

**PAGES  
MISSING**

THE  
WESTERN  
HOME MONTHLY



# BLUE RIBBON BAKING POWDER

## Used by the Winners of Special Prizes for Home Baking at 82 Western Fairs last year

At Brandon, Calgary, and 80 other Western Fairs last year, special prizes were offered for the best Tea Biscuits, made with Blue Ribbon Baking Powder.

Over a thousand Competitors took part, and the result was the finest showing of light, flaky, toothsome biscuits ever exhibited in the Canadian West. So high was the general average, that the judges had a difficult task deciding which were the best plates amongst so many good ones.

The ladies who baked such excellent biscuits were not professional cooks, and few of them had ever exhibited before. They were simply the wives and daughters of Western citizens and farmers. Any woman (and some men) could do just as well by using Blue Ribbon Baking Powder and following the plain and simple directions.

Blue Ribbon Baking Powder is carefully manufactured from the highest grade of pure materials, perfectly proportioned. So it always works evenly and strongly, and gives uniformly good results. It makes your food Wholesome, as well as Light.

## Prizes Offered at This Year's Fairs

In response to numerous requests, we have renewed our offer this year as follows:

Half-Dozen Tea Biscuits, made with Blue Ribbon Baking Powder. Empty can to accompany each exhibit.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
- - - - -	<b>\$5.00</b>	<b>\$2.00</b>	<b>\$1.00</b>

Here is Good Recipe for

Tea Biscuits.

TEA BISCUITS—Ingredients—1 pint flour, 2 level tablespoons butter, 4 level teaspoons Blue Ribbon Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 level tablespoons lard, milk to make soft dough from ⅔ to 1 cup according to the flour used.  
Sift flour, Blue Ribbon Baking Powder and salt into mixing bowl. Add butter and lard, and cut it into the flour with 2 knives. Add milk by degrees. Turn out on lightly floured board; roll quickly in the flour. Flour your rolling pin; roll out dough about an inch thick and cut with a floured cutter. Bake in a VERY HOT oven 15 or 20 minutes.

Look up offer in Prize List of your Fair, and be ready to win one of these prizes.

If your grocer has not Blue Ribbon Baking Powder in stock please let us know.

Write for Free Copy of Selected Recipes Booklet.

*Blue Ribbon*  
LIMITED

Dept. W.H.M. Winnipeg

# THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

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## The Mission of Kitty Malone.

By KATE M. CLEARY.



My poverty, but not my will, consents.

SHAKESPEARE.

I had a nestful once of my own,  
Ah, happy, happy I!  
Right d'ary I loved them, but when they were  
grown,  
They spread out their wings to fly!

JEAN INGELOW.



It was the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day. "Tis goin' out ye are, Kitty?" There was nothing in the weak old voice to make Kitty start as she did. She hesitated in her

task of pinning her rusty shawl around her thin shoulders.

"I was that same," she admitted cheerfully. "Tis a beautiful day entirely. The—walk 'ud do me good," she supplemented hastily.

"Faith, no doubt of that. Ye've been kep' in the house pretty close with that long pneumony of mine. Will ye be gone long, alanna?"

There was apprehension in the look Mrs. Malone bent on the white head stooping towards the little sheet-iron stove. When she spoke it was in a manner at once airy and reassuring. "Sur, 'tis quite a step to market, Dennis. I think I'll be goin' to the farthest wan. They do be havin' things there more reasonable-like. It," she paused, the thought of a sin to

be confessed at her Christmas "duty" flashing across in her mind, "it's our Thanksgivin' dinner I'm goin' to—get!" she concluded.

"I wouldn't be after buyin' anythin' extravagant, Kitty," counseled Dennis Malone. He sat huddled forward in the pitiful inertia of age and physical lassitude. "The docther an' medicines must have took a heap of our savin's. I—wouldn't buy what might be called luxuriant, so to spake."

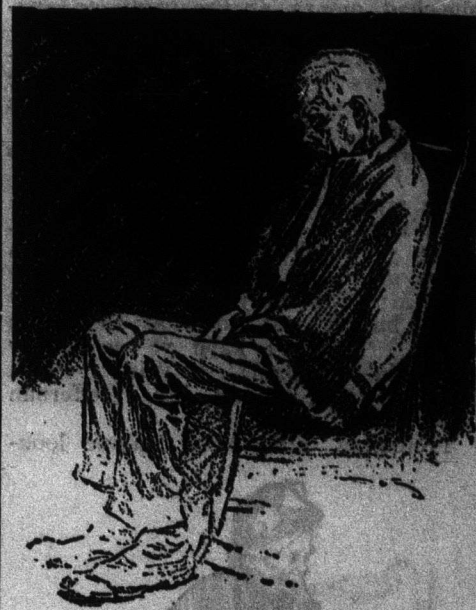
"I won't, Dennis" promised Kitty. She was tying the plain little bonnet on her sleek old head. "You can thrust me for that!" she added with what seemed unnecessary favor. "I—I won't."

She did not leave the room at once. She stood behind him, trembling, cowering, irresolute, a queer agitation convulsing her worn and wrinkled countenance. She looked with blinking eyes at the stooped form in the

vibrant with anxiety. "Is Mary Ellen sick?"

"Not to mention," Mrs. Malone hastened to assert. She was wishing she had not chosen his favorite grandchild to afflict. Only a little—a weeny bit quare-like." She picked up a basket near, and edged towards the door. There she paused, gripping the basket until her knuckles showed white, a slow, distressed flush staining the pale saffron of her cheek. "So—you won't mind if I don't get home for a couple of hours—eh, Dennis?" She broke off. She was swallowing hard. Dennis looked up—met full the eager, penetrating intensity of her gaze. He forced a valiant smile to his bloodless lips. His eyes narrowed into an expression of quizzical leniency. The unflinching courage of his race rang in the kind old voice.

"Tis fine I'll be goin' on, plaze God. Do be steppin' along now, Kitty



"It's like I'll dthrop asleep."

woman! Don't be after givin' me airy a thought. Sure, the stren'th is comin' back in me to bate anythin' ye ever dreamed of. An' what with this illigant lunch—the bit o' bacon, an' the cheese, an' the crackers—not to talk of the tay on the stove fernist me—why it's good enough for the President, Kitty. With the ould blanket on me shouldthers, an' all an' all, it's like I'll dthrop asleep after I've said my decade. I won't be lookin' for ye till past noon. Now don't stand triffin' woman, dear. Gwan! But," his piping voice followed her out of the door, "I wouldn't be gettin' a—a luxuriant dinner, so to spake, Kitty!"

Mrs. Malone, skurrying along one of the poor streets that lie south of Van Buren and east of Blue Island Avenue, almost fell over the tattered figure of a boy who seemed to have sprung from the ground at her feet.

"Wisha, where are ye hurryin' to, Mrs. Malone? Is it worse himself is?"

"No—no, Patsy Heffernan. 'Tis—'tis goin' to my juty I am—"

"An' lavin' the church behind ye!" he cried incredulously. "Father Flynn ain't a-hearin' on the river, I'm thinkin'!" Patsy was a merciless inquisitor. Mrs. Malone withered under his frank doubt of her veracity.

"Patsy," she entreated, "you run to the house—do now! I wouldn't inconvenience ye, but it's ye's the most accomadatin' bye in the parish. If ye'd but be waitin' around kind of dis-



"That long pneumony."

rocker, then around the room—the barest, poorest, shabbiest, cleanest little room! The grime of a generation of objectionable tenants had been scrubbed out of the rough boards by Kitty's energetic hands. These same busy hands had polished the few chairs, and made shining the one small window, and kept immaculate the furnishings of the bed in the corner, and fashioned the bright patchwork spread thereon, and prepared the little luncheon—plain and meager enough for a convalescent—which was set forth on a little table drawn beside the old man's chair.

"It may happen," she declared, speaking hurriedly, as though the possibility had just occurred to her, "that I mayn't be back for a—rale good bit, Dennis. 'Tis thinkin' I am of goin' over to see Nora, if 'twould be safe to lave you that long." Then, as she felt his eyes turn slowly in her direction with a sort of questioning surprise. "I—I'm after hearin' Mary Ellen ain't as well as she might be, an'—"

"Eh—Mary Ellen!" His tone was



"Himself."



"What'll ye give me if I do?"



thruated like to see if himself wants anythin' afore I get back—"

Patsy's freckled hatchet face looked out from its furze-bush of straight, bleached hair with suddenly awakened interest. "What'll ye give me if I do?" he demanded.

"Glory be!" ejected Mrs. Malone. She stood staring helplessly at the shabby young Celtic Shylock, who, with his over-grown frame bent forward, his feet in the broken boots turned toes inward, his hands thrust in his pockets, and his ragged arms akimbo, awaited her answer with ravenous expectancy. "Why—Patsy, bye—" She was fumbling at the waist of her gown. Suddenly she desisted. If she had money at the bank—or anywhere else, for the matter of that—would she be bent on her present mission? Would she be tramping these many weary blocks? Glory be!" she said again.

There really was nothing more to say. Patsy's rapacious expression became merged in a bored frown. "Mabbe it's goin' to the the-ayter ye ar. Hope ye won't be late." He cast a sharp glance at the basket. Involuntarily Mrs. Malone jerked it behind her back, but it was too big to escape notice. "I won't kape ye no longer romancin' ma'am!" With which Partisan shot young Mr. Heffernan took himself away.

Trembling, little Mrs. Malone look-



"She paused, gripping the basket."

ed after him. "Musha now, the gossoon hasn't got the heart of a herrin'! An' the way he looked at the basket. Wethen now, I wondther did he suspicion anythin'?" She bent her spare little body against the rancorous east wind and hastened on. "Sure, if I cud make up me mind to go to Thomas—but he hasn't only all his own to kape, but his wife's auld aunt as well. Then there's Nora. But she don't know the last cent's gone, an' it would scald the heart of her to think of us nadin'—shes that tindther the crathur! Malachi—he'd be free with his money—if he had enny. But 'twas never a dime he cud hould in his pocket no matter how much he airt. An' Daylia, that's cook on the North Side—" She walked less rapidly. Her head drooped meditatively. Was it possible she might let Delia know of her straits? Was it in her direction lay relief—reprieve? But as suddenly as it had come the gleam in the faded eyes flickered out. Delia had been saving to buy an automobile-coat and a feather-boa. Delia always had been stylish. And it was grand Delia looked, to be sure, when she was dressed up. No, it would never do to appeal to Delia. If only Rody were at home! Rody, the gay, loving, hard-working young fellow, who would never let her or his father suffer! But he had gone off to the Phillipines this many a month back. Was he alive or dead? Sure 'twas a sad world it was! "Arrah, 'tis nothin' of the sort!" she told herself with sudden energy. "Isn't it ashamed of yerself ye are to be paradin' along

like a hin on a rainy day—now runnin' a bit an' then shoppin' entirely? Go on wid ye!" she adjured herself sternly. "Go—" She stopped short as a massive form loomed up before her—a broad, roseate countenance beamed down upon her.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Comisky!" she murmured. She had long known Mrs. Comisky for "a dacint woman." They both belonged to the Married Ladies' Sodality. They had been neighbors when the Malones lived in a brick house. Their children had gone to the same parochial school.

"'Tis me," corroborated Mrs. Comisky. She wore a cloth skirt an a coat of electric seal plush. From a fur collarette a cataract of bushy heads and tail dangled over her capacious bosom. On her hat a long-beaked green bird perched in a grove of aspiring ostrich feathers. The vigorous hand she extended to Mrs. Malone was gorgeously draped in a glove of purple kid. "'Tis a month o' Sundays since I set eyes on you," she went on. "I heard Dennis was took rale bad some weeks back. Better, is he? That's good. You're not lookin' very well, yourself. I've been down to visit my niece Maria. 'Tis twins—an' the christenin' is to be fit for a Roosian. But where might you be goin', Mrs. Malone? Ye're not walkin' down town?"

She looked down on the miserable little creature in the scant black gown, the worn black shawl, the insufficient bit of head-covering. She noticed the empty basket. She saw, too, that the old face was ghastly—that the thin lips were quite blue—that the old eyes were blinking fast.

"I—I was goin' to—to do some shoppin'!" faltered Kitty Malone.

Now Mrs. Comisky, for all her ponderosity and apparent obtuseness, could see through a stone wall as well as any one. This was not the first time she had known a neighbor to slip timorously towards the city, carrying an empty basket. But she had not dreamed things had come to such a pass with the once "aisy" Malones.

"An awful nuisance the shoppin' one must be doin'," she remarked carelessly. She was looking over Kitty's head at some object which interested her. "I spent every last dollar Tim give me except fifty cents. I'm goin' to stop into his saloon on me way home. 'Tis lucky I met with ye if 'tis only the half dollar I got left. This long time I've been sayin' to Tim I must pay you for that hin. 'Tis on me conscience when I go to confession the first Thursday of every month." Her hearty laugh sounded pleasantly. "So here 'tis—an' wishin' it was five dollars I owed you—I do now!"

"What—what hin?" whispered Kitty Malone.

"Och, hear the woman now!" Mrs. Comisky was appealing to a striped barber's pole nearby. "The black wan, to be sure! The wan you let me have to make broth for Leo when you lived in the brick house. 'Tis like you to be forgettin' it!" She thrust the coin into Kitty's cold little claws of hands. "Take a car—do now! You'll find the shops most illegit. Good afternoon to you, ma'am!" Then Mrs. Comisky's gown was flopping after her in a way she considered stylish, and Kitty Malone was shaking her head over the money in a dazed attempt to recall the debt.

"Glory be to God! What hin? I don't mind lettin' her have enny black wan—no, nor white wan! But she never looked at the basket. Sure now, I'll stop stewin' meself about it! 'Twas the saints sent it—Glory be—" She broke off in a sudden horror, the reverential rapture with which she had accepted the miracle worked in her behalf suddenly blotted out. "It were never the saints—never! What 'ud they have to do with a woman who tould all the black lies I did this day? Three to Dinny! She checked them off on her fingers. "Wan to Patsy Heffernan—an' wan to Mrs. Comisky—oh, wirrasthru! What kind of a pinnance won't Father Flynn be after layin' on me! Five decades maybe—wan for aich—or the stations it might be! Me poor sow!"

Never loomed Bastille before a prisoner as frowned the grim gray

wall of the building wherein is located the County Agent's office before the shrinking gaze of Kitty Malone. Never did feet more reluctant creep up the dirty stone steps into the dreary many-angled room, with its whitewashed walls based by a deep band of slate-colored paint, its two slate-colored benches, its pillars of the same dismal hue. Never did heart sink sodden in a woman's breast as sank hers when, in obedience to a motion from the policeman on duty, to whom she had whispered her street and number, she crept to the foot of one of the waiting lines of applicants. There were three of these lines of depressed, patient people—men, women, and children. Restricting and dividing each line were rails of the universal dingy shade that emphasized the melancholy atmosphere of the place. A sign on the window to the right caught her eye:

#### BURIALS.

#### DOCTOR CALLS.

No patients sent to Dunning on Thursday.

Dunning! She shuddered at the word. Surely she and Dennis need never go there! Something would turn up! Rody might come home! But if any one were to see her here—now! What if the fact that she had applied for relief were to get abroad in "the parish"! What a voice recalled her. It was her turn at the window.

"Name?" asked the voice in a strong foreign accent.

She found herself looking up at a thin, middle-aged man with penetrating eyes, a brownish mustache, and an expression of keen intelligence. Her name! She cast a terrified look around. The applicants to the rear were paying no attention to her. The greater number carried yellow cards, more or less crumpled and dirty. The man behind the window spoke again.

"Catherine," she answered huskily—

"Catherine Malone."

"Ever receive aid from the county before?"

"No—oh, no, sir!"

"Got help from—" He rattled off the names of half a dozen philanthropic and benevolent societies.

"Never, sir."

"Married—widow—single—deserted?"

"Married this forty-nine year to Dennis Malone, sir."

"How many children? Sex—married—employed—live at home?"

"Seven—five livin' here—two above, sir. Three married, that has all they can do to care for their own. Wan workin' to kape herself. Wan in the Phillipines, sir."

