

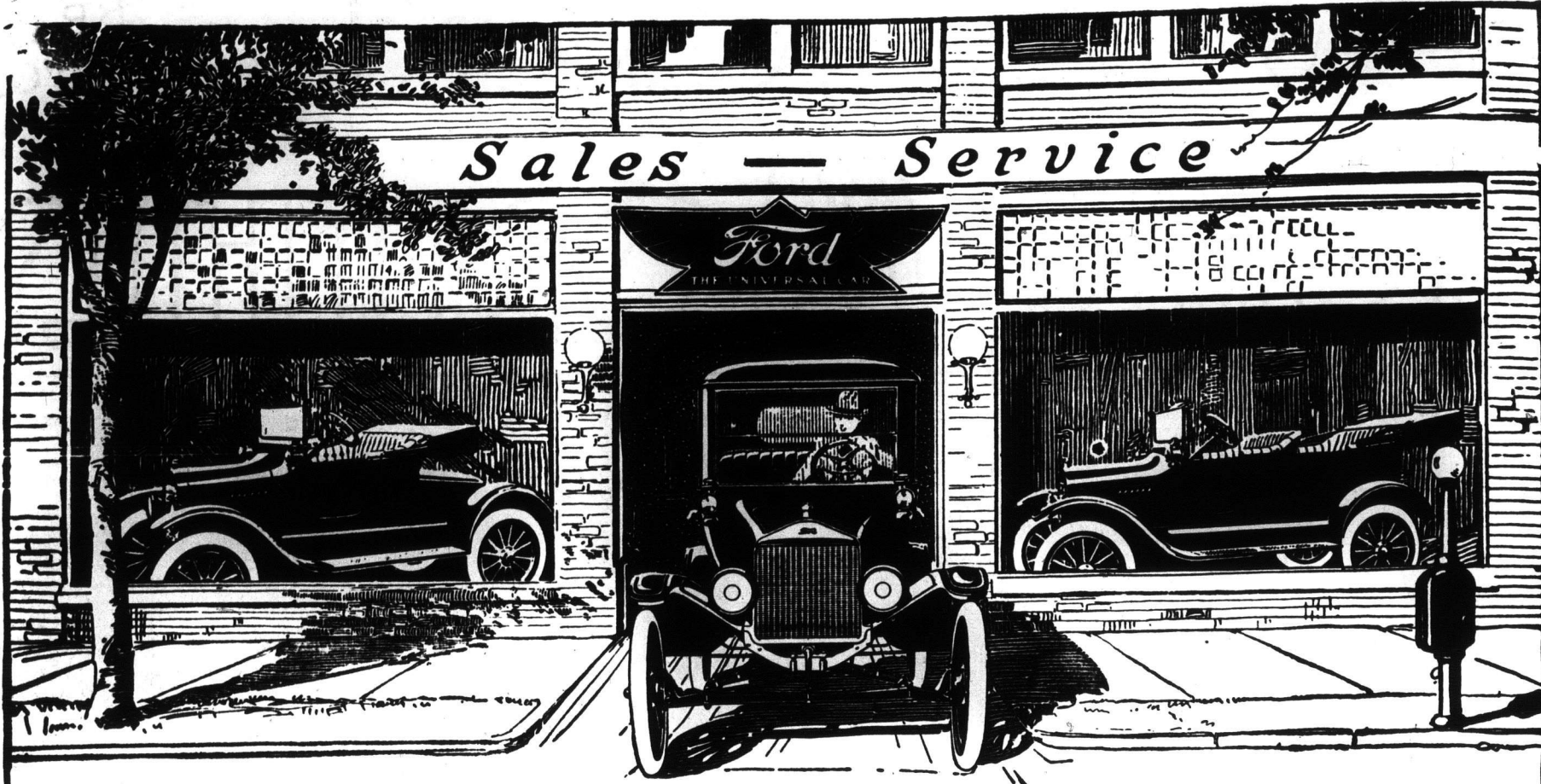
The WESTERN
HOME MONTHLY

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Winnipeg, Man.

March, 1918



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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XIX. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 3

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

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

A Chat with Our Readers

Increasing the Family Income

"I have many comforts in my home, but I believe I am not different from other wives and mothers in feeling that I should like to make some extra money to spend for what some one calls 'the essential non-essentials.' There are so many things we women would like to spend that 'little extra' on each month, if we could earn it. Can The Western Home Monthly throw any light on this subject?"—Mrs. Phillips, Saskatchewan.

Such is the form of letter which now and then comes to our editorial desk as it must to the editors of any influential magazine reaching hundreds of thousands of readers, as does The Western Home Monthly.

This desire to help increase the family income is one which is sure to seize us at one time or another. Even with things going smoothly, there is always the longing for more of the good things of life, greater advantages for the children, good books, recreation, that wished-for trip to Vancouver, or Montreal, or wherever it may be. But mother's time is decidedly limited. Her life-work is close to her home. What then can she do to help make these things possible? This is a problem which we have had occasion to solve for some of our readers.

The most readily available method whereby a woman may earn money at home is the local representation of firms manufacturing useful articles for home consumption. We find that there are several large companies in this country that have built up their different lines of business by selling methods similar to the club-raising plan of The Western Home Monthly.

It is the belief of the publishers of The Western Home Monthly that its readers are its best representatives. For many years we have depended on our readers to secure for us the great bulk of our circulation, with profit and, we hope, with pleasure to themselves.

A large number of manufacturers in this country have employed this same method of local representation; and it is safe to say that there are a great many women all over this country who are making money by representing these firms. It is not difficult to locate such companies, but, like everything else, some are much better than others, from the standpoint of the representative.

Before closing negotiations with any such company or firm, first examine its literature carefully; avoid all firms that make exaggerated statements in their advertising; also be certain to examine the article which they ask you to sell—be sure that it is something your customers will want, that it is honestly made, and that it is priced fairly. Do not be tempted into selling an inferior product by the offer of a large profit. Remember that your profits in the long run will depend on satisfied customers, who will give you re-orders from time to time.

The editors of The Western Home Monthly will be glad to continue to advise its readers on this matter of increasing the family income.

Are You Getting up a Club for "The Western Home Monthly"?

Now of all times in the year is the proper season to get up a club for The Western Home Monthly. This is the time

when people are interested in subscribing for periodicals, and as The Western Home Monthly is conceded to be the best magazine published at anywhere near the price, it is a very easy matter for anyone in any neighborhood to get up a club for it. For such efforts in our behalf we give very liberal rewards in valuable and useful premiums. Some of these premiums are described in recent issues of The Western Home Monthly, but our complete premium list, which describes and illustrates different articles, and which all who contemplate getting up a club should have, is included in our complete outfit for getting up clubs for The Western Home Monthly, which will be sent free to any address on application. If you have not already sent for it, do so at once, for with this outfit to help you, you can secure a large club in your vicinity, and as a reward, one or more of our splendid premiums, with scarcely any trouble or labor.

Dear Sirs,—I would hate to miss one copy of The Western Home Monthly. It is a very interesting paper, and we couldn't get along without it or we feel that we couldn't. The young men's page is wonderful and should be a guide for any young man who reads it. Also, the Young Woman's page, which is the same. In fact, the whole paper is instructive for old or young. We hope The Western Home Monthly may visit every home this year, and may God bless you in your efforts in making The Western Home Monthly what it is.—H. R. K., Denzil, Sask.

Get the Home Habit

Editor, W. H. M.—Let me congratulate you on the excellence of your magazine. I have taken it from its youth and it has improved with every issue. Some people here send everywhere for magazines, but they have to travel far to surpass my popular favorite, The Western Home Monthly. Enclosed find subscription for three years.—R. J. G., Edmonton.

Regina, Sask., February 18th, 1918.
Dear Sirs,—My family, my many friends and myself like your paper very much all through, and I always hear it well spoken of.—Yours sincerely, Mrs. S. A. Cumming.

Hamiota, Man., February 22nd, 1918.
Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find \$1.00 for the Western Home Monthly. We all look forward to its coming to our home. I only wish it came twice a month. There are some very interesting stories in it; also the Household page is very helpful to me. Wishing you every success.—Yours very truly, Mrs. W. J. McBain.

Can, Sask., February 12th, 1918.
Gentlemen,—I notice my subscription to your valued paper has expired, and therefore I enclose \$1.00 for another year. I have been a constant reader for five years now, and would not be without it for double the price.—Yours very truly, Jas. D. Lawson.

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Why is ice slippery?
What is a thunderbolt?
What makes the noise when a bag bursts?
Why is it colder on a mountain top?
What makes the sea salt?
Why do we have names?
Why is our shadow larger than ourselves?
Which is the bird with the longest tail?
What makes the knots in wood?
Why does the chameleon change its color?
What is it that makes us hungry?
Do the stars really twinkle?
Why is snow white?
Why does a stick hold together?
When we run into a wall, does it push us back?
What makes the colors of the sunset?
Why does light seem red when we shut our eyes?

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Mail Coupon for the Answers

The Book of Knowledge

The Children's Encyclopedia—answers every question a child can ask

Can your child read intelligently and tell you interestingly and correctly about the familiar things which he sees around him? If not, he is not educated, and has not even started on the road to an education.

It is not enough to know that salt comes out of the earth and sea, or that sugar is obtained from sugar-cane and beet-roots, or that rubber flows from certain trees when they are tapped—we must know every step in the processes by which these things are obtained and made use of. We must know the way in which the tiny coral animals build their beautiful reefs, and the way in which man builds his lighthouses in the bed of the sea. We must know how the fibre of the cotton is separated from the seed and who invented the machines that made cotton so cheap. **The Book of Knowledge** is the simplest scheme of knowledge ever presented to the world.

Place **THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE** in your home—**YOUR CHILD WILL GROW UP TO THANK YOU.**

PICTURES SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS

The Book of Knowledge possesses in a marked degree the power to awaken and stimulate growing minds, **first and foremost**, because it is illustrated with thousands of delightful educational pictures. There must be pictures to attract and hold the child's attention—full page illustrations and plenty of them, which tell the story in a striking and artistic manner, and impress the important knowledge of the world upon his mind in a way that can never be forgotten. The child learns more and faster through the eye during the earlier years, when he should be acquiring the love of learning.

In the household where **The Book of Knowledge** has become the source of joy and usefulness it is just as common a thing to see father or mother, aunt or uncle, absorbed in the volumes as the children. Everybody wants to know,

but nobody wants to be told in a prosy and uninteresting manner. The world of knowledge is also the world of romance, and when the two things can be brought together, as in this remarkable work, there is not a man, woman or child who can fail to be interested, or fail to find out.

A VERDICT YOU CAN TRUST

Senger Wheeler, Maple Grove Farm, Rosthern, Sask. (Prize Wheat Grower of America) says: "I am delighted with The Book of Knowledge. It is fully up to my expectations. The Book of Knowledge is especially of great value in every home where there are children, in contributing a wealth of information and knowledge both interesting and instructive. The arrangement is very effective and appealing to children and the profuse illustrations add to its charm. This book should be in every home, more particularly in farmers' homes, where the opportunities for education are less than in populated centres. The long winter evenings will not be found dull where The Book of Knowledge is to be found. It is not only appealing to children, but adults will find therein a fund of knowledge both interesting and instructive. I am pleased to add my appreciation of The Book of Knowledge."

Your verdict will be the same. Give your children a chance to become successful men and women! Education is the key to all success. **The Book of Knowledge is Education.**

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Please mail descriptive book, "The Child and The Book of Knowledge," explaining the use and meaning of the work and its helpfulness to the child at home and in school, and containing clear and simple answers to the above questions.	
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The Free Book contains the following illustrated subjects:
 The Living Flowers of the Sea, frontispiece in three colors; The Progress of the Worlds; The Beginning of a Great Bridge; The New Chariots of the Sky; The Great Workshop Down in the River; Along the Panama Canal Zone; The Wonderful Machinery of Our Ears; Plants That Eat Insects; Strange Animals That Eat Ants; The Space No Man Can Measure, and others.

PUBLISHED AND SOLD ONLY BY
The Grolier Society, The Tribune Building
 WINNIPEG, Manitoba

Editorial

The Final Struggle

UNLESS Providence intervenes, this month will see the beginning of the greatest struggle the world has ever witnessed. It is greatest because of the number of men engaged, the character of the weapons employed, the modes of warfare adopted, the cost of maintaining the forces, the suffering and loss to all people, and above all, it is greatest because of the issues involved. The freedom of the world is at stake. Should Germany lose, democracy is safe; should the Allies lose, the hands on the clock of time will move back three hundred years. Three hundred years—aye more, for there will be a re-appearance of human slavery in a form more horrible and brutal than the world has ever known. Let anyone who has read the story of Prussian cruelty, lust, and heartlessness, and the added story of Turkish brutality and slaughter, imagine what the world would witness were these arch-fiends to have their will without let or hindrance. Let any Canadian picture what it would be right here in a few years with our children and our children's children, were the Brutish Hun to take possession of our fair land.

There is no need any longer of mincing matters. We are face to face with the gravest danger—not a danger that the Allies will lose in the present war, but that the victory may not be so pronounced as to make it impossible for militarism ever again to raise its head. It must not be that anyone can say of us, "We have scotched the snake, not killed it." Every man has to pass through this world but once, and his duty and privilege is to leave it a little better than he found it. It will not be well for us if we entered a world comparatively free and leave it in bondage. It will not be well for us if, when the people were learning to assert their liberty to think and legislate, and act freely, we, through our selfishness and passivity, our blindness and unbelief permitted the masses to become slaves to the most arrogant and tyrannical despotism that has ever existed on this old earth. In all seriousness we must get heart and soul into this struggle. And that means prayer and sacrifice.

It means prayer, because if we believe at all in God, He must be somewhere in this great conflict. And if He be the God of righteousness and love, He will not be heedless of petitions from those who are like-minded. We do not ask that Canadians cringe and fawn as cowards do, but that they bring their minds and resolutions into harmony with the Divine, and thus, through their consecration and earnestness, bring the answers to their own prayers. It is not childish, it is not womanish to pray. It is the very essence of wisdom, for it is the mainspring of courage and devotion and sacrifice. Prayer is not saying words nor repeating dull insipid commonplaces, but it is the subjection of an individual will to the Greater will of Deity. Have we got there? If not, it seems we have not yet sufficient determination to carry the war through to the last ditch.

Now, we cannot get into this attitude—for prayer is an attitude rather than a speech—without knowledge of facts and conditions. And so we welcome those reports from the stricken lands, those tales of Belgium carried into slavery, and prisoners of war bayoneted in their barbed wire enclosures. Through such stories we appreciate the awfulness of German atrocity, and the need of sacrifice and perseverance on our part, if the enemy of the race would be overthrown.

Sacrifice! The word is old to us, but the thing itself we scarcely know. Before the season is out we must, perhaps, know it from stern necessity. To eat less, to spend less on pleasure, to live in smaller quarters, to do without accustomed luxuries, to wear simple clothing, and to be satisfied with brown bread—all this is comparatively easy. It is only the beginning of sacrifice. Germany does this much and more, and Germany is not fighting for principle but for power. People fight and suffer to attain power, but some other people die for principle. Are we among that number? That is the sacrifice our men are making. And it is none too great, for there is no sacrifice too great for truth and righteousness and freedom. Can we afford to stand idly by and see them die? Would it not be better to put our all into the scales, until before God's eyes the balance tips downward—love triumphing over hate, democracy over autocracy, right over wrong.

Responsibility

IN the long run it is the character of a people that counts. It is of comparatively little importance how wealthy we become if our wealth does not mean a nobler type of manhood and womanhood. If the war has demonstrated anything, it has been that the true asset for an individual or a nation is character. Everything depends upon what a person puts first in life.

Now all people do not put the same thing first. Some have an ambition to excel in sport, others in business, others wish to distinguish themselves as

social leaders or as students of religion. All of this is well. It is not to be expected that all good kernels will be tarred to the one stick. And yet all kernels should be good, and the essence of goodness is contained in such words as bravery, kindness, faith and moral responsibility.

It is this last which is worth so much just now; and which will be increasingly important after the war. To train boys and girls to accept and feel responsibility, to make them know that each has a solemn obligation in life, and to fit each for the discharge of his special work, this is the duty of parents and educators of all kinds.

There is a danger right here of making boys and girls feel and act as men and women before their time, and this would be a mistake. Yet something can be done during adolescence to develop the feeling of responsibility. Too often there is a lack in this regard. It will do no harm if we get into our blood once more the spirit of the old Scot and the ancient Persian. To these life was a series of obligations, not a perpetual picnic. In other words, it will be well for us all in Canada to become a little less churchy and a great deal more religious. No man these days is worth anything who is not serious.

Food

THE war is not ended as yet, and we may as well reckon that it cannot be won except by force of arms. It is necessary to have men, munitions, ships and food. Just now the last is our chief concern.

There is no doubt at all that the world is short of food. There is a shortage such as has not occurred in modern times. Speaking in September, 1917, a well-informed writer said: "The Argentine wheat crop was short 100 million bushels, Australia 50 million bushels, the U.S. crop more than 200 million bushels, and Canada very much less than the average. The reserve of wheat is very small, a fraction of what is available at this time under ordinary conditions."

There is a shortage not only of wheat but of sugar. The production in France has been greatly curtailed. If the Allies are to depend upon the supplies in the United States and Cuba, they will have to go on very short rations. It is calculated that if each person on the North American continent reduces his consumption by one-fourth, there will be a saving of 1,200,000 tons.

A third fundamental is fats. These are needed for food and for munitions. The only way to secure fats in abundance are increased production, decreased waste and readjustment of food rations.

The attempt at increased production last year was praiseworthy. Too much pressure cannot be exerted upon people everywhere to outdo the effort of 1917. The corner lot, the poultry yard, the hog pen are all important this year as never before.

It is reckoned that we throw away in North America each year about 800 millions of dollars of food which, in a European country, would be utilized. By careful management much of this would be saved. The saving may win the war. It is for private families as well as restaurants to save every ounce of food. Somebody, somewhere, may be starving because of our carelessness. Fortunately, a great deal has been done in towns and cities to reduce waste. The good work can still go on.

But there must be more than a reduction of waste. It is necessary, by voluntary effort, or by enforced rationing, to readjust our programme of purchasing foods. The standard loaf is the beginning of reform. Why should we not go back to the times of our fathers and live chiefly on oatmeal, potatoes, and the coarser vegetables? By such a change, even in moderation, we could forward to our Allies no less than 200 million bushels of wheat above the amount they are now receiving.

To reduce the sugar used, it is only necessary to stop candy-making, to use less of sweet soft drinks; to take tea and coffee with a little less sugar to the cup; to eat beets and carrots in abundance in order to compensate us for our loss—if we feel the loss, which in most cases would be very doubtful.

The saving in fats can be effected through using beans and peas, but even this is not so necessary because, as in the case of sugar, our people consume, as a rule, much more than they require.

There may be abundant food, if only our people are prepared to do their utmost in the way of production and conservation. They require education. It is quite in order for newspapers, schools and all other organizations that touch the people, to use their influence in the directions indicated. Much has already been done, through the Food Controller's office and otherwise. The good work should go on. It must go on, because only by increasing our supply of food can we win the war. And the war must and shall be won.

There is one good thing about this programme of food conservation. It entails sacrifice, and sacrifice is the first law of service. Unfortunately, all who

are connected with food supply are not making equal sacrifice, and here is the injustice of the thing and the cause of all disaffection. It is because the people of Canada feel that there is unequal sacrifice, and that no real effort has been put forth by those in authority to secure equality, that indignation and wrath have been so pronounced. The Food Controller is to be commended for all that he has done to encourage production and diminish waste. He is to be condemned if he has in any case overlooked practices which imposed needless burdens on the consumers. In this war everyone must be conscripted for service. The few must not fatten on the many.

The Way to 'Peace

IMAGINE a number of ribbons stretched across this page, each divided into segments of varying hue. Imagine each ribbon to represent a nation, and each of the hues to represent some class or interest in the nation. Now, some people in looking at the page would see nothing but the ribbons as wholes, and others might, perhaps, looking up and down the page, see nothing but distinctive colors—that is the various classes of people.

Up to the present time the thought of nation-building has been most pronounced. Whatever may happen to classes the nation must live. This is the thought of nearly all contestants in the present war. "The right of the small nations," is the slogan of the Allies; "The nation (Deutschland) over all," is the slogan of Germany.

Over in Russia, however, there is a new cry. The Bolsheviki refuse to look at the ribbons. They will not let their eyes move from left to right. They are concerned with classes the world over. They look up and down in being loyal to the past. One's land is dearer to him than his Union or his Guild, and this because it stands for more. It makes a broader and more unselfish appeal to him. And so the narrowness of nationalism cannot be corrected by substituting the more pronounced narrowness suggested by such titles as "The Workers of the World," "The Money Kings of the World," or any other combination such as this.

The way out of our troubles was indicated two thousand years ago, and there is no other way. "Brotherhood is not in the nation, it is in the world." And so there is in the mind of the Russian soldiers and peasants, and labor unions, the thought of a great brotherhood the world over united in friendly sympathy. The class bond must take the place of the national bond. The ribbons must run up and down the page rather than across.

Now, it is clear that this will be no solution of the world's trouble. If it be true that emphasis on the national idea has promoted strife and armed conflict, emphasis of class destructions the world over will lead to struggles far more bitter and far more prolonged. It is no relief to change one's hatred from the man across the boundary line, to the man who lives next door.

The way to world peace is clearly not by substituting one form of opposition for another. Nor, indeed, would such a thing be possible, for whether there be reason in it or not, men still persist. Each individual in the nation must feel that he is his brother's keeper. Each must live for all and all for each. Then each nation must find itself only as it loses itself in service to other nations. Thus will national distinctions and class distinctions be united in the Christian conception of a world wherein dwelleth peace and righteousness. In the end of things, when all discords are reduced to harmonies, it will be said on earth as in Heaven:

"O Galilean, Thou hast Conquered."

The building up of nations is not wrong in itself, but every nation should accept its two-fold responsibility, that of reconciling the antagonisms within itself, and that of co-operating with other nations for world-peace.

When?

IN American writer, Richard Washburn Child, who returned recently from the other side of the Atlantic after a sojourn in Great Britain and France records that both the British and French realized long ago the worse than futility of the question "When will the war end?" They learned that insidiously, quietly, imperceptibly, the persistent tap, tap, tap of this little question cannot but have a disintegrating effect, dulling the edge of determination, entering the subconscious mind like a slow disease which would drain off fighting spirit. It is a question which no high-spirited people will allow to haunt their mind, beating upon their will like the constant dropping of water upon a stone. The thing is one which every one of us can put the test for himself, by asking himself which of two men would he trust for strength of character, courage and sense and for unflinching determination when something has been begun to see it through—the man who is given to asking "When will the war end?" or the man who is constantly doing all in his power to help towards "carrying on"?

How to get this beautiful picture for framing

THIS painting by Paul Stahr, the well-known illustrator, is his interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been beautifully reproduced from the original water color painting. Size 15 x 19 inches. Made expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Send for your picture to-day. Read offer below.



"A Skin You Love to Touch"

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You too can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

SOFT, smooth skin, the clear glowing complexion that everyone admires—these you, too, can have.

Whatever the condition that is keeping your skin from being as attractive as it should be, it can be changed. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment.

Why your skin can be changed

Your skin changes continually. Every day it is being renewed. Old skin dies—new forms. This is your opportunity, for as this new skin forms, you can keep it fresh, soft and clear as Nature intended.

Is your skin dull, lifeless, colorless? Begin to-day, as the new skin forms, to make it clear and glowing. If you are troubled by an oily skin—shiny nose—begin to-day to correct it.

A special treatment for an oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet you get with the soap. Secure a cake to-day and the booklet that goes with it.



Learn just what is the proper treatment for your particular trouble, and use it persistently every night before retiring. In the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find simple, definite instructions for your own and many other troublesome conditions of the skin. Within ten days or two weeks of the use of the proper Woodbury treatment, you will notice a decided improvement.

How to get these treatments

The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment a 25c. cake will be sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores or toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada—wherever toilet goods are sold.

Get a cake to-day and begin your treatment.

This picture, with sample cake of soap, samples of cream and powder, with book of treatments, for 15c

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After Many Years

Written for The Western Home Monthly By W. R. Gilbert

IN a dazzling mass of molten gold the sun was dipping low behind the hills of Colorado, and two men, who gave a picturesque touch to the scene by their bright-colored shirts open at the neck, and their broad-brimmed slouch hats, stood for a moment looking across the blue-misted valley towards this riotous extravagance of Nature.

Not another soul was in sight, nor was there even a sign of a habitation so far as the eye could see. In another moment they would turn their backs towards the sunset and follow their road, which led through a shadow-filled canyon to the other side of the mountain ridge whereon they stood.

The younger of the two men—a tall, bronzed giant—drew in a deep respiration of the invigorating air. Then he laughed joyously.

"It's hard to make myself believe, Jim, that only twelve short months ago I was a puny, narrow-shouldered specimen of humanity who was battling for dear life against overwhelming odds in a Manchester slum."

The other turned and looked at him.

"Yes," he agreed, "and now you're about as fit as any man I ever saw. This place has put new life into you—and Amy also."

"Yes, and Amy also," repeated Alan softly. "Sometimes I dream at nights that we are back again in the little surgery with the red lamp over the door. I dream that we are sitting together, two very hopeless young people, who see all their ships sailing forlornly out to sea and never coming back again. You know I put that legacy of Uncle Will's into buying that practice, and Amy and I married on the strength of the income it was cracked up to bring in. It nearly did for the pair of us. I don't know how we ever endured even two years of it. And then my health giving way seemed about the worst touch of all. Why, I didn't even see light when I got your letter, old chum, asking me to come out and help you work your claims out here."

"There's only one thing that has troubled me about it all," said the elder man as they turned and strode towards the canyon, "and that is that you have had to give up your doctoring business. You see, all your ambitions led that way. Don't you ever want to go back to it? We are such a deucedly healthy lot out here that you never get a chance."

"I am content," answered Alan quietly. "I have health and happiness. There is nothing to worry over. I tell you it gets into a man's blood, the contentment that comes from living right next to Nature."

Yet deep in his soul he knew that there were moments when his dreams had their way with him. He knew that he spent long idle hours thinking out anatomical problems, trying to find some ray of light on the baffling intricacies of diseases which appealed to him because of their difficulties. He knew, too, that he had gained a wonderful nerve force. He felt, he knew, that though he had come back to the land, he had lost that higher skill.

It was almost dark when they emerged from the high-walled track through the canyon, and came out into the tiny, straggling township that had neither form nor order. The wooden houses had simply been dumped down wherever the fancy of the occupant pleased. Jim's shack was close by, but Alan had to walk to the far end of the valley. A tiny speck of light gleaming against the hazy dusk guided him and sent a glow through his heart, for that was his home and there Amy awaited him.

He came swiftly up the rough road, smiling to think how pleased Amy would be since he was earlier than usual. There was no fence to his house, and he simply turned off the road and walked up the path. He wondered idly why Amy had drawn the curtains across the window, she didn't do so as a rule. He called out cheerily. And as he did so the light was extinguished suddenly.

Then he fancied he heard the rear door shut. But, as he ran up the short flight

of wooden steps, there was Amy, his pretty English wife, waiting for him.

"Have you been entertaining, dear? I thought I heard the back door close," he said as he stooped to kiss her cheek.

"Visitors at this time!" she answered, with a nervous laugh. "Why, no; I expect it was the dog who ran out. Now I will get your supper. Have you and Jim had any luck to-day?" She chattered away rather more rapidly than usual, and there was a bright touch of color in her face. Once or twice it struck Alan that there was some inward excitement which she was struggling to control.

It was not until after supper was finished and Alan was sitting by the stove, drawing contentedly at his pipe, that she left him alone and ran out to close the door of her fowl-house. The warmth of the fire, after the long hours in the open air, made the man drowsy, and he nod-

ded the stab of jealousy suddenly aroused at the thought.

He watched her covertly, saying nothing of his fears, and as the hours passed his suspicions grew and grew with amazing rapidity. He slept heavily through the night, but the moment he awoke he remembered, and there was a blot already on the brilliance of the morning. Just after sunrise he was off to join Jim Forshaw, and he fancied he saw a look of relief on his wife's face as she stood and watched him go away down the path in the hush of the morning. At the corner he hesitated, then he turned and called back:

"I may be a little later to-night, so don't worry if I'm not up to time!"

She laughed her reply and waved her hand gaily. Alan bit his lip savagely as he turned and strode up the road. All that day he worked doggedly, silently. And all day the fire in his heart smoldered and grew greater in intensity. He longed for and shrank from his return to his home. With eagerness and reluctance he watched the sun creep

then he laughed: "Ah, yes, yes; we are earlier than usual, aren't we, Jim?"

The canyon road seemed interminable to-night. Their home-valley lay wrapt in a curious semi-dark as they emerged. Jim called a good-night as he turned off towards his own shack, and at the same time he waved cheerily towards the bone-shaking stage which they could see rattling along its last mile. It was their only real touch with the outer world, that stage-wagon, which linked them and the nearest railway town, sixty miles away. Each morning it left very early, each night its fellow returned, bringing always mails and sometimes passengers. To-night it looked as though it was being swept like a scrap of dust before the storm.

Alan lingered to watch its arrival. Two passengers, men, got down and stretched themselves stiffly. But Alan took no interest; that inward fire consumed him to the destruction of all else.

He slouched home slowly, taking a by-path merely by chance, and not at all by intent. Suddenly he looked up and saw the light shining in the window of his home, and he quickened his steps. He would have this wretched business out with Amy; he could not have his days made into tortures as this day had been. After all, they had never been a quarrelsome pair. They had been singularly happy. Well, nothing was going to come between them now; Alan made up his mind to that, and the resolution made him quicken his step.

He drew close to the house, and the light in the window shone out towards him like a beacon. It was grown very dark out here, dark and hot. He hurried forward, and as he set his foot upon the steps the first crash of thunder rolled out like a fusillade of guns. He ran up and pushed open the door, stumbling into the living-room.

A sudden scream from his wife greeted him. He saw her dart forward and put out the lamp. Someone across the room started up and knocked a chair over.

"Dave! Go! Go quickly!" came in agonized tones from the woman.

Alan stumbled back against the door. Everything had happened in a second's space of time. He stared straight before him, not knowing what was going to happen next; he saw, in that flash of time when each person in that room wondered what the other was going to do, that a bundle of new pine logs had been recently thrust in to the stove. He watched them flare and splutter in the red heart of the fire. And by their light he saw across the darkened room a man's form dart, as quickly as a hare, towards that back door which led out to the corral.

Alan leaped forward and thrust himself between the man and the door as he felt savagely for his revolver; remembered with a curse that it was lying in the next room, out of order. The stranger was trying to dodge him and make for the door. The woman was there with her hands on the latch, watching with wide, horrid eyes.

"Quick, Dave—he hasn't seen you—he doesn't know who—" she cried, fear making her voice shrill. "Get away—get away!" She rattled the latch impatiently. The man darted towards her. Alan lunged at him, missing him by a hair's breadth, and went whirling against the stove. Then he gave a loud laugh. He snatched a flaring, smoking pinebrand from the blaze, and sprang after the other as he ran through the door, which the woman held for him.

Alan, rushing out like a madman; flung her aside; he crashed, almost on the shoulders of the foremost man, to the foot of the steps, and he brought his blazing weapon down on the man's back. There was a loud cry, the man spun round, and once more Alan's smoldering brands descended, catching the other full across the body. The man doubled up and leaped forward into the darkness. At the same moment the heavens opened and the rain descended in a drenching torrent.

For some time Alan pursued the fleeing man, though he could not see an inch before his hand in the sheet of water which blotted out all. When he returned to the house his emotions had spent themselves. Horror hung like a leaden weight around his heart. He stared at the burnt tree-branch he held. It was



Carrying out the customs of the Crusaders who, centuries before, delivered the Holy City from the infidels for a time, General Allenby, commander of the victorious British forces, is entering Jerusalem on foot, after he had succeeded in wresting it from the sway of the Turk. The Turks and their "Feut." allies had already evacuated the city, and the British forces were in complete control when the British commander made his triumphal entry through the Jaffa gate. Accompanying General Allenby are his staff and the commanders of the French and Italian forces who co-operated with the British in the drive through Palestine. British official photo.

ed over his book, until it fell to the floor with a crash. As he stooped, with a start, to pick it up, he became aware that he was staring at an object which lay at his very feet—an object that glued his eyes to the floor. After a hesitating moment, during which he felt at once very hot and icy cold, he picked up the object.

It was a cigarette end—and he only smoked a pipe!

It seemed to him that he sat there a long, long time staring at that burnt-out fag. But he tossed it hastily away as his wife returned to the room. He looked at her with eyes grown suddenly suspicious. He noticed again what, in his contentment and easy-going life, he was very liable to forget or take for granted—that Amy was a very pretty woman. Yes, these Colorado hills had given her an added freshness of complexion which gave her greater beauty. It was very possible that other men thought her pretty too. And there was a swift dart of pain through his heart—

its rays across the hill; he counted the passing hours and dreaded the flight.

"Seems as if it's clouding over for a storm," observed Jim, as the evening approached; and Alan laughed in a way that made him look round suddenly.

That night the sun dipped from sight, obscured by sullen clouds, so that the valley was filled with fantastic shadow-shapes, and the canyon road was splashed like a patch of black before them. Their footsteps echoed with solitary distinctiveness as they tramped homeward. Every moment the heavens grew darker and darker, and from the distance there came the shimmering flash of the first lightning. No rain yet and no thunder, only the heavy, stagnant warmth of the air around them, the growing darkness, and the occasional vivid magnesia light.

"I'm glad we knocked off a bit earlier to-night," observed Forshaw presently. "Amy'll be glad to have you home before the storm breaks."

"Earlier!" repeated Alan, with a dull, curious throb at the sudden thought;

saturated with rain and was quite black. He looked at it in a dazed fashion; there were three protruding lumps on it where it had thrown out smaller branches. He wondered dully why he noticed these things.

Then he looked across the room. The lamp remained unlighted, and methodically he trimmed the wick and set a match to it. He looked around him. In the corner Amy was crouched, white faced, shivering, silent. She was beyond tears.

"Come here," said the man.
His wife hesitated, staring at him.
"Come here!" he repeated.

"I am afraid of you," she said in a dry tone.

He turned and looked at her scornfully.

"I will not touch you, if that is what you fear." And she came slowly towards him then, as though she walked on legs which could hardly support her. She looked into his face with big, questioning eyes. He looked back at her, like a man whose features have been twisted beyond recognition by some terrible pain.

"I will not ask you what that man was to you. I won't insult myself by holding a conversation with you. I only want to tell you that you have to-night to get your things together; you are leaving on the stage-wagon to-morrow morning. I will give you what money there is in the house, and you can get the train to wherever you wish to go."

For a moment the woman swayed unsteadily, her hands clasped cold against her breast. She could hear the rolling crash of thunder, the beat of the rain against the sodden ground. She struggled to understand what it was the man was saying to her.

"You mean—What do you mean, Alan?" Then, with a sudden scream, as the truth came to her, she understood. "Alan, you can't mean you are turning me out? You are believing the worst about me that any man could believe about his wife. Alan, only trust me a little longer—only trust me a week—three days; I can tell you then—I can tell you—"

"I want to hear nothing. To-morrow you go—with your lover if you will, without him if you will. It matters nothing to me." He looked down at the blackened branch he held and laughed harshly. "He must be a sorry lover!" And with a gasp of horror the woman shrank back.

"Alan—that brand! You—you never used it?" she cried.

"I am afraid not to any purpose. Well, the stage leaves at six. You will need all your time to be ready."

He walked over to the fire and lighted his pipe. There was a haze between himself and the outer world. Even Amy his wife, who was moving slowly, heavily like an old woman, towards the bedroom, even she seemed a stranger.

It was a long night. Alan spent it sitting in the chair before the stove, which from time to time he fed diligently. At four o'clock the storm came to an end, and the twittering of birds heralded the first light of day.

When Alan called out, some time later, the door of the bedroom opened, and Amy, ghastly pale, came out carrying a suit-case. He surveyed her long traveling cloak and neat hat—she had bought them, with many smiles and jokes, before she left England. A pang shot through Alan's heart. He looked into her face. If she had cried now—if she had begged him to forgive! But she only met his glance with one of equal coldness. He pushed a cup of hot coffee towards her, and she drank it. Neither spoke; but as he turned away towards the door, Alan saw her look once, very quickly, around the room. Then she went out and down the steps. She never looked back. At the end of the main street, outside the only hotel the place boasted, the stage waited. He helped her up, thrust a roll of notes into her chilled fingers, and stepped back as the coach lurched forward and rattled away.

Halfway up the road he met a neighbor, who touched his arm and jerked a finger in the direction of one of the strangers who had come up on last night's stage.

"A tee—after someone believed to be hiding hereabouts, I'm told. We'll be

getting famous, I reckon!" And he grinned.

Before he joined Jim Forshaw the news of his wife's hurried departure had travelled throughout the village, and he saw the question in Jim's greeting glance. But he offered no explanation, and Jim never asked one as they went out to the claim. They worked for an hour before a cry broke from Forshaw's throat. He came scrambling over the rough ground separating them; in his hand he held a piece of quartz.

"Alan!" he cried, "we've struck the vein at last! Man, don't you realize it? We're rich!"

Alan dropped the pan in which he had been washing dirt into the little stream at his feet as he took the veined rock which his chum handed him.

"Gold!" he muttered, with a hard laugh. "Rich!" and he looked far away across the hills towards a rough road where a stage-wagon jolted through the growing heat. And he dropped his face in his hands and cried.

In a very comfortable consulting-room at his house in Kensington, young Doctor

this; it is my first big case, you know; and I want it to come off right."

Then Bickersteth hung up the instrument and turned to a pile of notes on his desk. He had just settled in to work when there came a knock and a ring at the street door bell, and a moment later the trim parlor-maid entered with a telegram.

Bickersteth slit it open and read the contents with startled eyes. He gave the order: "No answer!" in a dull voice. As the maid left the room he sank back into his chair with a groan. Again he read the brief message on the flimsy paper:

"Doctor Massy seriously injured in motor accident, unable to keep engagement to-morrow.—Elvard, secretary."

A turmoil of thought crashed through Bickersteth's mind. Massy unable to do the operation to-morrow! Carter, his patient, lying at death's door. Only a few hours left in which to get a substitute. And all the famous men he thought of were liable to ask a large fee, and Carter was only a poor man! But Bickersteth was a man whose heart was in his profession, and though he had

stated his difficulty, and waited for the other man's answer. The shrivelled head nodded.

"My fee is one hundred and fifty guineas for that operation. As you know it is one of extreme delicacy. Probably there are very few men in London at the time who are sufficiently confident of themselves to perform it," he said in a hard voice.

"But I am going to ask you to reduce your fee. My patient is not by any means a rich man, and he has dependants who—" began Bickersteth.

But already the other had risen. "I never reduce my fees, Doctor Bickersteth. I fear you have wasted my time. Good-night."

Bickersteth's head burned with shame as he found himself once more out in the street. He walked hurriedly along, scarcely noticing where he was going, mortified with the shame which had been flung upon him. Yet to-morrow was so near! He owed it to Carter—to poor Carter, even now suffering tortures from his complaint—to get someone who could do the operation to-morrow.

