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"His sole attention was fixed straight ahead on the 'Sally Keen,' who was making a desperate effort to hold her own."

The Story of a Petticoat Captain, a Mutiny, a Bet, and a Good Race.

THE Mutiny of the "Laughing Mary," By W. H. DURHAM.



HE "Laughing Mary" shifted her helm and stood well out to sea. Probably the "Mary" was one of the best known, and certainly the most disreputable-looking coaster out of Port Haven. She was a little thirty-ton, fore and aft schooner with rough, weather-beaten sides, dirty, patched sails, and a lean to the windward which gave her a decided rakish, nondescript appearance.

The crew of the "Mary" consisted of one man, and that was old Lige Bingham himself, while the captain existed in the portly proportions of Lige's wife, Symantha. The two old people were well known all along the coast for their peculiar personalities, Symantha being a born commander, and Lige, the commanded.

The little schooner ploughed and plunged sluggishly along, the skipper, Symantha, stood near the taffrail grasping the well worn tiller firmly as she watched with critical eyes the movements of the crew, who was seated upon an upturned herring tub, busily engaged in sewing a pretentious patch upon his "shore" trousers.

Lige was a man of few words, while Symantha was a woman of many. For forty years Symantha had been giving the orders, and for forty years Lige had obeyed without question. For forty years Lige had rebelled inwardly and chafed sorely under his petticoat government, but to-day the whole forty years of subjection had been climaxed when old Ben Rogers, skipper of the "Sally Keen," had laughed tantalizingly as he passed, and deliberately insulted him by offering the "Mary" a tow line into Nantucket, and had added to the insult by suggesting that they make it a race to Nantucket light for a new set of sails.

Captain Ben well knew Symantha's strict aversion to straining her well worn stays unnecessarily. Lige would have gladly risked every stitch of canvas on the "Mary" to take a little of the conceit out of Captain Ben, and show him that the "Mary" still possessed a clean pair of heels, if she had half a chance to use them, but the old man was obliged to shake his head regretfully and go on patching his trousers, however, still keeping the corner of his eye upon the "Sally Keen" who was now a good lead ahead on the port side.

"I'll be keel-hauled!" muttered Lige to himself, as he expectorated a copious quid of tobacco juice over the rail. "I'd jist like ter show ther

'Sally Keen' ther way into Nantucket, an' I would, too, if I was at that er helm," and he glanced longingly at that post of honor now held by his wife.

"Lige!" ejaculated Symantha suddenly, "Thar hain't no use o' yer a putterin' on them pants now, cause yer don't get no chance ter use 'em afore sundown termorrer night. Go an' take a pull on that er jib forward."

Lige groaned inwardly at the thought of doing anything that would in any way decrease the speed of the schooner, but orders were given to be obeyed, not questioned, so from mere force of habit he laid aside his sewing and hastened forward slowly. Straight ahead, over the port bow he could see the "Sally Keen" working under full sail, while the "Mary" was hobbling nimbly along under mainsail and jib.

Lige glanced at the outer jib, furled and useless, and then up at the topsail, tied close to the masthead, and he longed to spread them both and lay the "Mary" over a few points and take the laugh out of the "Sally Keen," for Lige well knew the sailing capabilities of the "Laughing Mary." He remembered the days when he was forty years younger—when he stood at the helm and the "Mary" showed them all the way. The old salt's racing blood had been only dormant, and now that it was aroused he longed

greatly to give the "Mary" the chance to redeem herself and wipe away the forty years of accumulated slurs and jibes against her sailing qualities.

Lige went back and sat down on the herring tub and picked up his old trousers and was about to resume his task, when Symantha, who had been at the helm since daybreak, called again.

"Lige, yer jist come an' take this helum an' keep her off a couple o' pints, while I go down an' get a bite o' somethin' ter eat. Keep her easy now an' don't strain that er jib."

Lige made no reply but laid aside his work and ambled aft and took the tiller, while Symantha disappeared down the narrow companionway into the little cabin below. Meanwhile, the "Laughing Mary" now under Lige's guidance, suddenly rounded up a trifle into the wind and was following close in the wake of the "Sally Keen."

An idea had crept into Lige's head—an idea of rebellion and mutiny and a new set of sails for the "Laughing Mary." Ideas came to Lige very seldom, but when they did come, they were fixed.

He could hear Symantha bustling about and the clatter of tinware came up from below. The wind was fresh and favorable. Why shouldn't the "Mary" sail into Nantucket port ten hours ahead of time—tomorrow morn-

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ing, instead of tomorrow night—and win a new set of sails? Heaven knows she needed them badly enough. Lige knew that it never could be done with Symantha in command, and in order for him to make the attempt, it would be necessary for her to abdicate, and Lige fully realized the folly of suggesting anything of the kind to Symantha regarding a spurt of speed between the "Mary" and the "Sally Keen."

The more Lige thought of it the more convinced was he that the "Mary" really needed a new set of sails, and the more determined he became to make the attempt to let her win them. He swung the helm down, bringing the little schooner still closer into the wind, which increased her movements considerably and caused her to lay well over on her side. The sudden roll caused the cabin door to swing suddenly to and close. There was a stout iron hasp and padlock on the cabin door, and as that door was the only means of exit from below, Lige, acting abruptly upon the impulse of the moment, urged by forty years of subjection, sprang to the companionway and snapped the padlock into place, and Symantha was a prisoner, and he, for the first time in forty years, master of the "Laughing Mary."

There was a stream of exclamations, questions and demands from below, but Lige steered his heart and ears to them all and returned to the deck with a feeling of new born freedom and exhilaration within him. It was but the work of an instant to lash the tiller and proceed forward where he unfurled and raised the outer jib, set the topsail and hoisted by main strength the foresail. The result was a sudden and surprising increase of speed and effort from the little schooner, which seemed to shake off the sloth of forty years, leaped far over and leaped forward like a hound fresh from the leash.

The damp salt spray fell in showers from her bows, and every sail and boom creaked and strained like things of life.

Lige made his way astern again and grasped the tiller, and, as he swung it over a trifle further, the little craft seemed to quiver anew with a stronger effort to overhaul her rival and tormentor ahead.

Down in the little cabin there was a constant commotion from the deposed commander, but Lige's sole attention was fixed straight ahead on the "Sally Keen" who, with now every available sail set, was making a desperate effort to hold her own, since she had observed the strange manoeuvres of the "Laughing Mary," but the lead she had from the first was now slipping slowly from her, for the "Mary" with her dirty, blunt nose buried in deep foam, was plunging ahead like a race horse in her wake, while the creaking of straining sails and cordage, with the rush of the sea alongside, drowned from Lige's ears any sounds or calls from below.

An hour passed, and still the little schooner forged steadily ahead. The skipper of the "Sally Keen" leaned over her rail and stared in open-mouthed amazement at the strange movements of the "Laughing Mary," and, as the old schooner leaned still further over and crept up a little closer, Lige, in his excitement, called loudly, for his racing instinct was strong within him.

"Ahoy thar! I'm after that new set of sails fer ther furst craft inter Nantucket port. Ther 'Mary,' she needs 'em kinder bad, I reckon."

The skipper of the "Sally Keen" grinned, nodded his head and shouted in reply.

"Yes, and I'll be blowed, if I don't throw in a coat o' paint, too. Ther 'Mary' needs it putty bad."

This last addition to the wager only served to make Lige's determination to win stronger than before, and a vision of the agile "Mary" in a coat of white paint and a new set of sails above, made the old salt reckless to the point of danger. He glanced aloft to the bending canvas, and vaguely wondered if she could stand the strain a little more. He concluded to risk it, under the circumstances, and swung the helm

up a trifle further and brought the plunging "Mary" to where she felt the full strength of the wind, which resulted in keeling her over so far that Lige could scarcely keep his footing on the steep incline of the deck, but it brought him almost abreast of the "Sally Keen" and the old man was satisfied and chuckled exultingly.

Straight ahead with steady strain of sails crept the "Laughing Mary" for another hour, and at last, as the sun went down into the sea and the bright moon came up, the "Mary" was slowly but certainly creeping across the bows of the "Sally Keen."

So well pleased was Lige with the apparent success of his attempt, that he again lashed the tiller securely and crept down the companionway and called loudly through the cabin door. "Say, Symantha—what yer doin'?"

"Lige Bingham!" came the quick retort from within. "What under the sun air ye doin' with ther 'Mary?'"

"I'm racin' ther 'Sally Keen' inter Nantucket an'—"

"What air yer racin' ther 'Sally Keen' fer, I'd like ter know?" interrupted the shrill voice of his better half in angry impatience.

"Fer a new set o' sails an' a coat o' paint fer the 'Mary,'" replied Lige, confidently.

"Humph!" snorted his wife in indignation and disgust. "Jist yer open this door, Lige Bingham, an' let me out o' here an' I'll put a stop to this foolishness mighty sudden, now I tell yer. Do yer hear me?"

Lige knew his wife well enough to know that all hopes of success were gone if she reached the deck and took control of affairs, and he felt that he had rather brave her future anger than endure the future taunts of Ben Rogers and to lose the wager now, with port almost in sight, and the "Laughing Mary" well ahead, so he replied bravely with his lips close to the crack in the door:

"Now see here, Symantha, yer jist better stay below, 'cause t'aint no fit place fer a woman on deck jist now—nor t'wont be nuther 'til we make Nantucket harbor. I'm goin' ter win them sails and that coat o' paint fer the 'Mary' or I'll know ther reason why," and without further ado, he turned and went back up the companionway to his post at the helm, followed by a torrent of passionate rage, threats and demands from the imprisoned woman below.

All night long Lige stuck faithfully to his post at the helm and coaxed and drove and urged the straining little schooner, until at last, when the night was over and the morning sun came up like a ball of fire, Lige turned and wearily scanned the eastern horizon for a sight of the "Sally Keen," and there, almost hull down—near the sky line he made her out, while just ahead Nantucket Light loomed up clear and welcome, with Nantucket port just beyond.

Ten days later, the "Laughing Mary" sailed back into Port Haven resplendent in a coat of dazzling white paint and a snowy set of sails above. Lige stood at the helm puffing his pipe serenely, while Symantha sat beside him on an upturned herring tub, busily engaged in sewing a pretentious patch upon the seat of Captain Lige's "shore" trousers.

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CAPTAIN DREAMS AGAIN.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

In the midst of the hot weather that made Chicago intolerable in mid-September of '97, Captain Dreams was induced to go into town on a certain evening to see a certain play then on the boards at a certain theater. Mrs. Dreams and the olive branches were away—summering in cooler climes and awaiting the Captain's announcement that bearable weather had returned before they followed suit. The Captain rarely went anywhere outside the post without previous consultation with his better half, who was as keenly alive to his best interests as he was apparently dead to them. Mrs Dreams was what Fort Sheridan called a wide-awake woman, and she had to be, for with all his unquestioned erudition in his profession and his charming qualities of heart and mind, her liege lord was a prey to that class of mental ma'ady known as absent-mindedness, and in its acutest form. His exploits when under the influence of his own especial weakness would fill a book. His experiences following upon a certain meeting of the Loyal Legion several months previous had led to his resolution not to trust himself in town again without a guardian—of some kind—and a more recent episode, culminating in his incarceration at Waukegan for having driven off with the horse and buggy of an implacable farmer, leaving his own rig standing for hours in front of the drug store, had led to his promising Mrs. Dreams never again to set foot in a vehicle until assured by competent testimony that no trespass was possible. Yet both these precautionary measures were turned to naught, and all because his brother officers persuaded him there was at least one character in the play he must really see and study, and a very pretty niece had induced him to include herself and husband in his order for seats. "They can be my guardians," said Dreams. And then, as the Webbs lived far out in the suburbs, it was proposed they should dine together at the Waterloo at six, and go from there to the play.

The night was hot. For nearly a week the mercury had stood at 95. Chicago sweltered and swore, and the managers of the theaters, gazing upon their empty rows, emulated and anathematized Chicago, yet Dreams, after a refreshing bath, came down from his room in evening dress, and looking cool and unperturbed. The clerk at the desk affably congratulated him on being able "to take it so easily," and handed him a telegram: "Missed train. With you sharp at seven. Have dinner ready." So Dreams confabbed with the head waiter, who knew the Webb's desires in the way of little dinners. That was all readily arranged. And then, lest there should be delay or discomfort in walking through the sultry streets or crowding into cable cars, Dreams befought him of still another precaution.

"Better have a nice carriage for me here sharp at eight," said he to the clerk.

"All right, Captain," answered that

magnate, giving his gong bell a jab. The porter came. "Order a nice carriage for Captain de Remer sharp at eight," were the porter's instructions, and then the Captain possessed his soul in peace and quiet, and, to fill in the time until the arrival of his friends, sat him down and wrote to his beloved better half:

"With Kate and her husband for guardians, and one of Lane's best carriages to convey us, there is no likelihood of my getting into trouble to-night, so you may feel safe for once."

That letter reached Mrs. de Remer less than thirty-six hours thereafter at Mackinac, and, so far from conveying reassurance, served only to augment the anxiety occasioned by the receipt of a telegram three hours previously saying: "Newspaper accounts absurd. Matter will be readily adjusted. Return to-night."

"Newspaper accounts of what?" exclaimed that admirable but sorely tried helpmate. "For pity's sake, what has that blessed old blind man done now? Twice within six months he has been in the hands of the police, once for walking off with another man's overcoat, once for driving off with another man's buggy. Now what can it be?" she demanded of a pretty but mischievous sister.

"Run off with another man's wife, perhaps," was the demure damsel's demure suggestion. Whereat Mrs. de Remer whirled upon her.

"Matilda! Never dare hint such a thing to me—to anyone—if you value my love in the least!"

All the same Mrs. de Remer was down at the dock when the mail came in, and the newsboy could not too quickly supply her eager demand for a copy of every Chicago paper he had—"Record," "Chronicle," "Times-Herald," "Inter-Ocean," even the "Tribune," which had long since lost caste and subscribers at Sheridan, and with these she rushed to her room and spent a frantic half-hour of search, racing through column after column with impetuous haste, looking, despite herself, for news that her liege lord had indeed run off with another man's wife, and finding absolutely nothing. Then she wired:

"Captain de Remer, Fort Sheridan, Ill. What has happened? Where are you? Of course I return to-night."

"HORATIA."

She could hardly wait for the answer, yet lost no time in packing and preparations. The pretty sister was deputed to buy the tickets and make the necessary engagement of berths, etc. The magnificent "Duluth" would be down from the Sault Sainte Marie at sunset, and on the morrow they would be at home.

Meantime Captain Dreams was having his hours of perturbation in Chicago, wondering the while what Horatia would say when she heard what had happened, and all the while being blissfully ignorant of what she had said.

For this is what had happened. "Mischievous Mattie," his demure

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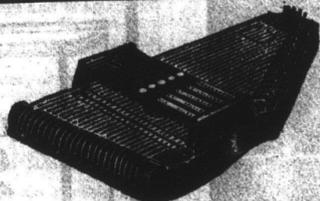
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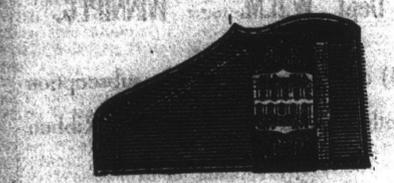
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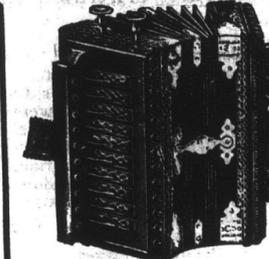


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TERMS—CASH WITH ORDER—GOODS AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

sister-in-law, had made no bad guess of it.

The Webbs arrived, not sharp at seven, but, to use the army vernacular, "as soon thereafter as practicable," in view of the fact that they had to walk from the Van Buren Street station of the suburban line, and were not a little heated in consequence, and a pretty woman loses much in the way of curls and complexion when the



"RACING THROUGH COLUMN AFTER COLUMN."

mercury stands at 95, the humidity is equally extreme and the domestic skies have been overcast, all through too much attention to toilet and too little to the time-table. Twice had Webb shouted from the foot of the stairs that they'd miss that train if "the missus didn't hurry. Twice had she replied, "Coming at once." Neither time had she done as she said, and yet not once had he said, "I told you so," when on the rush to the 65th Street station they saw the cars swiftly spinning away. All the same "the missus" knew

what he was thinking, and some wives hold that a man ought not even to think upon one woman's shortcomings. Pretty Mrs. Webb had no appetite for dinner, but Webb was unimpaired—another evidence of an unfeeling and unforgiving disposition. The head waiter had reserved as cool a corner as the house contained. The little-necks and the sauterne were iced to a turn; the consommé was capital; the Spanish mackerel could hardly have been better if fresh from the salt waves of the Gulf. De Remer, whose outdoor life of drill and discipline kept him square and firm in flesh, and who barely sipped his wine, looked cool, placid and immaculate as his expanse of shirt front. Webb, pleading that cinders would ruin white linen anyway, had persisted in coming to town in a cool but unconventional garb, dark in shade but light in weight; yet long hours of sedentary work each day, coupled with good digestion, had gifted him with flesh that would but too easily melt, and the sauterne set it afloat. Webb was really sorry for his wife's vexation, and to cover her silence and apparent abstraction, chattered ceaselessly, even while engaged in the process of mastication. It was nearly 7:30 when they took their seats at the table. It was eight before salad was served, and by that time Webb's face was aglow and his collar a wreck. Mrs. Webb's choler was rising as her lord's collar fell, and De Remer sat placidly unconscious of either fact, when the buttoned page tiptoed in among the well-filled tables and announced that the Captain's carriage was at the door.

"Be there directly," said the Captain. "Now, don't hurry, Webb. There's plenty of time, Kitty. The curtain never rises till 8:20 or 25, and it won't take five minutes to drive over there."
"But just look at your collar and tie, James!" was Mrs. Webb's parting rejoinder. "Indeed you cannot go to the theater looking like that!"

"Indeed! Nobody'll be the wiser," said James. "Everybody in the house will look as wilted before they have been there two minutes."

"Indeed, then, they won't," responded madame. "Here's Captain de Remer. Not a speck has his collar turned, and you ought to have worn evening dress—you know you ought!"

"A standing collar a night like this? Why, Kit, you're cruel."
"I don't care!" says Mrs. Webb. "Every gentleman wears one, and yours is simply indecent now. Do finish your dinner and get one. Do, to please me now. There must be a haberdasher's hereabouts."

"There isn't," said James, "so you'll have to make the best of it. Capital salad that, De Remer! Yes, thanks, a trifle more—try one of your collars? Why won't it be rather a snug fit?"

De Remer was tall and stalwart; Webb short and stout. Collars that would fit one neck were of the inches to suit the other except in the matter of height. De Remer wore the high standard of the day. Webb preferred the low roller, yet Kitty was obdurate. At 8:10 they hastened from the table. "Come right along up to my room," said Dreams to Webb. "I'll fix you out."

"Yes, go," said Kitty. "I'll wait for you in the ladies' room."

They went, and there in De Remer's apartments did Webb partially peel, sousé his head and hands in cold water, and then for five minutes they worked to get a collar to meet in front. When it did, Webb's double chin was propped up as though with the old-fashioned stock. "It's absurd," he said. "I can't stand it. Here, give me one ticket. I'll jump in a cab and drive over to Billy's room at the club. He can fit me out in a jiffy. You and Kitty go on to the theater, and I'll join you there. Phew! What a sight! Poor girl, she's all broke up now at the idea of being so late."
"So I will," said Webb, twisting

one of De Remer's silk handkerchiefs round his neck, bolted out to the Wash Avenue front in search of a cab. De Remer hastened to the ladies' parlor. A hall boy met him. "Is this the gentleman who ordered the carriage at eight?" Then seeing assent in the Captain's eye, he went on without verbal response. "The lady is in it waiting, sir." So out through the side entrance hurried De Remer.

There at the curb was standing a carriage and pair—the horses stylish, perfectly mated roans, the carriage



"WORKED TO GET A COLLAR TO MEET IN FRONT."

glistening black, finished out with threads of vermilion, the harness flawless, every "appointment" precise, the coachman in dark livery, with top hat and cockade. "Stunning outfit for a livery team!" said De Demer. "I heard the Waterloo stable was coming out strong." The buttoned page stood holding the door. Feminine drapery was dimly visible within. "You'll love to drive fast, said De Remer, to the man on the box. "The Schiller." The coachman knuckled his hat brim, the Captain bolted in, the

page slammed the door and the vehicle sped swiftly away. The wheels bounded and resounded on the Belgian blocks of the avenue. A cable train raced alongside with clanging gong. An "elevated" clanked and rumbled overhead. Conversation was for the moment impossible. Then as they whirled in upon the smoother pavement of a narrower and quieter street and Captain de Remer turned toward his pretty niece to explain the absence of her liege, he was grievously disconcerted to find her sobbing violently, her handkerchief pressed to her streaming eyes.

Now De Remer was a man of sentiment, of sweet and tender nature. A woman in tears appealed to his uttermost sympathy, a pretty woman in tears overcame him like a summer cloud. There was really nothing in Kitty's husband's appearance to warrant such depth of woe on her part, but there might be something behind it all. He had always been fond of Kitty. Was she not his admirable wife's most loyal and devoted of nieces? With a murmured word, half reproach, half sympathetic inquiry, he turned to her, his gentle hand out-

ing that each was cuddling close to a total stranger, and then there rose above the roar of traffic on State Street a shriek of anguish and dismay. The mettlesome horses darted forward at the sound, nearly dragging the driver from his perch. The carriage bounded over the pavement and lurched and swayed, a woman's head protruded through an open window and a woman's voice was uplifted in piercing clamor. Fully a block the horses tore before the coachman pulled them down and reined up, astonished, at the curb. Then came the crowd and the police, and a bewildered, bedazed, bedeviled Captain of Foot was hauled out upon the sidewalk, vainly protesting and proffering to the agonized dame within explanation, expostulation and cards.

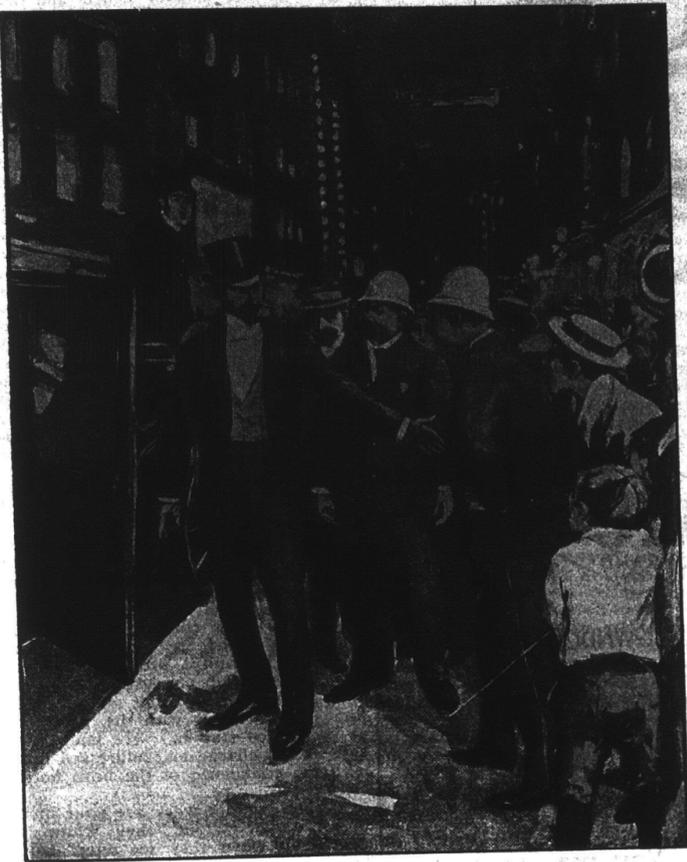
"What's he done, ma'am?" demanded Policeman No. 1.

"Oh! Take him away!" sobbed the lady.

"But I assure you it's all a mistake. They put me in this carriage at the Waterloo," declared Dreams.

"Awe!" chorused the gamins.

"What's the cop waitin' fur? Waitz the dude off to the p'leece station."



"THEN CAME THE CROWD AND THE POLICE."

stretched to draw away the shrouding handkerchief, and lo, Kitty settled down upon the broad black shoulder like a bird fluttering to her nest, and sobbed anew. "How much wiser it is," said De Remer, "to let a woman have her surcease of tears. The flood-gates of the soul are flushed and the overtaxed reservoir measurably relieved. She will speedily become calm and rational and be ready to prattle her foolish fears and smile again." So drawing her closer to his side (Odd, how soon those dainty, slender girls like Kit build out about the neck and arms and shoulders. Two years ago Kit didn't weigh one hundred and ten and now—however—) "There, there," he murmured, as he drew her closer. "Don't fret about James, little woman."

But at this juncture, just as they shot into the gleam of the electric lights at the Palmer corner, the little woman started back, and gazed up into his face with horror and amazement in her tear-dimmed eyes. There was one instant of vocal paralysis on the part of both, due to the shock of find-

ing that each was cuddling close to a total stranger, and then there rose above the roar of traffic on State Street a shriek of anguish and dismay. The mettlesome horses darted forward at the sound, nearly dragging the driver from his perch. The carriage bounded over the pavement and lurched and swayed, a woman's head protruded through an open window and a woman's voice was uplifted in piercing clamor. Fully a block the horses tore before the coachman pulled them down and reined up, astonished, at the curb. Then came the crowd and the police, and a bewildered, bedazed, bedeviled Captain of Foot was hauled out upon the sidewalk, vainly protesting and proffering to the agonized dame within explanation, expostulation and cards.

"Horton," she said, "drive on quick." A crack of the whip, a plunge of the horses, and away went the stylish team around the corner toward the lake, then out of sight down Wabash Avenue, leaving Dreams to have it out with the rapidly gathering crowd, the police, the clanking patrol and the inevitable newspaper men. Meantime, what had become of Kitty?

Full ten minutes she sat and fumed; then called a bell boy and demanded tidings of the Captain. "Gone to the theater, ma'am," was the reply. "Impossible," said Kit. "He was to have gone with me." And yet, even while she was so confident in speech, her heart was failing her, for wouldn't it be like Uncle Dreams to go with somebody else? Another bell boy came. "Yessum," he said, "the Captain got in and drove off with the lady in the carriage at the side door."

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BOY'S HEAVY WINTER HOSE 35c.

It will pay you to lay in a supply at this price, for it's certain that these pure wool stockings will advance in price after this lot is sold out. We have 100 dozen pairs to sell at the special price of 35c per pair. Sizes 3, 3 1/2, 4, 4 1/2 pure wool, heavy ribbed knit, sent to any address post paid for per pair.

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It's saving 10c. per suit to buy this winter underwear at this price and we deliver it right at your post office. It's the famous Watson make, Union Quality, elastic rib knit. Vests are shaped, have lace and Ribbon trimming at neck. Button front, lace trimmed French wrists. Drawers open or closed, made with button band of saten. These garments are guaranteed unshrinkable. Good value at \$1.25 per suit. On Sale Special delivered to any address per suit for.

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New and Correct Styles for Fall.

THE good clothes problem bothers many a man. You may go to a good custom tailor and get well satisfied—now and then. But look at the price you must pay, whether you're satisfied or not! Make up your mind to try the new and better way this Fall. Buy a

20th Century Brand Suit or Overcoat

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AGENTS IN NEARLY EVERY CITY AND TOWN.

—TAILORED BY—

The Lowndes Company, Limited,
TORONTO.

THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS !!

The Western Home Monthly

Then Kitty sped to the desk and hailed a clerk. "There's a dreadful mistake," said she. "My uncle has driven off in somebody else's carriage in mistake for his own. Was there any gentleman here expecting to meet, or be called for by, a lady?"

The clerk's face became suddenly expressive. A tall youth in evening dress, with an expectant look in his eyes, who had been tramping for ten minutes up and down the corridor, now glancing at the clock and now at the doorway, hurried swiftly out to the sidewalk and shot round the corner. A telephone bell began to whir-r-r, and an assistant picked up the ear tube, inclined his mustache sidewise to the instrument and said "Hullo." Then the expression of pathetic boredom began to give place to one of absorbing interest and merriment. "Certainly, Captain de Remer is stopping here. What's the matter? Police patrol! Oh, come now! Assaulting a lady!" Then, with sudden change of tone—"By Jove, Billy! I believe there's been a mix somehow and they've run the Captain in."

Whereupon Kitty, overwrought, nervous and wretched already, found her foundations giving away and collapsed on the nearest bench and the verge of hysterics. The "lady book-keeper" ran to her aid, and "Billy," the bediamonded, jumped for a cab. "Run the office till I get back!" he said. "Don't worry, Mrs. Webb. I'll have the Captain here in a jiffy." And away he darted.

In those days the nearest patrol wagon was stationed but three blocks away, around on Michigan Avenue, and thither sped Billy, the wheels of his cab spinning like mad. He met



"THERE, THERE," HE MURMURED AS HE DREW CLOSER.

the patrol wagon coming on the jump, pursued by fleet-footed small boys and sweating humanity, with De Remer still in a daze, an unresisting prisoner. Billy's cab whirled about and landed him simultaneously with the prisoner at the police station. He knew the sergeant in charge and addressed him with the confidence of the born hotel clerk.

"What damfool work are your men up to now? Don't they know a gentleman when they see one?" said he.

The escape of the principal witness had weakened the case against the accused, but augmented the arresting official's importance.

"What business has he jumping into a lady's carriage an' offering to hug her?" was that official's response.

"I told you it was all a mistake," pleaded De Remer.

"Mistake, nothing!" answered the stern defender of Chicago's morality. "Ain't you got a wife of your own that you can't leave other men's alone?"

"See here," said the Waterlooer, with sudden wrath. "You don't know who you are talking to. This is Captain de Remer, Fort Sheridan, and he's not likely to—"

But the police had been reading the "Palladium," and their views were biased as to the probability of army officers in general and Fort Sheridan in particular.

"Yes," said the officer sneeringly. "We know how careful them fellers are. The lady yelled for help—everybody could hear."

"The horses were running away," pleaded De Remer but was interrupted.

"She gave you in charge anyhow,"

said the sergeant, who had "done time" on the London force and was not overcome by the contemplation of a swell evening dress.

"If she don't show up in the morning of course there won't be a case, but until then we have to hold you."

Dreams subsided on a bench in bewilderment and despair. Three times arrested within six months, and he hadn't got used to it yet! By this time the reporters had fought their way through the crowd without and were preparing for action within. One of them was essaying a pencil sketch of the crestfallen soldier. De Remer was indeed in desperate plight, yet sat there thinking only of Horatia and what Horatia would say. Billy, the clerk, shifted from expostulation to explosion without bettering the case.

One of the reporters, in huge rejoicing, had by this time rushed through a spirited account of the affair under the following magnificent headlines:

"ANOTHER ARMY SCANDAL!"

Military Lothario in the Toils!—Captain De Remer, of Fort Sheridan, Sustains the Reputation of the Post!

and the choicest of tit-bits was being spiced and trimmed for Chicago breakfast tables, when the station-keeper decided it wisdom to take the accused officer to one side and hear his story in private. To the wrath of the excluded journalists, he shut them out, while Billy, of the Waterloo, again bolted for his cab and rattled away in quest of a man in authority.

Kitty was notified that her uncle was all right, but couldn't go to the theater just yet, which only mystified her more. Webb, in a borrowed collar and profuse perspiration, was sweltering at the theater, wondering where De Remer and his wife could be, and between the acts sauntered forth in search of beer and information. The bar was well patronized, but thirsty souls were grouped about a narrator with a voice like a trombone and an exaggerated sense of the humorous, who was telling the crowd of the lively excitement over on State Street—an army officer arrested—one of them Fort Sheridan fellers—in a carriage with a lady, and she screamed for help, and the police pitched him into the patrol wagon. Captain De Remer they called him. Webb heard no more. He too pitched into a cab, drove headlong for the Waterloo, found Kitty in tears in the ladies' parlor. "What on earth does it mean? What did he do to you?" he cried.

"Do to me!" was her indignant answer. "What on earth do you mean? He left me and drove off with another woman."

Ten minutes later and Webb turned up at the station, where sat his uncle-in-law, secluded and trying to figure out what had been going on. "Find the woman that ran away with me," was his distracted plea. "They won't let me out till they hear from her." And on this mission departed Webb with a brace of detectives, and on this mission far into the night and the suburbs he followed a clue, all, all to no purpose. At midnight the efforts of the Waterloo with men in authority restored De Remer to freedom and reduced the managing editor of the "Palladium" to despair. That half-column was to have been the piece de resistance of the first page. Nothing could keep it out of the early edition—the railroad paper. The "die was cast," but Billy, the clerk of the Waterloo, was a man of nerve, resource and boundless energy. He routed out of bed at 1 a. m., after getting De Remer to his own comfortable room, the owner of the "Palladium" himself, told him every word of the tale, spoiled the reporters and despoiled the managing editor, but brought the written order of the owner to "kill" the whole item, and killed it was except in the columns of the 3 a. m. edition—the columns Horatia never saw until a long week after.

A wire received by her late in the afternoon read: "Too hot still to permit your return. Everything explained and settled. Stay where you are." So the "Duluth" went to

Chicago without her, and De Remer to Sheridan, where later in the week he learned through Webb how gloriously Billy had befriended him.

All of which explains why Fort Sheridan took its shopping lunches and theater dinners at the Waterloo to the exclusion of other hostleries until ordered to the front in the spring, and why Billy, the clerk thereof, wears a conspicuous blush with the new diamond in his collection, and why De Remer, since September, has never been seen in Chicago without his wife.

But it doesn't explain whose was the stylish carriage or who the lady occupant, or who was the tall youth awaiting its coming at the Waterloo, because that is something Webb never found out and the detectives never told. Whose was it? Who was she anyhow?

A Successful Piano.

There is a reason for everything, and the manufacturers of the Morris Piano believe that the high estimation in which their instrument is held and its ever-increasing popularity among our best musical people is the natural result of well-directed efforts to accomplish their purpose—that of making the best piano. From the outset this purpose has been persistently and successfully pursued, until to-day there is no piano made that is in greater favor with the most critical and competent judges. The Winnipeg branch warehouses are situated in the corner of Portage Avenue and Fort, and the number of pianos sold from this branch alone is astonishing. At any time of the day can be seen pianos leaving the store to make some home brighter and happier. Mr. Barrowclough, the manager, claims that no home is complete without a piano, and that none is too old to learn to play and also remarks that your wisest choice will be a Morris. If you are thinking of purchasing a piano write for illustrated booklet and price and mention this paper. Address S. A. Barrowclough, Winnipeg, Man.

Learn to Mount and Stuff Birds.

A subscriber asks: Can you tell me where I can learn to mount and stuff birds and other animals? Answer: There is only one school in the country teaching this by mail at your own home. We understand that they have made a great success teaching people. You can learn taxidermy for your own pleasure and amusement, or you can become a professional taxidermist and either make good money on the side, or take it up as a profession, earning from \$25 to \$50 a week.

A Free Trial that Means Something.

Most of the "Free Offers" that appear in advertisements do not pan out very well. There is usually some string attached or some conditions to be complied with that amount to a good price for all you get. A notable exception, however, is the offer made by Mrs. F. Q. Currah, of Windsor, Ont., as stated on another page, in her ad. Local Treatment for Womens' Disorders. She sends absolutely free a box of Orange Lily, an expensive, concentrated remedy, put up in pure gelatine capsules, which is sufficient for ten days' treatment, and which is worth 35 cents. Mrs. Currah finds it pays to do this, for the reason that being a strictly scientific preparation, its good effects are noticeable from the start, and almost all who give it a trial continue its use until completely cured.

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

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HEINTZMAN & Co. PIANO

Is a tried and trusted friend, and can always be depended upon. It is unquestionably the Highest Grade Piano made, and can be bought as cheaply as some of the so-called high priced pianos.

Write us and we will explain how we can save you money by buying through our mail order system.

Pianos shipped to any point on approval.

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N. B.—You can buy any Piano Case Organ on our floor by mail for \$100.00, including BELL, DOMINION and SHERLOCK-MANNING.

Get our catalogue and price list. Mail order department "M."

Fall House Cleaning.

The season for freshening things about the house for the long Winter is about due. And we would suggest your writing **AT ONCE** for new twenty-four page booklet "Something About Paint". There are some very helpful suggestions which we are quite sure will be of service to you.

For Floors Stephens' Hard-Drying Floor Paint — made to walk on — has stood the test of time (which after all is the only absolute test) for over twenty years.

Stephens' Decorative Enamels, Oil and Varnish Stain will brighten up your home in a manner that will surprise you.

BE SURE AND WRITE TO-DAY FOR BOOKLET WHICH IS MAILED FREE ON REQUEST.

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Paint and Color Makers

WINNIPEG - - - - - CANADA.

Correspondence

Our editorial heart is truly torn with pity as each mail brings us in such piteous tales of loneliness from Western maids and bachelors.

We fear that the excessive loneliness of prairie life has preyed on the minds of some of our readers, and made them absent-minded.

He Wants a Protestant Wife.

Editor,—Being a regular reader of your valuable paper, and having taken great interest in the correspondence which has been taking place in it for some months back between bachelors and young ladies, I must say that some of the lady writers are, to judge from their letters, of very respectable character, and would, I have no doubt, make good helpmates for the men of their choice.

This One's Happy.

Editor,—I have read your correspondence column with great interest and beg that you will allow me a little space in your valuable paper. I cannot altogether coincide with "Disgusted" in his attack on the present farmers' daughters, and his statement that 90 per cent of the marriages are business transactions.

One Who Wants a Wife.

Editor,—Will you kindly publish my letter in your next issue, as I want to be placed in the Correspondence Column. I would like to hear from those ladies who are looking for a kind husband and a good home.

She is Hard to Please.

Editor,—After reading your issue of the 15th I was glad to see that someone has a good word to say for the bachelors.

pence department of your paper, I feel that it is just what I want and that it will be of great use to me. I fully agree with those ladies who have summed up the Western bachelors as a drunken, rowdy lot, who do not deserve good wives.

Wants a Nice Hubby.

Editor,—I am a reader of your valuable paper, and take special interest in the correspondence column. In the April issue there was a letter signed "Spinster, aged 19," and I cannot help but agree with what she says.

No Milk Bills Here.

Editor,—I am a reader of your magazine and follow with much interest the correspondence columns. I am a bachelor in the North-West. I am a young man of twenty, and sometimes I am very lonesome, and I think I will ask you to do a favor.

A Happy Jay.

Won't Feed Pigs.

Mr. Editor,—Here is one in earnest and willing to make home happy for the right one. I don't want a slave but one who is willing to take hold and keep the house clean and tidy and a good cook.

One That is Left All Alone.

Editor,—I am about to become a constant reader of your magazine, as I have been studying the letters in your correspondence columns. I am glad to see that someone has a good word to say for the bachelors.

Has Some Spare Time So Thinks He Will Wed.

Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence in the Western Home Monthly, and have taken quite an interest in it. I am a bachelor and am in need of a wife, but am not like some of the writers.

I possess, as my wife, whoever she may be she will not have to do the farming, but will find her time well occupied in keeping her home and work up-to-date.

His First Letter.

Editor,—I am a constant reader of your excellent magazine, and have followed with much interest your correspondence page. The letter signed "A Bachelor" is about right where he takes the bachelors to task.

Chance For Someone.

Dear Sir,—Being a reader of your prized magazine I take great pleasure in writing you. Wishing to become acquainted with some nice lady, between twenty and thirty years of age.

Has a Lot to Say.

Dear Editor,—Being an interested reader of your interesting magazine, especially the correspondence column, I take exception to some of the letters. I think, Mr. Editor, you are to be congratulated by the bachelors for the stand you have taken, and that the bachelors ought to show their appreciation by doing what they can to swell your subscription list.

He Likes to Say a Word.

Editor, Western Home Monthly,—Being a subscriber to your valuable magazine, and a bachelor, I have naturally been an interested reader of your correspondence column. As of late there appears quite a few fair and sensibly written letters from our lady friends.

He Wants a 140 lb. Wife.

Editor, I have been reading the correspondence in the Western Home Monthly, and have taken quite an interest in it. I am a bachelor and am in need of a wife, but am not like some of the writers.

she has a little of the Irish in her, as long as she has a good heart. I would prefer a good housekeeper, and one not weighing over 140 lbs. I would be glad to such a wife and would not ask her to work in the field, or get wood, or do any more chores than was necessary.

Much Ado About Nothing.

Editor,—As I have been a constant reader of your valuable magazine for some time, I take the liberty of expressing my views on matrimony. Speaking of any one not being able to judge the character of a person whom they have never seen, and with whom they will, or are, corresponding with a view to matrimony, I believe a person expresses their character by their pen.

A nice young fellow who would let her tell him what to do and when to do it, would let her go and come as she had a mind to, and furnish all the money she could spend, while in return if he wanted to spend a dollar, go anywhere, or do anything, would first ask her and if she said no, then like the little boy that asked his mother if he could go to town with her, must stay at home and let her be boss.

Anyone who wishes to correspond with me may be sure to get a reply to his letter, and I might add I would be pleased to hear from anyone wishing to exchange views on the correspondence. I am a bachelor, 27 years old, 5 ft. 8 ins. high, weight about 150 lbs.

HOW CAN WE HUMBLED YOU?

You Don't Pay A Cent

Until you know, until you see, until you feel, until you are sure. We cannot get a penny from you until you know that we have done the work, until you are willing to send it to us, until we have earned it of you as pay for what Vitae-Ore has done for you. We take all the risk—we stand to lose all. You take no risk—you cannot lose anything. We match our remedy against your ailment. You must experience actual, positive, visible good before you pay for it. You must know it has helped you; you must feel better, stronger, healthier, from using it.

You Are To Be the Judge

You don't pay for promises, you pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, not words, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it—No, not a penny! You are to be the judge, and you can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning to your body.

If You Cannot See It

If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—that ends the matter and you pay nothing. How can we humbug you when you alone have the entire "say so"? How can you hesitate to accept our offer immediately if you are ailing and need help? What excuse have you? Read the offer and do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. Start your cure immediately.

Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all the chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

Permanently Cured

Used Two Packages Two Years Ago, Was Permanently Cured and Has Had No Return of the Trouble.

SWINATH, MO.—I have been afflicted with Rheumatism ever since 1875 and have been so bad that I was almost paralyzed; at times I could hardly move more than if I were dead. I had tried several doctors and all the patent medicines I heard of. The doctors here all told me I was incurable. They said they could give me some temporary relief, but they could not cure me. Two years ago I saw the Vitae-Ore advertisement; I knew I must do something or die and I sent for the trial package.



I used it according to directions and sent for three more packages. Before I finished the second package I was entirely cured. I used the third package to make the cure sure. It is now two years since my cure, and I have not felt any trace of Rheumatism since. When I sent for the trial package I could not walk across the house and I did not weigh one hundred pounds; now I weigh 145 lbs.,

I am sixty-two years old and today I feel as well as if I were but twenty-five. I can do all my work and my washing and walk two miles to church and it does not tire me. The people here who knew me when I was sick, ask me what I have taken to be cured and to look so well. I tell them Vitae-Ore and nothing else. MRS. N. J. MILAM.

WHAT VITAE-ORE IS.

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healing virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value, many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters, drunk fresh at the springs.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE

In all parts of the United States and Canada have testified to the efficacy of Vitae-Ore in relieving

and curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Stomach Disorders, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of any part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, and worn out, debilitated conditions.

Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.

Also Indigestion and Nervousness Completely Cured.

CENTRALIA, ONTARIO.—I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion and Nervousness. I doctored with three different doctors, but got no relief, and one of them told me that medicine was of no use, and stated that my mind was affected from my different ailments. I was advised by a neighbor who had answered the Vitae-Ore advertisement and was using Vitae-Ore, to give this medicine a trial. I sent for a package, and used it, and then sent for another, and before I had finished the second package I was completely cured, and can now eat and sleep as good as I did 10 years ago. I thank God for what V.-O. has done for me, and I believe it will prove a blessing to every ailing person who tries it. F. C. FAIRHALL.



can now eat and sleep as good as I did 10 years ago. I thank God for what V.-O. has done for me, and I believe it will prove a blessing to every ailing person who tries it. F. C. FAIRHALL.

Make the Effort That Cures

Nothing is so pitiable to witness as wrongly applied effort, particularly so when the effort thus put forward is earnest and persistent, of a kind that, placed in the proper channel, would be productive of the results sought after. Especially is this true of the attempts of sick and ailing people to secure a cure for their ills, many wasting some of the best years of their lives in an effort along the wrong direction. Lives that are made miserable by a protracted disorder that apparently defies all efforts to eradicate it. They will apply themselves diligently to the treatment, will follow it and dose themselves day after day with a determination and spirit that is, indeed, commendable, but the effort is misdirected and nothing but additional and prolonged distress comes of it.

The trouble is, that they are treating the SYMPTOMS, the external evidences of a disturbance within, and not the CAUSE which brings it about. They deaden the immediate discomfort by drugging with narcotics and preparations which depend for temporary efficacy upon a narcotic influence and are doing nothing to get at the fountain head of the trouble, which remains in its seat, undisturbed and unconquered. Thus it is that the treatment is kept up, week in and week out, month after month, year after year, the sufferer always seeking a cure and not realizing that what he is seeking lies in an entirely different direction. Doctors diagnose the case, question as to the symptoms and treat the symptom instead of investigating for the cause, and having discovered it, taking proper steps to remove the wrong condition which makes it possible. Patent medicines, too, are placed on the market and advertised to treat the symptoms, to relieve this and that outward manifestation of an inward abnormality, while the CAUSE goes merrily on, causing more and more symptoms as time progresses, more work for the doctors and more sales for these so-called medicines.

Vitae-Ore treats the CAUSE, not the symptoms. It gets into the veins, courses through the vital organs, doing its good work in each, setting each to rights and by so doing removes the inward disorder itself. It is a cure and not merely a check for a time upon the outward physical manifestation of that disorder. This is one of the reasons for the absoluteness and permanency of its cures, the principal reason for the wide range of symptoms it causes to disappear. Many different symptoms and local disturbances can be attributed to one particular lesion, one fundamental lack of functional activity that is primarily alike in many separate cases, accounting for the ease with which Vitae-Ore effaces such different symptoms by the removal of these underlying and controlling causes.