Would the questions never cease? A queer blackness came in fragmentary clouds before her. She had eaten no breakfast. There had been only enough to leave for Dennis. Involuntary she put out her hand—clutched at the ledge to steady herself. Suppose she were to be taken sick here, and it was put in the paper! It would kill Dennis. It would break Nora's heart. Delia could never hold up her head again! She must keep her dreadful secret! Still questions—questions! She answered them as best she could. Her age, her husband's, their nationality, the cause of their distress.

"That's all. The man looked up from his writing. "A visitor will call to investigate. That's all now."

Then Kitty found herself outside the wooden paling. A stream of people were surging across the room to another window on the opposite side—a window behind which barrels and boxes, sacks and bundles, all containing necessities of life, rose in a mighty pile straight up to the ceiling. The portly policeman took pity on her bewilderment.

"You'll be around tomorrow," he assured her cheerfully. "Visitors will get to your place today. He'll give you a ticket. Come in tomorrow."

She did not know how she got out on Clinton Street. She was buffeting her way back, her empty basket dangling on her arm, and in her heart deep disappointment—a bitter despair. She did not know that, had she stated how immediate was their necessity for relief, she need not have waited for

help until after the formal investigation. Now her only wild desire was to get back before the visitor arrived—to make sure Dennis would not grasp the import of that humiliating visitation. Surely, surely folks were prosperous this year! Surely this was to be a grand Thanksgiving! She could not remember ever having dodged so many dangling turkeys before the doors of the butcher shops. And what pumpkins—golden as the sun sinking down a yellow disk of flame behind her own Tipperary mountains! And plump ducks, and pink-fleshed loins of pork, and chickens, and fruit, and all tempting viands. The smell from the bakeries turned her faint as she hastened on. There was hot bread in this one—there, that was ginger-bread!—and coffee—and tea. If there was but a wee pinch of tea at home! She had walked the whole way back—she was near their poor dwelling before she remembered that tightly clinched in her hand she held the fifty cents Mrs. Comisky had given her for the black hen of elusive memory.

"Glory be!" she cried, "an me to be complainin'! Me—that's got a hanful o' silver." But suddenly she knit her brows craftily—walked more slowly. It was with much deliberation that she made some purchases. Meat was one. She knew that except to the families of old soldiers no meat was furnished to the poor by the county. She took with her only two ounces of tea and a loaf of



"It was her turn at the window."

bread. She would come for the rest she said, after dark. It would not do to have forty cents' worth of food in the house when the man sent to investigate should call. The ten cents would permit her to ride on the morrow. She gripped it hard as she hastened out of the store, her precious packages under her arm. She almost brushed against a young woman who was coming towards her.

"Mary Alice Ryan," she cried, "an' how is Larry?"

A pale and woe-begone face, framed in a black shawl which was held under the chin by a bony hand, looked down on her.

"Bad, Mrs. Malone. He screams dreadful with the pain. The doctor says the kind of hip-disease he has can't be cured. It's hard—for a boy that's been as strong as any in the parish. If he had things to play with like rich boys—" The mother's voice broke there.

"An—an' ain't he?" The dime was burning Kitty Malone's palm.

"Some empty spoons—a tin can—the cover of a picture book. That's all."

It was then that a whistle rent the air—just then that a man went by.

"Gimme a red wan!" cried Mrs. Malone. "You tie that to Larry's wrist, an' let him fly it. Wisha, woman, don't ye be for bawlin'! What's the nickles for, anyways if the child-ther ain't to get the good of 'em! A bit of a b'loon, indade!"

And Kitty skurried off with a gesture of magnificent scorn for that which the master called "trash." She found the fire out and Dennis asleep. He had managed to crawl over to the bed. He was still sleeping when the man sent from the County Agent's made his

appearance. He looked sharply around the bare, orderly room, opened drawers and bins, scrutinized the small black heap in the coal-box, and asked a lot more questions, all of which Kitty insisted on answering outside the little ramshackle house lest "himself" should hear, and finally gave Kitty a yellow ticket which she was to present for "single rations."

It is the first step that counts. Kitty found her second deception less difficult than her first. She had succeeded with Nora the previous day. She had not gone to market. Yes, Mary Ellen was quite recovered. And now, sure she must be off if they were to have a bite of Thanksgiving dinner at all, at all!

"Ye won't be extravagant, Kitty?" he again implored. "We can't have over much left in the bank. A bit o' bacon now—"

"Twas meself was thinkin' a bit o' bacon 'ud be rale tasty!" she agreed eagerly. "Turkey's that ondigestible!"

"Tis now. An it's never meself cud get to likin' them sour cranberries. A biled potaty an' a bit o' cabbage—"

"Sure, what more cud the Prince o' Wales ask?" demanded Kitty Malone.

That day she duly presented her yellow ticket at the window marked "South-West." She too received her coal-check, and the "single rations" which were her due. Could she carry them all home? The flour was unwieldy. She had made a public demand—she had asked for and received charity for the first time in all her cheerful, uncomplaining, hard-working, heroic old life. And the knowledge stung her. Her thin cheek was crimson. Her faded eyes had a strange glitter. She had begged—she!

And she knew if it were to save Dennis from suffering she would do it again. What would her children say if they knew! Thomas, who was mail-carrier; Nora of the scant possessions and tender heart; Delia, who was a credit to the family when she came to see them, wearing her best clothes; Malachi, who would give if he had it—to any one, for the matter of that; and Rody—the baby of the family, "the best of the bunch!" as Dennis put it. She—their mother—had disgraced them all! A rush of tears blinded her.

"Look out!" "Get out of there!" "Hi!" "You'll be—" "There—she's down!"

She was crossing the street when the shrill Babel of crisis assailed her. Startled, confused, she stood still. The delay was fatal. The next instant the speeding street-car had caught the skirt of her gown. She fell—rolled over—over. A dense crowd gathered instantly. An angry shout went up. Kitty was helped to her feet. Rice, soap, flour, coffee—all that she had striven so hard to procure, lay scattered on the half-frozen ground. But Kitty, bruised, shocked, quivering with nervous fright, was not seriously hurt.

"Don't say anythin' to the man, gentlemen!" she pleaded. "Twas me own fault. I do get romancin' when I'm alone. I wasn't lookin' out when I ought! 'Twas plannin' how I'd stuff the turkey for Thanksgiving I was, when I got in the way. Sure," as some one expressed regret for her loss, "what's the vally of a few trifles like that same!"

She would not give her name and address. She permitted herself, however, to be helped on the car she mentioned. She rode home in penniless, coffeeless, beanless state. And all the time, quite unconsciously, she gripped the bit of yellow pasteboard in her fingers.

The sight of a crowd gathered before her little shanty sent her reeling onward with a cry—faint, ineffective, quavering.

Dennis! Something had happened to Dennis! Dennis had learned of her deception and the truth had killed him!

It was Patsy Heffernan who reassured her—Patsy capering around, and yelling like an Indian. "There's a sojer—a sojer—a rale sojer in there!" he screamed.

A path was made for the tottering old figure. She got to the door. It was opened. The blackness which had descended the day previous again came before her. This time it was lit by dancing flecks of flame. She staggered—fell forward.

"Mother!" The word sounded from a vast distance. "She's coming to—mother!" Strong arms were around her. A man's face bent over her—a brave, good face, brown and rugged, with straight mouth, square chin, and eyes full of loving solicitude.

"I didn't think my surprising you would give you such a turn, mother! I was wounded a while back. I got

leave with some others. I wanted to be with you and father for Thanksgiving. I got most of my back pay saved. Here, drink this wine Tim Comisky sent over. Mrs Comisky is cooking supper. She came in with a basket just before I got here. I had Mary Alice Ryan buy our Thanksgiving dinner. I told her to get the like for Larry and herself while she was about it. What—what are you looking for?"

Their eyes met. "Tis yourself is a skeleton, mother," he said. "We've got to get you good and hearty again." He had looked away. He kept his face turned from her. She put her arms about his neck—drew his head down to her breast.

"Rody, you—you know!" "Oh, mother!" He could get no farther. He crushed a bit of cardboard in her hand. "Mother, if—if I hadn't come—"

"Tis your mother's gettin' gay, Rody!" cried Dennis. "Visitin' yesterday! Gallavantin' again today!" He cackled joyously. "I was thinkin' she'd use all our money on carfare. Then, mabbe," laughing again at his own joke, "we might have to go to the county for help—Kitty an' me!" "No fear of that," Rody laughed back at him. He was holding in his

fond and faithful grasp the nervous hands which held some torn scraps of yellow paper. "No fear—eh, mother?" "No—glory be to God!" cried Kitty Malone. "Glory, an'—"

Her soldier son bowed his head "Thanksgiving!" he said.

Will He Find You Ready.

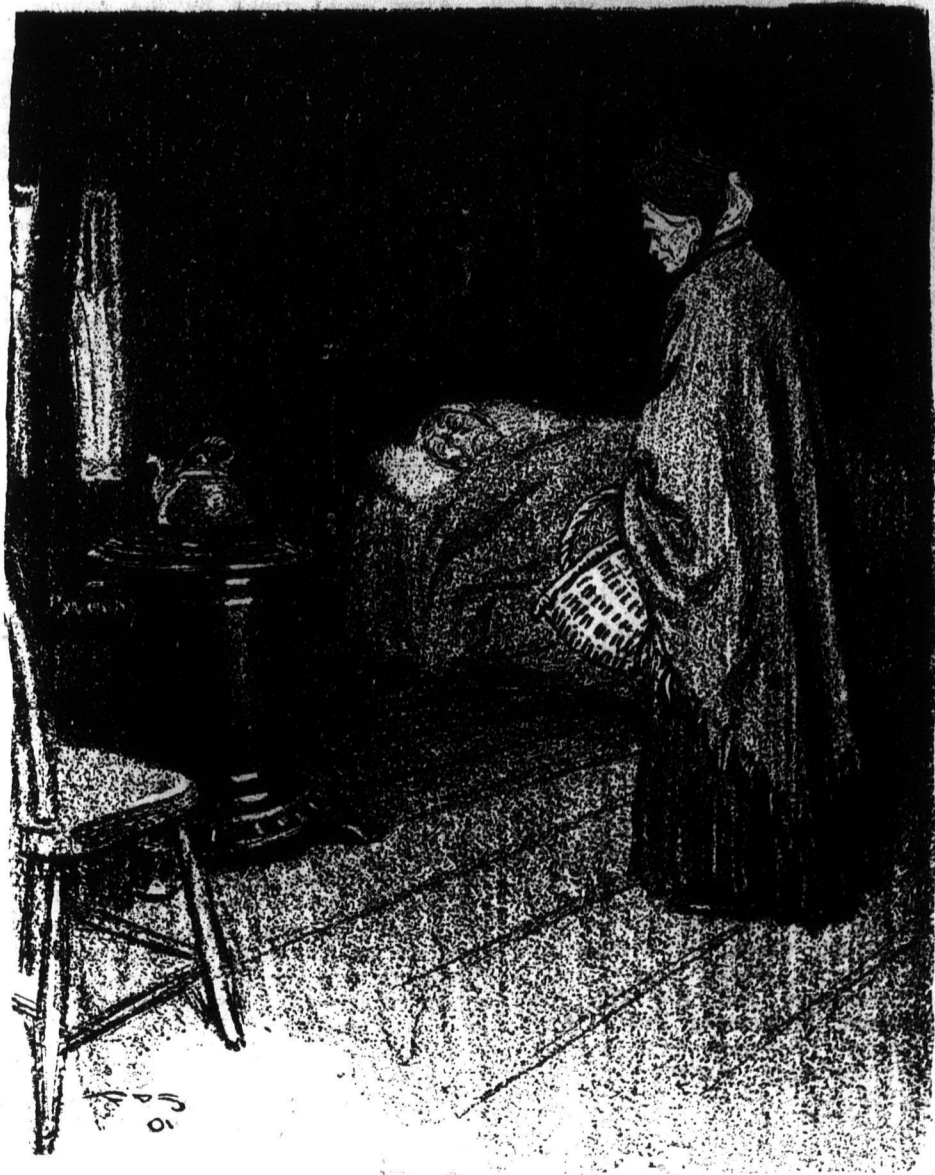
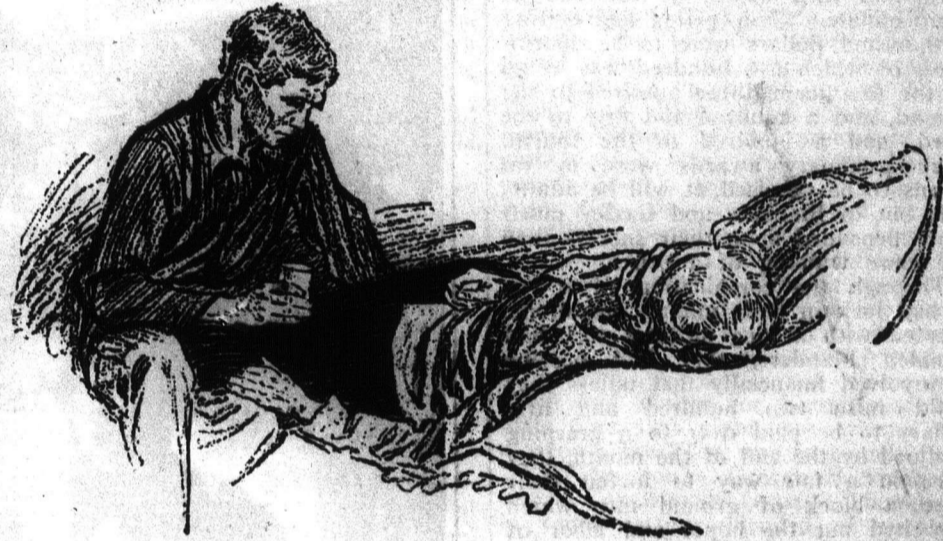
Father, I scarcely dare to pray  
So clear I see now it is done,  
That I have wasted half my day,  
And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see that things I thought  
Were right or harmless were a sin;  
So clear I see that I have sought,  
Unconscious, selfish aims to win.

So clear I see that I have hurt  
The souls I might have helped to  
save,  
That I have slothful been, inert,  
Deaf to the calls the leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy Kingdom vast,  
Father, the humbler spot give me,  
Set me the lowliest task thou hast,  
Let me repentant work for Thee.

— Helen Jackson.



"She found the fire out and Dennis asleep."

Song of the Pine-Trees.

List to the song of the pine-trees, dearest,  
Sit for a while on the heather and fern;  
Watch yonder gambols of sweet furry creatures;  
Many a lesson from Nature we'll learn.  
Blue skies above us—beneath us the heather  
Purple, as robes of the mightiest King;  
Gently the breezes caress the dark branches;  
List to the song which the pine-trees now sing.

Listen! a mother is crooning a ballad;  
Hush! 'tis a lullaby sung to her child.  
Do you not hear the soft beat of the cradle?  
Can you not see her with eyes soft and mild?  
Yet, whilst we listen the strain seems to alter,  
Is it a sob from some poor, broken heart?  
Is it the tearful good-bye of fond lovers  
Forced by cruel Fate, or convention to part?

Surely this sound is the tramping of armies,  
Louder it grows, whilst the drum and the fife  
Rival each other. The wind sinks to silence.  
Hark! 'tis the wail of the new-widowed wife,  
List! 'tis the cry of the orphaned and homeless;  
Sobbing and wailing the sound sinks to rest.  
Once more the pine-trees begin their soft  
murmur—  
This is the song that I love far the best.

Hush-a-bye, baby, the stars are above thee,  
Hush-a-bye, baby, and close thy blue eyes.  
Sweet be thy slumbers, and peaceful thy dream-  
ing,  
Mother is with thee to sing hush-a-byes.  
Rock, little babe, in thy sweet linden cradle,  
Never shall danger or sorrow come nigh.  
Hush! did you hear that soft whisper, my dar-  
ling?  
Surely the pine-trees are singing "Good-bye."  
—By Kryl Kennard.