In his irresolution he paused at the corner of the street. He was outside a house with a lamp shining brightly above a white door, and the door bore the name-plate of Doctor Hallam. Bickersteth halted and searched his memory. Hallam—Hallam! Why, of course, this was the man who had cropped up quite suddenly a couple of years ago and had taken London by storm. A very famous surgeon, this Hallam; a man who had been known to go down into the slums and stand the full cost of intricate operations which few save himself would have troubled to perform on such lowly patients. And there were other tales to his name; of crowned heads who begged his services at enormous fees; of hospitals equipped with rare drugs at his expense. Yet no one could say how he had made all his money. They only knew one thing; his skill with the knife was a fascination.

And Doctor Bickersteth, gulping down his pride once more, mounted the steps and rang the bell. Five minutes later he was in the presence of a tall, bronzed man, still young, though his hair was plentifully sprinkled with grey. He greeted the younger man genially, and pushed a chair up in front of the fire.

Bickersteth felt the hurt pride fade away. He told Doctor Hallam the story of Massy's accident, and he told reluctantly sympathetically; he was a man who radiated sympathy and strength, and in the end he said:

"Now tell me the history of the disease. You see, I shall have to operate in the dark to a great extent. I have only a few hours left in which to study the points of the case."

"Then you will undertake it; you do not discourage me because I ask you for a reduction of your fee," cried Bickersteth.

"It seems to me," said Hallam slowly, "that all the world sets its store on gold and the getting of gold. It is the least thing in life—the least! And men sell their souls for it! We will not quarrel about my fee, Doctor Bickersteth. Now about your patient?"

They plunged into technicalities.

A pale wintry sun was shining over the ugly block of flats in West Kensington as Doctor Hallam's limousine deposited him at the entrance. He walked reflectively up four flights of dingy stairs and knocked at the door of No. 40. A slovenly maid-of-all-work admitted him, and Bickersteth met him in the tiny hall.

"You will come in first and see the patient?" said the latter; and Hallam followed in to the small, meagrely furnished bedroom. A thin lath of a man, very white and looking desperately tired, lay with half-closed eyes under the white coverlet. He looked up with a wan attempt at a smile as Bickersteth brought his colleague to the bedside.

"You the chap who's going to carve me?" murmured the patient in a weak voice. Then he looked more interestedly at the surgeon. "Why, doctor, I have been so frightened of you. Now that I see you I am not afraid any more. I somehow feel—well, it's safe with you." Suddenly his eyes filled with



This is one of the most pitiable plights caused by the absolute brutality of German war methods. This white haired grandmother, with her worldly goods stowed in a wheelbarrow, is making her way out of the home of a lifetime, because the Germans driven from a French village turned their guns on the town endangering the lives of all the inhabitants. The feeble old lady has to flee for her life with as much of her belongings as possible. All her household goods, and there are precious few of them, have been piled into the rickety wheelbarrow which she is slowly trundling to her new home, and she doesn't know where that will be. Moving Day is not a serious thing in ordinary life, but to this old lady of France, it is the tragedy of her life. Learning to make a new home in unfamiliar surroundings, is infinitely harder for the aged who have spent their lives in one place.

Bickersteth sat with the telephone receiver pressed to his ear. From time to time he smiled as he chatted through the wire to a colleague on the other end. Then, as their conversation took a more professional turn, the young, alert face of the man became more serious. He leaned forward, speaking earnestly into the phone.

"Well, I will meet you on the case to-morrow, then," he said. "Yes, they have everything very well arranged, though, of course, their necessities are limited owing to their small means. Jerringham Massy is to be there to do the operation at ten-thirty. I propose to get there a little earlier. Yes, they are upset about it, naturally. Poor Carter! I hope for all our sakes that he will come out of his ordeal safely. But if he will be safe with anyone, it is Massy. Well, good-night, old chap. I say—I'm glad I have you with me in

had a pretty hard fight for it these few years since he had walked the hospitals, he had not lost his humanity.

He hastily looked up the address of a surgeon whose fees ran into a fat three figures. And Bickersteth flung on his hat and coat, and taxied hastily to Harley street. As he ran up the broad white marble steps of the famous man's house he heard nine o'clock striking.

A pompous manservant admitted him with aggravating and dignified slowness. Doctor Bickersteth sat in a waiting-room where the fire had gone out, watching the hands of a gilt clock move laboriously towards the quarter, then the half-hour. As the pompous manservant re-entered the room he started up, and a word followed him into the famous surgeon's private room.

A small, acidulated man, very brown and shrivelled looking, greeted him; Doctor Bickersteth introduced himself,

tears, he touched the surgeon's hand with weak, clinging fingers that trembled as he whispered: "Pull me through—for my little wife's sake! We—we love each other so!"

A few minutes later the two doctors, clad in spotless white operation suits, their faces covered in gauze masks, entered the operating-room, where already the nurse and other doctor had the patient in readiness. As Carter sank into oblivion under the chloroform, Hallam ordered the removal of the towels covering the man's body. He took up the first necessary instrument and turned briskly, bending over the prostrate man.

Then suddenly he paused. He stared with a terrible, overpowering fascination at the helpless body waiting to receive the touch of the razor-sharp knife. He was looking at three distinct disfigurements across the skin—the marks left from a burn. He felt numb, powerless.

Bickersteth leaned forward. "He has three similar marks down his back," he said. "They look like burns to me; but I never could get him to tell me what they actually were."

"Yes—burns!" muttered Hallam, slowly, and his eyes gleamed with a terrible light. He leaned over and looked at the unconscious man's face with a new interest. It was a handsome face, but a face marked by suffering. And once again he lived through the agony of anguish that he had lived through in those far-off days away in the hills of Colorado. Into his mind sped the swift, searing memory of Amy, his wife—of the man who had gone to his home in secret.

him gold. But memory still had the power to hurt. Presently his servant entered.

"Pardon, sir, but there's a lady wants to see you—to thank you, she said. She begged that you would see her a moment."

"What lady?" asked Hallam.

"A Mrs. Carter, sir."

There was a swift tightening of the heart, a dizzy throb through his brain that left Hallam weak and almost shaking. A mad longing to see the woman he had loved all through the years took possession of him. Common sense whispered "No!" But the flesh is weak, and—

"Show her in, Dobson!" he said, and waited, his eyes on the door.

He bade his visitor good evening, and sank back in his chair. Then out of the chaos of silence he heard distinctly a voice, too well beloved and well remembered to ever be mistaken, say distinctly in the hall:

"My sister's gloves. I think she must have left them in the doctor's room."

Amy's voice that! Or was it that his brain was losing its balance? Hallam jumped up and dashed across the room; he flung open the door, and stared straight into the face of the woman he had flung from him years ago in far-off Colorado. He stretched out his hands to her.

"Amy!" he cried aloud, and drew her in, slamming the door.

"Alan!" she muttered, staring at him. "Are you—are you the doctor who—who saved Dave for us to-day?"

"Amy, tell me. Who is he? I thought



A street in Shelbourne, Ontario, after the snowstorm of January 15th, 1918. Reeve Prett is seen to the left of the picture.

This was the man who had stolen his wife—this was the man who had ruined his home and made his life a dreariness! Fate had delivered him into his hands—at last—at last!

Not a muscle of Dr. Hallam's face moved, but deep in his soul he laughed aloud—mocking, savage laughter. It only meant a slip of the knife, a little dilatoriness in gathering the ends of the cut veins, and his revenge would be complete!

His knife made the first incision, and in his mind he recalled the man's words a few minutes ago: "Pull me through for my wife's sake; we love each other so!"

His wife! The very words mocked with exquisite cruelty the man in whose hands his rival's life lay. But Hallam never wavered. He worked with an exquisite, refined skill that held the watchers dumb in admiration.

An hour later he turned away. His task was completed; never had he done his work so well, and he heard the wonderment in Bickersteth's tone as he murmured the one word: "Marvellous!" Then he hurried from the room.

He never quite knew how he lived through the rest of that day, he clenched his teeth, and then smiled wistfully when Bickersteth rang up to say that David Carter was doing wonderfully.

That evening he sat in his study alone, and all the world seemed quiet. He felt very tired; these operations always made him feel very tired; and the evenings were still lonesome, even as that other evening long ago when— But he would not think of that. Colorado had taken away his wife and had given

—God—I thought you were—." He stopped. His hands slipped down her arms and grasped her wrists.

"He is my brother!" replied Amy slowly. "That night in Colorado he came to me to hide him. He had got mixed up in a bad gang, and they had thrown the blame on him. I swore I would never tell even you that he was hiding there. Then the sheriff's men came up on the stage, and I was frightened. I daren't tell you then; you were so mad. I did not know until after that you had reached him with that—brand!"

"Heaven forgive me!" groaned Alan, turning away. "I was mad, I think."

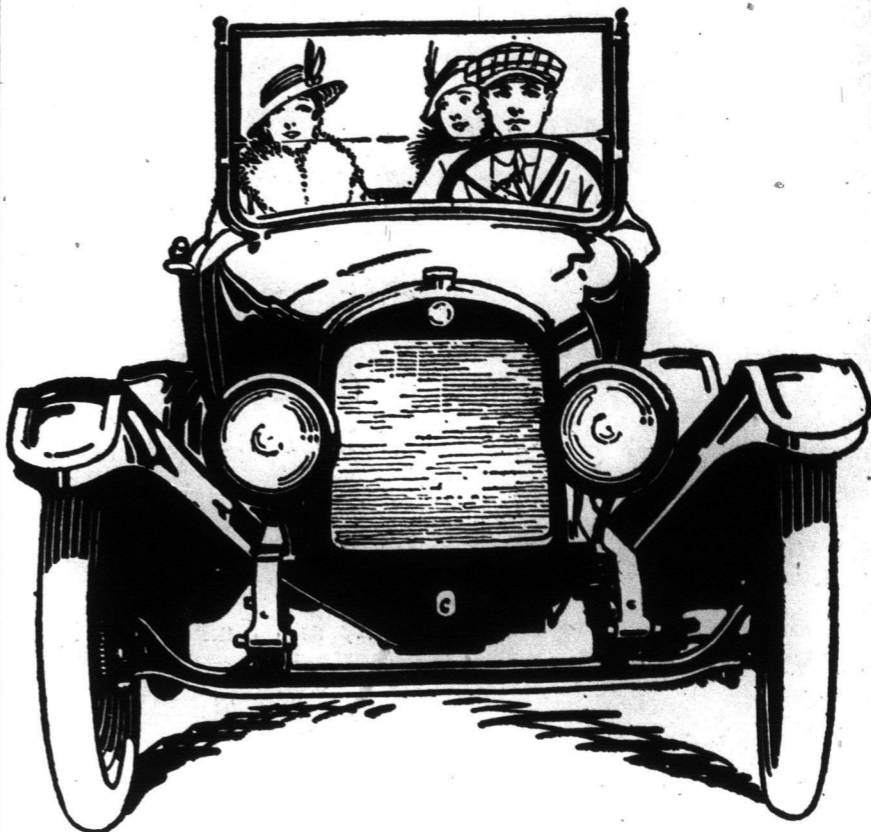
Amy crept up behind him and touched his shoulders. "He forgave you long ago, Alan. And he made me go back, long afterwards, two months after, I think. But you had vanished, and I—well, you had thrown me away. Alan!"

"Amy, I was mad then! I was mad again this morning, because I nearly—nearly committed a worse crime than that other. But I saved him for you. I thought you were his wife! Forgive me—if you ever can!" He knelt before her, and lifted the edge of her cloak to his lips.

"Alan, to-day your love conquered over your other self. To-day my love forgives all because of that. Is my love anything to you now, Alan?" she said wistfully.

Hallam jumped up. "It is my life!" he cried. And he laughed like a boy as he drew her into his arms and kissed her.

The Quality Goes Clear Through



On a Foundation Solid and Sound

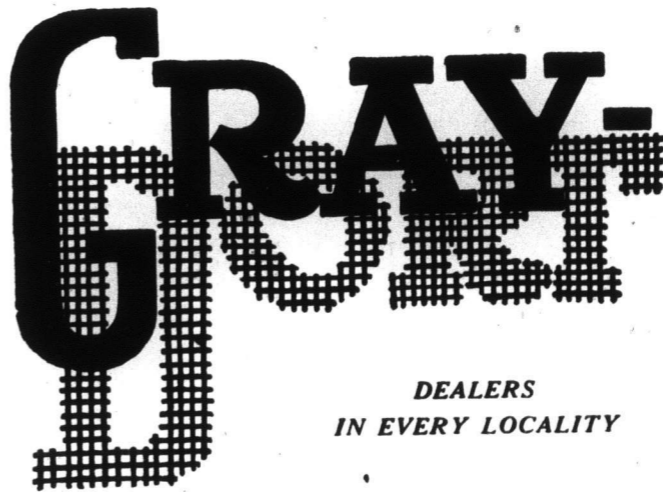
A motor car cannot be better than the institution that builds it. To the man considering a motor car, therefore, the Gray-Dort institution is a matter of vital importance. The car looks good. In two years it has won an enviable reputation on the road. Owners are enthusiastic. Then what of the men whose name it bears? What of the men who build it?

The policy of the Gray institution was laid down 65 years ago by Wm. Gray. He said, "I will build buggies as good as they can be built. I will sell them at only an honest profit. I will deal fairly by every man, and no man will find aught but sincere workmanship in my product, and integrity in my business policies."

Those same words stand to-day as the motto of the Gray-Dort organization. To these ideals we strive to attain. On that basis we make and market our car.

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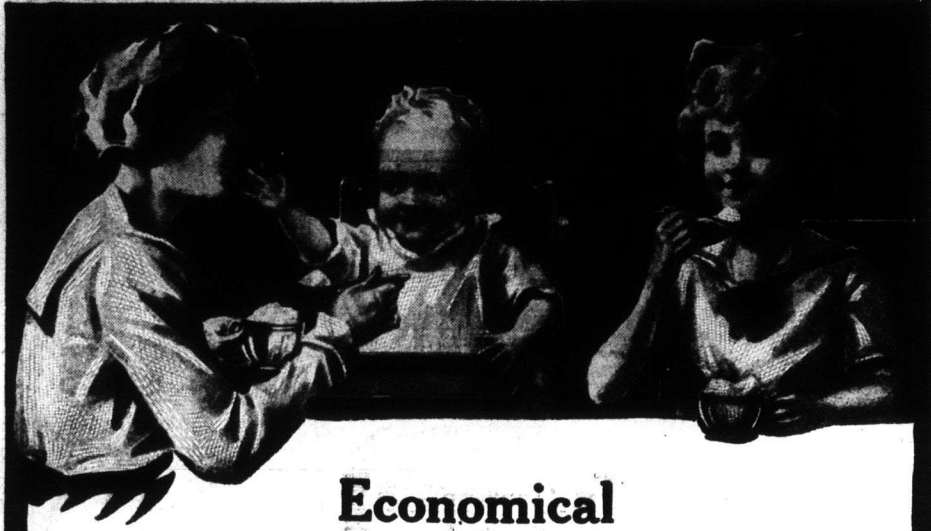


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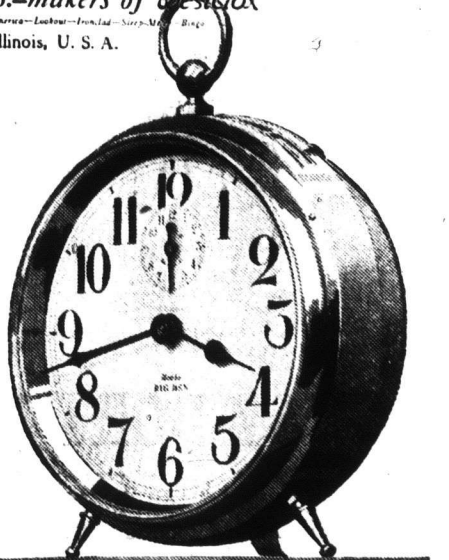
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A Westclox Alarm

The Peacemakers

Written for The Western Home Monthly

MCHICK was sick of Druille's dog. He had been sick of dog before, but in a different sense, for that was in the half-forgotten days ere motor boat transportation was thought of, and when British Columbia was a region under a different name. McHick was sick of Druille's dog, firstly because it was Druille's dog, secondly because it was a mangy, wolfish beast, with the sneaking manners of a wolf. Last Thursday it had skulked into the shanty and stolen two pounds of best sugar-cured bacon; to-day it had tried to pull down the venison, fleeing like a streak of light when McHick suddenly appeared to investigate the noise.

McHick decided that he must teach Druille's pup to respect its neighbors. He would catch it red-handed, but this time the beast would not escape unpunished.

Don Cary, McHick's partner, had gone to Nelson to buy stores, so Mack had the shanty to himself. He propped a board over the window, and by means of an ingenious deadfall arrangement consisting of a rope, a huge stone and a stiff cedar wand, he fixed the door open in such a way that a large animal could not very well enter without displacing the cedar wand, which propped the door open, and thereupon the latter would swing to, imprisoning the trespasser inside the hut. These preparations completed, McHick threw a few bacon rinds on the top of the stove to give forth an appetizing odor, then repaired to the edge of the clearing to proceed with his task of levering up tree roots.

Scarcely twenty minutes had passed when McHick heard someone coming along the trail towards the hut, whistling shrilly. There was only one man in the vicinity who could whistle like that—Mack's next door neighbor, Druille. Druille originally hailed from sunny France. He was large and fat and extremely volatile. His shanty, where he lived with his wife and children, was a mile away on the other side of the creek, and though Mack's partner and he were the best of friends, Mack and the Frenchman were too much alike in disposition to get on very well. They had quarrelled once over a shovel, and now were barely on speaking terms.

There was no time to remove the gear which was obviously set to catch somebody's dog, so Mack lit his pipe and squatted himself on the roof he had been levering to await developments. Druille strolled into the clearing, mopped his forehead, nodded uncommittingly to Mack, and looked around for Don. Failing to see him he ignored Mack and proceeded to the shanty.

"Be hanged to him!" muttered Mack, his short ginger hair bristling savagely. "If he runs foul of the gin it's his own show."

The fat Frenchman bundled across the threshold, upset the willow wand, and was promptly smitten straight across the nose by the retreating door. The force of the blow sent him staggering, and at last recovering he beheld Mack, a wide grin on his sun-tanned countenance, humorously contemplating the incident from an adjacent tree root.

To say that Druille was angry would be putting it mildly. His first impression was that this was a joke at his expense, and a joke at one's expense is never soothing, especially when it hurts. For some seconds he could not speak, then he lumbered towards the fiery little Scot, his fists clenched.

"You do that to me, ah?" he blurted out. "You see me coming, you set trap, you break my nose—ah?"

"You did it to yourself," responded Mack coolly, striking another match.

Francoise, waving his handkerchief, dancing from one leg to the other, was overcome by a second speechless paroxysm. "You sit there—like one hen—on its duck's eggs—waiting for its pullets to hatch," he yelled. "I blow your nose—by hang I will! You are—one—big cabbage!"

Mack began to warm up. It was not his way to take things lying down. His hair bristled again. He swore. "What you want to come monkeying around here for, anyway?" he demanded. "Come to borrow something, I expect. Well,

it's your own funeral if you go sticking your ugly face in another man's cabin."

"Ugly face!—what about your own dirty head?" bawled the Frenchman. But at that moment a new move on Mack's part brought the conversation to an abrupt full stop.

Mack had been using dynamite to remove some of the more refractory roots, and a charge was already laid under the very root on which he sat. Well, he would make that Frenchman hop it! Calmly he lit the fuse—a perilously short one—and as it spluttered into life he stepped back.

"Fire!" he exclaimed coolly, and the way in which Francoise took to his heels was truly laughable. Scarcely were they both safely clear when a terrific explosion littered the whole clearing with twigs and earth.

Then, as the smoke cleared, Mack caught sight of a huge, round, frightened face emerging cautiously round a corner of the shanty. Francoise, realizing that the danger was passed, shook his fist and bawled—"You cabbage!"

Mack blew him a kiss. "Allez vous en, mon petit!" he murmured. "Go and play with votre chien, you ugly pomme-de-terre!"

II.

For long the feud between Mack and Francoise had simmered, and fate had apparently decided that it should reach its crisis that day. Scarcely had Francoise taken his departure when Mack was disturbed by a loud cackling, and looking round he beheld the Frenchman's dog in full cry after one of his roosters—the only Plymouth Rock within a twenty mile radius, the pride of the Scotchman's heart. Mack did not interfere, for he felt that the horny old rooster was capable of taking care of itself, but muttering angry cuss words he stole quietly to the shanty, and obtained his little gopher rifle. The dog, however, had seen him, and with wolfish cunning had effaced itself, so that when Mack stole out, Francoise's dog was nowhere to be seen. At length he spotted the tip of a black nose protruding from behind the trunk of a neighboring pine, and knew that the dog was standing motionless behind the tree, wolf fashion, cunningly watching him.

Up went the little rifle, then came a sharp report. The dog leapt straight into the air with a fearful yell, rolled over and over and bolted for the trail, yelling and pawing at its muzzle as it ran. Now, Mack was anything but a hard-hearted man. He had acted in anger, but the sight of an animal in pain at once restored him to his senses. He knew, from the way the dog acted, that he had inflicted a terrible wound, and his conscience told him that it was now up to him to see the matter through. Francoise would not have the heart to put a fly out of misery, far less a dog, so Mack, suddenly grave and thoughtful, took the big rifle from its shelf.

That rifle was "some gun." It was designed to knock a deer off its feet, or to pulverize a caribou so that it dropped on the spot. It had been used, on occasions, for opening bully beef tins, and thus armed, Mack set off on the trail of the mangy wolf dog, determined to follow it to its end.

Now there was but one way to and from the shanty which Don and his partner shared. At the back was the impregnable eternity of the mountain side, but at the bottom of the clearing was the creek. It was not a wide creek, but deep and tumultuous, carrying an enormous volume of water, and across it, as the sole way to and from the cabin, lay a fir tree, its branches trimmed in such a way that they formed, as it were, a railing for the natural bridge.

There, across the fallen tree, were signs indicating that the dog had crossed, and slinging his rifle Mack followed, the sweet-scented spray rising from the water as it crashed and surged among the boulders at his feet.

From the other side the trail led straight on to Druille's shanty through the grove of second growth balsam, and thither Mack headed. Reaching the edge of Druille's clearing the place was apparently deserted, then he espied the dog lying at the edge of the veranda—clawing at its muzzle and rolling.

It is here that we are presented with a glorious illustration of Mack's impulsive temperament. Up went the huge rifle, and a hideous report followed. The dog, with a hole the size of a walnut clean through its head, never moved again, but the bullet crashed on, tore up the floor boards, ricocheted through the petroleum tin, and finally brought half-a-dozen pots and pans from a shelf on the inside wall.

Unhappily the whole of Druille's family was at home, and pandemonium broke loose. The baby—a sturdy ten-monther, capsized his cradle and disappeared from view. The kitten shot up the curtain rod and growled. Mrs. Druille dropped the pudding and embraced her husband, who, at that inconvenient moment, was accomplishing the impossible by eating macaroni with his sheath knife. The elder children yelled, muttering a tangle of hysteria in some strange jargon none but their parents could understand.

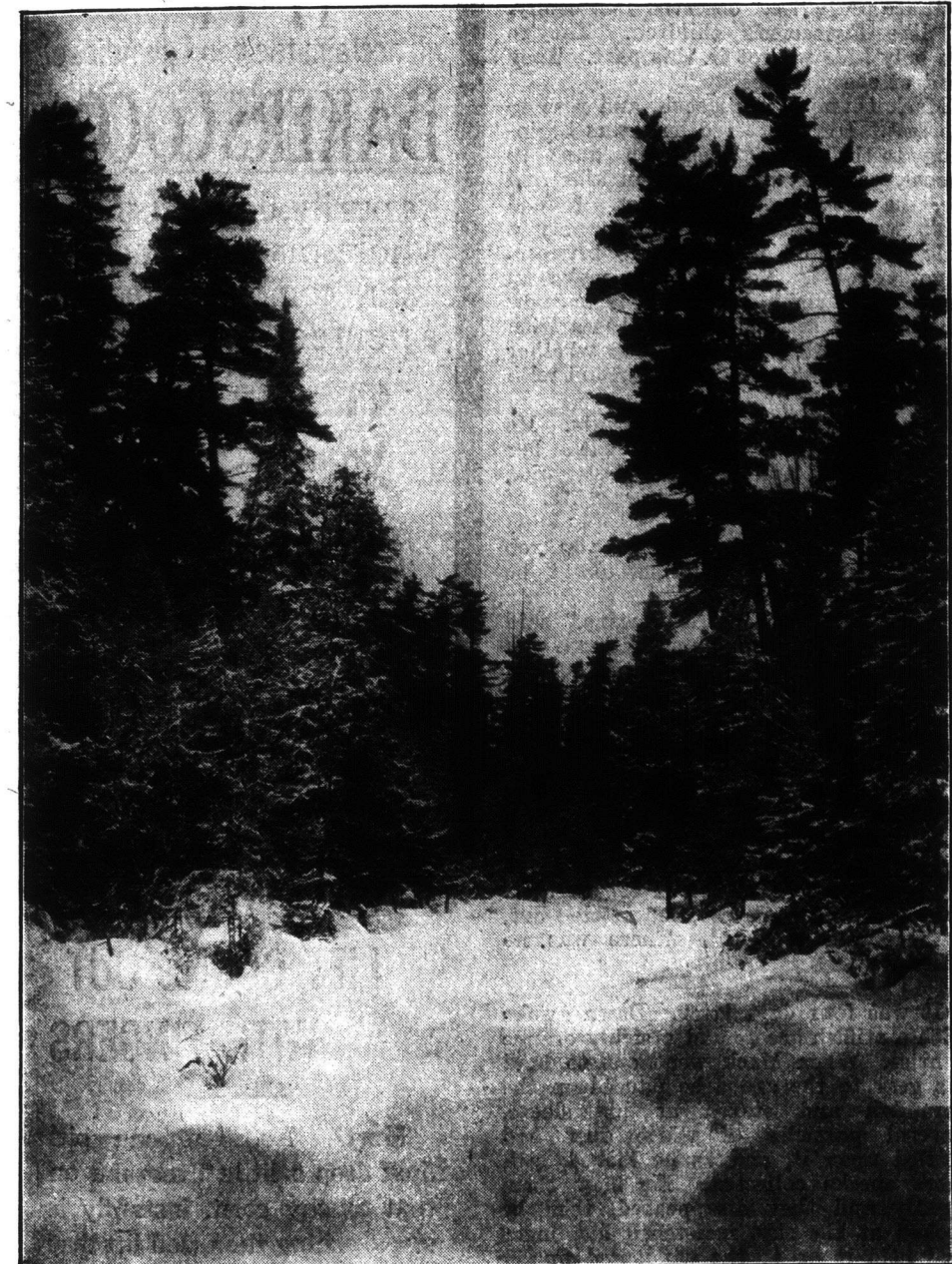
Mr. Druille bundled them into the bedroom, and knife in hand, boldly ap-

proached the door. There he beheld the dog, lying dead—beheld McHick, calmly slouching up, the smoking rifle in his hand.

Several times the saucepan had fallen upon his undefended pate, and somebody—whether Madame or Monsieur did not matter—had almost made their teeth meet through the biceps of his arm. He began to respect Madame, and his only satisfaction was that his hair was too short for her otherwise formidable talons.

Then it transpired that Mack hit Francoise in the eye at the same moment and Francoise kicked him in the ear, so that they fell apart, and when finally they rose—Francoise with the soap stuck to the seat of his baggy breeches—a stern figure stood between them. It was Don Cary, Mack's partner, just returned from the city with the stores, and carrying a businesslike pine club in one hand.

The calm grey eyes of the woodsman passed coolly from one to the other. "You fools!" he muttered calmly, but at that moment Francoise dashed him aside, and dealt a terrific blow at Mack's head, straight from the shoulder. Mack ducked, and Francoise's fist crashed clean through a soap box piled up against the wall. Again Mack charged,



A tranquil winter scene in Northern Ontario.

No one will deny that Druille had now a real grievance, but as to whether or not he acted prudently is another matter. His feelings were beyond words—acts only were adequate for such an occasion. He went back into the hut to find something—something with which to hit McHick. Fortunately the only weapon that lay handy was the damaged frying pan, but it was a large frying pan, with a certain amount of weight about it. As he emerged Mack, full of explanations and apologies, reached the verandah, but before he could speak, or even think, Druille dealt him a terrific swipe across the head with the black side of the culinary utensil.

To hit a Scotchman, then expect him to go on with his intended apologies is, of course, absurd. For fully ten seconds the two glared at each other across the width of the verandah, then Mack dropped his rifle, flung off his coat, and began to roll up his sleeves.

"I am—sick of it—at last!" rolled

out Druille, in deep guttural anger. "I will kill you for this, you—wicked husband!"

Then the band began to play. Mack charged the huge southerner with lowered head, catching him fair amid-ship like a battering ram. Francoise recovered, and with a lightning movement kicked Mack under the jaw. Mack retaliated with a back sweep of his right fist which knocked the Frenchman's nose sidewise.

Druille's wife joined in, and landed Mack across the bony scalp with the saucepan, whereupon it became a family affair, all but the last born, who was still safely imprisoned under the cradle, taking a hand in the fray. One of the little girls handed the rolling pin to her father, while the other, yelling wildly, threw a piece of soap at Mack.

After about ten minutes, Mack began to realize that he was up against it. Twice he had been hit by the rolling pin, and save for the fact that Druille had trodden on the soap, a third blow would

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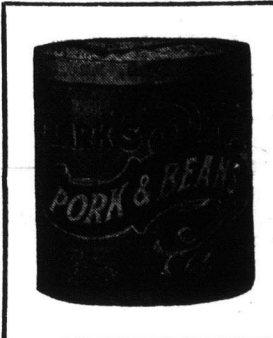
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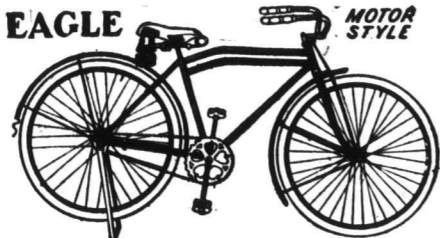


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but his partner pushed him off the verandah.

"You'll get your blooming head knocked off, you ding-dong coyote!" muttered Don, who accurately judged the real state of affairs.

"Let me alone," retorted Mack. "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

But Don barred the way, his ugly pine club held aloft. That he would use it without hesitation both men knew. After a pause he turned to Francoise. "Go into the cabin," he commanded. "I will see you later. And you, Mack, come home."

He clutched Mack by the arm, and began to drag him off, wildly expostulating, while the Frenchman obediently retired without a word. At the edge of the clearing the partners seated themselves on a moss-covered log, and with the glories of the sunset over the forest, the scent of the balsam fragrant in their nostrils, the good-night cry of the grouse birds sweet across the stillness, they discussed matters man to man. Finally Don rose and trudged back to Druille's cabin while Mack, thoughtful, penitent, but still angry, went back to the peaceful spot where the fir tree spanned the mountain creek.

The interval was brief, but not too brief for Madame, whose anger was as quickly forgotten as it was roused, to place hot cakes and wonderful coffee on the table ready for Don's return. They had no quarrel with Don, and did not mean to quarrel with him. He was too much of a friend, and his big, jovial being meant too much to the happiness of their children. So, when Don returned, his grave but jovial face bore no signs of what had happened—his manners carried no suggestion of the affair of twenty minutes ago. The two little girls, pretty, black-eyed little creatures, dressed in the customary crimson and blue of the French-Canadian backwoods, ran out to meet him, each embracing one stalwart leg, while Don, with an action as sincere as it was courteous, stooped and kissed them with old world decorum.

"Ah mon ami, you are back at last—ah?—back at last?" cried Francoise, slapping Don's shoulder. "You must be hungry—sure—ah? When last did you eat your breakfast?"

"I have not troubled with food much to-day. I knew Madame would have something ready for me, something really good. Ah, Madame, I have thought of your cakes and coffee ever since I left Nelson! It is good to be back."

"Ver' good!" repeated Francoise. "Our sorrow is that we have so little to give you." And so, the clouds of a moment ago forgotten, the crimson lights of evening shining in over the wreckage of battle at the open door, they sat around Don while he ate his evening meal.

And when the meal was over Don went to his pack sack, at which the children, wide-eyed and expectant, gathered round. Don had mixed so much among French-Canadians that he had partaken liberally of their manners. "Madame," he said, "I have remembered your candied peel and your raisins and your cereals, but—goodness, me!—I have forgotten this time the togs for the children!"

Madame clasped her hands to her bosom, Monsieur flung his arms towards the roof, Don clutched his hair in a gesture of wild regret. But the bit of acting, clever though it was, did not suffice to do more than cast a momentary shadow over the cherub faces of those it most concerned.

"You have not! You have not!" cried a joyously shrill voice. "We know you too well, Monsieur. You never forget. Where are our presents!"

Don, by means of a conjuring trick, conveyed something from his own palm to the palm of Francoise, but hunting through the contents of the pack, he reassured himself that he must have forgotten the presents for the children. And just when hopes began to sink to zero, the squeal of a "dying pig" sounded from the verandah, Monsieur had escaped with one of the presents, and then ensued a hunt for Monsieur, who must be found and brought to book ere it was possible to locate the remainder of the mysteries which lay somewhere amidst the assorted contents of Don's huge packsack.

It was not till the merriment was

over, the children in bed, that Don referred to "the regrettable affair." Then it was that he saw that Monsieur and Madame could not forgive his partner. He knew by their refusal to discuss the matter that henceforth, so long as they lived as neighbors, a bitter feud must exist between them.

Don did not argue the point. He saw that it was of no use. Mack, who was full of high and noble intentions, had no control of himself, and the feud, now thoroughly roused, might live a generation or more. What was Don to do? This was the question he asked himself as he walked home down the scented balsam grove, but alas he found no answer.

"Don," said McHick, late that night, "I guess we got to split."

"Why?" queried Don, knowing full well the answer.

"Them French folk," answered Mack, jerking his thumb towards the creek. "You seem to like them—I don't know why. There's no accounting for tastes. I can't see 'em a mile off without feeling kind of riled."

"Race prejudice," observed Don coolly. "I like Francoise's children. They're the only kids we got in this part. They kind of cheer things up."

Mack thumped the bench, and rose to his feet. His short red hair was beginning to bristle. "Then you want to choose, pardner, between them kids and me," he stated. "I got to get. A feud ain't worth while when you're only a mile apart, and no neighbors between. I got to quit. You want to make up your mind right here and right now whether you hit out for Athabasca with me, and we sell the property, or whether you buy me out, and remain behind with your kids."

Don thought for some moments. He thought of little Annette, with her laughing eyes, and of little Maya, who, slow in speech, loved him the greater of the two.

"My partner," he said, "if you rob me of them childer, life wouldn't be worth living."

Mack thought. "Which means," said he, "that if you come along with me you will be a miserable cuss at the best of times. No, partner. You stay right here where your fool heart aches. It's your blame show. I'll go out alone. It's the only way."

And for the rest of the evening the two men, each with nothing to say, each with his heart heavy, sat with their chins on their chests in silence. They loved each other, and a breach of the partnership was hard—almost impossible—but, so fate had ordained. There was no other way.

It was four days later. Dawn awoke with a stifling breeze and a sickly orange sunrise. When Mack went out to haul his gear to the canoe he paused on the verandah and stared at his sleeve. Several particles of white dust had settled upon it, and as he looked, still more specks collected. He blew them lightly and they disappeared, then he looked at the sky, moistened his finger and held it up to the wind, and finally he muttered—"Blow me tight if I didn't think so!"

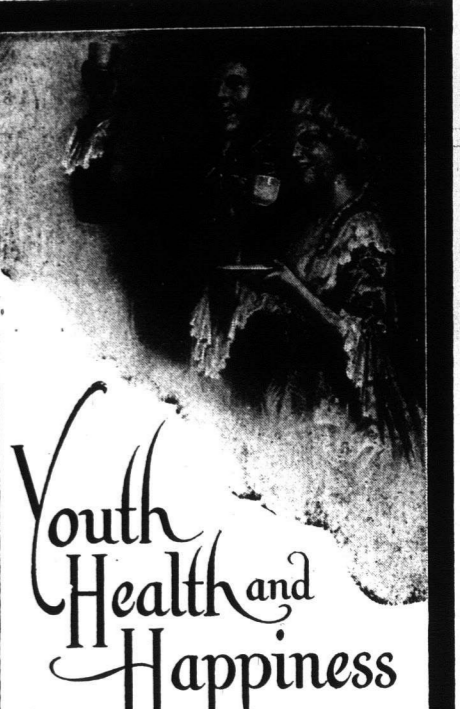
He stole leisurely back through the door. "No hitting out to-day," he observed simply; but somehow it seemed that there was a shade of relief in his voice. "Fires burning over Arrowhead way, and it's freshening."

Don left his pots and went out. He returned with the brief observation, "Maybe she'll be here in less than two hours."

Mack nodded. "Noticed flocks of spruce hen last night flying high—due east. The Indians at Fork River cleared out two days back. It can very easy be a hell of a blaze up."

An hour later it was almost dark, and the air was acrid with cedar fumes. White flakes could now be seen floating in the air—curling and eddying about the eaves and under the verandah. An indistinct rumbling—faint, yet of vast volume, could at intervals be heard, and a brown haze shut the sky from view. The two men, without comment, had hauled all their possessions out of the hut, and dumped them in a pit dug for that purpose near the door. These they covered with a blanket, and tossed the soil and clay over them.

"Reckon that's all we can do," ob-



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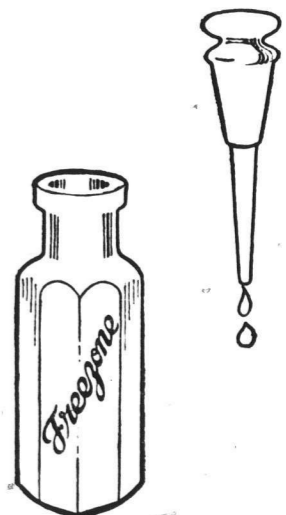


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served Mack. "We'd best get now. No good trying to save the hut. This muskeg soil will burn like gun cotton. We'd be roasted out."

"Right," agreed Don. "Your best plan is to head up the creek for Long Feather Lake. Take the canoe. I'll follow soon."

"Where you going now?" Don nodded in the direction of the Frenchman's shanty.

"O, I see."

Don set off towards the creek, while Mack dallied behind, doing nothing in particular with the shovel. Immediately Don had vanished into the brown haze, Mack, cursing and muttering, set off after him. He, too, would help Francoise—not as a friendly act, but because he was a true woodsman, and the woodsman's code says that in times of forest fire, neighbors must help each other.

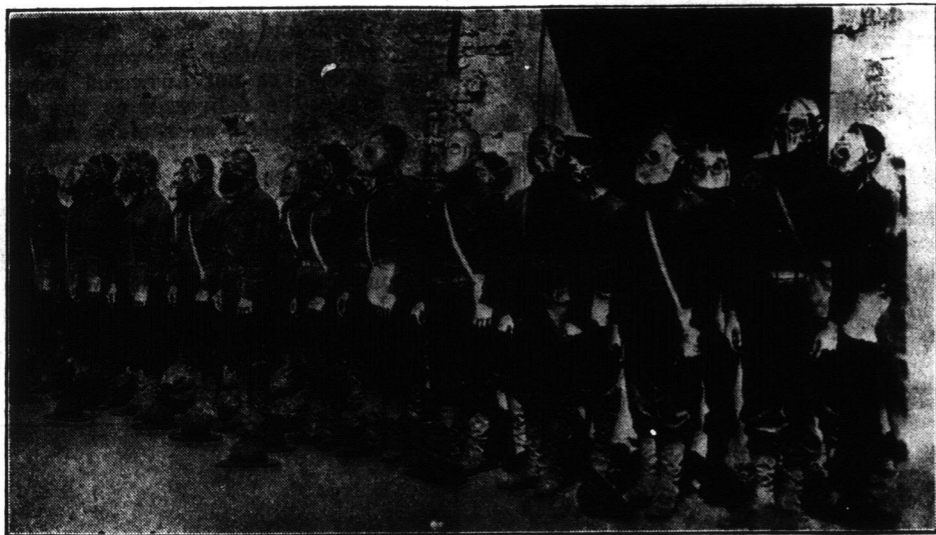
Don found Francoise and his whole family frenziedly dousing the clearing about the shanty with buckets of water. He fell in without a word, and presently was joined by Mack.