It is easy to cure ordinary, simple disorders. Most any ordinary medicine will. Extraordinary diseases, that defy ordinary treatments, require an extraordinary remedy to vanquish them. Vitae-Ore is an extraordinary medicine, and its reputation is built upon its achievements where "ordinary" treatments failed even to benefit.

Saved This Manitoba Woman's Life.

KILLARNEY, MAN.—Vitae-Ore saved my life when I first began to use it three years ago. I was given up by the doctors, but Vitae-Ore gave me new life, and I am an altogether different person as a result of its use. The many people here who are taking Vitae-Ore think it is all right and others are planning to try it too. MRS. SADIE LINDSAY.

Cures Bright's Disease

MARYSVILLE, CAL.—My mother was afflicted with what the doctors called Bright's Disease for about six or seven years; was attended all of that time by physicians. She was finally given up to die and at this time was induced to try Vitae-Ore. To our surprise and great joy she was cured sound and well by the use of three packages. JOHN WILLIAMS.

Health IS WORTH TRYING FOR!

It is worth writing for. It is worth getting out pen, ink, paper and envelope, and writing us:

"I am sick. I need Vitae-Ore or something that will cure me. I have seen your trial offer. Send me a dollar package. I will use it and pay the dollar if I find it has helped me. I will not pay one penny if it does not help me."

That is all it takes. Just a letter asking for it, just your promise to use it. What excuse have you to keep on suffering? How can you continue to look your family in the face and say: "I feel so sick today" or "My back aches" or "That rheumatic leg is getting worse" or "My stomach is bothering me again," when here, right at your elbow, right within your reach, ready and waiting for you to turn and get it, is the thing that has set thousands right, yours for the mere asking.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY

READ THE TESTIMONY. Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are truthfully commanded by any other treatment. Vitae-Ore is as different from other remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take FAITH, does not take CONFIDENCE, does not take BELIEF, does not take even HOPE to cure with Vitae-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask. THIS MEDICINE ENTERS THE VEINS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING PERSON AND CURE'S whether the sufferer believes in it or not, whether he wants it or no. Its substances enter the blood, the vital organs, and WORK, WORK, WORK—a work that cures.

H. M. DEPT.

Theo. Noel Co. Ltd., 522 Main St. Winnipeg, Man.

Free Sample Tetley's Tea

A big sample of Tetley's best Sunflower Tea put up in a handsomely lithographed tin can, size 3 1/4 inches high, 2 1/4 inches wide, by 1 1/4 inches thick will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c., for postage and delivery guarantee.

Tetley's Teas are blended with a thorough knowledge of the best tea qualities gained by over 50 years' experience.—Always strictly choice—uniform in every particle.

ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS HAVE TETLEY'S SELECT TEAS

Cut off and Mail to us

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO.

Tea Importers, 176 Main St., Winnipeg

Date.....
Please mail postpaid to my address a sample tin of Tetley's Sunflower Tea. Stamps 10c. for same enclosed herewith.

Yours truly

Name.....

Post Office.....

Name of my Grocer.....



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Examine it, test it any way you will. See how rigid is every wire, no sagging. See how it holds shape and retains the springiness. The patent interlacing wires makes the guaranteed.

HERCULES Spring Beds

Five times as strong and five times as durable as well as five times as comfortable.

If you don't find the guaranteed Hercules the easiest, most comfortable and the best bed in every way that you ever slept on, return it to your dealer at the end of 30 days, and he will return your money.

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will clean them off, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. Will tell you more if you write. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 40 free.

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Canadian Agents: LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal.

and I can look at the clock to see the time of day without it stopping. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable time, Mr. Editor, and wishing the club success. I remain
"A Yankee Boy."

Doesn't Want a Woman But a Wife.

Summerland, B. C.
Editor.—I have received the May number of the W. H. M. and am sending you 50c. in payment for one year's subscription to said paper. I find it contains a matrimonial column, which must be amusing to you; however, it may be of great benefit to some of your unmarried readers who live in districts where the opposite sex are not plentiful and companions are desirable. Being situated in a district of the above kind and having need of a companion maybe you can direct me to some good madam who would come to this beautiful Okanagan Valley, and join me in the capacity of housekeeper and wife. I do not want a mere woman. I want a wife in the truest sense of the term. Will you be kind enough to give my address to "Widow No. 2," of Moose Jaw; also "Widow," of Grand View, both in May number.
"Fruit Grower."

He Gets It From Father.

Dolan, Man.
Dear Editor,—I am a constant reader of your magazine, my father takes it and I get it from him. Would you kindly send me the address of the young lady from Moose Jaw, signing "Handsome Kate," also the one from Virden, who signs herself "Brunette." If there is any charge connected please let me know the amount, as I am a lonely bachelor and want a companion.
"Lonely."

Thinks He's a Snop.

Strome, Alta.
Dear Editor,—I have for some time been a reader of your magazine and looking through the columns of correspondence I saw quite a number of girls wishing to correspond with some young bachelor. I saw one who signed her name "Little Rosebud." In noticing some points in her letter I think she is rather hard on us poor bachelors, saying that about home they would find a number of young women who are in the matrimonial market. Of course, that might be true in some places and circumstances, but that part does not agree here at all, for there are plenty of young bachelors who would cut quite a shine if they only had means of showing it upon some young ladies here. But for one thing there are no gentler sex to show their devotions to, but doing their house work and trying to do their outside work does not get along very well. Whereas if he could get a good young woman to share his dull hours with it would prove quite a help. I see one young lady wishes to make acquaintance with some young bachelors. Here she has a fine chance as I would correspond with her, she signs her name "Handsome Kate."
"Dooley."

He's Modest.

Moosomin, Sask.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time, ever since I came from the United States, and I must say you deserve high praise for the good work you are doing for us poor bachelors. Would you kindly send me the address of "Handsome Kate," also of "A Jolly Girl." Anticipating your favorable consideration of this poor effusion. I remain, yours truly.
"Blind Bill."

Oddfellow Has a Lot To Say.

Manitoba.
Editor.—When I first remember the Western Home Monthly, it was a very small magazine, and its growth to its present standing and popularity is certainly a triumph. I am only another of the many thousands who have read the correspondence column with interest and pleasure, and noted the sentiments of different writers. When one reads some of these letters over two or three times, and also reads between the lines he begins to size up the person and the mind of the writer and imagines he can almost see in reality the sentiments that led to the writing of them. I don't think the man who wrote from Lauder, signing himself "Home Lover," and giving a long list of accomplishments that he thought a good wife should possess, will get any enquiries from our fair sisters. The wife he described would certainly be a high speed, perpetual motion machine, capable of handling anything from a fine needle to a crowbar or green railway tie. I admire the letter in your April number by "An Interested Reader." I think the writer measures up to a high standard. There is one particular thing that I notice in a great many letters, and that is the

tendency of writers to find faults and failures in the opposite sex in their own locality. I don't think this should be as we know there are good, bad, and indifferent in all sections. It takes all kind of people to make up a world. I think most of the settled population in Manitoba are of a sober, industrious stamp. The toppers and boozers are more of a roving class, probably because they never get enough ahead to settle down, but it is astonishing how many of them have induced some good girl to link her life with their own. Perhaps she married him to reform him. Well, such reforms are known, but they are few and far between. I have never yet tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor, do not use tobacco in any form, and consider that I am a far better man without them. Wouldn't I be disgusted to see a sister or any of my lady acquaintances chewing and spitting tobacco. I am a tradesman by profession, but a farmer by choice and must say that I admire the opinions expressed by "Manitoba Daughter" in the May number. She is apparently one of the right sort. One bachelor who wants a wife, signs himself "Not Particular." I think that is a mistake. I would be too particular about my life partner to marry her without rather more than a correspondence acquaintance, and I hope she may be as particular also. Most of the bachelors who state their ages are only "twenty-three," but I am a few years ahead of them as I have turned thirty. I have no wild oats to harvest as I never sowed any.
"Oddfellow."

Another Billy.

Estevan, Sask.
Editor.—As I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for some time, decided to put an ad. in it. I am a bachelor and would like some nice girl who does not object to life on a farm, to correspond with me. I will make it to her advantage to do so. I am 35 years old, weight 160. Scotch-Canadian. Protestant. "Billy No. 2."

Who Like Curly Hair?

Hitchcock, Sask.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for some time. I have read the letters on both sides of the marriage question with interest and decided to write myself. I hope some of your lady readers will favor me with a letter or two. I am a bachelor 25 years old and have plenty of room on my farm for some smart young lady. I have a lot of very curly hair.
"Curly."

Wants a Nice Young Lady.

Saskatchewan.
Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of your paper for over 2 years and must say I am more than pleased with it. But I must come to the point. I have been looking through your correspondence and thought I would drop you a few lines. Some of the young men do not know what to ask of a woman, they think she must work all the time and never take a minute to rest. Not so here, I think a woman has just as much to do as the men, if she does the housework. I do not think a woman has any right to do anything outside the house such as feeding calves and pigs. If the man does not feed them, let them go without; as for milking cows, that is not a woman's work at all. If the man does not do it, let him go without the butter, and see what he will say. I am a widower, 35 years old, I have a half-section of land, a good house and plenty of stock on the farm. What I want is a nice girl of about 25 or 30 years old, to keep house for me. I am all alone, no family, and have plenty to keep a nice young lady, and not have to do too much work. If you could send me the address of some nice young lady I would be very thankful. I would like her to come and keep house for me for a year or perhaps for life.
"All Alone."

He Wants a Woman.

Hanley, Sask.
Editor.—I will say with all sincerity that your correspondence columns are getting very interesting and as I am in the same fix as a good many others, I thought I would write this to see what could be done towards getting a woman for myself. I may say I am a bachelor from Ontario, Protestant, teetotaler, a trifle over 25 years of age, 5 ft. 4 ins. tall, and as brave as a lion. I always was very fond of the opposite sex, and now I miss their company and sympathy very much. I firmly believe if I had a good, honest, religious girl for a wife, I would make a better man. I do not want a wife for a slave or clerk, but a helpmate, and I would do all in my power to make such a girl enjoy her life and home. All answering this must be younger than I am, and thoroughly honest. The more refined and cultured

she is the better, but she must know something else besides playing the piano and entertaining visitors.
"Jack Canuck."

Scotch Lassie Has Her Say.

Fleming, Sask.
Dear Editor,—I have read a few of those matrimonial letters and have become quite interested. I would be pleased if you would put me in correspondence with any young man of sterling character and motives, 35 years of age. I am a good housekeeper and can bake good bread. Have lived on a farm nearly all my life. My age is twenty-one, I am about 5 feet 5 inches tall and rather slight; have brown eyes and auburn hair. In nationality I am a Scotch-Canadian; in religion, a Protestant. Hoping you will give this space in your valuable paper, I will wish you a prosperous future.
"Scotch Lassie Jean."

Another One For Handsome Kate.

Drinkwater, Sask.
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column for some time, and have been looking for someone to write who was somewhere within reach. Enclosed find a letter for the lady who signs herself "Handsome Kate," Moose Jaw. Would you kindly forward it to her? I am a bachelor and I agreed very heartily with a man who gave his opinion that a man who was satisfied to bach, could not be altogether in his right mind.
"Look Before You Leap."

Still Another.

Bladworth, Sask.
Dear Editor,—As I am a reader of your paper and a bachelor and would like a wife, I thought I would ask you to help me. I am 30 years of age, and 5 feet 10 inches high and weigh 165, and counted good-looking. I have a half-section of land four miles from town. Now I mean business. I am sick of bacheling. I want a good wife for company. I think "Handsome Kate," from Moose Jaw, would catch me. If you would give me her address I would be greatly obliged.
"Bladworth Bachelor."

Doesn't Like The Bacheling.

Badgerdale, Sask.
Editor.—I am a constant reader of your valuable magazine, and like the letter which is headed Moose Jaw, March 27th, 1906. I came to this country four years ago, and settled on a farm in the province of Saskatchewan. I am 23 years old, 5 ft. 6 ins. high, dark hair, and am a Protestant, and would like to get acquainted with some of the young ladies of the West, with a view to matrimony, as young ladies are scarce here and I do not care to lead a bachelor's life much longer. "A Hustler."

Blue Eyes Wants To Marry.

Manitoba.
Editor.—I am a reader of your magazine and take great interest in the correspondence page every month. I live in Manitoba, am a farmer and wish to get acquainted with a respectable farmer's daughter, as I am a bachelor and wish to get married, not because I am tired of bacheling but want a companion for real love's sake. I am 30 years of age, strong and healthy, and can offer the right girl a good home. If some of you girls think you will share up with a respectable young farmer send me your address, and I will send photo and description of myself, but save your stamps if not in earnest.
"Blue Eyes."

Out Of The Question.

Alberta.
Dear Editor,—Kindly send me the address of one signed "A Lone Bachelor," High River, Alta. His letter appears in your May number. Yours truly.
"Girlio."

Dot Wants a Hubby.

Manitota, Man.
Editor.—Have been reading your correspondence column for a long time and am greatly interested in it. I am sure it is doing great good in the way of putting young men and women in the way of future partners for life. I wish you would add my letter to the list. I am a farmer's daughter, and have been brought up on a farm. I am a tall, slight, fair girl, with an average farmer's daughter's education. I would like to be put in correspondence with some nice young man with a view to matrimony. Hoping that you can oblige me, I remain, yours sincerely. "Dot."

Can't Do It.

Estevan, Sask.
Dear Sir,—I read a letter in the May number of the W. H. M. from a girl. Her letter was signed "Red River Girl." I ask you to send me her address at once.
"John."

Midale, Sask.
 Editor,—Will you please forward the enclosed letter to the English girl from Ontario, who signed herself "Jane Eyre" in the May issue of the Western Home Monthly. Yours truly.
 "A Scandinavian."

Yellow Grass, Sask.
 Editor,—You will find enclosed a letter addressed to "Jane Eyre," an English girl, whose letter appeared in your May issue, and I hope you will forward it on.
 "Mike."

Moosomin, Man.
 Editor,—Will you kindly forward the enclosed letter to "Daisy," Holland, Man., whose letter appeared in your June number.

Denholm, Sask.
 Mr. Editor,—Will you be so kind as to address and forward the enclosed letter to the lady signing herself "Red River Girl." I read her letter in the May issue of the Western Home Monthly.
 "Very Bashful."

French, Sask.
 Editor,—Please give my name and address to English girl, signed "Jane Eyre," as I am a bachelor farmer and came from the Old Country four years and doing fairly well out here, but would like a companion of the gentler sex.
 "Bachelor."

Rosthern, Sask.
 Editor,—Please forward enclosed stamped letter to "One in a Hurry," Rosthern, Sask., whose letter appears in your May issue, and oblige.
 "Kamr."

Delean, Man.
 Dear Sir,—You will find enclosed two letters, stamped. Please address one to the young lady who gives her name as "Brunette," and the other to the one who gives her name as "Handsome Kate," and oblige.
 "Dandy."

Wawanesa, Man.
 Mr. Editor,—Will you please forward this letter to "A Lone Bachelor" in High River, Alta., in answer to his letter in your Western Home Monthly of March. Thanking you for your trouble.
 "Marjorie."

Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Dear Sir,—Would you be kind enough to send this letter enclosed to "Red River Girl," Winnipeg, and oblige.
 "Moose Jaw Bachelor."

Stavelly, Alta.
 Mr. Editor,—Will you kindly forward the enclosed letter to the girl that writes from Moose Jaw, and signs "Handsome Kate."
 "Western Bach."

Earlville, Alta.
 Editor,—Please forward letter to "Jennie B," Fairfax, Man., whose letter appeared in your June number.

Earlville, Alta.
 Editor,—Please forward letter to "Blue Bell," Melrose, Man., whose letter appeared in your June number.

Wolseley, Sask.
 Editor,—Please send this letter which I enclose to the girl in Wisconsin, who signed herself "American Girl," as I wish to make her acquaintance. You will find it in the June number.
 "A Homesteader."

Purves, Man.
 Editor,—Will you kindly address the enclosed letter and forward to "Maiden Fair," and oblige.
 "Manitoba."

Moose Jaw, Sask.
 Kindly forward enclosed letter to lady signing herself as "Jane Eyre" in your May issue. Sincerely yours.
 "Subscriber."

Millet, Alta.
 Editor,—Please forward me "Jolly Girl's" name and address, and oblige.
 "Fairplay."

Birnie, Man.
 Editor,—Please put me in correspondence with the "Scotch Lassie," of Carberry. If any charge please let me know. Yours.
 "Lonely Boy."

Shell Brook, Sask.
 Editor,—Please send me the address of the lady from Grand View, signed "Widow," and oblige yours truly.
 "Shell."

Swan River, Man.
 Editor,—I would like to hear from "Handsome Kate," whose letter appeared in the May number. I am an abstainer and a non-smoker.
 "Swan River Bachelor."

Standard PORCELAIN ENAMELED BATHS AND ONE-PIECE LAVATORIES are the keystone of domestic health and cleanliness

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CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all our nickel-plated brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine fittings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

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BUY one lot of Paroid; open it; inspect it; apply it to your roof, and if then you are not satisfied that you have the best ready roofing made, send us your name and address, and we will send you a check for the full cost of the roofing including the cost of applying it.

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The following is from the Winnipeg Daily Free Press of July 26th, 1906.

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This skilful artist in the designing and construction of orthopedic appliances, artificial limbs, trusses, etc., will find a warm place in the appreciation of many, who either by heredity or accident are deprived of the full enjoyment of limb, or suffer in almost any respect from physical defect. His exhibition is one that at once arrests the attention, and is an impressive exposition of what human skill can perform, to the accommodation of a natural deformity or weakness. Mr. Carson's work is a finished example of extreme delicacy, and absolute fitness applied to this wonderful department of mechanical science. It may possibly occur to the casual visitor, who walks through the building, hale and strong, that it might in the course of an uncertain future be his misfortune to require the aid of just such a helper as Mr. Carson can be to him, so that no one can be said to be devoid of a deep interest in knowing all that can be ascertained of what he has to impart. His city address is 54 King street.

The Lost Diamond.

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER I.

"That is a valuable diamond and a very beautiful one," said my brother John, holding the ring in different lights after the manner of connoisseurs. "It must be worth at least two hundred pounds. You ought to be proud, Alice, of such a present. Let me put it on your finger."

My sister-in-law held out her hand—a very pretty one, by the way, white and tapering, with little rose-tipped fingers—and her husband placed the ring upon her finger. The diamond showed to advantage; it gleamed and glittered, throwing out rays of light and color that were brighter than flame. It was evidently a gem of the first water, and we were proportionately proud of it.

"Now, Alsie," said my brother, "take great care of that ring, not only for its value, but because it is my uncle's first present to you. I cannot tell you how relieved I feel. He is a dear, good old man, after all, and I am glad he is not vexed. Treasure that ring, love—it means a great deal."

"I never had a diamond in my life, before," said Alice. "You always gave me pearls, John."

"Yes, because they are more like you, for one thing," was the gallant reply; "and then they cost less, you know. You will have diamonds in abundance if ever you become Lady Temple; and I must confess that ring promises well."

"I shall lock it up in my jewel-box," said my sister-in-law, "and wear it on state occasions. See, John, how it flashes in the light."

My brother drew a long sigh of relief as his beautiful young wife quitted the room with her treasure.

"I am so glad, Charlie," he said, turning to me. "I would not make Alice miserable with my doubts, but I had begun to feel that my uncle was offended."

We Temples depended in a great measure upon our rich uncle, Sir Vernon Temple, of Fosbroke Hall. He was very wealthy, and had never married. The fine estate of Fosbroke was not entailed. Sir Vernon could leave it to any one he chose; but he had always called my elder brother, John Temple, his heir. John and I were alone in the world, for our father, Sir Vernon's young brother, was killed in the Indian Mutiny, and we had made our home at Fosbroke since our mother's death. She did not long survive that brave and noble husband, who died sword in hand, pierced with a rebel's dagger, and calling his men to go forward as he fell. She never rallied after the letter came telling her she was a widow and her children fatherless. Broken hearts are very rare; perhaps few people believe in them; but my mother died of one if ever woman did.

My uncle, Sir Vernon Temple, then sent for us to the Hall. He had never been married. Some people said that in his early manhood he had loved and lost; others said that he had been deceived by the lady to whom he was engaged; and others, again, were confident that Sir Vernon had never cared for any one in his life, and never would. He acted like a good father to us, and sent us to Eton and Oxford. He gave John a liberal allowance, and me my choice of a profession. I preferred the bar (I had no love for a military life), and at the time my story opens I had begun to practice, and was considered everywhere as "a rising young man." John had a regular allowance of five hundred per annum. I had only a pittance; but then I lived with my brother, and I had already begun to make money by my profession. Although John was treated in every way as my uncle's heir, still, strange to say, he would not allow him to live at Fosbroke. He said he was growing old and the society of young people did not suit him. Every Christmas we went down for a few weeks. He was very kind to us, and

would give my brother many directions as to what he must do when his turn came to reign over the broad acres of Fosbroke; but he never pressed us to stay—he never delayed the time of our departure by one hour. When he shook hands with me he invariably left in my palm a thin piece of paper, very valuable and useful in my eyes. Both my brother and myself were honestly and warmly attached to the good old man, who had never said an unkind word to us.

John, although a bachelor, had a very nice house in a good part of London. Sir Vernon had furnished it handsomely for him, and arranged for me to make my home there. He had a great prejudice against young men living in lodgings. It gave them, he was wont to disclose, "no stability of character."

The world went on merrily for John and me; we had no care or trouble. A brilliant future lay before him. I liked my prospect even better than his. I had grand ideas in those days of the dignity of labor.

One morning a slight cloud arose. There came a long letter from my uncle. His epistles were generally of the shortest and vaguest description; this consisted of several sheets closely written.

"What in the world can all that be about?" cried John, with a smile. But as he read the contents the smile died away, and a look of perplexity came over his face.

"I am in a mess now, Charlie," he cried. "Read that."

It was a long and most affectionate letter, saying how the writer had always loved John as his own son, and how all that he had in this world, houses, lands and money, would come to my brother at his death. He reminded him that he had never crossed his wishes, never refused anything he had asked; and now, in return for his love and kindness, he was going to urge one desire upon his boy. Years and years ago he said he had known the lady who was now Lady Clare Roulston. She was a widow, with one daughter, a pretty, innocent young girl, resembling her mother as he had known her so long ago. This one wish he entertained was that John would make the acquaintance of these ladies, and secure the young one for his wife.

"The early part of my life," wrote the old man, "is a sealed book. I never look into it myself. I could not open it, John, not even for you; but I should be happier if I knew that Clare Roulston would be Lady Temple. She is so young and fair that you cannot help loving her. I will increase your allowance to two thousand per annum, and I will make a handsome settlement upon your wife. Will you do this to please me, John, who have known so few joys in life? I do not command, I do not insist, but I hope and pray that you will love and marry Clare Roulston."

"Well," I said, throwing down the letter, "there is nothing so very terrible in that. Tell me, why can you not oblige dear old uncle and marry Miss Clare?"

"Simply because I asked Alice Poyntz yesterday to be my wife, and she assented," replied my brother.

"That alters the case, certainly," I assented. And then my brother and I fell into fits of musing.

It was certainly a complication. There was no knowing how Sir Vernon would take the refusal. After all, the estate not being entailed, he might leave it to the young lady in whom he showed so much interest, and no one could blame him or interfere.

"Even if he had not wished for this marriage," I said, "he would hardly approve of your making Alice Poyntz your wife."

"I suppose not," sighed John. "Yet she is the most beautiful and lovable girl in the world, and I love her so dearly, Charlie, that I would not care to live without her. But if you look at this matter from a

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There is a peculiar condition of the system which favors the growth of Cancer, just as there are certain conditions of the atmosphere that favor the growth of mildew, etc., on plants.

Plasters and operations do not change this condition, they simply remove the diseased parts and very soon the disease appears again.

We ask you to read the following letters carefully, and although we do not believe in publishing the names of persons in newspapers, yet we will be pleased to give the names and addresses of the people who wrote these letters, to anyone who is troubled with either Cancer or Tumor.

Correspondence is Strictly Confidential. Write To-day.

Dear Sir,—I wish to give you a history of my case. Last March I had a Cancer of face removed by knife, but it soon returned, and the 6th. of May I had a larger one removed with the knife, hoping this would be a permanent cure, but I was disappointed, as it returned again the last of June. Hearing of your "Vitalia," I sent for it, and began taking it the 1st. of July. My general health soon began to improve, and now I am quite well. I have regained my usual weight and feel well enough to do my work again, and there is no sign whatever of the Cancer. I am very thankful and would gladly recommend "Vitalia" to anyone likewise troubled. Sincerely yours, Mrs. John S.

Dear Sir,—I had a Cancer on the side of my nose, just below my left eye, drawn out by plasters. I suffered terribly for months. It did not trouble me any more until about a year ago, when it broke out on the inside of my nose as well as on the outside. Having known a person in our village who was cured of Cancer by your treatment, I decided to try it, and with the very best of results. There is not a mark of Cancer left, and my health is so much improved that had I no Cancer at all, I would think the money well spent. I shall be pleased to recommend your medicine whenever an opportunity affords. Yours sincerely, Joseph E.

By Physicians it was decided that my case was incurable. My appetite was gone, my strength failed and my health rapidly declining. Six months ago I saw your ad. in the Montreal Star and at once sent for your "Vitalia No. 2," and have been taking it since. To-day I am happy to say that my health is much better, my appetite has returned, the pain and soreness have all gone, and I feel much improved in every way. To any person afflicted as I have been, I can heartily recommend your medicine "Vitalia," and can also recommend your firm for kind and honorable dealing. I am, yours truly, Mrs. Jasper S.

mitted to an operation, and had my right breast removed. The diseased portion, after removal, was examined by specialists, and they decided without hesitation, that I was the victim of a Cancer. Shortly after the operation the disease returned with redoubled force in both breasts and in the right armpit. I was induced at this time to try a widely advertised Cancer cure but derived no benefit from it whatever. Then I commenced with your "Vitalia" and after using three bottles, I am thankful to say my Cancers have disappeared, and am entirely cured. I cannot fully express what your medicine has done for me. I feel that it is a duty I owe to you and to sufferers of that dread disease—Cancer—wherever they may be, that I should send you this testimonial, and I sincerely wish you "God-speed" in your noble work. I am, sincerely yours, Mrs. A. L.

Dear Sirs,—I gladly give you a full history of my case. About eighteen years ago I

Dear Sir,—For the past seven years I have been suffering from an Internal Fibroid Tumor. After being thoroughly examined

Dear Sir,—Four years ago a Tumor appeared in my right breast, and increased in size until it was as large as an orange. I sub-

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worldly point of view, I could not do much worse. She has not a penny, poor child; she and her mother only just manage to get a living out of the little school they teach; but she comes of a good family, and there is no one living who can speak of them save with honor and respect, and in these degenerate days that goes for something."

"Yes, that goes for something," I replied. "I do not think Sir Vernon would care for money; but I am quite sure he will be particular over every thing connected with the lady who will rule at Fosbroke."

After a long consultation we agreed that it would be better to write at once and tell Sir Vernon how impossible it was that my brother should carry out his wishes, as his word was pledged to the girl he loved and had chosen to be his wife. While John wrote the letter I sat wondering whether, after all, it was not a great pity that my brother had fallen in love with beautiful Alice Poyntz.

It happened more than a year ago, and was, as most of the great events of our lives are, the result of an accident. My brother and I went one evening to "old Drury." It was the first night of a new piece and the house was crowded. We stood watching the confusion outside the theatre as that large audience gradually dispersed, when our attention was called to something unusual that was going on. In a moment I saw what was the matter. An intoxicated cabman swearing rudely, two or three policemen interfering, and two terrified, shrinking ladies. They had engaged the cab, but, on seeing the driver's state, they were alarmed, and dare not enter the vehicle. John rushed to their assistance. I do not know how he compromised the matter, but I saw the cabman completely subdued, the policemen not merely satisfied, but radiant, while my brother took charge of the ladies during the time I was employed in procuring another cab—by no means

an easy task, as most of those within sight were already engaged. John made the most of his opportunity, and during those few minutes he managed to introduce himself to the ladies and to learn their names. "Mrs. and Miss Poyntz, Rose Cottage, Holloway Road"—that much the little card told me; while by good use of my eyes, I discovered that Alice Poyntz was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen in my life. I liked her manner, too; and when she held out her hand and thanked me so warmly in that most musical of voices, I was captivated.

If ever a man fell at once eagerly, ardently, devotedly in love, it was my brother, John Temple. From that moment he gave himself up heart and mind to winning that peerless young creature and making her his wife. All that night he positively raved about her—"Had I ever seen such a face?" "such glorious eyes," "such golden hair," etc.—until, before morning dawned, and he fell into a troubled sleep, I wearied of hearing of the perfections of Miss Poyntz.

"It will be nothing but civil, Charlie," he said, "to call to-day and see if the ladies are well; they were very frightened, you know."

To this I agreed, nothing loth, and at a proper hour for making calls John and I went to Rose Cottage, Holloway Road. The demure little maid who opened the door told us Mrs. and Miss Poyntz were engaged in the school-room, but if we would walk into the parlor she would tell them.

The parlor was painfully tidy, and was chiefly remarkable for its stiff chairs and the quantity of antimacassars scattered over it.

"What a place for such a girl to live in!" was John's comment, followed by, "I am afraid we have called at an inconvenient time. Who could have dreamed they kept a school?" But he forgot the little parlor and school when Alice came in, looking fresh and radiant in her youthful beauty.

I do not remember how it came about, but I heard John accept an invitation to take tea with them on the Sunday following, which invitation he had fished for in the most bare-faced manner by telling the elder lady how very lonely he always felt on Sunday. That was Friday, and I really thought my brother would have driven me crazy long before Sunday afternoon. I said to myself over and over again, "Well, if this be love, I hope I may never know anything about it."

We certainly enjoyed the quiet little party. Alice made the room bright by her presence, and John thought no nectar could be comparable to the tea she poured out for him.

I think the elder lady saw how the land lay, for she brought the conversation round to the subject of good old English families, and then told us that her husband was one of the Poyntzes of Devonshire, a rich and noble old family. True, he was but a distant connection and the family did not in any way acknowledge her (the widow) or her beautiful child; but no one could deny their claims to be considered as belonging to the Poyntzes of Devonshire. "And, after all, you know, there is something in good birth, Mr. Temple," she remarked—"it always tells."

Then John, good, simple fellow, in his turn told how he was the heir to the large estate of Fosbroke and the title of the baronet. I saw the young girl's face fall as he did so, while the music seemed to die out of her laughter. She treated him with a ceremonious respect which seemed to cause John terrible confusion and embarrassment.

I saw that he longed to fall on his knees there and then and tell her that no money or rank could come between them, or make any difference in his great love. He said that and more with his eyes, but as yet he was too shy to speak.

I liked Alice, not only because she was beautiful, but because she had

such a frank, open, noble disposition. I do not believe that she ever had a secret in her life until—that was none of her own.

They were very poor. Hard as they both worked at the little school, it barely supported them. The husband had left nothing behind him; they had no resource save in their own labor. John went once with them to see the late Mr. Poyntz's grave in Kensal Green. He asked the widow why she did not apply to some wealthier branches of the family for aid. I liked her better then, for she said she would never do it; her husband had been one of the proudest of men—prouder than she could imagine any other to be—and she did not believe he would rest in his grave if she were to do such a thing and he knew it.

Then she confused my good, simple brother most terribly by asking him if he thought those who loved us during life knew anything more of us, or loved us still, after death. John looked almost unhappy at hearing an idea so far removed from his matter-of-fact every-day life, and answered with some hesitation that he had really never thought about it.

For twelve long months my brother endured the vicissitudes of his wooing—sometimes so elated and joyous he seemed to tread on air, and again so depressed and miserable he could not smile. Every evening he went to Rose Cottage. Things were at this juncture when my uncle's letter arrived advising him to pay his addresses to and, if possible, marry Clare Roulston—at the juncture when he had surmounted all his imaginary difficulties, and Alice Poyntz, with her rich dowry of youth and beauty, was his promised wife.

It was with some trepidation that we awaited Sir Vernon Temple's reply. If he were displeased or offended, farewell to John's hopes of succeeding him; but we ought to have known him better. He only said it was a disappointment to him, but that he could not blame John.



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"It will make no difference in my intentions toward you," he wrote. "I shall leave the young lady a legacy, and I shall welcome your wife to Fosbroke. I do not object to your marrying a penniless girl; but, John, have you chosen wisely? The ladies of Fosbroke have one and all been of unblemished honor and of the highest repute. On no one of them did the least cloud of suspicion or disgrace ever rest; they are a noble, spotless line of women; and, if the girl you have chosen can take her place beside them, she is welcome. But again I say, be cautious. It is hard for a man to find after marriage that he has tarnished rather than added to the lustre of his name. Forgive me for saying all this; but in this world there is need for caution."

"A very proper letter," cried John, triumphantly. "What a dear old fellow he is, Charlie! And how pleased he will be when he knows that Alice's family is quite as good as my own! I must take this down to the Cottage to-night; they will be glad to know that it is all settled."

I went with him; for it was to be, in some way, a gala night.

"Of course," said John to me, as we drew near the Holloway Road, "dearly as I love Alice, I would never marry her if the shadow of any disgrace rested upon her or any one belonging to her; but there does not, and she will make as good a Lady Temple as any of them."

Alice was delighted with Sir Vernon's letter.

"I can just imagine your uncle," she said to John—"a regular preux chevalier of the old school, valuing honor far above all riches. Oh, yes, John, as far as caste is concerned, you may tell him I am fitted to take my place beside the last Lady Temple. We have been poor, but no stain of any kind has ever rested upon us. We have no skeleton in the closet—no dreadful family secret that treads the light. We are sans peur et sans reproche, are we not, mamma?"

Mrs. Poyntz murmured "Yes," and kissed the bright face uplifted to her own.

Three weeks afterward Alice and John were married. My uncle was asked to the wedding, but he did not attend; however, he invited the bride and bridegroom to pay him a visit. To John's great disappointment, he did not go into raptures over the lovely young wife; he was kind to her, but he did not evince any great satisfaction or enjoyment during her visit. John began to feel nervous again, and wonder if, after all, his uncle could not forgive his marriage. But all suspense was soon ended.

After their return to London, Sir Vernon came up to town and presented, as a present to the bride, the beautiful and valuable diamond ring, which John declared was to be considered a great treasure, and with it he enclosed what I believe Alice valued still more, a kind letter to his "dear niece," telling her how cordially and entirely he approved John's choice.

CHAPTER II.

For three or four months my brother John was, I believe, the happiest of men. The only drawback, if it could be called one, was that my uncle did not increase his allowance, as he would have done had Clare Roulston been his wife. He did not even, as we both felt sure he would, make John a present that would help to defray the expenses of his marriage. The income that had supported a bachelor establishment was found barely sufficient for the luxuries and necessities a lady's presence in our house required. Mrs. Poyntz resolutely refused to live with her daughter. In vain John and Alice begged her to do so, but all to no purpose; she continued her residence in Rose Cottage.

Some few alterations had been required in our house. John had fitted up a charming little suite of rooms for his wife. I ventured timidly to remind him of the expense.

"I should have been obliged to do it if I had married Clare Roulston," he said; "and Alice shall not go without what she would have required as indispensable."

I hinted at various economical means by which the improvements could be effected, but he seemed to scorn them. Nothing could be good enough for his wife; so he sent to one of the leading firms, and left the furnishing and decoration of the rooms in their hands.

Certainly the little boudoir was a gem in its way—nothing could be prettier; but even John was shocked when a bill for two hundred pounds was presented for payment.

"I did not think they would have made it more than eighty," he said, turning to me with a look of great perplexity.

"And you did not even know where to get eighty pounds from, I am sure," I replied.

"No," he said. "You see, I felt quite certain that Sir Vernon would have either increased my allowance or given me a wedding present."

It was no use quoting proverbs or wise saws or speaking of caution—it was too late. The only thing was to face the difficulty.

Alice came into the room while we were discussing the matter. John would have given anything sooner than have let any share of the burden fall upon her.

"What business," he said to me, "has any young wife, only three months married, to have trouble so soon over her husband's debts?"

In one moment she saw the anxiety in both our faces, and she had taken up the bills before we thought to stop her.

"Two hundred pounds!" she said. "What a great deal of money—all for furnishing three rooms. Oh, John, that is all through me! I cost you that."

John, as in duty bound, kissed her, and declared that nothing ever could be good enough or costly enough for his little treasure. She went away happy and smiling, but the blank, dreary fact still remained—out of an income of six hundred per annum, barely sufficient to support us in the style we were living, we had two hundred pounds to pay.

"Give a bill, John," I said, "and renew it when it becomes due."

"Never!" replied my brother, almost solemnly. "I have done wrong, Charlie, by getting into debt; that is bad enough. I dread bills so much that I would rather sell up my home this day than ever have anything to do with one."

At last we arranged it. I had fifty pounds of my year's allowance in hand, John took fifty from his, and I waited upon Messrs. Hume & Green. I paid them one hundred pounds, and asked them to give us a little time for the other. They agreed willingly—six months or twelve, they said.

John was wonderfully relieved. It was the first time he had ever been in debt. He would not have acted so inconsiderately but that he had been sure Sir Vernon would assist him.

"I wonder," I said, after a few minutes' chat, "whether it would be wise to tell uncle of the difficulty, and ask him for the other hundred? He would give it to us instantly."

"No," replied John, "I will not do that. I will bear the consequences of my own folly."

Alsie often spoke to me about the bill. Her regret was that so large a sum had been spent for her.

My brother's wife was very much admired. She had been beautiful even in her homely dress; but, now that everything of the most recherche kind was at her service, she seemed more lovely still. The richest laces, the costliest silks, the finest velvets, were amongst the numerous wedding presents he showered upon her; and she became them well. We were introduced to Lady Roulston and her daughter, and went to one of their soirées. I was very proud of Alice that evening—almost as proud as John. She wore nothing but a dress of rich white silk and a few pearls in her golden hair, yet she was by far the most beautiful and distinguished-looking woman in the room.

Lady Roulston was very kind to Alice, and gave us no reason to think that she had known anything of my brother's wish or John's refusal. From the same she continued to be one of

our best and dearest friends, and I—well, I considered Clare the nicest girl I had ever seen or known.

We were much grieved when news came that Mrs. Poyntz was taken seriously ill, and had sent for her daughter. It seemed like a whirl of trouble. The messenger who came for Alice did not reach Claremont Terrace until after eight in the evening, and before midnight the poor lady had sunk into her last long sleep. We found then that she had been suffering for many months, and that this, the crisis of her disease, had killed her. She was sensible up to the moment of her death; but the power of speech had left her before her daughter reached her bedside.

The trial was awfully sudden. Alice was inconsolable for some time; it was the first great trouble the poor child had ever known; the love between the mother and daughter had been wonderful from its depth and intensity. It was her first trouble, and, alas, destined to be the forerunner of many others.

All the papers and belongings of the dead lady were brought to our house. Amongst other things, I remember seeing a small writing-desk; it was locked fast, and Alice took it up into her bedroom.

"I shall not open that yet, Charlie," she said to me as she did so. "I know what it contains. My mother told me once that all my father's letters to her before they were married are there. I shall look them through some day, but not yet."

One day, some four months after this, John went down to Richmond to spend the day with some friends.

I came home as usual at seven o'clock. I saw Alice in the drawing-room. I went up to her with some jesting words about my brother, but when she turned round to me and I saw her face, I was almost stunned into silence. It was the same face, but the light and beauty seemed gone from it; the eyes were clouded as with a shadow of a mighty grief; the sweet lips had lost their smiles and were quivering like the lips of a grieving child; the beautiful color that was a charm in itself had departed, and a deadly whiteness was in its place.

"Alice," I cried aghast, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Matter!" she replied, with a forced laugh—"there is nothing the matter with me, Charlie. I think I have been asleep this afternoon and have dreamed bad dreams—do I not look as though I had?"

"You look as though you had seen a ghost," I said.

"So I have," she replied, with the same dreary laugh; "and such a dreadful one—or I dreamed so—I cannot tell which."

I felt anxious about her, and wished with all my heart that John was at home. We went down to dinner. I watched her intently. She did not eat, although she pretended to do so in order to avoid attracting my attention. She talked at random, as though her thoughts were far away. I could not make her out. After dinner I wanted her to go to her own room and rest, but she would not leave the room.

"Why should you think I want to be alone?" she said, almost fiercely, and with such a ring of pain in her voice that I could hardly endure to hear her speak.

"I fancied you were tired, Alsie," I said, gently; "but if you prefer it, come to the drawing-room, and we will have one of our cozy conversations, as John calls them."

I drew her favorite chair to the fire—it was a low one; and as she lay back upon the rich crimson velvet, the firelight playing upon her face and her golden hair, I thought I had never seen a woman so lovely. I talked with her for a few minutes on indifferent subjects; then she gradually, and, above all other things, to his pride, and his rigid notions of honor.

"I suppose," she said, "he is one of the Brutus kind—if his own son got into disgrace of any kind, he would disinherit him."

"Yes," I replied, "I have heard him say so over and over again. But what makes you think of him, Alsie?"

"I do not know," she replied. "I saw a picture of Fosbroke this morning, and it brought him to my mind." She said the words "this morning" as though years of sorrow had elapsed since then. I could not help thinking something had happened to her, some trouble or sorrow, that made the beginning of the day seem so far off.

"John would break his heart if he were to lose Fosbroke, would he not?" she asked, her eyes dwelling anxiously on my face the while.

"It would be a great blow to him, undoubtedly," I replied; "he would be a soured and disappointed man."

"He should not have married me," she said, drearily. "I had neither money nor position. I am only a burden upon him."

"Why, Alsie, what are you thinking of?" I cried—she was so unlike her bright, gay self, I hardly knew her. "You are more precious to John than all the world beside—you know that."

"Yes," she replied, smiling through her tears. "I know it. Let us hope he may have the wife he loves, and the estates he expects—both."

"I could not understand her—her agitation, her nervousness, her manner, were so unusual. I felt there was a mystery; and yet, after all, I might be mistaken, and the girl's agitation might be nothing but the result of having spent her day, as she told me, with her mother's papers and letters open before her."

To my great relief, Alsie rose, and said she would go to her own room. The next morning, when I saw her again, the deadly whiteness had left her face, but in it there was a look of constraint and dread. John, who never indulged his imagination, did not observe the change in his wife. She smiled as usual, and he did not observe that the smile had lost its sunshine; she laughed, and he never noted that her laugh had lost its old music.

"What is the day of the month?" asked my sister-in-law, one morning, as we all three sat at breakfast.

"The ninth," said my brother.

"The tenth," I corrected; "you never could remember dates, John, and never will."

"No," he laughed; "all that kind of thing is too much trouble for me. I want a memory-keeper, if such a thing is to be had."

"Is it really the tenth?" asked Alice, and I saw the cloud deepen on her face.

"Are you going out this morning, Alsie?" asked my brother.

She blushed crimson; and then replied, hastily—

"I do not know; I never care to know one hour what I shall do next."

"There's philosophy!" said John, with another hearty laugh. "Well, if you do not want my escort, Alsie, I am going over to Knightsbridge. I shall not return for luncheon."

Again I could not help seeing the look of relief that came over her face.

"Why," I asked myself, "should she be glad of his absence? She used to grumble if he were away for one hour."

I had no thought of tracking my sister, of watching her, or hunting her down. I loved her; but I was young, and the instincts of my profession were strong upon me. I could not help wishing to solve what I felt to be a mystery.

John went off gaily enough, and soon afterward I saw my sister-in-law go out very quietly, and dressed as plainly as possible. I hurried after her, and asked her if she would like me to accompany her, as I was not busy, and could spare a few hours if she wished. She gave a little cry when she saw me; it might have been of surprise, but it sounded to me like despair. Then I left her.

And so a cloud settled upon our house. John never seemed to observe how much his wife was altered. In his presence she was more like her old self; before me she did not keep up appearances so well; and before long I felt convinced that some great sorrow was eating her life away. One evening I went up to her as she stood at the window, watching the twilight deepen.

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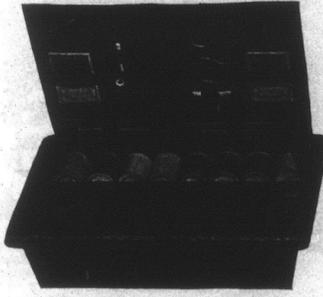
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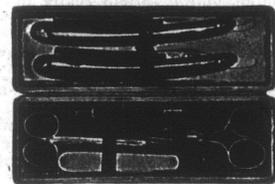
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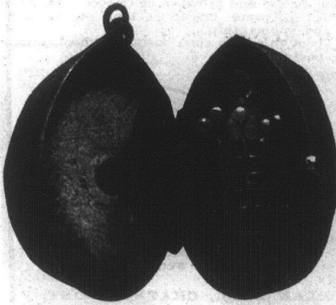
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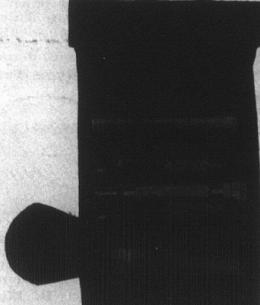
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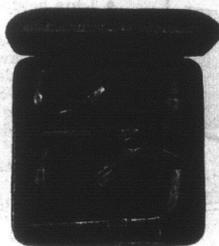
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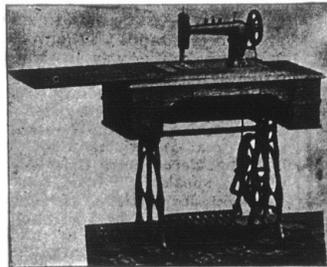
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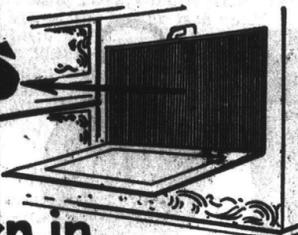
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"Alsie," I said, "what makes you look so dreary to-night?"

She leant her head a minute upon my hands. "Oh, Charlie!" she cried; and there was a world of pent-up sorrow longing to be free in the tone of those two words.