# Gassey Thompson's Prize Money.

By CHARLES CAREY.

**T**HERE was a sharp contrast in the mental attitude of Gassey Thompson and his partner as they took their way up over the mountain toward Silver Plume. Flanders, the partner, was moody and pessimistic; Gassey, to outward appearances at least, buoyant and assured.

They were to take part that afternoon in a drilling contest—a holiday event which had been the sole topic of discussion throughout the surrounding region for the past four weeks. Flaming posters at every crossroads and gathering-place had announced it as a competition open to all Colorado miners, and deciding the championship of the State.

The contestants, operating in teams of two men each, were to demonstrate their skill upon a block of solid granite for a stretch of fifteen minutes, the men changing from striking to holding, turn and turn about, at the end of each minute. Cash prizes aggregating a thousand dollars were to be distributed, of which five hundred was to go to the first team, three hundred to the second, and a hundred and fifty to the third, and a hundred to the fourth. Such pecuniary awards were by no means to be despised, it will be admitted; but to Flanders and Gassey much more depended upon their success than the mere winning of a prize.

Through the combination of a run of bad luck in their mining operations, coupled with a long sickness that had disabled Flanders, they had become so involved financially that unless they could raise two hundred and fifty dollars to be paid over to a grasping landlord by the end of the month, they were in a fair way to forfeit their lease—a block of ground into which they had put the hopes and labor of a solid year, and which now for the first time gave promise of repaying them. To take either first or second prize in the forthcoming contest was their one chance of securing such a sum within the required time.

Under ordinary circumstances their well-known dexterity with hammer and drill would have made their prospect of winning one or the other almost a certainty. But Flanders was still weak from his recent illness, and even Gassey's optimism had to confess that on "form," at least, the result was very seriously in doubt.

Firm believer that he was in his lucky star, however, he strenuously combated his comrade's despondent view of the situation.

"Kin you look at that, Kid, an' still doubt?" he now demanded, drawing a long, free breath as they reached the crest of the rise, and the promise and hope of the morning smote them with the soft breeze that rustled up from the valley.

Gassey threw himself down upon the ground and drank in the prospect with an appreciative eye. About them stretched the radiant arch of sky, like a great translucent blue pearl; and all about were the clustering mountains, silent and solemn in their grandeur, their hoary peaks gleaming pink and orange and crimson where the sunlight flashed from summit to summit across the range.

Even Flanders was not insensible to the inspiring influence; but for pride's sake, and in the fear of over-confidence, he would not now recede from his position. He was one of the many who superstitiously believe that constant negation may avert ill-fortune.

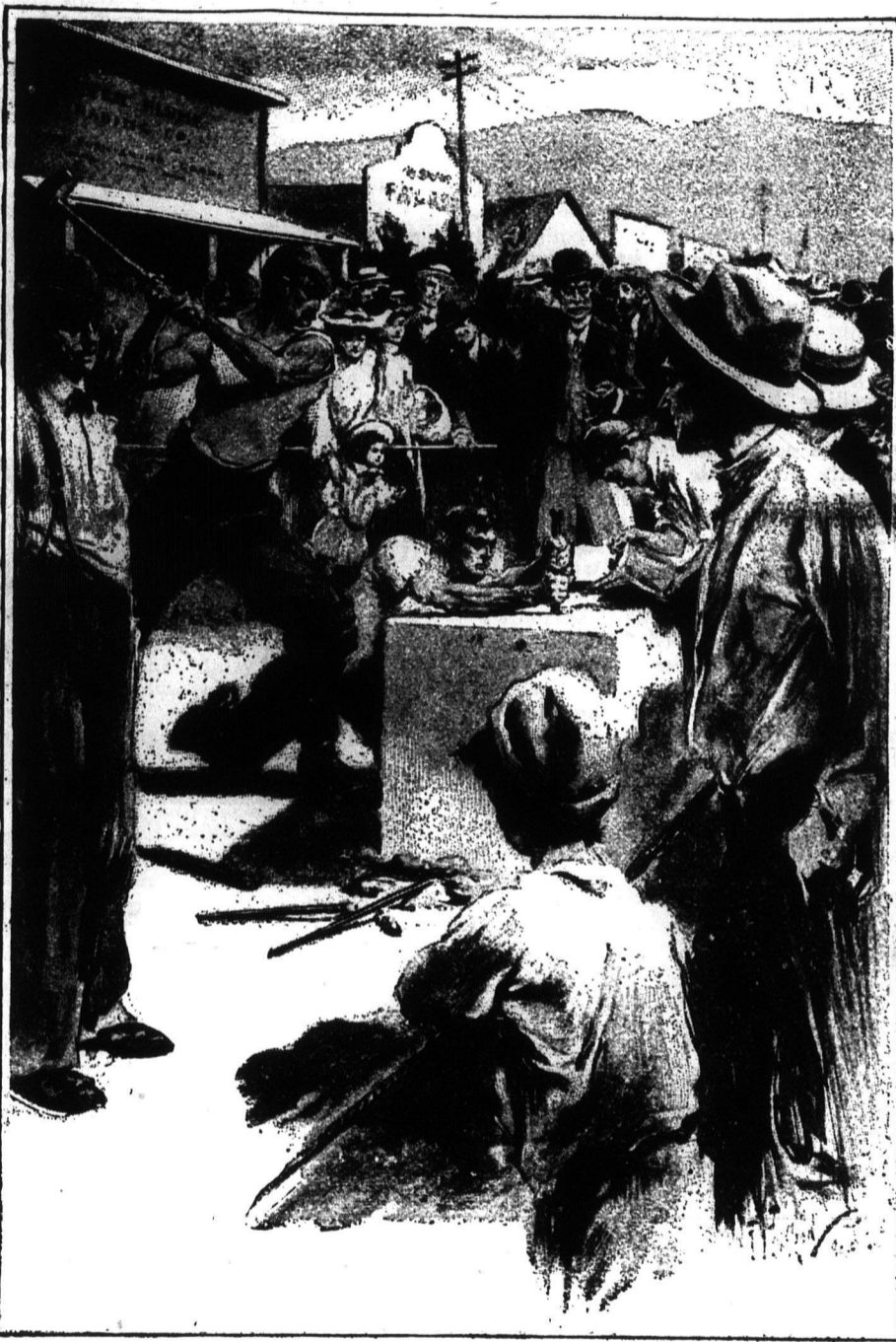
"I don't see that that proves nothin'," he dissented. "Every other team's a seein' the same; an' we can't all win."

"Kid," observed Gassey, with a whimsical shake of the head, "you sure ain't no better 'n that there Thomas what the parson preached about at Buck Pingree's funeral. You'd never be satisfied, neither, till you got them paws o' yourn in the nail-prints.

Now, s' for me, the wind up here keeps a talkin' to me, an' it whispers straight ahead: 'You're goin' to win! You're goin' to win! You're goin' to win! Can't you hear it?'"

"Not me," returned the unpoetic Flanders. "All it says to me is there's two darn fools layin' up here a sweatin' from the climb, an' if they let this cold wind blow on 'em much longer they'll both be so stiff that they can't lift their arms much less swing no jack in a drillin' match!"

Gassey could not but agree to the reason of the suggestion; so, with a sigh for the beauty he was forced to leave, he arose to his feet and accompanied his companion down into the village.



The crowd eagerly followed every movement of the two sweating, straining men

## II.

Early as it was, a typical holiday throng was already assembled at Silver Plume, and every hour was adding to its number. There were miners of every rank and condition—brawny Swedes with their wives and flaxen-poll progeny; solid Cornishmen; keenwitted Irish; college-bred Americans, their Eastern drawl venerated with the breezy slang of the West; men from the Middle States, men from "Dixie," the corn-fed scions of Missouri and Arkansas—a cosmopolitan array. There were also the superintendents of the various mines in the neighborhood, shrewd, alert fellows for the most part, with eye-glasses perched upon their noses, and wives who comported themselves as the grandes dames of the occasion. added to these were the storekeepers from the surrounding towns, the gamblers, a Chinaman or two, and a sprinkling of inquisitive tourists.

Taken all in all, it was a good-natured, jovial, bantering sort of

crowd. The women stood about in little groups, exchanging gossip and housewifely experiences, while the sterner sex, ranged in platoons before the saloon bars, or congregated in knots up and down the board sidewalks, discussed in excited colloquy the chances of the various contestants in the forthcoming games.

At one end of the village a rude grand-stand had been erected, and a section of the road in front of it was roped off as an arena for the exhibition of the day's sports. Hither, after the contents of dinner baskets had been duly discussed, slowly verged the crowd, and an hour and a half after noon a stentorian master of

odds against the pair were ten to two, Ingram and Thomas being held as the probable victors at even money, with few takers.

A flush of mortified wrath spread over Gassey's countenance as he beheld posted figures and saw how contemptuously they were rated. Flanders attempted a feeble joke.

"I guess they've got us sized about right," he commented. "You're the ten spot, an' I'm the duce in this deal, an' we can't beat even a little pair."

"Don't you never believe it, Kid," said Gassey, with a flash of the blue eyes and a determined toss of the head. "Bettin' never yet settled nothin' that I know of, an' when this is over, some o' them tin-horn gamblers that's so frisky now may wish they'd kep' their dust in their clo'se!"

"Didn't I tell you that luck was comin' our way?" Gassey added triumphantly a moment later, when the lots had been drawn and they were scheduled for the last trial. "Every one o' these suckers has to take their whack at it afore us, an' when our turn comes, we kin tell jes' exactly what we got to do!"

The first team up, Dorsey and O'Halloran, made twenty-seven inches and a half.

"Not so bad fur them," commented Gassey patronizingly; "but remember, Kid, they wasn't a night in our practice that we didn't do better 'n that."

The Swede pair, which came next, "fell down" badly on their score, making but twenty-four inches within the allotted time. McNamara and O'Toole, who followed, were disqualified early in their trial by the battering of a defective drill. Dalton and Gurnsey again made Gassey look thoughtful, however, for they scored a total of twenty-eight and three-quarters, and Mike Smith and Leabo immediately tied this tally.

Pemberton and Snodgrass dropped to bottom figures with twenty-three and a half; and then the crowd gave a roar of welcome, for Bill Ingram and his thick-set muscular comrade came forth to display their vaunted prowess.

After each stroke by the hammerman of this twain would come a chorus of encouraging shouts.

"Now she takes it!" they would call. "Come down on 'er, old man! Smash 'er, Shorty! Smash 'er!"

The spectators rocked backwards and forwards in their enthusiasm with each rise and fall of the hammer, as if by so doing they could aid the drillers in their panting efforts.

"Time!" shouted the referee; and Gassey dubiously shook his head. Under the lusty blows of Ingram and Shorty, the steel had penetrated to a depth of thirty-three inches. To win the prize, he and Flanders would have to beat that, and tie the world's record.

Nevertheless, there was nothing lost to his nonchalant air of self-assurance as he stepped forward in response to the umpire's call, shedding his coat and peeling his flannel shirt over his head as he came. Thus divested, his low-cut, sleeveless undershirt revealed his broad chest—white from the collar line, where the thick red tan of his neck and face commenced—the bulging shoulder muscles at his back, and those mighty arms, stubby from elbow to wrist with a fell of short, yellow hair. His sturdy nether limbs were encased in faded blue overalls stuffed into the top of grease-spattered miners' boots, and he wore an old black cap drawn down over his eyes.

Critically he scanned the preparations for the test; inconsequent and heedless as he might be about most things, it was certain that on an occasion of this kind he did not propose to fail through any lack of foresight. He squinted at the sun, and then had the block moved, to prevent the possibility of any dazzling reflection interfering with the accuracy of aim. He rang each drill to assure himself of its temper, and arranged them in an orderly sequence. Severely and at

length did he lay down the law to Joe Farley, who was to have charge of the water-can, whence a stream of water must be kept constantly playing upon the working drill.

Finally he signified his satisfaction with the arrangements, and nodded to Flanders to take his place. The younger man crouched down beside the rock with the shortest drill held firmly in both hands, its tempered point resting against the granite. Gassey was just behind, his feet solidly planted on the ground, his hammer held ready for the swing, all his muscles tense.

III.

"Strike!" shouted the umpire.

Almost with the word down came the sledge upon the drill-head. Around the hammer swung; but before it could descend again Flanders had turned the point a fraction of an inch, and with the second stroke there hopped out a small triangular chip of rock. So they continued, striking and turning, striking and turning, steadily grinding the drill-point down into the block's stubborn grain.

"Quarter minute!" announced the time-keeper; then: "Half! Three-quarters!" and finally, as the hand on his stop-watch was completing its circuit, he began to call the seconds: "One, two, three, four, five, six—"

Still holding fast with his right hand to the drill in use, Flanders now reached out with his left for the next longer one in the sequence. Working the new one towards the hole, he quickly shifted the two as the hammer rose from a stroke, making the exchange so deftly that there was no need for Gassey to alter the steady, regular swing.

"Seven, eight, nine," went on the time-keeper, emphasizing each call with a pump-handle movement of his arm.

Flanders had reached out now, and grasped with his free hand a hammer lying beside him on the ground.

"Ten!" rang out the voice of the time-keeper, and at the word Flanders sprang to his feet, swinging as his hammer as he arose, while Gassey simultaneously dropped and took his partner's former post at the drill. So precise and accurate had been their exchange of places that not to the most carefully attuned ear could there be detected the slightest variation in the measured rhythm of the clinking steel.

A roar of approval from the stand marked the performance of the feat, and more and more friendly became the encouraging shouts as the "talent" among the onlookers noted that the team had made two inches and three-quarters on their first essay.

"If they keep up that lick," gloomily prognosticated White Chip Martin who, on the strength of Flanders' rumored disability, had wagered heavily against the pair, "I'll be counting ties home tonight 'stid o' buyin' wine down at the Brown Palace as I was figurin'."

And, indeed, there seemed little question of their ability to "keep up the lick." Minute after minute passed; yet the interchange of labor was always featly effected; none of the drills battered or broke; instead of manifesting weakness, Flanders actually seemed to grow stronger and more eager; and the hole bored itself deeper and ever deeper into the granite. True, the score ran appreciably better when Gassey was doing the striking; but still they held fairly well to a general average, each of them maintaining a speed of from sixty to sixty-five blows to the minute.

At the end of the twelfth minute, when Gassey again took his turn at the hammer, he saw by the marks on the drill that they had made a total of twenty-seven inches, and that, barring accidents, the prize was theirs already. An overmastering ambition suddenly beset him.

"Let's beat the world's record. Kid," he proposed audaciously to his companion. "Seventy-five to the minute it goes?"

Flanders nodded assent. He, too, was intoxicated with their imminent success, and an unaccustomed grin broke over his saturnine countenance, all bespattered as it was with the gritty mud from the drill-hole.

"Clink! Clink! Clink!" the hammer rang in accentuated tempo, and Flanders, responding to its demand, began turning his drill with almost feverish activity.

The crowd, quick to comprehend, leaned forward, silent in its intense expectancy, eagerly following every movement of the two sweating, straining men, every stroke of the hammer, every bite of the drill as it cut deeper and deeper into the rock.

Gassey's hard, red face was almost ferocious with its scowl of fixed purpose. His teeth were clenched, his eyes set in a determined glare, his forehead corrugated with swollen veins. The cords and muscles on his breast and shoulders stood out like welts upon his dripping skin. His breath came with each stroke of the hammer in quick, labored gasps like the puffing of a donkey-engine.

Yet faster and even faster he urged himself on. Clankety-clankety-clanketyclank! The melody of his ringing strokes was beating to a veritable hornpipe, so swiftly and regularly he sent them in.

And now the change was to be made. The time-keeper was commencing his monotonous count. Flanders had secured the new drill, and was preparing to step it into place—no easy task, mark you; for the hole was a good thirty inches deep, and the transfer must be made in an infinitesimal fraction of a second. And then—

Perhaps Flanders was slow in making the change; perhaps Gassey failed for once in the accuracy of his stroke. Who can tell? Certain it is that, instead of the ringing impact of steel against steel there came suddenly the dull, muffled thud of a heavy blow upon unprotected flesh, and the sharp crack of a fractured bone.