No one spoke, but was it by accident that Mack, in the act of heaving the contents of a bucket into the bush, accidentally lost his hold of the bucket, so that its full weight caught Francoise in the middle of the back? Was it by accident that Francoise, seeing Mack poised on the end of a windfall, placed his huge weight on the other end and thus shot Mack into the air? But it was becoming very dark now. At intervals hot blasts of air scorched their faces. Somewhere near at hand a deep rumbling, like underground thunder, came to their ears. Small birds flew into their faces,

grinned grimly as he heaved water over Francoise and himself. Then suddenly there was a roar overhead, and looking up the men saw a mountain of fire and seething sparks sweeping across the sky—seeming to consume the very clouds in its hungry maw. It was a terrible and terrifying spectacle, and the sight of it sobered the Frenchman. Muttering hoarsely he looked at Mack, but next moment the two men were groveling on their faces, gasping for life amidst the heat and fumes. The fire was upon them.

Words may suffice for describing the ordinary scenes of life, but how can one describe a nightmare? When, many times after, Mack was called upon to describe it, he would answer simply—"Yes, sure, me and the Frenchman had a pretty close call." Nor could he remember in after years the exact sequence of events. Certain incidents retained possession of his memory. He remembered that the Frenchman went mad, and rushed pell-mell into the very wall of fire. He remembered that he followed the Frenchman, that he flung himself upon him, hurling him to the ground, and that he hauled Francoise back into the safety zone.

But it was Mack who, by some marvellous sense, kept his bearings, and piloted the massive Frenchman to the creek. When finally they reached it, they had reached also the limits of human endurance. Speech, hearing, sight, even pain itself was beyond them. They tottered, they crawled, they pulled one limb after another—hideous, pitiful, spectacles of human suffering, and rolled into the icy flood, the Scot's strong



U.S. Marines in France lined up for the gas mask drill. They are shown in this photo wearing the mask which is of such a shape that it makes them look like the proverbial "bug-a-boo." The Marines have the gas mask drill down to a science, and they can put on a mask properly, which is not so easy as it appears, in very little time. As they stand now they are ready to battle with the poisonous fumes sent over the lines by the Germans.

fluttered about their clothing. Madame clutched her infant, and looked with frightened eyes at her husband. Don shook Francoise by the arm.

"Time to get out," he observed briefly. "We done what we can to save the property. If she comes this way we'll be caught."

But Francoise shook himself free, and flung his arms into the air. "I must save my home," he cried. "It is mine—I have built it all! If the fire eat it my children starve. It is impossible—"

and mad with excitement he continued to heave water—blind to all, heedless, deaf to the entreaties of common sense. Both Don and Mack knew that when a man reaches this stage, not even the fear of death will stay him. A nod passed between them. "You get along and see the woman and kiddies out," said Mack. "I don't envy you your job. I'll look after this madman."

Don stared. "It's blame foolish to stay behind," he observed, a shade of admiration in his voice.

Mack nodded. "Get along out," he urged. "There ain't a moment to waste. She'll be on us any time. I'll look after Francoise—" and his voice softened again.

The woman and the children were becoming dazed by the smoke, so that they hardly knew who led them. That Don got them out alive and unscathed was a testimony to his marvellous woodsmanship.

Francoise, heedless that they were being left, scarcely knowing what was going on around him, proceeded to damp down the surrounding bush, while Mack, his stubborn fighting spirit roused,

fingers still entwined about the scarf of the man he had led and cursed.

Thus they found them when the holocaust was passed, and when the doctor was reached he nodded gravely. "Mack's right arm must go," he said simply.

There was not much of that arm left to amputate—the arm that had dragged Francoise through—and so Mack was just as well without it. They laid them side by side in the hospital at Nelson, and when, after many weary days of waiting, both took the turn at the self-same hour, each found at his bedside the partner of his private life.

The men said nothing, but they looked into each other's eyes and each saw the partnership of life written therein. The woman passed her hand over the Frenchman's forehead, and muttered soft words in her own crooning tongue. Then, for a whole month of convalescence, Mack and Francoise kept up a simmering fire of disagreement, till finally Mack, still weak and sick, rose from his bed against doctor's orders, staggered into his clothes, feebly shook his surviving fist at Francoise, then tottered towards the door.

But ere he reached it Francoise called to him. "Ah mon ami! Mon ami!" he cried, in the cadence of his departed childhood. "Do not leave me thus after all we have suffered together! We are fools, you and I, great fools—cabbages! Let us be one, one great friend. Let us embrace each other!"

And Mack, grinning and bristling at the same time, but ignoring the embrace, took the Frenchman's limp hand in a friendship as sincere as it promised to be quarrelsome.

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Calendar sent on application

Another Letter from "Laddie"

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Bonnycastle Dale

I THOUGHT you good folk who have dear ones at the front might like to know just what happens if the one you love gets a "Blighty." I am, unfortunately, able to tell you from sad experience.

How little, save the oft-read and treasured letters, comes back from that misty region called by the many "Somewhere in France." Before me on my desk is my share, to wit: One diary, 1916; one diary, 1917; copy of payroll; one ounce of "Krupp."

I do not name this last item in levity, far from it. I hate the sight of the crude, cruel bit of metal, but Laddie, sr., calls it his "foundry" or his "bit of Krupp." It is about an ounce in weight and three-quarters of an inch long by half an inch wide and tapers from a sharp edge to half an inch in thickness. Upon my soul I cannot give you full copy of that last diary, but I'll try to tell you what it contains, now that the lad is almost fully convalescent in Whitley Camp, England, then you can judge just what chance you have to see your own loved one back in Canada, even though he may be severely wounded, and just think, a few weeks ago we were playing politics as to whether we should send reinforcements to our war weary men. I could not for the life of me, even though I am a good Unionist, publish the facts, part of which I lay before you, but I knew then that while we were trying our best to get more of our wounded men back home that the high officers were visiting the hospitals and urging the homesick, torn-bodied

men "to hurry up and get fit again as they were needed at the front." But to the one particular case you and I are at present interested in.

One other thing I must advise. Do not, unless the first cable message tells the case positively and forbids even hope, trust to the exact wording. It is hard for the overwrought staff to give the nice details on which we distant ones build our frail hopes. Take Laddie Sr.'s case, for instance, the message read: "Seriously wounded; dangerously ill, gunshot wound in chest penetrating"—yet the same young gunner is to-day a strong, healthy man, save as I will tell you later.

We had been getting serious letters



An airship on patrol duty. This "Silver Queen" is an air craft between tug-towed sausage and the Zeppelin style, used to warn against "raiders." London bound.

from the boy (not serious enough after once I read his diary). It reads: "The trip back was a terror, there were hundreds of horses and men down everywhere, we could not trot or gallop, it was impossible to get ahead. Fritz put scores of shells in — (censored by me) — It was a hell of a place to be held up in ten seconds and we were there three or four minutes in the whine and bump of the shells—we charged through and broke clear." (That's not a bit like the dear lad's letter, just notice how our boys try to save us from worry; here's the way the letter tells it): "We were in a pretty hot corner last night, but don't worry, it's all over."

Well, he made one more trip, next day was the second attack at Vimy. He tried to go over with the gun but got a stray bit in one hand. All the men fell flat as pancakes—he really unkindly said "as flat as your pancakes"—and were then ordered to retreat. They made the "Sunken Cemetery road," and again the shells sought them out, and again the command came to "retreat to the horses." Laddie tried to make that short hurried trip, when a shell burst right ahead of him in the road. "I felt a bit of mud spatter my tunic," he writes me. Alas! It was pretty solid mud; it was that very piece of Krupp that lies before me, and the poor lad knew no more.

Next morning, when that hardy body of his had partially recovered from the shock, he actually resumed his diary, for the last time for many long weeks. He tells that "at last he has got it," of the terrible trip on the stretcher down to the dressing station, of resting in a good bed, of the pain, "but I expect to get over it O.K.—guess he will be scared

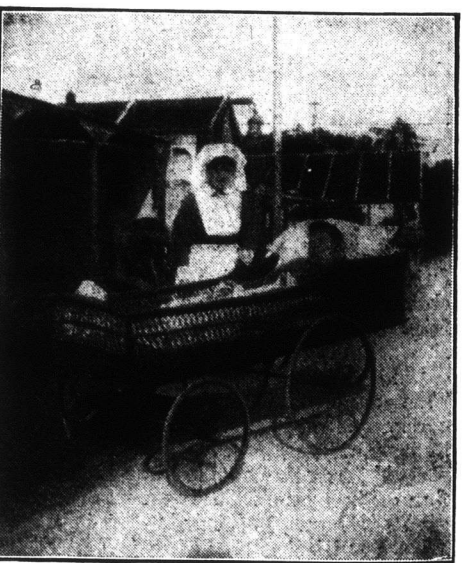


Preston's busy corner. The long way around to Moor Park on the cars.

when he sees my name in the papers." Oh! the brave boys of ours at the front, even thinking of those at home, before they are operated on.

Now comes a time of waiting for us in the Homeland, but don't be despondent, the willing ones who are appointed for this work are as anxious to let you know as you can be to receive further tidings. Two days later the chaplain of the clearing station wrote encouragingly. Imagine getting time to write a two-page letter to every wounded man's friends. God bless this kindly British race of ours. Five days later comes a letter from the Base hospital, full of cheer, again by a Church of England chaplain. (I do not mention my own church invidiously. If in this most wonderful world of ours there was more religion in the heart and less on the lips, we would not be quarreling over the name of any church.) Now comes the silence, the long wait, that is doubly hard to bear. At last Laddie Jr. comes running into camp yelling "A trench card and he wrote it himself!" Then comes another grievous waiting, when cables are not answered because they cannot be delivered, as the guns are going forward so rapidly and the wounded are scattered in the many excellent base hospitals far behind the new line. Ah, new line! That sounds good anyway.

Seventeen days, what a long time it is from sunrise to sunset, until that longed-for mail stage appears on the distant hilltop. Then comes the first letter in his own handwriting. It's all too sacred to tell about, it seems like



Laddie in his spinal carriage.

a message from the other land; as I know now he lay for many days unconscious, dangerously near the crossing over. He writes like a wee babe once more; scrawlingly, he tells how well they feed him; chicken until he is tired of it—chicken for all that long line of wounded that comes palefaced down those many roads to these excellent hospitals, what wonderful care, what most thorough, never exhausted supplies, as Britain at this time has well up to twenty thousand wounded a week on all fronts.

Early in the war tetanus (lockjaw), gas, gangrene, and blood poisoning were common and death more so; cause—surgeon too far from the front lines. Laddie was attended to within sound of the guns, as were all the wounded at Vimy. These advanced hospitals and the new serum treatment has made a record possible of over ninety men out of every hundred almost completely restored to health within a six-month, and six per cent more good recoveries,

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Can you translate this scrap of paper?

MESSAGE SENT BY GERMAN SPY?



See Clipping Below

\$1,117.00 in Cash Rewards

ARRESTS FOLLOW KITCHENER'S DEATH

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 7.)

and among the papers seized was a torn folded and worn "scrap of paper." Inspector Donlan for the first time in his many years of service bowed his head in defeat. He was completely baffled and the hidden message of the uncanny jumble of letters remained a profound mystery.

Noted Criminologists Suggest Solutions for this Difficult Problem

Can you unravel it?

Selecting a capital letter as a starting point and counting every second or third letter until all the letters are used up would surely produce some result.—Inspector Scott.

Watson and I would procure a mirror and reflecting the "scrap of paper" endeavour to decipher the hidden message.—Sherlock Holmes.

Beginning at a selected one I should read every other letter or every third letter. I believe I should soon solve this mystery.—Arsene Lupin.

FIRST REWARD \$500.00 Ninety-Nine Other Cash Prizes Aggregating \$1,117.00

See Big Illustrated List of Rewards—Sent Free

The first reward will be awarded to the contestant who obtains the largest number of points. For instance, 50 points can be obtained by sending in the correct answer to the mysterious message. Then there are 30 points given for general neatness, handwriting, spelling, punctuation, etc., and when you comply with the other con-

ditions and rules as below 50 points additional can be gained. 130 points is the maximum number. "Canada Weekly" (formerly Canada Monthly, established 1906), has created a great reputation for its excellent fiction, its great national articles about Canadians and things Canadian, its broad editorials

as well as for its artistic covers and illustrations and its high grade printing and general appearance.

You can help us advertise this magazine should you like it, and when you enter the contest you will be asked to write and tell if you are willing to do so.

We frankly tell you of these simple rules in advance. There is no obligation on your part to subscribe or take the magazine or spend any money in order to compete in this contest.

- 1 Write your solution of the mysterious message on one side of the paper only. Put your address in the upper right hand corner.
- 2 Boys and Girls under fourteen years of age are not allowed to compete, nor are employees of "Canada Weekly."
- 3 The judging of the entries in this contest will be done by three well known business men who have no connection with this firm. Prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained on each entry. Contest will close on 31st day of May, 1918.
- 4 Each competitor will be asked to show a sample copy of "Canada Weekly" to five or six friends, business associates or neighbours, to whom such a magazine will appeal and who will want to take the magazine regularly.

For these services the publishers guarantee to pay each contestant in cash or by a prize selected by him or her in advance. Such guaranteed reward will be entirely in addition to any competitive reward which may be won. Address your reply to,

Dept. 92 VANDERHOOF, SCOTT & CO., LIMITED, 35 Lombard Street, Toronto

CAUGHT COLD NEGLECTED IT WAS SICK FOR MONTHS.

You should never neglect a cold, however slight. If you do not treat it in time it will, in all possibility, develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

On the first sign of a cold or cough it is advisable to cure it at once, and not let it run on for an indefinite period.

For this purpose there is nothing to equal Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a remedy that has been universally used by thousands for over twenty-five years.

You do not experiment when you buy it.

Mrs. W. G. Paquet, Smith's Falls, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with laryngitis. I caught cold, and neglected it, and was sick for several months. I took three bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and before I finished the last one I was entirely cured. I would not have any other cough medicine in the house."

It also cured my baby, who was very sick with bronchitis. She had the doctor three times, and he recommended 'Dr. Wood's.' I highly recommend it to those who need a quick cure."

See that you get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup when you ask for it. Do not accept a substitute. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

so don't despair even though your dear lad is wounded, his chances are very large indeed. If you contrast this with early days, I remember where, on one occasion, a young surgeon friend attended to four hundred cases before he flopped over himself, and that with insufficient help and supplies. Now the staff is fully as large as required and the supplies stored in such great abundance that, if the Huns ever do break through, we have enough for their wounded also.

One cursed mean trick of the campaign of ferocity has been the active shelling of these advanced hospitals, even with a great red cross displayed on the ground. They use now intensive concealment (no, I am not going to quote that overworked French word, as I do not care to use all my knowledge of that tongue at once). They threw a few shells down near where Laddie was quizzing the nurses and mending up for a stretcher trip to "Blighty." I was a bit nervous when I heard he was going across, but bless your dear heart, we don't light up the hospital ships any more, a glaring target with a huge red cross by night and by day. No, we paint them battleship grey and put a string of ocean greyhounds on either side. You remember Laddie saying when the destroyers met the Canadian overseas transports coming towards England, "these fast escorting destroyers circled and darted and swung in amongst us like dogs playing about their master's feet." Well, so they played that dark night when the semi-invisible, shrouded great hulk, with its cargo of sufferers, sped across the boisterous Channel. As the lads were "stretcher cases," they saw precious little of the scene, but they exulted in the thought of that ever-present, impalpable, most wondrous defensive arm—the British navy.

Just a thought here, dear readers, although you have on many occasions helped on the cause of funds brought actively to your notice, don't forget the thousands of widows and orphans left dependent by the men who have died at sea defending you and I.

On sped the great dark shape, to port and starboard swept the sinister long, low hulls of the powerful destroyers and, at last, without a pain-wrenching bump since the stretcher left the hospital tent at the base in France, our dear wounded boys were landed in a port of "the Mother of Nations." Here they had to be watched and defended from the deadly peril of over-kindness. I guess, if their desires had led that way, these lads, fed on chicken and eggs and like delicacies at the base hospital—think of the wonderful commissariat department that supplies chicken for ten thousand ever shifting patients within sound of the roar of the greatest conflict that ever raged on earth and tell me, will we not win this war? Well, I guess they could have had anything from thick porterhouse to Welsh rarebit, with consequent results, but the ever-present orderlies switched these overkind people and Laddie kept fearing he would wake up.

Now came a slow trip in a comfortable train, not a hard bump yet, a fellow could even see the tops of the trees and the glitter of the rising sun on the gables of the farmhouses, as the warm April sun got up and looked down, wondering now why, in this scene of peace and plenty, they had to have train loads of injured ones puff-puffing along the shining rails. Now the train slid quietly into a little station near a river that flows peacefully into the Irish Sea, and soon I got a letter, and you too will, if your dear lad is unfortunate enough to get wounded, get a letter, telling you how comfortable the long hut-like semi-circular hospital is, and how well fed they are, and of the flowers that bloom as only English flowers can, and of the nurses that bloom like any English nurses can. I may have just a wee word to mention in another letter of how the dear lads get acclimatized, shall we call it, to these same nurses.

A Dig from Diggs

Biggs: I'd join the church if it wasn't so full of hypocrites.

Diggs: That needn't deter you. There's always room for one more.

Push Hard

(for the Allies)

This Year marks a critical period in our national life.

Not only must we cultivate our gardens and fields that we may raise food enough for ourselves but we must cultivate our resources so intensively that we may have a surplus to help support our Allies, who have not the power to raise sufficient food stuffs for themselves.

Grow Your Own Vegetables

Never has the importance and the necessity of the home garden been so great as this year. It will mean more than it did last year or ever before. It is not only a means of national conservation and patriotism; a measure of national health lies within it.

McKenzie Seeds

To get the full results from your garden you should plant the best seeds obtainable. After twenty-two years of continuous seed selling McKenzie Seeds are the Standard.

General Crop Seed

Recognizing the responsibility which rests upon us as Western Canada's foremost Seed House we have provided ample stocks of dependable quality OATS WHEAT and BARLEY. That our efforts are appreciated is evidenced by the fact that hundreds of orders are being received daily.

Never in the history of our business has there been such urgent necessity for Seed Buyers to Order Early.

Wire, phone or mail your order to-day.

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Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879. Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous cold. Mrs. Bullington Booth says: "No family where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights. It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers. For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 38 years of successful use.

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Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., N.Y., or Leeming-Miles Building Montreal, Canada.

Order Farm Machine Repairs Now Delay May Mean Loss

HAVE YOU thought of the difficulty you are going to have this year in getting repairs for your machines? It is the most important thing for you to be thinking about right now. Your crops may depend upon it.

You, no doubt, realize that all manufacturers are hard put to it to get materials; and the transportation facilities, freight and express, are congested to such an extent that shipments go through very slowly.

The implement manufacturer and agent in Canada realizes this today and the utmost is being done to take care of the farmers' requirements for repairs. Unless the farmers are also foresighted, many of them are likely to realize the difficulty too when the season for field work opens. They are going to be greatly handicapped if they wait until just before they are ready to use the machines before overhauling them and finding out what parts will have to be replaced.

We cannot urge you too strongly to get busy on this at once. Overhaul every machine on your place and see just what parts you need to put them in good working order, then place your order at once. This is the only way you can be sure of having the new parts in time for use.

We are making every possible effort to get ample stocks of repair parts to convenient points where you can get quick service. International Harvester branch houses are located in all parts of Canada and they always carry large stocks of repairs. Besides there are thousands of local agents who carry a good supply of the parts usually called for. Under normal conditions, you could expect quick action on repair orders sent to us or to any of our agents, but at this time conditions are not normal and it is a personal and patriotic duty to look ahead and plan ahead and be prepared to avoid confusion and crop-wasting delays.

Remember the first orders received are the first to be served, so you can recognize the importance of overhauling your machines now and seeing what you will need and getting your order placed. Better be ready than sorry. Do it now.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask., Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon, Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont., Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.

The Challenge

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Jessie Findlay Brown

It is just like him," Penelope stood before the portrait with clasped hands and expression rapt and adoring. "How noble he looks—dear boy. He is so fine and good. Such a dear brother."

Bishop, standing aside and slightly in the rear, marked the beauty of her delicate profile outlined against the dull blue of the plush curtain. He cleared his throat before replying.

"I'm glad you like it. I put my best work on it. I wanted to please you."

She seemed not to hear him, and continued as though thinking aloud. "He is so like his father. Strange, isn't it, that two persons so utterly unlike in nature should in appearance be so similar? Jack's father was a careless scamp. He broke my mother's heart." She turned to her caller, brightly.

"Jack is only my half-brother, you know. I am seven years older than he. Mother left him in my charge, a dear tiny baby, when she died—and he has been such a dear boy."

Bishop's quiet gray eyes met hers with an inscrutable look. He was thinking that if Jack Bateman's father had been a scamp, then, from what he had heard of the son, the lad resembled his sire in more ways than one, and he marvelled at the love that could blind a girl of Penelope's perception to faults as glaring as those of her brother. He felt sorry for her, and impatient with the handsome young scapegrace upon whose portrait he had labored so painstakingly and with such success.

"You will miss him," he said somewhat lamely, and Penelope caught up the word with a wistfulness that touched him

acutely. "Miss him! How I have missed him already and he has been gone only one month. He is all I have, you see, and I have been both sister and mother to him. Oh, I shall miss him. But I must be brave. I shall be busy. I intend to take a position downtown. It will be better for me. And I shall have my Red Cross work. I must keep occupied, and I shall not have time to brood."

"That's right. I think to go to business is the very best thing you can do. You will make new friends and the daily close contact with other lives will keep you, as you say, from brooding."

She brightened at his approval and smiled upon him with such grateful sweetness that Bishop, twirling his hat in half-embarrassed fashion, took courage to add "Miss Bateman, won't you let me be a friend to you? I've no sister of my own, but I imagine that if I had one and were obliged to go to the war and leave her behind, I'd be mighty

glad of some chap to take an interest in her. Will you count me your friend?"

For the first time Penelope looked at him with real interest—this quiet photographer man who had done such good work on Jack's picture. He had a slight limp, he was not handsome, but his face was strong and pleasant and—that was it—friendly. She put out her hand with a frankness that matched his own.

"It is so kind of you," she said earnestly. "I shall be glad to have you as a friend. You will come and see me soon? Thank you so much for doing the picture so beautifully, and for being so good as to bring it over yourself."

She bowed him out very graciously indeed, but looking back from the street at the lighted window he saw the slender figure posed before the mantel with clasped hands and face upraised, and he knew that no sooner had the door closed upon him than she had flown to her shrine, whole-hearted and devoted, her entire thought for the wayward youth over the sea.

Bishop felt a little lonely himself as he took his way down the avenue beneath the burgeoning chestnut trees. It was the middle of May, the night was warm and balmy, and Bishop in his present mood felt inclined for a stroll.

Norman Bishop possessed neither brother nor sister, father nor mother. He had been obliged to stand on his own feet at a very early age, and make his own way in the world. It had been an honorable way, and was beginning to be an easier way, but to-night he felt the loneliness of it as never before. Why was it, he asked himself, that a scamp like Jack Bateman should have lavished upon him a devotion that was esteemed but lightly by him, while he, Bishop, went hungry for even a crumb? Well, it was a world of unequal divisions, and the workings of the law of compensation were not always easy to follow.

During the months that followed Bishop gradually lost the feeling of aloofness that had haunted him from the days of his cheerless, unloved childhood. For the first time in his experience he found himself almost indispensable to another, and that other the sweetest, gentlest, most delightful little lady in the world. Penelope had taken him at his word and made him a friend indeed, consulting him upon numberless matters, now deferring to his judgment with flattering respect, again dissenting with flat contradiction, sharing with him her impressions and experiences in the office life which was new to her, depending always upon him for the sympathy and understanding which were so necessary to her and in which he never failed her. She gave, too. There was no sponge-like quality in her nature. She drew him out so that he, who had always thought himself a quiet fellow, was surprised at his fluency and range of knowledge.

Best of all, of course, she loved to talk about Jack and read extracts from the boy's brief letters, to which Bishop forced himself to listen patiently. The dear boy was chafing at being kept so long in England—he was asking to be transferred, to get across the channel more quickly—she was cabling him money again, his own of course, which he had assigned to her—it was so difficult for a boy to do on so little. He was such a good boy, too—she must read him the letter telling of his visit to the little country church in England—and so on.

She had mailed the boy a cabinet size reproduction of the portrait in the parlor. "Mr. Bishop has done good work on it," she wrote. "I think it is a splendid likeness. What I like best about it is that it is just exactly like you. He has managed to get you just as you are, and I am so glad. Just imagine if I had been left with a picture that was stiff and unnatural, and not like you at all, how horrid it would have been." To this Jack replied modestly that the camera-man had flattered him, but he was glad she liked the picture.

At length word came that Jack had been transferred to another unit, and expected to leave any day for France. Dropping in one evening, Bishop found Penelope wistful and sad, with a letter "But he was my baby brother, you know, and when he was a little boy he would jump so at a sudden noise—how the big



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guns and the screaming shells will get on his nerves! He was always so particular, too, about his linen. Everything had to be just so. And now he will be caked all over with Flanders mud, and perhaps no dry place even to sleep in. And then, there is always the danger. But I must not dwell on that." She smiled mistily. "All we women at home can do is to be brave, work and pray."

Bishop felt his throat tighten sympathetically. The sight of Penelope in distress caused to surge up in him an almost uncontrollable longing to take her in his arms and comfort her as one would a little, sad child. To return to safe commonplaces, he inquired about the box she was preparing for Jack, and presently she was laughing and chatting quite brightly with what he called the "shine" restored to her eyes.

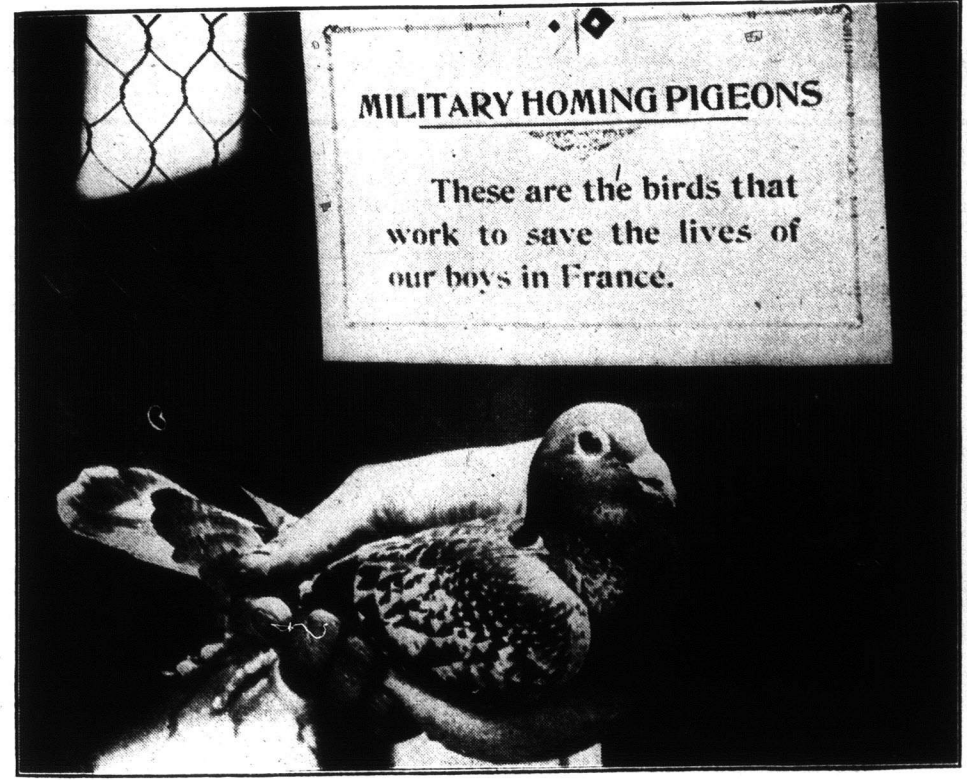
Bishop wondered sometimes what the girl would do if her brother should fall. He recalled a remark dropped by a woman at his boarding house concerning a mother lately bereaved in the war. "She was too proud of him. I believe it is downright sinful to be so set up in a boy. She thought him perfection itself." While disagreeing with the sentiment, Bishop admitted that there were cases which appeared to warrant it, and he disliked to think that Penelope's might be one; but he knew that from the girl's trusting heart prayers for the boy's safety went up without ceasing, and did not God answer prayer?

Jack had been in France just two

less demonstrative. Penelope was by nature a being of light and joy, under normal conditions exhaling happiness as a flower fragrance, and to see her brightness dimmed by a crushing sorrow was to feel the pang with which one views the untimely blighting of a rose.

As time went on she became her cheerful self again, almost, to her fellow-workers. Only to Bishop she spoke out the pain in her heart.

"I think I would rather know for certain he were dead. At first, I used to lie awake at night thinking, thinking. I used to wonder, if he were dead, would someone take the time to straighten his body gently, fold his hands on his breast and brush back the hair from his forehead; or would he just lie as he fell—perhaps all doubled up, all stiff and cold—dear, dear brother! My little brother, Norman, that I mothered from a baby. How I used to hear his prayers every night, and tuck him in, and now maybe he is over there in a cold dark grave, so cold, and no flowers on it. Oh, I know it is too late for flowers to bloom this year, but some might be planted to blossom first thing in the spring. I would like to know if there were flowers on his grave. . . . He liked to be warm and comfortable, too. He was such a boy to be comfortable. And then, maybe he is a prisoner in a horrid German camp, half-starved. Or maybe he died in awful pain, alone, in the cold dark, no one there to lay a hand on his head. He used to get such headaches, and I



The Allied forces facing the Teutons all along the western front, are relying more and more on the homing pigeon as an indispensable means of communication. Uncle Sam's men will have them, too, and when a company goes into the trenches the birds will go with it. Their homing instinct is unerring, and a message entrusted to them is sure of delivery. When telephone, wireless, or any other means of communication breaks down, "the winged wireless" will be relied on to keep communication open between the fighting front and headquarters.

months to a day when word came that he was missing. Bishop was out of town at the time on a short business trip, and picking up a paper on the train, saw the boy's name in the casualty list. He left the train at the next station, took the next back to the city and went immediately to see Penelope. She was pale and heavy-eyed. The telegram had reached her the evening before and she had not slept. At sight of her wan little face he opened his arms, and she crept into them. It was all settled then and there, though no word was spoken. Presently Penelope began to sob, and the tears relieved her. When she was quiet again she told him "I think I should have died if you had not come," and Bishop glowed at the thought of her need of him.

Penelope went back to her work the following day. More than ever she felt the need of mental occupation. She was touched by the expression of sympathy which came to her on all sides from her co-workers in the office. The manager cabled to England for further information, but the reply held no hope. The girls came and mutely pressed her hand, or went out of their way to perform little services of goodwill, and the men of the staff were no less sympathetic if

could always cure them. . . . The uncertainty of not knowing is so hard. But I won't believe he is dead till I hear for certain."

Bishop had need to be very wise and tender upon these occasions, and always he comforted her. She spent a great deal of time looking at the photograph which he had taken of the missing boy just before he left for overseas, and if ever man rejoiced in action of his own it was Bishop in the success of that photograph. He had talked for over an hour with Jack Bateman before he had been able to summon that lofty look, and now it was there on the pictured features for all time, and Penelope would have her hero to the last. She, who in life had never seen the fatal weakness of his face, would never now be undecieved.

At length the girl settled into a state of resignation to the will of the all-wise Being whose ways are so mysterious to our finite understanding, and a year from the day of Jack's disappearance she and Bishop were quietly married.

The Bateman home belonged to Penelope, having been bequeathed her by her mother, and after her marriage, though Bishop would have preferred a bright little bungalow in the suburbs, Penelope

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found it so difficult to detach herself from the old house which held so many memories of her lost brother, that the idea of removal was abandoned.

The room that had been Jack's was at the top of the house, and every day since his departure Penelope had paid it a visit, airing it, keeping it in perfect order, finding a faint comfort in handling the objects so often unthinkingly grasped by the boy's strong young fingers. Sometimes, as she moved about the room, she talked to him as though he were present; sometimes she sat in the big chair and thought; but never did she allow herself to shed a tear in that room, for Jack had always had an abhorrence of women's tears. The two geraniums in the dormer window, of which the boy had never taken the slightest notice, she tended devoutly because they had at least breathed the same air with him. Of these tender ministrations she told Jack nothing, remembering his dislike of any show of sentiment, but after he was reported missing she was glad that she had made a friend of the room in this way, as otherwise its emptiness might have caused her to shun it. If it were so that he were dead, she liked to think that in spirit he was near and knew, and if he were living, then must she keep the room warm and friendly against his ultimate return. To this hope of his return she clung now with pathetic tenacity. "I don't feel as though he were dead," she would say to her husband.

Bishop, on the other hand, had quite given the lad up for lost. He found himself extremely busy at the studio these days. His experience with Jack Bateman's photograph had given him his cue, and he had made rather a specialty of soldiers' portraits, so that his success was being talked of a little. It was said that he had the knack of catching the best in a face, and people wondered how he did it.

One drizzly evening toward the end of November Bishop came home to his appetizing dinner to find the little lady at the other end of the table wearing an air of unwonted excitement.

"I went up to Jack's room," she told him, "and fell asleep in the big chair, and I dreamed that Jack came to the door and looked in and smiled. He didn't say a thing, but he looked happy and well and just his old self. Not a particle changed. I felt so happy when I woke. I feel sure I am going to hear news of him."

"I wouldn't build on it," cautioned Bishop, noting her bright eyes and heightened color.

"I know I shall," asserted Mrs. Penelope. "I've a feeling."

"That settles it, then," said Bishop, kissing her, and the subject was dropped.

Two evenings later Penelope met her husband at the door with a paper in her hand, and dragged him unceremoniously over to the chandelier, her finger glued to a paragraph headed "Returning heroes." Bishop's skeptical eye travelled down the page till a name arrested and held it—Pte. Jack Bateman.

"Now," said Mrs. Bishop, with the solemnity which the occasion demanded, "What do you think of that?"

"There may be other Jack Bateman's, you know, dear. Of course, I hope it is our Jack, but—"

"It is our Jack! I've a feeling. I'm sure I am not mistaken."

Her eyes were shining, her whole demeanor one of joyous anticipation. Penelope had not been sad since her marriage but she had never been so glad as this, and Bishop, while hoping with his whole heart that indeed her premonition might be true, yet was obliged to own to a momentary pang that her happiness in the vent would lie so entirely aside from himself.

"It must be he," she was rattling on excitedly. "There has been some foolish mistake before. We will go to the station to-morrow morning, darling. I feel as if I could go there now and stand all night on the platform to see him in the morning. I feel sure, too, he will come back just his old self. Won't it be splendid, Norman?"

Bishop glanced into the parlor above the mantel of which hung the portrait of the absent one. "To see him come home looking just like that would certainly be splendid," he said.

Jack Bateman did come home—a man grown in body and mind. All the weakness and irresolution were gone from his face, which in strength of character had gained almost unbelievably. There was not a trace of the old domineering spirit that had formerly prayed on his sister's love and forbearance; it had been burned out in the fire of service. Only the gold of the boy's soul had been suffered to survive the furnace of his experiences.

The two men were sitting together that first evening of Jack's return, Penelope having slipped upstairs for a final inspection of her brother's room before conducting him thither.

"By Jove, Jack," said his brother-in-law, "Your work out there has certainly made a man of you. You're twice the chap you went away."

Jack pulled a wry face. "You pretty nearly put it up to me, with that camera of yours. Not that I thought so much about it at the time, except to feel kind of shamefaced when I read Pen's letter saying she thought the picture just like me. But when I got to France, and after I was taken prisoner, I got to thinking about it. You know, over there, side by side with death, a fellow thinks about a lot of things that never bother his head at home. I used to look at that picture and wonder how in thunder you got that look on me, and why Pen thought it was my natural expression. I decided it must have been in me to come out even for that short time and Pen's belief in me challenged me to live up to it."

He named his sister almost reverently. "I've changed my views on a lot of things since I left home, and one of them is my duty to Pen. I realized over there how much I owed her, and what a little tramp she's always been and what a rotter I was, and I made a solemn vow to God that if ever He allowed me to come back to her I'd be a different brother."

Penelope appeared in the door. "Bed-time, Jacky boy," she said with a quaint big-sisterly air which somehow seemed to rebound back from the big-shouldered chap who sprang up to place his arm around her shoulders.

"Don't you order me to bed, Madam," he said laughingly, "Don't you see that I'm a big boy now?"

Penelope emerged gasping from the bear hug to which he subjected her. "I believe you have grown up," she said.

Arm in arm they went up the two pairs of stairs. "Funny thing, Pen, but I've thought considerable about this room this last year. It used to come into my mind often, just as it looks now. The night I escaped, when I was lying in the ditch all under water except my nose to throw the hounds off the scent, this room kept coming before my eyes—the fireplace, the dormer window, just as it now. . . . I declare, Pen, it seems only the other day that I rushed out of here that last evening before we entrained, and yet I feel ten years more a man."

When Penelope came back to the library, she went up to her husband's chair and settled herself cozily on the arm. "Happy, dear?" he asked, drawing her into the circle of his arm. "Happy? Oh, yes, so happy. God is good, isn't he?"

"Penelope," said Bishop, drawing her close and holding her there, "I believe, if such a thing were possible, that you love your brother more than your husband. I feel just a tiny bit jealous to-night."

"Oh, no, dear, no. I have had Jack longer, that is all. You must remember you are new, yet, as compared with Jack. I love Jack like a mother—he is a dear boy—but, you, you old dear, don't you realize that I love you like—everything?"

There was silence then for awhile, both looking into the fire, and content with the nearness of each other and the stillness. Presently Penelope said, drowsily, "He did come back just like I dreamed, just his old self. Norman, didn't he?"

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Friend—"For his aged mother?"

Juror—"Oh, no—for having such a lawyer."

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Whom Did She Love

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Brenda E. Dow

WHAT a very attractive young lady!" said Mr. Harold Dalton to himself; "and what a wonderful resemblance to —." He suddenly stopped, stroked his chin thoughtfully, and gazed out toward the sea as if for inspiration or instruction.

Resuming his soliloquy, "These American scenes are full of suggestions of the past, though there are great differences. Perhaps the change has been more in myself than in my surroundings. Why, it is nearly—yes, quite, nineteen years since I last stood on this spot and gazed at the waves gently breaking on that headland yonder. A change does come over a man during nineteen years of travel in foreign lands, rubbing against foreign men. Yes, nineteen years of adventure, business, pleasure. The time has not seemed long, but I realize that I have changed greatly. Nineteen and twenty are thirty-nine. Why, to a young lady like the one over there, tripping gaily along, with light and innocent heart, I must seem to be rather well-preserved man of sixty—sixty years old at the very least.