One day John brought an old friend, Captain Cliffe, home to dine with us. My brother was very proud of showing off his beautiful young wife; he was never tired of admiring her himself, and expected the same admiration from every one else. After dinner the conversation turned upon diamonds, their difference, value, beauty, etc. John mentioned the ring belonging to Alsie as being one of the best he had ever seen. Captain Cliffe, who prided himself especially upon being a good judge of diamonds, said he would like to see it.

"Alsie," said my brother, "just ask your maid to bring the ring here, will you?"

Alice was talking to me when her husband spoke. She murmured something about going herself, as she was not quite sure where her keys could be found.

"If it gives you the least trouble, Mrs. Temple," cried Captain Cliffe, "never mind."

She half turned, as though she would have taken him at his word; but John said, eagerly, "It will be no trouble, and I should really like you to see the stone—it is very beautiful."

Alice left the room. She was absent more than ten minutes.

"My dear wife," said John, "never can find her keys."

When Alice returned, I wondered at her colorless face. Her voice was quite steady as she said to Captain Cliffe, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long," then, placing the little box in John's hands, she went and stood quietly at the window.

"This ring was a present from Sir Vernon Temple, my uncle," said John, complacently, as he unfastened the snap of the case. "Now, is it not a fine stone?"

Captain Cliffe took the ring from his hands, and held it up to the light. I saw a puzzled, bewildered expression on his face as he did so, while John awaited flattering comments that never came.

"Did Sir Vernon Temple give you this ring?" he asked, turning with a mystified look to John.

"Yes," he replied, "it was his wedding present to my wife. I should imagine that diamond to be worth two or three hundred pounds, at the least."

"It is not worth two hundred farthings," said Captain Cliffe, coolly. "In fact, it is no diamond at all—it is nothing but paste."

"Paste!" cried John. "You must be mad, or dreaming, Cliffe."

"I am neither," replied the Captain. "Take it to any jeweler you like, and he will tell you the same."

"But it is impossible," cried John. "Alsie, come here. Do you hear what Captain Cliffe says? He declares it is no diamond at all, but simply paste."

She looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"You may well look astounded," continued my brother. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in my life; as though my uncle would give you anything so false and trumpery!"

"It is paste, I assure you, Mrs. Temple," said Captain Cliffe, turning to Alice—"a good imitation, I grant you, but that is all. What puzzles me is the beautiful way in which it is mounted; the gold is of the finest quality, and the chasing is some of the finest I have ever seen. I can only wonder that any one should go to so great an expense over paste."

I considered now that it was my turn to speak.

"I do not believe," I said, "that what you say can be possible, Captain Cliffe. See the name of the makers inside the case—Messrs. Bray & Rowley—the first jewelers in England. Do you think it credible for one moment that such a firm would, even if they could, impose on Sir Vernon Temple to such an extent as to charge him two hundred and seventy pounds for a bit of paste,

even supposing, which is highly improbable, that they keep such rubbish."

"I do not think it possible," replied Captain Cliffe. "I never felt more puzzled in my life; but I am certain of what I say."

"Then the stone has been changed since it was bought," I said.

"That is more probable," returned the Captain, eagerly.

"But," interrupted John, "it has never been out of my wife's possession; has it Alsie? It has been locked up in her jewel box. I do not think she has worn it more than once or twice."

"Twice," said Alice, slowly.

"Are your servants all honest?" inquired the Captain.

"None of them have access to my jewel case except my own maid," replied Alice, "and she is quite honest."

"I should recommend you to employ the services of a skillful detective, for I am sure there is a mystery in it," said Captain Cliffe, turning to John. "Either your uncle was cheated or the stone has been changed since it came into your possession. In either case, you ought to have justice. Let me recommend you not to have the matter mentioned before the servants; if the stone has been stolen and the thief is amongst them, it will be better not to put them on their guard."

"I don't believe we have a dishonest servant in the house," said John, with a look of the greatest perplexity on his face; "two of them came from Fosbroke, and have been for years in my uncle's employ and are trustworthy."

"I will answer for my maid," said Alice; "I have known her for more than twelve years."

"Well, it is a strange thing," replied the Captain. "What do you think of it, Mrs. Temple?"

"I—I beg your pardon," replied Alice, starting, "I was not thinking of it."

"You take the loss of a diamond very resignedly," he said, with a smile.

"My wife is a philosopher, Captain," said John. "I am more annoyed than I have ever been in my life before. We treasured that ring—did we not, Alsie?"

"Yes, we did indeed," she replied. I saw Captain Cliffe look earnestly at her for a moment, then his eyes fell, and he seemed anxious to change the subject. Not so John—he could think and speak of nothing else; and nothing would satisfy him except going at once to the shop where it was purchased. Alice said it was too late, but he would go. Captain Cliffe and I accompanied him.

We saw one of the firm—Mr. Rowley. He remembered making the sale to Sir Vernon Temple himself, when the baronet was in London, about three months back. He showed us the entry of the sale, made by himself—diamond ring, price two hundred and seventy pounds. Then John showed it to him, telling him Captain Cliffe declared it was nothing but paste.

"Captain Cliffe is quite right, sir," said Mr. Rowley. "This ring has been tampered with. 'See,' he continued, holding it up to the light, 'any one can tell that the diamond has been removed, and not by a very skilful workman, either. This paste has been put in its place.'"

We saw plainly enough then that some one had altered the stone; the ring bore marks of it.

"Thank you," said John. "I merely wished to know if it were true. You will oblige me, Mr. Rowley, by not naming this matter to any one. I should not like it to come to Sir Vernon Temple's ears. You know, Cliffe," continued John, as we left the shop, "it would never do to let my uncle know anything of this. I must find it out in some way. His first present to Alsie, too! He would think we had taken no care of it."

He went at once to Scotland Yard, acting on Captain Cliffe's advice. There we saw one of the cleverest detectives of the day, to whom we related our story. It was not very long.

"I was with my uncle when he

chose the ring," I informed the detective. "He came up to London quite unexpectedly one day, and carried me off with him to Bray & Rowley's. I saw him buy the ring and pay for it. We returned straight home to Claremont Terrace, and I saw him give the little parcel into my brother's hand, asking him to give it to his wife after he had gone. In less than an hour after that, my brother placed it on my sister-in-law's finger, and then she ran away, as I well remember, to lock it up in her jewel case. Since then, I have seen it twice upon her hand—once when we went to a ball at Lady Roulston's and once when we had a grand dinner party at home. It was always kept locked up in the box, and now-to-night for the first time we discover that the diamond has been taken away, and a false stone put in its place."

"It is rather a curious story," said the detective, slowly. "Do you suspect any one, sir?"

"Bless my soul—no!" ejaculated John, with great energy; "that is what puzzles me. I can answer for every one in my house, as I can for myself."

"It will be better to keep the matter from being talked of," said the detective. "Silence and discretion in these affairs are of the greatest importance."

John promised that the utmost silence should be observed, and we left Scotland Yard no wiser than before.

"He does not see daylight in this case," said Captain Cliffe—"that is very sure."

"Nor do I," said my brother; "it is such a puzzle that I cannot help thinking that I shall wake up directly and find it all a dream."

"I have seen a great deal of life," said the Captain, in a musing tone, "and nothing surprises me."

When we reached home, Alsie's maid said her mistress was not well, and begged we would excuse her not joining us.

"Poor girl," said John, "I do not wonder at it. She must be annoyed beyond measure. The only diamond she had, too! It is the strangest business I ever knew. Come, Master Charlie, you pride yourself upon being a lawyer; can you suggest anything?"

I could not suggest anything. I was as puzzled and annoyed as John himself.

CHAPTER III.

"This business has quite upset Alice," said John to me the next morning. "She looks very ill; she is worrying herself about it, I am afraid."

Indeed, she did look ill. Poor Alsie! her beautiful face was white and worn, as though with violent pain. She would come down to breakfast, and in the course of the meal plied us eagerly with questions as to what the detective had said.

"Does he seem to suspect anyone in this house?" she inquired.

"No," I said; "there is no one whom it is possible to suspect."

Her face cleared and relaxed. "I like all our servants, John," she said, generously. "I could not bear to see them in trouble."

Directly after breakfast the detective was announced. It was impossible to guess his profession from his appearance. The first thing done was to show him the jewel case.

"Was it always kept here, ma'am?" he inquired of Alsie.

She replied in the affirmative. He examined it critically; there was not the least sign that the pretty case had been tampered with.

"This lock has never been forced or played with," said the detective, slowly. "Have you the keys?"

Then Alice produced her little bunch of keys, about which John rallied her so often.

"May I ask who generally keeps these?" continued the detective.

I myself always," replied Alice promptly. "I lose them at times, but no one else has charge of them."

"There is nothing to be made out of this," said the detective. "If the ring has been abstracted, the lock was opened with the right key; and

that looks bad for some one in the house."

Two of the servants were dispatched on errands. Alsie's maid was called upstairs, and set to work in her mistress's room. I undertook to keep the others employed in the garden while the detective rapidly examined their boxes and rooms. It was all in vain; there was no sign of a pledge-ticket—which I believe he had expected to find—nor any trace of the diamond. Then, with Alsie's consent, her room was examined, to see if any of the locks there had been forced; but no, it was all in perfect order, and bore no trace of thieves.

The detective bade us "Good morning," almost sulkily, from his want of success. When he was leaving the house John called him into the library. I was there, and I heard him tell the man how much he prized the jewel, not from its worth, but because of the person who had given it to his wife; and he promised him a douceur of fifty pounds if he recovered it.

"I'll tell you what I'll do sir," he said. "You give me the ring, and I'll go round to every jeweler and pawnbroker in London but what I'll make it out."

John gave him the ring and the man went away.

That evening, John and I were talking in the drawing-room, and Alsie, looking very worn and ill, lay upon the sofa.

"We shall be sure to find it now, Charlie," said my brother, alluding to the lost jewel. The plan is a good one. That man will call upon all the jewelers. Depend upon it we shall hear something of it. It will take time, but it is a good plan—do you not think so, Alsie?"

When John turned to look at her we found that Alsie had quietly fainted away, and lay, with a white, still face and closed eyes.

"It is too much for her," cried John, as he rang for help—"she is not used to this worry. Charlie, we will not speak of it before her again—not, at least, until it is found."

For two or three days Alice was very ill, and did not leave her room. The doctor said it was low fever. When she came down into the drawing-room again I hardly knew her. It was not only that her face was changed, but her manner was so altered; she was not the least in the world like the beautiful, imperious Alice Poyntz, who had so lately been the sunshine of our home. The strangest thing of all was her solicitude about John; she could not endure him to be a moment out of her sight. Her eyes followed him with a wistful, yearning look, that at times almost brought the tears into mine. If he went out she had a hundred questions to ask him as to where he had been. John was anxious over her illness, and said that in a few weeks he would take her to the seaside and then she would recover.

There was no news of the diamond; weeks passed on and the mystery was still unsolved. Alsie began to grow stronger, and John insisted upon her taking a long drive every day.

One morning, as I was sitting in my office, the detective was announced.

"Any news?" I inquired, as he entered.

"No, sir," he replied. "I was just passing your place here, and I thought I would call in to see you again."

He sat down and began to tell me some of his adventures in search of the diamond. It seemed to me so thoroughly hopeless to look for one jewel lost in such a place as London, that I did not take much interest in his recital. His last words, however, struck me.

"If it was changed or sold in London, sir, I shall find it," said he; "if it went abroad, there is no hope."

He inquired after the health of Mrs. Temple. He had heard once, when he called, that she was ill; he hoped she was better. I cannot tell how he managed it, but I discovered afterward that he had contrived to draw many details of our home life from me, and amongst other things I had told him at what hour my sister-in-law left home for her daily drive. I



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smiled to myself as I reflected on the curiosity of the man.

The next day I lingered talking with John until the carriage came up to the door for Alsie. It was nearly twelve o'clock. I left the house hastily. To my infinite surprise, I saw the detective on the other side of the road talking to a little dapper looking man, to all appearance a Jew. The detective said a few words to this man, and then turned quickly away, as though to escape observation. The stranger stood in front of our house, evidently watching it. He remained there until Alsie came out. I saw him look intently at her as John placed her comfortably in the carriage before taking his seat by her side. Then he turned down the same road which the detective had taken.

I have never forgotten that evening. Just as I was preparing to leave the office and return home, the detective came in again—this time unannounced, and with a grave face that made my heart beat, I knew not why.

"Are you quite alone, sir?" he asked, looking round. "I have something to say that no one must overhear."

"I am alone," I replied, wondering what fresh complication had arisen.

"I have both good and bad news for you, sir," he began. "I am afraid the diamond is found."

"You don't mean it! Why need you be afraid? I call that good news," I interposed.

"It is not—at least not for you," said the man. "The diamond has been changed. I have found the shop where it was taken seven weeks ago; the real stone was sold for one hundred pounds, and the false one put in its place."

"Who in the world did it?" I exclaimed, full of curiosity.

"That is what I do not like to tell you, sir," he replied; "still, I have known stranger things."

"Do speak out," I cried impatiently.

"Well, bear in mind that it may perhaps be explained, sir," said he. "I am sorry to say it was Mrs. Temple herself who sold the stone."

"Mrs. Temple!" I burst out with an incredulous laugh. "You have made a mess of this case, depend upon it."

"No, sir, I have not," he replied; "it was your brother's wife who sold the diamond and had the false stone put in the ring."

I began to get furious at the man's persistent insolence. In an angry voice I bade him beware of what he said of my sister-in-law; for if he dared to repeat the slander I would fling him out of the place. He stood patiently enough until my passion cooled.

"Proofs, sir," he said, quietly—"you must admit proofs. Will you listen while I tell you what I have discovered?"

I sat down stunned, but utterly incredulous that my beautiful golden-haired Alsie, my brother's idolized wife, could have done such a thing. No, I could not believe it.

It was a very simple thing he had to tell. He had adopted the plan he named to my brother. One by one he had visited the jewelers and pawnbrokers, inquiring everywhere if any one had been with a diamond ring to have the stone changed for paste. It was a queer commentary on the manners of the day to find how many such incidents had happened, but none recognized that particular ring.

It was in a small shop in one of the streets leading from the Strand that the detective first began to hope his task was ended. There was a sudden gleam of intelligence in the face of the shopman to whom he addressed his usual question; then there was a long discussion between the assistant and the master. The latter came forward, and said it was not usual to disclose the particulars of the business to strangers. Had the gentleman any motive for making the inquiry? The detective put on one of his fiercest looks, and said the matter was neither more nor less than a robbery; and if they had suspected the false stone for the real one, it would be better to tell at once

all they knew of it, or they might get into serious trouble themselves.

"I always thought," began the master of the shop, "that there would be something come of that business, the lady who brought the ring here seemed in such trouble. She came one morning and asked to speak with the master of the shop. She said she had a valuable diamond to dispose of. She showed me the ring. The stone was a very beautiful one. I offered her one hundred pounds for it, which she accepted willingly. I do not deny that it is worth more, but she was perfectly satisfied. She left the ring with me, requesting that a false stone might be put in as much resembling the diamond as possible, so that she might wear it. She asked me, too, if I would keep the jewel by me unsold for one year, and then she would buy it from me again, and pay me well for my trouble. I consented to that also, and the diamond is here. But what made the whole matter so strange was, that the lady herself seemed to be in such bitter trouble. She had evidently been crying until she could hardly see, and she was so nervous and frightened that it made me think something was wrong."

"I asked him," continued the detective, "if he could describe the lady. He said she was tall, with a very beautiful face and quantities of golden hair, all bright and gleaming. At once it struck me that that would answer to the description of Mrs. Temple. I asked the man if he should know the lady again. He said, 'Yes—from amongst a thousand.' I called upon you, then, sir, and got to know at what hour Mrs. Temple was in the habit of leaving home for her drive. I took the man to the house, and told him to watch those who left it, and tell me if he recognized any of them. He rejoined me in a few minutes, and declared that the lady who had just quitted the house to enter her carriage was the same who brought the ring to his shop. There can be no doubt about the matter, I am afraid sir."

"Did the man positively recognize her?" I asked, in dismay.

"He did, indeed, sir. Don't take it so much to heart," continued the detective, with an effort at consolation. "After all, perhaps Mrs. Temple only wanted to borrow a little money, or something of that kind."

"Hush!" I cried. I could not endure, even with the fear of her guilt heavy upon me, to hear her discussed. I felt sick at heart. I knew Alsie had neither debts nor bills; her husband was only too fond of lavishing money upon her. I felt that this small mystery did but hide a greater. Why did she want a hundred pounds? And what had she done with it? The deep voice of the detective broke upon my musings.

"It is for you to say, sir, what steps I would better take next."

"Of course," I said, "Mr. Temple must hear what you have to say. You would better come to Claremont Terrace this evening, after eight, and ask for me."

I would have put my hand in the fire rather than to have told my brother of his wife's deception if it could have been avoided. I felt ill when I reached home and saw the pretty picture of domestic happiness—Alsie, looking better than she had looked for some time, lying on the couch by the drawing-room fire, while John read aloud to her. I felt like a traitor myself when my brother greeted me in his kind, cheery voice, and Alsie held out both her hands to welcome me.

I cannot remember how I endured that dinner hour. I sat listening for the detective's ring as for a death knell. I knew it would be the knell of my brother's happiness and love. He was proud and fastidious, like all the Temples. I knew he would never bear to know that the young wife he had married had deceived him. And when I looked at her sweet, youthful face, with its sad smile, I could not believe it. I felt at times inclined to rush out and tell the man that at any price my brother must be kept in ignorance. But I dare not; if, by any means or in any way, the fair name of our house was in danger, he ought to know it. If he had been imposed upon, and had taken to his honest heart one who was unworthy of a place there, he ought to know it. Yet,

even with proof so certain, I could not believe my sister guilty.

"Charlie," called out my brother, "have you quite taken leave of your senses, my dear boy, or are you gathering wool for the wool-sack? Alsie has spoken twice and you have never heard her."

"Indeed, I did not," I replied. "Alsie, I beg your pardon—"

I was about to continue when I heard the summons I had been dreading. A sharp, short ring sounded through the house. I am no coward—I could face death in a good cause and never shrink—but when I heard that bell and looked at my sister's face, my heart failed me, and my lips turned white. Alsie's eyes met mine; I read in them a vague horror. I think she felt instinctively what was coming.

"A gentleman is waiting to see Mr. Charles in the library," announced one of the servants; and I went as a man goes to his doom.

The detective did not seem quite at his ease. "Am I to see your brother, sir?" he asked, as I entered the room. "I suppose you must, but I would rather not be present," I replied. "It would be better, sir, I am sure," said the detective. "You see it is not a pleasant thing to have to tell a man about his own wife. I could almost wish I had never had anything to do with the case. You would better remain."

I rang the bell and said to the servant who answered it: "Ask Mr. Temple if he will just come down here for a few minutes. He is wanted on some important business."

I heard him coming lightly down the stairs, humming one of his favorite airs. I would have run away if I could rather than have seen him struck by this blow.

"Ah, is it you?" he cried, addressing the detective. "Why didn't they tell me so? Well, have you any news?"

The detective had risen and stood twirling his hat uneasily in his hands. "Sit down," said my brother, carelessly, "and let us hear what you have been doing."

But the man never moved. I placed a chair for John, and he threw himself into it, while the stern figure stood in silence before him. John was very unobtrusive; he did not see, as I did, that the man was unwilling to speak.

"Sit down," he said again, "and let us hear if you have any trace of the ring yet."

"Yes, I have—at last," replied the detective. "I found the diamond yesterday."

"You don't say so!" cried John, springing up. "You are a clever fellow, and you shall have your reward. I am delighted. How pleased Alsie will be; Charlie, run and tell her. Now let me hear all about it."

He did not heed that, instead of running upstairs, I drew nearer to him, and placed my arm on the back of his chair.

"The real stone was sold, sir, at a small shop," began the detective, "and the paste was put in there. The man who bought the diamond has it by him now, so that you can redeem it if you wish."

"But who on earth sold it?" cried John. "Who could get at it? I will find the thief, no matter what it costs. My wife shall not be robbed in that way. I am not hard-hearted, but I will find and punish the man or woman who stole that ring."

"Hush!" I cried, involuntarily, as my eyes met the detective's serious gaze.

"I think, sir," replied the man cautiously, "you will find there is some mistake. The stone was sold by a person living in this house; but it may not have been a robbery after all."

"But I tell you it was," John almost shouted, "and a robbery some one shall smart for. What do you call it, then, when a ring is taken from a lady's jewel case and the stone changed and sold?"

"Did you ever wonder," asked the detective, "how this ring was put back into the jewel case after the robbery?"

"No," said John; "the whole affair is such a mystery to me, I have never made my head ache with thinking of it. Who sold the diamond? That is what you have to find out now, and I do not care how soon it is done."

"I have found that out already, sir," replied the detective.

"Then why don't you speak out?" said John. "Who was it?"

"Of course, as I tell you sir, you will find there is some explanation," he replied. "The plain truth is, Mrs. Temple herself sold the stone."

"What!" roared John, in a voice of thunder.

The man quietly repeated the statement.

"I tell you it is a lie!" cried my brother; "and I will make you retract it."

"Hush, John!" I said; "listen to the story."

Then the detective repeated word for word what he had told me, and John listened to the end in silence.

"I tell you again," he cried, when the detective had finished. "I don't care for proof or reason; it is a lie. I will ask my wife to see you sir, face to face, and deny it."

"For Heaven's sake, John, I began, when the door suddenly opened, and, white as the dead, my brother's wife stood before us.

"Alsie, my darling," cried John, "speak only one word. This man says you sold the diamond yourself; only one word, love, just to deny it."

I saw her dry lips try to speak; her wild eyes sought mine as though I could save her.

"Do not be frightened, darling," said John, throwing his arm around her; "only one word. It is not worth denying, but for form's sake, one word."

With a cry I shall never forget, she sank on the ground at his feet.

"I sold it, John, she gasped; "it is true."

"You would better go now," he said; "the reward shall be paid to you. Let the matter drop; it rests between my wife and myself; it can, no doubt, be easily explained. I need not tell you to be silent as to all the transaction."

He spoke gently and with so much dignity that the detective seemed almost glad to get away. When I had closed the door behind him I returned to John, who was waiting for me. He held Alsie in his arms.

"Let us carry her to her own room, Charlie," John said, "and don't speak to me yet, my boy. My heart is broken."

CHAPTER IV.

However, we did not carry Alsie to her own room, for she opened her eyes and asked us to stay with her there.

"John," she said, and the poor face worked convulsively, "shall you ever forgive me—not now, but perhaps in the years to come? I have suffered so much, and I love you so."

"My poor Alsie," said my brother, bending over her, "I am grieved, grieved to my very heart that you have deceived me so; but I am not angry. Perhaps when you have told me why you did it and all about it, I may see things differently. Why did you not tell me first? Why let me employ detectives and suspect honest people?"

"Hush, John," she interrupted, "you are killing me. One hour of the torture I have suffered has been enough to drive me nearly mad. You will send me now from you, John," she wailed, "I know you will."

My heart ached so intensely for her I could not speak.

"Tell me all about it, Alsie," said John. "Why did you sell the diamond? If you wanted money, why did you not ask me for it? I never refused to gratify you slightest wish. Why did you bring this sorrow upon me? Tell me why you did this."

She made no answer—indeed, she seemed quite incapable of speech. An angry flush colored my brother's face.

"Alice," he said, "I hate mystery. Wherever there is mystery there is generally guilt. As a woman of honor and my wife, I appeal to you to tell me why you sold that stone."

"I did not mean to part with it," she gasped. I knew I could pay back the money I sold it for. I was mad when I did it, John. I never thought anyone would know it or find out anything about it."

"But why did you do it at all, Alice?" asked my brother. "Tell me that. No woman has a right to keep such secrets from her husband. Nay, do not tremble so—I am your best friend. If you have a grief or trouble

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that I do not know of, tell it to me now, and let me share it. Alsie, I must trust you, or die," he added, with such deep emotion that I could not help sharing it.

She looked at him with a new terror in her wild white face.

"Don't be kind to me," she said; "never speak lovingly to me again. I can bear anything but that."

"No man ever loved a woman more than I loved you, Alsie," said my brother. I imagined, when I looked into your eyes, that I knew every thought even in the very depths of your heart."

"So you did," she cried. "I never had a secret from you. Then she stopped abruptly and covered her face with her hands."

"Until now," said John, calmly. "The secret you hide from me has become yours since we were married. To be brief, Alsie—will you tell me, or will you not?"

She could not answer; she fell back when he said those words, as though he had struck her with a sharp sword.

"We will take her to her own room, now," said John, moodily. "Would that I, like her, could neither think nor feel!"

He hovered round her until she opened those beautiful violet eyes; then leaving her with her maid, we went down-stairs again—not in the drawing-room where she had been, but to a little room at the back of the house called the study, but to my knowledge pipes and tobacco were the only things ever studied there.

"Did you ever in all your life, Charlie, hear of such a business as this?" asked my brother, disconsolately. "What can possess Alsie—what has she been doing?"

I could not solve his questions. John did not seem to doubt his wife, after all; he was angry that she had deceived him, but he could not think her capable of other wrong.

"Think of her face, Charlie," he resumed, "as pure, and sweet, and innocent as the face of a little child—it could not hide any crime; she has always been open and truthful. Think how she has suffered. It was only to-night that I noticed how thin and ill she looks, so worn and haggard. My poor darling, what has come to her?"

Long after the chimes had rung out midnight we sat talking; John was almost beside himself with grief.

"I was very angry with her at first, Charlie," he said, after thinking deeply for some time. "I know that she has done wrong. I do not excuse the deceit, but I cannot mistrust her. I meant to send her from me, but I will not; she is my wife, mine for weal or woe, and I will have faith in her. It is possible the secret she dare not tell me is not her own. I will have faith in her. I must know more before I judge her."

I admired his trust and confidence; indeed, I half shared it. Alsie had always been so good and true, I could not, even in the face of this one fault, think evil of her. It was all a mystery, dark and inscrutable.

Poor Alsie was not to be comforted by knowing that her husband had faith in her despite the appearances that were so strong against her. Early in the morning her maid came to summon my brother. She said her mistress was very ill, not in her right mind, and it would be wise to have the doctor fetched at once. When he came, he said it was brain fever, brought on by some long strain upon her mind and increased by some great shock.

"Has Mrs. Temple had trouble of any kind preying upon her?" he asked of my brother.

"Yes," replied John.

The weeks that followed were dreary ones. I dreaded entering the house; there was no corner of it where the sound of poor Alsie's voice did not penetrate—crying, laughing, singing; but never did the least allusion to the lost diamond cross her lips. Even in her delirium she gave no clue to the secret she guarded so well. From the first the doctors had given but little hopes, and now her strength was exhausted, yet the cruel fever burned away feverishly as ever. John rarely left his wife's room; he was like one demented; he could neither eat, sleep, or rest.

"I ought not to have been so cross with her Charlie," he would say to me; "I frightened her. I might have been sure that, no matter what she did, she was not to blame."

So the fight between life and death went on, and no one could say which would win.

I cannot quite recollect now how it was, but there was some dispute or mistake about a tradesman's bill. The servants declared it had been paid, the man said it had not. John was obliged, despite his trouble, to attend to it. My sister-in-law's maid said she remembered seeing the receipt in the mistress's hand.

"I shall have to look amongst poor Alsie's papers, Charlie," said my brother to me, "try to find this bill; I wish you would help me."

We sat down together. My brother looked very pale and agitated when he unlocked the little desk he himself had given her. A much harder heart than his would have been touched. The desk contained nothing but memorials of him; all the letters he had ever written to her folded away so carefully with the dates marked upon them; the pretty valentine he had sent wrapped up in so many papers to keep it from injury; dried flowers that he had worn; a lock of his hair, and some of the orange-blossoms she had worn on her wedding day.

There was no sign of the bill there, and we were at a loss where to look. All at once I remembered the little desk that had belonged to Mrs. Poyntz, that had belonged to Mrs. Poyntz. Thinking it probable that my sister kept business papers there, I mentioned it to John, and he went to her room for it. As I had imagined, it contained bills, receipts, etc., and amongst others we found the missing receipt. In one corner there lay a small parcel neatly tied with red tape.

"What is this?" He untied it, and while I live I shall never forget his face as he read what seemed to be a small note. He seemed perfectly stunned. He gave me the letter, and I also read it; it was dated two months back, and was from Messrs. Hume & Green, saying that they were about to dissolve partnership, and that all debts due the firm must be paid by the 11th of September, or further proceedings would be taken. Enclosed was a note for the balance of the amount due—one hundred pounds.

"I never heard anything about this, John," I said, in amazement. "Why did Alsie lock it up in her desk. How strange! And why have they not taken steps in the matter?"

"Look," said my brother, and he placed in my hands a receipt for the one hundred pounds, dated September 11th, 18—.

I gazed at it more bewildered than ever. It was correct. Across the receipt stamp was the signature of the firm. I knew it well. No matter how it had been paid, one fact was clear—the debt was cancelled.

"How one earth," I began, but the almost solemn look on John's face checked me.

"Charlie," he said, "I see it all now. Alice sacrificed her diamond to pay my debt."

I felt that he spoke truly; and a weight of unutterable sorrow was lifted from my heart. He sat for some minutes in stupified silence. I only wondered that he had not thought of it before. I remembered many incidents that convinced me—Alice had so often expressed her sorrow over the heavy debt incurred for her sake. She had felt so acutely not having brought any money with her marriage; but having been, as she thought, a burden upon John, I knew that the debt had weighed upon her far more than upon my light-hearted, careless brother. I told John what she had said to me about it.

"My poor little wife!" he said; "and I thought all this time that she had forgotten all about it. I shall never forgive myself."

He was not ashamed to lay his head upon the table and weep aloud. He had cause; he had discovered the secret, but the devoted wife who loved him so dearly lay all unconscious that her fair name was cleared and shone more brightly than ever.

She still lay between life and death when John and I went together to the

shop and paid the money given for the diamond; it was put back in its place and the false stone returned.

"If Alsie lives," said John, "the first thing she shall see when she recovers will be this ring upon her finger. If she dies, it shall be buried with her."

Alsie had fallen into a death-like stupor, and the nurse hastily summoned us to the bedside. How changed she was, my poor little sister, on whom the weight of that secret had fallen so heavily!

The fierce fever had burned itself away at last, and she lay white and feeble as a child. John raised her golden head and pillowed it on his breast. I heard him murmur to himself that she would die there. But, heaven be praised, Alsie did not die; she opened her eyes and saw her husband holding her in his arms.

"Alsie, darling," he whispered, "I know all about it. Can you hear me bless you and thank you? I know all you suffered and all you have saved me from."

I believe those few words saved her life, for they took from her the heavy burden of silence she had carried so long.

Her eyes fell upon the ring, the innocent and unconscious cause of so much anxiety; she smiled and whispered to her husband, "How foolish I was, John; but I was distracted, and, indeed, I did it for the best."

She lived, but many long weeks passed before our blithe Alsie was herself again. Gradually the rich color returned to her fair young face, and the old happy smiles to her lips. But we were obliged to be very careful, and for some time after her recovery John would not allow the lost diamond to be mentioned.

CHAPTER V.

"Come here, Charlie," said my sister to me one evening; "I want you to hear all I have to tell John about that act of folly for which I have paid so dearly—if it was folly," she continued, "to wish to sacrifice everything rather than see my husband distressed."

"I must tell you both what I tried long to hide," she continued; "and that was how much she thought of that hundred pounds owing—and owing through me—grieved me. John was always candid with me; he told me how disappointed he was that his uncle had not increased his allowance, and, as you know, we have had many consultations how to make the most of our income. I could not see how John was to pay the bill without applying to his uncle; and that he was most reluctant to do, saying that nothing displeased Sir Vernon so much as debt. I could see that he really was quite at a loss what to do in the matter."

"Then, Charlie, came the reprieve; you told us Messrs. Hume & Green said if we could pay in twelve months' time that would do. I did not see how anxious John had been until I perceived how great was his relief. We made many little plans of economy together."

"You can imagine my horror and distress a few weeks after that, when one day came a letter saying that the firm was about to dissolve partnership; and that debts must be paid by the 11th of that month."

"I was alone when the letter came, and after my first grief and fear were over, I resolved that my generous husband, who had incurred this debt for me, should not suffer what I did then. How to do it I did not know, but I resolved that I would pay the money for him, and he should not know, for some time at least, what I had done."

"You will hardly believe I could be so foolish, dear," she said, turning to her husband, "but there were times when I half feared you must repent marrying me. I cannot quite explain the nervous fear; I had lest this terrible debt should make you dislike me. I knew but little of such things, and I was terrified beyond measure of what I expected to follow. On the one hand, if John altered his mind and applied to his uncle, there was some reason to fear that Sir Vernon would be very displeased, owing to his inveterate hatred of debt; on the other hand, if it were not paid, something would be done equally to be dreaded, and a perfect vision of writs, executions, and all kinds of horrors came over me. If I

had but one hundred pounds! I cried; and then, Charlie, like a dart of lightning, the recollection of my diamond ring flashed through my mind. If I had but even half the worth of that all of my troubles would be ended."

"I cannot tell how I came to think of exchanging the stone, but by degrees the plan shaped itself in my mind. On the 10th of September you, John, went to dine at Knightsbridge, and on that day I exchanged the stone."

"It was not until afterwards that the consequences of what I had done struck me. I had felt so maddened with misery that I had forgotten to think of the future. To get the bill paid, to save John from sorrow and disgrace, I had thought only of these things and nothing beside."

"I shall never forget the discovery of the false stone. I nearly died of fear and shame. I should have told all at once if any one in the house had been suspected, but that was not the case, and I began to hope the matter would rest until I had saved money sufficient to redeem the stone. I hardly arranged how to tell John, for I began to feel ashamed of what I had done, and to think that perhaps after all it was not right. I was afraid to tell him, lest he should blame me."

"I lived such a lifetime of fear and suspense and wretchedness during those few weeks. No words of mine can describe it; every step, every noise, made me fear, I knew not what. Yet I went on blindly trusting that something would happen to save me."

"I cannot tell you the awful dreariness of the time, the haunting fear, the miserable dread. My life was but a burden; all the joy was gone from it, for I could not look you in the face, John, and know that I had deceived you—even though it had been to help you and avert disgrace."

"The discovery came at last. On that night I heard high voices in the library I heard my own name, and I knew that the time had come when I must tell all. Can you ever forgive me, John? I did not mean to deceive, but to help you, and afterward, when I saw that I had done wrong, I had not the moral courage to avow it. Can you forgive me?"

John's only answer was to cover her sweet, wan face with kisses.

"It was all done for me, Alsie," he murmured; "and I can only love you the more for it."

By dint of sharp economy we gradually retrieved our position. It was a lesson to John; he never contracted another debt. Some few months afterward Sir Vernon Temple unexpectedly announced his intention of increasing John's allowance, as he had once before promised to do. Although he was then a wealthy man, my brother rigidly adhered to his resolution, and never bought a thing until he had the money to pay for it. He could not forget all the sorrow that one debt had caused his young wife.

All our trouble was forgotten when the heir presumptive of Fosbroke was born, my nephew, and one of the finest little fellows I ever saw. Sir Vernon idolized him—he loaded the little fellow with presents, and made more fuss with him than he had ever done with his father.

John had an interview with the detective, during which he praised his skill, presented him with a check, and gravely assured him that the whole matter was a mistake—which assurance he received with the utmost decorum, adding that he always thought so.

Certainly John had a method almost sublime of getting rid of disagreeable subjects. He made me go with him to Bray & Rowley's, where he told Mr. Rowley that that little business of the ring was alright now; and he repeated the same to Captain Cliffe.

As year after year passed on, we almost forgot the incident, although I knew my sister never could endure the sight of the ring. She only wore it when Sir Vernon came to see us.

Diamonds are plentiful now with Lady Temple. John succeeded my uncle last year; and when the old baronet's will was read we found that he had left to Clare Roulston, the daughter of his old and dear friend, the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Sir John and Lady Temple live at

Fosbroke. Three months ago I married Clare Roulston, and we live in the old house in Claremont Terrace.

There is no cloud now in the sky. Lady Temple is one of the most beautiful and popular "stars of fashion." She is kind and good as ever. She never mentions it, but I know from her face that she remembers "The Lost Diamond."

Tommy—Pa, did you really mean it when you said you'd spank anyone that broke that vase?

Pa—Just come here, sir, and I'll show you.

Tommy—Don't show ma. Show Bridget; she just broke it.

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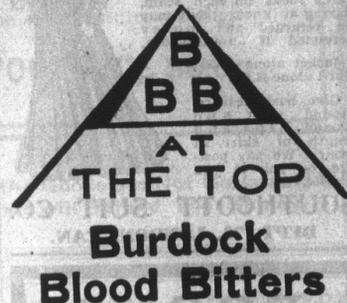
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Young Man Often Too Self Confident.

By E. G. MINNICK.

"I went away from home when I was young, with only a little money in my pocket," writes a correspondent. "If I had not been careful to avoid the pitfalls set in my path—well, I certainly should not have been in the good position I am in now."

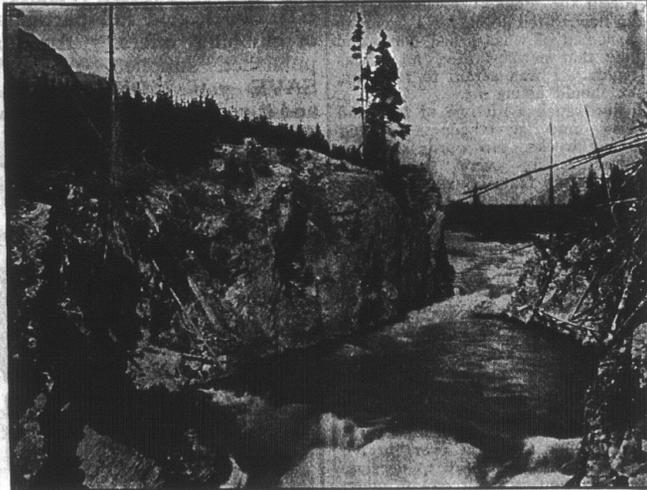
He holds a post with one of the most celebrated firms, and, looking back upon that weary walk of his amidst the dangers which beset his path, as they do that of hundreds of thousands of young fellows and young girls with "only themselves to rely on" in a big city, he is thankful that he has climbed where he has.

I wonder how many there are beginning somewhere where he began in the world, and with that "only oneself to rely on" sensation creep-

ed out to swim to land. Where he landed, no one knows. He was never seen from that day to this."

But one does not want to be choked to learn anything, and one does not want to be taught that one has over-estimated one's own powers when it comes to having only oneself to rely upon, by making too serious mistakes. The only way to prevent such catastrophes is to be cautious in one's progress, and to gradually feel one's way to what one can do by what one has already done.

"However could you have any confidence in a man like that?" a magistrate asked a gentleman who accused a prisoner of having cheated him by the three card trick in a railway train.



Cascade Canyon on the road to Lake Minnewauka, Banff.

ing over them. It is not pleasant always—especially if one has had some experience that relying on oneself is not always satisfactory.

A young fellow whom I know, who is in this lonely condition, came to me the other day. He was in what he described as "a mess."

"I began to think," he confessed, "that I am a confounded fool!"

He is nothing of the kind. He has grit, considerable good sense, a heap of good qualities, and several bad ones—just like most people. He is 22, and the painful experience he is suffering under is the effect of his misplaced confidence in a swindler thirty years older than himself, and of thirty years' experience in fraud of the kind.

"But I must be a fool!" he persisted. "Now you have explained the whole story; it's as simple as A B C. Anybody ought to see it. How did you get to know how it was done?"

"Through being taken in myself, when I was about your age," I replied.

How else does one learn things? There almost invariably are three stages through which the man or woman, who has to make a lonely and unassisted way in the world, passes to success. The first, that of a pleasing self-confidence, which is certain to meet with serious shocks. The second, that of the "confounded fool" stage. The third, that of real self-reliance.

Relying on oneself at the first start off, one is apt to overdo it. It takes time to discover one's limitations. Cleverness consists in discovering them quickly, and at the least expense in the shape of suffering. Experience can be bought too dearly.

"Old Jonson was a big hand at gettin' experience," said Josh Billings. "Jonson had it stuck in his head that he'd get experience in swimmin'. Well, he got a man to row him out about a mile, and jump-

vised a friend. "Don't despise dangers, don't neglect opportunities. Remember there was a hare and a tortoise once, and when you do make a fool of yourself, as you certainly will occasionally, learn as much wisdom as you can from the experience."

I have known some who have set out with too much confidence in themselves so humiliated by rebuffs that they have given themselves up as hopeless in the "confounded fool" stage. It is a much more common condition than some people imagine.

"There are more people afraid of themselves than there are people afraid of others," said Gen. Booth. "If they could run away from themselves they would. As they cannot manage it, they try to forget themselves. It's sheer cowardice—funk. A failure—a humiliation drives them to drink or amusement. It's like a soldier who has wasted one cartridge making fireworks of the rest to try to forget his bad shot."

Sir Frederick Leighton found an artist friend in a disconsolate mood one day, and he inquired the reason.

"The reason is that I am a dead failure," replied the miserable one. "I have painted that figure you see three times, and it is bad now."

"Try ten times," said Leighton.

"I often do."

"Every one who relies on himself will find now and again that his confidence is misplaced. Do not let him therefore lose courage," said Emerson.

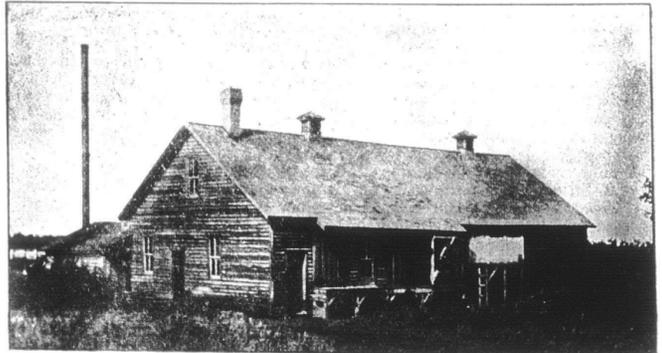
There is good sense in that.

From the two stages of what Lord Palmerston described as "cocksureness of one's wisdom and dead certainty of one's folly," the person who relies on him or her self emerges into the third, "fashioned," as Longfellow expressed it, "on failure and success." A great Japanese philosopher, when a stranger asked him how he had been employed during the last twenty years, replied that he had spent ten of them in learning what he could not do, and ten in learning what he could.

There are big surprises for most people who so spend their time in the discovery of the powers they possess and those they do not. One of the biggest surprises of most persons who are forced to rely upon themselves is the discovery in the end, if they persevere, that somehow Providence absolutely has fitted them with the means to exist and make their way by their own efforts. In fact, the people who learn to fight for themselves find out that they are better off than the man who is in the apparently enviable condition of having found some one else to fight for him.

The Proper Way to Make Tea.

The most important point in making good tea is to use the water as soon as it boils. If it boils for any length of time it becomes hard and flat, and will make but an imperfect infusion. Avoid also water that has been boiled and put aside on the stove and then re-boiled at tea-making time. Scald the teapot, put into it while hot a teaspoonful of "SALADA." Tea for every two cups, pour on the freshly boiled water, and allow it to steep for from five to eight minutes, then serve. Tea should not under any circumstances be made in a metal teapot.



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A Cure for Cancer.

The attention of our readers is directed to the half-page advertisement of Vitallon Medicine Co., who have shown us a large number of letters from people in all parts of the Dominion, who claim to have been entirely cured of cancers and tumors by

their constitutional method of treatment. Their theory is that cancer is due to a peculiar condition of the blood just as certain climatic conditions produce mildew, etc., and the positive evidence they produce from persons who have tested their method of treatment show that they have been successful in many very critical cases where the best medical authorities said there was no possible hope.

If any of our readers wish further information, a letter directed to 577 1/2 Sherburne St., Toronto, will bring a quick reply, if our paper is mentioned.

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receipt of price. W. F. Young, P.D.F., Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass.

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WINNIPEG

Man of Sixty is Not too Old.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

This is the day of the young man. For years past this statement has been dinned in our ears, until most of us have accepted it as a fact. Venture a feeble protest, a score of examples are hurled at your devoted head. Kipling, Marconi, the kaiser, even Winston Churchill, are quoted. Authors, artists, actors, inventors, soldiers, statesmen of under 40 are pointed out as brilliant examples of the great truth that the world today is run by young men. You are told that so great is the rush and pressure of modern life that a man who has entered the arena in early youth must be old at 50.

Whose brain is it that has humbled the might of Russia and won an empire for the island kingdom of the east? The whole scheme of this amazing war was hatched in the brain of Marshal Oyama, and it would be rash to say that there is a man alive of under 60 who could carry in his head the threads of so many and so complicated schemes as does this white haired, silent Japanese.

Who is the greatest scientist alive? I suppose there is no one who would suggest any other answer to this question than the one name, Edison. He is 58, and patents on an average thirty new inventions a year. Does anyone imagine that his activity will cease in two years' time? On the other side of the Atlantic, by far the greatest star in the scientific horizon is Lord Kelvin, 81 this year. The best and greatest work of his life has been done within the last twenty years. Three, at least, of his greatest inventions in the way of electrical measuring machines have been achieved since he passed the 60 post. Only a couple of years ago he was conducting a series of most delicate and interesting experiments in connection with the rotation of the earth, illustrating them before his pupils with a boy's spinning top. Not long ago he was lecturing on the tensile strength of various metals. To illustrate his figures he slung a fifty-six pound cannon ball from the roof by a thin steel wire.

"Now," said he, "to prove that my calculations are accurate I will stand beneath that ball for the rest of the hour." And he did.

Turn to the world of business and see who holds premier place. Undoubtedly the greatest financier alive is Pierpont Morgan. He has practical control over properties capitalized at more than six billions of dollars, an amount far greater than the combined annual revenue of the forty-three principal nations in the world. Six feet high, weighing 230 pounds, he is straight, strong, and powerful, and looks ten years younger than his 68 years. To see him jump out of a cab, run into his office, devour the contents of a lengthy document in fifteen seconds, by no stretch of imagination you could consider the amazing man as beyond work.

Andrew Carnegie again. The same age as Morgan and every bit as vigorous, even though he has retired from active business. Just begun to enjoy life, so he says. He golfs, motors, rides, and attends to more business in his private house than most men do in their offices. Only the other day he was delivering a lecture on the "Mysteries of Steel" at a meeting of the Iron and Steel institute. Surely he constitutes a living argument against every man over 60 being condemned to a bath chair or a lethal chamber.