Flanders toppled over as if he had been shot, and his right arm, broken at the elbow, trailed limply on the ground beside him. Gassey hurled his hammer from him and sprang toward his disabled partner; but even in that moment of excruciating pain the thought of losing the prize so nearly won was uppermost in the injured man's mind.

"Don't chuck it up, Gassey," he appealed, struggling up on one shoulder. "Keep a-strikin'!" Then he rolled over in a dead faint.

Thompson gave a wild look to right and left. His own hammer had been tossed fully twenty feet away; but Flanders' lay on the ground right to his hand.

Snatching it up, he snapped the stout hickory haft across his knee as

though it had been a stick of kindling-wood. Grasping the shortened tool in his right hand, while he seized the drill with his left, he resumed his desperate striking, alone.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang! He rained down the blows with the speed and precision of a blacksmith at his anvil. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang! No heed to the voice of the time-keeper now; no opportunity to change the drill; no chance even to note the progress of his efforts. Only the concentration of all his faculties—mind, heart, brain, muscle, and sinews—upon the driving of that drill. Up and down his arm flew with the momentum of the eccentric on a jig-saw. The sound of his hammer was no longer separate beats, but a continuous roll of clinking cadences. He was lost, beside himself, a madman, in the frenzy of his zeal.

An then the umpire had him by the shoulders and was dragging him back from the block.

"You fool," he bellowed in Gassey's insensate ear, "can't you hear me a hollerin' 'Time?' What in Sam Hill are you tryin' to do, any way? You've busted the world's record as it is!"

Ten minutes later, when Flanders blinkingly opened his eyes, and came back to the world of realities, Gassey Thompson was still the center of a tumultuous, whooping mob, which insisted on carrying him about on its shoulders, and would only desist when he urged the necessity of ministering to his disabled partner.

White-lipped, but smiling, the lad grasped both of Gassey's horny hands in his own uninjured left.

"Be keerful," cautioned Gassey hastily. "You don't want to frolic around none too much with that game wing o' yourn."

"Darn the game wing," ejaculated Flanders with supreme contempt. "I'm goin' down to Denver to have some fun. Come on, Gassey; we've jest got time to ketch the five forty-five!"

IV.

About ten o'clock that evening Flanders and his partner stepped out of the door of a Denver saloon and strolled—a trifle unsteady, it must be confessed—down the street. The broken arm was suspended in a sling; but otherwise neither of the men showed any trace of their strenuous experiences of the afternoon.

In the throng of passers-by was a little, pale-faced woman in rusty black, with two tired, fretful children tugg-

ing at her skirts. She made her way along in uncertain, nervous fashion, and her light blue eyes wore the timid, haunted expression of a rabbit's when the dogs are closing in.

Just as she passed the two miners, the smaller of the children, a boy in kilts, stumbled and fell; but almost before he touched the sidewalk, Gassey had caught him in his arms and was awkwardly attempting to soothe his vociferous howls.

"If you don't mind, ma'am, I'll carry him for a spell," he said diffidently to the mother. "The pore little feller's clean tuckered out."

Without seeking permission, Flanders had scooped up the other child on his well arm, and so the three marched abreast down the street.

"Which way was you going, ma'am?" inquired Gassey politely, intending with ready mendacity to aver, as soon as she could point out her destination that he himself was headed in the same direction.

To his surprise and confusion however, the woman at his question suddenly burst into a storm of tears.

"I ain't got nowhere to go," she sobbed despairingly. "I've been put out 'cause I couldn't pay my rent, an' I can't git no work to do, an'—I don't know what's a goin' to become of us!"

Encouraged by Gassey's sympathetic interest, she told her story—the old pitiful story of this world's incapables. Her husband, a miner up at Eagle Pass, had been killed some eight months before by the premature explosion of a blast, and when the expenses of his gorgeous funeral had been met, the widow found herself practically penniless. In the hope of supporting herself and her children, she had come down to Denver; there had seemed to be no place that she could fill, and now the end had come. Evicted from her lodgings, friendless and alone, she knew not where she could find shelter for herself and her little ones that night, nor whence tomorrow's breakfast was to come.

"An' so you're George Seckington's wife?" exclaimed Gassey Thompson, in tones artfully blended of surprise and relief. The woman had ingenuously told them her name. "Well, if that don't beat all! An' here I run acrost you this way, when it might 'a' took me a whole week to hunt you up. I sure am in luck today! You see, Mis' Seckington—condescending to explain—"Seckington an' me, we took a claim up on Clear Creek about six year ago, an' we worked it awhile, then, kalkilatin' that it didn't amount to shucks, we dropped it; but—an' this is the good part of it—last week there come along a tenderfoot wantin' to buy, an' Seckington's share is two hundred an' fifty—"

For the past half minute, Flanders had been vigorously twitching at Gassey's coat-sleeve. Now he growled hoarsely:

"Half o' that five hundred's mine, ain't it?"

"Seckington's share, I should say," quickly corrected Gassey, "is five hundred dollars, an' I'm here to pay it over to you ma'am."

And with that he pressed into the astounded woman's hand five crisp hundred-dollar bills, which he had received a few hours earlier as the prize in the drilling contest.

The partners broke loose with difficulty from their beneficiary's thanks and blessings, and walked a block or two in silence.

"It ain't no use for us to think o' holdin' the lease now," finally observed Flanders, not complainingly, but as one stating a pertinent fact.

Gassey stopped short in his meditative saunter.

"By George, that's so, ain't it?" he exclaimed. "I never thought of that!"

The corners of his mouth, under the bristling mustache, dropped for a moment, and his eyes grew pensive. Then he braced back his shoulders, and the old, unconcerned smile returned to his lips.

"I don't keer, Kid," he asserted. "We're men, an' we kin hustle; but folks like her—with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of the widow—"they can't!"

Flanders silently nodded approval. "Sure!" was all he said.

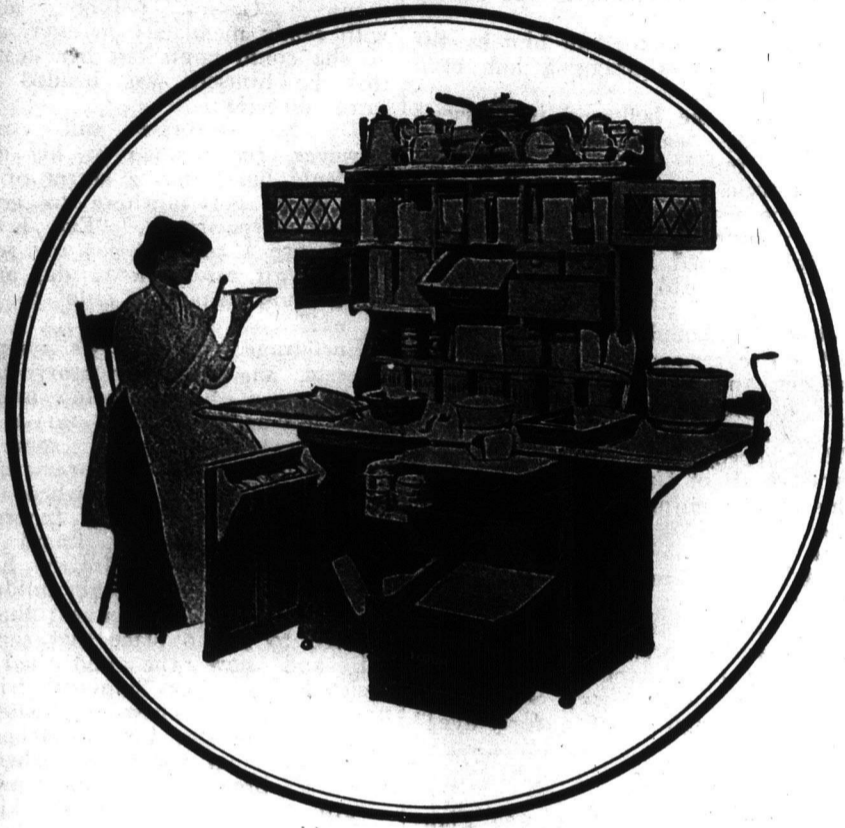


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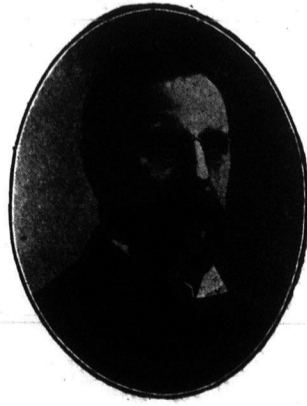
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## The Training of Jenks.

By ALLAN P. AMES.

**F**ULLY two-thirds of the sophomore class, including Stuffy Myers, Hefty Stevens, Bones Palmer, Red Kimball, and myself, were out on the athletic field watching Jenks run the hundred in nine seconds and three-fifths. When his ungainly form stumbled over the finish, a wild cheer went up, and a crowd surrounded the runner to congratulate him upon his performance.

Wrapped in a bathrobe whose colors rivaled the rainbow, the astonished freshman leaned upon the shoulders of two admirers and accepted our praise with smiling modesty. But nine and three-fifths for the hundred-yard dash, you say, beats the college record. Certainly; we understood that, so did Jenks; but something else that we knew and he didn't was that none of the timers started their stop-watches until a couple of seconds after he had left the mark!

Marcus Aurelius Jenks was the latest star in our athletic firmament, a luminary whose magnitude was limited only by his own unbounded credulity. In college, as elsewhere, we are prone to despise what we have and seek for what we have not. Behind Jenk's high, white forehead Greek and Latin roots were piled like cordwood. He had led his classes so long that he sighed for glory of a new kind, on which account it was not strange that his changed ambitions led him to try athletics.

At the time of which I speak our track athletics were on the top wave of prosperity. Half the freshmen class talked of going into training, and the coaches were actually embarrassed by the wealth of material. Owing to our comparatively small numbers, our football and baseball teams and crews were seldom a match for the large universities, but that did not prevent us from developing track men whose victories carried our name across the continent and over the water.

This year Springler, the best sprinter we ever had, was at the height of his form, and nothing in college was too good for him. For him underclassmen fetched and carried, swollen with pride if he permitted them to help him dress or assist the rubbers in massaging his wonderful muscles. With Springler's example before them, it is not surprising that the majority of aspirants went in for dashes, regardless of physical fitness. But Jenks was the last man of whom one would have suspected such a leaning. Over six feet tall, and angular as a hay rick, he had the stoop and face of a typical student. There was absolutely nothing about him to suggest the crack sprinter.

If Jenks had confided his ambitions to any one besides Stuffy Myers there is little doubt that they would have been promptly but mercifully smothered, and this story would never have been told. But practical jokes, particularly on freshmen, were Stuffy's daily food, and Jenk's request tempted him beyond endurance. Had he realized the lanky youth's earnestness, he might have hesitated; but regarding him only as any other freshman, and therefore fair game, when Jenks came to him for advice he went to work without foreboding and the skill of long experience.

The first intimation the class had of anything doing was the following notice posted next morning in all the sophomore recitation rooms:

Marcus Aurelius Jenks will begin training for the hundred yard dash on the athletic field at half-past three

this afternoon. A large attendance is requested. Suggestions thankfully received.

Wilson Myers, Trainer.

Myer's signature was a guarantee of superior entertainment, and at the appointed time only those members of the class who had recitations they could not cut were absent. Jenks and his trainer arrived promptly. The former's appearance, as he marched proudly onto the track, was enough to make a hen laugh; but, so universal is the instinct that nurses a practical joke, not a man among us betrayed the slightest amusement.

Marcus Aurelius was a sight for the gods. Stuffy had rigged him out in a scarlet jersey, so small that it was stretched to the bursting point, missing connections with the top of his running drawers by a good two inches. At first sight the upper garment seemed sprinkled with white polka dots; but this proved to be an illusion, caused by holes cut at regular intervals to show his tender skin. Jenks explained that they were for ventilation, but it was not hard to trace the origin of the idea to his ingenious trainer.

"gang" to draw upon, and what Hefty Stevens and Red Kimball and Bones Palmer could not hatch up in the way of freshman baiting wasn't worth considering. The only systematic feature of that boy's "training" was its unvarying absurdity.

The fun did not end when Jenks left the track. Stuffy's word to stop work was the signal for a small riot, the object being to decide which of Jenk's ardent admirers should bear him back to the dressing-room. This point being settled, Jenk's was lifted in the arms of those who gained the privilege and carried triumphantly indoors. Here another squad of volunteers snaked off his running togs, and turned him over to a third group in appropriate attire, who put him under the shower, rubbed him down with strange and fearful mixtures, lugged him back to the shower again, and soused him in the plunge. Finally they passed him along to the fourth bunch of Sophomores, who dressed him in his street clothes, each individual garment being presided over by a separate admirer. During the whole process the smiling and delighted athlete was not permitted

continued training as faithfully as ever, and soon began to talk of his chances in the approaching intercollegiate meet. Believing that he had done the sprints in less than record time, he saw no cause to doubt that he would be the star performer in the team that would represent the college.

The originators and abettors of the great hoax found themselves confronted with the problem of making Jenks understand that he had about as much chance of winning one of the intercollegiate races as a man with a wheelbarrow. The boy was in such deadly earnest that we feared lest a brutal statement of the facts might break his heart. To hints and suggestions he was impervious; nothing but the plain truth from some one like Springler or the trainer, whose authority he could not doubt, would disillusionize him; and these two, not being responsible for his condition, refused to assume the unpleasant task.

In short, it began to look as if, rather than tell the freshman how things stood, they were going to let him enter the meet and become the laughing stock of several thousand spectators. This, of course, would be the most undesirable result possible. The realization that he had made a fool of himself before a lot of "rooters" from rival colleges, not to speak of several hundred girls, would be enough to humiliate any man for life.

Finally, having discussed and rejected a dozen schemes, Stuffy and Hefty and Bones and Red and I concluded to appeal to Pop O'Brien. Pop was the professional trainer—not one of those modern physical directors with "M. D." and "Ph. D." after their names, but an old professional runner who had learned what makes and unmakes an athlete by personal experience. A better-natured, more tender-hearted Irishman never lived, and if he had caught the gang at work on Jenks the great joke would have had an untimely finish. But, as it happened, during the week that Marcus was treating us to those amusing stunts, Pop was away. He had learned of the affair after his return, of course, and the indignation we had heard him express made us both eager and reluctant to seek his assistance; eager, because we knew he would be anxious to save our victim further suffering, and reluctant because we knew he would embrace the opportunity to tell what he thought of us.

In the end an honest liking and solicitude for Jenks won the day. We found Pop at the end of the straight-away, putting half a dozen dash men through a course of starts.

"Faith, an' I'm plaised to learn that ye sophomores have a little ordinary human kindness in yez," he replied, after Stuffy had explained the object of our visit. "There's the poor lad out there now, chasin' round and round the track as if he was wound up. He'd never run the hundred under eleven if he trained all his life. But if a bye ever had grit, it's him. I've had me eye on the poor, innocent freshie ever since I heard of the mane thrick ye played him. It's a cryin' shame, that's what! I'll do what I can for yez; not because ye deserve help, but on his account."

"Pop, you're a brick," cried Stuffy. "You see, I'm the most worried over this because I'm principally to blame. But when I started the joke I never dreamed it would go so far. He was such a soft mark. Why, a fellow doesn't run across material like him once in a century!"

"Thru' enough," assented O'Brien heartily, with a strange twinkle in his eye. "Well, I'll see what can be done. Fact is, I've had that freshie on me



The astonished freshman leaned upon the shoulders of two admirers and accepted our praise with smiling modesty.

Thus attired, Jenks skipped out on the cinders and began to "train." Here Stuffy's monopoly ended, for the mob of volunteer coaches that lined the path showered him with suggestions:

"Kick your feet up more behind!"  
 "Throw your knees out sideways!"  
 "Swing your arms more; your hands ought to go above your head!"  
 "Let your tongue hang out; it makes you cooler!"