That's the way she would describe me to the man she has given her heart to. Well, what matters it how old I am? When a man has passed the time of life when cupid darts may enter his heart, he might be Methuselah so far as the girls go. But while the season of love lasts, the love-fires burn something out of the soul that never grows again. It is well that it should be so. It would be extremely troublesome to carry a susceptible heart round the world with one for ever. It is not like me to be even thinking of such things; but I suppose the memories that cling to this spot are responsible. It was here that we met, and here that we parted. What a different place this was then! A lovely cape, smooth near the sea, but rising into deep restful woods farther back; a few rocky headlands round which circled coots and gulls in great numbers; and one old farmhouse, standing all alone, where now stands that grand new summer hotel, with its balconies and wide verandahs, and elegant porticos. What a fine array of cottages and cement walks and bridges, and bathing houses and pleasure boats! And what an admirable concourse of well-dressed and pleasantly inclined men and women! After all is said and done, it is hard to find a finer looking crowd anywhere else than can be found in my own country. I believe I would like to live here for the rest of my days. Yes, I'll buy a nice little cottage here at The Point, and spend my time between here and New York. I wonder whether Alice is still alive? Perhaps she is the mother of a dozen children by this time." And so his thoughts ran on, while he watched the crowded summer resort, the people at which gave him no concern.

As Miss Grover and her aunt reached the verandah of their cottage after their morning walk, Miss Grover asked her aunt who the gentleman was who had looked at them.

"What? Who?" asked Mrs. Cutler absently.

"The gentleman in the light gray suit and Panama hat; surely you saw him. He was rather tall and thin, very distinguished looking and yet quite simple and pleasant apparently. His eyes and chin were extraordinarily handsome, and he wore a heavy beard. Auntie, why in the world do you never look at people. Now I think that men of forty or fifty are ever so much nicer than younger men. This one looks as if he would be anyway. I think he must be somebody. He has such an air of refinement about him, and he is so graceful and manly looking that I couldn't help noticing him more than anyone else this morning. Who can he be, Auntie?"

"Who? What were you saying, Alice dear?" and Aunt Cutler looked up from a letter she had just opened while her niece chattered on. "Sarah writes me that Fred Fernton is to sail on the 20th. So he won't be here for over a week yet."

"Fred Fernton," said the girl quickly. "Yes, I am sure when he went away I expected him to come back at

all." Her face reddened perceptibly as she spoke.

"You are both of you a year older and wiser," said the widow, thoughtfully; "I hope you have learned how wrong it is to irritate a man needlessly. Why, I never irritated Cutler in all my life. Men don't understand it, and it just makes trouble."

"Here comes Mr. Clovertop. I'll ask him. He always knows about all the newcomers."

"For pity's sake don't ask him in," said Mrs. Cutler, picking up her letters and going upstairs. "He is for ever chattering about nothing."

"The top of the morning to you, Miss Alice," came the greeting from Mr. Clo-

vertop effusively. "How fresh you look after your morning dip. Did you ever see such a fine morning? I never saw a place I liked so much as this. So fashionable already, and only been on the go three or four years at that. Why, one meets such a gay crowd. Who do you suppose has blown along this morning? But there, you don't know him. He has been gone since before you were born I should think. Most charming man I ever met, and very rich at that. Made his money in the tea trade I think; or, hold on, I believe it was at some big silver mines. Anyway it don't matter about that. He has travelled abroad for years; been to Africa and Australia, and they say he had charge in some diplomatic affair in China once. You really must meet him, Miss Alice. I'll manage an introduction. Likely he will be here all summer. Oh you'll be charmed with him, I'm sure you will."

"What does he look like?" asked Miss Grover, interestedly.

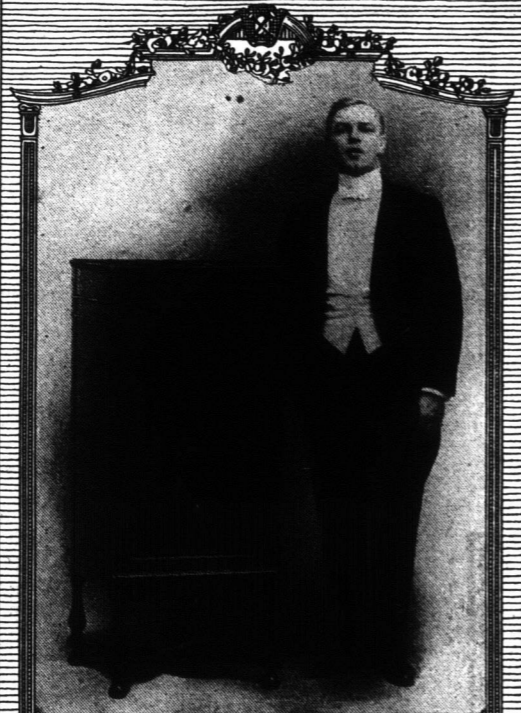
"Oh, perfectly elegant, you know," replied Mr. Clovertop. "Rather above middle height, and a lighter weight man than I am, but graceful as a greyhound. Wears a heavy beard, hair a little gray, eyes blue. Looked like an English army officer somewhat. You understand—cool, but pleasant mannered. There he goes now—that man over there just lighting a cigar. That's Harold Dalton. I'll introduce you to him on the sands this afternoon. How is your aunt today? So sorry not to have seen her. Give her my regards, won't you? Good-bye, I must be off. See you again this afternoon. Tra la."

"Has that fool gone?" demanded a voice from within.

"Yes, Auntie," the girl replied.

"Then come in and eat your dinner," and Alice heard her aunt draw a chair

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up to the table rather violently. Alice Grover lingered a moment to gaze at the figures of the men in the distance. Then she turned slowly and went into the house.

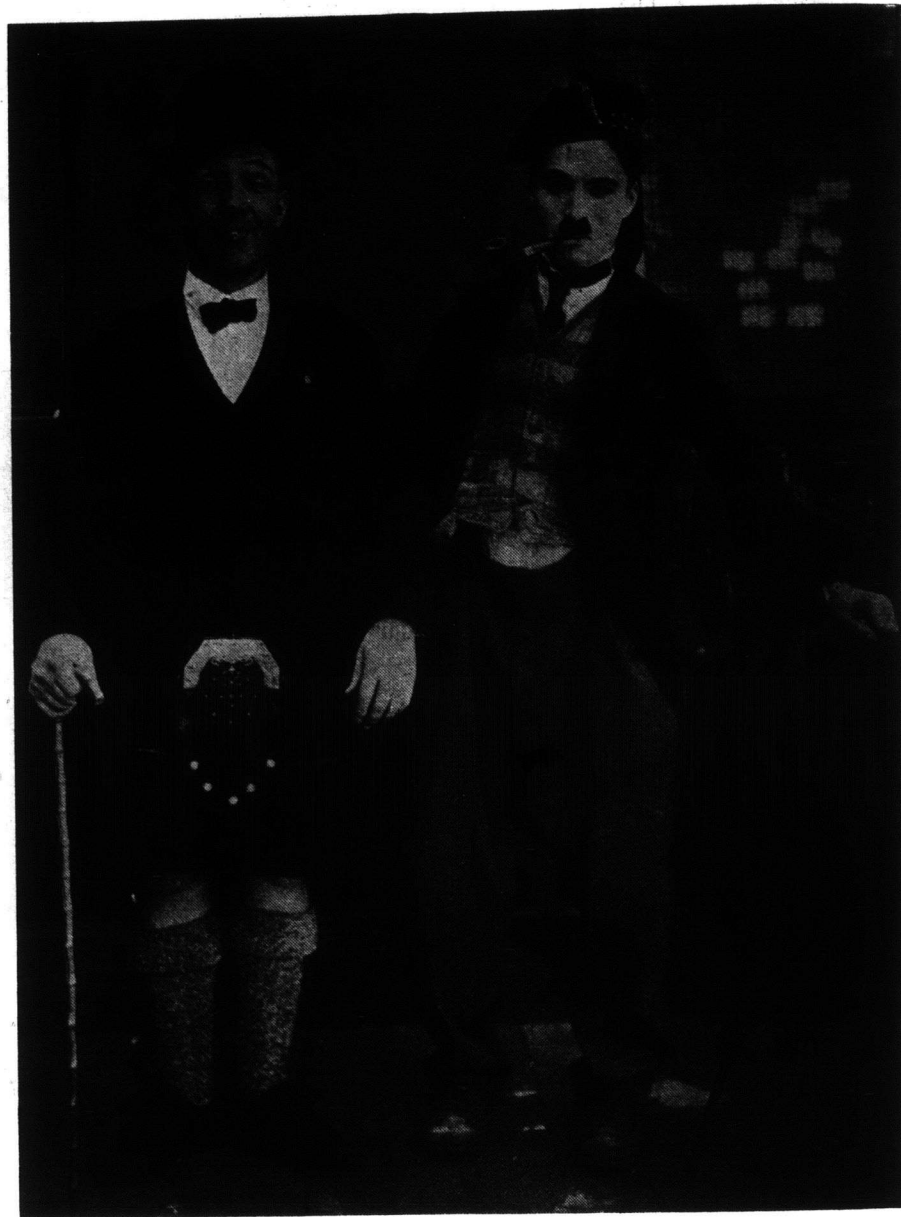
As a matter of necessity Mr. Dalton had engaged rooms at the hotel. All the cottages were either private property, or rented. The publicity of the hotel dinner, however, gave him no concern. When the dinner gong sounded he composedly entered the room, selected one of the smallest tables from which he could obtain a good view of the blue sea, and at the same time watch all the rest of the room. Seating himself he silently held up a dollar bill in full sight. Thus he was not long securing the services of a waiter.

At this juncture who should come bouncing into the room but Mr. Clovertop. In the centre aisle of tables he became transfixed, as it were with his eyeglass. Suddenly he espied Mr. Dalton, and made for him in such sputter-

der yet, but promising; complexion not to be compared to the generality of girls, and such a winning handshake," ran on this chatterer, filling his mouth meanwhile with fish.

"Is this young lady from New England?" enquired Mr. Dalton.

"Born in New York, I believe. Her father was a Southerner; her mother came from Boston. Her father died when she was quite a child, and her mother lived six years longer. Then Alice was left in the care of her Aunt Cutler, who is a good old soul, but vague, very vague. Mrs. Grover was a woman who was very set in her ways, and Grover was a wild sort, but extremely wealthy when she married him. He lost his money later on speculating, and the marriage turned out to be not especially happy. Mrs. Grover seemed to feel that she had made a mistake, and so there was a good deal of dissatisfaction. Miss Alice here is a different sort though. She looks like her mother, but



Another big combination has been formed. It is one of fun this time, instead of business. Two of the world's greatest fun makers have joined forces to make the world laugh, and when Harry Lauder and Charlie Chaplin get together on the screen, you can be mighty sure that every movie fan the world over is going to roar with mirth. Both of them are in the first rank as fun makers and both can get their infectious jollity over to the most

It is difficult to imagine anything as funny as the comedy these men can produce, but you'll soon have an opportunity to gauge their combined abilities, for they have collaborated on a screen play that will be shown the world over for the benefit of the Lauder Five Million Dollar War Relief Fund. Here they are together, having traded hats, canes and smokes, ready to start in to make you laugh for war relief.

ing, but none the less amiable ecstasy, that Mr. Dalton had no choice but to receive him with serenity. He seated himself at the other side of the table, as if he himself was charmed with all about him, and felt himself equally charming.

"My dear Dalton," explained Mr. Clovertop, in the interval between the soup and the fish, "there is a young lady here you really must meet. The most charming girl you ever saw in your life, and she is dying to get acquainted with you, too. We were talking about you this morning. Her name is Miss Grover—Alice Grover. You must have seen her about. She has an old aunt, widow of Jim Cutler, who's dead and gone some years. You remember her, of course?"

"Not from your description," rejoined Mr. Dalton, helping his friend to fish. "Oh, she is positively the handsomest girl hereabouts. Tall, with wavy brown hair, soft brown eyes, lovely eyes, my dear fellow. Figure rather slen-

der yet, but promising; complexion not to be compared to the generality of girls, and such a winning handshake," ran on this chatterer, filling his mouth meanwhile with fish.

"What did you say her mother's maiden name was?"

"Maiden name? Let me see. Oh, yes—no—yes, it was too—Clyde—Alice Clyde."

"Alice Clyde, of Boston. She married Oscar Grover about nineteen years ago. So this Alice Grover is her daughter! I used to be acquainted with the lady. So Alice Clyde is dead! Help yourself, Clovertop. I never eat much at this time of the day."

"You must let me make you acquainted," said Clovertop, between mouthfuls.

"We will see later," responded Dalton, laughing. "You will excuse me if I leave you," said, looking at his watch. "It is later than I thought."

Clovertop did not see Dalton again that day, so the introduction he had so carefully arranged for did not take place.

Next watching sands, s near her encounte gantly c previous "Good compose "I feel p old acqu years ap Dalton."

"I th speak o with a might h with a k Mr. D quietly that I often sa mantic older th —"

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Next morning, as Alice Grover sat watching the children playing on the sands, she heard a light springy step near her, and turning her head slightly encountered the eyes of the tall elegantly dressed stranger of the morning previous.

"Good morning, Miss Grover," he said, composedly, lifting his hat as he spoke. "I feel privileged to speak to you as an old acquaintance, as I knew your mother years ago. My name is Dalton, Harold Dalton."

"I think I have heard my mother speak of you," said Alice, looking up with a bright smile, such as Psyche's might have been when Cupid waked her with a kiss.

Mr. Dalton sat down beside her and quietly continued. "It was on this spot that I first met your mother, and we often sat here and talked. I was a romantic young fellow then, not much older than you are now. Your mother—" He paused and looked intently at the bright young face beside him. Then in a gentle tone he went on: "Your mother, if she had thought as much of me as I thought of her—well, you would have been our daughter in that case."

For a few moments Alice was silent. Then said: "Are you married, too?"

"No," he replied. "I was always intended to be an old bachelor; and, besides, I have lived abroad many years, and a foreign wife does not appeal to me."

"I have always thought I should like to go abroad," said Alice.

have not met my aunt, have you, Mr. Dalton?"

"No, I wanted to meet you first. Now I want to meet her, and become one of the family if I may, for I find that there is no one left who belongs to me. May I become your bachelor uncle?"

"That would be pleasant, I am sure," said Alice with a little laugh. "Let us go and see her."

Alice found her new bachelor uncle as good company as she at first anticipated. In fact, all who met him voted him as charming.

As for Harold Dalton, the past receded from view in the full sunshine of the present. Alice Grover was so like the Alice Clyde he had loved in olden days that he often almost forgot that the present was not the past; forgot the difference between his age and hers—almost hoped that all the past was a dream, and that the present was all that was reality.

He had returned to America a wealthy man, to find that his old love was dead, and that this young girl was all that was left of the past. It was his native land, but he had in it no other ties. Alice Clyde had been dearly loved by him; but she had jilted him, to marry a man with more money than he possessed. Harold Dalton was much too reasonable a man to idolize for a life-time a girl in which he had seen so grave a fault, although he had through her influence remained a bachelor.

While he was greatly drawn toward Alice Grover, he would have laughed at the idea of his falling in love with her,



If the Whole World Knew

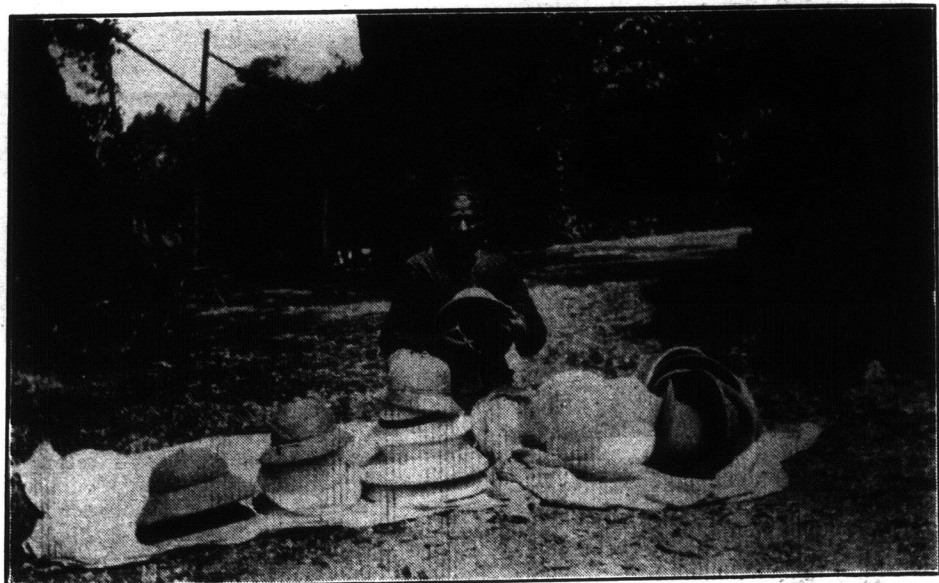
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"Americans have the special privilege of so doing," said Dalton. "You see, other people for the most part are born abroad, and cannot realize what real travel means. So you have not yet crossed the ocean?"

"No, I have never been on the sea. Father did not care to go while he lived, and after he died Mamma could not go."

"Well, the good of travel respects only the mind. Who was it said that? Emerson, I think. So we do not need to depend altogether on railroads and steamboats to see the world by."

"If we never moved ourselves, do you think our minds would really move either?"

"Where would you most wish to go?"

"To London, Rome, Egypt."

"Why?"

"Because my mind has been to those places often, but I feel that I can never realize what they are like until I see the places I have so frequently read about."

"Is there any part of the world to which you are drawn by heart-desires?"

Alice thought a while, and then said: "The beautiful places everywhere appeal to me strongly."

"That is easy to believe," Mr. Dalton said.

"There is a great deal of beauty here," he added.

"Yes, but the cottages have spoiled much of it."

"Then you remember the old farmhouse as it used to be?"

"Yes, Mamma used to bring me here every year after my father died. My aunt has a cottage here now. You

or anyone else, for that matter. But a girl of eighteen! Why, it was unthinkable that he, a confirmed bachelor and man of the world, could fall in love with her. No, he liked her, and felt benevolently towards her. He would find great pleasure in seeing her married to some young man who was worthy of her.

Yet he found himself daily more engrossed in her companionship; restless when away from her; constantly thinking of her. He began to be a stern critic of himself, and found to his astonishment that his feelings were far from those of the benevolent uncle toward his niece.

So he loved her! Now, did she love him? Here was the problem to be solved. She was very young. He must act warily, and not wound her. So he planned to test her heart.

He came to her to tell her that he must remain away from a picnic they had planned. She appeared genuinely disappointed and dejected, but that, though hopeful, was not proof-positive.

One day he picked up a pretty little shell, as they were strolling together on the beach. He gave it to her, and soon afterwards saw her wearing it on a ribbon. Another good sign, though it might mean nothing.

Sometimes he thought her eyes met his oftener, and that she listened to his conversation more than to that of other people.

Still, when he attempted any more pointed attentions, she seemed to avoid him. So he began to think that she felt friendly toward him more on her mother's account than on her own—that she was good to him because she knew

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

I wonder, as I write the title whether there is a woman left with a quiet hour. This is written from a hotel room in Ottawa, and this is the third trip to the capital, on war service of one kind or another, since November last. Hitherto the calls were in connection with matters agricultural. This time, among others, the call is for women as women to discuss with the war committee of the cabinet, the labor supply of women and the problem of food control.

You will know, through the daily and weekly press, what decisions are arrived at, before this reaches readers of The Western Home Monthly.

Ever since the war started women have pointed out to the government the need of in some form mobilizing the power of women in Canada for war service, now for the first time a government has called upon the women directly for advice. This marks an epoch, and should be productive of much good.

The writer's own feeling is that the first place for woman labor to be utilized is in the farm kitchens. There is no doubt, even if the second draft of men is not called out, that to some extent at least the labor of women will have to be directed towards the land this year, if the maximum of production is achieved,

able to do farm work without further training.

Comparatively few women in the cities realize how large a place scarcity of good water and scarcity of fuel occupy in the trials of the housewives on the farms in large sections of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and to

Water Wanted a somewhat less extent in southern Manitoba. Last summer there were many districts where water was hauled ten and fifteen miles, and where the housewife had to use it in three ways at least before throwing it away, for example, to wash herself or her children, then to wash some clothes and finally to wash a floor.

Fuel is almost as difficult to obtain, on the broad open plains which produce such wonderful crops of wheat; coal is often hauled fifteen and twenty miles and woe to the housewife who runs out when all the teams are busy on the land. One of the great hardships of the shortage of coal last season was that farmers were not able to lay in a supply for the harvest and threshing time and teams had to be diverted from the work of harvest at critical moments in order to haul coal for cooking.

These are a few of the things which make housework in the country difficult and most unattractive to the woman who is merely regarding the doing of housework as a means of making a living. It will have to be put on a much higher plane, namely, that of national service and a direct factor in winning the war, before much will be accomplished in supplying the present great need.

I am glad to see that the various organizations of farm women are demanding that labor-saving machinery and devices be placed on the free list, as well as tractors.

With regard to women working on the land, this will have to come, and the government should provide means of instruction for those who are physically strong enough to undertake such work. Farmers who are very busy should not be asked to take wholly inexperienced men or women and train them to do farm work. In this emergency the farms of the agricultural colleges, the experimental farms and the institutional farms controlled by the government should be utilized as training schools. This instruction should be free, but should carry with it the obligation for the women so trained to remain in agricultural production work to the end of the war, or to hire help on other farms or their own.

There is really no work on a farm, with the single exception of heavy work which a healthy woman can do with perfect comfort and safety. In all cases where women have been employed by farm work can be traced to an attempt to do the work of a man outside and indoors. In the provinces there are some farms where for years have been running on them with profit to their owners and health to their bodies, they are doing this they have men to keep house for them, as it should be. A man who can learn to drive a tractor rather than operate a sulky plow washing on a board.

Did She Watch Him

A frightened man lost his hat in a crowd. He gave chase, but every time he was catching up with it, it whisked from under his very feet. At last a woman screamed from a farmhouse:

"Where are you doing there?"

"I was trying to re-hat, whereupon his inquisitor said:

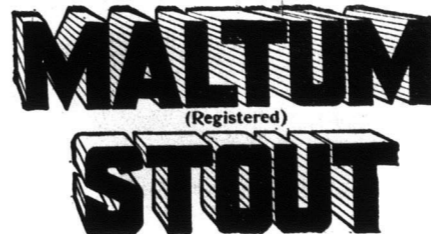
"What? There it is over there behind that stone wall—that's our little hat you've been chasing."



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The Philosopher

The Annual Renewal

March is the month in which, according to the calendar, Spring begins. In this region, it is true, the actual climatic fact is not unfailingly in accord with the almanac; but even our most blustering March days, there is a something in the sun and in the sky which speaks of the coming of the great renewal of the year—something which tells us that while Spring, the season of "soft rains and blossomy boughs," is not actually at hand, it is nevertheless on the way. The sun rises higher in the sky every day, and shines more strongly—so much so, indeed, as to start the sap mounting unwisely soon, for though the sunshine may be strong on our March days, there is frost during our March nights, which freezes the too early mounting sap and so splits the trees—which The Philosopher found to be one of his main primary difficulties in growing fruit trees here in Winnipeg, and so learned the lesson of the necessity of mulching to keep the sap from starting upward until the danger from frost is past. It is the annual miracle, this renewal of Nature's life every spring—but a no more wonderful miracle, if we will but consider things rightly, than the new beginning which every separate morning brings in the eastern sky—the wonder of each new day, which (because it has become so familiar a wonder) we have ceased to regard as a wonder at all. It is our loss that this is so—our loss that we do not renew our lives not only with each spring, but with each new morning. Nature surely sets us the lesson often enough.

The Curse of Party Patronage

Every thoughtful and patriotic man and woman in this country is looking for such decisive action by the new Dominion Parliament as will effectively do away with the whole pernicious patronage system, which has not only impaired incalculably the efficiency of the country's public services in the past and cost the people untold millions of worse than wasted dollars, but—worst of all—has been the mainspring of corrupt and corrupting politics. The spoils system has been truly a curse to Canada. Now is the time to establish a radical measure of reform which will do away with that curse. Both the Dominion Parliament and all the Provincial Legislatures should take action to free the land from this insatiable plague, which has preyed upon it for generations. The strain and stress of war endeavor and war need make this reform imperative now; and the consideration of the burden of war taxation in the years to come adds to the compulsion that every Canadian who is capable of thought must realize there is for protecting the public money for spoilation. The freeing of Canada from the spoils system will be the work of true and high patriotism.

A Queer Creed

Consider the case of some people in Michigan, who are members of a sect known as "The House of David," and have conscientious objections to a number of things. A whole company of them has been formed at Camp Custer, near Battle Creek. Their creed enforces upon them respect for the constituted authority; and so they made no objection to the draft. They announced they were willing to serve their country; but when they were drafted, the problem of what to do with them presented itself. Their creed does not allow them to touch any weapons. Not only are they vegetarians, but they have as strong conscientious objections to touching meat as they have to touching weapons; and so their usefulness in the camp kitchens is restricted. They are forbidden, too, by their creed and their consciences from touching diseased living flesh; and so their usefulness in the camp hospital is also restricted. They are willing workers within the field marked out by their conscientious objections. They clean out the camp stables, and do whatever work they are ordered to do which does not bring them into conflict with their interpretation of the Scriptures. They attach extreme importance to the fifth verse of Leviticus, xxi.: "They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard"; and so one of the strongest of their conscientious objections is to cutting either the hair of their heads or their beards, both of which growths they cherish in flowing, luxurious length. They are fortunate that they are living in a land which is not under German rule.

Our Victuals These Days

"Every householder in Canada can and will be a Food Controller," said the new Food Controller for Canada, Henry B. Thomson, in his first announcement after assuming his duties last month. This personal view of the food problem by not only every householder, but by every person in Canada, whether a householder or not, is essential no less than vigilance on the part of the official Food Control service of the Dominion in profiteering, hoarding and ille-

gitimate trading. It is only the luck of geographical position which has left the Canadian householder with a roof over his head. If his home had been in Belgium, northern France, Serbia or any other of the regions devastated by the Huns, it would not be a case of his being exhorted to practise food conservation and economy—he would be confronted by actual food shortage, dire, with the spectre of Starvation stalking in the background—"that Starvation," as Baron Rhondda, the Food Controller in Great Britain, has said in his address to the farmers of Great Britain, urging them to their top capacity of production, "which is followed by Disease and Death." The people of the United Kingdom have been put on a meat ration of a pound of meat a week; those who are content to eat inferior grades of meat may obtain slightly more than a pound a week on their meat cards, four of which each permitting the purchase of ten cents' worth of meat, are available weekly. In Germany, the meat ration, consisting largely of pork, is about three-quarters of a pound a week. How does our consumption of flesh food in Canada compare with the ration in Great Britain? Should we not, each and every one of us, regard the British meat regulation as a challenge and a warning?

In Regard to Self-Sufficiency

There are not a few fine and valuable thoughts finely expressed in the speech delivered by W. L. Grant, an old friend of The Philosopher's, on the occasion of his installation as Headmaster of Upper Canada College, in Toronto, of which speech The Philosopher has been honored with a copy. In one passage of that speech Principal Grant (who is a son worthy of his distinguished father, the late Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, who was one of the first of the men of light and learning of his time to foresee the possibilities of Western Canada) tells of how several years ago in London he spent part of a day in showing a youth from Canada some of the sights of that great city. "I ventured to point out to him some points in which I thought we in Canada might learn from the Mother Land. 'Oh,' he said, with a touch of accusation in his voice, 'Canada is good enough for me!' If he meant what he said, he was right, abundantly right. Canada is good enough for him, for you, or me, or any other man or woman, to live or die for. The land for which so many have died needs not to have that established. But I fear that what he meant was a very different thing—that he was good enough for Canada—that he, a raw, crude, half-educated young cub, was God's last and most perfect gift to humanity, and had nothing to learn from the Old World and its civilization." In that utterance Principal Grant sounds a true note, which needs to be sounded not in this country alone. Rightly-based, resolute, unvaunting self-confidence is one of the best of human qualities; but self-sufficiency which "knows it all" and is puffed up with the conceited delusion that it has nothing to learn, is one of the most evil things under the sun.

Stage Thunder by the Junkers

During the Brest-Litovsk negotiations the journals in Germany which speak for the Junkers—the large landholders who are in the forefront of the extreme Conservative party—clamored for the immediate and unceremonious annexation of the Baltic provinces of Russia by force of German arms, and denounced any "pandering to the idea that the people in those provinces should be given any say in the determination of their future political status." They demanded that, instead of holding parleys, Germany should "carve those provinces away from Russia with the sword," as the Berliner Deutsche Tageszeitung, the organ of Count zu Reventlow, a leader of the Junkers, expressed it. The Tageszeitung even went so far as to hint that there ought to be a military rebellion, to enforce that view. In which—including the suggestion of a military rebellion against the Imperial Government at Berlin—the Tageszeitung was, of course, acting on the instigation of the Imperial Government at Berlin, and by and with its advice and permission. It was simply stage thunder by the Junkers, to serve the purpose of the Hohenzollern regime.

The German Talk of the "War Map"

When von Bethmann-Hollweg was the personal servant and mouthpiece of the Kaiser at Berlin, under the title of Imperial Chancellor, he was always prating about the "war map" as proving that German might was already victorious. German invaders are still in occupation of large areas of territory which they have overrun; but there is not quite so much heard from Berlin about the "war map" as there used to be. It is being borne in even upon the German mind that there are other "war maps" to be considered than that which shows the territory overrun by German armies out of which they have not

yet been driven back. There is the economic map of the world, which shows that German ships have been driven from all the seas, that the great structure of German world-wide commerce has been destroyed, that the supplies of raw material for Germany's manufacturing industries from the world outside Germany has been cut off, so that only war work, with "substitutes" for not a few materials, keep German factory chimneys smoking, and that the food of the German people has been cut down. Another map may be called the democratic map—it shows the free peoples of the world allied against the confederacy of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey—a confederacy which stands against the world-movement towards free government and representative institutions. And last, but not least, is the map of Justice—the imperishable scroll whereon are recorded the crimes of men and of nations. Burnt indelibly into that dread scroll, as into the memory of humanity for all time to come is the long list of crimes of Germany and its three associates in infamy which are mere vassals of Prussianism rather than equal and independent co-partners.

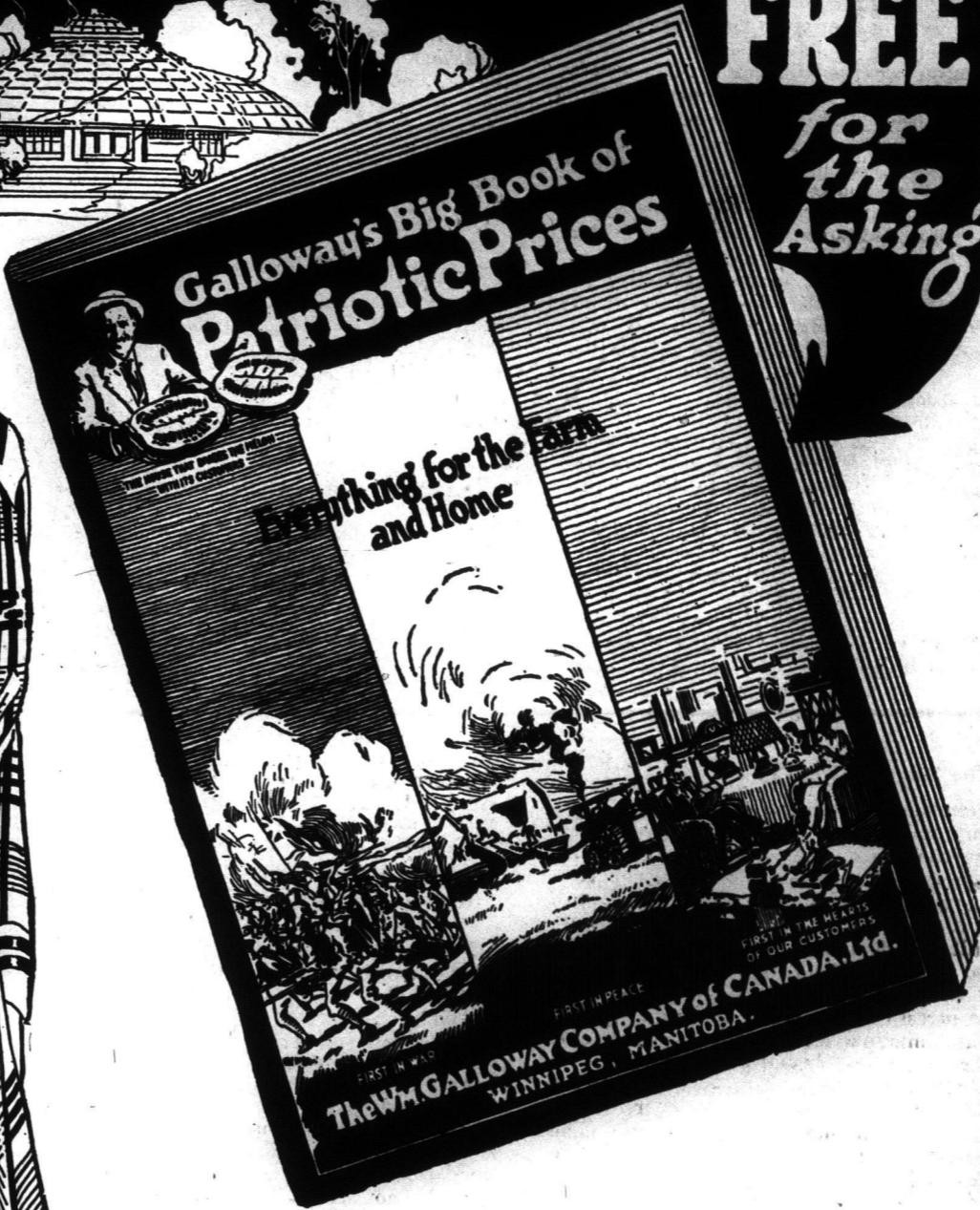
The Changed View of Education

"We must educate our masters!" was the famous utterance in the House of Commons in which Robert Lowe, after the first of the widenings of the franchise that were the great fundamental facts in the political history of Great Britain during the nineteenth century, summarized the imperative need of making provision for the spread of education among "the masses." Robert Lowe's declaration was brought to The Philosopher's mind on reading the excellent report of Deputy Minister of Education, Mr. Robert Fletcher, which forms the introduction to the annual report of Manitoba's Department of Education, issued during the past month. Mr. Fletcher, in dwelling on the new point of view in education, quotes Macaulay's famous speech in favor of a grant of a mere £20,000 for public elementary education, in which "he addressed himself to the governing classes of the country, appealed to their fears, and warned them that if the tasks of the Government were to be safely accomplished, if crime and intemperance were to be reduced, they must provide for the education of the people." The new British Minister of Education, Mr. Fisher, in stating his educational plans to the House of Commons, while, of course, he does not ignore the essential, vital importance of enlightened public opinion in a democracy, takes the view that education is also an end in itself, and must in justice be extended to all classes of the community. "It enables men and women," he said, "to escape from the oppressions of a difficult and somewhat sordid life into regions of pure enjoyment; it dispels the hideous clouds of class suspicion, and softens the aspirations of faction." What a change from the time when "the governing classes" regarded the idea of the spread of education among "the masses" with alarm.

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Author of this Page

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Sufficient Unto The Day

Really all that I need worry over to-day is to-day. Of course, to-day for me may be what it is, in

difficulty and danger, because of my past. But that does not affect the truth of the statement that my obligation to-day is limited to to-day. So many of us saddle ourselves with too big a load—a load which almost perforce makes us stagger and stumble. Everybody knows the adages about "borrowing trouble" and about "jumping ditches" and "crossing bridges." The contrary attitude is enshrined in the wise word: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Let us limit the burden of our responsibility to the present. Make to-day right. To-morrow will be a new to-day, when, once again, you can apply the same principle. A series of right to-day's solves the problem of life.

Avoid Exceptions

Of course it does so, only in so far as the series is uninterrupted. The great trouble lies in the breaks and the lapses. A man forms a certain scheme of life. This virtually amounts to his conception of an ideal life. Well, he loses prestige in his own eyes every time he proves recreant to that conception. And he may prove recreant to it so often as finally wholly to undermine his self-confidence. There is a momentum in failure as well as in success. We say commonly: "Nothing succeeds like success." Similarly, "Nothing fails like failure." There is a habit of failure, as there may be a habit of success. We may set up in our life whichever of the two traditions we please.

The Marvel of Memory

What a marvellous thing memory is! Just as I write I see in my mind's eye a certain hill, valley, river, cliff. I see the exact spot where I was when for the first time they lay beneath my eye. That was thirty-five years ago if it's a day. Fourteen years ago the following incident happened to me: I was on the western coast of Brittany, that rocky shore-line, which, because it bears the full weight of the Atlantic, the peasants call "la cote sauvage"—the wild coast. Coming up over the brow of a hill I looked down into a narrow cove. The waves were breaking in foam on the beach. All alone there, was an old, old man. He was dragging seaweed out of the water and flinging it, with strange, unnatural quickness up on the strand. As a wave receded he would follow it until he was waist-deep in water. Then he launched his fork—its prongs at right angles to the handle—into the waves. Then, with an advancing wave he would rush up on the bank, dragging his catch with him. We did not exchange a word, but I watched his fervent movements for rather a long while. Then I turned away. But I suppose, until the day of my death, I shall be able to conjure up that scene in virtually all its details.

The Palimpsest of the Brain

De Quincey has a brilliant and haunting essay on the subject I have just been referring to. He calls it The Palimpsest of the Brain. First, he describes the palimpsest, a parchment or some other material used for writing purposes before the invention of paper. The material was, naturally, costly; and when the writing had ceased to have value, the desirability was felt of using the parchment again, if only the original writing could be effaced. The chemistry of the time met the demand. That is, men became able to obliterate the markings, sufficiently at any rate, to permit a new inscription. Apparently effaced, though, the writing was not wholly deleted. And DeQuincey makes the point that modern chemistry has enabled them to call back into distinctiveness and legibility the various manuscripts entrusted to some of these parchments. A lewd song might upon occasion have been superimposed upon a bit of the Gospel. Well, to make a long story short, the opium-eater says to his reader, to you and me: "Such a palimpsest is your brain." Nothing imprinted upon it is ever really effaced. There it lies, waiting if even to the crack of doom, ready to spring into clearness when it is really needed or called for. So he accounts for the panoramas that unfold themselves with lightning swiftness before the eyes of the drowning man. Following the same train of thought, if this is true, our memory

our mind is itself capable of being our ultimate punishment or reward. Milton's Satan is made to say: "Where I am is Hell, and where Hell is there must I ever be."

Macbeth on Memory

Macbeth makes two poignant deliverances on the moral aspects of memory. Trusting my memory, which I know tricks me a little, so that the lines are not perfect, I think they run about as follows:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the hidden trouble of the brain
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of what weighs upon it
withal?

