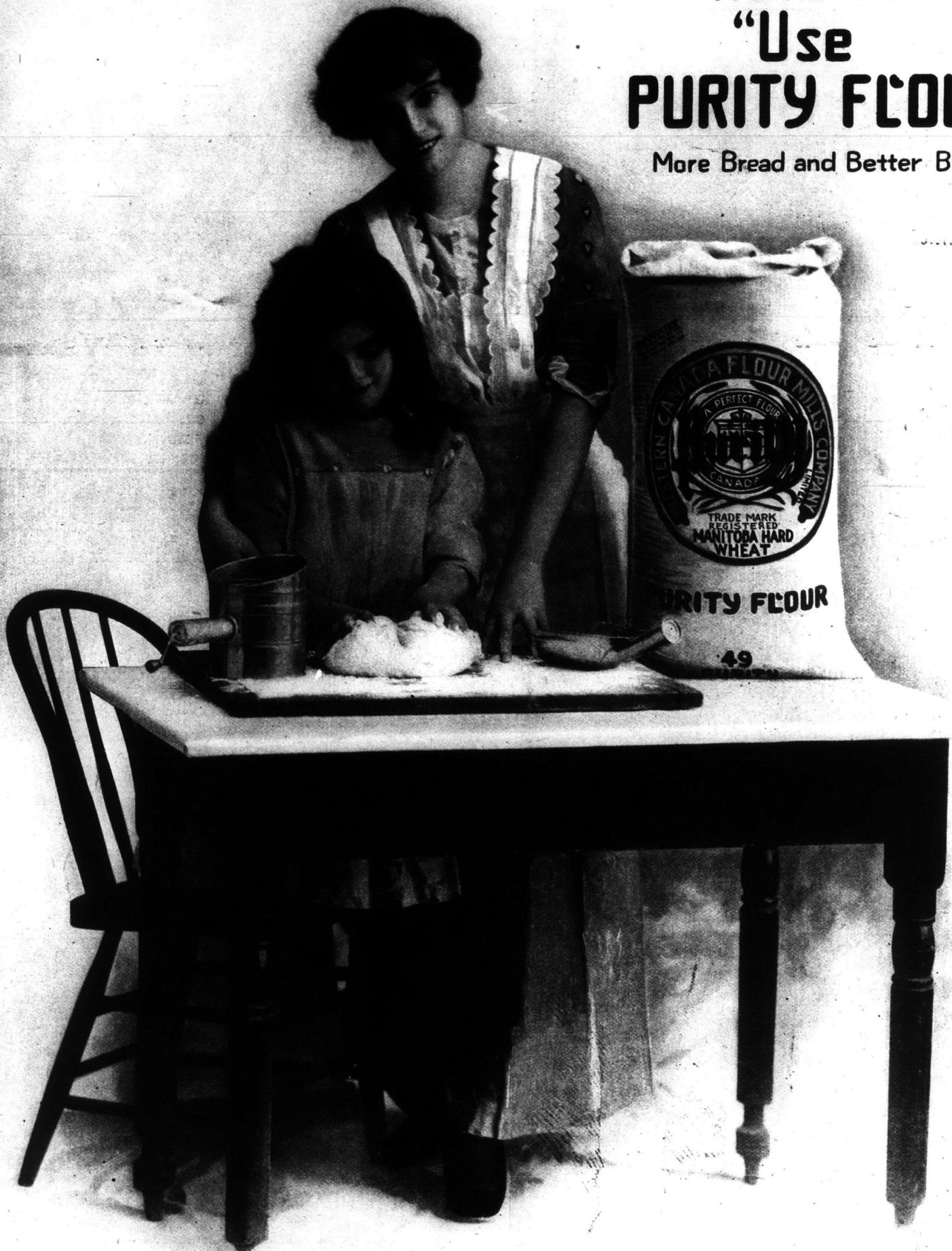
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