And so it went, each piece of advice more absurd than its forerunner, until Myers was obliged to stop them for fear that, guileless as he was, the victim's suspicions might be aroused.

"That'll do, fellows," called Stuffy, raising his hand. "Mr. Jenks and I are extremely grateful for your goodwill, but we are working on a system that must not be disturbed. We have concluded that the Iliowitz method is best suited to Mr. Jenk's style, and you will oblige by not interfering."

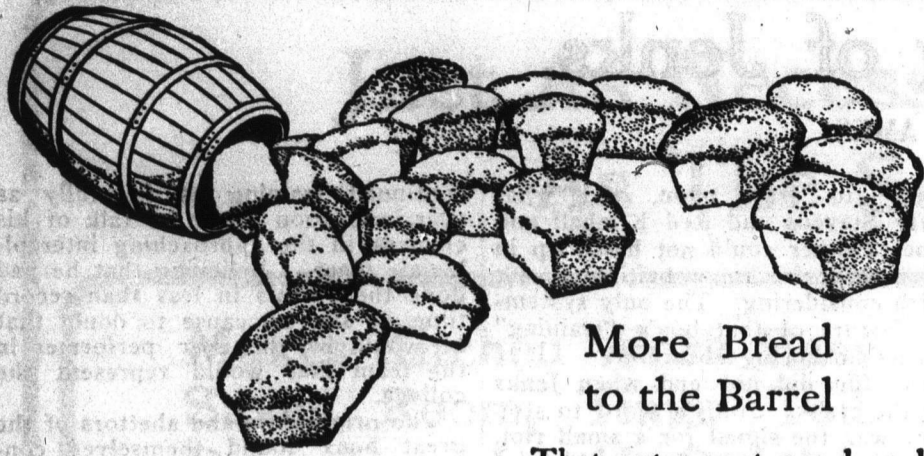
Knowing Stuffy, we obeyed, and the "Iliowitz method" proved satisfactory beyond our rosiest dreams. When Stuffy's originality exhausted itself he had the fertile brains of the

to help himself by so much as lifting a finger.

Those who didn't know Jenks must wonder how any man with sufficient intelligence to get into college would submit to such a mauling and consider it honor; but Marcus was unique in more ways than one.

Of course the awakening of his suspicions was only a question of time; but thanks to his singular guilelessness, his persecutors actually tired of the sport before that time arrived. Indeed, I am not so sure that we deserved the name of "persecutors;" for while the game was on its victim basked in what he took to be genuine hero-worship, and was the happiest fellow in college.

The really serious side of the affair occurred to nobody until a couple of weeks after different interests had almost blotted out the remembrance of Jenks and his ridiculous performances. For although the hair-brained Stuffy turned his attention to other sources of amusement, and the mob of volunteer coaches, dressers, and rubbers dwindled and disappeared, that amazing freshman



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mind for a long while. I guess it'll come out all right."

Having unbounded faith in the resources of Pop's Irish wit, we left the field with clear consciences, feeling that the matter was as good as settled. But three days later we saw Jenks jogging around the track as doggedly as ever. Somewhat disturbed, we asked O'Brien what the matter was. He told us that the affair was all settled.

"But I'm goin' to let ye puzzle over it a little," the trainer added, with a mysterious grin. "A bit more worryment won't hurt ye. Maybe ye'll be surprised at the way I've managed it; but never ye mind, the lad's in my keepin'. He'll come out of this all right, or me name ain't O'Brien!"

That was all the satisfaction he would give them. Notwithstanding persistent efforts to worm his secret from him, the day of the meet arrived with Pop wearing the same baffling smile, and Jenks saying nothing, only working harder than any other man on the team.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of that meet to the college. In the first place, it was our turn to hold it on our own grounds, consequently half the spectators were our old grads, our fathers and mothers and sisters and sub-freshman brothers, and other fellows' sisters, all wearing our colors and cock-sure of our success. Then, it was a year of unusually bitter rivalry between us and the State University. The preceding fall the university had licked us at football, and all this spring they had been bragging how they would do the same to our baseball and track teams.

For various reasons, but principally for its blustering bigness, we hated that institution. While we dated back nearly a century, to the time when our founder cleared the virgin forest, they could boast of barely a dozen years' mushroom growth. The Legislature voted them a generous annual appropriation, but Legislatures can't give history, nor traditions, nor moss-grown, time-mellowed buildings, nor old grads. In place of these the university had barrels of money, enormous classes, and still more enormous cheek.

Four other colleges sent teams to represent them, but the real contest was admittedly between us and our overgrown rival. Experts predicted the closest fight since the founding of the league. Upon Springler we depended for fifteen points, five for first place in each of the three dashes; but the university had a man who was equally sure to win the two long runs. In the half-mile, the hurdles, the jumps, and the weights we felt secure of as many points as they. Figuring out the prospects, we had concluded that we should win the meet by about five points. The outlook was cheerful, but not rosy enough to banish anxiety altogether, especially since the university rooters, as soon as they marched upon the field, began to behave as if they had not the slightest doubt about winning.

Each college had a certain section of the grand stand assigned to it, and even from a distance you could tell where each crowd sat from the predominating color. Stuffy and Hefty and Red and I, with a few others of our particular coterie, had the good luck to be unencumbered with relatives, so we went out to the field together, and all got seats in a bunch.

As we looked over the programs distributed through the rows by a couple of freshmen, Jenks and Pop O'Brien's promised surprise being far from our thoughts, suddenly there came a howl from Hefty:

"Oh, wow! Bully for Pop! See here, fellows, what he's done and done!"

Eagerly crowding around Hefty, we let our eyes rest on the spot his finger indicated. There, among the entries for the two-mile run appeared the name of M. A. Jenks!

With a common impulse, we

glanced at the list of men who were to take part in the dashes. Jenks was not there.

"Well, I don't see as he's helped things any," growled Kimball.

"You don't hey, you pudd'n'-head?" retorted Hefty. "Haven't you brains enough to understand that since Jenks isn't officially entered for the sprints he can't start? That's Pop's foxy scheme. If the boy had been left out altogether, he might have expected a conspiracy; but now O'Brien can explain that his name got in the wrong place through some regrettable error, which was discovered too late to remedy. Since Jenks considers himself only a sprinter, he'd never dream of starting in the two-mile run, and so he'll be left out altogether."

"You're right!" shouted Stuffy, with a vigor that proved his delight. "That ought to let the freshman down without wounding his tenderest feelings."

More than satisfied with the manner in which Pop had kept his word, the gang dismissed the subject and prepared to give the coming events its undivided attention.

As usual, the meet began with the hundred-yard dash. Springler, just as everybody expected, won, with two yards of clear daylight between him and the nearest opponent. That started the cheering, and from then on there were few intervals when one college or another was not stretching its lungs. The State University men had every kind of new-fangled device for making a disturbance, and whenever one of their team won the racket was hideous.

An athlete of theirs took the low hurdles, with Johnson of our team second, while in the high hurdles the same two men came in ahead, only in positions just reversed. And this was an illustration of the way things went most of the afternoon. Practically, it was a dual meet, for the other colleges got firsts in only three events. Springler took the twenty in hollow style, and Felton, the university's crack distance man, had just as easy a time in the mile run. The field events distributed points about as we had anticipated, and then the result of the broad jump was announced we held the victory as good as won.

With the quarter and the two-mile events yet to come, the score stood thirty-eight to thirty-one in our favor. Springler was regarded as a certainty in the quarter, while the long run was conceded to Felton, so it looked as if nothing could prevent our coming out six or seven points ahead. The university men realized this as well as ourselves, for their cheering died away, and the section where their supporters sat suddenly became quiet as the grave, with hardly a flag in sight.

Although our rivals had not a man who could finish the quarter within yards of Springler, the two they had entered were considered good enough to beat any of the other contestants. Altogether, eight starters faced the mark.

The pistol cracked, and it was glorious to see the way our star man lit out from the bunch. Half way round the track he led by ten yards, running so easily that he scarcely seemed to exert himself at all. It looked like a walk-over; then all at once our cheering ended abruptly in a wail of dismay, for, entering the home-stretch, Springler, without warning, suddenly lost his magnificent stride, staggered a few steps, and pitched over on his face. The two university runners darted past, and the next minute they had crossed the line and won the race.

It all occurred so unexpectedly that for several seconds the whole grand stand sat silent in amazement. Then from that university section burst a roar that shook the distant dormitories.

How had it happened? There sat Springler on the edge of the track, with his face buried in his hands,

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overwhelmed by the calamity. O'Brien and a couple of his men rushed up to him, and we saw them help him slowly to his feet and half carry him to the dressing-room. Pretty soon Pop came running back and whispered something to the manager of the team, and before long the explanation was going the rounds of the stand. Springler had stepped into a hole in the cinder path and wrenched a tendon so badly that he was not likely to run again that season.

The question remained, however, how came the hole there? O'Brien declared that before the race began he had inspected the track and found it in perfect condition. This fact, together with the careful manner in which the two university sprinters had avoided the dangerous spot, gave the thing an ugly look; but there was small chance of proving anything. Somebody had scooped out that hole for the purpose of throwing Springler. Who it was we never discovered.

This accident gave the university first and second places in the quarter, which meant eight points, enough to put them one ahead. Third place had gone to a runner from one of the other colleges. The two-mile was the only event left, and, as I have said, Felton was as certain to win it as he had been with the mile.

Meanwhile our rivals had been carrying on like all-possessed, jumping up and down in their seats, tooting their silly horns, waving their sickly yellow flags, yelling, and making such a fearful din that you couldn't hear yourself think. And the worst of it was we had to sit and hear them without a ray of hope for the future.

The uproar was still at its height when the clerk of the course called the men out for the last event. They came from their dressing-rooms, looking, in their gaudy bath-ropes and blankets, like a lot of frozen Indians. Grief had so dulled my interest that I scarcely gave them a second glance, but Red Kimball, who sat just behind, bent over and landed a terrific punch between my shoulders.

"Holy smoke!" he exclaimed, "look there! If that clothes-pin in the red and brown blanket isn't Mark Jenks I'll eat my chapeau!"

Several others who had heard him looked at the same time, and, sure enough, it was that freshman!

"Oh, heavens!" moaned Stuffy; "the fool's really going to run! Where's Pop? I don't believe he knows it."

We watched the preparations for the start, expecting every moment to see some one run out and drag Jenks off the track; but no such thing occurred. Presently O'Brien came over from the gymnasium, and walked along the line, whispering final instructions to our three men, but when he reached Jenks he showed neither surprise nor anger. He only talked to him a little longer than he did to the rest, and then stepped back out of the way.

Marcus Aurelius had the extreme outside of the track, which brought him into full view of the stand, and more than one laugh was heard as he threw off his blanket and revealed his ungainly form. Even in regulation running costume Jenks was a sight for the merry. His face, leaner than it had been when we first knew him, and burnt by his outdoor life to a healthier hue, expressed the most heartrending anxiety, while his deep, near-sighted eyes were fixed upon the starter as if he feared he would never be able to pick the man out again if he once removed them.

Now a two-mile run is a long, trying race. The eager novice generally makes the mistake of racing his heart out in the first mile; the veteran, unless he is after a record, generally takes things easy at the start, and lets some one else cut out the pace until he can size up his opponents.

Jenks did just as might have been expected. At the sound of the pistol

he set out at a pace that soon left the others behind. Running diagonally across the track, he almost immediately took a lead close to the pole. Once there, he let nobody pass him, and before the first quarter was covered he led by a good twenty-five yards.

Felton at first kept well back with the crowd. His strongest point was his ability to sprint at the close, when other men had not an ounce of energy left. There were times when his fondness for a spectacular finish tempted him to postpone his sprint until the last possible moment.

Our track is three laps to the mile. As the runners came around the first time, Jenks, at the head of the string, was greeted by a chorus of derisive hoots, the university rooters vying with one another to see who could shriek the most exasperating things. But action seemed to have restored the freshman's nerve, for he loped steadily along without heeding their attempts to rattle him. When he had passed, Bones Palmer, who was the only fellow in our particular crowd who pretended to be an authority on form, turned and remarked:

"Say, that giraffe may look funny, but let me tell you he's running in first-rate style. Not an ounce of effort wasted in that long swing of his! You can't expect a bean-pole to look as pretty as those knotty little chunks behind him. Bunchy muscles make a fine show, but they're more use in a gymnasium than on a running-track."

"You don't mean to say that gawk can run?" demanded Stuffy.

"Yes, I do," declared Bones; "but of course there's no telling how he will hold out. I'm afraid he's setting too stiff a pace."

"I'll give him one more lap at that gait before he's lugged off to the infirmary," growled Stuffy, relapsing into the gloomy silence that had followed Springler's failure.

Notwithstanding his prophecy, when the runners went by the second time the only noticeable change was a slight increase in Jenks' lead.

"Stay where you are, Felton!" yelled a volunteer coach in the stand. "That fellow's only a stalking-horse. Don't let him pull you out!"

Before the end of the fourth lap the rattling pace had used up three of the contestants so badly that they quit, sitting down beside the track to recover their wind. Only two-thirds of a mile remained, and Jenks had widened the space between him and the nearest opponent to pretty nearly a hundred yards. It was incomprehensible! In breathless silence we followed him with our eyes, expecting each stride to be his last, but he kept on at the same mechanical lope without the least sign of weakening.

Jenks a two-miler! Jenks beat Felton! It was preposterous! Yet Felton's anxiety was manifested by more acts than one. Until nearly the end of the fifth lap he waited for his unknown rival to drop back; then, finding him running as strong as ever, he threw back his head and started to close the gap. Felton was a wonderful finisher, and now, exerting himself to the utmost, he gradually began to overhaul the leader.

Until this spurt came our fellows had watched the race with scarcely a sound, into such a trance had amazement thrown them. But now there was a swift awakening. The college leaped to its feet and found its voice in one prolonged, inarticulate yell, for even the most inexperienced could see that our blessed freshman was running within his strength and without a hint of distress.

Now, perhaps for the first time, some of us recalled a picture of early spring afternoons with Jenks patiently jogging round and round this same track in the same mechanical, ground-devouring stride. We had grown so accustomed to regard the chap as a hopelessly awkward duffer with a pathetic ambition to sprint that we failed to observe the gradual transformation from an ungainly

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novice to a seasoned long-distance runner. Now we began to understand the meaning of those long afternoons of dogged hard work, and of Pop O'Brien's mysterious remarks.

But most of these thoughts occurred to us afterward. It was no time for memories of the past just then. Around the bend raced Jenks, with Felton straining behind. It is a terrible thing to run a mile and two-thirds as fast as you think you possibly can, and then find that you must finish just a little faster. This was the task cut out for the university champion. Contempt for his unknown opponent had tempted him to delay that famous spurt too long.

At first he closed on our man rapidly, but when the gap had narrowed to about twenty-five yards, in spite of the fact that Jenks ran as mechanically as ever and not a bit faster, there it remained. As the two runners flew down the stretch every person in the stand was up shouting incoherent words of encouragement. Then the State University people dropped dumbly back into their seats, leaving us to cheer alone, for Jenks, with a smile on his lean face as he glanced behind at Felton staggering twenty-five yards in his wake, had crossed the line.

If our opponents had gone crazy when their man won the four-forty, our fellows behaved now as if they had never known a sane hour in their lives. Barely waiting for the third runner—an outsider whose point had no effect upon the result—they poured over the grand stand railing like water over a spillway, and flowed out along the field, throwing up their hats and coats, thumping one another on the back, dancing and yelling like a horde of drunken Indians.

By winning the race Jenks had given us five points, which, balanced against Felton's three for second,

won us the meet by a score of forty-three to forty-two. Not a large margin, but enough! The very closeness of the result made the triumph all the sweeter. And how we did celebrate!

And Jenks! Before he could escape to his dressing-room he was seized and lifted upon the shoulders of as many adoring classmates as could find room beneath him. With a scarlet blanket draped about his lanky form to guard against a chill, he was carried along the front of the stand and then across the field and into the gymnasium, much as the sophomores of Stuffy Myers' gang had borne him a few weeks earlier in the year. Only this time the demonstration was as much in earnest as that other had been in mockery. At that moment I am sure there was not an undergraduate nor a subfreshman on the campus who would not have given all he possessed to be in the shoes of that once despised and pitied freshman.