I know the last line is quite faulty. I have no doubt that if I worked it over and over again, I could get it correctly. This last summer I was in Nova Scotia. I found that the beautiful landscape of that province, and of New Brunswick, kept prompting recollection of all the poetry I ever knew. The point I wish to make is that again and again, a passage that I could not reproduce at first righted itself perfectly in my mind, as a result of thinking hard over it. All of which throws strange light, of course, on the nature and functions of memory. The other passage, from "Macbeth" runs thus:

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more
Macbeth doth further sleep. The innocent sleep!
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm to hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Recollections from Childhood

All the poetry I know "by heart" I learned before I was sixteen. Strange the way those old things linger. Take Scott's description, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," of Melrose Abbey by moonlight:

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight.
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory,
And silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When the distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go, but go alone the while,
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

With regard to this treasure of my childhood, I may make three remarks. The first is that I do not think I could memorize that to-day if my life were at stake. I can get phrases, bars of striking expression, individual sentences; but I certainly shouldn't like to address myself to a prolonged passage. The second is, that it looks to me now as if

children must learn the like of this as wholes, not by conscious acquisition of details. Thus there are points of syntax and meaning in that extract that I have never realized until to-day when, for the first time, I write it down. In fact, to tell the truth, I shouldn't wonder if the child learns this sort of thing largely as a matter of verbiage, rather than by any considerable appropriation of the meaning. I do not believe that, when I learned this passage, I realized even that it was a picture of the old abbey at night and by moonlight, as contrasted with the same thing by day; and yet that is the whole point as it stares out on me to-day. The last comment I wish to make is that I remember about twenty years ago hearing a student here in Winnipeg quote the last two lines as follows:

And home returning, smoothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair.

Great Literature in the Schools

The vein I have been following here prompts me to remark upon the importance of having our school readers packed with great literature. Go into the dining halls of the Oxford colleges. You find that the walls of those rooms are hung with the pictures of alumni of the college who have gone out to do great things. In other words, the students have daily before their eyes exemplars of notable achievement. This is an integral part of the justly famous "atmosphere" of Oxford. This summer at St. John, New Brunswick, I met Mr. Powell, a member of the International Waterways Commission. He has a library of 6,000 volumes in his house. For almost a whole evening he regaled me with great passages he had learnt by heart from the school readers of his boyhood. I myself have never forgotten certain passages in the speeches of Burke and Chatham that I learned to recite at school closings when I was six, seven and eight years old. "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign enemy was embarked upon my shores, I never would lay down my arms, never, never!" A great phrase like Burke's "the dissidence of dissent," and the protestantism of the Protestant religion," lying in one's sub-consciousness throughout the years, may conceivably mean much for one's own powers of expression. Mere words often have a strange power. Tennyson relates that when a boy he often ran through the woods or over the moor crying aloud:

"I hear a voice that's thundering on the wind!"
This shows that his expressional sense was already feeling its infant way. Perhaps if he had not done that sort of thing as a boy the time would never have come when he could achieve a noble initiative passage like this from the beginning of the Morte d'Arthur:

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea.

Remember Wordsworth's words:

The child is father to the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each in filial piety.



Members of the Manitoba Legislature on a visit to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Home, Tuxedo Park, Winnipeg

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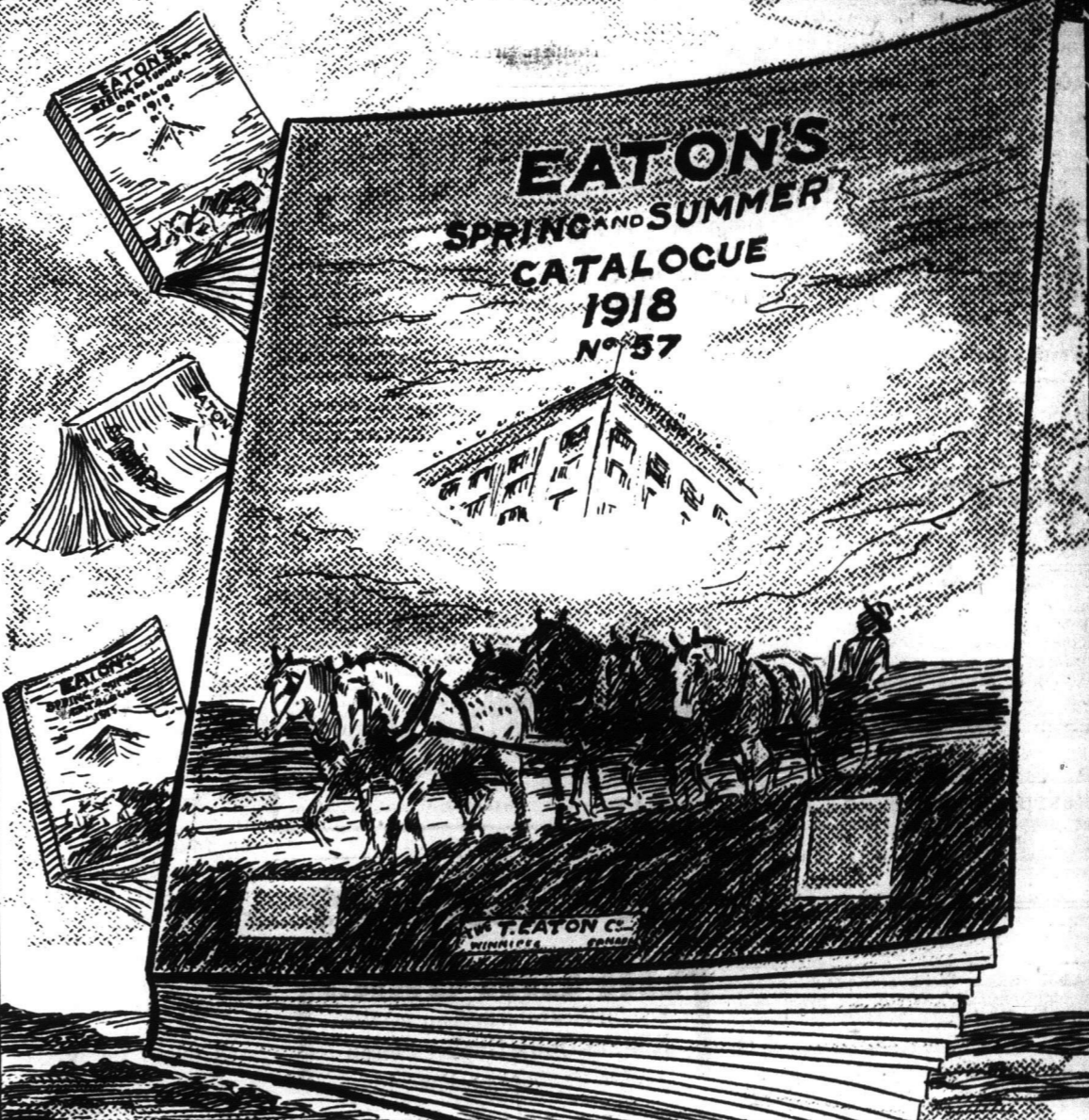
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Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux, Charleswood, Man.

Poultry raisers must be up and doing in this fickle month of March, whether he blusters in with a roaring blizzard or the lovely mild days just creep along and old Sol melts the snowdrifts by magic.

Breeding pens must be mated up, and the breeding hens fed to produce fertile eggs by April 1st, when the hatching season is with us for a short period. In the three western provinces, where our season for growth is short, these 8 to 10 weeks, from April 1st to June 10th, are the most important in the year. All profitable incubating must be crowded into this short time; young birds hatched early here in the west mature splendidly, and cannot be beaten east or west, but late chickens seem to feel the chilly nights and early mornings in September and October, and get stunted, unless there is a great deal of fussing over their well being, and they do not pay. In my opinion the early bird catches the worm every time. Naturally, the incubator comes in for a great deal of attention at present. If there is an old one to be used again, the machine should be put in perfect order, thoroughly cleaned and disinfected before it is loaded. The best oil and a new wick should be put in the lamp, and all lamp fixtures should be boiled or replaced by new ones. The regulator should be tested and the machine run without eggs for two or three days. If a steady even temperature is registered by a good thermometer, it is safe to run it filled with eggs. I sometimes notice farmers using an incubator with indifferent results, and find any thermometer around the house is thought good enough for the old incubator. Even a cream thermometer is used. This is silly, and a waste of time and eggs and temper. Even busy people should remember that an incubator must be run in a systematic way—lamp cleaned and filled at a regular hour and eggs turned. Turn the eggs at first, however, and see to the regulator, etc., before filling the lamp and getting coal oil on the hands.

If good, fertile eggs are available, the machine should have the first hatch of eggs the second or third week in March if early April pullets are needed. But if there is no warm attic or corner in the basement where a brooder can be placed where the little fellows will be comfy and healthy, until real spring is out of doors. I should advise leaving the machine idle until April. I know from sad experience what a care a hatch of incubator chicks can be without a proper home, where winter lingers in the lap of spring.

We have now an electric machine made right here in Winnipeg by the Brett Co., for anyone who can switch on the electric light. It is certainly splendid. It will almost run itself, and is guaranteed not to burn out, as electric bulbs are not used. Of course, even an electric incubator must be handled with common sense. When the temperature runs up past 103, an automatic regulator cuts the current off. A button touched on top of machine flashes a light on to read the thermometer or watch the chickens hatch inside the machine. One dollar's worth of electric light will heat the machine for a calf hatch, and any good reliable incubator can be converted into an electric machine at moderate cost. The electric hover also seems an ideal affair for rearing the chicks under. Anybody who has got up several times each windy night to see if the brooder lamp has gone out, or found a promising hatch of chicks gasping out their last breath from lamp fumes and smoke, must appreciate an electric brooder. I suppose an electric hen will be the next innovation—press a button and an egg is laid. In buying a new machine do not get a large one. The 120-egg size is the farmer's friend, and every beginner should study his machine and follow the directions carefully.

The town dweller will do well to invest in one of the small machines, also made here in town; they are all metal and hold 50 eggs only, and can be used almost anywhere. Many people find these machines handy and use several of them in preference to a large make of incubator. In the April issue of The Western Home Monthly I will continue this

chat on incubation, and will be delighted to answer any questions on this subject, or any other poultry problem, to the best of my ability.

The Record Poultry Show in Winnipeg, Feb. 18th to 23rd.

The Winnipeg Poultry Association were, indeed, fortunate in securing Convention Hall, Industrial Bureau, for the largest and finest show of poultry ever held in the west—2,500 birds were exhibited and magnificently staged in the large, well lighted hall, where the coops and pens could be seen to the best advantage by the many visitors who attended the show during the week. In the gallery there was a fine display of pigeons and bantams of all kinds as well as rabbits and Belgian hares. Two carrier pigeons were shown that had done their bit carrying messages in the trenches in France. Another pair of carrier pigeons had recently flown from McLeod, Alta., to Winnipeg, a distance of 750 miles. The judges, Clark, of Guelph, Ont., and Geo. Woods, of Winnipeg, had no easy task in placing awards. Judge Clark was surprised and delighted to find such high quality in western birds, and predicts a great future for high class poultry in the western provinces. John Davies secured many prizes in S. C. White Leghorns, his first prize cockerel in this class was one of the best birds at the show. Cross Bros., of Killarney, Man., were heavy prize winners in several classes, exhibiting 300 birds in all. The largest class exhibited were Buff Orpingtons, and some splendid specimens were shown. McArthur, Hoffman, Crundell and Yellowlees won most of the prizes in Buffs.



The biggest bird in the Winnipeg Poultry Show.

Special mention must be made of the fine display of beautiful white fowl—White Rocks and White Wyandottes called forth much admiration. A. M. Johnstone, Winnipeg, carried off honors in this class. The farmers' fowl, the Barred Rock, were shown in large numbers, and were very fine in quality; Caruthers, Moose Jaw; Geo. Wood, Holland, Jan.; Beavis, Crystal City, Williams and Earle, of Winnipeg; all won prizes on Barred Rocks.

Rhode Island Reds were also there in hot competition, the prizes being divided between eight or ten exhibitors.

The pens of birds of the utility breeds sent in from The Tuxedo Military Hospital, made a good display. A model of a coop for backyard poultry keeping was contributed from the hospital; also, Thos. Bowers, of Home street, Winnipeg, carried off the honors in the open competition, for best cockerel in show, with a magnificent Partridge Rock, reared in his backyard last season, and winner recently at St. Louis over all American entries. The T. Eaton Co. put on an attractive exhibit of poultry keeping as it should be done; incubator and brooder displayed with all the frills on velvety green grass. The exhibit of new laid eggs was very small and many of the eggs could not be classed as "new laid" at all. Mrs. Kaye, of St. James, took first prize for her White Leghorn eggs, the genuine article; Fairlie, St. James, took first in brown eggs. Evidently new laid eggs are scarce these days.

President Rutherford was again re-elected president of The Winnipeg Association, at the annual meeting, and was presented with a handsome chair by the members of the Winnipeg Association as a token of esteem. It is hoped that the show next year will be an "All Canada" exhibition of poultry; and the Winnipeg Association are to be federated with the Manitoba Poultry Association very shortly.

Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Our Motto—"Honest Labor is Dignified Service."

Sisters of Service

There is a call for girls to help in production. An idle girl in these days is a traitor. During the past year girls in plain khaki uniform—short skirt or bloomers and low-heeled boots have worked in gardens and on farms. More will enlist this year.

This is a splendid experience and wonderful aid in patriotic work. It will develop in our girls' physical strength and moral muscle. The more we sacrifice for our country the more we love it. Boys are going out under the very fitting title of "Soldiers of the Soil."

Someone has asked: "What title shall we give the girls and young women?" May they not be known as "Sisters of Service?"

His English Bride

Our young soldier friend has just written that he has married an English girl. During the days of his recovery in a hospital there he wrote us he was lonely for the good Canadian girls—that was only six months ago. Now he says his wife is a lovely, English young woman.

I do not blame that English maiden for falling in love with our brave Canadian lad. It is a compliment that they recognize the manliness, magnificent courage and genuine sincerity of Canadian men. Cupid has been very busy over there with his bow and arrows, and somehow he is aiming straight into the lines of the Canadians. He is hitting them, too.

I do not blame those English girls. I admire their good judgment. She is proud of her husband with a scar on his face or leg or arm missing. I happen to know of two or three Canadian girls here who refused offers of marriage from some brave men just for this reason. But those men were whole in patriotic spirit. If I were a girl I would rather marry a hero than a coward with all of his legs and arms, for the children of a hero husband would be real Canadians.

So I breathe a prayer of blessing for our soldier friend and his English bride.

An Emotional Crisis

When a nation is at war the emotional and spiritual life of young men and young women is greatly heightened. They are eager to give of themselves. Boys can express this glorious feeling by enlisting—but girls find it difficult to find a way to put their feeling into action. They see the boys give up all for their country, and they want to do likewise. This is a wonderful spiritual motive and must not be allowed to run wild without guidance. The community must study this great force, for it is closely allied to moral impulse. Unless it can find wholesome forms of expression it will often expand itself in a destructive way.

During the past year many letters have come to me from girls who breathe in every line the impulse for expression.

It seems to me I have never seen so many good true pure girls as I have during the past two years, nor have I before seen so many who have run wild without guidance into emotional excesses that have brought sorrow and disgrace. This is a time when girls especially need sympathetic understanding. They should be given every opportunity to use this unusual energy and enthusiasm in doing patriotic work. There are splendid avenues of service opening up for girls.

The ideal soldier is required to live up to the standard of physical and moral uprightness.

Let our girls understand this and they will realize the responsibility of serving our country by living clean and pure lives.

Meet this great emotional crisis with self control.

Canadian Girls in Training

The days and months and years slip by in this busy age and every new season is heralded with a call to higher

efficiency in womanhood. We hear conservation on every side and it seems imperative that every force possible in girlhood must be conserved for greater physical strength, finer moral sense and keener intellectual power. The Canadian Girl in Training is a recently formed organization of girls in the "teen" age. There was a description of this work in our November department of this magazine. The idea was started and very successfully worked out by the Sunday-school organization until many country districts already realize the benefit of the girls' work. They met in conventions last fall in Winnipeg, Saskatoon and other places. The aim of the organization is to train girls physically, mentally, practically and spiritually—a four square ideal.

This "teen" age organization was started in Manitoba three or four years ago by the Sunday-school department, and the idea has produced such splendid results that the Y.W.C.A. have adopted the plan and are extending the organization under the name of The Canadian Girls in Training. Their ambition is to develop the "teen" age girl to her highest power of efficiency. They hope to see her strengthened physically so she may be able to take her place in the more difficult kinds of work that women must fill in the country's call.

All professions are fast making progress along lines of efficiency and only the well-equipped girl can hope to be successful in the industrial world. The clear eye that sparkles from a clean mind and a healthy body and mental keenness is the only eye that will see opportunities. Never before have there been such promising chances for women. Opportunities come in proportion to our ability to grasp them. The poorly equipped girl will fall by the wayside—the well-trained girl will climb to heights of splendid accomplishment. It is an age of the survival of the fittest and we breathe a prayer of blessing for any movement that encourages efficiency in girlhood.

Honest labor is dignified service Tonic for Tired Nerves

We hope every girl who reads this page will sow packages of garden seeds somewhere this spring if it is only in a window box. Add something to the world's supply of food. Would it not be well for every girls' club to rent a bit of garden space somewhere and become interested in vegetables? Let it take the place of tennis this summer. It will provide recreation and instruction. Close contact with the soil is tonic for tired nerves. Why not arouse an interest in gardening among girls' clubs and plan for an exhibition and sale of vegetables in the fall? I refer to clubs in the city, as well as in towns.

The "Big I"

Someone has said "A moment of courtesy will take a woman as far as a whole afternoon of apology," and 'tis true.

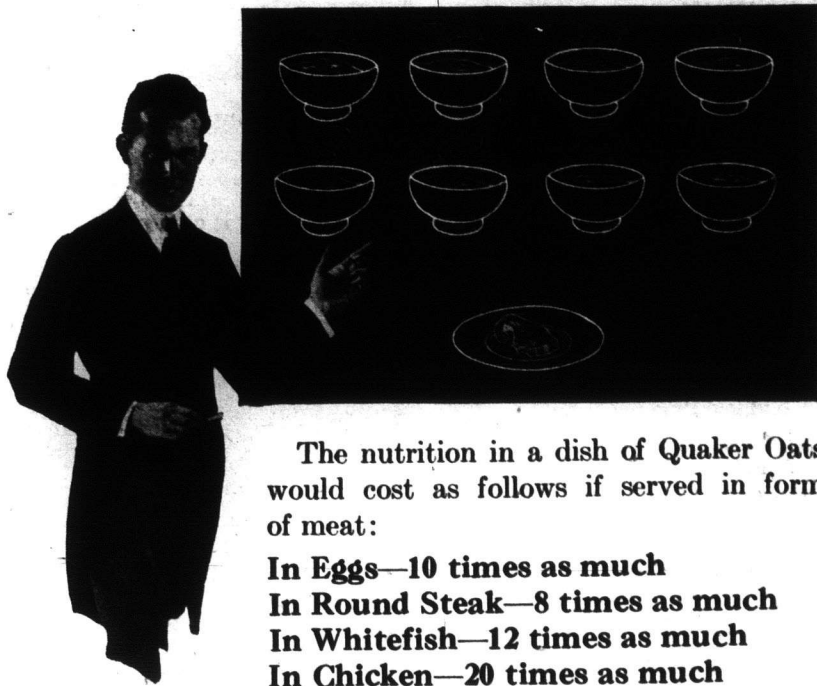
We load too much up for apology. Courtesy is a fine art. The courteous woman with a calm clear mind accomplishes most things she goes after, but the impulsive woman who loses her head usually fails in her ambitions.

Women whose voices are loud are often rude—a serious characteristic of lack of courtesy. A woman of this type usually places herself before the cause. I know a prominent woman who begins her public talks thus: "As President of the—I." One cannot spell courtesy correctly with a big "I."

Now that women are coming out into public affairs we must not forget the value of womanly dignity, for, after all, femininity is woman's strongest weapon. Let us all remember that we are women first.

I have in mind a woman whom I have admired ever since I met her ten years ago. Her work has taken her among men, and she has mixed among men's organizations probably more than any other woman in Canada. But her experience has never taken away one bit of her womanliness. She is dignified, courteous, sympathetic and womanly.

8 Meals Of Quaker Oats at the Cost of One Meal of Meat



The nutrition in a dish of Quaker Oats would cost as follows if served in form of meat:

- In Eggs—10 times as much
- In Round Steak—8 times as much
- In Whitefish—12 times as much
- In Chicken—20 times as much

The usual mixed diet—bread, potatoes and meat—costs four times as much as Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition.

So Quaker Oats, used in place of meat, saves at least seven times its cost. Used in place of mixed diet, it saves three times its cost.

One egg costs as much as five dishes.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It supplies needed elements in just the right proportions. In units of energy it yields 1810 calories per pound. In flavor it stands supreme.

It is the food for growth, as every mother knows. It is the vim-food with an age-old fame.

Serve in big dishes—make it the morning meal. Also mix Quaker Oats in your flour foods. They add delightful flavor, and they save our wheat.

Quaker Oats

The Delightful Vim-Food

You get the utmost in oat flavor when you get Quaker Oats. This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats.

All the little starved grains are

discarded. We get but 10 pounds of Quaker from a bushel of choice oats.

These superlative flakes cost you no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterboro, Canada

(1869)

Saskatoon, Canada

Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/4 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

1/2 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon Vanilla, 2 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked).

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

Are Popular West of the Great Lakes

Mrs. W. J. Valé Talks of Dodd's Kidney Pills

She Also Tells How Her Dyspepsia Was Cured By Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Pandora, Alta.

(Special.)—"We are never without a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house." That's what Mrs. W. J. Valé, a well-known and high respected resident of this place has to say of the great Canadian kidney remedy. "My husband suffers from lumbago, and they always help him," is the reason that she gives.

"I must also tell you," Mrs. Valé continued, "what Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets did for me. They cured me of a very bad attack of dyspepsia. I have also derived great benefit from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is evidence like this that proves that the Dodd's remedies have gained a permanent place in the family medicine chests of the West. Dodd's Kidney Pills are particularly popular. The success with which they have been used to treat all kinds of kidney ills from backache to rheumatism and Bright's disease have earned for them the gratitude of thousands of people on this side of the Great Lakes.



PRICE DELIVERED PER PAIR

4.25

Sizes 2 1/2 to 7

Fashionable Shoes

We want you to send for our catalogue if you have not already had a copy; it contains a splendid assortment of women's shoes in all the very latest designs and at prices that represent material savings.

The above shoe is made of white poplin, a material that wears as well as duck—but more stylish and more dressy. The shoe has 12-inch top and covered heel. It is selling to-day in Winnipeg retail stores at \$6.50 per pair.

Women's high cut white poplin shoe, size 2 1/2 to 7. Per pair \$4.25

The S. H. Borbridge Co. WINNIPEG - CANADA

J. H. M. CARSON
 Manufacturer of ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
 338 Colony St., Winnipeg
 Established 1900
 The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed

People listen with confidence to what she says, for her experience has given her the right to voice her opinion on matters of vital importance. It was she who once said: "I am one of the richest women in Winnipeg for three reasons—I have always had plenty of work; I have liked my work and I have lots of good friends."

This is a most fitting example of a business woman who left the "big I" out of her life and consequently is a rich woman in every sense of the word.

"Blessed is she who has found her place, and is conscious that her efforts are strong links in the endless chain of woman's life and work."

Founding a Home

Among the letters that come to this department are those from girls in their teens who are puzzled over love affairs. They usually apologize for writing. I want every girl who writes me to know that every girl's problem is serious to me. Why will mothers tell them they are silly when perhaps the solution will make or mar a girl's whole life. All affairs concerning a girl's choice of a

the war." We can every one be a sister of service these days. I would get some good books, and, if possible, a gramophone—even if it were the cheaper kind that costs ten dollars. I would not give up my ambitions. It is a great opportunity to be in a place where one can think. There are so many opportunities opening up now for the girl on the farm; the care and raising of stock, the study of grains and vegetables, home canning and community responsibilities.

Among letters I receive from girls in rural communities I find some perplexed over proposals of marriage. I fear there are girls who mistake sympathy for love. Jealous men make selfish husbands in most cases.

I realize that the problem is difficult for the young woman in a community where young men of her station have gone away. A girl who feels that the young man in question has not her ideals—has nothing in common with her—should realize her responsibility to the home, for the characteristics of both parents will determine whether that home will advance the community and strengthen the race. We must plan for



Japanese women in the U.S. are bending their efforts to the Allied Cause through a Red Cross Auxiliary which they have established, with a membership of about twenty-five great deal in a short time. Mrs. C. Yada, wife of the Japanese Consul General in New York, chairman of the branch, is shown working at a sewing machine in this photograph. Already nearly 2,000 compresses, pads, and other standard requirements have been supplied by these women of Japan to the Red Cross warehouse. The Japanese are said to be among the best workers in point of speed, accuracy, and excellency of the finished products.

husband are serious. Let me urge the young girl to be careful of her first affair. Personally I would not have had any happiness with the young man I thought I cared for in my "teens."

I know there are communities where girls are lonely and almost anyone seems to comfort the monotony of life in isolated places. I had that same experience in my "teens" and I know the hungry longing for something different. I wondered then if it would last for ever. It seemed at the time that there would never be any change. But as I look back on the life in that little home that sheltered a lonely, sensitive, ambitious girl I am thankful for a quiet, health-giving atmosphere that developed physical health and clean ideals.

The letter that came to my desk this morning from a lonely girl in an isolated place touches me keenly, for it has carried me back to my own girlhood.

What would I do? I would stay right there on the farm and help "win

those who will live after us. Many young women find the years of youthful decisions fraught with almost tragic significance.

It would be far better for her and for her part in the onflowing life stream of racial progress, if she would dwell unmarried, run her own farm and fill her house with the laughter of some unmothered and unfathered children than to form a home that would increase the misery of the world.

There are beautiful children of soldiers who have given their lives for their country and whose wives have not been able to stand the strain. What a splendid patriotic service it would be to help the life of the child of a hero.

There should be a mutuality of respect, tastes and ideals, homes founded with high ideals. It should be that cherished in every girl's heart that from her home shall go forth a citizen trained for the most dignified service among the world's people.

Wipe off the Dirt

The Economical Wall Covering

Sanitas proves the truth of—"the best is the cheapest in the end."

Before you decide on wall covering material, ask your dealer or decorator to show you the new styles in Sanitas.

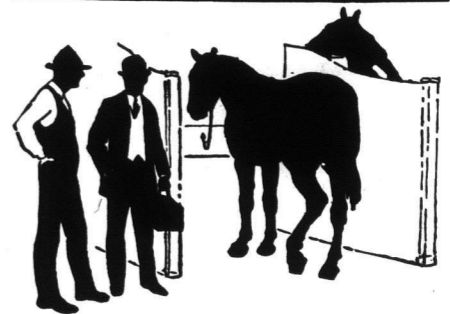
See the dull-finished, decorative and plain tint styles—there are styles for every room in the house.

Because Sanitas is made on cloth it does not tear or crack. The surface is finished in durable colors that will not fade or peel. Dust and finger stains can be wiped off with a damp cloth. For durability you'll find Sanitas most economical.

If your dealer cannot supply you

Write for Booklet and Samples
 Address the Manufacturers of
SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING
 320 Broadway Dept. 12 New York

SANITAS MODERN WALL COVERING



Pronounced Incurable—Save-The-Horse Did The Trick

"Last May," writes Fred C. Nichols of Jefferson, N.Y., "my horse had a bad ankle, a large wind puff, and it had been hurt and turned hard. Save-The-Horse has taken it all off. I was told it was incurable. Have used several treatments but Save-The-Horse is the best ever."

SAVE-THÉ-HORSE

(Trade Mark, Registered)

was made for the stubborn, so-called incurable cases of Ringbone, Thoropin, SPAVIN—or Disease of Shoulder, Knee, Ankle, Hoof or Tendon—when all other remedies have failed; and is sold under signed Guarantee to cure or return money. Always keep a bottle ready for any emergency. Send today for FREE 96-page Save-The-Horse BOOK on diagnosing and treating all lameness—result of over 22 years of success; also write for sample of contract and expert veterinary advice. All FREE.

TROY CHEMICAL CO.
 TORONTO, ONT.

Dealers everywhere sell Save-The-Horse with signed guarantee. Send it direct by Parcel Post Prepaid

Greatest Discovery in Drugless Healing
 Intestinal Auto-Intoxication and Lack of blood and Mineral salts are the real cause of all ailments beginning with constipation, digestive troubles, and ending with premature death. Free pamphlet sent to you. Write to your eyes.

Yonkers, N.Y. (12) Bellingham, Wash.

FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring
 with rose bud or sparkler. Your size free, both for 25c. Write to Gold Filled, Dept. 2, Battle Creek, Mich.

Double "T"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charles Dorian

A COMMON copper cent would have aroused as much interest, perhaps, but the coin that was dug out fourteen feet beneath the surface of the earth was four times as big as a Canadian cent, and was like no other coin in the world. It looked like a large copper medal cast in commemoration of some great man whose name began with a "T," that being the only inscription it bore, in prominent relief, one on each side of the coin.

"Sufferin' cats, phwat's this?" asked Mike Tierney, hired excavator on the estimable enterprise known as the first Welland canal.

His nearest work-mate, looking for an excuse to rest his spade, gave the russet disc a careful inspection, handing it back with a grudging comment:

"You e'd buy a schooner the length av yer arm wid that."

This was savory information to Mike, and he referred again and again to the possibility of anchoring said schooner up to the whistle screech of quitting time.

He repaired silently to Baird's side entrance to dazzle the innkeeper with his find, and was saddened to observe that beacon of omniscience utterly indifferent to the merits of the thing. Mike took it back and paid out a good nickel for his beer.

Someone less disinterested, however, saw the coin, and Mike found himself

article, it sunk fourteen feet in the mud?"

"Quite possible, my dear Doolan. The earth hereabouts is partly clay and partly sand. It could very easily drop in the sand, and by alluvial action caused by various rainfalls, gradually work deeper and deeper until it reached the clayey subsoil from which it was taken."

"Sounds sensible! And ye think the 'T' stands for 'to-come-soon,' manin' success and money on the way and soon to arrive?"

"The 'T' undoubtedly stands for Tecumseh, and there's a dollar coming your way right now if you wish to part with the bauble," said "Bud Wiser," taking the money from his pocket.

"I think I'll be kapin' it, thanking ye for yer advice," said Tim, turning to leave. "Hello Mike, phwat the devil are ye hangin' round here for? A man av your eddication!"

Mike slipped out after him and remarked that he would like to have the coin back to show the "owld woman."

"Mike," addressed Tim Doolan with the assurance of new power, "you've thrown away fer a bumper av froth phwat was the makins av yer forehoun. Oi'm only doin' me juty be me family be kapin' it."

Mike Tierney reflected for a moment and decided that he had the first right to the coin, and first rights were worth



This pretty young French girl is a traffic officer on the western front. At the town of Arques she controls the canal and road traffic of the British Army. She is known to the soldiers as the "Belle of Arques," and her word is law as to the movement of traffic at this point. She is shown in this photograph holding up a motor truck. This British official photograph is the first to show women doing this sort of work near the front.

enriched by two extra schooners while he drank good-bye to the tarnished treasure.

The new possessor, Tim Doolan, took it over to "Bud Wiser," the town historian, librarian and numismatologist to get his unqualified testimony of its worth. Mike Tierney squeezed into the reading room and slumped into a bench behind a high row of bookshelves, which separated the public from the private side of "Bud's" affairs. There he wrinkled his brows over the last edition of the "Post," while he cupped his ears in acute anticipation.

"This here coin," pronounced the wizard, rubbing in turn his misty spectacles and the tawny object under inspection. "Ah, this coin has a wonderful history. It is, perhaps, a little known fact that the Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, had an amulet which brought him success and wealth, and it was nothing more than a coin hammered out of copper and toolled with the crude instruments of his time. It is a known fact that he traversed this part of the land before he was slain in the battle of the Thames. What is more plausible than the theory that this is the very coin, amulet of wealth and success? I would give a dollar for such a piece for its sentimental value alone."

"By you mane to tell me," charged Tim, slowly, "that whin your owld friend, to-come-soon, dropped the blasted

fighting for. So he approached Tim with a jaw set at stern defiance and a flinty glint in his eye. Tim was ever prepared to defend anything he had, and the fight that ensued was by no means one-sided. It took place literally all over the main street of Torolow, from one side to the other, down and up, attracting crowds as it progressed. "Bud Wiser" was one of them, explaining excitedly to one group after another what it was all about. And the news of it spread like the flames of Sodom.

Mike had a lock hold on Tim and was reaching into his trousers pocket when the lock broke and they parted like a catapult string, while Tim's money clinked to the street. The double "T" coin was frisked by an unknown hand, and the fight was off. Mike and Tim grinned through their gore and shook hands, entering immediately into a compact to run down the stealthy purloiner of the lucky piece.

Tim had a son in the militia and a pretty daughter just out of convent. Mike's family were still bairns, the oldest two having died. Mike, therefore, did not have the worry that assailed Tim, for Patricia Doolan was setting her heart on a heathenish young captain of a canal boat, Jimmy Pearce.

Jimmy was paying more attention to Martha Bolling, daughter of the excavating contractor, owner of much plant and wielder of considerable power. This only half pleased Tim because he could



One Egg and One Extra Level Spoonful of Egg-o Baking Powder

EXPERT cooks have proven that this is the solution of the egg question. Careful tests have shown that there is no loss in the quality or deliciousness of food prepared the Egg-o way.

THE necessity for war-time economy makes it most desirable for every housewife to use Egg-o Baking Powder. Less Egg-o is required, and the results are better.

HOME-MADE bread and cakes are vastly superior to the baker's, both in taste and food value. Every housewife knows this, but many hesitate fearing failure.

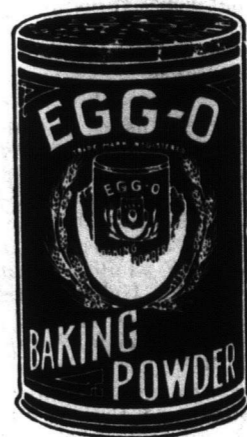
EGG-O is so sure that it practically eliminates the possibility of failure. If you don't bake regularly you will enjoy the Egg-o way. If you are an expert you will appreciate the quality of Egg-o Baking Powder.

GET a tin from your grocer with your next order. Buy the pound size or larger—it's much cheaper.

Send for Our Free Recipe Book

The Egg-o Baking Powder Co. Limited

HAMILTON - ONTARIO



"Orange Lily Saved My Life"

These words, or expressions having the same meaning, are contained in hundreds of the letters I have received during the past year. Many were from women who had suffered agonies from falling of the womb:



others from women who had escaped dangerous surgical operations, as the tumors and ulcers had been removed by the action of Orange Lily; and others who had suffered from suppressed menstruation, leucorrhoea, painful periods, etc. For all these and the other troubles known in general as Women's Disorders, Orange Lily furnishes a positive scientific, never-failing cure. It is applied direct to the suffering organs, and its operation is certain and beneficial. As a trial actually proves its merit, I hereby offer to send, absolutely free, a box worth 45c sufficient for ten days' treatment, to every suffering woman who will write for it. Address with 3 stamps—

MRS. LYDIA W. LADD Windsor, Ont.

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1918 Catalogue

containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

POULTRY BOOK Latest and best yet; 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures and color plates. Hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information, describes the best Poultry Farm handling 65 varieties including Indian Runners. Tells how to properly choose fowls, eggs, incubators and secure cheap feed. This practical book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents. Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 41, Clarinda, Iowa

FREE Lavalliere or Rose Bud Ring. Ring set with Rose Bud Lavalliere set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 3, Battle Creek, Mich

When writing advertisers, always mention The Western Home Monthly

see no discernible affection shown by the Bolling girl.

Tim had his eye on young Terrance Jorgan, the mayor's son and gentleman of leisure, as a life partner for Patricia, and it was bad enough to have things going against him where she was concerned without having the insignia of success for the future snatched from him.

He and Mike agreed that whoever had picked up the coin would keep quiet about it. Their plan was to watch for results, and their vision being naturally narrowed to the scope of the plant on

which they worked they saw what many did not see—that Jimmy Pearce was getting on.

Jimmy's boss was patronizing Baird's side entrance inordinately. Jimmy's first venture was the purchase of the tug, "Emily," and two scows. Then it came out that the contract was split, Jimmy getting the bigger share with Bolling subservient to him. It was, therefore, no marvel that Mike and Tim watched him.

And conversely, as logicians say, Terrance Jorgan, the mayor's son, went into

the real estate business and made a mess of it.

"Well," said Tim to Mike one evening, on their way from the aqueduct, "phwat did yer owld woman foind out?"

"Nary a symptom," replied Mike. "She's been pumpin' all the neighbors till she's fit for the secret service. It seems everybody's just the same as usual barrin' Jimmy Pearce and Terry Jorgan."

"So my missus raypoorts, too," said Tim. "And from me own observations and yours there's nobody gettin' on like Pearce and nobody failin' like poor Terry."

"Tis the truth," assented Mike. "Which proves that Pearce has me big penny."

"Your big penny, indade," objected Tim. "Sure if it's anybody's it belongs to the both av us."

"The main thing's to lay hold av it—then we'll see," challenged Mike. "Now, don't be makin' trouble whin we're in a fair way av gettin' it. We'll go shares—the first that foinds it has the first wake's holdin' av it. Is it a go, Mike?"

"It is," agreed Mike, ready for a sporting proposition.

"Thin shake!" They shook hands solemnly.

"How will we waylay Jimmy Pearce widout him knowin' us, seein' as we're both av us workin' fer him now?" was Mike's perplexing query.

"We'll disguise like they do in the play," suggested Tim. "O'f'll wear your clothes and you wear moine."

Within ten yards of the tug where a red lantern blazed, they halted to rearrange their clothing and their tempers, and then picked their way cautiously to the pier.

Mike, who could strike a treble key, undertook to do the talking and called out, coyly:

"Is Captain Pearce there?"

To which the only answer was a "glub-glub" from a frog pond close. He tried it again and only the frogs replied.

Tim suggested that they enter and wait. Mike agreed.

They found, in the flare of matchlight, the cabin cozily fitted up and indications of the Captain's having made a careful toilet. So they waited in the dark. It was only a few minutes when they distinguished the sound of a stealthy movement in their direction.

In less than another minute they were glaring at the bull's eye of a dark lantern and listening to the commands of two officers to submit peacefully to the majesty of the law.

Mike nudged Tim by way of cue and bent his head to his cupped hands and began to whimper. Tim saw through the ruse and assisted with a guttural fuge.

The two officers burst into a roar of laughter at the effort to deceive, and called out in recognition:

"Mike Tierney! Tim Doolan!"

The whimpering ceased. Tim and Mike glared at each other in the dim light while each tried to think up an

Why We Should Bathe Internally

Adds Many Years to Average Life.

By R. W. Beal.

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only 50 per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the

attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing. It may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 252, 163 College street, Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purposes. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is so natural to be sick. Why be unnatural when it is such a simple thing to be well.



You can't make a British Tommy lose his smile. That's the last thing in this world he would lose. No matter what the circumstances, no matter how great the odds are against them, they'll smile and they'll fight, and oh, how they will fight. Many a Boche has his own little version of the style of light brought to them. This British official photograph shows a detachment of East Lancshires marching through a ruined village on the western front on their way to the snow covered trenches. The fact that they know it is going to be cold and uncomfortable does not disturb them. The village they are passing through was only recently captured.

"The devil ye will," resented Mike. "O'f've a better one than that. Let's wear the owld woman's dress and go callin' on him in the night and belay him in his cabin. They tell me he lives in his precious tug."

"You're a genius, Mike. We'll do it to-night."

The tug, "Emily," snubbed to the improvised dock on the feedwater dammed back from the canal, lay a full mile away. It was a trying tramp for men in trousers on any night, however clear, but the night of their escapade was black to extinction. Their skirts, though full at the bottom, were unmanageable, tangling their unwary legs. The blouses they wore were too tight at the waists and pinched in the armpits. There was no way of keeping their hats on until Mike suggested the sun bonnet idea and they tied them on. Tim cursed the skirts and threatened to turn back.