I could multiply such instances by the score. Russel Sage at 89 was active as ever in the pursuit of millions. John D. Rockefeller, in spite of bad health, manages the largest private fortune and public company at 66. H. M. Flagler, of Standard Oil and Florida hotel fame is 75. Charles T. Yerkes again was the same age as Morgan and Carnegie. He was fully 60 when he went over to England and began to confer upon benighted

London the inestimable benefit of electric traction on the sulphurous underground, and incidentally to make a brand new and enormous fortune for himself.

Lord Roberts was 68 when he took command of the British forces in South Africa and began those operations which brought the war to a successful conclusion. How about the English "Jacky" Fisher? Does anyone feel inclined to call that apostle of efficiency too old and to recommend him to retire to private life and to make way for younger men?

Pass to the stage. Sir Charles Wyndham had recently to undergo a slight operation. "Go ahead," he said. "I know all about it. I was a doctor myself once. So he was. More than forty years ago he acted as army surgeon during the great civil war. Yet, in spite of his more than 60 years, could any one seeing him either on or off the stage call him old? It would be impossible. The stage is the most trying of all professions, and is said to age its votaries the most rapidly, yet not only Wyndham, but many other veterans are proof of players over 60 who can still more than hold their own with any of the younger generation.

Turn to the knights of the pen. Here, above all other professions, the genius of youth is supposed to shine pre-eminent. The common idea is that an author is written out at 30. May I suggest to such as share this belief a perusal of the recent works of Count Tolstoi, who has passed not only three score but four score years. Not only is he the greatest writer and leader of thought in his own country, but his influence is so great that the omnipotent bureaucracy is actually afraid of him.

Any other man who had written or spoken half as strongly against the powers that be would have long ago made acquaintance with the dungeons of the great fortress of Peter and Paul. More than this, Tolstoi, though now becoming feeble, up to five years ago worked in fields with his laborers, cutting hay and plowing. There is a sketch by the Russian artist Pasternak representing the white haired patriarch energetically engaged in the former occupation.

Clark Russell, again, has passed his sixtieth birthday, yet, despite physical ill-health, is mentally active as ever. Lying on his sofa in his house at Bath, he dictates his glowing word pictures of sea and sky and storm. The great sea writer was at school in France with three of Charles Dickens' sons.

When young, Marcus Stone illustrated books for Thackeray, Trollope, and other giants of the middle of the nineteenth century. He is still to the fore in spite of 65 years and as great a "dramatist in color" as ever. Half of the great artists of today are men well on in years, and it is a generally accepted fact that few painters achieve the height of their fame before middle age.

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Father—Can you play bridge in the style to which she is accustomed?

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The Spinster—How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?

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Man Should Live a Century.

By James Cardinal Gibbons.

A man's age is counted by the number of revolutions he makes round the sun, and we observe that every animal has its own number of cycles, and vegetables also have theirs, but with a much wider range. The higher animals have tissues the same as our own, or at least in many cases not distinguishable from our own by their structure. It is therefore remarkable and not at all self-evident why a dog should be worn out and old after his ten revolutions, a horse after twenty, and man when he has had his three score and ten. According to one scientist, an animal's age is five times that of the period taken to reach maturity. The latter is known by the occurrence of the osseous attachment of the epiphyses to the long bones. In the case of the elephant, which the zoological society sold to Barnum, and which was shortly afterward killed by accident, the skeleton was again brought to England in a show, and it was then seen that the epiphyses were still distinct and separate. This accorded with its supposed age of 22 years when it was sold. Accordingly, therefore, to the authority referred to, man ought to live to be 100 years old.

There seems nothing opposed to the possibility of the age of man having been greater than now in the time of the patriarchs, seeing that it is never stated that the lengthened years were simply made by adding so many more to the present ordinary duration of life, for it seems clear from the imperfect narratives that are given that all the divisions of life were lengthened in their due proportion, marriage taking place and children being born to men and women when they were a century old.

Subsequently in Jewish history the modern period of old age was gradually approached until it became the same as our own. Moses, at the termination of his career, was 120 years old, yet his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated. This must evidently have been true, as he had only just completed his stupendous work of making his code of laws. Subsequently it seems that the age of man was no higher than it is at present.

There is a doctrine as old as Aristotle that asserts that the function comes first and then the organ. Of the truth of this there are so many examples before us that it is scarcely needed to particularize, but I may mention one or two, as the subject is one of great practical importance. I may remind the reader of the large muscles of the blacksmith's arm or the dancer's leg, and that they are therefore proportionately strong, and that this increased development came in consequence of their being put to greater use when they were of normal size.

Just as we use our muscles if we wish to retain their strength, so likewise must we continue to use the brain in order to preserve it in working order. Use brings blood to the organ, and so its nutrition is kept up and its healthy state retained. As a result of this it may be said, as a rule, professional men, or judges, or legislators, whose minds are continually active, live longer than those who retire from business at an early age and have no occupation to employ their leisure. When Mr. Gladstone was haranguing his constituents every day or several times a day it might be observed how active was his brain in all its parts, for not only were his intellectual faculties at work but his motor centers also, as was shown by his firmly closed mouth, knitted brow, and by a walk so vigorous that it always seemed wise to step out of his way.

Occupation may therefore be considered as one of the necessities of long life. This has always been maintained by philosophers, who perhaps were not aware of the substantial basis for it, that it was the best method of obtaining a good supply of blood for the working organs. It preserved the *mens sana* in corpore

sano. It holds good even in the old man of Cicero, who sits still in the ship whist taking the helm, or, as the great orator further says, not only must the body be supplied but the soul still more, for these also, unless you drop oil upon them as on a lamp, are extinguished by old age. The orator adds that he likes an old man in whom there is something of the young, and a young man in whom there is something of the old.

I think it has not been sufficiently observed that what is called a bad and quarrelsome temper is often nothing more than a symptom of the excessive pain produced in persons of weak mind in their endeavor to answer a question which involves an effort of reasoning. I have observed this so often that I feel sure that the outbreak is not of a moral kind, but due to the painful effort of using the brain. Then, at the other end of the scale, we find the man of the most profound intellect who, when paying the penalty of extreme age, never approaches the imbecility which is the natural condition of so many others.

Kootenay Fruit Has Taken First Place in Canada.

One of the most important events in the history of fruit culture in Canada was the recent decision awarding Kootenay Fruit a special class. At the New Westminster Fair just closed it was found necessary to make a new classification for fruit from this Valley. Mr. A. MacNeil, chief of the Dominion Fruit Division at Ottawa, in an address after the fair stated:—"You know that a new class has been created. We have now a fancy class, first class, second class and third class. The only province of Canada that can produce the fancy class is British Columbia and I have come to the conclusion that the only District in British Columbia that can produce it is the Kootenay..... the soil and the climate are wonderful, unequalled anywhere else in Canada.

This decision comes, however, as no surprise to those acquainted with the wonderful Kootenay. It is in keeping with the award at the Horticultural Exhibition, December, 1905, at London, England, when British Columbia was awarded a Gold Medal in competition with all British possessions and when a special Medal was struck for the Kootenay for a collection of apples.

Not only is the quality unequalled, but the quantity produced is phenomenal. A writer in one of the farm magazines gives a particular instance of the wonderful growth in the Kootenay. He states, that at the Nelson fair this year he saw a branch of a plum tree, not over two feet long, on which were clustered over two hundred plums. Many orchards this year did not have a branch which did not require strong propping. Different growers report over a ton of apples taken from a single tree.

Anyone interested in the development of Western Canada and the securing of choicest fruit for the Prairie Provinces must be highly delighted with this state of affairs, especially since the Kootenay is a day's journey nearer Winnipeg and the prairie provinces than any other fruit land.

Unfortunately the area in this Valley is comparatively limited and the man who desires to secure a home at the ideal occupation of fruit growing must move quickly as the land is being very rapidly taken up, and in a very short time none will be obtainable except at many times the present price.

The choicest lands seem to be held by two or three syndicates, who are quickly settling up the Valley. These syndicates have their headquarters in Minneapolis, London, Eng., and Winnipeg. A beautiful illustrated book will be mailed free telling all about these lands if you write the Fisher Hamilton Co., Ashdown Block, Winnipeg, and mention this paper.

Money Quest is Madness of the Age.

BY JOHN A. HOWLAND.

There are a thousand or more automobiles in Chicago whose owners are under constant strain of purse in order that they may keep this new pleasure up.

This is no criticism of the automobile as a vehicle which one day is to replace the barbarian institution of the horse as a motive power. When the motor vehicle shall take the patient horse from his shackles, even at the cost of extinction for the animal, civilization can only congratulate itself.

But in the present evolution of the vehicle it is only one more of the insidious forces of extravagance which are pressing upon the people the burdens which modern civilization is carrying to its own undoing. It is another of the exacting institutions which is carrying with it the mammon message: "Get more money!" This message is the call of a taskmaster. It is one with a thousand other influences which have made the competence of fifty years ago appear insufficient as a monthly income in the great centers of the world of business. "Put money in thy purse—put money in thy purse!" The cry has grown and is growing until the economist has no idea where it is to stop.

That one day it must stop, however, is manifest. The anarchist has his panacea in the destruction of the government. The socialist has his dreams of a society which will have no need of government. In the meantime, the present generation is facing the social extravagance of the times, perhaps with some self-questionings as to what its part should be.

This is a logical position for at least the young man of the times whose possible income beyond a decent living for himself could not provide the tires of an automobile given to him as a present. What is to be his preparation for this age of extravagance? What shall he take as his point of view and hold to in his coming career? Shall he take up the money quest for the satisfaction of extravagance undreamed a generation ago, or is it wiser to set before him the standards of life and living which in all the ages have gone to the making of men among men?

There is nothing in life that is not stupidly, inanely comparative in its last analysis. It might be a wiser human choice to be a South Sea islander, envied by all his tribe because of a water soaked, gold laced uniform descended to him from a drowned sea captain, than to aspire to the complications that come to a white civilian at the top of civilized complexities in one of the world's capitals. Kings have abdicated thrones in disgust. Men revelling in the lime-light of a Christian civilization, seemingly master of all things, have retired to dark places and blown their brains out with a revolver bullet. Success a thousand times has surfeited where a thousand times failures have been inspirations.

It is a rare thing that the man on the money quest is sane enough to ever sit down, assuring himself "I have enough." Somebody else has more and the insistence of comparisons will not leave him to his ease. His point of view began with money, his efforts were for money, and to the end of life money is his god. Perhaps he may attempt to get something more than money out of life as he approaches the years of his comparative discretion and appreciation. But the perspectives of comparisons reach to his horizons. At 25 years old it might have been that an income of \$2,500 a year would have approached enough. But at 50 years, according to the success of his money quest, \$25,000 a year may be so insufficient to his needs as to sour all his ripper years.

Why should this be so? His needs for food, clothing, and comfortable housing for himself and family do not approach this income. He could have

believed ten years before that such a sum set apart at interest would have been a life competence, whereas he is finding it insufficient as an annual income. What is this change that has come over the spirit of his dreams?

Ask him and it is doubtful if he can tell you. Or ask him and if he knows, he will admit that he has gone too far to turn back to a saner course.

Perhaps no other form of the money quest ever has approached the half madness of the rush for gold in the gold countries. To dig for it, to wash for it, and mill for it in the hardships of the desert wastes where the simplest of civilized necessities have appeared as luxuries not to be aspired to, have been exactions never to deter the miner with the gold craze. And in the same proportionate distortion, nothing in the catalogue of luxurious extravagance in civilization seems to deter the money seeker from still more extravagant pursuit of the money for still more extravagant extravagance.

No sane reasoner can go through the world with observant eye and not see the indelible scar of the money quest upon men and things.

But you, reader, having in mind that dearest friend of yours in your own walk of life, will you dare say that some turn of fortune putting \$1,000,000 or \$10,000,000 into the pocket of that friend may not be destructive to that friendship? Could it be other than a bar to such a friendship? By any possibility could you hope that the possession of millions on the part of one or the other of you could add one atom to the relation?

At the present time in the evolution of the world there is a saving element which refuses to recognize money as the arbiter of life. When the wealthiest of the wealthy have made their rich endowments of institutions one may read concessions to this element. They have found things in life that money would not purchase and they have sought to discover if money as a gift might not approach the same end. And some of these offerings have failed.

Money will not make a man nor buy a man. In the last analysis it will buy few things that have the widest influences upon human life. That young man who sets out first to build his manhood and leaves fortune to second place is not making a mistake. He is one of the builders of an enduring world.

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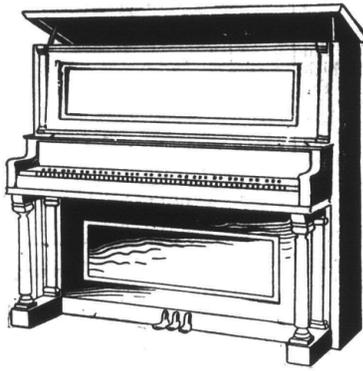
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The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

GENIUS AND HARD WORK. The average man of genius is a hard worker. Two things enter into his achievement:—Genius and hard work. Genius without hard work results in shiftlessness. Hard work without genius or talent, in an ungenial occupation, means a life of drudgery. Every holy achievement is the result of genius, labor and love. It was the favorite theory of Robert Louis Stevenson that two per cent of a successful man's career may be represented by genius, while 98 per cent. is due to hard work. To do one thing (the thing you love to do), and to do it well, this is the sign of genius.

TEMPER AND TALENT. Have you read the story of the Brontë family. Every one of them possessed temper and talent. The father, Patrick Brontë, although a preacher, would lose his temper, and in such moments ruin anything he could get his hands upon. His son, Branwell, a youth of genius, lived a life of dissipation and died standing on his feet. He refused to lie down when death came. He, too, had temper and talent. The Brontë girls had the same disposition of fire and genius, but they applied themselves to literature and redeemed the name of Brontë. Temper is a great thing when rightly applied.

GIVE US SOMETHING BETTER. Isaac Watts is known as the father of English hymnology. He was quite a preacher in his day, and regarded his hymn writing as an accident; but the "accident" has secured fame for him in the realm of religious poetry. He remarked one Sunday morning to his pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Robinson, that he felt that the hymns and psalms which they were singing were beneath the dignity of a church service. It was hinted that if he thought he could produce something superior he had better try his hand at it. He did, and gave to the Christian world 800 splendid hymns. The world owes much to the man who is dissatisfied with present attainments and seeks to make some advancement on the past.

A SMALL BEGINNING. In Senator Boutwell's "Sixty Years in Public Life," I find this interesting fact: "In the year 1838 I was in a business affair in Boston when Alvin Adams, the founder of the Adams Express Company, made his first trip to New York, as an express messenger. Adams had but one parcel, and a friend loaned him five dollars to meet his expenses. Since then the Adams Express Company has become an institution that has the appearance of perpetuity. At that time, as late as 1850, I met Adams on Washington Street, when he expressed the opinion that his business was as profitable as any business in the country." One parcel in 1838, and a fortune in 1850. "Despise not the day of small things."

BLIND MEN WHO CAN SEE. Napoleon once indulged in a sarcastic remark concerning men who were "asleep with their eyes open." Such men are to be found in every calling of life. Two of them were travelling in Egypt last year, and passing by the great Pyramid, one said to the other, "I never saw anything so silly or so foolish in all my life—the idea of 10,000 men working for fifty years to build a useless mound like that." A great general, passing the same pyramid one hundred years ago, fired the hearts of his soldiers by exclaiming, "Remember that more than forty centuries are looking down on you." Send a fool to Europe and he will return a fool. "Eyes have they but they see not."

MAN vs. FIELD. T. De Witt Talmage made his reputation as a preacher in the city of Brooklyn. When he went to the city of churches his only capital was his own genius and ability and his faith in himself. Only nineteen persons could be found to sign a call. The church to which he was called was an old one, its pews empty, and its membership depleted. Talmage had faith. He believed in himself. He believed in

God. He believed in the city of Brooklyn. He believed in the future. He believed in the possibilities of the old church. And there for twenty-five years he delivered his message to the world. The main question is this: "Have you success in yourself?"

WHAT OTHERS THINK. Never mind what other people think. Especially when their thoughts of you are not complimentary to you. Those who live near you may live too near to you to have a proper judgment or make a proper estimate concerning your ability or qualifications. Justin McCarthy remarks, in "The Story of Life of Gladstone": "It is a curious fact that Mr. Disraeli, Gladstone's life-long rival, happening at one time to meet Gladstone in London society, and hearing people talk about him, wrote to his sister and gave her his opinion that 'that young man has no future before him,' and McCarthy adds: 'It is well to remember that Cicero thought Julius Caesar would never make a soldier.'"

THE FIRST STEP. There are moments in a man's life which may be spoken of as "supreme." The dawning of a great conviction, the registering of a splendid decision, the completion of a magnificent achievement—these are supreme moments in a man's life. Joshua Reynolds was hinting at such a moment in a man's career when he said to his students in the realm of art: "Finish one picture, and you are a painter." In other words: "Achieve Your First Success." Win one splendid victory and the realm of conquest is open to you. The first step is your first success.

"WHAT A SPLENDID ANIMAL!" "What a splendid animal!" said Prof. Fowler, the phrenologist, when he laid his hands for the first time on the head of Henry Ward Beecher. The remark was not made in disparagement of young Beecher. He had a superb physical equipment. The blood of his heart fed the fibre of the brain. His years of steady pulpit effort and periods of great political conflict were made possible because he had a body built for conflict and unstained by dissipation or sensualism.

SLANDER AND REPUTATION. If a man takes care of his character, his reputation will take care of itself. What a man is must finally reveal itself. The steady revelations of a man's daily actions and regular habits will prove more than a match for shallow criticisms uttered by enemies or opponents. When somebody brought word to Rev. Rowland Hill that certain industrious scandal-mongers were circulating evil reports concerning him, he said: "I will live so that nobody will believe it." That's the best protection for your reputation—"Live so nobody will believe it."

"THANK YOU, SIR." Jane Welsh, the wife of Thomas Carlyle, remarks in her autobiography concerning her husband: "Once I gave him an umbrella as a birthday present, but he was so stupid that he used it for a whole year without knowing who was the giver." This type of stupidity assumes many forms and manifests itself in many ways. I surrendered my seat to a young lady on a street car the other day; she accepted it without a moment's hesitation, but did not think it was worth while to say "Thank you." We appreciate appreciation.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD. The man of strength and ability is known for his directness; while others are circling around the difficulty he strikes for the centre. He discovers the main point at first sight. Admiral Nelson's frequent injunction was "Never mind manoeuvres: always go at them." That is the science of war in a nutshell. "Go at them." Strike while the iron is hot. If the iron is not hot, make it hot by striking. Find out what there is to be done. Get there. Get to work. Get through. Get away. Get at something else. This is the way to get on in the world. "Never mind manoeuvres—Go at them."

LOOKING FOR A JOB. Emerson once made the remark, "Do the thing you are afraid to do," which leads us to remark that the tasks which we avoid are very often the tasks which, if approached courageously, would do much toward our own development. Difficulties are stepping stones on which we may rise to higher things. A rich student in the theological seminary at Andover, having purchased a cord of wood, came to Moses Stuart to inquire whom he could get to saw it. The old professor said, "I happen to be out of a job of that sort just now; I'll saw it for you." The student took the hint.

TIME IS MONEY. John Wesley had a modern view of the value of time. We say "Time is Money." He went a step in advance of this and said "Time is the point at which we touch eternity." He could have agreed with Benjamin Franklin, who once said: "Time is the stuff life is made of—only a fool will waste it." The old philosopher, Samuel Johnson, said, concerning John Wesley: "He can talk on any subject, and his conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. One is always obliged to go at a certain hour." Exactly! Even the wise old philosopher could only have a limited portion of Wesley's time.

POWER OF KINDNESS. Love rules the world. Kindness is the key to the heart of humanity. Your enemies will become friends when they discover that you are living the life of love toward them. The man who cannot be won by love is not worth winning. He lacks the one thing which makes personal character splendid—the ability to recognize worth in others. Hervey helped Samuel Johnson when he was in trouble, and years afterwards, when Hervey was passing under a cloud, Johnson remarked concerning his old friend: "You may call Hervey a dog, if you will, but I shall love him just the same." Chain men and women to you by acts of love and deeds of kindness. They will remember it all by and by.

HONEST OLD WELLINGTON. A recent writer states that when the Duke of Wellington was troubled with deafness he consulted a celebrated physician, who put a strong caustic into his ear, causing an inflammation which threatened his life. The doctor apologized and expressed great regrets, and remarked that the blunder, if known, would ruin him for any future success in the medical profession. "I will never mention it," said Wellington. "But," asked the doctor, "will you allow me to wait on you, so that the people will not withdraw their confidence?" "No," said the Iron Duke. "That would be lying."

WORTH OF A COMPLIMENT. The wife of Thomas Carlyle found herself in a lonely home in the country while the great man of letters shut himself up in his study and wrote the life of Frederick the Great or the Story of the French Revolution. At the meal hour he would sit, absent minded, at the table, lost in a brown study, and scarcely passing a word with his wife. No wonder she said, with tears in her eyes, "A little kindness or attention from Carlyle glorifies me." Life is not worth living if we have no time for the little kindnesses and attentions which give joy and glory even to the most obscure life.

A LADDER OF LIGHT. Have you heard of St. Augustine's famous ladder on which he rose to the height and strength of his own individuality.
First Rung—I Am.
Second Rung—I Know.
Third Rung—I Can.
Fourth Rung—I Ought.
Fifth Rung—I Will.
This is a great ladder. It reaches all the way from the flowers to the stars, and all the way from dust to deity. Many are rising upon it. Put your foot on the first rung and make Tennyson's words your motto: "Man is Man and Master of His Destiny."

FRIENDS—FIRM, FALSE AND FOOLISH. It was said of Abraham Lincoln that he had a genius for friendship. Most successful politicians possessed the faculty of making and keeping friends. The element of friendship is not a small thing in business life. In fact the average man is made or marred by his friends. They lift you up or drag you down. They help or hinder. One philosopher affirms that there are three kinds of friends—Firm, False and Foolish—good, bad and indifferent. Watch your enemies and beware of false friends.

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What the World is Saying

The Illness of Mr. Chamberlain.

The British Weekly says:—The chief subject in the political world is the illness of Mr. Chamberlain. It is now admitted that the illness has been and is of the most serious kind, and it is to be regretted that misleading statements were published by authority. As a matter of fact, it is well known to political journalists in London that the most serious rumours came from the headquarters of Mr. Chamberlain's own party. We believe that the illness is defined as gout in the stomach, and that it is doubtful whether Mr. Chamberlain will ever be able to resume his public activities. Everyone will regret if this should be the case, for Mr. Chamberlain's marvellous ability and splendid courage gave life to Parliament and held the eyes of the nation. We have had the usual moralizings on the penalty of neglect to take exercise and the like, but any system which enables a man to live seventy years as Mr. Chamberlain has lived them, to crowd so much labor, so much stress, so much achievement into the span allotted of old for human life, and to remain at the end as bold, as active, as alert of mind as in the days of his youth, is a system for which no one need make apologies.

The Vice of Generalizing.

According to Mr. Rupert Hughes, writing in Harper's, the habit of generalizing from single instances is far too general and influential. One would think, from some of the generalizations, he says, that the monopolists of money, for example, had also monopolized wickedness. "Yet the news of the day will tell of preachers caught in plagiarism, of druggists selling poisoned soda-water, of bakers vending unclean bread, of theological students cheating." Each trade, he says, has its own graft.

The fact is that "drawing indictments against classes is as insane and illogical as drawing indictments against nations." There are "burglars who are chaste, and parsons who are sots; there are rich women who are nuns of asceticism, and poor women who are so vilely extravagant as to bankrupt their ditch-digging keepers; there are poets who are domestic models, and plumbers who are voluptuaries; there are rich men who overwork, and poor men lazy enough to beg; there are millionaires' sons who are normal and athletic, and self-made men who are degenerates; there are robust athletes who are abnormal, and cigarette fiends who are leaders of progress; there are Sicilians who never saw a dagger, and Puritans who seek vendetta with a knife or with poison; there are policemen who would reject a bribe, and senators who are devoted to their country; there are chorus girls of unimpeached repute, and Sunday-school teachers of loose morals."

China as a Hive of Population.

Exaggerated ideas are entertained concerning the population of China, if we may accept the estimate of Rear-Admiral Clark, of the United States Navy. He says that when he first studied geography China was set down as having a population of 230,000,000. Later this swelled to 360,000,000, and now we hear 400,000,000. These are not census returns—the swarms of China have never been counted. They are mere estimates, based upon the reports of travellers, missionaries, and others. Admiral Clark had good opportunities for observation during his three years of duty on the Asiatic station, and it is his opinion that the numbers of Chinamen have been greatly exaggerated. He doubts if that country contains as many as 200,000,000 inhabitants. He spent several months at each of the principal seaports, and went as far inland as Ichang, nearly 1,000 miles from the coast, and while there he made a study of the density of population. He found the country districts thinly peopled, the farming class being gathered in villages which were generally small and often far apart. The cities also seemed limited in area and had no lofty buildings. Canton, the most populous city after Peking, did not, according to his estimate, cover more than six square miles, and had some even ground within its walls. Tigers are said to be found in all

parts of China, with little dense undergrowth to protect them, as in India. This does not indicate a dense population, and one would probably be nearer the mark in cutting the usual estimate one-half.

Britain's Industrial Growth.

London newspapers say that there is an industrial boom throughout Great Britain. There are house famines, an unparalleled industrial prosperity in all of the larger towns. The London Daily Mail says:—

In particular the "hard" trades, such as the manufacture of steel and iron, the making of boilers and the building of ships, are experiencing a considerable "boom." Sheffield is busier now than at any time since the Franco-German war. One firm alone is fulfilling a contract for £100,000 worth of shells ordered by the Italian Government. Another is building for South America two hundred railway waggons, to cost £60,000. From the Argentine a third firm has received an order for a thousand similar waggons. Work in Sheffield is so abundant that in order to accommodate the "x" of artisans and laborers nearly two thousand houses have been erected during the past few months.

Equally thriving is the boiler-making and shipbuilding trades. A telegram from Sunderland stated that the men's societies on the north-east coast have decided to demand increased wages, in view of the present prosperity of those industries.

Football as a Youth-Killer.

Two students of Toronto University have been "done to death" this year so far by football. The question that now agitates the authorities is whether every player should not pass a medical examination to ascertain if he is physically fit for football. The Montreal Star says:—

The young man may be an adept at other sports. He may be able to find his recreation and to win the admiration of his fellow-students by playing something else in championship form. Football is not the only sport open to collegians; and football, as it is played to-day, is a sport which should not be attempted by any but the most robust. Now it is idle to expect the young men to restrain themselves. Youth is notoriously reckless; and that is one of its charms to those of us who are older and more prudent. No student who could play football effectively would be at all likely to voluntarily seek to put himself out of the game by a medical examination, even if he had secret misgivings on the subject of his health. He would expect to get through all right. Even adults have a fatalistic feeling that, while accidents may happen other people, they are immune.

The Straw Hat Disease.

The jaunty looking straw hat has fallen under the medical ban. Innocent, clean and sprightly though it looks, it has sinister motives—it causes head-ache and a tired feeling. The Globe says:—

Some of the symptoms are a tendency to walk bent, as if a heavy weight were suspended from the nose, while the eyes show a large white space under the pupils in the effort to glare upwards at the brim; impossibility of looking at the feet, and a habit of glancing sideways as if in fear of the police. It is said that some city clerks who have been recently in Margate, and there habitually wore straw hats, are so strained in their eyes that they can no longer add up columns of figures, and are under notice from their employers in consequence. The only palliatives suggested are that a thick strap of flannel should be sewn round the inside of the hat where it rests on the head, so as to make it stick better, and that straws should never be worn without cords attached to the coat lapel.

Henri Bourassa's Independence.

Henceforth Henri Bourassa is to walk an independent plank. He is to be free to criticize both the government and the opposition at his own sweet will. He is to play the conspicuous and exciting role of political free lance. The Methodist Guardian comments on his action as follows:—

We give him welcome to the ranks of political

independence. He has never been our style of politician. Though never a keen party man, he has been, nevertheless, an intense partisan, and has insisted on looking at nearly every question from what seemed to the great majority of the people either a narrow or a perverted point of view. But no one has ever seriously questioned his honesty, nor can one doubt the sincerity of his intentions in the present instance. And what can he possibly hope to accomplish as a pronounced unit in Parliament? Possibly not very much. But we are convinced that by a determination to stand independent of party control any member of parliament doubles his usefulness to the country at large. And the great hope of the political situation, that is anything but hopeful just now, lies in the development of the spirit of independence, both within and without Parliament.

Improving the Human Race.

Breeding will do it, say the advocates of the system called "Eugenics." The American Medicine has taken the matter up, and writes:—

"The idea has been advocated that we can breed up a race of superior men in the same way that Luther Burbank is creating such wonderful plants. Of course we can. He simply raises 100,000 plants, finds among them one or two with the proper variations, saves these two and destroys all the rest. We can do the same. Let us examine all the children in each congressional district—about 100,000 more or less—select the two we consider the best, and hang all the rest. It is simplicity itself, but there is one slight difficulty. Burbank's plants have no voice in the matter, but every human father has a vote on this proposition, and will decide that his type is the best and the other children should be—so the system itself will be—hung up. All this nonsense about eugenics will cease when the silly season is over."

Wanted—A Wife.

There have been many applications made to the Western Home Monthly recently for wives. The Manitou Sun has taken up the matter in the following:—

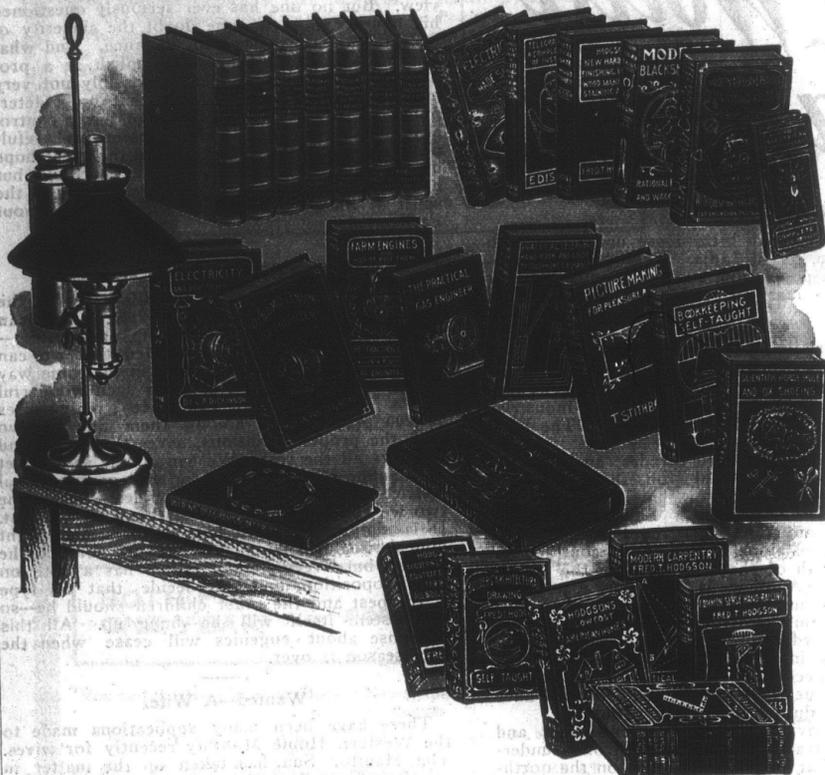
Tastes differ, of course. There is J. J., for instance, writing from Dead Dog Slough, Saskatchewan. J. J. is nothing if not practical—he wants a true helpmeet, not a mere help-eat. The idol of his dreams must be able to cook, saw wood, plow sod, handle a fork, and in fact perform all such housewifely tasks with credit to herself and her husband. He prefers that she be not less than 164 hands high, and she must have good teeth and be sound in wind and limb. Apply (enclosing certificate of pedigree, if any, also stamp for reply) to J. J. Other applicants are somewhat more ethereal in their tastes. There is Willie B., for instance, whose lot is cast at Lone Loon Lake, Albankatchewan. Willie longs for a dear little blue-eyed blonde, who will play the organ as soon as he can afford to buy one, and knit tidies for the parlor, and plant a couple of flower-beds. And Willie is hungry for kisses—the milking and cooking are a secondary consideration with him. There is "Pretty Jemima," of Bullock's Corners, Ontario. Age 38, light blue eyes, brick-colored hair, height 5ft. 13 in., weight 94 lbs., very graceful figure; generally considered handsome, except for being cross-eyed and having a wart on the west side of her nose—but then where will you find perfection in this imperfect world?

A New Departure in Education.

By the Department of Education Act of May, 1906, there is to be established an Advisory Council to the Minister of Education of the province of Ontario to assist him in the important duties of his office. This is one of the unique features in the new education policy that has come in for a good measure of commendation from leading educationists. This Advisory Council is to consist of twenty members, four of whom are to be elected by ballot by the public school teachers of the province. As the great majority of these teachers are women, quite naturally the proposition has been made that one, at least, of the four should be chosen from among the ablest and most experienced of the lady teachers of the province. On the face of it, that seems a quite fair and reasonable suggestion. That there are several women among the whole body of teachers who could fill this important position in every way worthily can hardly be doubted. There can be no risk run, therefore, in appointing one of these to the office, and it will be a graceful recognition of the important place women have taken in the educational work of the country. The candidate that the women teachers of Toronto have fixed upon is Miss Harriett Johnson, of Phoebe Street School, a woman of wide experience and sound judgment. She is, we believe, the only woman candidate in the province. The voting takes place from October 17 to November 7. It will be watched with great interest.

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The man on the street has always generalized about labor and Socialism, that is to say, he has made no sharp distinction between the parties, but called them one. Recent utterances of Socialists, however, have informed the generalizing public that there is a sharp distinction. The fundamental principle of Socialism is a denial of the right of private property. Mr. Haldane, of the British Cabinet, recently said, in substance, he was quite agreed that property had its rights, and also that the arbitrary use of property must be checked, but history proved that we could not get the best out of humanity unless we allowed individuals to exercise their energies in the best way possible in acquiring what portion of the world's goods they legitimately could for their wives and families. The man who put forward Socialistic ideas had a narrow view of the realities of life and the meaning of human nature. Such a man was a Materialist, little as he meant to be so, and no Materialist had ever grasped the meaning of humanity or of the universe. This tendency to acquire property was deeply seated in human nature, the outcome of its very structure and essence. Liberals need not seek to protect themselves by artificial means against Socialism. Let them leave the whole matter to the full judgment of the democracy. The people would settle such controversies in the way of truth and righteousness.

LABOR AND THE SOCIALIST.

Education is an important factor in the treatment of criminals. Investigation shows that the educated are sixteen times less liable to commit crime than the uneducated. Out of 599 criminals selected at random in a New York prison, 51 knew absolutely nothing, 34 could barely read, 214 could barely read and write a letter, 211 were reasonably well educated, 49 had attended high schools and colleges, and but one was a college graduate. The professional criminal belongs in prison, where he should be kept at work earning an honest living. He should be kept there until he is cured of his criminal habits if it keeps him a convict until the end of his life. There is ample scope for the indulgence of human feeling and the practice of charity in dealing with our brothers, the criminals, in testing days of temptation and peril, when we see our convicts passing out of the safety of the prison into the dangers of freedom. What has society, what has the law, what has the individual done to protect and encourage the ex-convict on his discharge from imprisonment. The chief difficulty is not in the way, but in the will, to accomplish the desired result. Merit, ability, experience ought to be the controlling consideration in all appointments of prison officers. Mere partisan appointments corrupt the prison. Society should take up the subject and see that its representatives and agents who make and execute the laws shall understand and do their whole duty with respect to the cause of crime and the treatment of the criminals.

We do not know what Lord Grey's talents as an orator were before coming to Canada; but one thing is very certain, he has taken a front rank position during his Governor-Generalship. His lordship has made two or three speeches that are memorable in the annals of Canadian public utterances, one of which he delivered in Vancouver recently. He called attention to the fact that, owing to her being a part of the British Empire, Canada now enjoys "most-favored-nation" treatment from Japan. This puts producers in Canada on a par with those in the United States, and, as his Excellency reminded his hearers, it will be the fault of the British Columbians themselves if they fail to reap due advantage in the trade with the East from the nature of their climate, the quality of their land, and their comparative proximity to Japan. "Vancouver is the nearest white man's port to the ports of the Orient," and from it starts "the shortest and the best trade route between Europe and Asia." This is an advantage which Canadians generally may not realize, but it is one

LORD GREY ON CANADA'S FUTURE.

of which no power or competition can deprive them. Lord Grey closed appropriately with an eloquent reference to the climate and scenery of British Columbia, and to its desirability as a place of residence. Speaking from the experience of several visits, and having just traversed the whole of British America from Newfoundland to the Pacific coast, he stated that he had never visited any part of the world which had filled his heart with a greater desire to establish there his permanent home than British Columbia had done. It is no small praise to say of the Governor-General's inspiring and optimistic address that it was well fitted to take its place with the one delivered in Victoria just thirty years earlier by one of his predecessors in the Vice-royalty of Canada, the late Lord Dufferin.

The recent failure of the Ontario Bank suggests some stringent measures to be applied to boards of directors. The Montreal Star advocates the "Party System." Leaving the business of the bank to the manager is as if the ministers at Ottawa left their business largely to their deputies. When a bank goes wrong we blame the directors, who should have been more vigilant. One of the grave abuses revealed by the insurance investigations is the presence on corporation boards of directors who do not direct. The names of ministers and judges and others of social standing are added to the lists of directors and are regarded by the public as a certificate of good character for the company. The men who thus allow their names to be used without keeping themselves informed as to the details of the business transactions of the company are really acting—it may be quite without intention—as decoy ducks. The man who allows his name to be used as the director of a company cannot shield himself from the blame that attaches to any crooked work by pleading innocence or ignorance. If he does not know he ought to know. Men of standing and reputation ought to keep themselves clear of any business concern to which they are not prepared to devote time and thought, and for the conduct of which they are not prepared to accept their share of responsibility. No man of character can afford to allow his name to be used for advertising purposes in any concern which he is not ready to stand or fall by.

His Grace Archbishop Bond, Metropolitan of Montreal, and Primate of All Canada, has passed away at the ripe age of 92. The Bishop has had a distinguished career. William Bennett Bond came of a Cornish family, and was born in Truro, England, on September 1, 1815. In his early life he went to Newfoundland, where he engaged in secular pursuits. There he became a lay reader of the Church of England. In 1840 he proceeded to Quebec, where he was admitted to the diaconate, and in 1841 he was admitted to the priesthood. In 1842 he became incumbent of Lachine, and after six years' service in that capacity was called to St. George's, Montreal, as assistant. For thirty years without interruption, he was connected with this important parish, and was its rector from 1860 until his elevation to the episcopate in 1879. After his election he withdrew his claim to the Primacy of Canada, which had previously gone with the Bishopric of Montreal, and the late Dr. Medley, Bishop of Fredericton, as the earliest occupant of the Episcopal Bench, became, ipso facto, Metropolitan. Bishop Medley died in 1892, and the Archbishop of Ontario, Rev. John Lewis, was elevated to the office. He died in 1904, and on October 14 of that year Bishop Bond was appointed Primate. No mere place and date sketch can do justice to his character. He was a tower of strength to the whole province of Quebec.

THE DIRECTOR AS A DUMMY.

Sir James Crichton-Brown, a physician of great eminence, touched on many questions of practical importance at the recent Sanitary Association Congress in Blackpool, England. His

THE PASSING OF ARCHBISHOP BOND.

remarks on gambling were illuminating. Seldom has the great vice of the Englishmen received a more scathing rebuke than he gave. He did not speak from the moral or religious point of view, but altogether from the hygienic and physical:—"Outside of a convict prison, the next best place in which to see the English physiognomy at its worst was the platform of a metropolitan railway station on the day of a suburban race-meeting, when the special trains were starting. There one beheld a pushing, chaffing crowd of book-makers and betting men, with features more forbidding than were to be seen in any other voluntary assemblage of Englishmen. On most of the faces could be detected the grin of greed, on many the leer of low cunning, on some the stamp of positive rascality. One turned away convinced of the demoralizing and dehumanizing effects of betting. Apart from any puritanical prepossessions, but out of a conviction of its mischievous consequences from a sanitary point of view, he would do his best to eliminate that adulteration from wholesome recreation."

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, says: "The high school is developing a female sex without a female character." The ideals of the girl are at variance with the interests of the race. Who is to blame for this? The boy. By association with boys, girls have less tendency to develop the distinctively feminine qualities. Dr. Clark holds that there is something wrong with the girl in the middle "teens" who is not gushy, sentimental and romantic. Again, not only does the girl far more often end her education with high school than the boy, and not only does he graduate younger at the same age and more immature than she, but, save only in preparation for teaching, the boy must far more often than the girl win his livelihood by what he gets in college. Sooner or later he realizes that he must acquire a knowledge that is practical and can be put to work. Purely humanistic and culture studies more often are the end to her, while for him they are not so much a means as a beginning. The higher education for woman at its best is general, and for man it must more often culminate in a specialty. In the latter the boy often has his first genuine intellectual awakening, such as the girl had earlier found in literature, art, language, history. A man is uneducated to-day who is not a master in some field, small though it be. He must reach the frontier at some point; know what it is to exercise the power of original thought and research; to be an authority and not an echo. Girls acquire, appropriate, accept authority, but by the general testimony of teachers they are inferior and go to pieces when texts are laid aside and they are thrown upon their own powers. It is just this that evokes the best that is in a boy.

THE FEMINE WITHOUT FEMINITY.

It is an interesting and instructive fact that many of American multi-millionaires are sons of men who probably never knew what it was to earn \$15 a week. To most of them such a revenue would have seemed riches. The father of Andrew Carnegie, though he toiled early and late as a damask weaver at Dumfries, was barely able to supply the humblest of necessities for his small family; and when steam looms came to supplant hand weaving he was compelled to sell his looms and his few sticks of furniture and take his boys to America, where he found employment as a weaver in one of the cotton factories of Alleghany City, and where one of his sons, little though he dreamt it, was to amass one of the most colossal fortunes the world has ever known. The father of J. D. Rockefeller, whose wealth to-day is said to be at least double that of even Mr. Carnegie, cultivated a few barren acres in Tioga County, New York, and added a little to the family exchequer (scanty enough at best) by sending out his boys to hoe and plow and husk corn for neighboring farmers. W. A. Clark, the "copper king" of Montana, whose fortune is variously estimated from \$40,000,000 to fabulous figures (some even credit him with an income of \$30,000 a day), is the son of a small Pennsylvania farmer, who probably never cleared \$500 in any single year of his life, and for whom the future millionaire did the hardest of farm labor until years after he had reached manhood. Commodore Vanderbilt, founder of one of the wealthiest families in the world, was cradled in the direst poverty, and between the ages of 6 and 16 earned his own living by performing any odd jobs that came his way, from selling newspapers and holding horses to farm labor and porter's work; and Jay Gould, who accumulated a fortune of \$60,000,000 before he died at the age of 58, was the son of a struggling farmer, who found so much use for his son's services that he practically received no schooling at all.

WHAT THEY SPRANG FROM.

It is an interesting and instructive fact that many of American multi-millionaires are sons of men who probably never knew what it was to earn \$15 a week. To most of them such a revenue would have seemed riches. The father of Andrew Carnegie, though he toiled early and late as a damask weaver at Dumfries, was barely able to supply the humblest of necessities for his small family; and when steam looms came to supplant hand weaving he was compelled to sell his looms and his few sticks of furniture and take his boys to America, where he found employment as a weaver in one of the cotton factories of Alleghany City, and where one of his sons, little though he dreamt it, was to amass one of the most colossal fortunes the world has ever known. The father of J. D. Rockefeller, whose wealth to-day is said to be at least double that of even Mr. Carnegie, cultivated a few barren acres in Tioga County, New York, and added a little to the family exchequer (scanty enough at best) by sending out his boys to hoe and plow and husk corn for neighboring farmers. W. A. Clark, the "copper king" of Montana, whose fortune is variously estimated from \$40,000,000 to fabulous figures (some even credit him with an income of \$30,000 a day), is the son of a small Pennsylvania farmer, who probably never cleared \$500 in any single year of his life, and for whom the future millionaire did the hardest of farm labor until years after he had reached manhood. Commodore Vanderbilt, founder of one of the wealthiest families in the world, was cradled in the direst poverty, and between the ages of 6 and 16 earned his own living by performing any odd jobs that came his way, from selling newspapers and holding horses to farm labor and porter's work; and Jay Gould, who accumulated a fortune of \$60,000,000 before he died at the age of 58, was the son of a struggling farmer, who found so much use for his son's services that he practically received no schooling at all.

Local Treatment for Women's Disorders



The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh new living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about seven years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had seven years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body comes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nervous system. This condition is the cause of the various troubles, mental suffering which accompanies female troubles. To obtain relief, it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result, and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why **ORANGE LILY** is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:

Dr. Coonley—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until three years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I underwent an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him three or four months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for **ORANGE LILY**, and the treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed until seven tumors had been expelled, three large ones and four small ones. I know it had not been for **ORANGE LILY** I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—Mrs. George Lewis, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being secretly confidential, but occasionally some patient knows for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive scientific remedy for disorders of the female functions. As explained above, these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained, and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. **ORANGE LILY** has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves.

I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that **ORANGE LILY** will cure her, that I hereby make the following

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I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give you noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer, you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your own home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of **ORANGE LILY**, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Wind-or, Ont.

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

by E.G.K.

Motto for the month.

"Where west is east,
Beside the land-locked blue."
—Kipling.

THE B. C. FAIR.

Since last writing for the column I have been down the Pacific slope, and realized the full beauty and force of Kipling's description of Vancouver and Victoria. It was a new and very delightful experience, and I want to tell readers of my column something of what I saw of British Columbia, and something also of the beautiful hospitality of its women.

More through good fortune than merit, I received an invitation last August, to act as one of the judges at the British Columbia Provincial Fair at New Westminster, and resolved to take my annual holiday at that time and see all that it was possible of the Pacific Coast province.