During the three remaining years of his course Jenks won us many a race, and developed into nearly as good a miler as he was a two-mile man; but his inability to sprint was something that no amount of training could remedy. We left him a junior, one of the most popular fellows in college, and captain-elect of the following year's track team. His popularity dated from the afternoon when he saved the intercollegiate meet by beating Felton, but its rapid growth was due in no small measure to the cheerful manner in which he forgave the treatment he had received from Stuffy Myers' gang.

We all appreciated this, except Stuffy himself, who to the end of his days will insist that the college owes him an everlasting debt of gratitude for being the first to discover in Jenks the makings of a star athlete.



THE CANINE RACE.

## The Younger Son.

By DWIGHT SAUNDERS.

"By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,  
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own."

THE remittance man quoted it wearily from the "Songs of the Banjo." "By the bye," he asked suddenly, "did I ever tell you of my bank robbery over the line?"

"Good Lord! no," gasped his father's friend who had just helped him out, "until next steamer-time, you know." "Good Lord! You don't mean to tell me that—"

"Oh, it's all right," reassured the other. "There's no come-back to this story. But I have never been able to determine whether or not I was guilty of that robbery—ethically, you understand. It was just after that Klondike fizzle I told you about, and I had wandered down through British Columbia until I struck a little town within seven miles of the United States line. There were a lot of good fellows there and things went well enough with me until the bottom fell out of the boom. Then I went flat broke again except for a couple of cayuses and the shanty I lived in.

"There was plenty of money in the country, but it was going to the big mine-owners. The day of the roving prospector was passing in that section, and most of the boys had moved on to new fields, but I couldn't move with them for various reasons, and presently there came a time when I was right up against it hard. I had always played a clean stack until then, and my credit was good about town to a certain extent, but that wouldn't have lasted long once I had started in to work it; it never does, you know, so I didn't try. I even had friends in the local bank, a couple of tenderfoot kids, not long out. It wasn't much of a bank, just a branch of a bigger institution somewhere else, that had been started for the convenience of the miners round about. Those kids they're there yet—were in our club, and we used the bank as a rendezvous; actually kept our tennis rackets under the counter. I, especially, had the freedom of the place and many's the time I have strolled behind the screen within easy reach of the little piles of silver and gold—why, I had often picked up their six-shooter that always lay on the counter, and—but I am anticipating. What I mean to convey is that they were a couple of unsophisticated kids, friends with everyone in the place and without a thought that anyone was less honest than they or that the situation had its—its—"

"Temptations for younger sons," remarked his father's friend quietly.

"Just so," was the unperturbed answer. "Well, I was sitting in my shack one evening, when Bobby Jameson strolled in and announced that he too was down and out. We fell to comparing our condition with what it had been in England before we came out and presently the talk drifted to the little bank and the accounts which had once reposed there in our names. Jove, if we'd only had that money then!"

"Let's rob the bloomin' bank!" exclaimed Bobby in jest.

"All right," said I, in the same vein. "That is the very idea. When shall we begin?"

"But seriously," he went on. "It would be the easiest thing in the world for one of us to walk in there on those two kids, and hold them up with their own gun and take everything in sight."

"You are right, my boy," I replied. "You are right. You are always right," and we dismissed the subject for the night.

"Next morning Bobby was over again, and it was not long before one of us, I do not remember which, broached the idea of robbing the

bank. I do not believe that either of us was really serious about it even then, but the very ease with which it might be accomplished was fascinating. It was plain to be seen that Bob had given the subject thought, and I know it had been forcing itself to the front of my brain all day long. Still, we got no further with it that evening than to decide that as a last resort, in case our last best arrows bounded back from the mark, there lay in the situation a possibility that might save us from absolute penury. Well, it did not take long for those last, best arrows to bound back, and then—the jest became earnest.

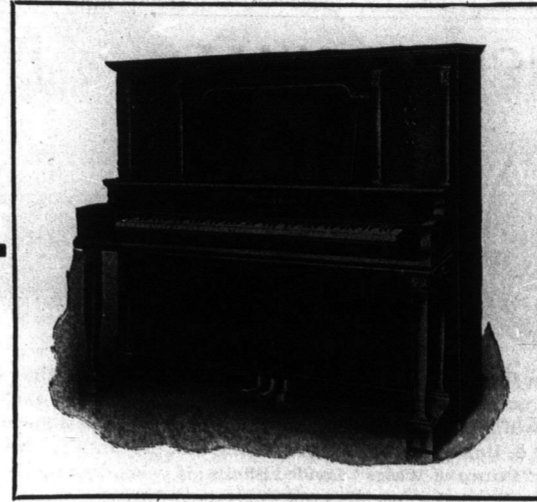
"God knows, I cannot explain the *modus* of that transition; how two hitherto self-respecting English gentlemen could have so quickly descended the scale of the social ladder, I do not know. But there we were in the very depths, burglars at heart, planning the looting of a two-penny bank and the outraging of the friendship of two of the best boys that ever left England.

"We were not precipitate. We could not afford to be. We planned every detail with the utmost care. My two cayuses were at grass out in the open country. I was to bring them in and board them with my last few dollars at a cheap stable in town, so as to have them in readiness for the day of the raid. In order that no inkling of our connection might leak out in advance, Bobby was to apply for a job in a mine near the next town, and I was to subsist as best I could in my shack, and perfect details. The day set was just before the next regular monthly pay-day at the mines, when the bank naturally would have a large amount of money in the safe.

"When the moment for action arrived, Bobby and I were to ride the cayuses to the door of the bank, arriving there just at closing-up time. I was to enter first, passing in behind the counter ostensibly to get my tennis-racket. Then I was to grab the gun, which always lay ready to hand, and hold up those kids until Bobby could enter and tie them up. After that we meant to throw them into the little cubby-hole in the rear which they used as a bedroom, and in which they would probably lie undiscovered until the next morning. Meantime we would loot the safe at our pleasure, pack the stuff on the horses, and put out for the line only seven miles away. Why, we even went over the short-cuts in the trail to make absolutely sure that there would be no hitch in our flight. Given a few hours' start there would be no catching us, for the country beyond the line was wild, and there were places we knew of where we could have lived a month with plenty of grub and very little danger of surprise.

"Well, we had three weeks of our fool's paradise, planning the details of the crime and feasting in prospect on its rich return. Bobby worked at the mine pushing an ore-car by day and visiting me by night, and at last one day arrived on which the deed was to be executed. I arose early, expecting Bobby to appear by noon. I had the cayuses all ready, saddle-bags fixed and waiting, grub packed, and so on down to the last detail, but noon came and went, and no Bobby. I began to grow impatient, wondering who could have detained him. One o'clock. Two o'clock. It did not occur to me that he could have welched—he was never a quitter once his word had been passed. Two-and-thirty by the watch, and I had begun to peep up the trail that led out of town. He was not in sight.

"Now, I believe it was about then that I began to have as curious a revulsion of feeling as I have ever experienced. I began almost to hope



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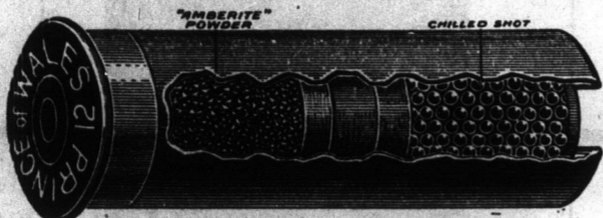


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that he might be delayed an hour longer. I suppose it was conscience awakening from its long sleep. Whatever it was, once I got fairly going in that strain, the adverse possibilities of the situation, the terrible disgrace whether or no we were successful, began to overwhelm me. I conjured up to the certainty of our capture. I saw flaws in our plans which I had never seen before. I could picture the condemnation in the faces of our friends in camp, the sorrow that would surely come to the loved ones at home, the life-long ostracization even in the event of success. It became maddening, the more so because I knew well enough that if Bobby appeared within the next quarter-hour I should go through with it all in sheer cowardice of worldly spirit, even though I was assured that a thousand mental hells would afterward punish my defection from the moral path. I wished Bobby Jameson in the throes of deepest torment. I cursed the fate that had brought us together.

"Suddenly there came the rapid beat, beat, beat of a horse's hoofs along the road. Good God! it was Bobby at last. He was coming and the whole miserable business would have to be gone through with after all. Well, I put it down to fate and withdrew into the shack and waited. The horse dashed up to the door and stopped. There was a quick knock.

"Come in!" I called.

"The door opened and not Bobby but one of those kids from the bank stepped inside. I was thunderstruck and I guess I showed it.

"I—I—thought you were Bob Jameson," I managed to splutter.

"It's about him I came," he said gravely.

"For one moment I believed that Bobby had confessed our scheme.

"What is it?" I asked as steadily as I could. He was staring at me with what I took to be an air of reproach.

"He met with an accident over at the mine," replied the kid. "Slipped under his car and it rolled on his leg. He is in the hospital—said you ought to know. I was over there today and—hello, what's the matter with you?"

"What was the matter with me? Nothing except that I had been hauled back from hell just as the flames had begun to scorch. Do you wonder that I hugged that kid with joy, that I exacted the details of the mishap with a visible glee that scandalized him, or that after he had gone I got down on my knees and thanked God for the infinite mercy he had vouchsafed me? Do you wonder?"

His father's friend nodded his head approvingly. "I do not wonder," he said. "And Jameson, what of him?"

"O, Bobby," replied the younger son. "Good old Bobby. Well, I went out to the mine and the Super said it was the most curious accident he had ever heard of. The wheels of the car had run over Bobby's leg. Now a miner usually pushes his car before him. The Super couldn't understand how Bobby could have fallen under wheels which were in front of him. When I reached the hospital Bobby was pretty well knocked out, but he had strength enough to reach out a hand to me.

"Sorry to disarrange our plans, old man," he said. "Better luck next time."

"I am sorry you are hurt, Bobby," I said. "But—I am glad—otherwise."

"Are you though?" he said. "Then you needn't be sorry for me. This, you know, can be cured, whereas the other—besides I had no business to be riding on the front of that car."

"I could have told the Super a thing or two about that accident if I had wanted to."

"You think he did it deliberately?" asked his father's friend.

"Well, it was like Bobby, anyway," replied the younger son.

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# A Personally Conducted Rebellion.

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON.



**T**HUNDER and tarnation!" David Scott growled, crushing the letter in his great veined hand. "What's the matter?" inquired his wife nervously, as she paused in the doorway, with dough clinging to her thin fingers. "Matter enough," snarled her husband in impatient rage. "Here I am helpless as a new-born babe, and the man that's buyin' up horses for that New York van company 'll be at Gabe Mitchell's stable today noon, and I ain't got a soul to send in with my string."

Jim, his eldest born, who had been sitting on the edge of the rocker, twirling his big straw hat, rose suddenly and stalked from the room.

"Oh, you needn't get your back up! It's true," shouted Scott. "You haven't as much horse sense as your five-year-old brother, an'—"

"Maybe I could look after it for you, father," interrupted Mrs. Scott. "I know every one of those horses, and some men's mighty nice in dealing with women folk. Besides, there's Gabe. I don't believe he'd stand by and see me get the worst of it."

A cunning gleam shone in David Scott's cold-gray eyes. It was not a bad idea. He had forgotten Gabe.

"Well, if you're set on tryin' it, get ready quick. Bill and Charlie can lead the roans and the blacks, and Jim can ride with you in the buggy an' lead the grays."

Mrs. Scott dressed under a running fire of instructions, and her thoughts ran together in a hopeless jumble.

Her black alpaca certainly did look rusty, but she musn't let the roans go for less than \$500. If only she had a few violets to freshen up her bonnet! Certainly, she'd be sure to bank the money. Was there time to crimp her hair just a little? Yes, she had the bank book, and she wouldn't forget the doors closed at three!

Just here little Dave, dish-towel in hand, ran into the room.

"Beth says I wiped the dishes awful nice, mother; and will you bring me some fire-crackers. Next Tuesday's the Fourth—"

Scott sat up in bed and shook a long, bony finger at his wife.

"Don't you dare, Sarah. I'm sending you to Danport to take in money, not to spend it. Fire-crackers! Bosh. I never had 'em. That's burnin' money for sure."

Little Dave fled, but as his mother was climbing into the buggy he clutched her skirt and whispered as if he feared his voice might travel around the L to the spare-room window:

"Just bring me one cracker, mother, and I'll go way 'round to the woods to set it off. Think of setting a match to it and hearing it go sizz-boom."

"Be a good boy, Davy," replied his mother, bending to kiss the pleading face, "and don't forget to feed the turkeys."

"But ain't you going to bring me one?" the boy sobbed, running alongside the buggy. "Just one, mother?"

"Oh, go back before you'r hurt," exclaimed Jim gruffly, but averting his gaze from the little figure.

"Good-by, dear," said Mrs. Scott, waving a stiffly gloved hand. "Maybe I might find one!"

Her eyes were moist and tender as she caught the last glimpse of the boy, who had stopped short in the grassy lane to toss his ragged hat in the air. She turned apologetically to her oldest born.

"I've got fifty cents Mis' Wentworth paid me yesterday for eggs—"

"Father must have been asleep when she came," remarked the young man dryly.

The delicate face so near his stalwart shoulder burned redly.

"Well, I thought he wouldn't miss it—and—and I'm just going to let Davy take a couple packs over to Bidwell's the morning of the Fourth and have some fun with the other boys."

"It would be strange if we did things like other boys, wouldn't it?" inquired Jim bitterly.

For a few minutes both were silent.

Mrs. Scott thought how fine it must be to drive to town once a week in a comfortable spring buggy. Come to think of it, she hadn't been to Danport for more than two years. She was always busy when David went in on Saturdays.

Evidently Jim's thoughts had fared farther afield, for he burst forth abruptly:

"I'm planning to go back to Missouri with Frank Nelson, mother!"

The reins fell from Mrs. Scott's hands, and her son replaced them gently.

"I'd oughtn't to give you such a start, but I was just thinking and spoke out. Frank's doing fine with his fruit, and he says he'll back me to rent a strip of land close to his."

"Going to Missouri!" echoed his mother dully.

"Yes; me and father had some words the day he twisted his ankle. I rather 'low he wouldn't have twisted it at all if he hadn't stamped his foot so hard at me. I asked him to let me have the south slope on shares. I've always wanted to raise garden truck, and I don't care much for stock breeding. I told him I thought I could make some money at it, and he said I wasn't hired to think for him, but to work. And I said that as near as I could make out I wasn't even hired—I just gave my time, and then—well, it don't matter!"

Mrs. Scott looked back on her husband's broad acres. All this, and money in bank, yet her son was going to strangers!

"But what does Kate Bidwell say?"

The young man's face softened.

"Kate's set on my going. She knows that as long as I hang 'round here, we'll never be able to marry. I tell you, mother, there ain't many girls would stick to a fellow who never has a cent to take them to sociables or buy 'em presents. If father would even give me the wages he gives his other hands, I'd stick it out—for your sake. But we're just dirt under his feet—wheels to grind gold for him."

So Jimmy would leave her—as Sally had done. Sally, who had fought inch by inch for the education which had finally placed her on the eligible list in the district schools!

How they had smuggled candles for night study in the attic! How the tired mother had shouldered extra burdens when the father was away that the ambitious girl might snatch an extra hour at her books!

And only a few days before a letter had come from Newton Center, where Sally was teaching this year. Part of it had run:

Don't think I am deserting you, mother dear, but I'm only coming home over the Fourth. I'm going to a summer college, and some day I will get a city school and take you away from that awful farm.

Yes, that was what they all wanted to do—leave the farm, with its rolling, fruitful acres, its purling streams, and its magnificent stretches of pasture and woodland. Why? Why? The answer was the square-jawed, thin-lipped man, cursing impotently from the depths of her best feather bed in the spare chamber!

II.