"Let's pick them up and run fer it," suggested Mike.

"That's the brightest thing you've said since we started," grousched Tim.

Yet pick them up they did and hiked along the muddy canal parapet in the direction of the inky lake, Mike leading and cursing the expedition with true Libernian heartiness. Tim stumbled on, echoing the more robust expletives dropped by Mike.

explanation for their presence there—and in that attire.

"Well, we're losing time," said one of the officers, in a businesslike tone. "Sorry, gentlemen—but duty is duty—female impersonation and trespassing on government property is pretty bad business. Let's be moving."

Mike and Tim submitted to the enforced escort back to town, glad of a chance to think out a defence. The constables, however, kept them apart and the thinking was not so easy. The more they thought it over only made them more barren of argument—the outstanding foolishness of the adventure striking them at every turn.

It came as a surprise, then, when brought before the sergeant, Tim blurted out:

"It'd be best if ye'd get Captain Pearce to explain this business. Whin yer boss invoites ye to a masquerade party and thin he's out whin ye call, it's a knave's trick."

The sergeant grinned.

"Where would there be a party on the aqueduct?" he asked, quietly.

"That's the captain's secret," bluffed Tim.

The sergeant turned to Mike.

"Let me have a look at the invitation."

"Sure," answered Mike. "It was the captain himself ast Tim be word av

mouth and nary a scratch av the pin about it."

"I suppose," said the sergeant, languidly, "that no one but Captain Pearce himself can clean the case up and we'd better just hold you over night."

Tim and Mike looked crestfallen, while the representatives of the law fought hard to repress a laugh at the ludicrous picture they presented. Mike looked up suddenly and suggested:

"Now, couldn't ye lave us go home and we'll be here whin wanted in the mornin'?"

"What security have we that you'll appear?" asked the sergeant.

Mike handed over his watch. Tim, having no watch, fumbled in his pocket for something of value, and his hand enclosed what he thought was a silver half-dollar, but when brought to light was the copper coin with the double "T."

Tim was more non-plussed than anybody present and his face showed it. But Mike was not looking at his face; his eyes were glued to the coin.

"You decavin' haythen!" he charged, in a terrible voice. The frown on his face and the hard look in his eye put the officers on their mettle at once. The sergeant spoke up.

"That's the coin that caused trouble before. Seeing the unmistakable value of it, I'll accept it as a bond."

Tim recovered and slipped the coin back in his pocket.

"I'll stay," he said, and looking at Mike, added: "turn about!"

Mike caught the meaning of the words though they were spoken as a command, and he calmly turned to the door, escorted by one of the constables; the other took charge of Tim and showed him to a cell.

Mike bade him bodyguard a glum good-night at the cottage door. It was locked and the cottage dark. Next door, Tim's house, was gaily lighted up and strains of dance music rasped upon his ear. The joint household were evidently celebrating while the men-folks were out on their spree. Mike would show them. The constable had halted at a safe distance when he had seen that Mike was barred from his own house and, suspecting that he would inquire at Tim's place, waited in keen anticipation.

In the heat of righteous disapproval, Mike had not thought of the figure he would cut in festive company, but he had knocked at the door too late to retreat.

It was opened by a gay young fellow who called out above the din of merry voices:

"Lady to see Mrs. Doolan, then, 'come on in,' while Mrs. Doolan prompted, 'yes, bring her in,' and before Mike half knew what was happening, he was standing amid the hilarious crowd, among whom he saw Captain Jimmy Pearce.

Mrs. Doolan tried to look artless, but Jimmy's grin told Mike more than a whole illuminated address that the joke was on him. Mrs. Tierney kept discreetly in the background.

"And where's Tim?" asked Mrs.

Doolan, backing him into the hall before the amusement went too far.

"In the coop," grumbled Mike.

By this time Patricia had left the company and come into the hall. Her eyes were brilliant with mirth and the joy of a great happening.

"Did dad find the coin?" she asked, quaintly.

"He did—it was in his waist c't pocket all the toime," replied Mike, disgustedly.

"Oh, no, Mr. Tierney, you're quite wrong," took up the charming Patricia, "I've had the coin since the day it rolled into my hand. Knowing what dad was going to do to-night, I put it into his vest pocket unknown to him. It brought me success, you see, and I wanted him to have his turn. Mother knew what poor dad couldn't see at all, and that was that Jimmy Pearce and I were going to be married to-night!"

Enlightenment came to the Celtic face of Mike in a generous grin.

"Tell me owld woman to give me the kay av the cottage till I change me duds, and then me and the scoundrelly captain will go and let poor Tim out."

Things that Count

"If only," said the little grandmother softly, "I could make you see things as I see them—the things that count." She was a little, frail, gossamer bit of a creature, more soul than body, but she looked at the young lad before her with eyes that still held the spirit of youth in their bright depths.

"What sort of things, Grandma?" asked the boy.

"Truth, my lad, and honesty, sincerity in word and deed. Ah, if you only knew."

"Is it a secret?" asked the boy, slightly awed at his grandmother's tone.

"Everything is, Jerry boy, until you know it—everything worth while," she added.

"But how can a fellow learn those things?" There was genuine interest in the boy's words.

"Some of them don't exactly have to be learned, Jerry," she replied. "For instance, you are naturally sincere. Stick to it and you'll never be tempted to dishonesty or craftiness."

"Oh," exclaimed Jerry quickly, "I know what you mean. It's when a fellow lays down on his job and pretends he's sick so as to go fishing."

Grandma nodded her fine head. "Exactly," she agreed, "that's the way it begins sometimes. Or, he borrows, perhaps, and forgets to pay back—that's another way."

Jerry colored. "Oh, I say, Grandma, I didn't really forget, only I—I—I'll pay it back to-morrow." He hung his head in shame.

Grandma reached over and patted his shoulder. "Good boy," she murmured, "I know you didn't mean to forget. But remember, Jerry, that more men get into trouble through borrowing and not paying back than the world ever knows. It's

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poor business anyhow—borrowing. I had a neighbor once who borrowed everything she could lay her hands on from goose grease to grape jell—and she never paid back. That woman is in the poor-house to-day. Know why? She peered at Jerry wisely. "She was getting all she could and never thought of giving. If that doesn't spell poverty, nothing does!"

"The poor-house—phew!" exclaimed Jerry, wide-eyed. "I wouldn't like that!"

"I can tell you a sure way to keep out," Grandma smiled quizzically. "Always give everyone his money's worth. Give a little more than is necessary, but never under-give even when money is not concerned. This applies to business, to friendship, to family relations and every-

thing in life. It means success and happiness and well-being!"

"I'll begin right now, Grandma," declared Jerry, "by doing those errands that you spoke about last night."

And Grandma smiled happily to herself as she sent him on his way.

He—"Will you have some oysters?"
She—"I don't care."
He—"All right, we won't have any."

A Romp in The Desert

The Bedouins of fiction are usually supernaturally grave fellows, who look out on the world with "unfathomable mystery" in their eyes. Quite a different picture is that drawn by Mr. Norman Duncan in "Going Down from Jerusalem." It was a company of travellers—Christian and otherwise—that had stopped for the night. One member had just performed a simple trick for the entertainment of the others. "A feat!" cried Mustafa. "I, too, will perform a feat!"

They made a ring in the moonlight, and fell silent and watchful, while the old fellow gravely wound his skirt about his middle. An athletic performance, evidently some mighty acrobatic feat over the desert.

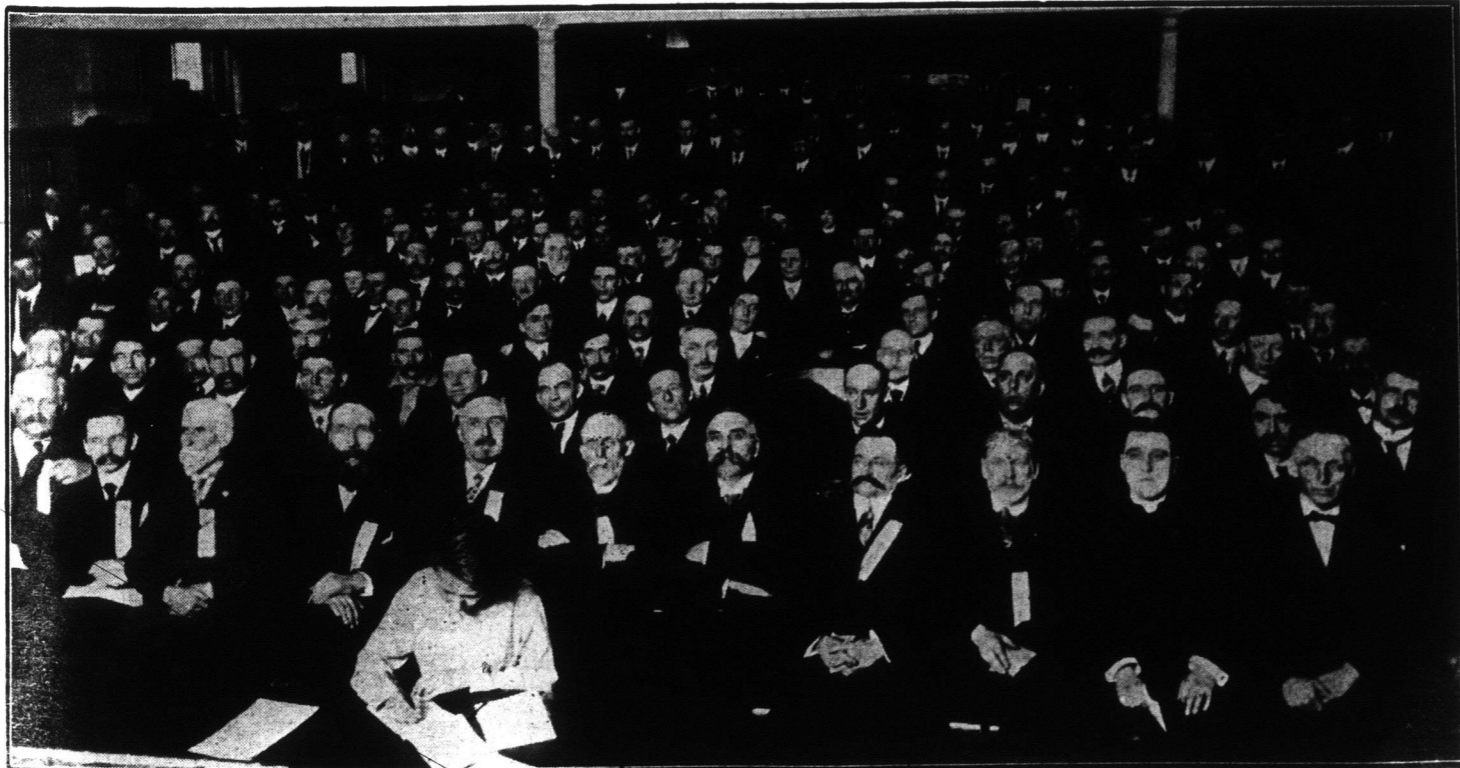
"Observe!" said Mustafa. Attention deepened, and Mustafa, having bowed with much politeness to the company, turned a somersault.

Then restraint broke loose, and all sorts of games were indulged in, to the delight of the Bedouins.

"Ring around-a-rosy"—and the desert fairly groaned from the vigour of the squatting.

"Bull-in-the-Ring" a mad success!

"Crack-the-whip" and the climax of earthly joys was achieved. Altogether a different kind of pilgrimage to holy places than the guide book leads one to anticipate.



Trustees of Manitoba at a Conference held recently in Winnipeg. This is the largest assembly of Trustees ever assembled in the Province, and the meeting passed many progressive resolutions.

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Back Door Exits from Germany

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Aubrey Fulkerton

PPRIVATE A. NELSON, of Manitoba, was taken prisoner at Ypres in 1915. For two years he endured an irksome captivity, but could never reconcile himself to the fact, let alone the methods, of a German prison camp. The greater part of his time was served at Munster, and it was there, in due course, that he made a break for liberty.

Early last August two Scottish comrades in misery joined with him in a deep-laid scheme to be done with German captivity. They were working at the time with a large party of British and Canadian prisoners, in a stone quarry at Munster, and the three of them, with many a careful watching for their chance, wandered away in the dusk one night when the rest were being rounded up for the return to camp. They had planned this thing for days, and in preparation had stunted themselves of their rations that they might have some food to take with them. It was eighty miles to the Dutch frontier, and all they could carry was in their pockets.

After the get-away there followed a cross-country journey that was accomplished with great difficulty and at such risk as to make the escape itself seem only a bit of play. By day they hid themselves under hedges or in ditches, and travelled only at night, even then avoiding villages and public highways. "Many times," said Nelson afterwards, "German women working in the fields passed so close we could hear them talk. We had to guess the direction in the dark, but were always lucky, and I think we made almost a straight line, without being stopped once. Dogs running out at us gave us the most worry."

It took eight days to reach the border of Holland, and at Rotterdam the British consul gave them each an outfit of civilian clothing. By the middle of the month they were in England, and ready for service again.

Without a fair sprinkling of jail-escape stories like this, the history of the war can never be quite complete. There are lots of them, differing in detail, but agreeing absolutely on one main point. To have been in a German prison, and then to have got away, on the testimony of men who have done it, is like passing out of abysmal darkness into glorious sunshine.

Sergeant Joseph Turcotte was another Canadian prisoner at Munster, where he was taken on Christmas Eve, 1915. During the winter he attempted to escape, but was caught in the act and suitably punished. In April he made a second attempt, failed again, and was removed to another and still worse prison at Riga.

When, some time in the summer, he was ordered to take charge of a prison gang on a piece of fortification work, Turcotte refused. He was then returned to Munster, and subjected to stricter surveillance than ever. Early in November he made a third break, and this time he succeeded. Then came two weeks of hide-and-seek travelling across country, with turnips and cabbages picked from the fields as almost his only food. Eventually he reached the seaboard, and crossed to London.

An old theatre in Dulmen, Westphalia, was the place of durance vile in which Private John Vaughan, of Halifax, was quartered in 1916, along with a number of other prisoners of war. Vaughan's mate was Private Pollet, of Winnipeg, and together they schemed an escape. Fortune favored them by the very meagreness of the prison service, which left them the more largely to themselves. Every sixth day each man received a loaf of bread for his week's supply, and in addition they were given black coffee in the morning and some meatless soup through the day.

A number of Belgians, who had been deported and were allowed to go at liberty, were in another apartment of the theatre-prison, and it was with their connivance that the two Canadians finally got out.

Vaughan and Pollet, in some mysterious way, possessed themselves of a saw, and with it, after weeks of careful and tedious work, they cut a hole through the ceiling into the room occupied by some of the Belgians. Their fel-

low prisoners, willing to help in the plot, kept up a stream of chatter and song to distract the guards while the sawing was going on, and when the two jail-breakers finally got through to the upper room the Belgians rigged them out in disguises like themselves, and so let them down a back stairway to the street.

They carried with them a little food, a railroad map which they had stolen, and a cheap compass, and with this slight provision for their journey they set out for Holland. After four nights of hard travelling and four days of hiding along the way, they reached the Dutch border, only to find impassable wire entanglements blocking their further progress. There was no other course for them but to keep on to the north, and in this direction they came at last to a place where, according to the story sent home to Canada, "the frontier was guarded with sentries only, the sentry boxes being about two hundred yards apart. They lay all day not far from these sentries, praying for a dark night. The moon rose clear and bright, and they did not dare make a start. About two o'clock a mist came up, and taking advantage of it, they crawled from their hiding place, and succeeded in crossing the border. They were not long in finding a military camp, where they gave themselves up to the British consul."

One of the most stirring stories of war-time escape from Germany is that of Major Pete Anderson, of Edmonton, who made a hairbreadth get-away and a consequent chase for liberty across six hundred miles of enemy country.

Anderson and his company were fighting in advance of the British firing line at Ypres, when they were taken prisoners. The major himself was interned in a large concentration camp at Bischofsverda, one hundred miles south of Berlin. He wrote home that he had as good a time there, through the summer of 1915, as he could have expected under the circumstances, but after five months he got tired of it. Right at that point he began to think of breaking loose.

When one is seriously planning a get-away of that kind, the first step is to gather up something to eat, and for several days Anderson saved out portions of his meal allowances and secreted them in the sand close to an old well. That well had already been sized up as a strategic point. Another was an empty barn just inside the prison-camp enclosure and so close to the well as to be really inviting. To complete his arrangements, Anderson made a rope ladder, very much on the quiet, of course, and perhaps as much because it seemed the right thing to do as because he had any clear idea how he should use it. So far, the plot was developing nicely, and quite according to rule of book.

Then one evening in September, as the prisoners were about to be shut up for the night, the liberty-loving Major crawled out to his well, lifted its loose wooden cover, crept under it, and drew it after him over the mouth of the well.

A prison guard on his night beat came uncomfortably close to the hiding-place, but after an hour or so Anderson began to push the well-cover back, very gradually, till there was room for him to get out; and then, when the guard was at the farthest point of his beat, he made a sudden spring, lifted the knapsack of food from the sand, and jumped like a cat into the barn.

There were more guards and a wire fence on the other side of the barn, and no exit but a high window. He watched his chance, lowered the rope ladder which he had brought with him, climbed down on it, and when the guards were again farthest away from him he dashed off across the open—having previously muffled his feet—and was quickly over the fence.

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Under cover of the night he made off fast toward Switzerland, the border country of which was not far away. But for some reason—perhaps because the Danish blood in him drew him to Scandinavian territory—he changed his mind and headed for the Baltic coast, by way of farm-fields and forest. On the second day, having meanwhile disguised himself as well as possible, he ventured into a small town and bought a raincoat, a chart and compass, and a newspaper. In the paper was some prison camp news, including the discovery of his own escape, from which he learned that he was supposed to have gone in the direction of the Swiss border, where the war dogs had already set out after him. This tickled him immensely. To have his pursuit headed just the opposite way from himself was exactly what he wanted.

Emboldened by this pleasant news, and wishing to see the Kaiser's big city before quitting Germany, he went into Berlin, and mixed with the crowds, which is a very good way of covering one's tracks. He even treated himself to a taxi ride. But he was still, as he very well knew, on dangerous ground, and to make a better disguise he assumed the role of a bricklayer, with such credentials as a slouch cap, a stubby beard, and a familiar acquaintance with bricks. In that guise he bought a railway ticket in the direction of Denmark.

What happened along the way, through Schleswig-Holstein, was uneventful in comparison with his adventures on reaching the border. The scrutiny of all travellers was naturally much more strict there than in the interior, and Anderson found it as difficult to get past as it had been to get away from the prison camp. One gendarme in particular was so persistent that he found it necessary to head him into a hotel and treat him till he was drunk. Eventually, however, he got into Denmark, which meant just then the best kind of Easy street he ever had been on. His chase across Germany had taken a week and a half. In due time he crossed over to England, and there reported to the War Office.

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Young People

The Fairy's Visit

It was several days before the brother Bears and our three little friends, Geof, Chrissie and Jack set off on their visit to the Land of the Good Fairies. This time the Bears arrived in their airship, which came floating gently down on the grass plot in front of the nursery windows.

The three children shouted with delight as they saw the two friendly Bears alight from the airship, and immediately began to beg for "rides," all talking together at the top of their voices.

"Why, of course," answered Bear, "that is what we have come for. Come along, we have far to go, and must not waste any time." While Bear was speaking Forbear was busy unstrapping a suit case, out of which he pulled three lovely little fur coats and caps. They were made exactly like the coats that the Bears always wore themselves.

"You will feel cold you know when we get up high," explained Forbear as he helped Geof into the largest of the three coats. When all the children were dressed up in the coats and caps they looked for all the world like three more Teddy Bears, for there was very little to be seen of their faces.

In they climbed, and away they went and strange as it may seem they did not feel the least bit afraid as the airship sped upwards.

"This is the airship we always take children in," said Bear, "it is a very safe one for them and we never have an accident. That is the name we have given it," he went on, pointing with his paw to a white flag floating aloft, on which was embroidered in gold letters the word "Trust."

The journey seemed all too short for the three little travellers. They felt that they should like to go on and on in this wonderful airship, but good things must come to an end sometime even when you are on your way to Fairyland, and it seemed to them only a short time before the Bears called their attention to a bright light shining just ahead of them. "What is that?" asked Geof. "That,"

explained Bear, "is the sun shining on the gate of Good Fairy Land. I expect you have heard that it is made of ivory and gold, but very few grown-up mortals ever behold it, and those who do are so entranced with the sight that they find themselves unable to describe it to anyone else, and so it is seldom talked about in your land."

By this time they had gently descended to a beautiful stretch of green grass outside the gate. The children's eyes were quite dazzled by the wonderful beauty of what they saw before them. The gate was shining and gleaming in the sun, and in and out of it passed beautiful little fairies, all seeming to be busy about something, and yet playful and happy as they skipped along. A group of fairy children espied the Bears as they and the earth children stepped out of the airship. They came running to meet them calling out "Welcome! Welcome! to the Land of the Good Fairies."

Now when the children had taken off their coats just before getting out of the airship, a strange thing had happened. Although they knew nothing of it they came out of those coats tiny and wee, so that when they met the fairy children, they all seemed about the same size and felt quite at home.

After the fairies had given the children a loving greeting, one of them who seemed to be a sort of leader among them, turned to Bear and asked him if he wanted any wings for his little visitors.

"Not at present, thank you, Kindheart," answered Bear.

"What a pretty name," thought Chrissie as she heard this, and something in the little fairy's face as she gazed at her reminded her of the first fairy she had ever seen, that dear and gracious Fairy Love who had visited her on that dreary afternoon days ago. She turned eagerly to Bear and Forbear.

"Oh, please," she cried, "Do first of all take us to see your sister Fairy Love."

"Why, yes, certainly," said Bear, "you will all like to see her I know, and Kind-

heart will lead the way; you know she is one of the Maids of Honour to Love."

They passed under the Fairy Portal, and, oh, what a different scene met their eyes from what had greeted them in bad Fairyland. Here were beautiful gardens, fountains, trees and flowers, and so many lovely things that the children seemed quite bewildered.

"How clean and pure everything seems!" gasped Chrissie, hardly knowing that she spoke aloud.

"Yes," said Forbear, "we are very particular about our town. Fairy Love is always sending out her little servants to tidy up anything unclean or ugly that may get blown over from your earth world, or carried in on the feet of our fairy messengers. There are two of her little helpers," he went on, pointing to two little boy fairies dressed as pages in a livery of blue and silver. Their names shone in silver letters on the left arms of their blue tunics, and Chrissie read aloud, "Forgive and Forget." "They are brothers you know," said Bear, "like we are" nodding his head at Forbear. "Forgive is such a bright quick little worker; Forget is not quite so quick as his brother sometimes, but Forgive will help him with his work if he gets a little slow, and they are the best of friends."



While they were talking they had been nearing the beautiful home of Fairy Love. It was the prettiest house you could imagine, and the door always stood wide open so that anyone could go in and rest when they liked. Kind Fairy Love was always ready to help any of her fellow fairies, and was always busy, as she had told Chrissie at their first meeting, trying to help the little earth girls and boys who needed her. Just now she happened to be at home, and welcomed the three children and her two brothers, Bear and Forbear, with gracious kindness.

"So your three little friends really want to get to know me better do they?" she said to Bear and Forbear. "Ah, you good boys, that is some of your doings, I expect," she went on, hugging the two Bears fondly. "Well, you must all stay to dinner with me, and then you can have a look round our beautiful land."

"You have a great deal to see" said Fairy Love as they rose from the dinner table. "I think it would be best for you each to have some wings, and then you will be able to get about quite fast."

Now you all know what it feels like to be fitted with a new coat or dress, but I don't suppose you have ever had a pair of wings tried on. Certainly it was a new experience for the three children, and they were each wondering in their heart whether they would not be afraid to try to use them. But they had forgotten for the moment that they were in Fairyland, and there strange things happen, and difficult things are made easy. No sooner were the three children fitted with a pair of wings each, than Fairy Love called to Fairy Kindheart to take them for a tour round Fairyland.

"But aren't you coming," said Chrissie, turning to Bear and Forbear.

"You don't really need the Bears any more to-day," said Fairy Love, "Kindheart will be a splendid guide, and I want to send my brothers to some children I know who are always quarrelling over their toys, they shall come to you another day if you want them."

It was wonderful how easy the children found it to fly after Fairy Kindheart as she started off and called them to follow. It seemed to be no work at all, but they

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Note the vigorous growth, the berries in all sizes (some ripe) and flowers still showing for more fruit. This plot was planted first week in May. We picked ripe strawberries from a 2 1/2 ft. plot, and continued picking ripe strawberries every day until the hard frosts came in the middle of September.

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Brandon, Man. Est'd 1883 Saskatoon, Sask.

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procure seeds of known quality. We test our seeds in our greenhouses before packing. Our thirty-five years' testing and growing seeds here in the West has given us an unequalled experience that is behind everything we sell.

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Our Garden Seeds are all tested in our Greenhouses during the winter season, so that they may be depended upon as being of good germination and vitality. We grow many of the seeds we offer, which enables us to make our prices so moderate compared to many other catalogues.

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Half a million thrifty, hardy young trees and shrubs of Native Ontario soft or Japanese Maples, Ash, Elm, Russian and other Poplars, Laurel, Golden and Red Willows.

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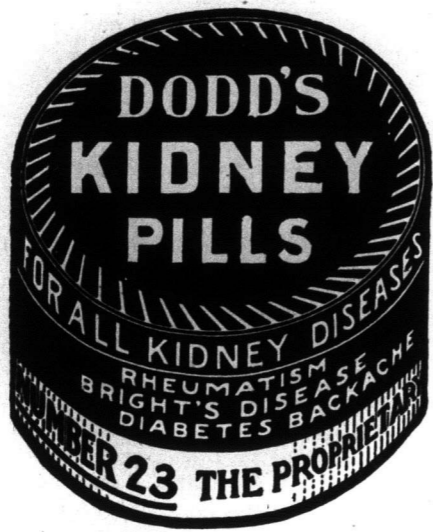
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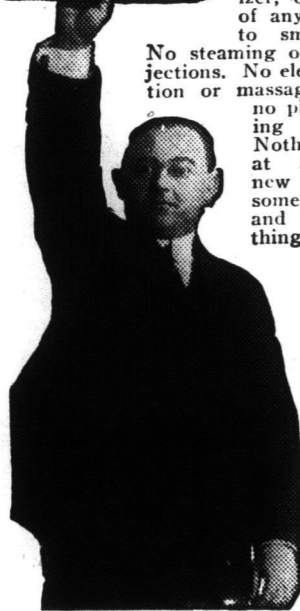
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These plants flower and fruit continuously, as long as the weather remains warm.



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Guarantee is Good 15 Days

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE, and I am ready to let you try it for fifteen days on my guarantee. Yes, I'll guarantee it, and if you are not satisfied it won't cost you one cent. Write me promptly.

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Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and all about your 15-day guarantee." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

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just glided quietly through the air, and thought it was better than anything they had ever done before.

"Would you like to go to the Fairy school first?" asked Kindheart, "and see the little fairies being taught all the useful things they know?"

"Oh yes, do let's go!" cried Geof, "but I never thought Fairies had to do lessons, I always thought they would do just as they like."

"So they do," answered Kindheart, "but we teach them to like to do what is good and nice."

By this time they had arrived at the schoolhouse, and floating gently down to the door they peeped in. The fairy children were just then busy learning how to make presents for the earth children. They were all hard at work doing up little parcels, and Chrissie at once wanted to know what was inside them. The old schoolmaster, Mr. Ready-to-Help, heard her whispered question, and turned at once to welcome the three little visitors.

"You want to know what my young people are so busy over?" he said, smiling. "Well, all morning they were hard at work making kind thoughts, and now they are doing them up in packages ready to send to the earth children who sometimes get so short of them. Tomorrow they are going to make kind deeds, and the next day kind words. You know we are always busy here trying to make things go smoothly in your earth world. Our last wagon load of kind thoughts was waylaid on its journey to your world by a bad fairy called Ogre Selfishness; he emptied them all out on the road and

the dear old lady fairy who helps in the dairy. Her name is Mrs. Smooth-Things-Over, and she has two daughters, Patience and Gentleness, who do a lot of work on the farm."

After going all round the place, Chrissie suddenly said, "Bear and Forbear promised to show us some of the good fairies you send out to stop Mr. Easy-Way-Of-Doing-Things from taking children for rides in his buggy. Will you please take us to them?"

Kindheart led the way to a large auto garage. "Here," said she, "we keep autos of all kinds for children to ride in, if only they would give up riding with that foolish old man, who, as I expect the Bears told you, always puts people down at the place that they started from. This garage is owned by Mr. Perseverance, and there you see some of his drivers, Fairy Try-Again, Fairy Attention, Fairy Hardwork, Fairy Do-Your-Best, and Fairy Don't-Shirk. These fairies never play children tricks like Mr. Easy-Way-Of-Doing-Things. You are pretty sure of getting where you want to go if you are driven by one of them. But it is quite time you young people were getting home, perhaps you will come again another day."

The fairy's voice grew indistinct, and a sort of soft mist came over them. When it cleared away they were again in their cosy nursery, and mother was calling them to supper.

The Preliminary

"What is the best thing any one can get for his dinner?"
"Hungry."



Transportation in India—Grown-ups are carried in dandies.

filled the wagon up with some of his poisonous candies."

After the children had been all over the school and seen all there was to be seen, Mr. Ready-to-Help said, "My pupils will now sing you one of their songs."

The fairy children all rose at once, and began to sing in sweet tiny voices:

"Little kind thoughts we send to you
Out of our Fairyland,
Each has been made for some earth child,
And touched by a fairy wand.
Little kind deeds will follow soon,
And little kind words next day;
And be sure that the first thing you do
with them
Is to give them all away."

After the song Kindheart told the children that they had better take their leave as there were still so many things they would like to see before going home.

"We will go and call on Farmer Good Temper," she said, "for the Bears told me that you visited Mr. Bad Temper's farm when you were in bad Fairyland the other day, and I should like you to see the difference."

What a pretty old farm house it looked as the children alighted near it a few minutes later. Everything seemed so peaceful and happy.

"Come and have a look at his crops," said Kindheart. "This, that you see so many acres of, is called Contentment, it grows so well on his land, and always yields a big crop. Then that field over there with the pretty little blue flowers all over it is a crop of Smiles. He gets large orders for these from Fairy Love, who always sends big packages of them to the earth babies. He has such nice farm helpers too. Those two boy fairies over there are brothers, their names are Give and Take, and their father Courtesy, also works on the farm. Then there is

As Mother Used to Do

He criticised her puddings and he found fault with her cake;
He wished she'd make such biscuit as his mother used to make;
She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew,
Nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do.

His mother had six children, but by night her work was done;
His wife seemed drudging always, yet she only had the one.
His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too,
If only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Ah, well! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best,
Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest;
So when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through,
She turned and boxed his ears just as his mother used to do.

Explained at Last

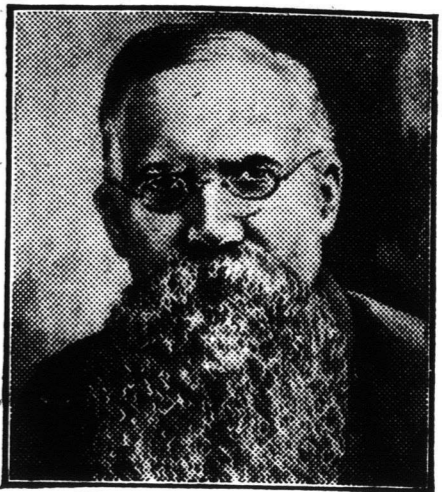
A young woman unversed in the mysteries of baseball was recently presented to a famous player.

"I love the game," she confided to him. "I love especially to watch the man at the bat. It is so cute, too, the way he keeps hitting the ground gently with the end of the bat. Why does he do that?"

"Well, you see, miss," explained the player, "the worms have an annoying habit of coming up to see who's batting, and that naturally puts the batter out a bit; so he just taps them on the head lightly and down they go again."

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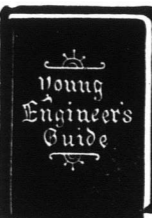


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"Punch" tells of a teacher asking her small pupil the meaning of *ff*. "Oh, it means 'fump, fump,'" answered the child.

Music and Education

There is a music teacher in an Ontario town who left school when she was in the Third book. The result is that she cannot write a letter in correct English, and spelling is to her a continual tribulation. She is teaching children to dabble in scales and to play the Sweet Kiss waltz. In a measure she is successful, for she has a natural interest in music, though her understanding of it is sadly hampered by her lack of general information.

Music is an art. Before a man is considered competent to lecture on English literature he is supposed to have a broad general education. Surely an understanding of poetry is not less difficult than an understanding of the foundations of music. Without a knowledge of the foundations of the art, how can a teacher succeed?

There is no subject of human knowledge requiring a broader culture for its appreciation. The "musical public" found in every town or city is the cream of the place. Would it not be reasonable, therefore, for teachers whose general education has been neglected to undertake a course of self instruction, at least in musical history and in the principles of art? Children cannot be inspired with interest in music unless the teacher is something more than a dull plugger at routine work. Further the boy or girl whose musical education is contemporaneous with his or her education in public or high school is likely to do better than the one who is withdrawn from school to "specialize" in music. A competent teacher and a pupil who "sticks at it" for five or six years make a great combination.

The country is still full of people who have no musical education at all. One can only feel sorry for them, as persons lacking a well-balanced training. A man of this type was a member of a club once established in Ottawa. The lighting in the big room was unsatisfactory and the committee recommended the purchase of a chandelier at a cost of \$125. There was a good deal of discussion. Finally one member rose and said that for his part he did not see the advantage of spending so much money for a chandelier, because he was sure there was not a man in the club would be able to play it.

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New Columbia Records out the 20th of the month.

Music helps you endure the war: enjoy it. Food will win the war: don't waste it.

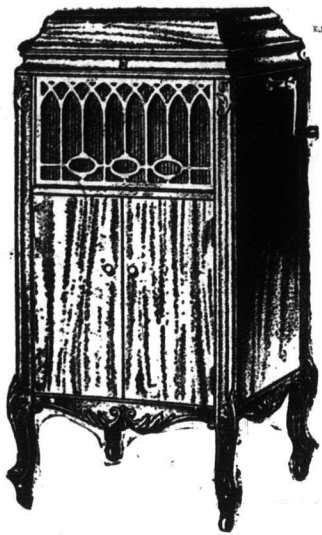
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Music and the Home

Interesting Briefs

Hearing Corelli's Gigue on a record as a harp solo a lady asked, "What is a gigue anyway?" It is a dance that comes from Italy and gets its name from Geige, an early fiddle. It is usually a jig played in a rollicking manner.

When you are listening to a minuet being played remember it was considered a dance for kings and queens, very formal and slow. It is quite easy to understand why the minuet should be slow for there were long trains to manage, high heels to stand upon, and swords to keep out of the way. In the olden days it often took three months to learn the minuet of the court.

A masque is an allegorical, dramatic entertainment combining music, dancing, scenery and poetry with gorgeous costumes and decorations. It preceded the opera and was given with the splendor of the pageant. In the early days the masques were given in the homes of the noblemen or in their spacious grounds. James I. and Charles I. of England spent great sums of money for these masques.

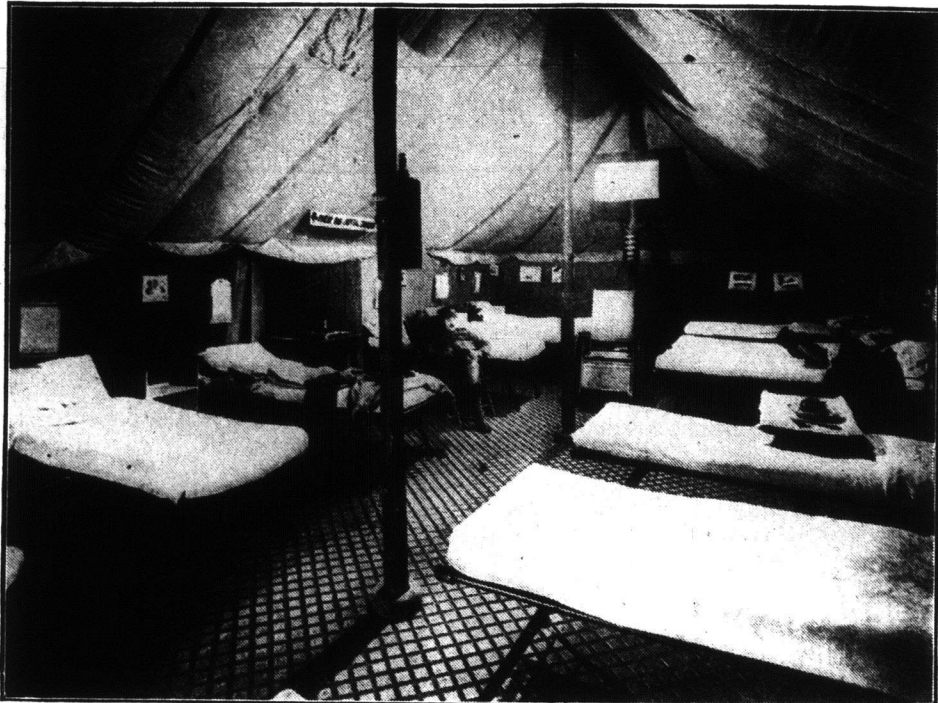
An American correspondent who got out of Germany with difficulty is credited with the statement that musical activity in Berlin continues to be very

become the musical capital of the world. One may hear there every important soloist who formerly haunted the saloons of London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and a good many American ones as well. Though the musical public is exceedingly large, complaints already appear about the astonishing fullness of the season and the need of having the week enlarged to eight or ten days instead of seven!

Even in Toronto, with its modest half-million inhabitants, the recital list begins to grow long. We have there "intimate" halls seating about four hundred each and these make the exposition of chamber music or the playing of a piano recital more than commonly attractive. Our musical season grows in interest every year. We have a goodly number of recitalists and solo artists and the quality of the work done is commendable excellence.

Recognition for the Accompanist

While among the more musically trained people attending any concert there is an appreciation of the work of the accompanist, it is doubtful if the ordinary run of music lovers really do that person justice. Accompanying is no sinecure. It requires a peculiar ability, almost to the extent of having or acquiring the knack. Indeed, many a pianist is a poor accompanist. To accompany well it is necessary



This Canadian tent hospital can be taken as a criterion of what comfort the tent hospitals offer. This one here is fixed to accommodate in delightful comfort a small number of men. The sick could not find a more pleasant refuge while they are convalescing than this tent hospital.

intense in spite of war conditions, scarcity of food, police restrictions and a thousand and one other annoying features. He says: "Music is in their blood, with them it is not a luxury, not exactly one of the joys—but rather one of the necessities of life."

A story is told of Paganini to the effect that once when he was playing at a concert he was interrupted by hisses. Enraged, he vowed vengeance. He played the programme through, and then, after the last number, came upon the stage and offered to imitate the voices of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat and the barking of a dog, he finally advanced to the footlights and calling out, "This is for those who hissed," imitated in an unmistakable manner the braying of a donkey. At this, the pit rose to a man, rushed through the orchestra, climbed the stage, and in all probability would have killed Paganini if he had not fled instant.

The Musical Season

Forty-two concerts and recitals were held at Aeolian concert hall in New York during the single month of November. Add to these the list at Carnegie Hall and one or two other important auditoriums, and then drop a sympathetic tear for the newspaper critics who, cynically enough, call themselves "The chain gang!" New York, since the war, has

to be very versatile. You have to adapt yourself to the whims and moods of the soloist. For his sake you often have to transpose. You often have to start him out right and you have to frequently keep him on the right track.