A Canadian by birth, and having travelled thousands of miles on this continent, I had never seen or smelled salt water, and so it was with the most pleasurable anticipations that on the night of September the 29th I stepped on board the Imperial Limited bound for the coast.

The trip over the prairie never loses its charm for me, but this time I had the feeling that there was something better beyond. In May I had gone as far west as Banff, and so was not sorry that it was just coming daylight as we ran into Banff, and there was the whole long day in which to see the mountains, that I had not seen before. I am not going to attempt any description of the mountains; it has been done a thousand times before by abler pens than mine. Just one or two impressions that are especially vivid.

Some unexpected delay at Laggan made our train two hours' late, so that the sun was near to setting as we sped along the Illicilawet Valley. Standing on the rear platform of the train mile after mile, we watched the three sisters, seeming to grow ever larger and more distinct as they receded. The colors could be compared only to those of the rainbow, with the glory of gold and purple and amethyst on the lower levels. On this stretch of the road we were more fortunate than earlier in the day, for when nearing Field, when one wanted to stand in silence and feel the full glory of the mountains, a shrill-voiced American woman favored the spectators with her views on the scenery, and informed a sorely tried public that the mountains "were just too sweet for words." How devoutly we wished that she had found this literally true and spared us the words.

We were in time to see the Albert Canyon in its full glory, the train being halted for ten minutes to allow of the passengers ascending the platform to get a better view. A stone dropped down this marvellous rent in the rocks is never heard to touch bottom. The lichens of this Canyon and the coloring of the rocks are not surpassed anywhere in the whole range.

We ran along the Thomson river in the moonlight, and the great sand hills took on the most weird and ghostly shapes in that cold pale light.

At North Bend I was struck with the sharp contrast between nature and art, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, by the effect produced by an artist in landscape gardening. The beautiful velvet lawns in front of the chalet are guarded by a light wire fence, barely hidden by climbing nasturtiums in full bloom. On the lower lawn are two splendid fountains throwing the water high and allowing it to fall in glittering

showers into the wide basins, where swim contentedly some wild duck. At the back of the lawns, in the rear of the Chalet, is a hedge of holly, carefully clipped and tended, and beyond that the wild, wild tangle of the native forest growth, and beyond that again the everlasting mountains in all their rugged grandeur.

As we ran down the Fraser, on the outward trip, it was raining as if it had never rained before, and the mist lent a peculiar charm to the picture. We were two hours behind time, and bound to make it up on the home stretch to Vancouver, and must have made at least fifty miles an hour at times. How the big train wound in and out along the river bank. The fascination of watching the big engine ahead (you can see the engine from the last car of the train for the greater part of this run) plunge into a hole in the wall of rock, and know that in a moment you will be wrapped in darkness. The whole mountain trip left upon me the feeling that only the Omnipotent could have made the mountains, and only man, the son of the Omnipotent, could have dared to traverse them.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

We left the train at the junction and ran into the Royal City, as it is called, by the branch line, passing on the way many of the industries of the city, among them the works of the Fraser River Lumber Company, where we saw some 150 Hindoos working on the great sorting tables. These tall, silent men, with their finely cut features, and stately purple, yellow, or white turbans seem out of place in the work-a-day West, but I found they were filling a want; for the labor problem is acute at the coast, more so than even in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

BILLETING. THE MANAGERS OF THE PROVINCIAL FAIR AT NEW WESTMINSTER ARE WISE IN THEIR DAY AND GENERATION. THEY DO NOT ALLOW JUDGES TO GO TO HOTELS, WHERE THEY MAY OR MAY NOT BE COMFORTABLE. EACH JUDGE IS FURNISHED WITH A BILLET, AND I THINK THE RULE IS THAT AS FAR AS POSSIBLE THEY SHALL BE IN THE HOMES OF THE DIRECTORS. IT WAS MY GREAT GOOD FORTUNE TO BE BILLETED AT THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. HOWARD DE'BECK, AND NEVER, WHILE I LIVE, SHALL I FORGET THE GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY EXTENDED TO ME. I WAS A PERFECT STRANGER, AND YET I HAD NOT BEEN AN HOUR IN THE HOUSE WHEN I FELT AS IF I HAD KNOWN THEM FOR YEARS. AT THE END OF MY FOUR DAYS' STAY IT WAS LIKE PARTING FROM OLD FRIENDS.

I think this plan of billeting judges is an admirable one. It is certainly pleasanter for the judge to be made one of a charming family circle rather than spend spare hours in a strange hotel. And it is certainly better for the exhibition at which you go to judge. You can get more information about the district, its probabilities and possibilities, in one evening's chat with the men and women who are on the spot than you could acquire in weeks in any other way.

If you want to visit any special points of interest there is always someone to show you the way, or tell you the right person to apply to. I think that managers of fairs in our part of the world might take a hint from New Westminster. Of course they could not do this unless the wives of the officials were ready to co-operate, for after all it is upon the housewives that the burden of entertaining would principally fall.

There is one sure thing, every judge that went to New Westminster this year left that city with the pleasantest possible recollections of the hospitality of its people.

THE HOMES. It was my privilege to be in several homes, and there was one feature that stood out with special prominence. It was this, the women of British Columbia have homes, and the making of homes is their main business, and they see that it is done well.

There seemed to be a spirit of esprit de corp among the members of the family that is never present except where the wife and mother is the real homemaker. The prompt obedience and the excellent manners of the children did not hearten.

One little incident will illustrate my point. A large party of us had been invited to dine with the President of the Exhibition, who has a large and beautiful home, that seems to express happy family life from basement to garret. One of the China boys that should have waited at table had suddenly departed in a huff, after the manner of his kind, and a most aggravating kind they are. When we sat down to dinner, two of the sons of the house, one fourteen and another sixteen, waited at table, assisted by Dorothy, a charming little maid, and the baby, of the household. The feeling of the boys seemed to be that they were not going to have "mother" worried for all the Chinamen in B.C. Mother sat at the head of the table composed and comfortable, and had the air of perfect confidence in her lieutenants that is the essential of a pleasant dinner party.

I can see that long, beautiful room as I write, the lovely flowers and fruit from their own gardens, the sweet, smiling woman at the head, and the genial host at the foot of the great table.

We found before the dinner was over that our host could carve and tell a capital story with equal dexterity. There were several B.C. pioneers of the Cariboo days at the table, and story followed story in quick succession, each better than the last.

WOMEN AT THE FAIR.

I can hardly tear myself away from the homes of B.C. to speak of the Fair. The women of the W.C.T.U. and the Woman's Council figure largely in the success of the fair. The centre building back of the main square is marked in blue and gold, that all may see "Woman's Building," and truly it partakes not a little of the home spirit of the province. You ascend a wide staircase and come out upon a broad balcony that overlooks the splendid lacrosse grounds. In the front of this balcony are seats, which you may have reserved for the modest sum of 10c, and from which you can get a very good idea of everything that is going on, for some time or other, during the day, everybody and everything passes through the square below, in the centre of which are a fountain and beautiful beds of flowers.

On the right of the balcony are the tea-rooms, and, oh, what delicious hot tea you got. I shall always remember my introduction to that tea-room, as I was taken there by the wife of one of the directors, just after the visit of the Viceregal party. Not even that function had upset the order of business, and in a few moments we were served with fragrant tea, good cream, delicious bread and butter, and excellent cake. I went by myself one day to find out the price, and lo, and behold, it was only 20c, and yet they tell you things are dear at the coast.

On the left of the balcony are the rest rooms, profusely decorated with bunting, ivy, the leaves of the vine maple glowing red, and bouquets of lovely flowers. Here are comfortable chairs and couches, and, best of all, a charming welcome.

In the rear of the balcony are the commodious toilet rooms. The city water service is on, and the places are fitted up with white enamelled basins and every convenience. As you go in a bright-faced little lady hands you a nice clean towel and a piece of soap. You have the use of the toilet room and the accessories for the sum of 5c. Please, Winnipeg, Brandon, and similar exhibitions take heed and pattern yourselves thereby. The tea was good, the rest was good, but best of all, for tired women and little children, was the accommodation of the toilet rooms and the chance to wash and be clean.

NEEDLE WORK. It was part of my duties to judge the needle work, and I spent a pleasant, if somewhat strenuous, day with the three lady assistants who had charge of the section. The display of ladies' work was larger than I have seen at Winnipeg for some years, and much of the work was of a high order of excellence. I think B.C. must be good for old age and eyesight, for the best lace shown was done during the year by a woman over 70 years of age, and very handsome silk bed spreads were shown by a woman of

The children's needle work was very good also, though there was not as much plain sewing as I would like to have seen.

If it were not that I have exhausted my space and the patience of my readers, I would say something about the district exhibits, but that must be for another day, when I may also say something about my trip to Victoria.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Fine Furs.

Furs are an absolute necessity in this western country. Good furs will wear many times longer and look better than cheap furs. Hammond, the Winnipeg furrier, manufactures the good kind and his styles are correct in every detail, same as are worn in the large centres of fashion. You get a guarantee with every fur article. They are a responsible, reliable firm whose guarantee is worth having. They will mail you free one of their new catalogues, showing all the newest styles in fur garments for men and women's wear. Just drop them a post card giving them your name and address and request them to mail you one of their new illustrated catalogues. When writing Hammond mention the Western Home Monthly.

Men, Read This Announcement.

Every man reader of the Western Home Monthly would do well to look up the T. Eaton Co.'s advertisement in this issue and note the matchless bargains that they offer in men's garments for fall and winter wear. The garments advertised carry with them the T. Eaton Co. guarantee for quality and reliability, and to miss buying one or more of these garments is to miss an opportunity of a lifetime. When ordering from the T. Eaton Co. mention the number and letter in the advertisement of the garment wanted so that no mistake will occur. By adhering to this method when ordering you confer a favor on the T. Eaton Co. and it would be well also to mention the Western Home Monthly.

A Western Breakfast Food in the East.

Meat of Wheat, the new breakfast food, a product of Western Canada, has been introduced into Old Ontario and is there meeting with popular favor. A car load of Meat of Wheat was shipped East recently and is being distributed from Toronto to all points in Ontario and Quebec. Meat of Wheat is now on sale in every well kept store in the West where the proprietors of such establishments take an interest in their customers' getting the best. If you cannot get Meat of Wheat from your grocer a post card mailed to the Western Cereal Co., Ross Avenue, Winnipeg, will be the means of securing you the goods.



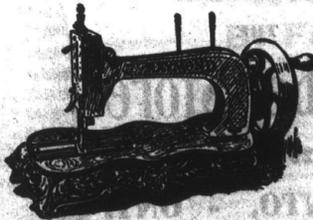
IT IS A PLEASURE TO PUMP WITH Cater's Pumps

They work easy and throw a
GOOD STREAM

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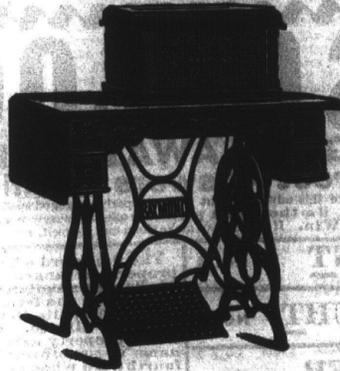
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The kind of Raymond GRANDMOTHER used. Many of these old machines still in use. Made in the forties.

They Stand the Test of Time.



The style of Raymond MOTHER uses. To be seen in homes from coast to coast. Made in the seventies.

Ten Years Guarantee.



The 1906 Ball Bearing Raymond. The one YOU should use. Finished in carefully selected quartered, sawed oak, showing the fine texture, and large flakes, so much admired and sought after. A triumph of mechanism; no springs, but case hardened, positive gearings throughout.

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Easily Procured

EVERY fastidious woman in Canada wears, or knows of **PEMBER'S ART HAIR GOODS**. In aristocratic and dainty Pompadour Bangs, Natural Wavy Hair Switches, Straight Hair Switches, Waves, Braids and Semi-Transformations the Pember creations are acknowledged peerless. They are quite moderate in price, are so beautifully made as to rival the natural hair, are featherweight, and match the precise shade of your own hair. Further, they are an immediate beautifier and remover of the appearance of age. SENT SAFELY BY MAIL ANYWHERE.

SEND FOR IT—We have a dainty illustrated booklet about the Hair and Hair Goods we would like to send you free. A post card request will bring it.



THE Pember Store

127-129 Yonge St., TORONTO, - ONT.



\$100.00

GIVEN AWAY FREE For Correct Answers to this Puzzle

The letters to the left of this advertisement when properly arranged spells four words. Can you spell out three of them. If so the grand prizes we offer are surely worth trying for. Three Correct Answers Win. If you cannot make them out yourself, get some friend to help you.

OTORONT	NO. 1	The first word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of a large Canadian city. The second word when the letters are properly arranged spells the name of something we all use. The third word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all do. The fourth word when properly arranged spells the name of something we all have. In order to help you a little we have put a mark under the 1st letter in each word. Now can make them out.
HSGTOUHT	NO. 2	
RAEHTEB	NO. 3	
NECTSROSA	NO. 4	

It does not cost you one cent to try and solve this puzzle and if you are correct, you may win a large amount of Cash. We do not ask any money from you and a contest like this is very interesting. It does not matter where you live, we do not care one bit who gets the money, if you can spell out three of these words, write them plainly and mail your answer to us, with your name and address plainly written, and if your answer is correct we will notify you promptly. We are giving away \$100.00 for correct answers and a few minutes of your time. Don't delay, send in your answer at once.

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

What to Wear and when to wear it

Wear Red. Red is decidedly popular for winter wear, and every shade is in vogue, from the deepest maroons and mahoganys to the vivid military scarlet that combines so effectively with black. Whole windows dressed with red are to be seen, and they contain not only dress goods of all weaves and materials, from heavy broad cloths to chiffon velvets and taffetas, but red hats, red petticoats, red stockings, red gloves, and red hand-bags.

I cannot say I am very fond of red gloves, they are too suggestive of bloody hands for my taste, but red stockings are charming, whether worn with a dress of the same color or with a black or grey gown. A black gown of the most simple material and design takes on quite a festive air when brightened by a girde of scarlet velvet, a scarlet fan and scarlet hose, worn with black suede, or patent leather slippers, especially if the shoes are of the new perforated design. The leather being cut out in a fancy pattern shows gleams of the red stockings right down to the toes.

Red stockings, red shoes, girde and fan are equally effective with a grey gown.

A friend of mine is smartening a black silk evening gown by the addition of a band six inches deep of sequin net round the bottom of the skirt, a sequin bolero and sleeves, and with it she will wear a girde of scarlet panne velvet and scarlet silk hose, and perforated black suede slippers.

I do not think her most inquisitive feminine friend will know the gown for the one she wore last year. It is the possibility of making so many changes on them that gives to black gowns so great a value in the wardrobe of the woman of small income and many social calls.

Tartans and Plaids. Fancy tartans and plaids have not only been popular for the fall, but bid fair to be the rage all winter.

The staple Scotch tartans are all shown, but in addition to these there are a line of fancy tartans put on the market by French designers, that show more subdued tones. I saw a very pretty costume of Leslie tartan the other day. The skirt was kilted, very full, the kilts being stitched a few inches below the hips. The waist was double breasted, with a large "U" shaped opening, which was filled in with a chemisette of green silk, matching one of the shades in the tartan. The edges of the turned back collar and the cuffs were bound with black velvet, the high girde was of silk, with back ornament and buckle of cut steel, and the double breasted front was buttoned with cut steel buttons. The chemisette was removable, and a white one of lace and insertion could be substituted for more dressy occasions. It is one of the smartest gowns I have seen this season, and not an expensive one either.

Plaid or tartan stockings are coming in, but are never worn with plaid frocks, only with plain gowns of solid colors.

Plainness in Bright Colors. Although bright rich colors are much worn, they do not seem gaudy, owing to the plainness with which bright hues garments are made. Suits of rich wine red, crimson or scarlet broadcloth, are made on severe lines and almost untrimmed (aside from straps and buttons), save for a touch, no more, of oriental embroidery on collar and cuffs. Worn, as they will be, with rich furs, they are not gaudy, but only sumptuous, and very pleasing patches of color in a dull December landscape. The

quiet colors, of which there are many, the greys, wood browns, and dull blues, have the elaborate making, especially in reception gowns, of thin material. These are tucked, gathered, shirred, and pleated without end, and it is almost impossible to get too much in a gown.

Many soft dull greens are worn, and nearly always they are brightened by touches of gold embroidery, or gold with flashes of crimson.

Pinks of soft tones and hydrangea blue are popular evening shades, and golden-yellow is worn by some of the strikingly fair women with good effect.

Neck Wear. The small neat ruffles continue in favor for street wear, but jabots of lace, lace fronts, and indeed lace in all manner of fancy shapes appears on milady's neck for afternoon.

Trimmings. Appliques and passementeries, especially the latter, are very popular, and plain, princess evening gowns of dark velvet have fronts of passementerie in bright contrasting shades. The prudent women who from time to time have had good passementerie and saved it, are distinctly in it this winter, for the designs of fifteen years ago have all come in again, and several odd lots can, by clever management, be brought into a breastplate that will defy criticism.

Furs. Granny and pillow muffs are larger than ever; indeed, so large are they that it seems that the limit has been reached, and another year will see a change. Fur capes are again in evidence, but are only to the tips of the shoulders, but the fur prophets claim that by another year they will be down to the waist.

Fur hats are worn, but there is less of the all-fur toque and more of the velvet hat trimmed with fur. These are very rich and almost universally becoming, and are not so heavy on the head as the all-fur hat.

Grebe is more popular than ever, and the all-white grebe toques with clusters of velvet roses make a particularly smart hat for afternoon calls.

A Tin Can of Tea Free.

You can secure a can of Tetley's celebrated tea free of charge by cutting the coupon out of their advertisement on pages 10 and 22 of this issue of the Western Home Monthly and mailing it to Joseph Tetley Co., 176 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man. Of course, it is necessary that you fill out the coupon before mailing it by inserting in it your full name and address.

Tetley's are resorting to an expensive advertising campaign when they offer to give a tin can of choice tea away free for the asking. It shows that they have sufficient confidence in their goods else they could not afford to make such an offer.

"Does yo', Claud Woollam, take dis yuh lady, Gladys Shinn, to be yo' lawful wedded wife," unctiously demanded good old Parson Bagster, "to love, churish and abdicate, in sickness and health, th'oo trials and trivialities, for bettah or wuss, till death do yo'-all pah?" "Well—uh," a trifle confusedly replied the groom, "I dunnah presizely what yo' means by all dat 'ar booktionary transpication, sah, but I s'picious dat dem's muh sediments. 'Tenny rate, I sho' wants to marry dis lady."

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Artistic Wig Makers and Hair Designers



The largest and best equipped Hair Establishment in Canada.

Our **Hair Goods** are absolutely unexcelled for Quality of Texture and Perfection of Style.

We excel in Pompadours, Wigs, Toupees and Transformations.

Each Department under an **Expert from Europe.**

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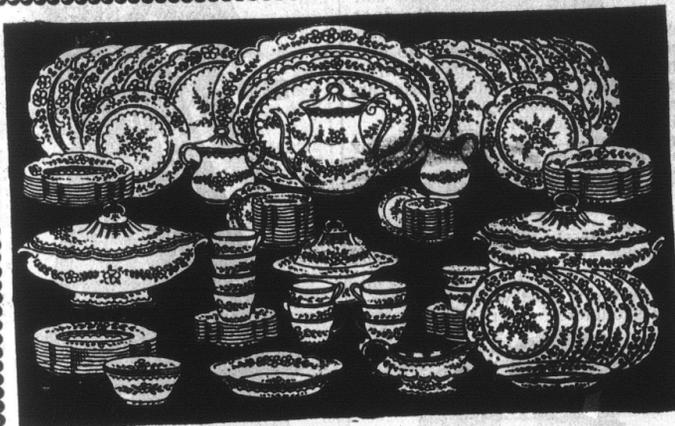
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Popular Parcel **\$6 30** Postage Free. 5 pairs of Curtains made specially for this Parcel. Ecu if desired. Sent separately as follows—

1 pair superb Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long 2 yds. wide, post free	2.45
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\$1,000 Reward paid to any person who can prove we do not mean what we say. This is a chance of a lifetime. An honest proposition. We will give away, Free, 1,000 Dinner and Tea Sets, beautifully decorated in blue, brown, green or pink, each set 97 pieces, latest design, full size for family use, to quickly introduce Dr. Armour's Vegetable Pills, the famous Remedy for Constipation, Indigestion, Unhealthy Blood, Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, to stimulate the appetite, regulate the bowels and beautify the complexion. We will make you a present of a complete 97-piece set, exactly as we claim, or forfeit our money. Take advantage of this if you want to get a handsome set of dishes **Absolutely Free.**

ALL WE ASK YOU TO SELL IS 10 BOXES AT 25c. A BOX

of Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills according to our plan. Every one who buys a box of Pills from you receives a present. We send to handsome pieces of Gold-finished Jewellery to give away with the medicine. You can sell the medicine quickly this way. **Don't miss this Grand Opportunity.** Write us to-day and agree to sell the 10 boxes and return the money, \$2.50, to us. We trust you with the Pills till sold. When we are bound to introduce Dr. Armour's Famous Vegetable Pills no matter what it costs us. When we say we will give away these handsome sets of dishes we will do it. We arrange to pay all charges on the dishes to your nearest station. Don't miss this great opportunity. Write to us at once. Remember our dishes are beautifully decorated and are boxed, packed and shipped free of charge. Address **The Dr. Armour Medicine Co., Dish Dept. 54 Toronto, Ont.**

Blood Disorders.

If your blood is not right, you ought to set it right, and **RIGHT NOW.** Hundreds of diseases owe their origin to impure blood. Vita-Ore has been most successful in curing blood disorders. Read the trial offer on page 9.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. **IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 908, WINNIPEG, MAN.**

Wanted Men \$75 to \$150 per month
 Hundreds of men wanted to fill positions as Firemen and Brakemen. We teach and qualify you by mail—and assist in securing positions. Write today for full particulars.
Dominion Railway Correspondence School
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We will send you post paid to your address **Free a handsome volume, neatly bound, containing three hundred and sixty complete novels, novelettes, stories and sketches,** if you send us in one yearly subscription (Fifty Cents) to the Western Home Monthly.

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We offer in one large and handsome volume of 256 large octavo pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, **Three Hundred and Sixty Complete Novels, Novelettes, Stories and Sketches**, by some of the most famous authors of America and Europe, as follows: *The Mystery of Deepdale*, by Charlotte M. Braddon; *The Little Woman in Black*, by Miss M. E. Braddon; *The Fatal Secret*, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth; *The Wreck of the Copeland*, by H. Rider Haggard; *The Ghost of Lemon Lane*, by Mrs. May Agnes Fleming; *Carbon, the Detective*, by Emerson Bennett; *The Mystery of Sasassa Valley*, by A. Conan Doyle; *Judith's Saviour*, by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.; *The Miner's Wife*, by Mary Kyle Dallas; *Miss Jones's Outing*, by "Josiah Allen's Wife"; *John Beckwith's Reverses*, by Horatio Alger, Jr.; *The Uncle from India*, by Oliver Optic; *The Last Plank*, by Ned Buntline; *The Widow's Son*, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth; *Rose Kane's Trial*, by Charlotte M. Braeme, and *Three Hundred and Forty-five Others*, including Love Stories, Domestic Stories, Society Stories, Detective Stories, Humorous Stories, Sea Stories, Indian Stories, Hunters' Stories, Railroad Stories, Fairy Stories, Juvenile Stories, Dramatic Stories, Exciting Stories, Pathetic Stories, Stories of Thrilling Adventure, etc., etc., making the grandest aggregation of absorbing and fascinating literature ever offered to the reading public in a single volume. A whole season's delightful reading is comprised in this volume, and in no other way can such a vast amount of charming reading matter be secured for so little money. Every story lover should have this great book. It will please both young and old.

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 WINNIPEG, MAN.

Lump Jaw



The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Advisor. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
58 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario



LUBY'S

Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its youthful natural color and beauty. Cures Dandruff and makes the hair grow strong and healthy.

All Druggists.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

4788—A Creeping Apron.

There is no more attractive stage in the development of a child than when he is learning to migrate for himself and strengthen little by little the small limbs which are given him for that purpose. Every child must have its days of rolling about on the floor, pushing to and fro by means of hands and knees and consequently wearing out every sort of garment put upon him. For this purpose the creeping apron here shown is the best thing and every beginner in life should have one. It may be made of

one is shown here. The deep tucks ceasing at yoke depth at the side and continuing in plastron effect down the centre suggest a tapering of waist which is very becoming. The sleeves may be long or end at the elbow. The waist closes in back under a stitched box pleat. Silk, linen, broadcloth or serge may fashion the waist. For the medium size 3 yards of 27-inch material are needed.

4055—sizes, 13 to 17 years. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6440-6441—A Modish Street Gown.

Styles which are smart in line and design need no word to commend them to the up-to-date woman. There is a certain modishness about this gown which gives it atmosphere and dash of unusual degree. The round yoke finished with trimming bands which continue down the front to the girdle and suggest a bolero, are very effective. The easy blouse and deep crush girdle give a trim waist and the tiny tucks about the hips releasing a wealth of fulness below are quite in accordance with the latest dictates of fashion. Two deep tucks appear above the deep hem tuck and assist the flare.



gingham or outing flannel and buttons closely down the back so that no dress or underwear need become soiled during the progress over the floor. Mothers have found it a most convenient and necessary article and no difficulties will be found in its construction. 3 yards of 36-inch material are needed for the making.

4788—one size. Price 15 cents.
Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4055—A Pleasing Waist for a Miss.

The girl in her teens usually appears best in a waist which gives her a broad shouldered effect, and such an



A gown of this style is smart for afternoon wear at home, upon the street or for such semi-dress occasions as church, the matinee or concerts. It is not difficult to fashion and is suitable to any of the new soft woollens, veilings or silks. In the medium size the pattern calls for 12 yards of 36-inch material.

Two patterns: 6440—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6441—sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6707—A Surplice Dressing Sack.

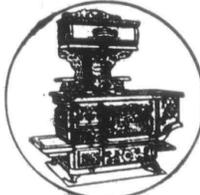
There is a charm of ease about this tea jacket which invites admiration from the lover of the beautiful. The lines are long and grace-giving while there is no over-elaboration to mar its simplicity. The jacket and skirt

130,000 Homes are Warmed and Fed from the Happy Thought Range

The idea that for an ordinary dwelling "one stove is enough" originated in the superior cooking and heating capacity of the Happy Thought Range. Few rural homes find need of a heater where they have this magnificent range. No stove inventor ever embodied so many good ideas all in one stove as did the designer of the Happy Thought. The arrangement of drafts, the construction of the grate, the circulation of hot air around the oven, the corrugated oven-lining, the ability to heat water and keep it hot are points that put the

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGE

in a class by itself. It can heat the whole dwelling in winter, while in summer the fire can be checked immediately after cooking, thus keeping the house delightfully cool. 130,000 households are now using it both for cooking and heating, and from all reports they would not exchange for any other stove in the world. Ask your dealer about it. Every Happy Thought burns coal or wood. Send to us for an illustrated catalogue—free.



The William Buck Stove Co., Limited,
Brantford Montreal
Winnipeg



For sale by leading dealers in Winnipeg and throughout Canada.

Western Office, 246 McDermott Ave., Winnipeg
W. G. McMAHON, Manager.

The Western Home Monthly

portions are laid in two deep plaits either side of front and back while the trim belt girdles the waist. The sleeves are of elbow length and the neck becomingly low in a V. Embroidered challis, silk or crepe de



chene would be pretty made up in this way. For the medium size 5 1/2 yards 27 inches wide are needed. 6707—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6467—A Charming Waist Design.

The Fashion fairy puts a touch of softness upon all of her new creations. It is the day of gentility in gown evolution and every article of apparel must be as fine and exquisite as the human brain can devise. The waist sketched here is one of Dame Fashion's prettiest designs. A rare shade of lavender cashmere develops the body of the blouse while a dainty embroidered net forms yoke and sleeves and appears as a soft background between the straps of the front. The crushed ribbon encircling the waist and ending in a saucy bow above the centre of the corsage, is of a darker shade of panne velvet and matches the girdle. A real old Colonial buckle in dull gold holds the girdle and corsage ribbon in place in back and gives a pleasing finish. The waist is not so difficult to construct as may appear and will prove very smart and becoming for



nice occasions. In the medium size the pattern calls for 2 yards of 36-inch material for the outside and 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch lace.

6467—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

6498-6499—A Shirt Waist Dress in Mohair.

Mohair in one of the many soft colors is excellent for general wear. It is light of weight and hence comfortable, sheds dust and does not easily show dirt. There are several beautiful shades of royal blue and brown which makes serviceable and becoming suits. The one pictured is an excellent model for the home dressmaker to undertake, depending entirely upon the trimming straps and general cut for its smart individuality. The fanciful stole yoke is a feature becoming to almost anyone as it adds breadth of shoulder and height to the wearer. The skirt is circular with inverted box pleats in front and back. A deep fold of the material finishes the bottom of the skirt. For the medium size 7 yards of 36-inch goods are needed for the dress.



Two patterns: 6498—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. 6499—sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30 cents but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

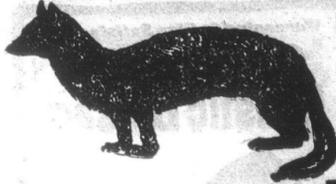
4778—Doll's Party Dress Cloak and Hood.

Little Miss Muffet regards her doll's clothes with a deal more pleasure than her own frocks and it is here that little Miss Dainty takes her first lesson in care of the wardrobe. How much education is gained by this love of dolls few mothers realize. Here is shown a doll's party dress made of lawn, Swiss or silk having a lace edged bertha and short puff sleeves. The sash about the waist may be used or not as desired. The little cloak is modelled after the little maid's own and has two pretty collars or capes. A soft woollen fabric would be suitable for the coat and the same might be used for the hat with a tiny silk facing. For a doll of 21 inch length the bonnet requires 1/2 yards 27 inches wide; for the dress 3/4 yards and for the cloak 1 1/4 yards.

Pattern 4778. Price 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

Fine Furs



AN UNUSUALLY fine showing of all the best and most stylish furs to be seen anywhere.

HAMMOND'S

The Fur Store of Winnipeg and the West has a stock which in quality, variety, and exquisite attractiveness cannot be surpassed.

Our Guarantee

Every garment that goes out of this establishment is personally inspected. The tiniest bit of neck fur cannot leave our premises unless it is perfect. You get a guarantee with every fur article. Insist on "Reliability" in purchasing furs, and buy where you will find it.

Write to-day for our latest catalogue, beautifully illustrated throughout. It will interest you.

Hammond Superior Furs Winnipeg



HOME STUDY

BRINGING wonderful opportunities to thousands of our young people who cannot get away to attend College. Perfect plans for giving lessons in any of the following subjects have been completed by us as a result of long experience in Correspondence work and we can guarantee splendid results. Why not improve spare time and enjoy the power and pleasure which a broad education brings? Write and tell us just what you need and let us tell you of our plans to help you, or clip out the following list and mark the subjects you would like to grow strong in and send to us. We will then make the way plain and easy for you to win out.

- | | | |
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ADDRESS

The Shaw Correspondence School

393 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

W. H. SHAW, President,

C. W. CHANT, Sec.

Diseased Kidneys.

Thousands of people have said there is nothing like Vite-Ore for curing Kidney Troubles, people who knew what they were talking about from having used it. Read offer on page 9.

WOMAN'S \$15 tailored suits \$6.95. Send for fashions, cloth samples and catalogue, showing everything you use wholesale.

Southcott Suit Co., Dept. 76, London, Ont.

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.
Gombault's
Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.
 A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for
 Cuts, Sprains, Sore, Capped Hoof,
 Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind
 Falls, and all lameness from Spavin,
 Ringbone and other bony tumors.
 Cures all skin diseases or Parasites,
 Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all
 Bunions from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism,
 Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.
 Every bottle of Gombault's Balsam sold is
 warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50
 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by ex-
 press, charges paid, with full directions for
 its use. *EP* send for descriptive circulars,
 testimonials, etc. Address
 The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

**Quality in Spoons,
 Knives and Forks**

HIGHEST quality and lowest
 price are combined in Plated
 Silverware from Diamond Hall's own
 factory.

Special attention is called to the
 following prices for heavy quality
 in a richly plain pattern that reminds
 one of old-time family sterling ware.

Tea Spoons - \$3.00 doz.
 Dessert Forks or
 Spoons - 5.00 doz.
 Dessert Knives - 4.50 doz.

*We send upon request free of charge
 our large illustrated catalogue.*

YOU



Ryrie Bros Limited
 Toronto, Ont.

Nordheimer
Piano

Quality Counts in a Piano, and the
 Nordheimer is considered by connois-
 seurs the equal of any and superior to
 many makes in the market.

It has a pure, sympathetic, powerful
 tone, of matchless volume and resonance
 which has made the Nordheimer famous.

Write for illustrated booklet with all
 information.

NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.
 The Pulford Block
 Donald St., - WINNIPEG, MAN.

10 SOUVENIR POST CARDS. Stunners, Comic,
 Korkers, no 2 alike,
 and our big magazine 1 year, 10 c., Leader Co.,
 Dept., S. Z., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Month's Bright Sayings

Mary Lyon: Give until you feel it,
 and then give until you don't feel it.

Sir Adam Clarke: I have lived to
 know the secret of happiness is never
 to allow your energies to stagnate.

Sir Howard Vincent: We ought to do
 all we can to turn the stream of emi-
 gration to the Colonies.

Toronto News:
 There once was a person named Fowler,
 A constant, unvarying growler,
 And this was his song:
 "I could never do wrong."
 As a joke this is surely a howler.

Baroness Von Suttner: The Greatest
 Thought in the whole world is peace.
 Until that Great Thought is realised
 the other Great Thoughts cannot ex-
 pand as they ought to do.

G. R. E. Cockburn: We have not con-
 sidered the criminal prosecution of Mr.
 McGill. We are chiefly concerned about
 the adjustment of the present diffi-
 culty.

Rev. Dr. Ferrelle Mendes: I would
 welcome the setting aside of Wednes-
 day afternoon for religious instruction.
 The public school may well have nothing
 to do with doctrinal religion, but
 it has everything to do with morality.

F. W. Bain: For this is the nature of
 women: that they make light of what
 they have and sigh for what they have
 not. This is the nature of women:
 that they love to torment their lover
 and refuse him what they most of all
 themselves desire.

E. F. O'Connor, M.P.: I have known
 Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for
 nearly thirty years; and I only repeat
 what is the universal opinion in Eng-
 land, whether of friend or foe, when I
 say that he is an honest, a truthful, a
 straightforward and a courageous poli-
 tician.

Ex-Manager McGill: I did what I
 thought was best, both for directors
 and depositors. If I have failed in my
 attempt, I must take the blame. I sup-
 pose, though it has been a one-man
 fight, I do not charge anyone else
 with anything, unless it be the early
 directors' negligence. They did not help
 me.

Sir Wilfred Laurier: We have not yet
 reached the millennium. There is a
 great deal to be done, a great deal to
 be accomplished, but I am not at all
 afraid of the future. I have no mis-
 givings in that respect. A way has
 been found for us by those who laid
 down the foundation in 1867, and like
 them our duty is to be above all things
 practical.

Keir Hardie, M.P.: Socialism repre-
 sents the principles taught by Christ,
 the reign of love and fraternity; Liberal-
 ism represents fierce, unscrupulous
 competition, the aggrandizement of
 the strong, the robbery of the weak.
 Between these there can be no truce.
 The struggle is between God and Mam-
 mon, and Liberalism has ever been a
 devotee of Mammon.

Woods Hutchinson, M.D.:—Both the
 laity and the profession are apt to for-
 get that the human body is not a pulpy
 victim of circumstances, but the tough-
 est, most resisting, most marvelously
 adaptable and most ferocious organism
 that the sun shines on. It can flourish
 where nothing else can, and kill, eat,
 and grow fat on any other living crea-
 ture, not even excepting disease germs.

Hon. J. P. Whitney:—I saw Lord
 Strathcona, and I want to say some-
 thing about him. The average Canadian
 will never know how much the country
 owes to Lord Strathcona. There he is
 in his 84th year. All day long he is
 at work in the city at one thing or
 another, and sometimes he does not get
 to his office until 4 or 5 o'clock, and
 then he does his work.

Horace G. Hutchinson: Women, doubt-
 less, speaking generally, God
 made for different purposes, to fulfil
 different needs of man, for whom wo-
 man is the helpmeet. Some are made
 for sympathy, some for the one use,
 some for the other, and some, there is
 not the slightest doubt, God must have
 made when he was in an evil mood and
 did not want his creation to be too
 happy. That is the only explanation
 of a good many of them.

Wm. C. Hunter: In every business
 the man who sells things, who brings
 profit into the institution, is the one
 who gets the best remuneration. The
 proprietor of an institution grudgingly
 will give an increase of a dollar a week
 to the employee who is on the expense
 side of the house. The only thought he
 uses in considering such an employee
 is, "How much can I replace the em-
 ployee for?"

Henry Cockshutt:—Let me say to you
 to-night how much I appreciate the
 honor you have done me, by electing me
 to the office of president of the Canadian
 Manufacturers' Association. I greatly
 value the confidence you have placed in
 me, and thank you most heartily for
 this expression of your esteem. I will
 endeavor to promote the work of the
 association to the best of my ability,
 and hope that I may fill the position
 worthily.

The Standard (London):—President
 Roosevelt overrates his powers. He may
 act as peacemaker between Russia and
 Japan, may flout the United States Sen-
 ate and stamp on trusts, may sit down
 at table with a colored citizen, may get
 a third term after having sworn he
 would not be a candidate—all these and
 many other wonderful things he may
 accomplish, but he will not reform the
 spelling of the English language.

Orison Swett Marden:—Thoughts are
 forces. There is a tremendous power in
 keeping the mind focused on the desire.
 Never mind if you can not see clearly
 how you are going to attain it. Be like
 the pilot in a storm or fog who, al-
 though he can not see even the length
 of his ship, still keeps her prow headed
 toward her port. There is a marvelous
 magnetic power in the focusing of the
 mind with great tenacity on the things
 one is determined to achieve.

Hugh S. Fullarton:—A man who works
 from eight to eighteen hours a day
 earning a living and paying life insur-
 ance, taxes, paying for a cemetery lot,
 and trying to lift the mortgage is en-
 titled to this much in his own house:
 He should have the free and unlimited
 use of a hook on which to hang his
 clothes, and a drawer into which to
 stuff his shirts and collars—and, fur-
 thermore, he should have the exclusive
 use of these.

Mary A. Livermore:—As a rule, the
 worth or the worthlessness of the home
 is the work of a woman. "A man may
 build a castle or a palace," says Frances
 Power Cobbe; "but, poor creature, be
 he wise as Solomon, or rich as Croesus,
 he cannot turn it into a home. No mas-
 culine mortal can do that. It is a
 woman, and only a woman—a woman al-
 by herself, if she must, or prefers, with-
 out any man to help her—who can turn
 a house into a home."

Sir Wm. Mulock:—Some have thought
 some new bond must be established be-
 tween the mother country and the col-
 onies. I have never shared that view.
 The Imperial sentiment is not a sordid
 one. It does not depend upon free lists
 or preferences. It rests upon a more
 enduring, higher, holier foundation. Sen-
 timent is the true bond between Canada
 and the empire, and mercenary con-
 siderations will play no part whatever
 in determining the nature of the union
 from time to time and from age to age.

Dr. Everett Hale: If children are to
 be kept at school until they are sixteen
 and kept from work until that age, it
 is indispensable that our education
 should be reorganized by recognizing,
 after the sixth or seventh year of our
 education, that the child must be pre-
 pared for wage-earning. Trades must
 be introduced. The beginnings of type-
 writing and stenography can be offered.
 Girls must be directly prepared for
 dressmaking and millinery. All this
 could be done at school between the
 twelfth and sixteenth years in special
 courses.

Helen Oldfield:—The modern tenden-
 cy to shorten honeymoons seems born
 of wisdom as well as expediency. It
 may sound brutal to say so, but it is
 undeniable that with most men undisturbed
 possession of a treasure soon
 palls. Man was made for something
 more virile than perpetual billing and
 cooing. The long honeymoon makes a
 heavy demand upon the emotions, and
 overtaxed emotion brings inevitable re-
 action. It is fatal to try to keep up a
 lost illusion. Like Bo-Peep's sheep, it
 is a case of "Leave it alone and it'll
 come home" (perhaps), and also some-
 thing precious will be missing there-
 from.

**Reduce
 Your Fat.**

**Rengo Fruit Mixture Rapidly Reduces
 Excess Fat Without the Aid of
 Tiresome Exercises or Star-
 vation Diet.**

COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

It will reduce excess fat and build up
 the strength and health of anyone who
 eats it regularly for a short
 time. It is a product of
 nature, delicious to the
 taste and safe and harm-
 less in all its properties.
 It will not injure the diges-
 tive organs as so many
 drugs and medicines do.
 Rengo Fruit Mixture will
 positively reduce surplus
 fat rapidly and do so with-
 out harm to the subject.
 It is very palatable and
 pleasant to eat. It is prepared in a highly
 concentrated form and is convenient to
 carry in the pocket so one can have it
 with him at all times.



This illustration plainly shows how Rengo
 Fruit Mixture Acts.

Rengo Fruit Mixture requires no exhausting
 exercises or starvation dieting to help it out as
 so many of the so-called fat remedies do. You
 can go right ahead and attend to your regular
 daily duties. It compels proper assimilation of
 the food and sends the food nutrient into the
 muscles, bones and nerves and builds them up
 instead of piling it up in the form of excess fat.
 It is mild, pleasant and harmless; put up in
 concentrated form in small packages for
 convenience.

If you suffer from excess fat send your name
 and address to-day for a trial package of Rengo
 Fruit Mixture, mailed free in plain wrapper.
 Fill out free coupon below.

FREE RENGO COUPON.
 If you suffer from excess fat all you have to do
 is fill in your name and address on dotted lines below
 and mail to RENGO FRUIT CO., 1866 Main St.,
 AUGUSTA, MICH., and they will mail in plain
 wrapper, free, a trial package.

.....

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

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

Entry may be made personally at the local
 land office for the district in which the land is
 situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the
 conditions connected therewith under one of
 the following plans:

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is
 deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a
 farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the
 requirements as to residence may be satisfied
 by such a person residing with the father or
 mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence
 upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity
 of his homestead, the requirements as to
 residence may be satisfied by residence upon
 the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given
 to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at
 Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,
 Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention
 The Western Home Monthly.

How to Wash Clothes in Six Minutes

HERE'S a Washing Machine that almost works itself.

The tub spins half way around, like a top. There's a pivot in center of Tub bottom. And there is a groove, around the pivot. In this groove, or track, there are ball bearings, like in Bicycle wheel. These Bicycle Bearings are little steel balls the size of small marbles. They roll in the track when the tub spins around on top of them. All the weight of the Tub, and of the Clothes rests on these rolling balls.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of Clothes and water, as when it is empty. So that a whole tub full of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly, with this machine, as a single garment could be washed. "How does it wash Clothes, you ask."

See the two Springs under the Tub? When you swing the Tub to the right (with handle at top) you stretch both these Springs, till the Tub goes half way around.

Then, the stretched Springs pull the Tub back from right with a bounce, and carry it almost half way around on the left side. Then the springs bounce it back to the right side again.

A little help is needed from you each time. But the Springs, and the Ball Bearings, do nearly all of the hard work.

Now, if you look inside the Tub you'll see slat paddles fastened to its bottom.

Fill the Tub half full of hot soapy water. Then spin it to the right. The slat paddles make the water turn around with the Tub till the Springs stop the Tub from turning further to the right and bounce it back suddenly to the left.

But the water keeps on running to the right, though the Tub, and the clothes in it, are now turning to the left.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the clothes, at each half turn, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

Mind you, without rubbing, which means without wearing, the clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it? And the everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in Washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work, and more dangerous to health, than digging Coal deep down in a mine.

Well, the "1900 Junior" Washer puts out all the slat paddles of Washing, and half the expense.

It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

Because Running Water can't wear the clothes, nor break buttons, nor tear buttonholes. And, it is the hot, soapy water swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

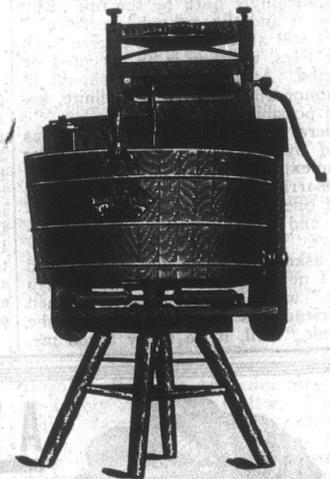
Think what that half-time is worth to you every week for Ten years!

It is worth 50 cents a week to you. That is \$26.00 a year, or \$260.00 saved in 10 years.

And, a "1900 Junior" Washer lasts 10 years.

Well—pay us the 50 cents a week our "1900 Junior" Washer will save you, for a few months only.

Then you will own a "1900 Junior" Washer that will last 10 years, without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent till you have tested the "1900 Junior" Washer for a full month, at our expense. We will ship it to any reliable person free, on a month's trial, and leave the test to you. And we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900 Junior" Washer will do all we promise.



If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on clothes, send it back to us.

If you don't find it washes clothes as easily as you could rock a cradle, or run a sewing machine, send it back to us. If it won't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

Remember, we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer, between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900 Junior" Washer would do all we say it will?

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IN THE WORLD OF MUSIC

The Thanksgiving concert in Augustine church showed a liberal attendance, not only of the public, but a large percentage of vocal students who had ventured thither on the chance of listening to some finished vocalism. Nor were they disappointed in hearing Mrs. Jessica De Wolf, a soprano who exhibited voice production, rich tone, style and method, with artistic expression in every number she sang, and in her case the programme was both diversified and of standard quality.

The concert opened with a production of Dr. Tozer's cantata, "The Two Harvests," sung by a choir of thirty voices under the direction of Mr. J. J. Moncrieff. This number appears small upon paper, but there was sufficient body of tone to entirely fill the church, and it was not rough tone either, for quality was there; the sopranos and tenors being particularly good in their departments; the contraltos and basses can also be labelled good. The choruses being rounded off by Mrs. Landry's skilfully played organ accompaniments produced wholly admirable ensembles. The concluding chorus, a spirited fugue, being sung *con amore*. The words and music being reminiscent of Handel, could not alter the effect reached in this potential climax.