"Glad to see you, I'm sure, Sarah," said Gabe Mitchell, as he helped her from the buggy. "Yes, the boys got here all right with the other horses."

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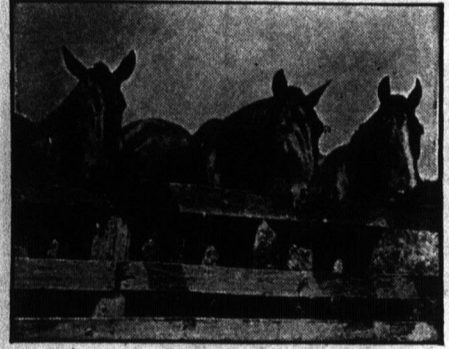
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Won't you step into my office? Yes, that's it, on your right. I'll be with you in a minute."

She walked away briskly, little thinking that Gabe Mitchell was watching her with a dreamy look in his soft brown eyes.

"Remarkable how your mother carries her years," he said abruptly as he caught Jim's eye. "It don't seem any time since I used to see her home from singing school."

"She can still sing," replied the boy proudly, as he led his team to the barn. Then it suddenly struck him as curious that he had never heard his mother sing over her work when his father was around.

They found Mrs. Scott sitting on the edge of Mitchell's swivel chair, nervously picking at the finger tips of her coarse cotton gloves.

"Father says he must have five hundred for the roans, four for the grays, and the blacks ought to bring three hundred," she said with the air of one repeating a well-learned lesson. "They all come of good draft stock—"

"Certainly, certainly, Sarah," replied Mitchell. "Don't you give it a minute's thought. Every one knows David Scott's stock is A-1. There ain't the least bit of need in your hanging 'round this hot office. Jim, here, and I can look after the sale. You just drop 'round before bank closes and deposit the money. Maybe you have some trading to do?"

Mrs. Scott felt her color rising. David always did the trading. It would not take long to spend fifty cents!

"Tell you what, Sarah," exclaimed Mitchell, "I'll just have Jim take you over to my sister's. There's going to be some sort of a woman's rights meeting at the court-house. You'd ought to go with her to hear the speaking."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Scott sat with Gabe's sister watching the Danport women gather for the meeting. The speaker had arrived on the same train as the New York horse-buyer.

It must be fine to travel around thus and live at hotels and have every one applaud you, thought Sarah Scott; then her thoughts wandered toward comparisons between the raiment worn by her old Danport friends and her own rusty dress and bonnet.

That was a lovely dress Gabe's sister had on—looked just like an old-fashioned delaine, only more silky.

"My friends, we women are just what we allow the men to make us—queens or slaves. Don't blame the men if you are downtrodden. Look back over your history. Have you placed the true value on your gifts, your talents, your powers?"

After that the speaker talked hard and fast for forty minutes, urging her audience to demand the right of franchise, but her eloquence was lost on one woman. Sarah Scott was living her married life over again.

What had she allowed David to make of her? Why was she not queen in her home instead of its slave and his?

Because from the first it had been easier to yield than to struggle against his iron will!

The meeting was over, and Sarah Scott, still like one in a dream, went back to the livery stable. Jim was leaning against the door smoking a cigar! Gabe sat on an upturned box, whittling. He had always been a great hand with a jack-knife, she remembered.

"Well, Sarah," he said cordially, as he rose to greet her. "He's gone, and your horses with him."

"Did you get five hundred for the roans?" she asked mechanically.

"Five fifty," answered Gabe, watching her face curiously.

She started.

Why, David allowed I hadn't sense enough to get even four hundred," she exclaimed impulsively.

"Well, that gives you a commission of fifty dollars," continued Gabe in his smooth, even tones.

"Me—fifty dollars?"

"Sure," replied Gabe. "When you sell anything for a man and get a good price you are always allowed a commission."

She looked anxiously at Jim. His expression was inscrutable. His gaze was fixed on the smoke curling from the end of his cigar.

"Now, here's the money for deposit in the big roll, and your commission in the other," continued Gabe, laying the two packages of money before astonished eyes. "You'd better count it while I'm hitching up."

As he left the office, Mrs. Scott unrolled the smaller package and counted the bills. Tears came to her eyes. "It don't seem right. Seems as if this really belonged to your father."

The boy cleared his throat.

"It's yours all right. Father couldn't have got five hundred for the roans in a hundred years. Mr. Mitchell did it for you, and he'll be hurt if you don't keep the money!"

She fingered the notes. So Gabe had done it for her!

Her thoughts reverted to those other days before David Scott, the masterful, had swept the more gentle and quiet lover from his path. And she might have been a queen instead of a slave!

A tremor passed through her slender figure, and suddenly she straightened back her shoulders. She laid a firm hand on her son's arm.

"Jimmy," she said, and the boy realized that her very voice had changed, "if you children 'll stand by me, I'm going to buy my Declaration of Independence with this fifty. Come on; we'll get the fire-crackers for Dave first."

She thrust the "commission" into the palm of her glove and started for the door. Jim flung his cigar through the open window and gathered up the money which was to be deposited in his father's name.

His mother had forgotten it!

III.

BOOM—BOOM—BANG—BOOM!  
"Ki-yi! Ki-yi!"  
C-r-rack-rack! C-r-rack! Chang!  
David Scott started up from a heavy doze and stared about him in bewildered fashion.

C-r-rack! C-r-rack! Chang!  
"Sarah! Mother! Sarah!" yelled Scott.

The only reply was a fresh blast followed by exultant shouts. Scott leaned over the side of the bed pounded the floor with his cane, shouting like mad for every member of the family, from his wife to little Davy.

Presently the door opened a few inches to admit the long, lean face of Mary Ann Jenkins, a "trusty" at the poor-farm. He gasped and his shouts died away in a gurgle of rage.

"Ready for your breakfast, Mr. Scott?" she asked.

"What's that infernal noise?" yelled the disgruntled man by way of reply.

"It's Davy an' the Bidwell boys cel'bratin' down by the creek. Mis' Scott she thought t'd be safer near the water. Shall I bring your breakfast?"

"No!" thundered the man. "Bring me Davy. I'll teach him!" he added grimly, as the door closed.

That was the first work at hand. Afterward—well, he'd find out what "poor-farm truck" was doing in his kitchen and what his family meant by stealing away without his consent. His long, lean fingers twitched nervously as he waited.

"Davy says he can't come. His mother told him mos' particular he was not to come near the house an' bother you."

Again Scott gasped for breath. Before he fully recovered his power of speech, Mary Ann was back with his breakfast, which included only such dishes as had always stood high in his favor.

He ate in grim silence, which was more than the garrulous woman could stand.

"It's a pity you couldn't seen 'em start," she said finally. "But Mis' Scott she 'lowed you'd had a bad night an' needed the sleep."

"She did, eh?" replied Scott, peering oddly from under his bushy brows. "They must have started early."

"Yes, Mis' Scott she said nothin' fretted her so much as bein' shoved 'round in a crowd! She seemed awful anxious to get away."

"They were mighty quiet about it," commented the man dryly as he turned a thick stream of cream into the rich brown coffee.

"Yes, they tip-toed 'round just as easy. But I think 'twas a shame you

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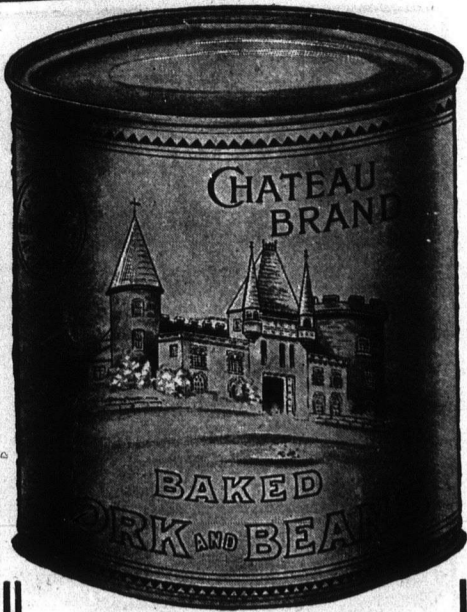
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**GROW FRUIT AT VERNON AND GROW RICH.**

didn't see Mis' Scott in her new dress. Blue becomes her so well, an' them pink roses in her hat takes ten years off her age," continued the old woman, delighted at the interest betrayed by her listener.

So Sarah had a new dress—and— "Sally was that proud of her mother she kissed her every few minutes, an' onct they hung on each other's necks like two girls."

"Hump! Let's see! Who's the speaker at Danport this year?"

"Oh, they wasn't going to Danport; leastwise, Mis' Scott and the girls wasn't. They was just goin' over to Crimmins' Corners to hear the speakin' at the school-house."

Scott stirred his coffee deliberately. Not for the world would he allow this "poor-farm trash" to realize his ignorance of his family's plans and whereabouts.

"Mr. Jim he and Kate Bidwell's gone to Danport, though, in the single buggy. That was a han'some tie his mother give him, wasn't it?"

Scott nodded his head mechanically, and the woman rattled on.

"The gold horse-shoe was a bit sporty to my mind, but them things is all a matter of taste, I reckon."

Scott scowled as he poured fresh maple syrup over his hot biscuits. A gold pin! Yet he had seen the deposit, one thousand two hundred dollars, entered in his bank book.

Perhaps Sally had given her mother money. Well, more fool she!

"Mis' Scott, she 'lowed she'd have to get back in time to set out lunch for the folks that are comin' from Danport."

Again Scott started, but as quickly bent his gaze on his food.

"I tell you, David Scott, there ain't many men has as clever a wife as you have. The things she's cooked all by herself these past two days! I wanted to come over and help, but she said she's used to gettin' long fast by herself. The cakes is iced somethin' lovely, an' she froze the cream in the night, down in the spring-house. There's get-up and git for you!" the old woman concluded admiringly.

Scott shoved aside his tray and tried to keep the interested note out of his voice.

"I suppose there's quite a few comin' out from town."

"Oh, yes," said Mary Ann, as she gathered up the dishes. "Gabe Mitchell's bringin' part of 'em in his 'bus, an' it holds a dozen easy. The young folks 'll likely come in single buggies. It's nice to be young, Mr. Scott, ain't it?"

The man grunted, and was with great effort only that he was able to suppress his anger.

"What's that?" said the wizen creature, fixing her brown, bird-like eyes upon him.

"Nothing, nothing," he said testily. "My ankle gave me a turn, tarnation on it!"

VI.

The long sunlit morning melted into noon, and still David Scott sat propped against the pillows, his arms folded grimly across his chest. After a time he did not even notice the desultory reports from the boyish celebration by the creek. He was thinking only of himself.

So this was how they left him in his helplessness—as if he were a hated thing. Then came a sense of exultation. At least they were afraid of him! They had been forced to slip away by stealth. And there would be a day of reckoning.

Tomorrow! Tomorrow! Perhaps then Sally, the little fool, would wish she had not loaned her mother the money, for she would never get it back. He would see to that.

And as for that new blue dress, Sarah, the rebellious should baptize it with tears of repentance.

He had just reached this decision when heavy steps sounded on the porch.

"Hello, Scott! Think we were never coming?"

He looked up in amazement. What was Gabe Mitchell talking about? And there were Squire Crimmins and Bill Freeman hovering in the background. "Oh, no, no," answered Scott, blinking rapidly. "I wasn't thinking that."

"We got the thing all right," continued Mitchell, and Freeman shoved forward an invalid's rolling chair. "Lucky the squire here didn't sell it after his wife's sister's back healed. We'll have you down in the grove before you can say Jack Robinson."

Mis' Scott he said you'd find his Sunday clothes all laid out on the settin' room sofa," interrupted Mary Ann, her pleased face beaming with good-natured anxiety.

"Now, you be careful and don't let him stand on that foot," she urged. "Mis' Scott she said be mos' particular about that. She wouldn't have no harm come to her husband out of this jaunt for nothin'."

When the men reached the grove, David Scott saw neither the patriotic paper garlands nor the tables loaded with good things filched from his storehouse, nor yet the festive guests who crowded about to express sympathy for his accident and congratulations on his ability to join them on this auspicious occasion.

He saw only a slender figure clad in procelain-blue lawn, powdered with sprigs of white flowers and trimmed with quantities of white lace.

A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over him. Resentment yielded to pride. That was the girl he had married twenty years before. And she had dared! Why, he hadn't thought she had it in her!

It was almost a dream afternoon to David Scott. His old neighbors paused beside his chair to complement him on his wife and children.

How young Mrs. Scott was looking and what a marvelous cook she was. They had never tasted such cakes! And Sally! How she had changed during the winter.

"Right smart and citified," Squire Crimmins pronounced her.

Yes, Jim did look well in that new suit of clothes. Perhaps there was something in him, after all. He carried himself quite like a man. Anyhow, his taste in girls was good. There wasn't a better looker on the grounds than Kate Bidwell.

But somehow he caught himself wishing that Davy would come and tell him how much powder they had blown up down by the creek, instead of skirting his chair at the greatest possible distance compatible with reaching the tub of lemonade. And he thought Sarah actually avoided him.

She ought to know he was too proud to make any scene before all these folks. Not for worlds would he let one of them suspect that he had not been in the secret of this celebration.

The gloaming melted into deep-blue night, and the young couples came back slowly from the twilight trysts. By the light of Chinese lanterns, Jim was unpacking a big box of fireworks, pin wheels, sky-rockets, Roman candles and flower pots.

"Here, Scott," said Mitchell heartily, "lean on my shoulder and send up the first rocket. The honor's yours as master of the house."

There was an almost imperceptible pause, then David Scott waved the toy aside.

"Let Sarah do it; she's carryin' off the honors today."

V.

Mrs. Scott, with a great apron to protect her pretty new frock, was packing what was left of the celebration cakes into stone crocks. Her eldest born followed her into the pantry.

"I've got father in bed, and he thinks a cup of your tea would rest him considerable."

"All right, Jimmy."

"And mother," continued the boy, laying a loving hand on her shoulder, "he says Kate was the likeliest girl in the grove today, and I can have the south slope on shares next year."

Sarah Scott laid her head on the boy's shoulder.

"Jimmy, wasn't it worth the fifty dollars?" Then she straightened up. "That you, Sally? Put on the kettle. Your father wants a cup of tea."

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## Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given if possible and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

### Problem in Behavior.

Mrs. Brown of Langside street has two acquaintances in Fort Rouge, each bearing the name of Mrs. James. The first Mrs. James she likes very much, but the other she simply endures, although forced to show her respect, for the reason that the two husbands have close business relations. On Christmas morning Mrs. Brown sends a piece of her own fancy work to the first Mrs. James by her friend Mr. Goulter. Mr. Goulter goes to the wrong Mrs. James' residence with it. Almost immediately he discovers his error, but at the same time he learns that it might seriously affect Mr. Brown's business relations if Mrs. Brown and Mrs. James should become in any way estranged. What should Mr. Goulter do?

[Owing to the wide territory over which the Western Home Monthly circulates it is impossible to receive answers to the prize problem in time for succeeding issue. The prize will therefore be awarded two issues after the problem appears. Consequently there will be no award for last month's problem until the September number.]

### Digestion of food.

Which food digests most quickly?—W. N. Brandon.

Rice, trout, and barley soup—1½ hours. Milk, fresh eggs, turkey, wine foods, lamb, sponge cake, Irish potatoes, raw cabbage—from 2 to 2½ hours. Fried chicken, raw apples, fresh oysters, boiled eggs, rare beef, fresh mutton, chicken soup, apple dumpling—from 2½ to 3 hours. Fresh mutton, sausage, stewed oysters, cheese, mutton soup, fresh bread, boiled potatoes, hard-boiled eggs—from 3 to 3½ hours. Green corn, beans, beets, fried beef, fresh veal—from 3½ to 4 hours.

### Antidotes.

Give an antidote for arsenic and for tobacco.—W. B. Selkirk.

For an antidote for arsenic give a prompt emetic of mustard and salt, a tablespoonful of each in a cup of warm water, then follow with sweet oil or milk. Also you may use the white of an egg in half a cupful of milk or lime-water.