Those who have had any accompaniment work to do know that while plenty of the pieces are easy, many of them are difficult, almost to being tricky. It, therefore, requires an excellent sight reader. It means that one must take in the technical characteristics of the piece, the spirit of it, and any special frills that need emphasis all at a glance. The accompanist must sort of feel what the singer is going to do next. He must cooperate with the soloist, or with the congregation, or whomever he is accompanying to give expression to the meaning of the song.

It is in the accompanist's power to make or mar the song, and when he helps make it, the audience should always remember to feel that a part of the applause is for the accompanist who assisted in the success of the number.

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

Under the Seat

It is the matured opinion of most musicians that the inventor of the piano bench which conceals a receptacle for sheet music should be assassinated; not suddenly, but by some Oriental form of the art which would prolong his sufferings. The visiting pianist, perhaps, has played the accompaniment of who is Sylvia. Then she says, "Have you 'Deep River'?" "Certainly. If you will stand up I can find it for you." The owner turns up the bench lid and begins a search which may last twenty minutes, the pianist standing all the while. Everything is rammed in unholy confusion into this convenient locker—songs, popular and good, piano pieces unnumbered, "Collections," hymn books, exercise books, P.'s, Editions with the covers off, Editions with the covers half-off, music paper and note books. It is one glorious mess—a sort of limbo into which all things are swept, and from which scarcely anything can be recovered. A musical library soon goes to wreck when it is kept like a rummage pile. There are such things as music cabinets, and there are also such things as card indexes. On a shelf an inch high twenty pieces of sheet music can be kept. If there are twenty shelves a respectable library can be maintained at one's fingers' ends. A card bearing the names of all the pieces in each shelf is not difficult to prepare and it would save an infinity of annoyance and confusion. The phonograph manufacturers wrought wisely when they provided indexed receptacles for records. Pianists sometimes complain that the standard size or sheet music is difficult to preserve and just as difficult to handle without damage. This complaint will vanish in the future, for the American Music Publishers have determined on using the quarto form—like Peter's edition—for all music they issue from henceforth. That will simplify the task of maintaining a musical library in reasonably neat condition.

Why We Call a Musician an Artist

Anyone who submits to a child's cross-questioning is about sure to get floored sooner or later. Sometimes, very often in fact, the final thrust comes in the form of the most simple question. Not long ago a music teacher was just finishing the lesson with a little girl when the latter asked, "Why is a musician called an artist?" An answer was given but it did not enlighten the child and the teacher confessed to the writer that it was far from satisfactory to himself. "It was about equivalent," said he, "to saying in several sentences—because."

The incident had passed entirely out of mind when one day a young woman said to this same teacher, "Why would you say we call a famous musician an artist?" Again he was at a loss for direct concise answer. But one evening shortly after that he was looking over some of the books in his book-case and his eye caught a page in Florence Barclay's *The Rosary* which, he said, brought home to his mind the exact answer to the bothersome question. It was this in brief. A blind man was sitting in the moonlight singing this:

"The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

"Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon, how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

"Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall:
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of All."

"These words came back to me," he related, "and to get away from despairing thoughts I began reciting them to an accompaniment of chords. And then, suddenly, I saw it pictured in sound! Just as I used to see a sunset in light and shadows and then transfer it to my canvas in shade and color—so I heard a sunset in harmony, and I felt the same kind of tingle in my fingers as I used to feel when inspiration came, and I could catch up my brushes and palette. So I played the sunset. And then I got the theme for life fading, and what one feels when the glorious noon is suddenly

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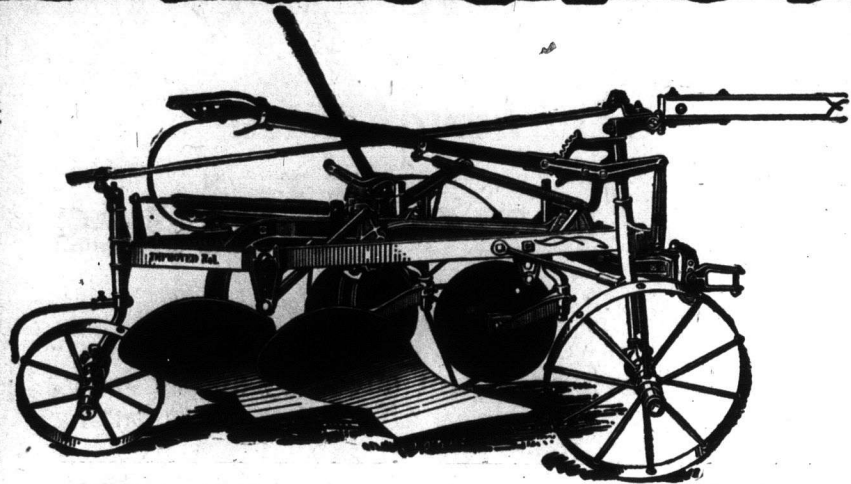
plunged into darkness; and then the prayer. And then I heard a vision of heaven, where evening shadows never fall. And after that came the end; just certainty and worship and peace. You see the eventual theme worked out of all this. It was like making studies for a picture.

Then it all opened up. Music is sound pictures. It will, perhaps, be remembered that once Chopin had a picture in his mind of the nobility of Poland marching to his music. Stately dames

and lofty cavaliers swept past him and he saw Polish soldiers going into battle. The view transposed to a sound picture created either his *A Flat Polonaise* or the *Military Polonaise*. A person who was fond of music heard of *Welsh Rhapsodie*. To her it represented the mountains and rivers and glimpses of the sea; the sea-fowl wheeling and screaming in the wind; then the melody the *Welsh* songs of love and home sung by the common people as only the *Welsh* can sing them. It was a sound picture again.

Surely one who composes such a work or one who interprets it to his or her audience is the highest type of artist.

Miller's Worm Powders do not need the after-help of castor oil or any purgative to complete their thoroughness, because they are thorough in themselves. One dose of them, and they will be found palatable by all children, will end the worm trouble by making the stomach and bowels untenable to the parasites. And not only this, but the powders will be certain to exert most beneficial influences in the digestive organs.



The Plow it Pays to Use

SEE the Oliver Improved No. 1 Gang Plow.
It is a model of strong construction, light draft, close adjustment, ease of operation—the result of 59 years of good plow building.

Getting down to details, compare the heavy one-piece bar steel frame, the bracing, the bail hangers, the wheel connections, wheel bracket bearings and control rod adjustment, with those of any other plow sold in Western Canada. The Oliver No. 1 leads them all. The plow beams with their rigid bracing; the long, strong frog that makes the foundation of the plow bottom; the longer, stronger, sharper point of the Oliver share; every feature that means good work and long life for the tool, is found in this Oliver plow. Look it over carefully; compare it point by point with any other gang plow offered.

In this same good Oliver plow line are tractor plows, sulkies, disk gangs, prairie and brush breakers, and walking plows to meet every possible plowing condition. See the local dealer for full information about any plow in the Oliver line, or write the nearest branch house below.

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A Message For Every Home

Is to be found in the Splendid Picture The Dispatch Rider

By Malcolm D. Charleson

The Dispatch Rider is one of the finest water color art productions of the year 1917.

It depicts a trooper of the 34th Fort Garry Horse Regiment in France.

It is from the brush of Mr. M. D. Charleson, a well-known western Canadian artist, and was produced by him while a member of the famous Fort Garry Horse.

Many months ago Mr. Charleson was commissioned by the management of The Manitoba Free Press Company, Limited, to create a watercolor that would make a suitable premium for the subscribers of The Free Press Prairie Farmer. Western Home Monthly readers, by taking advantage of this special offer, can also secure a copy of this picture.

The writer of this announcement cannot hope to picture in cold type the expression on "The Dispatch Rider's" face as he dashes along the old Roman road, with a century-old village just behind in the fierce grip of the red flames of war. There is something about the peaceful valley and the exploding shrapnel that is inexplicable, and both the horse and rider glaringly convey the absolute necessity and the urgency of the situation existing in the background.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer has had this watercolor painting reproduced in eight delicate colors on photochrome paper by the best lithographer in Western Canada. The size of the picture itself is 13 inches by 18 inches, and including the mount is 21 by 28 inches.

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The Home Doctor

Why Hunger Does Not Make Babies Cry

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., Johns Hopkins University.

The average mother is implicitly convinced that seven times in ten, when her baby cries, the infant is hungry. She will, therefore, be as amazed, perhaps, as was the old woman whose little dog failed to recognize her with her petticoat cut off, when she learns that researches carried on independently by Dr. R. Taylor, Dr. A. J. Carlom, Dr. I. Timpowsky, and Dr. H. Ginsburg prove that youngsters seldom cry when they are actually hungry.

When a baby cries it is more apt to be due to emotional symptoms, to want of warmth and comfort traceable to habits engendered by thoughtless, selfish persons, who pick them up, spoil and coddle them.

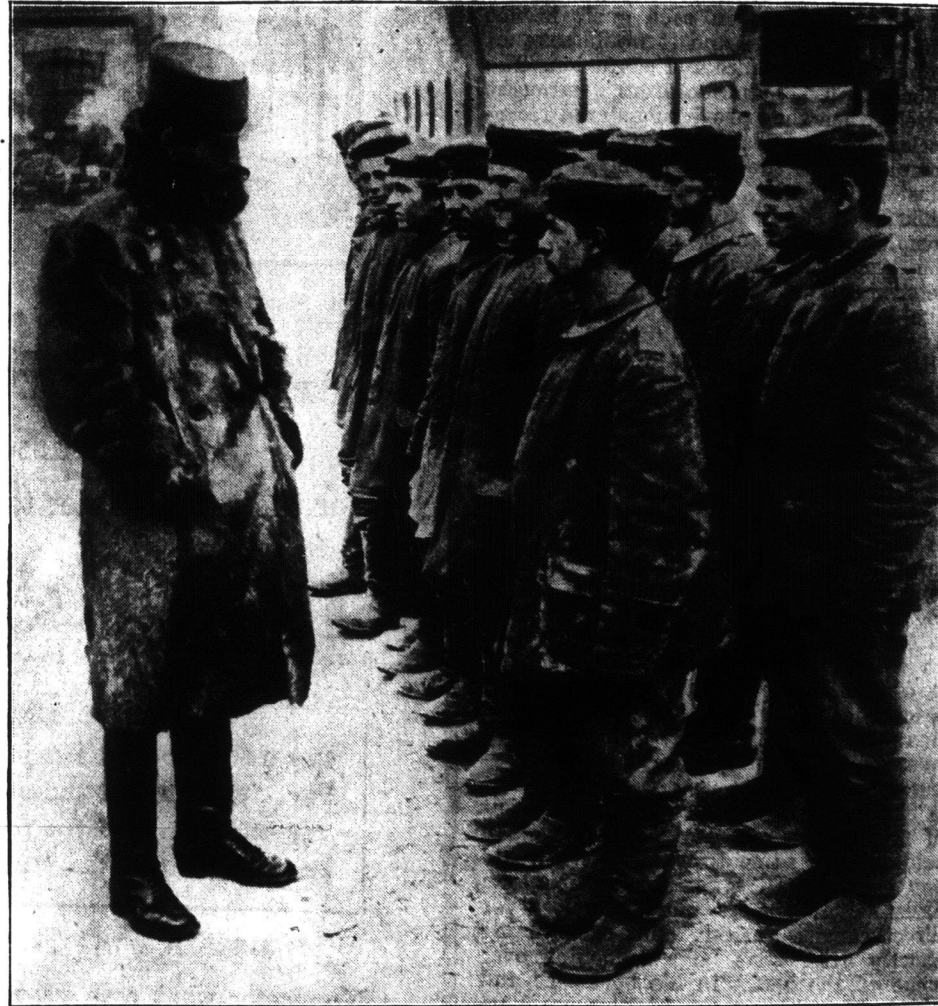
Most often the cries, shrieks, howls, or real tears of infants are due to the absence of some accustomed, expected or looked for sensation; just as the fear of the dark in older children owes its origin often to the withdrawal of the day sensations of noise, light, sound, feelings, movements, and sights.

nursing or the bottle. The commonly made claim of aunts, nurses, and grandmothers that crying stops when water or food is given, is about as logical as that a mustard plaster "cures" a pain. Either procedure is only a matter of diverted attention—a counter-attraction, as it were.

Even prematurely born babies exhibit great contractions of the stomach due to hunger. While the taste of sugar, salt, acid, or tart things check the sensations as well as the moments of hunger in a grown-up's tummy, babies and infants of older age lack this mental influence.

In the normally cared-for, breast-fed child, nursed at regular, clock-like intervals and not picked up or coddled between times, hunger is rarely, if ever, an immediate source of crying.

Neither the hunger contractions themselves nor the possible irritability supposed to be due to them, incite the child to cry. When a baby cries, you may at once eliminate the two commonly blamed causes, namely, hunger or the teeth, and look for wet "diddies," lack of covers, pins that stick, faulty food, too much food, colic, fever, middle ear infection, adenoids, or some other definite trouble.



Youngsters are fighting for Germany, boys apparently sixteen to seventeen years old, are shouldering arms, and are put in the front line trenches to battle with the French and British. This photo shows a number of the boys, of the class of 1918, captured by the French, and gives proof that Germany is running shy of man power, of full grown men to do her fighting. Therefore, boys just out of school, are put in the front lines.

The all too prevalent notion that the babe that cries is hungry, has been convincingly disproved by a multitude of plain facts, observations, and experiments. It can be seen by X-rays and during operations that the empty, hungry stomach of grown-ups, as well as youngsters, squirm and wriggle when the pangs of hunger and the need of victuals and drink are apparent.

Hunger moments in the stomach are associated with hunger sense. The stomach of the infant allowed to remain empty a long time, becomes more intensely animated than does the grown-ups hungry alimentary canal. Experiments and observations made in the departments of physiology have just been extended by Professor Taylor, of the Children's Department of the University of Wisconsin.

He offers a mass of facts, which go to show that unspoiled, unpetted young infants pay little or no attention to the hunger sensations or hunger contractions of the stomach. They even sleep throughout such periods. They are not unusually quiet for sixteen hours after

The Unsanitary Art of Dish-washing

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D., Johns Hopkins University.

Miss Bessie D— was employed as ledger clerk and poster in one of the departments of the Bell Telephone Company of a southern city. She and half a hundred other pretty girls and an equal number of amorous young men, usually ate their lunch in the offices between 12 and 12.30, and then walked in the open air for another half-hour.

It was not unusual there, nor is it so elsewhere, to exchange bites of sandwiches, cakes, apples and oranges with each other. Miss D allowed another young girl, Miss A—, a bite or two from her dainties almost every lunch hour.

One day, Miss A— had a hemorrhage from the mouth, while at work. Miss D— mentioned this casually, and with no realization of its significance.

"Miss A— must have tuberculosis of the lungs," I told Miss D—. "Well, I believe she has," was her dawning reply. It was clear to her now.

although it had not occurred to the young woman before that 98 times in the 100 a hemorrhage from the mouth means tuberculosis.

Miss D— has lived in a sane fear ever since that she might have become infected with the eternally present tubercle bacilli of that scourge. She may escape its ravages by the very terror generated.

This has made her live an outdoor meat-fat eating, anti-tuberculous life.

It was not, however, the exchange of morsels from each other's lunch that exposed so many to the bacilli of this plague. Wash water from the dishes, hand-washed cups, saucers, plates with the dish cloths reeking with bacteria, are perhaps, a greater menace than eating something removed from the mouth of a consumptive.

Studies and experiments in dish washing by Dr. Wallace A. Mannheimer, of the New York City Department of Health, show that the glasses in restaurants and confectionery stores are merely rinsed off, and therefore not properly or sanitariously cleaned.

Even where sterile paper cups are used, the glasses, spoons, and other parts ought to be washed thoroughly, not with a lick and a promise, but with soap and hot water. Scalded dishes and spoons are less infested with germs.

The care employed to have the dishes and ware perfectly clean, depends upon the average of human nature. This, you will observe is a devil-may-care, take-a-chance carelessness, which contradicts most of the work of sanitariums and hygienists.

Dirty dishwater, soiled towels, repulsive greasy dishes, flies and their profligate distributions; lukewarm water instead of scalding hot fluid to help destroy bacteria, are all aids to the spread of the disease.

Bacterial tests and examinations made of the dish water, towels, linens, dishes and implements of tables and lunch rooms, show large numbers and varieties of disease germs.

Vigorous use of soap and scalding hot water with frequent changes to clean, sterile dish cloths reduced the species and number of bacteria nearly 99 per cent.

Hand washed dishes, however, can never equal those mechanically washed by means of several modern inventions as far as the prevention of disease is concerned.

These mechanical devices do away with hand drying, and are decidedly labor-saving. Except when bacteria are in the bottom of bottles or deep containers, protected thus from the scalding boiling water, the dishes are nearly always sterilized and as free of microbes as the area of skin and flesh operated upon by a skillful surgeon.

Poverty—The Friend

"Poor child," exclaimed the new-found friend, "you have suffered great hardship. How could you endure such a life? To be hungry and no money at all—for weeks did you say?"

"Nearly two months," smiled the little woman in brown who was just rising out of obscurity into comfort and plenty.

"And you walked from the suburbs to the city each day seeking work?"

"And back," nodded the little woman, smiling. "Five miles each way—without luncheon. Sometimes without breakfast."

"Didn't it almost—kill you?"

"It saved me!" The little woman in brown raised her head proudly. "It showed me that poverty doesn't amount to anything at all. That it's merely a test to prove one's worth and to show how kind people are at heart. My dear," her voice shook with feeling, "when you are treated with respect and consideration in your old clothes; when even strangers go out of their way to be nice to you—and you without a cent in your pocket, that is when you begin to realize how good people are, after all—common people, rich people, all sorts of people!"

"But where were your friends? Didn't they help you?" asked her companion.

The little woman smiled. "My friends were all about me—stranger-friends. I never realized before what friends just anybody can prove in time of need. Why, I made the most delightful friends in my shabby four-season clothes." Her eyes misted at the recollections. "Do you

know that I wouldn't be without the riches I gained in those two years of experience for anything I can think of? I learned amazing things. I learned that the reason why people don't help one another more is because they are afraid!"

"Afraid!" exclaimed her listener. "Yes, afraid of giving offence, afraid they will be seen and misunderstood, afraid they may not be doing the right thing. Everyone wants to give—I found that out. It's the primal desire of the human heart to want to help another in distress!"

"I wonder if it is." The friend narrowed her eyes thoughtfully.

"I know it is!" The little woman spoke with conviction. "Those seemingly hard, unprogressive months in reality were times of glorious growth—

of spiritual wealth unspeakable—of tenderness and strength and understanding that will broaden and enrich my whole life."

"It isn't everyone that would look at it in that way," commented her friend.

"It isn't everyone that needs to," smiled the little woman in brown, "but I've won happiness out of what the world calls poverty—a friend it is, not an enemy. That is really what all trials are if we would but see them so," she continued. "The hardship and suffering are soon forgotten. They go down into the dead past, but the strength and courage won of the struggle remain forever."

"And what are you going to do now that you have risen above it all?" There was a note of curiosity in her friend's tone.

The little woman in brown laughed. "Why, I'm just going to spend my life trying to help those who haven't yet learned the lessons to be brave and cheerful. That's what life is, isn't it?" she asked softly, "just learning and passing it on?"

"Well," her friend sighed, "You're surely a brave woman and an unselfish one. There aren't many such. I'm afraid I like my luxuries too well to yearn for the blessings of poverty. But—I envy you just the same," she declared warmly.

And the little woman in brown smiled happily as she thought of the fullness of the years ahead.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.



The Country Store

IN the evening, when the day's work is done, men like to stroll over to the village store to discuss the war, politics, or whatever may be of local interest.

It is under these circumstances that the health of the family is referred to and experiences are interchanged in regard to medicines that have proven particularly effective.

After Dr. Chase had introduced his medicines to the druggists he found that many who wrote to him for treatment lived many miles from doctor or druggist, and had to depend on the country store for their medicines. Thus it came about that Dr. Chase's medicines were placed in general stores, and you can now obtain them wherever medicines are sold.

Instead of trying to imagine what the man in the picture is saying about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, we shall publish a letter from Mr. James Carr, who attributes his good health and that

of his large family to the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

18 Miles From Drug Store.

Mr. James Carr, Maynooth, Ont., writes: "About nineteen years ago I received an envelope containing two of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I was doctoring at the time with two doctors and, as they did me no good, I used the pills, and by the time I had finished one box I was cured of the pain in the back and shoulders.

"We have great confidence in Dr. Chase's medicines. I have a family of ten children and have never had a doctor in the house for any of them. We live eighteen miles from a drug store, and find that these pills cure nearly all the ordinary ills by regulating the liver, kidneys and bowels. That we are all well and sound I attribute to their use, and I have recommended them to hundreds and given away many a box because I believe there is no medicine so good."

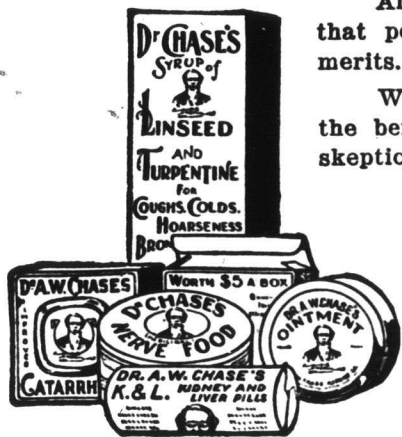
After long experience with Dr. Chase's Medicines we have found that people who try them are soon convinced of their exceptional merits.

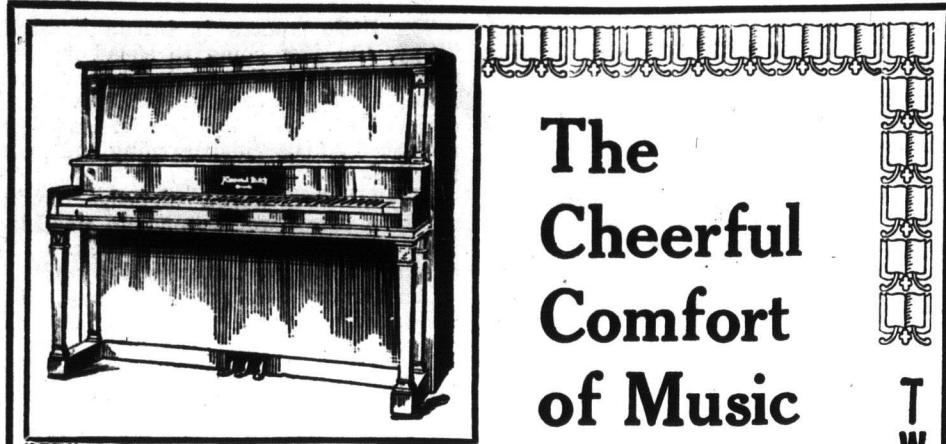
We have published thousands of letters to give you an idea of the benefits others have obtained by their use, but if you are still skeptical we shall be glad to send you our

Free Combination Package

- One 25-cent box Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
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You will kindly mention the name of this paper and enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage to Edmansson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Dr. Chase Bldg., Toronto.





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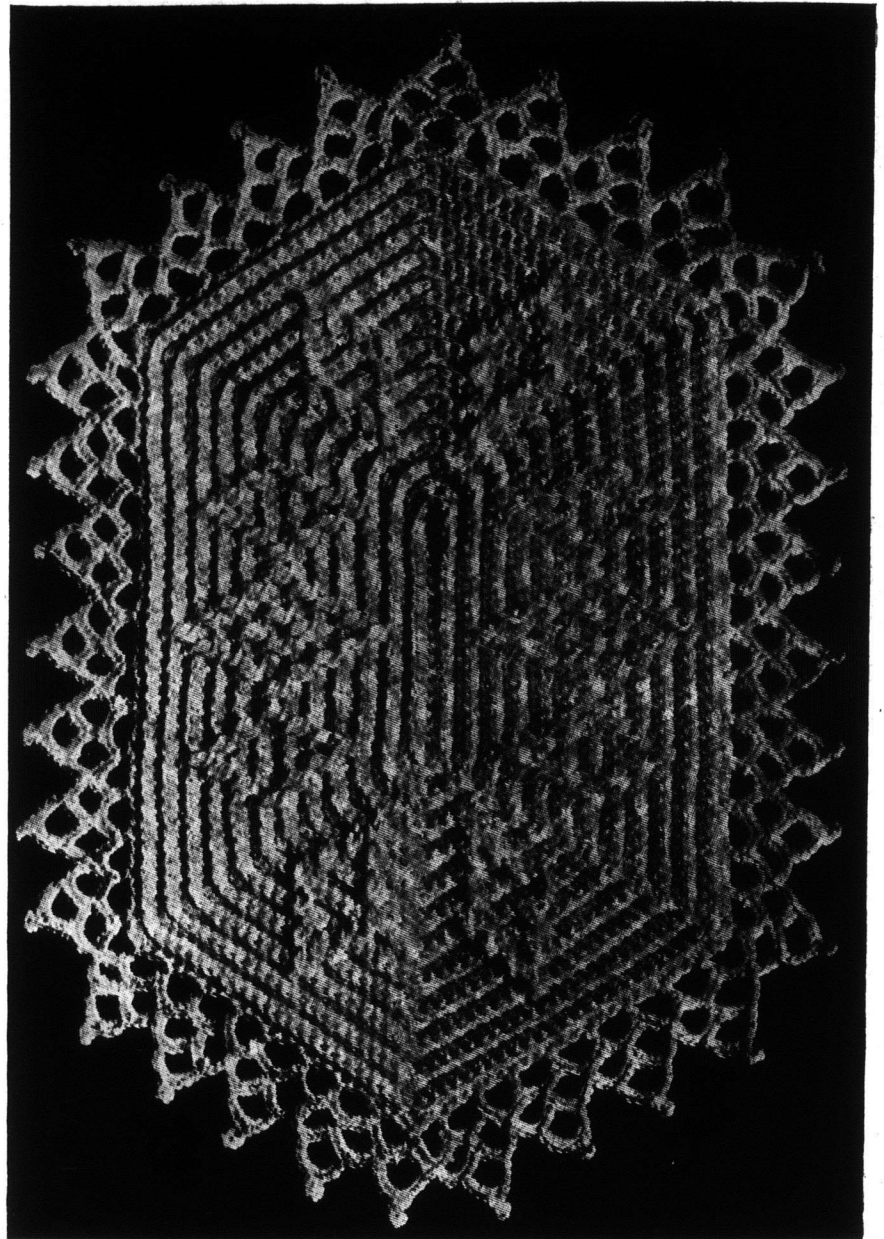
These directions for smallest size.

For each size larger begin with 5 stitches more, begin the small diamonds 2 rows further up, and make the large diamonds 1 row deeper.

The back loop is used throughout the work. Ch. 21, turn. 1st row: Skip 1st ch., 19 s. c. in 19 ch., 3 s. c. in next ch., working down other side of ch. making 19 s. c., 3 s. c. in end st., join with sl. st., ch. 1, turn. 2nd row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c. widen by making 3 s. c. in next s. c., 3 s. c. in next, 19 s. c. in next 19, 3 s. c. each in next 3 st., 19 s. c. in next 19, join with a sl. st. in ch. 1, ch. 1, turn. 3rd row: 1-s. c. in each s. c., join, ch. 1, turn. 4th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 1 s. c. in next 2 s. c., widen (the widenings throughout the work are

5 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., widen, 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., repeat from * to joining. 15th row: Like 3rd row. 16th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 5 s. c., * 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 4 s. c., widen, 4 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., widen, 5 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., widen, 5 s. c., repeat from * to joining. Widenings as before, make 6 rows carrying out diamond design as illustrated. 23rd row: Like 3rd row. 24th row: Widen in widenings.

For Lace: * Ch. 5, skip 2 s. c., 1 s. c. in next s. c. Repeat from * around edge. 2nd row: 7 s. c. in each loop, join, 1 sl. st. on 1st 3 s. c. 3rd row: * Ch. 5, 1 s. c. in 4th s. c. in next loop. Repeat from * around edge. 4th row: * 7 s. c. in next loop, 4 s. c. in next loop, ch. 7, turn, 1 sl. st. in 4th of 1st loop, turn, 4 s. c. in loop,



made by taking 3 s. c. in center st. of each previous widening, thus gaining 2 st. between all widenings), 2 s. c., widen, 21 s. c., widen, 2 s. c., widen, 2 s. c., widen, 21 s. c., join, ch. 1, turn. 5th row: Like 3rd row. 6th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 4 s. c., widen, 4 s. c., widen, 11 s. c., 1 d. c. around 11th st. in 3rd row, 11 s. c., widen, 4 s. c., widen, 4 s. c., widen, 11 s. c., 1 d. c., 11 s. c., join, ch. 1, turn. 7th row: Like 3rd row. 8th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c. in 5th row, 2 s. c., widen, * 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 7 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 7 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., widen. Repeat from * to the joining, ch. 1, turn. 9th row: Like 3rd row. 10th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 3 s. c., * 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., widen, 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 5 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c. and repeat from * to the joining, ch. 1, turn. 11th row: Like 3rd row. 12th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 3 s. c., * 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., widen, 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 1 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 2 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., 1 d. c., 3 s. c., widen, 3 s. c., repeat from * to joining. Ch. 1, turn. 13th row: Like 3rd row. 14th row: 2 s. c. in 1st s. c., 3 s. c., * 1 d. c.,

picot, 4 s. c. in same loop, 4 s. c. in next loop. Repeat from * around edge.

To Marry or Not?

That is a question which intimately concerns most women. I want to tell you how one Canadian woman answered it just two years ago. This story is true, but for obvious reasons I am not telling you the heroine's name. She lives in a Western Manitoba town, and in spite of the fact that she acted contrary to the wishes of nearly all her friends, she is happy, that is as happy as she can be in times like these.

I'm going to call her Mary. Mary was engaged to Jim for three years before he enlisted, but on account of her mother's opposition she did not marry him. Her mother was an invalid and did not want her daughter to marry and leave her, nor was she willing to live in any but her own home. Selfish? Yes, but Mary humored her from a mistaken sense, or perhaps it would be better to say an exaggerated sense of duty. Her mother was a widow and had always been humored.

Then war broke out, and Jim decided to enlist. Mary didn't stand in his way. Just as the care of her mother had been

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her duty she knew that Jim's duty was to his country. Then she questioned herself. Was she really doing her duty? Had she any right to keep Jim waiting for his happiness? He was going away to what? To death? She didn't know, but in any event she felt that she had failed him. But it was not too late, she could make it up to him in part. She would marry him now. So she sent him a wire, "Come immediately." He came, and she said, "Jim, I want you to marry me now, before you enlist." Jim said, "No, it isn't a fair proposition." Mary insisted. Jim said "no" once or twice more, but each time the "no" was less emphatic. Then he consented, and just as quickly as it could be done, they were married. Mary met with considerable opposition. Her mother brought every argument up against the proposed match, but Mary was firm. Her friends pointed out to her the folly of what she was doing, Mary was still firm. The strongest argument against the match was the possibility of Jim being killed and Mary becoming a mother. That was one of Mary's strongest reasons for marrying. In speaking to me some time after the wedding when Jim had gone overseas Mary said, "I rejoice that I am to be a mother, if the very worst happens, I shall have so much consolation." We often talked together of the child, which she hoped would be a son to bear his father's name. She was always brave and cheerful, though she had little encouragement from her mother, who persisted in a gloomy "I told you so" kind of manner.

Then the boy was born. The same day came news that Jim was wounded. They kept the news from Mary for a day or two, then she sensed that there was something wrong, and had to be told. She wrote cheery letters to Jim, and sent snap-shots of little Jim. Jim recovered and went back to the trenches. He is still fighting.

Little Jim is a fine healthy baby, the idol of his grandmother's heart, who is doing her best to spoil him. She is more of a normal woman now than she has been since her husband's death, thought of self is crushed out by love for the child. Mary has not been too proud to take help from the Patriotic Fund. She is taking a business course now, and if Jim is not home when the baby is six months older she intends to obtain a position that she may save a little for time of need.

Most girls who contemplate marrying a soldier are advised by their friends not to take risks, and yet this is an age of risks. Personally I feel that the girl who is sure of her love and has health takes a greater risk when she decides to wait till the war is over. The woman, who is a mother is one of the greatest benefactors to her country. So many of our best young men are pouring out their hearts' blood on the fields of France. They, the potential fathers of Canada that is to be, are dying childless, while the foreign born young men stay home and marry. In the days that are to be, the proportion of British Canadians to the foreign born is bound to be less than it now is. That being the case the girl who marries the soldier who offers his life for his country, is doing her bit in a very special way, and should be encouraged, not discouraged. I heard one girl say, "I prefer a live man for a husband to a dead hero." Many may feel that way, but heroes do not die in the hearts of those who love them, and it is a glorious heritage for a boy or girl, that his father laid down his life for his country. The war widows must suffer many things, but it will be our place to see that they do not suffer from a material point of view.

(Editor's Note—Will the writer of this timely article kindly forward her name to this office. Unfortunately the letter accompanying the article is lost.)

A Wise Child

"George Washington told his father the exact truth about chopping the cherry-tree."

"Yes," replied the sweet, impressionable child; "George knew when he was caught with the goods, all right."

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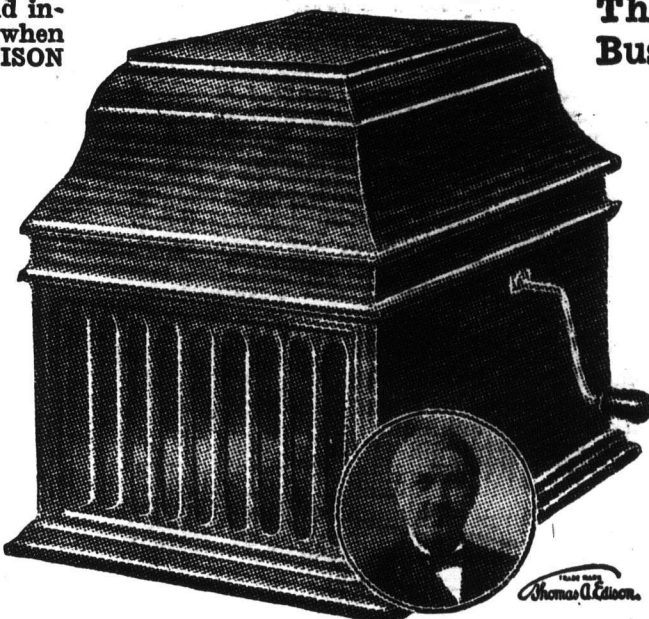
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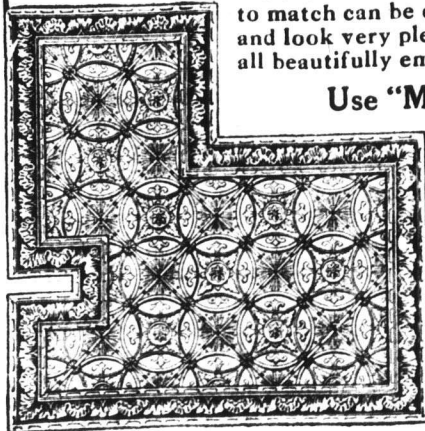
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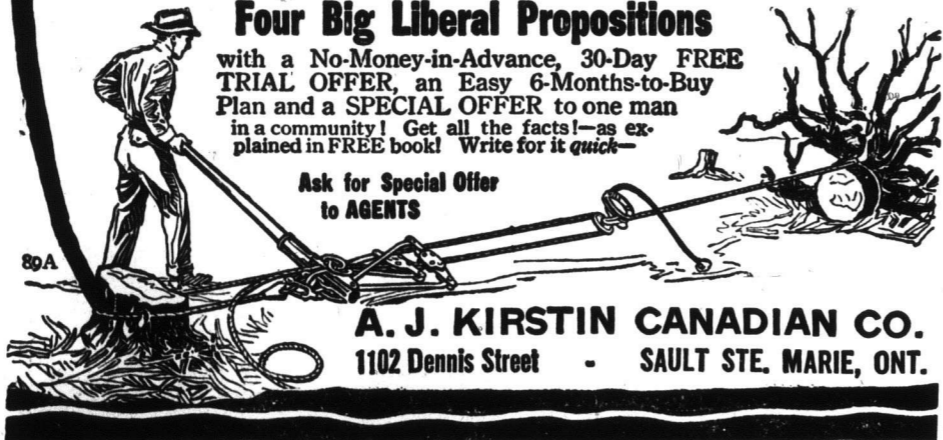
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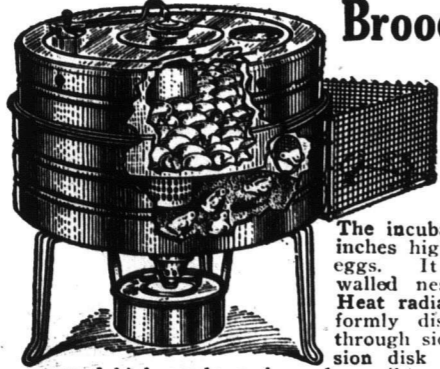
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About the Farm

Modifying the Constituents of Plants

By Prof. Thomas Shaw

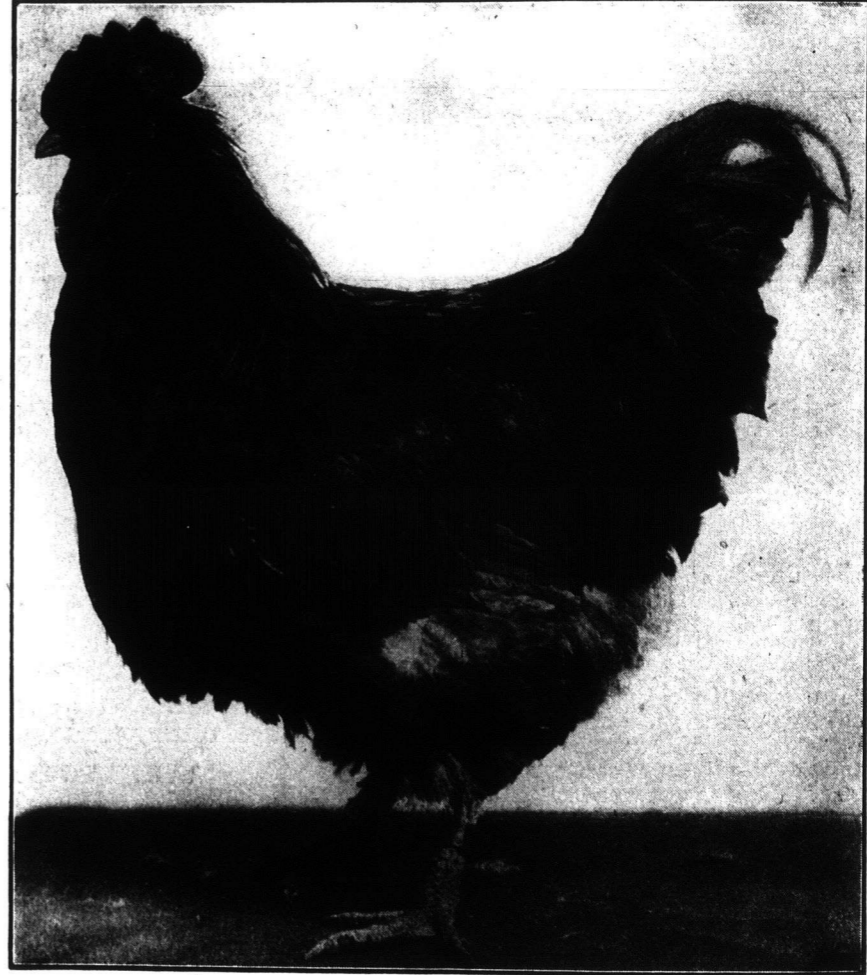
The various experimental stations in Canada and the United States have conducted in the aggregate an amazing amount of experimentation. The larger portion of it has been useful. But with regard to some of it a question mark may fitly be placed at the end of the report concerning it, not for the purpose of questioning its veracity, but rather for the purpose of questioning its utility. Before an experiment is undertaken it is well worth while to consider whether the results will pay for the labor expended in securing them.