The modern tendency towards definite characterization in oratorio music, as opposed to vague generalities, was aptly illustrated in the latter portion of Dr. Tozer's work in which enharmonic changes are frequent.

The contrast between the musical setting of "The Material Harvest" and "The Spiritual Harvest" strikes one as being the unique feature of the cantata; both are symbolic, the first by simple realistic means, the second by a broader imaginative expression of dignity in admirable keeping with the sacred text. But throughout the entire work the truth of melodic invention is there, not unduly accentuated, but kept well in hand by Conductor Moncrieff so as to make the composer's intentions consistent with the meaning of the libretto. It was this joint endeavor that made Thursday night's production of "The Two Harvests" so successful.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Mme. Clara Butt has very many anecdotes to tell bearing on the hypnotism of music. "After singing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' as an encore at Cardiff, a few years ago," she says, "an amusing little incident occurred to me in connection with an old Irishman whom I found waiting for me when I left the concert hall. With tears in his eyes he caught hold of my cloak and, falling upon his knees, began to bless me in his rich brogue. 'Bedad,' he concluded, 'I don't know who wrote that song, but, shure, if he's dead, 'twould make him turn in his grave to have heard the way ye sang it to-night.'"

Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist, sends the following anecdote: "I had a most unpleasant experience a few years ago, when touring in New Zealand. I was giving a recital before a large audience, when a man quite near the front suddenly leaned forward and clutched wildly at the arm of a young lady in the next row. Apparently he had no idea of what he was doing, for, instead of at once releasing his hold and apologizing, he continued to tighten his grasp, the while his eyes were fixed steadily upon me, until my attention was attracted by the cry that his victim could not suppress.

"Fearing that a madman was numbered among the audience, I continued to extemporize a few chords with my left hand while I motioned to my manager to attend to the matter, but the break in the melody so occasioned proved sufficient to bring

the man to his senses. He suddenly sat up, pressed his hands to his eyes, and then, realizing that he had been carried away by his feelings, he hastily but profusely apologized to the young lady for his behaviour. Fortunately there was a vacant seat in the very first row, and to this my manager escorted him, so as to make quite sure that the same thing did not occur again."

One of the latest musical prodigies is Miccio Herszpswki, already called the eleven-year-old Paderewski. He made a great sensation in Italy as a solo pianist, and won a favorable verdict subsequently in London, where he played at Steinway Hall pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and Mendelssohn, and proved himself to be, the critics tell us, a master of technique and the possessor of a firm and pliant touch.

Mrs. C. K. Williams, contralto, has lost none of her ability, and was warmly welcomed by those who heard her last year. She scored with "Mary," which the audience appreciated to the full. Mrs. Virginia Greene, prima donna, is new to the city, but her rich soprano voice won for her a place in the hearts of all who heard her. Mrs. Hattie Hobbs, soprano, took an able part in several of the choruses and also acted as accompanist. The Johnson brothers, a baritone and tenor, also scored successes. Mr. J. S. Crabbe has a rich bass voice.

The Williams Dixie Jubilee Singers, the best colored company that visits Winnipeg, gave a concert on October 15th in St. Paul's Presbyterian church which by unanimous agreement was certainly a good one. Winnipeggers are slow to forget a capable company and last night the attendance was even larger than when the Minstrels visited the city before. There is a snap and "go" about their programme that shows careful management, and the settings are all pretty and in good taste. The programme is lengthy and varied, and from start to finish no hitch occurs. Mr. C. P. Williams, the manager, is a clever tenor with just the right sort of humor that satisfies.

Mr. Ben Greet, who is in England, takes a delightfully optimistic view of the condition of the drama in the United States. In talking with a reporter, after deploring the stagnation in things theatrical in England, he proceeded to say: "In America, on the other hand, everything is active and full of life. Certainly they have not, broadly speaking, such good acting in Shakespearian and serious plays as we have, and their drama is even more frivolous and thoughtless than ours—but there is an ever-increasing intellectual public demanding higher-class plays, and there is no doubt whatever that they will rapidly get them. The future in America is extraordinarily bright."

Dr. Muck, the newly appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has had a career of well-earned success extending over twenty-five years. He is forty-seven years old, and was born at Darmstadt in 1859. Like many other musicians who have won fame, he was at first intended for a professional career; so he studied at the University of Heidelberg for the degree in philosophy. After a year he transferred his activity to the University of Leipzig, but something more than the university attracted him to the Saxon city, for besides his university studies he began work also at the Leipzig Conservatory, and soon after received the degree of Ph. D. from Heidelberg.

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the person who finds the fourth largest number we will give the sum of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00) in Cash. Should two persons send in equally correct answers for the first prize, the first two prizes will be equally divided between them each receiving the sum of Seventy-five Dollars (\$75.00). Should three persons send in equally correct answers for the first prize, the first three prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Sixty Dollars (\$60.00). Should four persons send in equally correct answers the whole sum of Two Hundred Dollars (\$200.00) will be equally divided between them, each receiving Fifty Dollars (\$50.00). And so on in like proportions.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY is the best magazine for the price in America. One dollar in advance will pay for three years subscription. Remit to-day.

Girl Must Not Say "Yes" Till She is Asked.

By HELEN OLDFIELD.

Among the brilliant galaxy of editorial writers who, twenty-five years ago, illuminated the great American daily newspapers, there was one whose articles were to be recognized easily, not only because of their trenchant ability, but by means of certain pet expressions, "stock phrases," his detractors called them, one or more of which he rarely failed to use when writing. Of these a favorite was the "snapper" which frequently followed a discharge of hot shot into a political enemy's camp: "There is work for the fool killer yet!"

The colonel's pet phrase is recalled forcibly to memory by an article which has appeared recently in the "Home Department" of a popular newspaper, a column, more or less, of specious argument intended to prove that formal proposals of marriage are unnecessary between men and women who love each other. "Two hearts that beat as one" joyfully may come together, without the formula of the nursery rhyme or words to that effect:

"There was a little man and he wooed a little maid,
And he said: 'Little maid will you wed?'
I have nothing else to say, but will you, yea or nay?"

A proposal which, it must be confessed, is a model of simplicity and directness.

Since, nowadays, there are those who openly contend that the wedding ceremony is superfluous, that marriage "in the sight of God," as they choose to call it, is all that is needed to true union, it scarcely is to be wondered at that the conventional steps before the marriage ceremony should be considered obligatory in this new creed.

To all this "strange doctrine" there is one all sufficient answer. They are fools who take too much for granted, and they who build, whether for time or eternity, do well to make sure of a stable foundation. A youth with an inquiring mind once asked of his teacher why men so often called on God to witness to that which was false and foolish.

Whereupon the teacher, being a man of wisdom, made answer: "Because God so seldom takes the trouble to contradict them." "The mills of the gods grind slowly," and in waiting for their tardy revolution the fools are apt to forget that also "they grind exceedingly small."

Throughout long ages human society has built up a certain system not only of laws for the protection of life and property, but of social conventions, rules for the conduct of life, which all men, and more especially all women, perforce must obey or suffer for disobedience. This system, being human, is not without flaws; it sometimes is arbitrary, often "queer," perhaps even absurd; but it is adapted thoroughly to its purpose, and wise men and women take its precepts to heart and conform their lives thereto. "This is the way, walk ye in it!" It may not be altogether free from thorns, it has its rough places; but it is smoother and safer by many times than the briery, miry roads which lie beyond its pale.

Again and again, has it been decided in courts of law and equity, American and English, that there can be no breach of contract without an actual agreement, made and proved; no breach of promise unless it can be shown that there was an indubitable promise to be broken. A man may love a woman, even passionately, since there are many kinds and varieties of love, yet have no intention, perhaps no desire, to make her his wife.

The social code ordains that no woman has any right to suppose that any man, however loudly his actions may proclaim the fact, wishes her to marry him, until he himself tells her so, either by word of mouth or in writing under his own hand and seal. Moreover, the woman who takes too much for granted always is ridiculed,

and rarely is she commiserated; the verdict of the careless world is that she ought to have known better.

No man has any right to make avowals of love without distinctly alluding in unmistakable terms to his hopes of making the lady his wife at some future date, if not soon. An offer of marriage is not a laughing matter; on the contrary, it is a most serious one, and deserves to be treated accordingly both by the one who makes it and the one who receives it, for it will affect in some degree both their lives, whether it be accepted or rejected. At all events, it should in all honor and honesty be definite, beyond possibility of mistake.

There once was a man who was asked by his sister some time after his unexpected marriage why he had not married her dear friend, for whom he at one time showed much admiration, and to whom he was most attentive.

"I asked her once and she refused me; I never would ask any woman twice," was his curt answer. When the friend was remonstrated with she replied: "Well, if he really asked me,

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I never understood what he was saying." And so they lost each other. An offer of marriage ought to be the result of due consideration, yet have the warm ring of spontaneity about it. It must not sound as though it were cut and dried, nor cold and calculating. A proper degree of agitation is becoming and convincing.

The man who is in earnest never should mistake an opportunity; above all, he should never lose one. Women are apt to be "put out" with a lover who fails to see an opening carefully made for him; since, in spite of custom and tradition, she who receives a proposal of marriage rarely is surprised at it. Such an avowal does not often take place without previous intimation or sign of manner. Women are forbidden to make direct advances, but, if they possess tact, they easily may give a man occasion to make them. When a woman does this it is reasonable to presume that she expects the man to avail himself of the opportunity. The happy lover is he who can seize the propitious moment, and so "go in and win." But no woman with the slightest notion of the art de se faire *valoir* will commit the fatal error of saying "yes" until she is asked, clearly and plainly.

Of Value to Horsemen.—Do you turn your horses out for the winter? If so, we want to call your attention to a very important matter. Horses which have been used steadily at work, either on the farm or road, have quite likely had some strains whereby lameness or enlargements have been caused. Or perhaps new life is needed to be infused into their legs. Gombault's Caustic Balsam applied as per directions, just as you are turning the horse out, will be of great benefit; and this is the time when it can be used very successfully. One great advantage in using this remedy is that after it is applied it needs no care or attention, but does its work well and at a time when the horse is having a rest. Of course, it can be used with equal success while horses are in the stable, but many people in turning their horses out would use Caustic Balsam if they were reminded of it, and this article is given as a reminder.

A Letter to the Editor.

Box Alder, Ont.
Dear sir,—I thought I would write another letter to the Western Home Monthly. I like the paper so well I hate to miss a paper. Will you send me the next month's paper when you send the rest theirs. I wish it came twice in a month. I like it so well. My oldest brother reads the correspondence. I read the correspondence also and a good many things besides. I go to school; I am in the senior third. There are about thirty scholars going to the school I go to. Mr. Martineau is our school teacher and a good teacher he is, too. As I am not of age to join in the correspondence I read them. I wish some of the girls and boys of my own age would write to me, and I will promise to answer all that I receive. Dear Editor, you can tell some of the children my name and address and my age. My name is Rhoda Mary Green; my address, Box Alder, Rainy River District, and my age is thirteen the last day of April. As I am the only girl in the family, I would even like the dear editor to write to me. I will put my puzzle down here. Puzzle:
A flower of England, a fruit of Spain. Met together in a shower of rain. Put in a bag, tied with a string. If you tell me true, I'll show you a ring.
The answer to this puzzle is a plum pudding. I think I will close, wishing the editor and all the readers great success. So good-bye this time. I hope I will receive the next month's paper.—I remain, your friend,
Mary Rhoda Green.

Curious Ideas of Children.

George Ade, not long ago, was speaking of the curious ideas some children have of the most ordinary things. Ade then said the story he was about to tell actually occurred in Indiana, his native state. There was a little boy, who, on seeing a pan of warm, freshly drawn milk, inquired where the cows got their milk.
"Where do you get your tears?" was the reply.
"Gee," exclaimed the youngster, "do you have to spank the cows?"—

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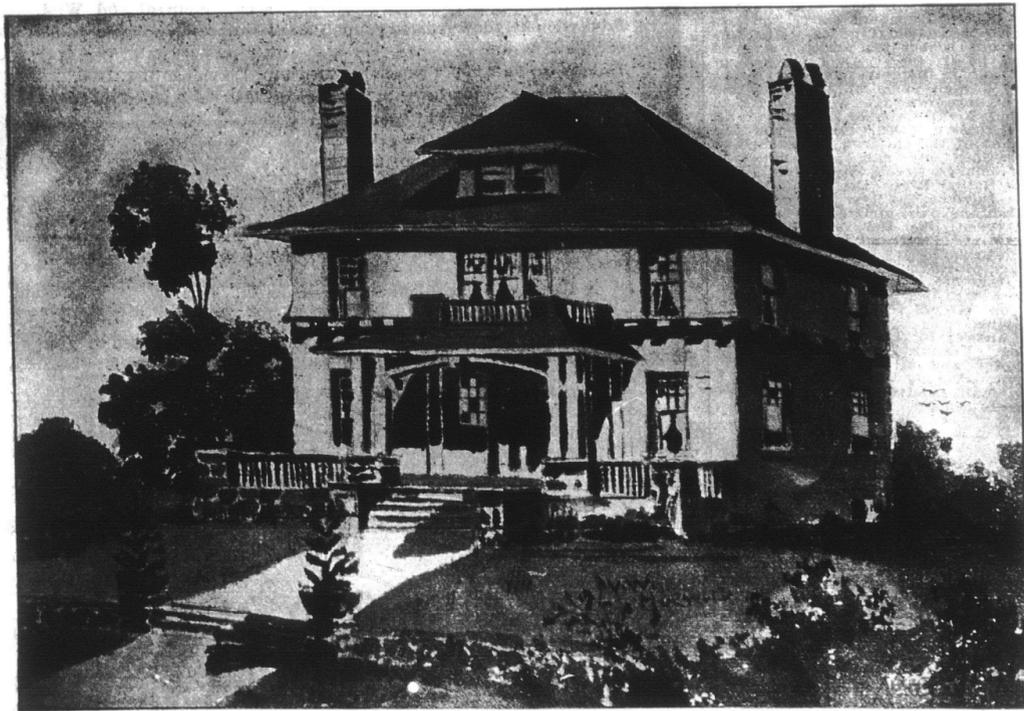
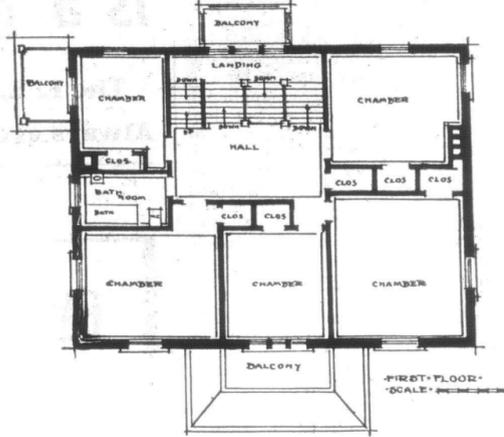
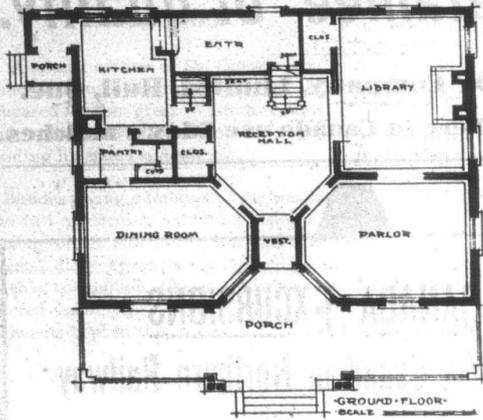


ORIGINAL PLANS

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

In this design we have a practical and artistic home of nine rooms, reception hall, pantry and bath. The exterior is made attractive by a large porch and terrace. The interior is quite unusual. The parlor is bright and may be finished in white enamel. White lace curtains and plain rose silk inside curtains would be very artistic with mahogany furniture. There are sliding doors opening into the library. The library or "living room" which opens into reception hall and parlor with sliding doors, should be finished with panelling stained in mission style (to match furniture) and burlap between panels painted dark red. The wall above may be tinted deep blue and the ceiling ivory shade with large beams running across it. The fireplace is of red brick with white joints, and a plain shelf above supported by square wooden brackets. There could be a hearth of fire bricks built out on front of fire place about three feet. Goblin tapestry curtains should be used to give the best effect here. The dining room would be very attractive if burlapped five feet high in dark red or green and finished at the top with a plate rail. Red

curtains and mission oak furniture would make this a pleasant room. The kitchen is accessible without passing through any of the rooms, and is separate from the rest of the house. The pantry and cupboards are convenient. The wide stairs are in the reception hall and lead to a large cheerful hall upstairs. The bed rooms are well lighted and of good dimensions. They appear daintiest in white, with white lace curtains next the blinds and colonial curtains inside the room, of art cretonne. These may be had in blue, pink, yellow, etc., and a bed spread with a deep valance and bolster or shams of same material, with rugs in the same tones, make a perfect combination. Hardwood floors are used through the whole house, and rugs one yard by two thrown here and there are a vast improvement on carpets. The basement stairs go under main staircase. There is also an outside entrance. The basement is full size of house and contains all modern plumbing and cistern, also hot air heating apparatus. The attic may be finished into two fine rooms if desired or could be used for a billiard room.



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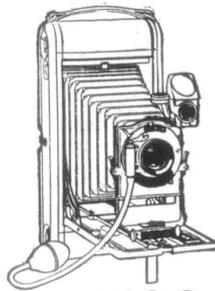
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The Home Doctor.

Perfect health is often necessary to keep one from having pimples upon the face. They are very annoying, but will usually yield if care is exercised with diet, extreme cleanliness observed, and a little soft cream applied each night upon retiring.

It is a curious thing, but none the less true, that few people know how to air rooms properly. It is a common mistake to open only the lower part of the window of a room, whereas if the upper part were opened also the ventilation of the room would be more speedily effected.

Have the little one's teeth attended to while they are small, when it is possible. Don't wait until they are older, thinking that little teeth do not matter. They do matter. It is most important that the first teeth should be seen to, for on them depends the strength of the second ones.

A good mouth wash is made by putting one ounce of borax, one ounce of camphor, one ounce of the chlorate of potash into a quart measure, pour boiling water over and then bottle it for use. Put a tablespoonful of this mixture in a glass of water to rinse the mouth or brush the teeth with.

Stair climbing properly done is considered a good exercise. The head should be erect, the chest expanded, the shoulders back, with no bend of the body whatever at the waist. With this poise put the whole weight on the ball of the foot and not touch the step with the heel and note the springiness which you feel at every footfall.

It is said that an entire milk diet is an excellent thing for a person troubled with insomnia. It is also good for one who soon after falling asleep wakes with a terrific start, preceded by a sensation of falling. A grown person should take a pint at each meal, and in order to keep up their strength as well it might be well to take four meals instead of three per day.

A woman with a sprained ankle owed her rapid recovery, so said her physician, to the "first aid" which her foot received before he arrived on the scene. Someone who was visiting at her house immediately removed the shoe and stocking and applied flannel cloths wrung from very hot water, one after the other. To wring the cloths out, a towel was wrapped around them as they were lifted from the water with a stick.

The habit of biting the finger nails should be corrected while young. Later, it is almost impossible for the victim to break himself of this unpleasant habit, and if persisted in it will always deform the nails. Try dipping the fingers in some bitter tincture; if this does not cure a child, it will be necessary to procure what are called nail stalls or finger stalls, those made at home of leather would answer the purpose as well.

Ice is said to be an excellent remedy in case of nausea. One physician, who claims to have tested it thoroughly in the case of sick headache, bilious colic, cholera morbus, and kindred ailments, in which nausea is a distressing symptom, without a single failure. The ice is to be broken into small bits and placed between the folds of a towel. Relief may be obtained by holding the head over a sink, tub or basin, and pouring a small stream of water on the back of the neck.

Care should be exercised in the use of sponges and towels. It would be well if each person always had his own towel, at least washcloth or sponge, especially when there is a tendency to weak eyes or eruptions of the face on the part of any member of the family. It is a good thing to put sponges out in the sunshine from time to time, and when you feel that they are not clean, leave them all day in a basin of water, containing a few drops of ammonia. If a sponge

has a tendency to grow clammy, dissolve a little citric acid in water and let it stand in that for a short time.

How to Eat Correctly.

1. Eat only in response to an actual appetite, which will be satisfied with plain bread and butter.
2. Chew all solid food until it is liquid and practically swallows itself.
3. Sip and taste all liquids that have taste, such as soup and lemonade. Water has no taste and can be swallowed immediately.
4. Never take food while angry or worried, and only when calm. Waiting for the mood in connection with the appetite is a speedy cure for both anger and worry.
5. Remember and practice these four rules and your teeth and health will be fine.

Value of Water in Diet.

The greatest mistake made in modern dietary, according to Dr. E. F. Willoughby, lies in the fact that too little water is taken.

Lecturing at the Institute of Hygiene, he said that one of the most serious errors in the dietary of most persons was that they drank too little water, which was not only the chief constituent of the body, but was also the vehicle in which those innumerable chemical changes taking place in the tissues were conducted.

"The power of water in removing waste and poisonous matter from the blood is of the highest importance," he continued. Every breath given out means a loss of water, and this has to be made up.

"For every one who drinks too much alcohol there are ten who drink too little water, and suffer in consequence from headache, languor and many other ills.

"It is the water which does people good at Carlsbad and other spas—the salts simply aid the recovery.

"Water is truly the basis of life, for without it, even with plenty of other foods, life can not be sustained for any length of time.

"Entombed miners who have no food, live longer than those who have food but no water.

"Our ancestors, who depended on the village pump, with its attendant typhoid, probably suffered less mortality from disease caused by impure water than the present generation does with its dread of the pure article now so lavishly provided.

"It is another kind of hydrophobia, far worse than the scourge against which many measures have been adopted by a well-meaning government."

Speaking of diet generally, Dr. Willoughby said that for muscular work bread and butter was the food to work upon. Many people eat a great deal too much meat. He advocated fat rather than lean. It was a depraved and pseudo-refined taste not to take fat.

Cheese is an excellent substitute for meat, never overtaxes the digestive organs if masticated thoroughly (not swallowed in chunks), and is one of the greatest muscle makers to be found in a dietary of pure foods. Of course, the cheese merely furnishes the material (28 per cent. protein) of which the muscle is made, and it remains for you to utilize it.

Yawning for health is advocated by a German professor of gymnastics. He maintains that deep yawning, practiced as a regular exercise, is the cheapest and surest road to perfect health. The expansions of the breast bones and the stretching of the arms which accompany a whole-hearted yawn, together with the filling of the lungs, form a splendid daily exercise.

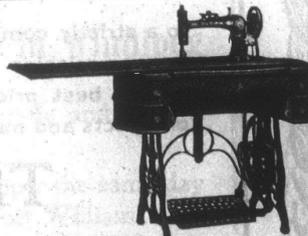
Liquor and Tobacco Habits

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75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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- Right Rev. A. Sweatman, Bishop of Toronto.

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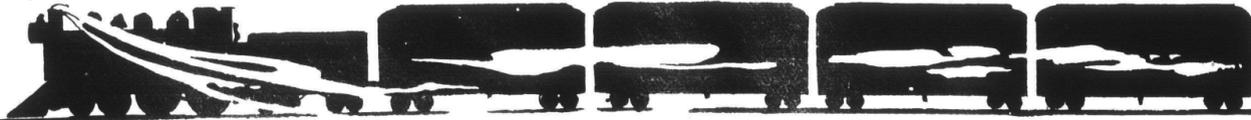
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Canada's Mineral Resources.

Valuable Discoveries of Bituminous Coal by the Geological Survey.

Very valuable discoveries of bituminous coal have lately been made by the Geological Survey in the person of their chief coal representative, Mr. D. B. Dowling. Exactly how valuable these discoveries may prove to be it is at present impossible to say, and Mr. Dowling is naturally reticent on the subject, but there is no doubt that he has been able to trace bituminous deposits for some distance farther north. Mr. Dowling knows the geology of the foothills perhaps better than any living person, and has been long under the impression that the coal deposits are by no means confined to the Costigan basin. The Rocky Mountain coal fields are acknowledged to be one of the chief assets of the Dominion, but until complete analyses have been made of the seams discovered by Mr. Dowling no one can have any idea how valuable this asset may prove to be. Situated as these deposits are in a north and south belt, they are available for the wants of railway power production. The belts already crossed by both branches of the C.P.R. are producing a large tonnage of coal. The Geological Survey has been busily mapping and tracing out these areas, and will shortly issue a series of four map sheets, illustrating that portion crossed by the main line. The suggested building of a railway or railways through the Yellowhead pass has called for a coal supply of a better grade than the lignites to be obtained in the Edmonton district, and for this reason Mr. Dowling was commissioned to trace the formation bearing the better grade of coal as far northward as possible. It was previously believed that the Kootanie formation, in which the coal seams of Fernie, Coleman, Blairmore, Frank, Canmore and Bankhead are found, did not reach the Saskatchewan, but Mr. Dowling has now traced these formations past the Brazeau river to within seventy miles of the Yellowhead pass.

The following brief report has been received by the Director of the Survey from Mr. Dowling—

"The coal basins of the Rocky mountains are as a rule not in continuous strips, but depend on the foldings of the mountains, and these occasionally are interrupted. The Cascade basin has been traced to within fourteen miles of the Saskatchewan. Between the Red Deer river and the Clearwater a section of the measures gives twenty-four seams of which fifteen are over 4½ feet in thickness, and the workable coal amounts to 95 feet. Between the Saskatchewan and the Brazeau rivers an outer range of mountains called the Bighorn range brings up the coal measures again, and on the south side of the Saskatchewan is what may be called the foothills. These coal measures reach the surface, and are exposed in a small ravine rising to the river opposite the limestone range. In this locality three seams were discovered in what is evidently the top of the formations, and one seam is of workable thickness, the upper two being about two feet only. The larger seam has five feet of good clean coal overlaid by shale about five feet thick, above which is three feet of good coal. This seam may possibly, when worked, run into a thick seam as the shale bands often are traceable into first dirty coal and then clean coal and the reverse. On the north side of the river the measures are lifted much higher, and the coal measures underlie at no great depth all the interval between the Bighorn range and the main Rockies. In this the Bighorn river cuts through and exposes a great number of seams, but most of these were crushed and very dirty.

"The best exposures, however, were found farther north on streams breaking through the Bighorn range in the vicinity of the Brazeau river.

There the seams observed on the Saskatchewan were also found, but it was with a good deal of satisfaction that a 16 foot seam was unearthed. The coals have not been analysed as yet, but the trials in an open fire show that they are not a true anthracite, as they burn with a luminous flame with some smoke and coke. They may be roughly classed as steam coals of a grade between the bituminous coals of Fernie and the anthracite coal of Canmore, and should be of excellent value for the railway use. The coals are found again on the north side of the Brazeau, and as the formations are continuous they occur on the latter stream, though the mantle of river deposit and drift conceal them from the casual observer. Our efforts are necessarily limited to the easier exposures owing to limited time and labourers.

The locality noted above where the large seam was found is on the first stream about half a mile west of the limestone of the Bighorn range.

Renewal of Mining Activity in the Thunder Bay District.

Mr. E. D. Ingall, mining engineer of the Geological Survey, has just returned from a tour amongst the copper mines of North-Western Ontario. The conclusions at which he arrived will shortly appear in the Department's Summary Report, but meanwhile it is no secret that Mr. Ingall was considerably impressed by the renewed activity in the copper districts, due to a large extent to the present high price of that metal, but also to their being more easily accessible than formerly.

Mr. Ingall says that prospecting for copper ores is just now very active, and that development and exploratory work are being prosecuted at a number of points along the north shores of Lake Huron and Superior.

Underground development is being actively continued at the Tip Top mine, near Lake Shebandowan, west of Thunder bay, as well as at the Heminia, Dean Lake, Superior, Echo river, and at various points distributed along the range of country lying adjacent to the north shore of Lake Huron and between the well known nickel-copper ore district of Sudbury on the east and the eastern shores of Lake Superior.

The wide distribution of copper ores throughout this region was pointed out in the earliest publications of the Survey, and interest attaches to the recent re-opening of the Bruce Mines series of veins. These were operated as far back as the year 1847, and mining was successfully continued for a period of some twenty-eight years, when the difficulties due to their isolated situation and the drop in the price of copper caused a cessation of mining. Now after a long period of rest and various vicissitudes these old and interesting mines are being re-opened by an English company, and it is believed that, with higher prices for the product, together with the great improvements in methods and machinery and in the general conditions of this district, operations can be carried on with profit.

The already proved prevalence of copper ores over so extensive a territory, together with the present activity in exploring and the promising nature of some recent discoveries, justifies the hope that the problem of profitably treating the sulphuret ores of Northwestern Ontario will be solved at an early date.

Wouldn't Do.

"You compel an army of men to work for you," exclaimed the reformer, "in order that you may roll in luxury!"
"You are right," said the conscious stricken captain of industry. "I will let all of them go and procure machines to do their work."
"You inhuman monster!"

Temperance Talk.

At the Cross Roads.

At the corner of the crossroads, when you don't exactly know which is the better turning and which way you ought to go, there's oft a man who sadly errs and takes the downward road, to find that the and wormwood on his pathway there are sowed; and he walks with pain and doubting, as a host of men have done, missing ever in the shadows all the glory of the sun. But there's still a consolation for the most astray of men: He can go back to the crossroads and try the thing again.

One may go back to the crossroads, and, in brief, I'm telling you, on my somewhat vagrant journey, that I very often do; and so must every man who hopes at last to win a prize, for, one and all, we sometimes stray, as haply you surmise; but there's no road that leadeth down which may not be retraced, and many a man who journeys wrong another way has faced, and still we'll hold it as a truth, the best of all we ken: We can go back to the crossroads and try the thing again.

The Lid's Argument.

Decrease in crime in St. Louis since Folk put it on. Less drunkenness on Sunday; fewer breaches of the peace and a fifty per cent. drop in the number of assaults with intent to kill. Five months have passed since Governor Folk clapped the lid upon the saloons of St. Louis. In those five months of the Sunday closing law the governor's determination to enforce it, the sentiment of the people for and against the Sunday saloon and the lid in its various phrases—ethical, moral, financial, and sociological—have been a burning entity in St. Louis, stirring the community to such feeling of resentment and indorsement that it has overshadowed all other locally public questions.

In the fervor of this debate, St. Louis has heard everything but the lid's argument itself. It is an argument of figures. Admitting of no controversy as to the things which it teaches, it is inoffensive.

The lid's argument is the record of with the arrests made in the same that the lid has been on compared with the arrests made in the same period through three prior years. The figures are those of the police. They are unprejudiced.

They show that during the period that the lid has been on, the Sunday behavior of the city has greatly improved. Drunkenness on Sunday has decreased thirty-eight per cent.; disturbances of the peace on Sunday have decreased thirteen per cent.; assaults with intent to kill have decreased fifty per cent.—that is, there have been fifty per cent. fewer arrests for assaults with intent to kill, thirty-eight per cent. fewer arrests for drunkenness, and thirteen per cent. fewer arrests for disturbance of the peace in the time the lid has been on than there were in these same five months of the three years prior to this, with the lid off.

These offenses cover pretty well the misbehavior of a community in so far as drinking has anything to do with it. Drunkenness, of course, is a direct product of the saloon. Disturbances of the peace may be due to drink or they may not; but the figures show that such disturbances are more frequent with the saloon open than they are with the saloon closed. Assaults with intent to kill cannot always be laid at the door of the saloon, but the statistics prove that the number of them is diminished just fifty per cent. when the saloon door is closed.

If the governor persists in his enforcement of the law and the police do not relax their vigilance it will be argued that within another five months Sunday drunkenness will have been almost entirely done away with in the city of St. Louis.

During the Pan-American Fair in Buffalo a certain bar room much frequented was managed by a man who considered himself humorous. The following sign was exhibited on the mirror behind the bar:

"If Whiskey Interferes With Your Business—Give Up Your Business."

Many men who saw this sign appeared to think it very funny indeed, and the owner of the drinking place was congratulated on his pretty wit.

But unfortunately in that sign there is more grim truth than gay humor.

The man who takes to whiskey soon finds that it does interfere with his business, and he finds also that when he lets whiskey interfere with his business he might as well "Give up his business." If he doesn't his business will give him up.

Business and whiskey do not travel far together. The other day a young man, apparently with fine business prospects was found dead. He had committed suicide.

Various explanations were offered for his despair and self-destruction. He left a letter in which he expressed self-approval and the belief that he had been treated unfairly by the world. But the real story was left behind him, easy to read. Beside him there was a pint bottle partly filled with whiskey, and there were other bottles of the same kind in his room empty, although he had had the room but a short time. These bottles told that whiskey had interfered with his life, and taking the advice of the bar-room mirror, he had given up his life.

Two days since an unfortunate woman was found dead in her lonely cabin. She had been kind to animals, to men and women more unfortunate even than herself. But her life was hideously lonely and sad. She had had friends, wealth and a good chance in life. Kind neighbors explained matters gently when she was found dead. They tried to explain why her friends never saw her, although they sent her money. They tried to explain the miserable, lonely ending, telling stories of early romance, etc.

But the story was told more simply than that. Under the dead body there was found a whiskey bottle almost empty, and this fact was made public at the inquest. The unhappy woman had lacked food, and the animals that she sought to befriend were starving with her. But she had managed somehow to get that whiskey, of which she left a little only because she was too weak at last to lift the flask to her lips.

She had sold her clothing to some neighboring Negroes to buy whiskey. It was the same story; whiskey had interfered with her life and her friends, and she had given up life and friends, compelled to do so by whiskey.

No names are printed here; no names are needed. You read such pieces of news, quickly told in commonplace language, every day. If you read attentively the gruesome tale of life's tragedies and failures, the suicides and murders, you will usually find the partly empty whiskey bottle sticking out somewhere in the narrative. In almost every case you find that the unfortunate one has taken the witty saloon owner's advice, "If Whiskey Interferes With Your Business—Give Up Your Business."

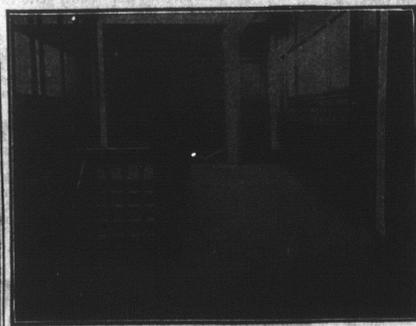
The young man who killed himself near the half-empty bottle, the sad, abandoned woman who died of hunger in her loneliness and with whiskey near her had probably strong excuses for the weakness and failure.

But let their sad ending be none the less a lesson to you, young men. Bear in mind that motto on the bar-room mirror, and say to yourself: I shall have no whiskey in my career. I'll give up whiskey, and never give it a chance to make me give up my business.

Make up your mind that if you fail in your life work it will not be because you exchanged all your prospects for a fuddled feeling in the head, an abnormal quickening of the pulse, some hours wasted in bragging and a headache well deserved.—Hearst's Chicago American.

Perfection is not easily obtainable, but you find it in Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

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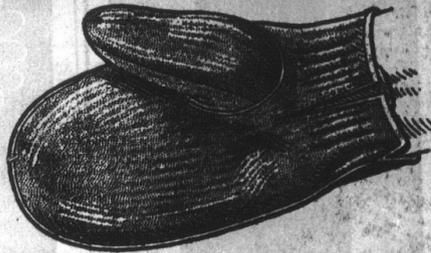
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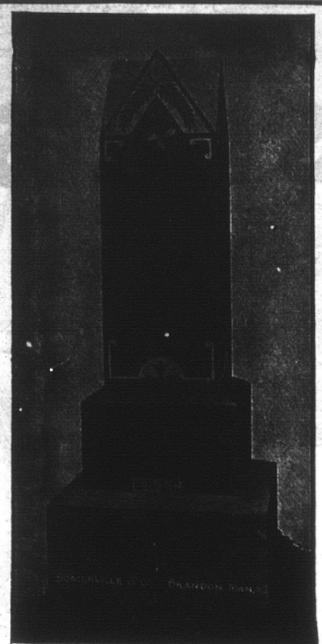
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Send for catalogue of Xmas selections.



Somerville Steam Marble & Granite Works BRANDON, MANITOBA Scotch Granite

Our third car of BEAUTIFUL GRANITE MONUMENTS will arrive in Brandon about the 1st of September. We are buying 25% cheaper than before and giving our customers the advantage of carload freight rates. On May 26th we received two carloads direct from Aberdeen, Scotland, and to-day have only three small jobs of this shipment unsold. This is a record in the monument business.

We want you to remember that you can save your railway fare and a good many dollars besides by coming to see us at our yards in Brandon. Our travellers have designs of a large number of stones that will be included in the next car. You are safe in doing business with them, but be sure that they represent Somerville & Co., Brandon, who will give you a square deal.

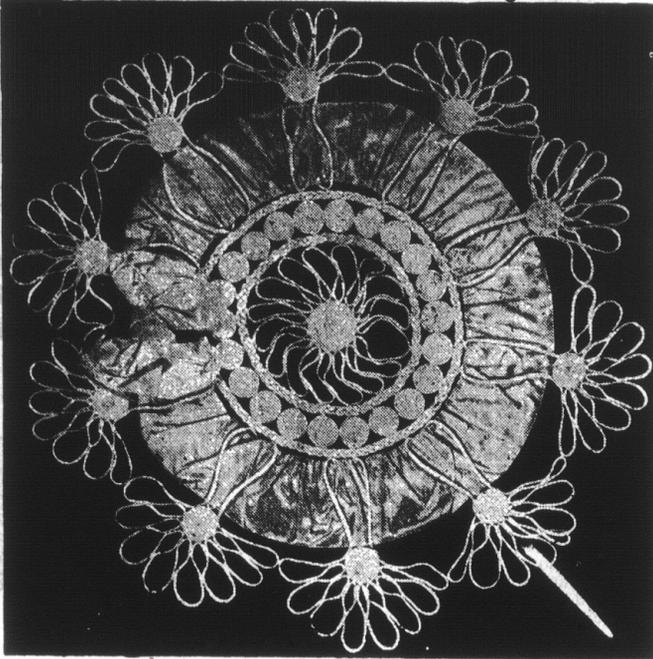
When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention
The Western Home Monthly.

Work for Busy Fingers.

Fancy Mat for Centre-Table.

Twenty round white corset-lacings are required to make this mat. Begin with the middle wheel, sewing the lace together as you wind it around to form a wheel. The middle wheel is made 1 3/4 inches across, and around this are 16 loops, sewed close, 2 1/2 inches long. Fasten the loops together 1 1/4 inches from the wheel. Remember that the side you are sewing on is the wrong side; stitches should not show on the right side. The braid is made by braiding three laces by side by sewing through them; then (counting from the left) pass 1st over 2nd, toward the right, 3rd to the left over 1st, 2nd to right over 3rd, then 1st to left over 2nd, 3rd to right over 1st, and 2nd to left over 3rd, which brings the laces to their original positions; repeat, making a braid long enough to extend around the loops. Sew in place and join ends neatly. Around the braid is a row of 22 small wheels; 1 lacing, cut in 6 equal parts, serves for 6 wheels. Sew the wheels together in a row, and outside these sew another row of braid.

The outer row consists of wheels, a round of lacing larger than the small wheels between the braids; one side of each wheel is filled by loops like those around the centre wheel, 8 in number, and on the opposite side of wheel make 2 loops, 3 1/4 inches long. Each of the last-mentioned wheels require nearly a whole lacing. Fasten the loops together 1/4 inch from the wheel, then 1/4 inch from this fastening make another, taking a lace from each loop. Fasten the 2 long loops together an inch from wheel. Make 10 of these wheels, and join them together by 1st and 8th loop of each. Fasten the long loops to the last row of braid at even distances; take 2 yards of 3-inch ribbon, gather one edge slightly, run it in and out of the long loops, and tie the ends in a pretty bow.

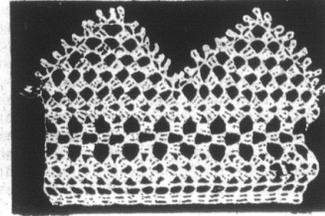


FANCY MAT FOR CENTRE TABLE

Vandyke Lace.

Make a chain of 22 stitches, turn.
1. Miss 3, 2 trebles in next 2 stitches, chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble, miss 2, shell of 3 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles in next, chain 3, miss 3, 3 trebles in next 3 stitches, chain 3, miss 3, shell in next, turn.
2. Chain 5, * shell in shell, 3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 3, 3 trebles under next 3 chain, shell in shell, treble in treble, chain 2, 2 trebles in 2 trebles and 1 in top of 3 chain, turn.
3. Chain 3, 2 trebles in 2 trebles, chain 2, treble in treble, shell in shell, chain 3, 3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 3, shell in shell, * chain 3, 3 trebles under 1st part of 5 chain, turn.
4. Chain 5, 3 trebles under 3 chain, finish like 2nd row from *.
5. Like 3rd row to *; (chain 2, 3 trebles under next chain) twice, turn.
6. Chain 5, (3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 3) twice; finish like 2nd row from *.
7. Like 3rd row to *; (chain 2, 3 trebles under next chain) 3 times, turn.
8. Chain 5, (3 trebles under 3 chain, chain 3) 3 times; finish like 2nd row from *.
9. Like 3rd row to *; (chain 3, 3 trebles under next chain) 4 times, chain 5, 3 trebles under same chain, (chain 3, 3 trebles under next chain) 3 times, chain 3, fasten at end of 1st row, turn.
10. (Chain 7, catch back in 5th

stitch from needle to form a picot, chain 2, fasten in 1st of 3 trebles following, chain 7, picot, chain 2, fasten in 3rd treble of same group) 4 times, (chain 7, picot, chain 2, fasten under 5 chain at point) twice, (chain 7, picot, chain 2, fasten in 1st of 3 trebles following, chain 7, picot, chain 2, fasten in last of 3 trebles) 4 times, chain 3, and finish like 2nd row from * to end.

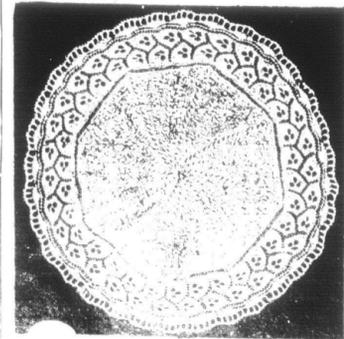


VANDYKE LACE.

11. Like 3rd row to *; turn. Repeat from 2nd row.
A very pretty trimming for skirts, etc., and one that is easily and quickly made.

Doily with Leaf Lace Border.

Cast on 93 stitches.
1. Knit 61 *, over, narrow, knit 4, narrow, over twice, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 6, (narrow, over) twice, knit 2, over twice, slip 4 stitches over next stitch, knit 2.
2. Over, narrow, make 4 stitches in the over twice loops, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 12, make 4 stitches as before, knit 6, over, narrow, purl 3; turn work.



DOILY WITH LEAF LACE BORDER.

Cured her Father's Drunkenness by a Simple Remedy.

Saves her father from a drunkard's grave. Free sample of Samaria Tasteless Prescription checks his drinking and leads to a complete cure.



"It seemed hopeless to keep father from drinking, and we all felt the disgrace. When things were at their worst a friend advised me to try Samaria. I saw that you offered a free sample treatment and that the remedy was tasteless and could be given secretly. I determined to try it, and, have been glad every day since. The full treatment, which I gave him in his tea, cured him, and I am pleased to say he never touches whiskey now. How glad I am that I wrote you and how happy we all are together. Father says that he could never have stopped drinking of his own accord."

Free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 112 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.

New Violin Catalogue FREE

Just off the press—invaluable to amateurs or professionals. Descriptions and Photos of Violins, from \$2 to \$100 in price. Write to-day.

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send description and price of the property you want to sell, then we will write you, explaining how and why we can sell it. Our plan of selling costs nothing and may be of great value to you.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY a property or a business of any kind anywhere, write for our free catalogue of bargains.

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Desk 5 Bank of Commerce Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Farmers: We have a simple and inexpensive Method which will greatly increase the quantity of Milk given by your Cows and will nearly double the quantity of Butter obtained by the old Method. Full particulars and instructions for \$1.00, satisfaction guaranteed, and no other expenses necessary.
NATIONAL SUPPLY COMPANY,
Box 1703 : : Calgary, Alta

READ THIS — but UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best monthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are, in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.
Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

row, knit 2, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 2, (narrow, over) twice, knit 4, over twice, slip 4 stitches over next, knit 2.

6. Over, narrow, make 4, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 12, make 4, knit 8, over, narrow, purl 9, turn.

7. Slip 1, knit 9, * over, narrow twice, knit 11, narrow, over, knit 5, over, narrow, (narrow, over) twice, knit 11.

8. Over, narrow, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 22, over, narrow, purl 12, turn.

9. Slip 1, knit 12, * over, narrow twice, knit 9, narrow, over, knit 7, (over, narrow) twice, over, knit 6, over twice, slip 4 stitches over next, knit 2.

10. Over, narrow, make 4 stitches in loops, knit 8, over, narrow, knit 21, over, narrow, purl 15, turn.

11. Slip 1, knit 15, * over, narrow twice, knit 7, narrow, over, knit 4, over twice, narrow, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 3 together, knit 10.

12. Over, narrow, knit 11, over, narrow, knit 4, knit 15, over, narrow, purl 18, turn.

13. Slip 1, knit 18, * over, narrow twice, knit 5, narrow, over, knit 1, over narrow, knit 5, narrow, over twice, knit 2, (narrow, over) twice, knit 3 together, knit 3, over twice, slip 4 stitches over next, knit 2.

14. Over, narrow, make 4, knit 6, over, narrow, knit 2, make 4, knit 18, over, narrow, purl 21, turn.

15. Slip 1, knit 21, * over, narrow twice, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, knit 4, (narrow, over) twice, knit 3 together, knit 8.

16. Over, narrow, knit 9, over, narrow, knit 5, make 4, knit 15, over, narrow, purl 24, turn.

17. Slip 1, knit 24, * over, narrow twice, knit 1 (narrow, over) knit 5, over, narrow, knit 10, (narrow, over) twice, knit three together, knit 1, over twice, slip 4 stitches over next, knit 2.

18. Over, narrow, make 4, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 22, over, narrow, purl 27, turn.

19. Slip 1, knit 27, * over, narrow, knit 3 together, over, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 8, (narrow, over) twice, knit 3 together, knit 6.

20. Over, narrow, knit 7, over, narrow, knit 20, over, narrow, purl 30, turn.

21. Slip 1, knit 30; like 1st row from * to end.

22. Like 2nd, purl 33 stitches at the end, instead of 3.

23. Slip 1, knit 33; like 3rd from *.

24. Like 4th row, purling 36.

25. Slip 1, knit 36; like 5th from *.

26. Like 6th row, purling 39.

27. Slip 1, knit 39; like 7th row from *.

28. Like 8th, purling 42 at the end, before turning.

29. Slip 1, knit 42; like 9th from *.

30. Like 10th row; purling 45.

31. Slip 1, knit 45; like 11th from *.

32. Like 12th row, purling 48.

33. Slip 1, knit 48; like 13th from *.

34. Like 14th, purling 51.

35. Slip 1, knit 51; like 15th from *.

36. Like 16th row, purling 54.

37. Slip 1, knit 54; like 17th row from *.

38. Like 18th row, purling 57.

39. Slip 1, knit 57; like 19th row from *.

40. Like 20th, purling 60.

41. Like 1st row.

This completes a section. Repeat from 2nd row, making the next section in same way, except that in the centre of the dolly those stitches which were purlled in the first section are knitted plain, and the plain stitches purlled, so that the sections are alternately plain and purlled. Repeat until there are 16 sections, 8 plain and 8 purlled, bind off and sew together neatly, run a thread around the centre hole, draw up and finish off smoothly.

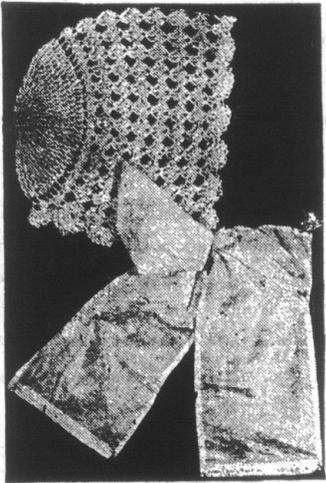
The lace itself is a very pretty trimming, knitted straight, back and forth. Knitted of fine thread you have an exquisitely dainty dolly; in coarse thread or knitting cotton, a durable tray-cover, table-mat, or cover for round orkran or piano stool.

of next group; repeat from * across; turn.

Repeat 12th and 13th rows 5 times.

24. Like 12th row.

25. All around the bonnet make shells of 8 roll-stitches (over 14 times); across the front make 3 roll-stitches between 1st and 2nd of each group, 2 in 2nd roll-stitch of next group, and 3rd.

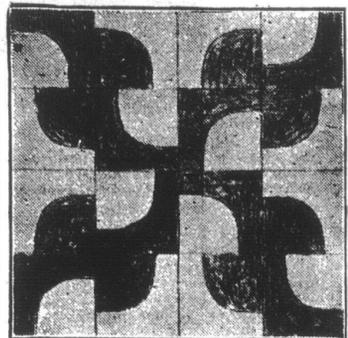


CHILD'S CROCHETED BONNET IN ROLL-STITCH.

fasten in 2nd roll-stitch of next group, and repeat; make an extra shell at the corner to prevent drawing; and around the next make a shell under each 3 chain, fastening between rows.

26. * chain 3, fasten between 2 roll-stitches around shell, chain 3, fasten between shells; repeat.

Finish with ties of white China silk, feather-stitched, of ribbon, or of white mull. For the bonnet use crocheted silk, silk-finished cotton or No. 50 linen, either white, cream or fax color.



WORLD'S WONDER QUILT BLOCK.

Seasonable Clothing—Reasonable Prices.

Elsewhere in this number is an interesting advertisement by the T. Eaton Co., Limited. The men's clothing is made in the company's workrooms in Toronto, and is guaranteed to be equal to much custom made clothing that costs double the money. The sheepskin coats and overcoats at \$6 are low-priced and seasonable, and exceptional value. But read the advertisement. It talks for itself.

Common sense and simple remedies used in time are as good as a doctor in the house, and an inexperienced mother will save herself many a regret if she uses them.

Leather goods and shoes may be softened and kept from cracking by being rubbed well with castor oil. They should not be used for about twelve hours afterward.

A Soothing Oil.—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subdue to calmness the most boisterous sea. To apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy subjugation of the most refractory elements. It cures pain, heals bruises, takes the fire from burns, and as a general household medicine is useful in many ailments. It is worth much.

Child's Bonnet in Roll-Stitch.

Begin in the centre of the crown with a chain of six stitches; join.

1. Chain 3, loosely, 12 roll-stitches (over 10 times) in ring, join to top of 3 chain.

2. Chain 3 (a roll-stitch in next roll-stitch, 1 between 2 roll-stitches, and 1 in next) 6 times, making 18 roll-stitches in all; join to top of 3 chain.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Chain 3, make a roll-stitch in each roll-stitch, widening by making a roll-stitch between roll-stitches as often as necessary to keep the work flat. The 3rd row has 30 roll-stitches, the 4th 42, the 5th 54, the 6th 66, the 7th 78, as the crown begins to round, the 8th 72 and the 9th 80 roll-stitches.

10. Chain 5, miss 2, a treble between next 2, * chain 2, miss 1, a treble between next, chain 2, miss 2, a treble between next; repeat from * around, joining to 3rd of 5 chain at beginning.

11. Shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles in 1st space, * fasten with 1 double in next, shell in next; repeat from * around, joining where the row started.

12. Work to centre of 1st shell with single crochet, chain 3, 3 roll-stitches in same shell, 3 roll-stitches in each of next 24 shells, turn.

13. Chain 3, shell of 3 trebles, 2 chain and 3 trebles in 2nd of 3 roll-stitches, * fasten with 1 double between 2 groups of roll-stitches, shell in 2nd

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Don't put up with vexatious delays with a dressmaker. We will tailor a SKIRT, SUIT or COAT to your individual measurements, in the latest New York styles and materials—at once.

We guarantee to fit you to your measurements or refund your money.

If your SUIT or COAT is made by us you will not find another woman in your town wearing one exactly like it.

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Remember—you take no risk—and are certain of prompt delivery.

We prepay Express charges. This means a big saving to you.

WE SEND FREE to any part of Canada our Style Book of New York fashions, with full directions and simple instructions for taking your own measurements at home.

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that are good reading.

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- God's Good Man....." "
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- Jane Cable.....Geo. Barr McCutcheon
- Nedra....." "
- The White Plumes of Navarre.....Crockett Ayesha....." "
- Sir Nigel.....A. Conan Doyle
- Glangary School Days.....Ralph Connor

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Take advantage of this opportunity to supply yourself at lowest possible cost.

EXTRA FINE. LITHOGRAPHED IN COLORS.

8 Cards with Envelopes (Reg. 5c. each)	boxed	25c.	mailed free
10 " " " " (Reg. 5c. each)	"	35c.	" "
12 " " " " (Reg. 10c. each)	"	50c.	postage 5c.
12 " " " " (Reg. 10c. & 15c. each)	"	60c.	" "
12 " " " " (Reg. 15c. each)	"	\$1.00	" 10c.
12 " " " " (Reg. 15c. to 25c. each)	"	\$1.50	" "
12 Celluloid Cards (Reg. 30c. to 50c. each)	"	\$3.50	" 25c.
30 picked Cards, Special \$1.50 postage 12c.			

CELLULOID PERPETUAL CALENDARS with silk ribbon dates, very pretty, the right thing for New Year's Greeting.

Prices 35c., 50c., 60c., 75c. \$1.00 and \$1.50 each, mailed free.

I have the largest and finest assortment of Celluloid Cards in the West.

Prices 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c., 60c., 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 each mailed free.

Ladies' pretty silk or satin belts, nicely shirred, very stylish. Colors: black, white, navy, brown and sky. Special Price 25c. mailed free.

Let me send you a Lady's Tab Lace or Embroidered Collar; a neat, natty design. Price 25c. mailed free.

Fancy Wool and Chenille Fascinators. The best values known. Prices 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$1.75 mailed free.

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Rheumatism Cured.

Vita-Ore has been successful in curing thousands of cases of Rheumatism, many old and chronic. Sent on thirty days' trial. Read offer on page 2.

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Gold Watch FREE AND RING

We positively give both a Solid Gold Laid STEEL WIND American movement Watch highly engraved and fully warranted timepiece equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch; also a Solid Gold Laid Ring, set with a Famous Congo Gem, sparkling with the fiery brilliancy of a 600 diamond, for selling 20 per cent. less—some jewelry at 10c each. Order 30 pieces and when sold send us the \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch and ring also a chain. Ladies' or Gents' style. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. Chicago.



The hard work of bread-making should be done in the flour mill—not in the kitchen.

When it is necessary for you to make bread by main strength you can rest assured that the miller hasn't done his part. His flour is not fine enough.

Royal Household Flour

is made from hard Spring wheat—a wheat that is capable of finer grinding than any other variety, and milled by a process that insures not only the finest, but also the whitest, purest and most nutritious of flours. Get enough to try from your grocer.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.

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Poetry of the Hour.

I Heard a Voice.

By Theodosia Garrison.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valliant soul I knew)
And the joy of his song was a wild
bird winging
Swift to his mate through a sky of
blue.

Myself—I sang when the dawn was
flinging
Wide his guerdon of fire and dew;

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valliant soul I knew).

And his song was of love and all its
bringing

And of certain day when the night
was through;

I raised my eyes where the hope was
springing,
And I think in his heaven God smiled,
too.

I heard a voice in the darkness singing
(That was a valliant soul I knew).

—The Metropolitan Magazine (Sept.)

Simple Questions.

I asked my papa why the world
Is round instead of square,
And why the piggles' tails are curled,
And why don't fish breathe air,
And why the moon don't hit a star,
And why the dark is black,
And jest how many birds there are,
And will the wind come back.

And why a horse can't learn to moo,
And why a cow can't neigh,
And do the fairies live on dew,
And what makes hair grow gray.
And then my pa got up an', oh,
The oful words he said!
I hadn't done a thing, but he
Jest sen' me off to bed!

The Wanderer.

James M. Kenyon.

Have you seen our little one?
Yesterday
In our midst she sweetly shone,
Radiant, star-like; there were none
But did love her; ah, they say
That we've lost her—that she's gone
Far away.

You would know her on the street,
Shining hair,
Eyes of blue, and dainty feet—
You would know her should you meet
Our lost darling anywhere;
God's own saints are not more sweet,
Nor more fair.

We have sought her to and fro,
But in vain;
Ah! if she could only know
How our hearts with tears o'erflow,
She would come to us again;
She would take away our woe,
Heal our pain!

Shall we ever see her more?—
Shining head,
Laughing lips and eyes of yore?
Shall we have her as before?
Our lost bird that lightly spread
The swift, viewless wings she wore,
And so fled?

Love's Immortality.

By Elsa Barker.

Among those things that make our love
complete
And high beyond all others I have
known,
This knowledge is not least: That
we have sown
Together seeds of beauty that shall
greet
Strange years in blossoms that the reck-
less feet
Of death shall not destroy; that we
have shown
To blinded eyes the visions of our
own,
And made our blood in other's veins to
beat

Why should we yearn for immortality
In some imagined heaven, when on
earth
Our flowers of song perfumed the
dusty road
And speak to passers-by of you and me?
Enough if we have justified our birth
Ere entering the insatiable abode.
—The Metropolitan Magazine (Sept.)

Carneguay.

C. E. DeBrisay.

What you call 'im?—Carneguay?
I tink dat 'ees ees nam;
Dat feller's got whole lot money,
Spose more 'an oder man.

Well, sir, he's make one funny rule,
And ver good rule, dey say;
No need no more for go to school,
To learn to write l'anglais.

If you can speak, dat's all you care,
To write 'ees easy ting;
So long you put de letter dare,
And notice how it ring.

Mos' any man can write dat way,
No need for go to school,
And if you can't, well, then I say,
By gosh! you mus be fool.

But how you tink he fix la chose,
Wit Edouard and Laurier?
He build de bibliotheque, I sponse,
In every large city.

He spend one million—den some more,
Buy all de book he can;
By cripe! I tink the would be poor,
If he was 'noder man.

Some feller laugh about 'ees rule,
"It 'ees no good," dey say;
For sure, dey sooner go to school
And learn de proper way.

Some oder feller say de same,
But soon dey get some pay;
And den, although dey have big name,
Dey shout for Carneguay.

For me, my fren, I'm valry glad,
We have new rule to-day;
I write de English not too bad—
Tanks be to Carneguay.

Bread Upon the Waters.

A melancholy, life-o'erwearied man
Sat in his lonely room, and, with slow
breath,
Counted his losses—thrice wrecked plan
on plan,
Failure of friend, and hope, and hearth
and faith—
This last the deadliest, and holding all,
Help was there none in weeping, for the
years
Had stolen all his treasury of tears.
Then on a printed page his eyes did fall,
Where sprang such words of courage
that they seemed
Cries on a battlefield, or as one dreamed
Of trumpets sounding charges; on he
read
With curious, half-remembering, musing
mind,
The ringing of that voice had something
stirred
In his deep heart, like music long since
heard.
Brave words, he sighed; and looked
where they were signed;
There, reading his own name, tears made
him blind.

Her Garden.

Edmund Burke, M. A.

The garden path winds here and there,
And leads unto her favorite seat
Where lilac plumes waved overhead,
And daisies blushed to kiss her feet;
While frail laburnums, April's fire,
O'er-topped the hawthorn and sweet-
briar.

I see her stoop and gently take
The lily from its lowly bed,
And for the fragrant southernwood
Pass by the tulip's flaunting red,
And hear her say with gentle zest,
She loved old-fashioned flowers the best.

She treads the winding path no more,
I seek alone that shady spot,
Where still in spring the lilacs bloom
And shines the blue forget-me-not:
While on a dainty apple spray
The thrush re-echoes his own lay.

Is it a flash of angel wings,
Or only swallows in their flight?
We tread the well-known path again,
I hear her footstep slow and light;
She comes to greet, and every flower
Breathes incense on that sacred hour.

Her smile dispels the shades of death,
Lit by the soul's Shekinah glow,
And bliss beyond all human speech
Our souls in sweet communion know;
So Hope remains with peaceful eyes,
And waits that other Paradise.

Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

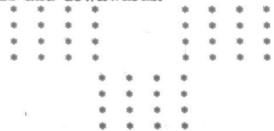
We are in receipt of many letters from our readers complimenting us on our introduction of this department. We are pleased to know that our efforts to provide our readers with an up-to-date puzzle page is being appreciated. Our aim in the future will be to make this department the equal of any in our magazine.

The answers to puzzles in October number appear on this page.

No. 1.—ELLIPSES.

In each sentence fill the first blank with a missing word, and the second blank with the same word transposed.
 1. The _____ table is a _____ purchase.
 2. The captain tried to _____ his company from the _____.
 3. The _____ was accused of _____.
 4. Though _____, he _____ the conflict.

manner that they will read the same across and downwards.



Left square: wan, space, not as much, a point of the compass.
 Right Square: a trial, a lake of the United States, a part of a window, to narrate.
 Central Square: a water bird, on the top of, a boy's name, a time of day.

No. 7.—RIDDLE.

Long time ago, I lived and grew, And flourished in the sun and dew;

No. 2.—PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



Find in the above picture —1. A nickname for Boston. 2. A member of a society. 3. A military command. 4. A story. 5. An arrow. 6. A colloquial name for an English servant. 7. A fine yellow wood. 8. A period. 9. Rains (reins). 10. A verb meaning "to weary." 11. A verb meaning "said." 12. Sixty-three gallons. 13. Something under every eye. 14. Blows with a hatchet.

No. 3.—OLD TIME HANDY LADDER.

1	2 to 4, an exclamation.
2	5 to 8, a girl's name.
3	6 to 12, not rarely.
4	7 to 14, the total.
5	8 to 18, to see.
6	9 to 22, custom.
7	10 to 27, snare.
8	11 to 31, Main post, 1 to 23, expression of gratitude.
9	12 to 20, Right prong, 23 to 31, situation.
10	13 to 24, Left prong, 23 to 30, sound in mind.
11	14 to 29, 27 to 29, snare.
12	15 to 17, Main post, 1 to 23, expression of gratitude.
13	16 to 19, Right prong, 23 to 31, situation.
14	17 to 21, Left prong, 23 to 30, sound in mind.
15	18 to 25, 27 to 29, snare.
16	19 to 24, Main post, 1 to 23, expression of gratitude.
17	20 to 28, Right prong, 23 to 31, situation.
18	21 to 26, Left prong, 23 to 30, sound in mind.
19	22 to 29, 27 to 29, snare.
20	23 to 31, Main post, 1 to 23, expression of gratitude.
21	24 to 30, Right prong, 23 to 31, situation.
22	25 to 28, Left prong, 23 to 30, sound in mind.
23	26 to 29, 27 to 29, snare.
24	27 to 31, Main post, 1 to 23, expression of gratitude.
25	28 to 30, Right prong, 23 to 31, situation.
26	29 to 31, Left prong, 23 to 30, sound in mind.
27	30 to 31, 27 to 29, snare.
28	31 to 31, Main post, 1 to 23, expression of gratitude.
29	31 to 31, Right prong, 23 to 31, situation.
30	31 to 31, Left prong, 23 to 30, sound in mind.
31	31 to 31, 27 to 29, snare.

Great reptiles crawled around my feet, And sought relief from summer's heat. Then tired of life, I made a grave Beneath the cold and briny wave. The ages passed, the sea withdrew, And new-made lands came into view. Long years I hid from human sight; Till in these times I found the light. When winter's blasts o'er all things roam, I help to make a pleasant home.

No. 8.—PREFIX PUZZLE.

Prefix the same syllable to:
 1. A contemptible dog, and make to agree.
 2. A kind of beetle, and make one of the largest of birds.
 3. Strong, and make to ratify.
 4. A fish, and make to comfort.
 5. A region, and make an agreement.
 6. Worn out, and make penitent.
 7. An edge, and make to incline together.
 8. A shelter, and make satisfaction.
 9. A searching trial, and make a dispute.

Answers to Puzzles in October Number.

No. 1. Geographical Question Puzzle—1. Garden City. 2. Waukon.
 No. 2. Illustrated Rebus.—The Witches Spell. Spell it who can. S | P | E | L | L | I | T | W | H | O
 sea | eye | en
 C | A | N
 No. 3. Omitted Verse.—"Vessels large may venture more, but little boats should keep near shore."
 No. 4. Problem.—2,560 posts; 2,560 acres. This farm is two miles square.
 No. 5. Pictorial Puzzle.—Plum, lime, date, prickly-pear.
 No. 6. Old Style Conundrum.—Because hers is the highest state of being (being).
 No. 7. Beheaded Rhymes.—1. Whale, hale, ale. 2. Shark hark, ark. 3. Scold, cold, old.
 No. 8. Ellipses.—1. Speculation, speculation. 2. Galley, alley. 3. Grope, rope. 4. Strap, trap. 5. Sink, ink. 6. Table, able.

No. 4.—PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION.
 Transpose the letters of the two words expressing the number and name of the objects in the picture into a single word which will answer to the definition given below the picture.

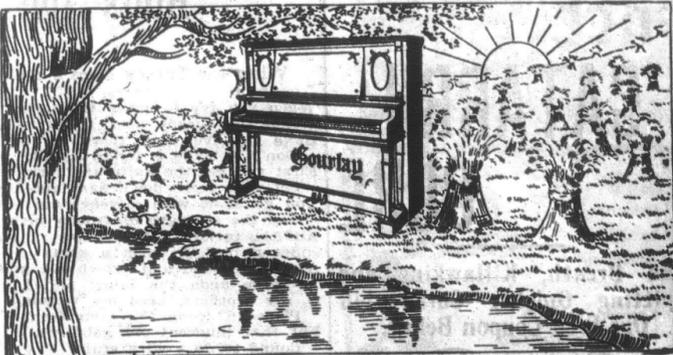


Feasts.

No. 5.—PROBLEM.

A farmer milks 88 quarts of milk from 5 cows. From the first he milks 3 quarts less than he does from the second; from the third he milks 5 quarts more than he does from the first; from the fourth he milks 7 quarts less than he does from the third; from the fifth he milks 2 quarts more than he does from the first. How many quarts did each cow give?

No. 6.—BLENDED WORD SQUARES.
 A Word Square consists of a certain number of words of the same length placed one beneath another in such



AMONG OTHER FACTS ABOUT CANADA.

REMEMBER THIS — ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING, NOTEWORTHY AND IMPORTANT OF ALL

Gourelay Pianos

are the finest specimens of the Piano maker's craft in Canada, and the most DEPENDABLE instruments made anywhere in the world. No matter to what extremes of heat or cold they may be subjected, they stay in tune admirably and never lose their full, ever sonorous singing tone.

Another fact — You can buy the GOURLAY PIANO by mail just as satisfactorily as in person. Tell us that you want a Gourelay, and we'll select and ship according to your instructions a beautiful instrument that will please you beyond expectations. Besides we arrange

THE EASIEST PAYMENT PLANS IN THE WORLD.

WE SHIP THE GOURLAY PIANO ON APPROVAL ANYWHERE IN CANADA.

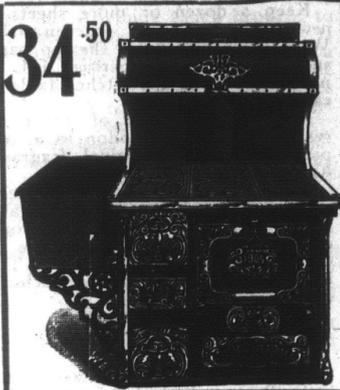
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Gourelay, Winter, Leeming

182 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Mr. Alfred A. Codd, Winnipeg Manager,

invites all interested in Pianos or Organs, from a purchase or musical standpoint to inspect the Gourelay Piano at the Winnipeg Warehouses, 279 Donald Street, WINNIPEG.

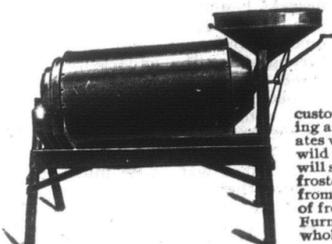


IS THE PRICE TOO LOW

For this handsome high-grade Steel Range, when the ordinary, small-sized range sells at from \$80 to \$90? This steel range is made specially for us (and bears our name), by one of the largest American Steel Range makers, that is why we are able to sell it for \$34.50. This range weighs 500 pounds, and will outwear two ordinary ranges weighing only 300 pounds each. Our \$34.50 Range has six 9 inch lids, top cooking surface 30 x 40 inches, oven 18 in. high, 20 in. wide, 21 in. deep, height of base 31 in. It will burn coal or wood equally well. The capacity of reservoir is 15 gals. It has a beautiful high-shelf warming closet. This is a range that we can highly recommend as a baker and heater, and would be an ornament to any kitchen. We guarantee that it will give perfect satisfaction, or we will refund money together with freight charges both ways. Before you buy a range from any dealer write us for Catalog and further particulars. Catalog free.

The MACDONALD MAIL ORDER LTD., Dept. M 1. WINNIPEG, CANADA.

NEW PROCESS JUMBO GRAIN CLEANER.



Capacity, 75 bushels of Wheat per hour guaranteed.

Sold on 10 days' trial; if not the fastest and most perfect grain cleaner on the market, can be returned at our expense. One machine at wholesale to first farmer ordering in each neighborhood to introduce them. Hundreds of satisfied customers in Western Canada. The only machine cleaning and bluestoning the grain at one operation. Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley, as well as wild buckwheat and all foul seed, and the only mill that will successfully separate barley from wheat. Separates frosted, sprouted or shrunken wheat, raising the quality from one to three grades, making a difference in price of from 5 to 15 cents per bushel. Cleans flax perfectly. Furnished with bagger if desired. Write at once for wholesale prices.

BREMAN & CO., 127-129-131 Higgins Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

FREE CATARRH CURE

Bad Breath, K'Hawking and Spitting Quickly Cured—Fill Out Free Coupon Below.



Doctor—Young man you have a bad case of chronic Catarrh; take my advice and write C. E. Gauss today.

Catarrh is not only dangerous, but it causes bad breath, ulceration, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, no matter how long standing or how bad, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address to-day and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it! It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. C. E. GAUSS, 8044 Main St., Marshall, Mich. Fill out coupon below.

FREE

This coupon is good for one trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Cure, mailed free in plain package. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below and mail to:

C. E. GAUSS, 8044, Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

.....

.....

Turn Minutes into Money.

How many minutes each day could you get for self-improvement, if you were paid handsomely for each minute? Figure it out. Then consider that every minute you devote to improving your education and learning how to do things better will bring your returns in the near future.

We can assist you in the study of almost any line of work. A few of our courses are:

- Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Complete Commercial, Charted Accountancy, Auditing, Advanced Book-keeping, Advertising, Journalism, General Agriculture, Stock-raising, Stock-judging, Poultry-raising, Public School Course, Civil Service, Matriculation, Teachers' Examinations, Electrical Engineering, Electric Lighting, Mechanical Drawing, etc.

Clip out this advertisement, draw a line through the subjects wanted, and send your name and address, plainly written, for a copy of our Prospectus and full information.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF CANADA, LIMITED.

IN CONSOLIDATION WITH THE CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, LIMITED. 603 TEMPLE BUILDING.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Hints for the Housewife.

When the Turkey Does a Stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey—
And the turkey does a stunt—
Have you ever been there, brother?
Don't it make a fellow grunt?
First you get the knife and fork, and
Set your teeth down hard and then
You go at it with a vengeance
And the strength of twenty men;
And the turkey, did you ever
See a bird do such a skate
As that stuffed and brown old gobbler
There upon the fancy plate?
O, my brothers, heed my warning,
Place an apron o'er your front—
For that innocent old gobbler's
Bound to do a wiry stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt—
Talk about your trying times when
For a house you have to hunt.
Talk about your Maytime moving
When you're using all your grit
In the task of mating stovepipes
That were never made to fit;
Why, it's pastime, merely play, when
You compare it to the work
That's involved when you start out to
Try to separate that turk.
It's a task I'd rather sidestep—
One I think you all would shunt,
When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt,
And a piece of juicy stuffing
Strikes your polished, snowy front,
When each eye around the table
Watches keen your every play,
And your face gets red and sweaty,
Till you feel like giving way
To the thoughts that come a-surgin'
As you labor o'er the thing—
As you try to get a tackle
On a drumstick or a wing:
Ain't it fierce, my carving brothers?
Don't you want to swear and grunt,
When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt?

Things Worth Knowing.

The cut side of a lemon, rubbed over a dish upon which fish has been served, promptly removes the disagreeable odor.

An old zinc-lined refrigerator may be rendered sanitary and sweet by painting inside and out with two coats of white paint and then with the white enamel used for bath tubs. Let dry thoroughly before using.

A bag of the white oilcloth used for shelves, with a drawstring at the top, is a highly prized possession when one travels. The soiled clothing is snugly and securely packed in it and the contents of the trunk are not affected by it.

Keep a dozen or more sheets of newspaper on the kitchen table. Wrap the refuse up in the top paper and put it in the garbage pail. In no other way is the kitchen table so easily cleaned.

A few drops of oil of cedar will restore the woody odor to a pine pillow when the original fragrance has evaporated.

A quick cake frosting is made of powdered sugar, flavored with grated lemon peel, and mixed to the proper consistency with cold water. A bit of lemon juice improves it. This icing dries quickly and is perfectly smooth.

To Remove Ink.

One day when my back was turned, little Buster climbed on a chair, opened the desk, and when a sudden sense of stillness warned me to look at him, there he stood with ink all over his pretty new blue gingham dress! I could have cried with vexation. Instead, I took off his dress quickly, before it had time to soak through into the undershirt, rinsed it three times in clear water, then soaped the inky places with naphtha soap and let it soak while I cleaned up the boy. The ink, having had no time to dry, washed off as easily as dirt, and I was very much relieved to find that the dress looked just as good as ever after it was rinsed, dried and ironed. I beg my success to the "brush" with which the ink was washed out.

How I Gather and Shirr.

I want to tell busy mothers how I gather and shirr on the sewing machine. I make the stitch as long as possible and the top tension as tight as possible. Then just sew. It will ruffle most any goods just right for a ruffle. If it is a skirt, I gather it around the top, then pin the centre of front to middle of belt and by taking hold of the end of the top thread, slip the gathers along to suit the length of the belt. I gather the top of the sleeve and the bottom, if it is to be gathered into a cuff. I make a whole garment without using a needle except for buttons and buttonholes. Instead of basting, I use lots of pins; it is easier and saves lots of time. And time is money to mothers with several girls to sew for.

Diet For Children.

An excellent little magazine on "How to Live" gives a list of foods that should never be given to a child under three years of age. Among these foods that are considered injurious to the young child are the following:

Ham, sausage, pork in all forms, salt fish, corned beef, dried beef, goose, duck, game, kidney, liver and bacon, and meat stews.

Cabbage, raw or fried onions, raw celery, radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes (raw or cooked), beetroots, carrots.

All hot bread and all sweet cakes, particularly those containing dried fruits and those that are heavily frosted.

Tea, coffee, cocoa, wine, beer and cider. All fruits unripe and out of season; all stale fruits, particularly in towns during the summer. Grapes are objectionable only by reason of their seeds. With most of the other fruits it is an excess of quantity that make them injurious.

The above list of foods are the ones considered injurious to the child. Below we will give a list of foods that are considered healthful and nutritious or a child under three years of age.

Stale bread soaked in new milk, beef tea, lightly boiled egg, mashed baked potato moistened with beef tea, bread and butter, mutton or chicken broth.

After a child has cut its milk teeth, underdone roast beef or mutton, roast chicken or turkey, minced as fine as possible, and milk toast.

Potatoes should not be given until after the second year. Fruits are very wholesome for the young child from three to four years, but they should be properly selected and not given in excess. Fruits keep the blood in good condition, favor digestion and prevent constipation.

After fifteen months two teaspoonfuls of orange juice may be given, and a little later the soft pulp of two or three stewed prunes, or a half-baked or stewed apple. Cherries and bananas should be forbidden.

Rice, oatmeal and other cereal foods should also enter largely into the dietary of healthy children, if they are able to digest them.

Onion Pickles.

Wipe three quarts of small unripe cucumbers, and cut in slices. Remove the skins from one pint of small onions, and cut in thin slices. To the cucumbers and onions add one cupful of salt; mix thoroughly, cover, and let stand for six hours. Drain, and add one quart of vinegar and one pint of olive oil. Pack in a crock or stone jar.

Another Good Worm Exterminator has been found for destroying worms in children and adults. See advertisement in this issue when purchased.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

By promoting a healthy flow of the natural digestive fluids, promptly relieves indigestion, and by toning and strengthening your stomach, liver and bowels, ensures their perfect action for the future. It is thus not only the supreme digestive preparation of the world, but a tonic of the highest value. For the stomach and digestive system it positively

IS LIFE

"I was laid up with disease which I don't understand. I could not sleep or eat, my bones got stiff, my flesh seemed to waste away and my skin got dry. I was unable to turn in bed and my husband had to feed me with a spoon for three weeks. But one bottle of Mother (Seigel's) Syrup made an improvement in my condition and seven bottles completely cured me. I would not be without Mother Seigel's Syrup for a fortune as I believe it to be the Queen of all medicines." From Mrs. A. D. Kennedy, Ulric, Sask. April 1906.

For Your Entire DIGESTIVE SYSTEM

Take It!—Now!
And You Will Know.

Price 60c. a bottle. Sold everywhere.



We Want Talkers!
The New Century Washer speaks for itself but you will speak for it too if you use it once. When buying a Washer you certainly should have the very best.
Thousands are talking of the advantages had from the New Century Ball-Bearing Machine.
For sale by dealers. If your local dealer cannot show you the New Century we shall be glad to send you a booklet describing it. Dealers sell it at \$3.50.
THE NEW CENTURY WASHING MACHINE CO., HAMILTON, CAN.



CALIFORNIA TOURIST CAR

November 21st.

Winnipeg to Los Angeles without change Via the Great Puget Sound Country and San Francisco.

Reserve Berths at Once.

Through tourist cars every two weeks thereafter

Very Low Ocean Rates.

Full Particulars from
H. SWINFORD, General Agent, W. H. COLLUM, Ticket Agent,
341 Main Street, WINNIPEG.

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL SPEAK OUT

TELL THE PUBLIC OF THE GREAT WORK PSYCHINE IS DOING.

Psychine in its great work of healing those diseases that lead to consumption, and even consumption itself, has naturally come under the notice of a large number of the clergy, and many of them have felt it their duty to let the public know what splendid results come from its use. Here are a few instances of what clergymen say:—

REV. WM. H. STEVENS, Paisley, Ont.—

"Psychine seemed just the stimulant my system needed. I shall add my testimony as to its efficacy at every opportunity."

REV. R. M. BROWNE, Amherst Head, N. S.—

"I have often recommended Psychine since taking it myself, for I believe it is a cure for the troubles you specify."

REV. J. J. RICE, 51 Walker Ave. Toronto.—

"My wife suffered two very severe attacks of La Grippe, one of which threatened rapid consumption, there being a hereditary tendency in that direction. They were speedily corrected by Psychine, leaving no trace of the disease."

REV. CHAS. STIRLING, Bath, N.B.

"I have used Psychine in my family; the results were marvellous. I have visited people who state they never used it equal. I have no hesitation in recommending it."

REV. J. S. I. WILSON, Markdale, Ont.—

"I have taken two bottles of Psychine, and am pleased to say that I am greatly improved in health. I was troubled with my throat, but now I find it about restored to its normal condition. I find my work very much less taxing. I have reason to believe Psychine is all that is claimed for it."

Where sickness is there the minister of the gospel is found. His is the opportunity to note how the sufferer got relief, what furnished the relief and what caused the cure. Large numbers of the clergy of Canada recommend Psychine. They know, out of their experience, that it is the greatest preventive of consumption, the greatest builder-up of weak men and women science has given to the world.

Psychine is 50c. Per Bottle, Large Size \$1.00 and \$2.00 Per Bottle, at all Druggists.

Must you be out in Cold Weather?

on the cattle ranges?—lumbering?—taking long drives? Don't your feet get terribly cold?

Elmira Felt Shoes

Keep the feet warm and comfortable, no matter how long you are out. They are the only possible means of protecting the feet against cold. They prevent you taking cold—and make walking and driving a pleasure.

ELMIRA FELTS are as easy as old shoes—light—pliable—dressy—wear well—and are **WARM**.

ELMIRA FELT SLIPPERS are fine for the house. See that the trademark, as shown below, appears on the sole. All genuine Elmira Goods have it in this way.

SOLD ALL OVER THE WEST BY BEST DEALERS



Woman and the Home.

Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright;
Each noon burns up the morning chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light,
As through the woods I reverent creep,
Watching all things lie down to sleep.

I never knew before what beds
Fragrant to smell and soft to touch
The forest sifts and shapes and spreads;
I never knew before how much
Of human sound there is in such
Low tones as through the forest creep,
When all wild things lie down to sleep.

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in and more sweet eyes shut tight,
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight.

I hear their chorus of "good night,"
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie down to sleep.

Heart and Home Talks.

One of the most surprising things in life is how small a matter may create troubles and quarrels, bitter feelings and angry resentment, in the home as well as in the outside world.

A missing button, a leaky teakettle, underdone potatoes, overdone meat, a difference of opinion upon some subject having no bearing upon either the welfare or the happiness of the home, and one heart is hurt and sore, another equally wounded and resentful.

Other things contribute also to such infinitesimal sources of discord. Over-work, lack of sleep, partial prostration from the heat of summer, or the discomfort occasioned by the cold in winter, any of which tends to destroy the physical balance and which unsettles the mental also, and we fail in the practice of the simple cardinal virtues.

Happy is that man and that woman who is in such full and perfect control of the entire being that brain and body respond always to the will, because few indeed there are who will suffer an occasional discord.

For this reason the practice of the greatest patience and forbearance with one another's peculiarities and weaknesses becomes the greatest of the virtues and the most necessary.

The woman who can remain cheerful when the stove smokes, the wash-tubs leak, when the men are late to dinner and track her clean floor, and when caring for an ailing babe at night and can endure the daily cares also uncomplainingly, should stand among the saints.

The man who bears his share of the care of a family with a complaining, half invalid wife, and who labors without murmuring against his fate through all stress of heat and cold and amid discouragements of loss of crops by storms and drought, content to do his best to provide for those dependent upon him, ranks higher than any king on his throne, for he is that mightiest of conquerors, the conqueror of self.

We may each be one of these, good friends, if we will so to be and persevere in efforts toward that end, no matter how many times we falter or fall by the way. To attain unto perfect and complete control of self—we can have no higher ambition—thus shall we become a very rock of refuge and an unfailing source of strength and guidance to those who depend upon us to assist them through the untried, untaught ways each human soul must pass on toward maturity.

While the mental can in a great measure control the physical state, yet should we conserve and build up our physical powers to their highest capacity if we would be our best

selves. To this end we must beware of any over strain—of either nerves, and muscles, of "bone and brawn," or of brain, which weakens not only the body but the will. A certain amount of rest as well as nourishment is required to meet the needs of the body, to recuperate after labor, and those who do not take pains to secure it soon feel its effect in loss of mental as well as physical poise, and so weaken their hold upon life and their influence in the home and community.

Had we heeded this little homily with a text, we think we would have worded it thus: "Our duties to others can only be rightly performed, conscientiously performed, when we have first fulfilled our highest duty—the proper care of self."

If we are half-ill, weak, vacillating, uncontrolled, then somehow we have failed in our highest duty, and should at once set about its performance that we may properly perform also the work God has given us to do.

Little Points in the Home Beautiful.

Floors should be stained of a shade to match the woodwork, but never painted.

Trim your windows for the pleasure of inmates, rather than for that of the persons outside.

Do not buy pictures or vases in pairs. Balance in effect is attainable without matching end for end.

Don't tack your rugs. Have the carpet man reinforce them at the edges, and be free to lift and dust or air them at pleasure.

Curtain-rods should be stout enough to carry draperies without sagging, and all rings—where used—should be loose enough to move freely.

Try plain woollen serges for your hangings and table-covers, and note how well they harmonize with paper and carpet. Too much pattern destroys effect.

"Richly carved" furniture when of modest price is in most cases in bad taste. More often than not, the carving "covereth a multitude of evils" in workmanship.

Choose your wall papers with reference to the outlook of the room. A sunless room with a blue paper is doubly cold, but with a yellow or red paper may be positively cosy.

Don't overfurnish. Successful furnishing means everything for convenience and comfort, and little else. "Do not buy anything you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful."

The best is the cheapest, but be sure you know what is the best. It is not always the most expensive, and is often the moderate price. The plainest furniture may carry an air of distinction if the room as a whole be harmoniously arranged.

You'll Find It Here.

Tomato juice will remove ink stains.

For earache, warm some honey in a teaspoon and pour into the ear, then plug with cotton.

If you have not time to wash your hair, let it down in the evening and let the breeze dry it out.

Wiping the feet off in cold water every night and rinsing out the stockings at the same time will make you very comfortable for the next day's work.

A woman who marries for a home should not mind if she finds her husband has married for a housekeeper.

Remember you were young once, and don't be unsympathetic when your growing daughter tells you of her love troubles.

Those who have tried it say that a newspaper slipped inside the pillow case over the pillow will make a cool head rest during a hot night.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

"Turkey roast is turkey lost,
Turkey boiled is turkey spoiled,
But for turkey braised the Lord be
praised."

It would be hard to convince the average housewife that turkey can be appetizingly cooked other than roasted, but if the butcher sends to her a bird of many days she will find that the gentleman above quoted knew whereof he spoke when he so enthusiastically indorsed braising.

Braised Turkey

Wipe and clean well a small, plump turkey; singe with burning alcohol, break and remove the breast bone and fill the breast with any preferred forcemeat; sew up the skin and truss it as for an entree. With slices of fat pork line a braiser just sufficiently large to hold the turkey; fill half full with mirepoix stock and let come to a boil. Now cover the turkey with a heavy buttered paper and cook for two hours in the stock, with the braiser well covered. Remove the turkey to an open roasting pan, place in a rather slow oven and cook two hours longer, if necessary, to insure tenderness, basting frequently with butter. Serve on an oval of rice and garnish with cooked cauliflower, mushrooms, celery and carrots braised and glazed.

Rabbit a la Creole

Skin, wash and joint a young rabbit. Put it into a saucepan with two slices of onion, a blade of mace, a root of celery, half a dozen peppercorns and one teaspoon of salt. Cover with good stock, and let simmer very gently until the meat is done. Then arrange the pieces on a heated platter, garnish with fried celery and parsley and cover the meat with sauce supreme.

Rabbit Cutlets

Cut the limbs of the prepared rabbit into cutlets, and soak in cold salted water for an hour. Wipe dry, season, egg and bread crumb each cutlet, and fry in deep fat till brown and tender. Arrange the cutlets on a heated platter, pour around them a rich brown gravy flavored with tomato, and serve with them walnut catsup.

Jugged Rabbit

Cut the dressed rabbit into nice pieces, dredge with flour and fry to a nice brown. Have ready one and a half pint of beef stock thickened with a little flour, and put into a jar with an onion stuck with six cloves, a lemon peeled and cut in halves (all the white skin and seeds removed), pepper and salt to taste, a dash of cayenne and the pieces of fried rabbit. Cover the jar tightly, put it up to the neck in a kettle of boiling water, and let it stew gently until the meat is quite tender; keep the water steadily boiling. Serve with forcemeat balls and currant jelly.

Spiced Rabbit

Joint the prepared rabbit and soak it in cold salted water for one hour. Then drain, pour vinegar over it, and let it remain overnight. In the morning put four tablespoons of butter in a stew-pan, add a sliced onion, a dozen peppercorns, a bay leaf, four cloves and a stalk of celery. Lay the pieces of rabbit on this, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper, and adding a cup of the vinegar in which the meat was soaked and sufficient boiling water to cover. Stew until very tender. When done rub together two tablespoons each of butter and flour, and add it to the gravy, with more seasoning if liked.

Panned Rabbit

Dress a fat young rabbit, lay it on a board, and with a cleaver flatten it out. Place it in a baking pan, breast side down, spread with butter, season with salt and pepper, and bake for an hour in a quick oven, basting frequently with hot water and butter. Serve with tomato sauce and brown gravy.

Rabbit Pie

Cut the dressed rabbit into small pieces and let lie in cold salted water for one hour. Drain and cook in boiling water nearly to cover until perfectly tender, adding a bay leaf, half a dozen peppercorns, a sliced onion and a stalk of celery. When done remove the rabbit, strain the liquor, add to it one cup of cream or rich milk, and thicken with two tablespoons of flour rubbed smooth in two tablespoons of butter. Add more seasoning if necessary. Remove the bones from the meat and arrange the latter in a deep pie dish, seasoning each layer lightly with salt, white pepper and a very little walnut catsup. Pour over the thickened gravy, and when quite cold cover with a rather thick layer of rich paste. Cut an incision in the centre to allow the steam to escape, and bake in a hot oven.

Dry Stuffing

If our young housekeeper prefers to retain the old custom of stuffing a turkey rather than to adhere to the newer one of omitting this, she might use the following dry dressing: Fry a small onion, chopped to a golden brown in a little butter or poultry fat of some sort. Into this crumb a medium sized loaf of bread somewhat stale, season with salt, white pepper, cayenne, a little sweet marjoram or chopped celery, if preferred. Stuff this into the turkey, sew it up, and as much as possible roast the breast downward in the pan to have this plump and juicy. The giblets she will boil meanwhile and after chopping use them and the juice in which they are cooked for making a gravy, together with as much flour as the residue in the roasting pan will take up.

Granberry Sauce

Allow a pint of boiling water and an equal amount of sugar to each quart of berries. Do not cook more than one quart at a time. Let the sugar and water boil together for a moment or two in an earthenware kettle, put in the berries and let them stand closely covered on the back of the stove for about five minutes, without boiling; then move to the front of the stove, and let them boil for five minutes; remove the kettle from the stove and let the sauce remain covered until cold.

Pumpkin Pie

An easy way to prepare pumpkin pie is to pare the pumpkin, cut it in pieces then grate fine, put in a thin muslin bag to drain, then use the same as you would cooked pumpkin.

Baked Pumpkin au Gratin

Pare and dice the pumpkin, arrange in a shallow baking pan, pouring over half a pint of cold water, and cook in a moderate oven, covering with a second pan to prevent browning. When quite soft, mash thoroughly and stir in two tablespoons of butter, a saltspoon of cayenne pepper, one half teaspoon of molasses, one scant teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce and a pinch of ground allspice. Thin slightly by the addition of a little whipped cream and arrange in individual baking dishes, covering the tops with finely grated cheese. Crisp in a hot oven and serve immediately with thin slices of duttered brown bread.

Pumpkin Waffles

Take one cup of mashed and seasoned pumpkin, carefully drained, and add one well beaten egg, one cup of warm cream, half a yeast cake dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, one tablespoon of melted butter and four cups of sifted flour; thin to a rather thick batter with sweet milk; allow it to rise until light and then beat down, adding a pinch of powdered mace and ground ginger; again let it rise for twenty minutes and bake in heated waffle irons to a golden brown; dip the waffles while hot in melted butter and roll in equal parts of cinnamon and pulverised sugar.

Pumpkin Patties

This delicious sweet may be appropriately served for supper and is made by paring and cubing sufficient pumpkin to make two quarts; place in a steamer with a little water and cook until tender, seasoning with a teaspoon of salt and one of mixed spices; then pass through a ricer, adding half a cup of whipped cream, two tablespoons of sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, and a cup of chopped dates; blend to a cream and fill into patty shells, returning to the oven to be reheated; cap with the paste top, ornamenting the top of each with a large crystallized cherry.

Ginger Snaps

Butter, lard and brown sugar, of each ¼ lb.; molasses, 1 pt.; ginger, two tablespoons; flour 1 qt.; saleratus, 2 teaspoons; sour milk, one cup.