To cite an instance by way of illustration as to what is meant exactly, reference may be made to an experiment several years ago at the Illinois experiment station, with reference to increasing the protein content in the corn plant. To accomplish this even in a moderate degree several years of experimentation were called for. This was brought about by selection in the seed. The seed of corn will vary somewhat in its protein content, though of the same variety and

In Illinois protein can be abundantly supplied from other plants which would bring nitrogen to the soil also, in the process of their growth. Would it not be wiser to seek protein by growing these than by seeking it through increasing it in the corn plant?

In much of that State clover and alfalfa may be grown with at least a fair measure of success. In the southern half of the state the soy bean and the cow pea grow in good form. Would it not be wiser to encourage the farmers to grow these as a source of protein? The soy bean especially is exceedingly rich in protein. The medium varieties, as the Ito San, and the large varieties, as the Mammoth Yellow, will produce readily a tonnage that will fit them for siloing. Would it not be much wiser to grow these and to silo them with corn than to increase the protein content in corn? To the writer it would seem about as great a mistake for the Canadian stations to spend time in increasing the protein content in timothy, while they should rather be perfecting methods of growing such legumes as alfalfa.

It must not be understood that there is no place for changing or seeking



First Prize Winner at Winnipeg Poultry Show, 1918. S. C. Buff Orpington. Bred, owned and exhibited by F. J. G. McArthur.

grown in the same field. The increase in protein was considerable; notwithstanding, did the practical benefits resulting repay the outlay? Is it a wise thing to seek to add to the protein content of corn which in as far as the change is successful is made at the expense of the carbohydrate content in the corn? Corn is a fattening food. That is its distinguishing feature. Among the grain plants generally grown over wide areas corn is unquestionably king as a fatterer. Why should such a food be thus changed? Is not the amount of fat forming constituents one of the crowning characteristics of corn?

One object sought by the experimenters was to make corn more nearly a balanced ration in areas where corn is abundantly grown, but would it be for the general good if all fodders grow in balance? Would not such a condition encourage the one crop system and therefore militate against the principle of rotation? Nature evidently intended that foods should be balanced in the feed box and the manger rather than in the field in which they grow? Could the protein content be so improved in corn that it became in itself a balanced food, the area of corn culture would certainly be relatively extended. Would that be in the interests of a better agriculture, since corn is not a soil enricher?

change in the constituents of plants by way of experimentation. Take, for instance, the sugar-beet. The more that its sugar content is increased, the more valuable does it become providing such increase is not made at the expense of other good qualities in the beet. Sugar in the beet is its most valuable element. Increase in the sugar content adds to the cash value of the tonnage. A little more protein in corn than is usual may possibly add something to its intrinsic value, but it will not affect the market value. The beet is grown primarily for its sugar. Corn is grown primarily for its carbohydrates.

It is also not only legitimate but commendable to increase the starch content in potatoes when these are grown mainly for use in starch factories. Usually heavy-yielding varieties are devoted to such use. Now, if the starch content can be increased in these materially without reducing the yield, the gain is so far to be commended. But this would not justify experiment with a view to change the starch content in the ordinary edible varieties, that is, varieties in favor for table use. There would seem to be no distinct advantage from changing the starch content in these.

It is also not only legitimate but it is frequently commendable to try to so change the habit of growth in plants

with a view the better to adapt them to the purposes for which they are grown. For instance, it is legitimate and commendable to remove the suckers from corn, in varieties that are grown chiefly for grain. It is commendable to seek increase in hardness in varieties that are grown far north. In such areas it may be wise to try and increase the leaf growth in crown that is intended for the silo, where the conditions are such that it cannot mature. These modifications may affect the protein content or they may not. If they do it will only be slightly. Nor is it a matter of much consequence.

Again, take the question of the sugar beet. The more perfectly that the crown is buried in the soil, the less will be the loss in sugar in the crown part of the beet, which is rejected for the factory. Should a variety acceptable otherwise, but faulty in this respect, be grown extensively, experiment to remove this defect would be helpful. Once again, should mangels be grown for stock feeding, it may be worth while to encourage by way of experiment the mangels growing well out of the ground, for this will add to the ease in handling the crop, but it may not materially influence its food constituents.

Once more, take the oat plant. The amount of hull and the proportion of the same differs very considerably, not only in varieties but in the same variety. Now the food value of the kernel is greater than the food value of hull. It would be commendable, therefore, in a large-yielding variety to experiment with a view to decrease the amount of hull without decreasing at the same time the yields. The outcome would be increase in weight and in feeding value. This may doubtless result without affecting materially the chemical constituents of the oats. So, too, it may be legitimate to try to increase the relative oil production in flax grown chiefly for the grain, rather than to try to increase the protein in the same. The oil is the essential element in such flax—the protein is a by-product.

Some Notes on Millfeeds

By Agricola

To feed or not to feed is the problem confronting many stockmen just now. Of course there will be those who will adopt the latter course as near as may be, and bring their animals through the winter more or less alive. It will, however, be the feeder who is willing to invest an extra dollar now, who will draw the biggest milk cheques next June. Although purchased feedstuffs are ruling high in price, the careful feeder who is looking for business six months hence, as well as the present, will be in search of the best and cheapest concentrates wherewith to supplement his home-grown grains. He knows that an unbalanced ration is wasteful; that if the quantity of digestible protein is too small, the animals produce less milk or beef. Furthermore, the other feed components, starch, carbohydrates, fat, etc., if in excess of the animal's capacity for assimilating them, are to some extent passed out of the body incompletely digested. Having tried a good many millfeeds, I am tempted to offer a few notes on the more common kinds, that in my experience seem to possess the highest nutritive value.

Cotton Seed Meal

Cottonseed meal as a concentrate rich in protein is unexcelled. Both as a milk and beef producer it deserves consideration. Analyses establish its high feeding value and clearly demonstrate that it holds the premier position for the largest amount of digestible protein to be had in any concentrate. For growing yearlings and other young stock it is unequalled, if fed moderately. It should not be fed to calves under six months of age, or be included in a ration for young

pigs. A small quantity may be fed to ewes after parturition with advantage.

This valuable concentrate is the by-product in the manufacture of cottonseed-oil. The hull of the cottonseed is removed, the kernel cooked and subjected to pressure to remove the oil. The residue or cotton cakes are then pulverized, in which form they are placed on the market.

Cottonseed meal is frequently adulterated. If one is familiar with the genuine article, the difference can be easily detected. The pure meal is a light golden color, and should be free from black and brown specks. Hulls are generally used to adulterate the meal.

Linseed Meal

Linseed meal gives good results when fed to all classes of animals. On account of its concentrated nature it, of course, must be fed in moderate quantities, and will be found valuable to correct the deficiency of protein in some of our home grown feedstuffs. Containing a high percentage of crude fat it has a beneficial mechanical effect in rendering the passage of the other components of the ration through the alimentary canal less difficult.

This product is the residue left after extracting the oil from flaxseed with naphtha, benzene, or a similar solvent of oily matter. In the extraction of linseed oil by the old process, the flaxseed was subject to pressure. The new process admits of a more perfect removal of the oil from the seed; therefore, linseed meal obtained from the "new process" generally contains more protein and less fat than the "old process" meal.

Gluten Products

Gluten feed and gluten meal are two important by-products from corn. Unfortunately, these names are often confused. The terms are very much alike, and yet there is quite a wide difference in the composition of the two products. Gluten meal is very much richer in protein and fat than gluten feed, whereas gluten feed is considerably higher in carbohydrates than gluten meal.

Gluten meal is the residue, or part of the residue from the manufacture of starch and glucose. The process consists essentially in the separation, first, of the germ and hull from the starch and gluten; and second, the final separation of gluten from the starch. The residue may then consist of three products: a mixture of gluten, germ and hulls; a mixture of any two of these components, or a single component. In any case, the by-products are part of the original corn, but when prepared for market they differ from it, and from each other, in the amount of nutrients, and also in appearance. The entire residue is called gluten feed. It has a bright, yellow color and is more bulky than corn meal.

Ten Rules for Poultrymen

- The ten following rules if observed will aid in increasing our production:
1. Keep more pure-bred hens of a good laying strain.
 2. Keep one breed, the best you can get.
 3. Select your breeding eggs from the best layers—the latest hens to molt in the fall and winter.
 4. Select large uniform eggs of even shape and color.
 5. Hatch pullets in February, March and April.
 6. Keep plenty of green feed where the hens can graze it regularly.
 7. Provide good feed and housing, and provide water in clean vessels.
 8. Feed a variety of grains, such as wheat, corn, oats, and sunflower seed.
 9. Feed a dry mash of corn meal, cottonseed meal, wheat bran and shorts or ground oats.
 10. Keep a good scratch of straw and throw all grain feed in it to induce exercise.

Disappointing

"How's that book you were just reading?"
 "Oh, it's another of those publications in which a corking good title is spoiled by the story."



Tired Of Boarding Gophers?

Are you ready to quit slaving to provide a bounteous, free boarding house for gophers?

Do you want all the profits from your labor, or are you still willing to share the profits with the gopher?

Would you take the advice of the Manitoba Agricultural College? They advise killing gophers. They say gophers do enormous damage, that every gopher on your land costs you real money. They have tried many ways of killing gophers. Their advice is founded on cold facts proven by careful tests. Of all the killers they tried, one proved up to their requirements. That one was Kill-Em-Quick, which this great school recommended as the "most effective gopher poison."

Kill-Em-Quick is the cheapest gopher poison sold in Canada. Others may give larger packages, but the size of the package doesn't kill gophers. It's what's inside that counts. Kill-Em-Quick is a concentrated poison, the strongest gopher poison sold in Canada, as was shown by the Government analysis.

Kill-Em-Quick is the cheapest gopher poison you can use, because it never fails to "get" the gophers. You never have to do the job over because it never fails. You waste no grain because of weak poison, no time, no money, when you use this old friend of the crops. Best for ten years, ever since farmers began killing gophers.

If Kill-Em-Quick was apt to fail, could we give the rock-ribbed money-back guarantee that is printed on every package? If it fails, we are bound to return the purchase price.



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Gopher Poison

It deserves your confidence. It has earned it. Don't be misled by the unsupported claims that are widely made; get the genuine Kill-Em-Quick.

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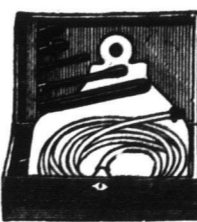
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Fashions and Patterns

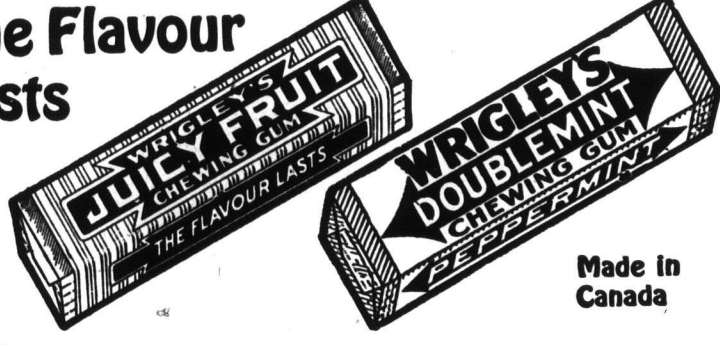


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and How to Feed H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S. 118 West 31st St., N.Y.

A Pretty Dress for a Little Miss.—2362—Serge, velvet, gingham, chambray, galatea, percale or linen could be used for this model. The skirt is gathered to the waist, and the fronts are closed over a stay. The sleeve may be made with a cuff and in wrist length, or as in the back view, in bell style. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Dress for the Slender Woman.—2378—Black satin was selected for this design; the finish is simple stitching. Blue serge or brown Jersey cloth would be nice, too. The model is also good for crepe, corduroy and velvet, linen and other wash fabrics. The right front of the waist overlaps the left, at the closing. The skirt is a two-piece

A Good Style for School or Play.—2363—Waist and trousers may be of the same material or the waist may be of madras, cambrie, percale or linen, and the trousers of khaki, serge, chevriot or corduroy. The trousers are made with side closing. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 will require 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Waist Model.—1953—Ladies' Waist in Surplice Style.—Georgette crepe in the new shade of blue would be nice for this, or a pretty shade of gray or brown flannel. It is also nice for lawn, linen, linene, madras, batiste, taffeta, satin and serge. The right front overlaps the left in surplice effect. The collar is wide over the shoulders and has smart lines. The sleeve is comfortable



model, gathered over sides and back and with the fronts plaited. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Three-piece Suit.—Coat waist 2184, Skirt 2187—The waist of this could be of crepe, silk or crepe de chine, and the coat blouse and skirt of jersey cloth, serge, silk or satin. Pattern 2184 furnishes the coat blouse and waist, and 2187 the skirt. The waist and coat blouse are cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, for the waist, and 3 1/2 yards for the blouse, for a 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in seven sizes also: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure, and requires 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

and finished with a pretty cuff. The pattern is in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Dress for Home Wear.—2374—This model is nice for gingham, linen, seersucker, percale, gabardine, serge and silk. The sleeve has a short seam at the back, below the elbow, which may be finished for a closing with buttons and buttonholes. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Party Dress.—2373—White voile, with a bit of embroidery and "Val" lace edging is here shown. The model is simple and may be finished without the jacket. It is nice for all wash fabrics, for combinations of silk and cloth, or gingham and organdie, crepe and silk. It is a smart style for velvet or serge. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10

and 12 years. Size 12 will require 3 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for dress with jacket. The jacket alone will require 1 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Popular Style.—2004—Junior dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. Serge, gabardine, plaid suiting, or shepherd check would be nice for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Taffeta, corduroy or velvet are also nice for this model. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat, Practical Apron Model.—2368—Very attractive in brown checked gingham, with facings of brown or white, or in blue chambray, with white braid for trimming, or in khaki or galatea, with

yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

A Practical Model.—2386—Little guimpe dresses, such as this, are just the thing for school or play, and indeed, also for best wear. They are easy to develop and easy to launder. The guimpe may be of crepe, lawn or batiste; the dress of gingham, percale, linen or voile. Silk or woolen goods are also appropriate. A wide belt at empire waistline, holds the fullness of the dress, which is closed on the shoulders. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 7/8 yard of 36-inch material for the guimpe and 2 1/4 yards for the dress. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular, Simple Model.—2151—



pipings of red or white. Percale, too, could be used in any of its pretty designs. For warm days this model will make an ideal work uniform. The pockets are roomy and gathered to a wide-shaped band. The pattern is cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 6 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Afternoon or Calling Gown.—Waist 2384, skirt 2381—Embroidered voile with lace insertion, or bands of contrasting material would be nice. The waist fronts are finished with wide sash ends that are crossed at the centre and fasten at the back. The waist pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. A dress for a medium size, as illustrated, will require 5 1/2

Girls' dress with sleeve in either of two lengths. This model is such a comfortable style for a school or play dress and so easy to develop. It is nice for dimity, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, gabardine, challie, poplin, repp and serge. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 3 3/4 yards of 24-inch material for a four-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for Slender Figures.—2369—This is a season for straight lines and simple styles. The model here shown is lovely for velvet, serge or satin. It may also be made of velour, gabardine or voile. The dress is loose fitting, and closes at the left side of the front under the collar. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about two yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable, Serviceable Garment.—2364—Blanketing, eiderdown, flannel, cashmere, satin, silk, and silk and cotton crepe are good for this model. The sleeve may be cut in either length illus-

Worms cause fretfulness and rob the infant of sleep, the great nourisher. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will clear the stomach and intestines and restore healthfulness.

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Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. For economy, buy the one pound tins.

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EVERY owner of garden space must help to grow food for his family this year, as a patriotic and personal duty. It is a vital wartime necessity. He must be doubly sure the seeds he selects will produce the most vigorous possible crops. In other words, he must plant Rennie's seeds, indisputably the standard of high quality, dependability and unquestioned purity. Rennie's War Garden Seeds are pledged to help win the war.

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We give herewith a suggestion of seeds recommended for early planting but study your catalogue.

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- CAULIFLOWER—RENNIE'S GILT EDGE SNOWBALL..... Per pkt. 25c.; 1/4 oz. \$1.25
- CELERY—RENNIE'S XXX GOLDEN SELF-BLANCHING.....Per pkt. 25c.; 1/4 oz. 75c.
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Winnipeg

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trated. The waist portion has a shaped lower outline. The garment is loose and closes in double-breasted style. Figured blue Japanese crepe, with facings of white or blue, would be nice for this. Gray eiderdown, with trimming of satin to match, will make a warm robe. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 6 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Ideal House Dress.—2170—This model is unique and practical. It is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the centre back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Deep, ample pockets trim the fronts. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about three yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple but Becoming Dress for Mother's Girl.—2376—All wash fabrics, cashmere, serge, checked and plaid material, corduroy, velvet and silk are suitable for this model. White lawn with edging of embroidery, gingham, with collar and cuffs of embroidery, or brown velvet with tiny frills of satin, could be used. The skirt portion is closed under the centre plait. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Play Suit for Mother's Boy.—2166—Boys' "Overall" or play suit—This is a splendid style for khaki, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, corduroy, galatea, poplin and drill. The blouse may be of lawn, cambrie or linen, and may be finished with long or short sleeves. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 1 1/4 yards for the blouse and 2 1/2 yards for the overalls, of 27-inch material, for a three-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Splendid "Cover All" Style.—2115—This apron may serve very well as a house dress, and with the "cool" neck and sleeve, is especially attractive for warm weather. The pattern is nice for chambray, gingham, linen, drill, percale, alpaca, jean or sateen. It is cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

From "Inkerman"

(By Gerald Massey)

"We cannot fear for England, we can die to do her bidding, but we cannot fear: We who have heard her thunder roll of deeds

Reverberating through the centuries: By battle fire-light had the stories told: We who have seen how proudly she prepared

For sacrifice, how radiantly her face Flashed when the bugle blew its bloody sounds

And bloody weather fluttered her old flag: We who have seen her with the red heaps round:

We who have heard how in the darkest hour The greatest might breaks out, and in the time

Of trial she reveals her noblest strength: We do not, will not, cannot fear for Her: We who have felt her big heart beat in ours."

This is Awful

Wife—"Oh, hubby, I bought a waist for a dollar ninety-nine and I gave the clerk a two-dollar bill. I just noticed that she gave me two cents change. Oh, dear—Oh, dear, am I guilty of that?"

Hubby—"Clam yourself, dear wife, clam yourself, you are innocent."

HEART WAS BAD WOULD WAKEN UP IN DISTRESS.

There is nothing that brings with it such fear of impending death as to wake up in the night with the heart pounding and thumping. This uncertain and irregular heart action causes the greatest distress of both mind and body.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills strengthen and invigorate the heart, so that it beats strong and regular, and tone up the nervous system so that the cause of so much anxiety becomes a thing of the past.

Mr. Archie Beaumont, Edgett's Landing, N.B., writes:—"Have been bothered with my heart and nerves for about six years, caused by overwork and worry. My heart was so bad I would waken up several times during the night in great distress, and my heart thumping. About a year ago I took three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they helped me a great deal."

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A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.

Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.

The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.

Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.

It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.

The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.



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Correspondence

Editor's Note—It is strictly against our rules to give the name and address of any contributor to our correspondence column, but anyone desiring to communicate with any of the writers can send a letter in stamped envelope which will be forwarded to the desired party.

A War Sufferer

Dear Editor and Readers,—Though I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I often get reading it, as my brother-in-law is a subscriber and gives it to me when he reads it. I, too, have suffered from this war. I lost my oldest brother last August while fighting in France. We live on a farm twelve miles from town. I find it very lonesome here in winter, but have plenty of work in summer. If anyone would care to write to me, I would be delighted to answer all letters promptly. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself,
Daddy's Girl.

Wants Little Girlie

Dear Editor:—I am not a subscriber to your paper but my brother is and as he is overseas I get his paper, and if I may I will come to your paper for assistance. I wonder if any of your readers know of a little girl in need of a good home that I could adopt or borrow as a companion to my two year old girlie, one her own age or older. I can supply good references and will gladly pay all expenses. It is nearly three years since the good man of the house crossed to the firing line "Somewhere in France," has been twice wounded, won the D.C.M. and a bar to it, and is back in the trenches again, like a great many more, I am trying to do my share by carrying on the farm during his absence, my address is with the Editor, and I am earnestly hoping for many replies.

"A Soldier's Wife."

A South African Veteran

Dear Editor:—I have been a contributor to your periodical for the past three years; and many times have all but decided to write a few lines for your correspondence columns. Having at last decided, I take the advantage of saying I am a bachelor, and live upon the open prairie, as a farmer, having done so for the past six years. I like the publication immensely and would not be without it, this being a dreary means of livelihood to my previous means of living when at home in England. What do other contributors think of the war, we may read so much of almost in any paper or periodical published. I might say I served in South Africa, (Transvaal), as a trooper for two years and eighteen days, and after the campaign I had the pleasure of meeting with Generals Botha and De Wet, the former I thought to be a very fine man, physically and morally.

In 1904 I was present in Pretoria at Ex-President Kruger's funeral, taking a prominent part. Ultimately visiting Belfast, Lang's Nek, Spion Kop and Ladysmith; places at the time being of great interest to me and the world at large generally. I was greatly taken up with the farm (O'Neill's), at the foot of Majuba Hill, where the convention was signed, by our British; worthy following the climax of Majuba Hill in '81. I escaped with the exception of a slight wound on the hand, and have been in this country now nearly nine years. (I have an enamel cup costing ten cents I bought in the immigration hall, Halifax, the day I arrived, and now value it as a memento), and am engaged in farming a half section. Farming I think to be a very healthful occupation. As regards the present hostilities, I do not come within the meaning of the Military Service Act.

Those of us employed in farming find plenty of labor for willing hands. I homesteaded on my present farm, and at the time was sixty miles from a town, being the main line of the C.P.R. Now we have a thriving town three miles distant, which is growing appreciably.

I trust these few lines may interest other readers, who like myself, are always anxious to see the publication each succeeding month as it comes.

Remaining dear readers, yours sincerely,
"Teddy."

Wants a Correspondence Campaign

Dear Editor.—Although not a subscriber to your valuable journal, I have the privilege of being one of its readers, which is, as you all know, a pleasurable distinction.

The correspondence page is by no means least amongst the features, and it gives me great pleasure to peruse these columns every month. Many of the letters give us plenty of food for thought, and the writers of such should be encouraged to do even better. Why not commence a "correspondence campaign." I invite all the young people to write in their very best style, and upon the acceptance of three letters award a button or pin, when the third letter is published. What say?

As this is my cup d'essai I must not take up too much space, for that awful creature, "W.P.B.," will have no choice but to devour it fins and all!

It will be sufficient to say that I wish every reader, and especially our friends of the correspondence page, health and happiness for the present year. And don't forget that my description and address is with the Editor! Will answer all letters.—Sincerely,
Bagatella.

Finds Farm Life Enjoyable

Dear Readers and Editor:—I have been a reader of your valuable magazine but have never got up the courage to write before.

My father always took your paper and the people where I am at work also take it, and seem to like it very much.

I am nearly eighteen years old. Have worked on the farm all my life, and know that I would not enjoy life anywhere as well as on a farm.

My sister and I helped father with the harvest work this fall, as it was impossible to get men to do the work. We stooked all the grain on a half section of land and helped with the haying.

I think it is up to the women of Canada to prove themselves as brave as the men at the front are. Those men are fighting to protect us; surely we can work to help to feed them.

If this letter escapes the W.P.B. perhaps I will try again later. Also if anyone will write to me I will answer the letters promptly. My address is with the Editor.

"A Lass from Western Canada."

Kind Words From Kid of 37

Dear Sir:—Re my thoughts of your paper, I might say that I am very much pleased with it, as I have been a subscriber for five years, and have renewed by this mail for another three years.

It sure is every person's friend and a special friend to the bachelor.

I know this is so, as I happen to be one of those noble animals, the bachelor, and I am sure none in the bachelor zoo would dare to contradict me on The Western Home Monthly as their friend, the correspondence page being his chief attraction or bait. However, he is a jolly good fellow, which no girl would deny.

Now I would like to correspond with some of the fair sex, as I am a farmer quite alone at my task, at which I have had much experience. I would be sure to answer all letters, and would like to have a letter from "Shamrock," "English Peggy," and "Flora," if they would be so kind, or any others who wish to write.

Wishing the paper and circle a prosperous year and the joy of seeing this war ended soon. Good-bye for present.
"Kid of 37."

Bad News

Visitor (hungry)—"And at what time do you have dinner, my little friend?"
Terrible Boy—"Soon as you've gone."

Good News for Canadians
Health Specialist SPROULE
The Great Catarrh Specialist, Explains
HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT



THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST
Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon
British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Has Cured all Forms of Catarrh

Thirty years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. It is in many cases the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased in the last five years in startling fashion. Altogether too many of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement fifteen or twenty years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy, and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

Medical Advice Free

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1 Do you spit up slime?
- 2 Are your eyes watery?
- 3 Does your nose feel full?
- 4 Does your nose discharge?
- 5 Do you sneeze a good deal?
- 6 Do crabs form in the nose?
- 7 Do you have pain across the eyes?
- 8 Does your breath smell offensive?
- 9 Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- 10 Are you losing your sense of smell?
- 11 Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
- 12 Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- 13 Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
- 14 Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
117 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON

Be sure and write to-day.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and may in time attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal Consumption.

- 1 Do you take cold easily?
- 2 Is your breathing too quick?
- 3 Do you raise frothy material?
- 4 Is your voice hoarse and husky?
- 5 Have you a dry, hacking cough?
- 6 Do you feel worn out on rising?
- 7 Do you feel all stuffed up inside?
- 8 Are you gradually losing strength?
- 9 Have you a disgust for fatty foods?
- 10 Have you a sense of weight on chest?
- 11 Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?
- 12 Do you cough worse night and morning?
- 13 Do you get short of breath when walking?

If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

FULL NAME

.....

ADDRESS

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What the World is Saying

Divine Right and Safety First

The Kaiser has lost no sons in the "defence" of the Fatherland. And he has six.—Paris Liberte.

Not a Charity, But a Due Debt

The Patriotic Fund is not a charity. It is a fund for liquidating the country's debt to her soldiers.—Vancouver Province.

The Formula

The one certain formula for a democratic peace is the holding of the seas and the standing fast on the western front.—New York World.

What the War-lords Fear Most

The Germans are punishing captive airmen who drop leaflets. The war-lords fear ideas more than bombs.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Our Neighbors' Sweet Tooth and Ours

The money spent for candy in the United States and Canada in the past year is double the amount of money needed to keep Belgium supplied with food for a year.—St. Thomas Times.

Who Would Have Thought—?

Who would have thought the time could come when the American people could not eat what they wanted to eat and plenty of it?—Portland Oregonian.

Nothing to Blubber Over

Whale steak has been declared delicious by the American Museum of Natural History. Whale steak to our idea is nothing to blubber over.—Moose Jaw Times.

Bourassaism

Henri Bourassa approves as "logical and just" the German Chancellor's proposal that Britain abandon Gibraltar and other naval bases. But what Bourassa approves is seldom either logical or just.—Brantford Expositor.

The Wolf and the Lamb

The enthusiasm with which Germany receives the "Ukraine Republic" would make anything but a very new republic extremely nervous and conservative.—Victoria Colonist.

What Germany Can Justly Claim

One claim Germany can certainly make with entire truth—namely, that no nation ever before in history sympathetically mobilized so many liars in every land under the sun for its own purposes.—Rochester Democrat Chronicle.

The Whole Case in Two Questions

The Germans want to talk to the people of other countries, but the only countries we should address to them are: "Why are you in Belgium? Why are you in France?"—New York Sun.

The Typical German and Liberty

The typical German is afraid of the idea of having real liberty; he knows he wouldn't know what to do with it. And not wanting it himself, he doesn't want any one else to have it.—Montreal Gazette.

Not Fair to the Mules

One of the new army orders in France forbids our soldiers swearing at the mules. This will merely make the mules more homesick for Missouri than ever.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cause of Right and Justice

There may be adversity for us, but there cannot be humiliation. For since the world began no man was ever humiliated by doing his utmost in the name of right.—London Spectator.

Food Thrift in Canada

In all matters of food production and distribution we have hitherto been a very reckless people. Food thrift, as well as money thrift, is something Canadians have still to learn.—Brantford Expositor.

The Root of the Patronage Evil

"Patronage," says Professor Wrong, "has cut political freedom to the heart, and must be eliminated root and branch." Let us tackle the root first. That is to be found in the minds of men who seek entrance to public life by promising contracts or places in the public service to electors with a pull.—Toronto Globe.

The Art of Telling Lies

After reading von Hertling's speech we recalled that Swift once said that although telling lies was an art as old as man, man never quite learned the art of telling lies.—Kingston Whig.

Titles in This Country

The agitation against the bestowal of titles, and particularly hereditary titles, in Canada grows in strength and influence. The press in all provinces seems to be united in supporting the movement.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Could Any Government Handle the Job?

After experience with men's work for the period of the war, we doubt whether women will ever go back to washing dishes. The Government will have to "take over" dish-washing.—Chicago News.

Hereditary Nobility Not Wanted Here

The objection to the bestowal of hereditary titles upon Canadians should be crystallized into a resolution of Parliament against the practice. A hereditary nobility is not wanted in Canada.—Toronto Star.

The Island of Paradox

Ireland is truly the land of paradox. In the recent by-election in Armagh the Sinn-Fein candidate stood for Parliament on a platform that Irishmen should not go to Parliament. And, by the way, he was defeated.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Lots of Other Things to Eat

Wheatless and meatless days don't mean eatless days by any means. There are plenty of substitutes, and it is only by the extensive use of substitutes that the food most adapted for export can be saved in sufficient quantities.—Hamilton Herald.

The Kaiser's Pecksniff

Figures cannot lie, but liars can figure. The most hypocritical and deceitful passage in the German Chancellor's speech was his ponderous effort to show how poor little Germany was threatened by enemy nations before she began the war and made them fight.—London Daily Express.

When Enduring Peace Will Come

An enduring peace will come only when the fangs of the mad beast of Europe have been drawn, when the military power of Germany is broken; when the German people are under the harrow, sweating to pay the indemnity that is the price of their crime, in their poverty and suffering made to realize the suffering they have brought to the world.—London Saturday Review.

The Nemesis of Germany

The remark of a French officer that history will prove to be the German's worst foe is a true and profound one. The lack of honor, of faith, of truth, of all moral and humane considerations, will stand against that race for generations to come, and make their dealings with other nations exceedingly difficult.—London Truth.

A Need in Quebec

The effort of T. D. Bouchard to get compulsory school attendance instituted in Quebec, and more adequate supervision of the work of the public schools, will win him admiration outside of his own province, and a good deal in it, though undoubtedly he will meet strong opposition.—Edmonton Journal.

A Secret Revealed

"Wear your summer underclothes," says one of the doctors, "and give your body a chance to furnish its own heat." That's fine. Now we know how the ladies who wear gauze sleeves when the thermometer registers 34 below manage to be comfortable.—Edmonton Journal.

Unexplored Canada

Nearly 30 per cent of continental Canada is still undiscovered, and if Indian reports are to be believed there is in the basin of the Mackenzie river one of the largest areas of possible oil-bearing country on the face of the earth. The Indians report the existence of lakes a hundred miles long in Yukon that no white man has ever seen, while even the Indians themselves apparently know nothing of the as yet untrodden Mackenzie mountains.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Thought for the Kaiser

We often hope in our vindictive way that the Kaiser has time to sit down occasionally and wonder with increasing nervousness what good the kind of money they're using in Germany now is going to be when the war's over and they attempt to resume commercial relations with the comparatively civilized world.—Calgary Herald.

A French Tribute to British Valor

In all his story there has been nothing more superb than the heroism of that "contemptible little British army" fighting with bare hands against the onrushing German legions armed with machine guns and heavy artillery, who day after day were forced back and fiercely contested every foot with never a thought of surrender, and then at last turned and defeated the enemy.—Paris Gazette de France.

Canada's Savings

The national debt of Canada is nearing the billion mark, but to offset that is the fact that the Canadian people have more than that amount in the savings banks alone, which indicates that even the war burden can be borne by so wealthy and prosperous a country as Canada. We have little in the way of war sacrifices to show even yet, save the lives of dear boys who voluntarily went to fight for the right.—Regina Evening Post.

Saskatchewan's Wheat

Canada leads the world in per capita wheat-production, a speaker told a convention in Toronto the other day, the production being 70 bushels per head of the population. Saskatchewan, it may be added, produces about half of Canada's wheat, with a production of over 170 bushels per head of the population, and in good years 260 bushels per head. The summer-fallow land ready for crop this year is greater in area by more than 1,000,000 acres than the greatest acreage prepared in any previous year. Fall plowing also increased by 50 per cent over 1917. A total of 16,000,000 under crop in Saskatchewan in 1918 isn't impossible.—Saskatoon Star.

"Blood and Iron"—and Gold

Bismarck announced that his policy for Germany was one of blood and iron. The men who now guide, and for some decades have guided, German international policy have added gold as the third weapon in Germany's armory. To a policy based on callous disregard of death and suffering, and the brutal use of force, they have added the habitual and extensive employment of corruption as a means for weakening their foes and bending other nations to their service.—Lethbridge Herald.

The End Not Yet in Sight

It is not possible to say when victory will be won. Its outward and visible signs will be a treaty of peace, dictated not in accordance with the decisions of the sword but by the unchanging verdict of right and liberty—a settlement which will contain no seeds of fresh wars, as did the peace of 1870, because it will restore all the invaded peoples of Europe to independence, will liberate and unite oppressed nationalities everywhere, and so create the foundations upon which a new international order can be raised. Such a peace is not in sight yet.—London Times.

The Violent Hun Greed

How futile it is to say that we are at war with the German ruling classes, but not with the German people! We are fighting what up to the present has been a solidarity of the Kaiser, the Kaiser's gunmen and the Kaiser's people. But, above all, we are fighting the primal cause back of them—the ungovernable German appetite. We are fighting to eradicate it if we can, and, if we cannot, to make it too expensive for indulgence—to force it under that judicious control which civilization imposes on all primal appetites.—New York Herald.

The Men Who Caused the War

The same men and the same caste that plotted the war and have planned its execution are still in power in the capitals of the Central Powers, and they know that the system whereby they live can only survive if they are able to show that it is not justice but the sword which has drawn the new map of the world. For all their eloquent protestations about universal peace and disarmament they are not more ready to give practical effect to-day to the abstractions they profess than they were ready to abide by the treaties and international laws which they signed before the war.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Overland

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In *appearance* it is neither too smart nor too commonplace. It has big car stylish design, with spacious room and properly enlivened color scheme.

Its satisfactory *performance* is due not only to its powerful, frugal motor and durable chassis, but also to its simplified control, narrow turning radius and ease of handling.

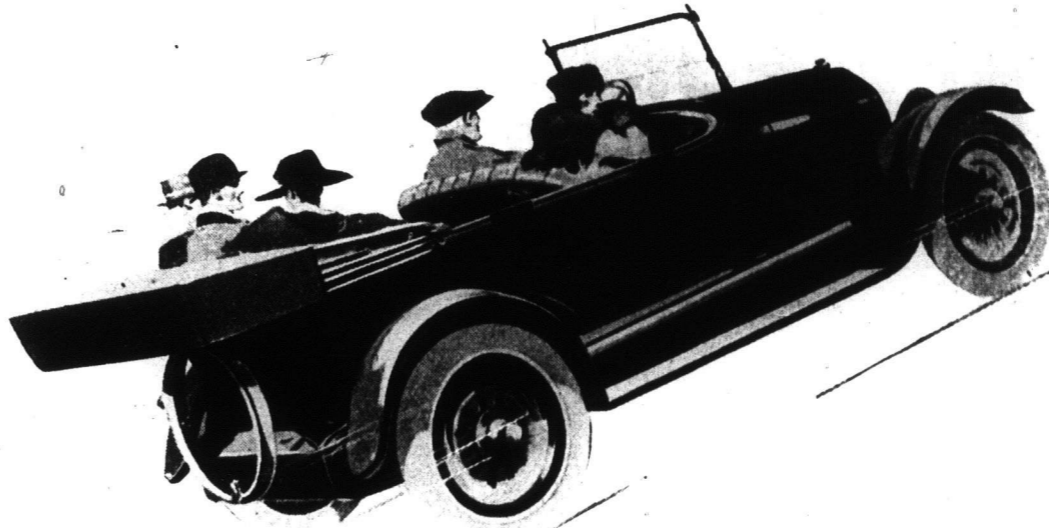
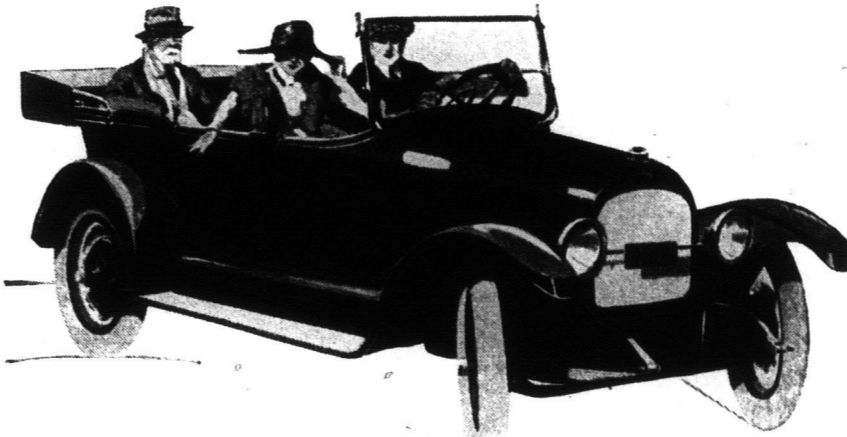
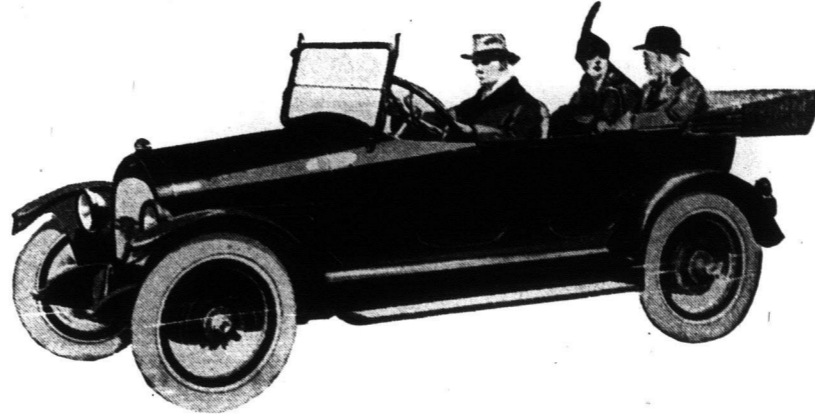
Its *comfort* is the result of its perfected balance, rear cantilever springs, 106-inch wheelbase and 31x4 tires non-skid rear.

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