Apple Sweet

Wash half a dozen good sized apples and slice thinly, leaving the skins on. Soak in strong salt water about five minutes then put them into a frying pan in which a teaspoon of butter has been melted. Let them cook covered for twelve minutes, then take the cover off and stir in two tablespoons of sugar. Let them fry until they are quite brown, stirring frequently to keep them from adhering.

Rich Wine Sauce

1 cup of butter and 2 of powdered sugar beaten to a light cream. Add ¼ cup of warm wine; stir 2 minutes till smooth and foamy.

The lid of a teapot should always be left so that air gets in. Slip in a piece of paper to keep it open. This prevents mustiness. The same rule applies to a coffee pot.

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B

About the Farm.

How We Feel

"Frosty round the edges,
Winter all but here;
All the hills an' valleys
Barren-like and sere.
Stock is warm an' cozy,
We are cozy, too;
Come on, old King Winter,
We can laugh at you."

Fluttering Feathers.

An excellent food for fattening poultry is oilcake broken, not ground.

Hens will not eat too much beef scrap if it is left before them all the time.

More corn should be fed to the young birds as the weather becomes colder.

Beets or mangel wurzels make fine food for poultry. They should be chopped fine.

The water should be emptied out of the drinking vessels every night when the weather is cold.

Boiled eggs should never be fed to very young chicks and should never be fed more than twice a week.

Mites are easily controlled, if the work is taken in hand before they get too numerous.

Ducks are so much clumsier than chickens that they should be raised in separate quarters.

The best way to get green feed in winter is to store away turnips, beets, cabbage and potatoes.

It costs no more to feed pure-bred poultry than it does scrubs, and the returns are much larger.

When the hens with young chickens are kept in coops they should be moved every two or three days to new places.

Do not feed red pepper unless your chicks are out of condition and require stimulant. It may produce irritation.

Trap nests will prevent egg eating by the hens. This habit is caused by a desire for grit in some form or other.

Rice fed two or three times a week makes very good feed for hens, but it is not as desirable as wheat, oats or corn.

Do not wait until the fowls show worry from lice, but begin when the chicks are hatched, and watch carefully, so that they may not even make their appearance.

To introduce new blood, secure several good hens and mate them to your best male bird provided he is a good one. If your flock is not up to the standard, get the best male bird you can and breed up to him.

It is claimed that a hen will eat more dirt than an ordinary hog. If that is so, it would be well to keep the poultry house clean, and in that way not give her a chance to satisfy her appetite in that respect.

Grit is as necessary for the poultry as milk is for the babies. Don't fail to keep a plentiful supply of this on hand. The hen must have lime in order to build egg shells, as they are largely composed of this substance. Hens cannot make lime out of nothing, so that nothing that isn't

In the Dairy.

Well fed cows do not have to show up pedigree to establish a milk record.

What arrangements have you made for the water supply of the cows during the winter?

During the winter give each cow two tablespoonfuls of Epsom Salts once a week in her mash.

When I see the pails and pans used for milk things kept bright I know that good butter is made on that farm.

A cow is not the most intelligent animal on earth, but she nevertheless never forgets to pay well for good treatment.

A good many dairymen have become poor from keeping cows. They should have had the kind of cows that were able to keep themselves.

I wish every cow owner in the country could be made to understand the value of milk scales when they are regularly used.

Cows that must quench their thirst with ice water, or that frequently cannot get water at all on account of the ice, cannot do their best work.

A cow, like a man, is known by the company she keeps. Don't let her get poor by allowing sheep to eat the grass from under her nose.

The temperature of the stable is very important. It should be kept at about 55 degrees. This can be done easily if the stable is properly constructed and properly ventilated.

Just because a man owns a herd of cows, he cannot be called a dairyman. He may be just a cowherd, keeping cows because his neighbors do.

Moldy corn fodder has had much to do in promoting prejudice in some localities against all kinds of fodder and ensilage. No moldy feed of any kind should be used winter or summer, not even for bedding.

While she is better for strictly dairy purposes, the highly bred dairy cow is not a necessity in order to make dairying pay. The common cow, if she is a milk instead of a beef producer, properly cared for will prove a success every time.

There is no other food that finds its way to the human stomach which is more susceptible to the influences that control its manufacture than butter. The utmost cleanliness must be employed in order to insure a pure, wholesome product.

See that the floor of the cow stable is water tight. Liquid droppings are valuable as a fertilizer, but injurious to cleanliness if allowed to run through the floor and to saturate the earth beneath.

A good mixture for cows in milk is three bushels of oats and one of corn ground together. If oats are scarce, grind one bushel of oats and one of corn together, and to every two bushels of this chop add a bushel of bran.

Don't make butter by guess. Get a dairy thermometer and churn your cream at the right temperature. Then weigh the butter and weigh the salt you work into it. It is the exact method followed which brings the high quality found in the best creamery butter.

The successful dairyman reads the farm and dairy papers, attends dairy meetings and farmers' institutes, in fact secures all the information he can to aid him in his work. Sentiment in favor of better methods on the farm and in the dairy is gaining growth all over the country.

The stingy feeder cheats himself as well as his cows; but on the other hand the dairy cow that will not repay generous feeding should be displaced at once.

The "cow with the crumpled horn" may be all right in poetry, but in a dairy she should be barred unless her horn is slender. Besides, even a slender horn is best dehorned. But a heavy horn is a sure sign of beefy characteristics rather than of a dairy type.

Don't try to put a bushel into a peck measure, nor a dairy cow's full ration into a cow with a little cramped "barrel." If your cow has not a large stomach and lung capacity there will not be much use for a large udder. Sell her for beef—and then dodge that butcher forever after.

Keep Small Flocks.

I think one requisite to success in poultry keeping, the importance of which is generally overlooked by most farmers, and perhaps by many fanciers, is to avoid keeping too many fowls together in one flock. There are several good reasons for this injunction, and the rule applies with equal force whether the fowls are kept in confinement or allowed to run at liberty, as they do on most farms. Increased liability to disease breaking out and destroying the flock should alone afford sufficient reason for keeping small flocks, but there are a number of others equally important.

Dairying and Hogs.

The above is the combination that is spelling prosperity for a large and rapidly increasing number of farmers in this country, and the hand cream separator is often a third element in the combination.

Not every farmer, of course, can make money out of this combination, but there is money in it. Whether a farmer can get it out depends upon himself. There is no magical charm about such a combination. Dairy and swine farming is high class farming, and it is a class of farming which requires skill and industry, and, perhaps most of all, love for the work.

Washing the Hand Separator.

Five minutes work at washing the hand separator in time, is worth 15 minutes work behind time. Immediately after the separating is done, is the proper time for doing this work, and the sooner it is done, the better, the easier and the quicker the job, and the cleaner the separator can be made. Before the machine stops, some water should be poured in to flush out the bowl, then if it is taken apart immediately and rinsed in warm water, the greasy substance will come off easily, and all objectionable odor will be removed. Every piece of the separator should be washed and scrubbed with a brush, and the bowl should not be put together but left open to thoroughly air.

Teaching Young America to Milk.

When young America for the first time picks up the milk pail, and goes to the barn to learn to milk, he should be favored with a few practical suggestions. His mother can do him a good service and be a great help to future dairy cleanliness, by accompanying him to see that he is properly broken in; that he forms

correct habits; that he gets into the habit of brushing the flank and udder before he begins the operation of milking, and that he forms the habit of milking with dry hands. If he gets into the way of milking with wet hands he soon becomes a slave to this habit and cannot be easily broken, and the filth that he will mix with the milk during his natural lifetime by milking with sloppy, wet hands would be enough to disgust the average mortal with the use of all dairy products. While it may be permissible to milk with damp hands, the sloppy hands that continually drip into the pail are abominable. The only way of being certain that the boys will milk right is to see that they start right.

Cows That Pay.

On some farms one half of the cows do not pay for their keep. The amount of milk a cow gives is about the poorest test of her worth unless the milk is sold whole. Most milk, however, is not sold in this manner. The amount of butter fat produced is, in most cases, the only way of determining the value of a cow in the dairy.

It was a good deal of a shock to a certain farmer when he found that his favorite cow produced so little butter fat that she had been kept at a loss for several years, and that another cow, which he had planned to dispose of, was the most valuable cow he had. Every farmer who milks cows should have a Babcock tester. That there is some "trouble" in using it is not a good excuse for not buying a tester. It is the kind of trouble that pays, and the trouble is largely in the imagination of those who have not used one of these valuable instruments.

A Babcock tester produces solid satisfaction in the shape of dollars and cents.

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No matter what your trouble is, whether pimples, blotches, blackheads, rash, tetter, eczema, or scabby crusts, you can solemnly depend upon Stuart's Calcium Wafers as never-failing. Don't be any longer humiliated by having a spotted face. Don't have strangers stare at you or allow your friends to be ashamed of you because of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces. Did you ever stop to think of that?

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless, but the results, mighty satisfying to you even at the end of a week. They will make you happy, because your face will be a welcome sight, not only to yourself when you look in the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks with you.

We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world, so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it to-day, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c. box at your druggist's.

Send us your name and address to-day and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address, F. A. Stuart Co., 51 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



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In Lighter vein.

The Huskers.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again. The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay with the hues of summers rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky, flecked by the many tinted leaves, and laughed they knew not why; and school girls gay with aster flowers, beside the meadow brooks, mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away, and deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;

From many a brown old farmhouse and hamlet without name, their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow, shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below; the golden pile of husks behind, the golden ears before; and laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, talking their old times over, the old men sat apart; while, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade, at hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

No Shade for Pat.

Pat: "I'm after bidding you goodbye, Molke. It's to Panama for me. Shure, four dollars a day workin' on the canal looks like a gold min beside the one dollar and twenty-five cents in Ameriky."

Mike: "But, Pat, do you mind that Panama is one of the hottest places in the world? It's one hundred and twenty in the shade 'most every day."

Pat: "You don't suppose I'm such a fool as to stay in the shade all the time, do you?"

A Terrible Possibility.

Little Lucy came home from school crying piteously. It was some time before the family could learn the cause of her trouble, but finally the sobbing grew less violent, and she wailed out: "The teacher says—if I don't get my spelling lesson—she's going to make an example of me, and—she puts examples on the blackboard, and—if she puts me there, I'm—afraid the scholars will rub me out—t!"

What He Had Read.

An unlettered Irishman's application to the court of naturalization resulted in the following dialogue:

Judge: "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?"

Applicant: "No, sir."

Judge: "Have you read the Constitution of the United States?"

Applicant: "No, sir."

Judge: "Have you read the history of the United States?"

Applicant: "No, sir."

Judge: "No? Well, what have you read?"

Applicant: "O! have some red hair on the back of me neck, your honor."

A Tip in Advance.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining regularly at a certain restaurant, said to the darkey waiter: "Erastus, instead of tipping you every day, I'm going to give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month."

"Dat's all right, sah," replied the darkey; "but I wondah ef you would mind payin' me in advance?"

"Well, it's rather a strange request," remarked the patron. "However, here's a five dollar bill for you. I suppose you are in want of money, or is it that you distrust me?"

"Oh, no, sah," smiled 'Rastus, slipping the bill in his pocket; "only I'se leavin' hyar to-day, sah."

She Might.

Recently two small boys were playing near the country road. A young lady approached them.

"Little boy," said she, "can you tell me if I can get through Olds gate to the pits?"

"Yes, I think so. A load of hay went through five minutes ago."

Appropriate.

The little bugler wore a proud smile as he turned out on guard for the first time.

"Have you learnt all the calls, yet, my boy?" asked the officer, encouragingly.

"Nearly all, sir."

"Do you know the sergeant's call?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the assembly?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the fire alarm?"

"N—no, sir."

"H'm. Well, now, what would you sound if a fire should break out?"

After a pause:

"Er—er, 'lights out,' I suppose," he stammered.

His Exclamatory Ailment.

A colored man in the employ of Representative James D. Richardson of Tennessee was detaching to a friend the particulars of a relative's illness, when, according to the Congressman, the following dialogue ensued between the two darkeys:

"Yes, sree!" exclaimed the negro first referred to, "Moses is sure a sick man. He's got exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory rheumatism," explained the better-informed colored man, de word 'exclamatory' means to yell."

"Yes, sir, I knows it does," quickly responded the other, in a tone of decided conviction, "and dat's jest what de trouble is—de man jest yells all the time."

Had Not Reached the Limit.

Two gentlemen were traveling in one of the hill counties of Kentucky not long ago, bound on exploration for pitch pine. They had been driving for two hours without encountering a human being, when they came in sight of a cabin in a clearing. It was very still. The hogs lay where they had fallen, the thin claybank mule grazed round and round in a neat circle, to save the trouble of walking, and one lean, lank man, whose garments were the color of the claybank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"Wonder if he can speak," said one traveller to the other.

"Try him," said his companion. The two approached the man, whose yellowish eyes regarded them without apparent curiosity.

"How do you do?" said the Northerner. "Howdy?" remarked the Southerner, languidly.

"Pleasant country."

"Fur them that likes it."

"Lived here all your life?"

The Southerner spat pensively in the dust.

"Not yit," he said.

Unanswerable.

Bertie: "Pa, who's that a picture of?"

Pa: "Father Time, with his scythe."

Bertie: "But he's nearly bald."

Pa: "Yes; most old gentlemen are."

Bertie: "But, say, pa, I thought Time had a forelock."

A Simple Explanation.

Mike and Pat worked for a wealthy farmer. They planned to turn burglars and steal the money which the farmer had hid in one of the rooms of his house. They waited until midnight, then started to do the job.

In order to get the money they had to pass the farmer's bedroom. Mike says, "I'll go first, and if it's all right you can follow and do just the same as I."

Mike started to pass the room. Just as he got opposite the door the floor creaked. This awoke the farmer, who called out, "Who's there?"

Mike answered with a "meow" (imitating a cat). The farmer's wife being awake, too, said, "Oh, John, it's the cat," and all was quiet.

Now Pat started to pass the door, and as he got opposite it the floor creaked again. The farmer called out again, louder than before, "Who's there?"

Pat answered, "Another cat."

Evening Up Accounts.

During the South African war, letters sent home by British soldiers had to pass through the hands of a censor. A certain private had sent four or five letters home, and portions had been obliterated by the censor, and were therefore illegible on their arrival at their destination. He decided to even accounts with the censor, and at the foot of the next letter he wrote: "Please look under the stamp."

At the censor's office the letter was opened and read as usual. The officer in charge spent some time in steaming the stamp from the envelope, but his feelings can be better imagined than described when he read these words: "Was it hard to get off?"

Why His Nose Was Red.

The late Mr. Duffy, of Keene, N. H., according to "The Boston Herald," had a very red nose, although he was noted by profession and practice.

On one occasion, when he was on business in a liquor saloon in his neighborhood, a drummer came in to sell cigars. To gain the good graces of the bartender, he invited all in the place to drink, to which invitation all readily responded save Mr. Duffy.

The drummer went to him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "I say, old man, what are you going to have?"

"I thank you, sir, but I niver dhrink," was Duffy's quiet reply.

"What? You never drink?" the drummer responded, with a sarcastic laugh. "Now, if you never drink, will you please tell us what makes that nose of yours so red?"

The impertinence of the questioner at once aroused the irascibility of the old gentleman, and he replied, "Sir, it is glowing with pride because it is kept out uv other people's business."

She Was Excused.

One evening as the mother of a little niece of Phillips Brooks was tucking her snugly into bed, the maid stepped in and said there was a caller waiting in the parlor. The mother told the child to say her prayers and promised that she would be back in a few minutes. The caller remained only a short time, and when the mother went upstairs again, she asked the little girl if she had done as she was bidden.

"Yes, mamma, I did and I didn't," she said.

"What do you mean by that, dear?"

"Well, mamma, I was awfully sleepy, so I just asked God if He wouldn't excuse me to-night, and He said, 'Oh, don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

Chew

PAY ROLL

Plug Tobacco

(BRIGHT)

10 Cents per Cut

To Hold Her On.

The following story is told of President Roosevelt. Once he had to recite an old poem beginning:
 "At midnight in his guarded tent,
 The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in supplication
 bent,
 Should tremble at his power."
 He got only as far as "When Greece, her knee," when he stopped. Twice he repeated "Greece, her knee" and then he broke down.
 The old professor beamed on him over his glasses, and remarked, "Greece her knee once more, Theodore. Perhaps she'll go then."

Her "Kismet."

A fashionable woman had a bit of staturary bearing the inscription "Kismet." A housemaid dusting the room asked her mistress:
 "Share, ma'am, what's the m'ain' of the 'ritin' on the bottom of this?"
 "Oh, you mean 'Kismet.' It means 'fate,'" replied the mistress.
 Bridget was limping painfully when out with her sweetheart not long afterward, and he asked:
 "What's the matter, Bridget?"
 "Faith," was her answer, "I have the most terrible corns on me kismet."

The Foxy One.

Mrs. Knewbryde was in tears.
 "You have forgotten already," she sobbed. "You don't care for me any more! You—"
 "But what have I forgotten, dearest? Tell me!"
 "This is my b—birthday, and you haven't brought me any present, or said a w—word about it, and—"
 "Nonsense, darling, I remembered it perfectly, but I didn't want to remind you that you were a year older."
 And peace and happiness reigned again.

Too Big For His Job.

Admiral Falkersahm, a Russian commander who lost his life in the recent sea fight with Japan, was of great physical proportions and one of the jolliest men personally.
 Some years ago he was put in command of a torpedo-boat, but found that he could not get into his cabin, the aperture leading thereto being too small to permit the passage of his huge bulk.
 He communicated with the admiralty authorities regarding the matter, but for a time they regarded his appeal as a joke and Falkersahm had to pass his nights on deck until he was transferred to a more suitable vessel.

Most Unkindest Cut.

With reference to the humors of country "society" reporting, Mr. Melville Stone, of the Associated Press, tells of the account of a wedding published in a Kansas paper.

One Juror.

"Some years ago, while I was residing at Visalia," remarked Attorney William H. Alford, "I was called to Hanford to defend a petty offender in a justice's court. The defendant had demanded a jury trial, and we put in half a day trying to get a jury, only to find out at the end of that time that we had one lone juror in the jury box.
 "Well, I'm willing to try the case with one juror," said the attorney for the prosecution.
 "So am I," I declared.
 "And we proceeded with the trial. The arguments were howlingly funny, for the reason that the attorney for the prosecution persisted in addressing the lone juror as 'gentlemen of the jury,' and I succeeded in swelling the jury with a feeling of pride and satisfaction by some timely comment on the self-evident honesty, intelligence and integrity of the body. I really thought I had that lone juror won. Then the constable led him out to the jury room, where he might deliberate with himself. In twenty minutes the jury returned with the announcement that no agreement could be reached.
 "What!" thundered the justice of the peace. "You get back there again and reach a verdict."
 "The jury was out twenty minutes more."
 "The jury disagrees," was the announcement, when the court asked the lone juror if he had arrived at a verdict. "You see, it's like this," he went on to explain. "When I consider the testimony of one side I want to find the defendant guilty, and when I consider the testimony of the other witnesses I want to discharge him. I can't agree with myself."
 "And the jury was discharged."

Naturally.

"Three balls!" called out the umpire.
 "Now's your chance to soak it, mein friend!" yelled an excited pawnbroker in the grand stand to the batsman.

A Splendid Xmas Gift For Any Family



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Nowadays, folks are too prone to take things for granted. They accept the wonderful speaking machines as a matter of course, and do not half appreciate what marvelous instruments they are. The telephone, electric light and automobile are marvelous. But just think how much more wonderful are the

Victor or Berliner Gram-o-phone

Just think of rolling your chair before the fire in the evening—lighting cigar or pipe—and listening to a concert that could not be brought to you for less than \$20,000.00 a night.

Caruso, Eames, Gadske, Scotti, Plancon—the most glorious voices in the whole world right there in your room to sing at your bidding, and to keep on singing years after the artists are dead. Maud Powell, queen of violinists; Hollman, master of the cello; Sousa's and Pryor's Bands and the great Victor Orchestra are there waiting to play to you at your touch of the button, to say nothing of quartettes, comic singers, instrumental soloists, minstrel troupes and other entertainers. Think what a concert you may have for your friends, in your own home, any evening, every evening.

All this is possible only with the wonderful Victor or Berliner Gram-o-phone. It is the Victor or Berliner alone that mirrors every note, every tone, every shade of emotion of voice and instrument.

Caruso sings only for the Victor or Berliner. He knows that these wonderful instruments alone will reproduce his voice in all its matchless purity and volume.

Is there anything else you can think of that will give so much enjoyment to every member of the family during the long winter evenings?

Is it not the ideal Christmas present for the wife, for the children, for some dear friend who seldom has a chance to hear good music?

Prices, \$12.50 to \$110.

We are sure you will at least write for our free catalogue of 3,000 records just to see for yourself what splendid things the Victor or Berliner Gram-o-phone has in store for you.



BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO., OF CANADA, Ltd.
 2315 St. Catherine St., Montreal.



\$4.50 FOR A HANDSOME OAK HEATER

The Ideal Oak is a substantial heater, of pleasing design, well proportioned, equal in every way to Oak Heaters sold for double our price. Positively the greatest values in Heaters ever offered in the Northwest.

The lowest price ever made for a guaranteed, fully warranted, genuine Oak Heater. These stoves are made in such enormous quantities and from the best grade iron, bought at the old low contract price of iron and steel, before the advance in cost of raw material, that the price is less than cheap sheet iron stoves of other makes are sold for. Buy quick. They are going fast.

The cost of fuel for operating this stove is reduced to the smallest expense by reason of perfect construction of fire pot and arrangement of upper and lower drafts.

HAS SCREW DRAFT REGULATORS.

BURNS HARD OR SOFT COAL OR WOOD AND IS A POWERFUL HEATER
 has draw center grate in larger sizes, corrugated cast iron fire pot, sheet steel body, heavy cast base, and heavy cast front, with large front door hung on double hinge, heavy cast swing top, heavy cast ring at joining of body and fire pot, large cast ash pit door in base, large sheet steel ash pan.

NICKELED PARTS The following parts are nickel plated: Ornamental ring on top of stove body, heavy foot rails, screw drafts, making our Ideal Oak a neat and handsome stove in appearance as well as a reliable first-class heater.

POSSIBLY YOU HAVE SEEN on the market for this season will you find a stove that equals our Ideal Oak either in price, quality, design, finish, ornamentation or nickel trimmings. REMEMBER our Ideal Oak has Screw Draft Regulators, Corrugated heavy Cast Iron Fire Pot, large cast iron front with large front feed door and ash door. Large sheet steel ash pan. Full nickel trimmed and is guaranteed perfect in operation and construction.

- No. 211 Ideal Oak, \$4.50.
- No. 213 Ideal Oak, \$6.00.
- No. 215 Ideal Oak, \$7.50.
- No. 217 Ideal Oak, \$9.75.

WINGOLD STOVE Co.,

311 Notre Dame Ave., Dept. M., Winnipeg, Man.

CARNEFAC

IN THE STABLE IS THE NEXT BEST THING TO A PRIVATE VETERINARY.
 The Carnefac Stock Food Co., Winnipeg

Kola Tonic Wine

makes that rich red blood which only courses through the veins of the robust. It is the arch enemy of dyspepsia, nervousness, sour stomach and indigestion.

How could it be anything but the extraordinary health builder it is, when you consider the medicinal powers of the three ingredients used in its manufacture:

Kola, Celery and Pepsin.

People who are now finding relief in Kola Tonic Wine are almost without exception men and women who had tried practically everything without finding any permanent relief for their stomach and nerve troubles.



It is most gratifying to watch the change in these people.

They seem surprised after first trying Kola Tonic Wine, as evidently they anticipated the same old result as that experienced from other preparations.

Then they become enthusiastic and begin to tell their friends—we only wish we could refer you to our records of hundreds of cases such as these.

The latter of course is an impossibility as you have not the time nor the ambition to look into all Kola Tonic Wine has done, but here is one of our hundreds of proofs

which amounts to the same.

Gentlemen:—I was a complete wreck when I first heard of Kola Tonic Wine. My case started with a jumping action in the left arm, and developed into St. Vitus Dance. The most eminent doctors of Winnipeg gave me up, and said it was only a matter of a few weeks with me. I was unable to feed myself, in fact my terrible condition was simply shaking the life out of my body. I could hold nothing on my stomach, and the result of all nourishment taken was violent fits of nausea. My mother begged me to let her get me Kola Tonic Wine, having heard what it had done for others. At last I consented to try some, and I am now thanking God that I did so. One case of 12 bottles put me on the sure road to recovery and I was able to return to work. Before I had completed the second dozen my complete health was restored. This is three years ago, since then I have not felt the effects of this awful illness. I believe I owe my life to Kola Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine. Gustave Schwartz, Sept. 3rd, 1906. P.O. Louise Bridge, Winnipeg.

For further evidence we would be delighted to send you our booklet. It is called "Proofs that Prove," and contains the most interesting account of cures performed ever printed. Some of them are in fact little short of miraculous. If you are ailing from loss of appetite, nervousness, insomnia, sour stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, or constipation go to your druggist now and get yourself a bottle of Kola Tonic Wine.

If your druggist does not keep it or is one of those fellows who always tries to sell a person something else, write direct to us, the HYGIENE KOLA CO., 326 Smith Street, Winnipeg, and let us send you the famous booklet, "Proofs that Prove."

Kola Tonic Wine

Made from Kola Celery and Pepsin.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Hannigan.

'Twas the godfather stutted, or mayhap the priest;
But, be that as it may, it is certain, at least,
That the wan or the other was surely to blame
Fur presintin' the lad the quare twisht to his name.
For there at the christ'nin',
Wid iv'ry wan list'nin'
Now didn't his Riverence, Father O'Flanigan,
Wid nervousness stam'r'in',
Behune the child's clam'r'in',
Baptize it "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

Wid these words from the priest, shure, the cute little rogue
Up an' stopped his own mouth wid his chubby kithogue,
An' the dimples broke out an' prosaded to chase
All the tears an' the frowns from his innocent face.
For, faix, he was afther
Absorb'n' the laughther
Stuck into his name by good Father O'Flanigan!
Now that's the thruth in it,
An' so from that minute
Shure, iv'ry one called the lad "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

Now, the "Ha! Ha! Ha!" stuck to him close as his name,
For the sorra a tear could be drownin' the same.
Not a care iver touched him from that blissid day
But his gift o' the laughther would drive it away.
Wid jok'n' an' chaff'n'
He never stopped laugh'n',
Or if he did stop he immajlate began agin';
An' iv'ry wan hearin'
His laughther so cheer'n'
Jist j'ined in the mirth o' young "Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan."

Shure, the troubles o' life are so paltry an' small
'Tis a pity we let thim disturb us at all,
There is niver a care but would I've us in p'ace
If we'd only stand up an' jist laugh in its face.
Faix, life were a pleasure
If all had the treasure
Conferred so unthinkin' by Father O'Flanigan,
If all could but borrow
That cure-all for sorrow
Possessed by "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!"

—T. A. Daly.

Facts and Figures.

Every square mile of the ocean has a population of 120,000,000 fish.

California harvests about 750,000 tons of grapes a year, worth \$15,000,000.

An ordinary European railway engine is equal in strength to nine hundred horses.

Between eight hundred and nine hundred British towns and villages have namesakes in the United States.

Millions of men in India live, marry and raise healthy children on an income of fifty cents a week.

Over 20,000,000 leeches were used annually twenty-five years ago, but now not 1,000,000 a year are used.

In Japan there are families that have conducted the same business for five hundred, seven hundred, and even a thousand years.

The world's largest prune orchard—in Los Gatos, Cal.—contains 50,000 trees and yields an annual profit of \$50,000.

Spanish bullfighters average five thousand dollars a year. Stars sometimes get five thousand dollars a performance.

A record-breaking plate-glass mirror in the dining room of the Savoy Hotel, London, is 158 inches square and half an inch thick.

In the last 500 years Mexico has produced more than any other country in the world, the output for that period amounting to \$1,500,000,000.

In Boston, 300 children annually are named after Emerson.

It is calculated that there are 250,000 hives of bees in Australia.

The turbot lays 12,000,000 eggs a year—11,999,800 more than the best hen.

Needles were first made in 1545, when the making of ten was a good day's work.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,000 feet through the water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

For a fingernail to reach its full length, an average of seven-twelfths of an inch, from 121 to 138 days of growth are necessary.

A ton of steel made into hairsprings for watches is worth about \$7,000,000—more than twelve times the value of the same weight of pure gold.

From 1802 until 1813 Napoleon I. was responsible for the deaths of 5,800,000 men, or at the rate of half a million a year. A great many of these were his own soldiers.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation, which numbers over 70,000 people, is governed by representatives elected by both men and women.

It is just about two years since the outbreak of the insurrection in German Southwest Africa. The campaign has cost Germany 2,000 men and \$175,000,000 in money.

If all the fertilizer that is spread over the farms of Kansas in one year were to be spread on Rhode Island it would form a layer 7 feet 4 1-9 inches deep over the entire state.

In Italy there are more theatres in proportion to the population than in any other country, there being in Catania one to every 9,300 inhabitants. In London there is only one to every 145,000 inhabitants.

Antwerp claims to have printed the first of the world's newspapers in 1605, and celebrated the tercentenary in 1905. The paper was published by Abraham Verhoeven, and antedated the first English paper by seventeen years.

A radical censorship is enforced in China. The person who writes an objectionable book is punished with 100 blows of a heavy bamboo and banished for life. Those who read the books are also punished.

The deepest lake in the world is believed to be Lake Baikal, in Siberia. Nine thousand square miles in area, or nearly as large as Lake Erie, it is 4,000 to 5,000 feet deep, so that it contains nearly as much water as Lake Superior.

Belgium, where public libraries are almost unknown, has 190,000 public houses. That means one public house for thirty-six inhabitants, or one public house for twelve men above 17 years of age, the publican included. During the last fifty years the population has increased 50 per cent, and the number of public houses 258 per cent.

The largest room in the world under one roof and unbroken by pillars is in St. Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 feet in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays, and a whole battalion can completely manoeuvre in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

African elephants cost from \$6,000 to \$7,000; an Indian elephant about \$5,000. Giraffes are worth about the same price as African elephants, on account of their scarcity. A fine hippopotamus may be purchased for \$3,000, an African lion for \$1,000 to \$1,500, and a lioness for \$800 to \$900. Bengal tigers are worth from \$800 to \$900, and camels from \$400 to \$500 apiece.

If all the envelopes manufactured in the United States in one year were combined in one, they would make an envelope 243 miles 43 yards 2 feet and 1 inch long by 477 miles 4 inches wide. It would contain 977 quarts and one half of a pint of postage to paste it shut. It would weigh 200 lbs. when completed,

exactly seven-ninths of the love letters written during the same period.

The strangest village in the world is undoubtedly the little hamlet of Jatte, near Culoz, in France, not far from the Italian frontier, where dwell about 200 deformed men, women and children, who in Paris go by the name of "Culs-de-Jatte." They are deprived of the use of their legs and thighs, and push themselves along in primitive wooden carts, with wooden wheels, which they propel by means of a flatiron-shaped block of wood in either hand.

Items of Interest.

Paris and Geneva propose to name two new streets "Roosevelt street."

A certain jail in Mexico consists of an oak tree with chain and staple attachment.

A single pound of silk represents the product of some twenty-three thousand silk worms.

A brick house, if of average material and workmanship will last one hundred years.

Tobacco was legal tender in the American States when they were still colonies of Great Britain.

Quails are becoming so scarce that both France and Germany have absolutely prohibited their killing.

The Norwegians are longest lived of the European people, and the Spaniards the shortest.

Japanese men are among the best needle-workers in the world, their only equals being the women of Russia.

The railways of the world arranged in a straight line would reach to the moon and back again to the earth.

Among elephants both sexes of the African species have ivory tusks, while in Asia these are generally restricted to the male.

Within the past fifty years Hamburg and the coast of Germany in its neighborhood has sunk five feet nine inches.

The great Lick telescope reveals stars so far distant that it would require ninety thousand of them placed together to be visible to the naked eye.

The reason that cats dislike water is because there is nothing oily about their fur. Consequently, it is easily wetted, and does not dry quickly.

Of the thirty thousand earthquake shocks that occur each year about sixty are "world-shaking," giving instrumental records at a great distance.

In the city of Jaipur, India, all the streets are broad and straight and cross one another at right angles, and every edifice, public or private, is of the same uniform pale pink hue.

The best briar root for pipes comes from southern and western Italy. Roots as big as a man's body and hundreds of years old, are occasionally dug up in the Riviera country.

The Chinese pen is a brush made of soft hair, which is best adapted for painting the curiously formed letters of the Chinese alphabet.

The title "colonel" comes from the word signifying a column. The colonel was so called because he led or commanded the column.

The Alsatian city of Mulhausen not only provides free baths for its school children, but free medical inspection and dental treatment.

In Korea visiting cards measuring a foot square are in vogue. These are carried perpetually on one, and are unfolded at each introduction.

Bishops, on their consecration, receive a ring, to be worn on the third finger of the right hand, in order to indicate ecclesiastical authority.

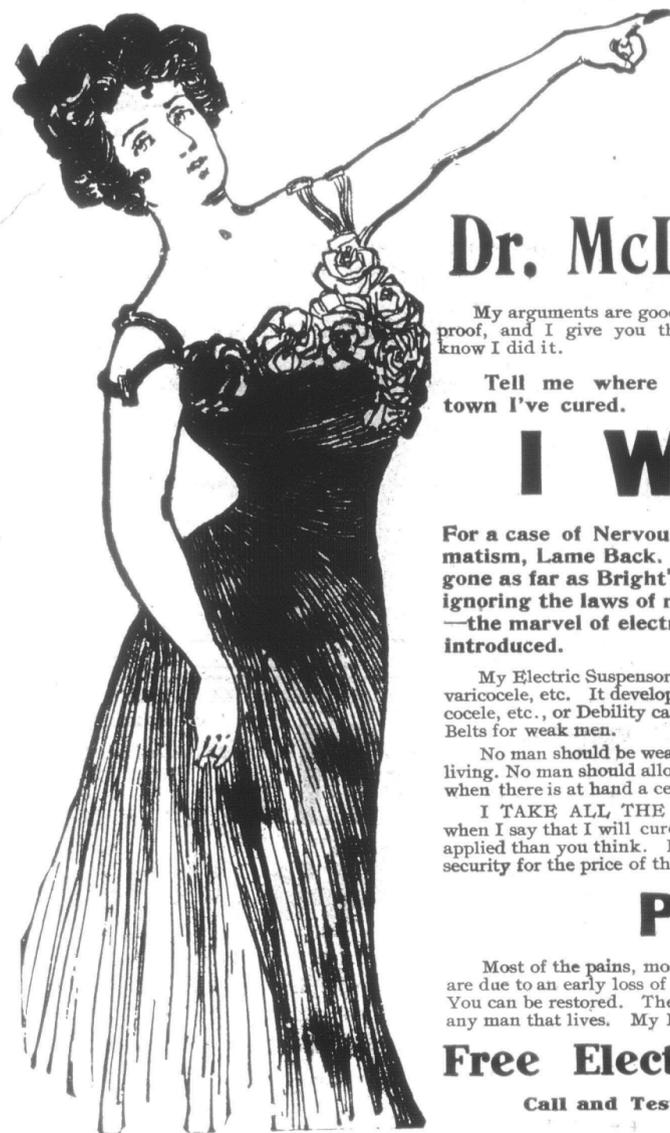
The largest grasshoppers are found in South America, where some specimens reach a length of five inches, with a spread of wings of ten inches.

A Bangkok resident keeps a goose which acts as a watchdog. He has trained the bird to give a creditable imitation of a motor-car hooter whenever a stranger approaches.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

MEN, READ IT!

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will do this for You.



Stomach, Heart, Kidney and Nervous Troubles Cured Permanently

Teulon, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin,
Dear Sir: I am pleased to say that one year and eleven months has passed since I stopped wearing your Belt, and I can say that your Belt has cured me permanently of my different ailments, such as nervousness, heart and kidney troubles, indigestion, sick headaches and other ailments. I have not been troubled with any of them since, nor have I felt the effects of them since I stopped wearing the Belt. I always answer all who ask me about the Belt, and there have been several who have written to me. I do this cheerfully and will continue to do so as long as they send me a stamp for reply. Wishing you success in the future, I remain,
Yours for health,
James Ed. Jones.

What would you give to have your old vim back again? What would you not sacrifice to feel as you did a few years ago; to have the same snap and energy, the same gladness, joyous, light-hearted spirit and the physical strength you used to have? You know you are not the same man, and you know you would like to be. You might as well be. It's easy. I am making men out of wrecks every day, and I can make you as good a man as you ever were with

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

My arguments are good, my system is good, but I know you haven't time to study these. You want proof, and I give you that, and lots of it. When your own neighbour tells you I cured him, you will know I did it.

Tell me where you are and I'll give you the name of a man in your own town I've cured.

I Will Pay \$1000

For a case of Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Early Decay and waste of Power, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease that has not gone as far as Bright's Disease, Indigestion, Constipation or any weakness caused by ignoring the laws of nature, which I cannot cure with my new improved Electric Belt—the marvel of electricians, the most wonderful curative device that has ever been introduced.

My Electric Suspensory carries the current direct to the weak parts and cures all weaknesses of men: varicocele, etc. It develops all weak organs and checks unnatural drains. No case of Failing Vigor, Varicocele, etc., or Debility can resist the powerful Electric Suspensory. It never fails to cure. It is free with Belts for weak men.

No man should be weak, no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer when there is at hand a certain cure for his weakness, a check to his waste of power.

I TAKE ALL THE CHANCES. You might think that I take long chances with my appliances when I say that I will cure you before you pay me. I don't. There is more in Electricity when properly applied than you think. I take all chances on curing your case. All I ask is that you give me reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and you can use it at my risk and

Pay When Cured

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves, from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives. My Belt has

Free Electric Suspensory for Weak Men

Call and Test it To-Day! If You Can't Call, Send for My Book—Free.

CAUTION—In order to protect the reputation of my Belt, I am compelled to caution people against certain concerns that are advertising electric belts. My office contains hundreds of these magnet bands that possess no virtue. Even if they did, those selling them could not advise the proper manner to apply them.

READ WITH CARE.—Dr. McLaughlin's is positively the only electric appliance sold in Canada with which the patient has the care of a physician. I do not allow agents or drug stores to handle my Belts.

FREE BOOK.—Write for my beautiful Illustrated Book showing how my Belt is used. I want you to read this book and learn the truth about my arguments. If you suffer from rheumatic pains, weak kidneys, loss of vitality, prostatic troubles, nervous spells, varicocele, or any ailment of that kind, that unmans you, this book contains information you should know; it explains my method thoroughly. I send it closely sealed without marks, free upon application. If you are not the man or woman you should be write at once. **CONSULTATION FREE.**

I HAVE A BOOK ESPECIALLY FOR WOMEN ALSO.

Put your name on this coupon and send it in

Dr. E. M. McLAUGHLIN,

112 Yonge Street, - Toronto, Canada.

Send me your Free Book, closely sealed, and oblige

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Office hours 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Women Workers in Japan.

The remarkable increase during the last few years in the number of women employed in various branches of commercial life in Japan must be regarded as a very significant sign of the times. Not content with the occupations which have almost exclusively belonged to females, they have now invaded those fields which have hitherto been con-

sidered as belonging to the male sex. The experiment made in the employment of women as clerks and bookkeepers has been found satisfactory, and we now find girls employed by many of the firms and stores in Tokio and other large cities. The employment of women in these various directions will do much toward emancipating the Japanese women, who have until now been entirely dependent on men for the shaping of their destinies. It is only

natural, under such circumstances, that female education should engage serious public attention. The number of girls receiving a school education, it is stated, is now more than eight times the number of those at school ten years ago. More remarkable are the figures given by the Tokio Educational Society. Fifteen years ago the percentage of females admitted to the training school for teachers was less than twenty, as compared with the men, but to-day the

rate has been completely reversed, the number of male applicants being now about fifteen per cent. of the total. It is said that women, as teachers, are proving themselves superior to men, and that there is consequently more demand for the former than for the latter. There is no doubt that the employment of women in the various branches of business activity will steadily increase with the advance of education among them.

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

A Success Salad.

To choicest cuts of Energy
And eggs of cold hard Cash
Add freely oil—Diplomacy—
With salt of Tact—a dash—
Bedeck with Leaves of Cheerfulness
And pepper well with Nerve—
Behold your Salad of Success
Is ready—stir and serve!

Dinkelspielers.

Der man dot means der mosd uses his
voice der fewest.
Der horseshoe vas always lucky—ven
der right horse vins.
Der confidential man is der inventor
uf der confidence man.
A fool waits for Opportunity, vile der
vise man runs down der road und meets id.

So many peoples tsart ub der ladder
uf fame midout looking if der ladder
llable to slip.

Nefer ged in front uf a mule's back to
critickize him; much bedder you say id
to his face.

Der troubles mit many a rich man in
a automobile is dot he is broken down
und needs a change.

Shakespeare says id dot patience vas
on a monument, but Willum nefer said
id dot truth vas always on a tombstone.

Ven vimmen meet id is der besd
dressed voman in der party dot is satis-
fied to led der udders do der mosd talk-
ing.

Some peoples lay ub a few dollars for
a rainy day, but vas villing to accept a
snowstorm as a goot oxcoos' to spend id.

She—His automobile bumped into the
fence, you say? What then?
He—I can't tell you what followed.
She—You were there, weren't you?
Can't you tell me what he did?
He—O! yes, I can tell you what he
did. I thought you wanted to know
what he said.

Wealthy Parent—What? Engaged
yourself to young Tapester? Outra-
geous! The idea of a Van Juneberry
marrying a mere store clerk!
Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk
now, papa. He's a gentleman of leisure.
"Eh?"
"Yes; he's been discharged."

City Man (carpingly)—"Whew, but
it's hot! I am told that the mercury
frequently stands at 110 in the shade
here." Farmer Summerboard (cheering-
ly)—"Well, you don't hafta stay in the
shade, ye know."

Tete de Veau—"Did you ever wonder
what you would do if you had Pierpont
Morgan's income?" L'Oignon—"No. But
I've often wondered what Pierpont Mor-
gan would do if he had mine."

As small Tommy was about to climb
into his chair at the dinner table, his
mother said: "Are your hands clean,
dear?" "Course they are," answered
Tommy. "If you don't believe it, look
at the towel."

Mrs. Johnson, (3 a.m.)—"How dare
you come home at 3 o'clock in the morn-
ing?" Mr. Johnson (loaded)—"You—hic!
—can't expect me—hic!—to stay out all
night—hic!—on a dollar and—hic! seven-
ty-five cents."

"You seem depressed." "Yes, I've got
to ask my girl's father to-night for her
hand." "Bosh! Don't be alarmed. The
stern father exists only in the comic
papers." "Maybe so; but the borrowing
father is a painful reality. He'll land
me for a fifty, to a dead moral cer-
tainty."

Kind Lady—"My poor man, when the
last tramp called here I gave him a bar
of soap. He cut it open, and found a
note inside with an offer of marriage
from a pretty factory girl." Gritty
George (hastily)—"No use to tell me
dot, maam; I expect to remain a bachelor
the rest of my days."

"See here," grumbled the inmate of
murderer's row, "ain't there a law again
crool and onusual punishment?" "Yes,"
answered the warden. "An' ain't I to
be hanged next week?" "I'm afraid you
are." "Then what d'yer mean by send-
in' me a bunch of story papers to read
that ain't got nothin' but continued
stories in 'em?"

An aged Scotch minister about to
marry for the fourth time was explain-
ing his reason to an elder: "You see, I
am an old man now, and I canna expect
to be here verra lang. When the end
comes I wad like to have some one to
close my eyes." The elder nodded and
said: "Aweel, meenister, I have had twa
of them and both of them opened mine."

Two Irishmen driving through the
country noticed that many of the barns
had weather-vanes in the shape of huge
roosters. "Pat," said one man to the
other, "can you tell me why they al-
ways have a rooster and niver a hen on
the top iv thim barns?" "Sure," replied
Pat, "an' it must be because av the
difficulty they'd have in collecting the
eggs."

Knicker—"It is very hard to catch the
speaker's eye." Henpekt—"In the case
of my wife I find it very hard not
to."

Stubb—"What kind of shoes are those
you are wearing?" Cogger—"Walking
shoes." "Walking shoes for automobile
riding?" "Yes, I know my machine."

Mrs. Nexdore—"I've been thinking of
having my daughter's voice cultivated.
Would you?" Mrs. Pepprey—"By all
means, if you have tried every other
remedy."

Mrs. Newlymitch—"John goes to the
office every morning at 8. And the last
thing he does is to kiss me." Girl
friend (absently)—"Yes, I should think
it would be."

"Why did you leave your last place?"
asked the lady of the house. "They
quarreled too much, mum," said the
cook. "About what?" "Ginerally the
cooking, mum."

First Veteran Composer—This here
ignorant reporter has went and speiled
"victuals" v-i-t-a-l-s.
Second Veteran Composer—Well, fix
'er up an' shove 'er in. We only got
three minutes to go to press.
And in the paper the next morning
the story ran: "The verdict was that
deceased came to his death from a pis-
tol shot in the victuals."

Visitor—Hallo, Mike! What's that
you have in the glass case?

Mike—That's the brick I got up agin
my head at th' last election.

Visitor—Oh! And what's that little
flower on the top of it for?

Mike—That's a flower from the grave
of th' man thot threw it!

He—And what became of that little
dog you took about with you such a lot
last season?

She—Oh, that sort of dog went out of
fashion, so I had the poor thing put out
of its misery.

Charitable Lady—But a man last week
told me exactly the same story!

Tramp—Yes, lady; yer see, I made a
fatal mistake in not havin' the history
of me life copyrighted.

The sewing circle weekly meets
The savages to gown,
And while they dress the heathen up
They dress their neighbors down.

"Pa, what are halcyon days?" "S-h-
h," replied H. Peck, Sr., as he looked
around to ascertain that he and his
son were alone; "they're the glorious
summer days when your dear mamma
is far, far away from the wicked,
noisy city enjoying freedom from
household cares and getting the sweet,
pure air she needs so much."

Colored Stevedore—Ah want's a day
off, cap'n, ter look up a job fo' mah wife.
Mate—Will you be back to-morrow?
Colored Stevedore—Yes, ef she don't
git it.

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