For tobacco take an emetic—frequent glasses of cold water with camphor and brandy.

### Mr. Gladstone a Peer?

Could Mr. Gladstone have been a peer if he wished it?—A. C. J.

If the late Mr. Gladstone had wanted to become a peer he could easily have done so. He refused a seat in the House of Lords several times. The "grand old man" had royal blood in his veins, and he was, according to the genealogists, eighteenth in descent from Edward I. Lord Wolsley, who now resides at Hampton Court Palace, is sixteenth in descent from Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III.

### Chinese Dog-Stew.

Is it true that in China dog-stew is a delicacy?—W. A.

Yes. Four and a half million dogs are killed every year to satisfy the appetites of the Celestials.

### The Breeches Bible.

What is meant by the Breeches Bible?—X. Y., Paisley.

A Bible of which a few copies are yet to be found. So-called because in Genesis III, 7, the word "breeches" is used for "aprons".

### The Population of Winnipeg.

What is the population of Winnipeg?—E. A. Z.

The latest official pronouncement gives it as 122,000. This does not include a transient population which would bring the total up to 130,000.

### Polishing Wood.

How can you polish whitewood without changing the color of the wood?—A. A., Summerland.

A "filler" must first be used, composed of plaster of Paris and methylated spirit. This mixture should be well rubbed into the pores of the wood, scraping off any superfluous filling from the surface, and then rubbed with old rags until it is quite clean. The polish should be made from the following:—2 oz. white shellac, ¼ benzoin, 1 oz. juniper, 1 pint methylated spirit. Dissolve in a warm bath and allow to cool. Strain, and warm up again, after which strain once more. Another polish for white work is:—4 ozs. white shellac, 1 oz. sandarac, ½ oz. gum arabic, 1 pint methylated spirits.

### French Polish.

Kindly give a recipe for French Polish.—Mrs. J., Brandon.

The constituents of French polish vary according to the kind of wood for which the polish is required. A polish for ordinary all-round work can be made from the following:—Dissolve 28 ounces of shellac, and 1½ ounces each of sandarach, benzoin, and white resin, in a gallon of methylated spirits. By substituting pure bleached shellac for the ordinary brown kind, white polish is obtained. To prevent the polished work from showing finger-marks is rather a difficult matter. Plenty of time should be allowed between the various stages of polishing to allow the work to harden, and in "spiriting-out" gradually use less and less polish and more methylated spirit. A few days after the work is finished rub the work over with the following preparation: 1 pint turpentine, 20 ounces of beeswax, and 1 ounce of rose pink. Put on a slow fire until dissolved.

### Scotland Yard.

Why is Scotland Yard so called?—Subscriber, Vegreville.

Scotland Yard is so-called because it is said to be built on a site occupied in former times by Scottish ambassadors to England. The headquarters of the Criminal Investigation Department are now at Scotland Yard, by the way.

### The Centre of the Universe.

Will you kindly inform me through your columns if the astronomers have advanced the theory that the sun and solar system is part of and revolves around another centre.—J. B., Carberry.

Some astronomers have supposed that the universe of stars was arranged on the same general plan as the solar system, and that all of the heavenly bodies, our sun included, revolved about a central body. The only astronomer of the present century to hold this view was Maedlar, who fixed upon the star Alcyone, in the Pleiades, as the central sun about which all others revolved. No other astronomer shared Maedlar's view, which, however, has been made widely known through all popular books in astronomy. All of the stars, our sun included, have their "proper motions" which are taking them in various directions in space; but at the present time it is impossible for

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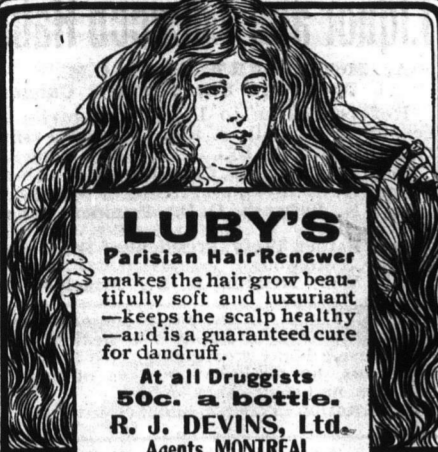
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astronomers to say whether or not these movements are about a common centre.

**A Problem in Algebra.**

A farmer in plowing around a square field, having plowed a strip ten rods wide, finds that he has one-fourth of his field plowed. How many acres in the field? W. J. Winnipeg.

The problem you send is not an arithmetical problem, but requires for its solution an equation of the second degree in algebra. The solution is as follows:

Let  $x$  = one side of the field, then will  
 $x - 20$  = the side of the square piece left after the strip is plowed around the outside.  
 $x^2$  = the area of the field, and  
 $x^2 - 40x + 400$  = the area of the square piece.

This area is three-quarters of the area of the entire field. Therefore,  
 $\frac{3}{4}x^2 = x^2 - 40x + 400$   
 Solving this equation, we obtain for the side of the field, 149.2 rods; and for the area of the field, 139.3 acres.

**Measurement of Horse Power.**

What is the power of a one-horse steam engine? What is the power of a horse? I have asked different engineers, but have not yet been able to find out. W. W., Kenora.

A horse-power is 550 foot-pounds of work performed in a second. A foot-pound is the work done in lifting a pound one foot. If 550 pounds are raised one foot in one second one horse-power has been used. This is given in every text-book of physics, and we wonder that any engineer should be ignorant of it.

**Mounting a Map.**

What is the best way to mount a map on a muslin backing—W. J.B. Napinka.

Moisten the muslin, stretch and tack it down on a table. Then wet map thoroughly and apply the paste evenly over the entire back of the map, being very careful to bring it to the edges of the paper. Now lay the sheet on the cloth and smooth it out and rub it down upon the cloth so as to remove air bubbles and bring it into contact with the cloth. A roller or squeegee such as is used for mounting photographs will enable you to do the job much better.

**Science and Religion.**

If the world was made in six days how can it be millions of years old? Is the bible or science correct?—W. A. C. Red Deer.

The "day" in creation has been a subject of much discussion in the past, but we believe that scientific men are in agreement now upon some points regarding the matter, one of which is that they were not our days of twenty-four hours. Our correspondent should note that in the sixteenth verse of the first Chapter of Genesis, to which he refers, the sun and the moon are set to rule the day and the night, and that this was done on the fourth of these creative days. In this interpretation of the subject how could there have been days of twenty-four hours before there was any sun or moon or stars? He should also observe that it is stated in the fourth verse of the second chapter of Genesis that the Lord created the heavens and the earth in one day. The use of the word "day" in the Scriptures is so varied, as a reference to the concordance will show, that it is not possible to base an argument as to the length of time occupied by the work of creation upon the use of the word in Genesis. We think it harmonizes just as well with the account in the Bible to believe that the earth and the heavens came to their present forms under the slow process of

growth and development according to the action of known laws of matter which were laid down by Divine wisdom and held fast to their operation by Divine power. The fossils in the rocks and the coal in the bowels of the earth were not made by a word in a moment in the places where we find them, but were once living animals and plants, and they died and were buried deep under the accumulating strata, till in the ages of time nature's work on them by heat and pressure brought them to their present mineral form in which they serve us as the Creator intended they should. We think this view honors the Creator more than to believe that He made fossils in the rocks as they now are found, as some have thought.

**Scabby Potatoes.**

A subscriber writes us as follows:

I notice in your issue for this month a statement to the effect that manure will not cause scabby potatoes, but it depends whether the manure is fresh or well rotted; if the former is used, the potatoes will in many cases, be scabby. The following plan, one adopted by a large potato grower in England, is the best I know of. This man sets apart a plot of ground on which he raises two kinds of crops for many years in succession, namely Kail of the different kinds and potatoes. His method is as follows:—He manures one half of this land heavily with fresh manure immediately after taking off the foregoing crop—I am speaking of the beginning of the plan alluded to—this last named crop may have been a general garden crop, or otherwise, he then plows in the manure at least six inches deep, and the following spring plants his Kail in this prepared land. Please notice that he plants no potatoes there, the other half of the plot may be cropped in the ordinary way or left uncropped. When the crop of Kail has been taken off, he plows that portion of it for potatoes the following year, but adds no manure of any kind, then when the time has come for planting, he puts his potatoes where the Kail has been the year previous, and in the meantime he had prepared the other half in precisely the same way as the former, and almost invariably obtained the best results. E. T.

**A Precipitate Flight.**

A guest in an Ohio hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.  
 "Two shots, sah," he replied.  
 "How far apart were they?"  
 "Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands.  
 "Where were you when the first shot was fired?"  
 "Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."  
 "Where were you when the second shot was fired?"  
 "Ah was a passin' de Big Fo' depot."

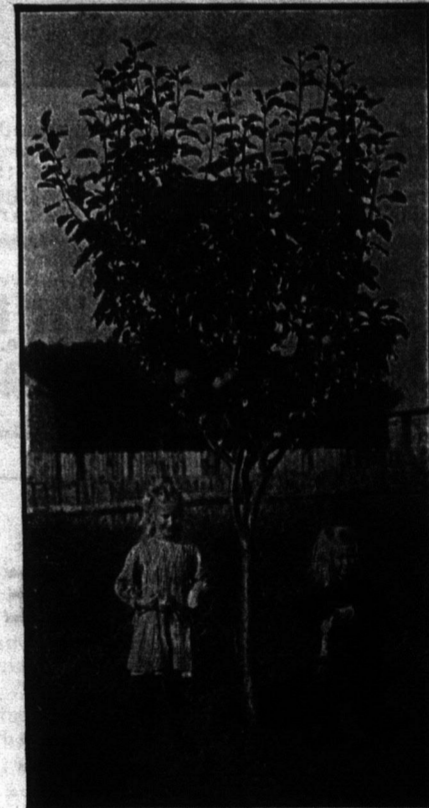


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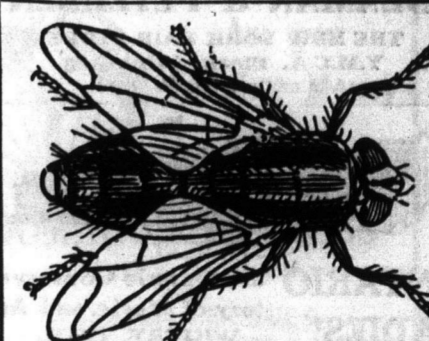
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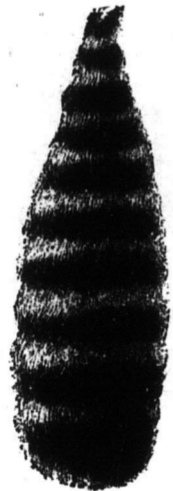
Then She Took "Fruit-a-tives" And Is Now Well.

Arnprior, Ont., Nov. 27, 1908.  
I was an invalid for seven years from fearful Womb Trouble. I had falling womb, with constant pain in the back and front of my body and all down my legs. There was a heavy discharge and this made me weak, sleepless, restless and miserable. Often I was obliged to be in bed for a month at a time. I was treated by several doctors, but their treatment did me no permanent good.



A few months ago, I was persuaded to try "Fruit-a-tives." I took several boxes, and from the outset of this treatment I was better, the Constipation was cured, and the discharge lessened. I took, for the paleness, several bottles of the Iron Mixture as recommended in the "Fruit-a-tives" book, but I feel that it was "Fruit-a-tives" alone that cured me.

(Mrs.) Eliza Levesque.  
Take Mrs. Levesque's advice. Take "Fruit-a-tives" and cure yourself. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50; trial box 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



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REV. J. J. HARE, Ph.D., Principal.

## Correspondence.

From a Belmont Scotchman.

Belmont, Man., July 31, 1909.  
Editor.—Being one of your very interested readers, especially of your correspondence column, I think a few lines might not come amiss. This is my first letter to your paper, and I think it won't be the last, for I know there are many who are never heard from, who also greatly enjoy the reading matter in the columns. No matter what the weather is like, be it ever so cold, there always seems to be a warm friendly feeling in the letters from your different correspondents. I am not going to write much, as I have just written a line or two to "Gipsy," which I hope you will please forward, for I admire her views on the happiness question. I notice everyone gives a brief description of themselves, so I will do likewise. I am 5 feet 6 1/2 inches long, have blue optics, auburn matting on the top and am a Scot, and will try to answer all correspondents if any of the true-hearted gentle sex will care to drop me a line. Gin.

A Lonely Hired Man.

Manitoba, July 5th, 1909.  
Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, but a very interesting reader especially in the correspondence list. I am a hired man on a farm owned by a bachelor so it's seldom a woman ever enters our house. I have batched it for ten years now so no wonder I am getting tired of it. I am twenty-six years old and weigh 160 lbs., fair complexion. I smoke and chew tobacco, but don't drink anything stronger than tea. I believe that everything was made for a use but not to abuse, and a smoke I think won't do a fellow any harm especially one who is used to working on a farm. If any girl from 20 to 30 years of age wishes to correspond with me my address is with the editor. Hired Man.

This Lady is Anxious to do Chores.

Halbrite, Sask., July 29, 1909.  
Editor.—I have been a constant reader of your grand magazine for the past four years and think it a very nice paper to read, especially the correspondence column. I have written before but it has been a long time ago and I thought I would write another if it did not take up too much space. I am a farmer's daughter, am not wealthy or counted very poor. I have dark hair and hazel eyes and 5ft. 3 1/2 inches tall and have a rosy complexion. I won't say that I am good looking. I will leave that to other folks to decide. I like to milk cows if not too many. I think it is a woman's place to help her husband in the field to do. Just think of a man coming in after a hard day's work and then having to milk cows and feed pigs and all sorts of little things that a woman can do if she only would think so. I feel sorry for the poor bachelors who have to do their own cooking after working so hard. I am not on the matrimonial list for boys. I am quite a flirt, although if I find the right one I don't think I will be. I have lots of time yet for I am only 19 years of age. I am fond of dancing and music and just love to drive, and can play an organ a little bit. If there are any young men who would care to correspond with me I will be very glad to answer all letters. I prefer a young man rather tall and good looking, and stout with dark hair. If any one cares to write he will find my name with the Editor. Wishing the W.H.M. every success I remain by signing myself the  
Rose of Halbrite.

A Musical Correspondent.

Alberta, April 29th, 1909  
Editor.—I noticed the correspondence column in your magazine some time ago, but did not think of writing myself until now. I am living on a farm in the Western part of Canada and am fond of all kinds of sports. I am very fond of music and can play a few musical instruments but there are two things I haven't learned to do—dancing and chewing tobacco, the latter would turn my stomach. I would like to correspond with some young lady in the East or in a city. Well, I see that everyone gives a description of themselves so I will (partly) to the same. I am 5 ft. 5 inches in height, featherweight, have brown hair and blue eyes, and may be considered (either) too young or too old. I do not send a sealed letter for the editor to forward this time for I have not made up my mind which one of you girls to write to. So, I concluded to trust to the editor and hope to see this letter in print and if any of you girls think you would like to hear from me you can either write to me or say that you want me to write in your next letter to the correspondence column. I will also say that I am only writing for pleasure and that my address is with the editor. So hoping the editor will have time and will to print this letter I will close wishing the W.H.M. the success due it. "A Fellow from Guinea."

Weary Willie is in Earnest.

Arcola, July 28, 1909.  
Editor.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some time but have

never written to you before. I am a farmer at present and I would like to correspond with some young lady who would like a home in the west. I will give a description of myself and hope it will not be lacking in good qualities to some of the fair sex. I am 5 feet 7 inches in height, have brown hair and blue eyes. I never chew, drink or smoke. I like to dance a little and play cards. I don't think it is a woman's place to feed pigs or calves but they should help milk when the men are busy. A woman's place is in the house if she keeps the house clean and get the meals in right time that is her share of the work. I own a half section of land. It takes me half the time to get my meals and do chores and put in the crop, besides it would be much nicer to have a wife to keep house. I will wrap off wishing your paper every success.  
Weary Willie.

Another Letter From England.

England, May 24, 1909.  
Editor.—My sister in Winnipeg sent me the February copy of your paper. I think the correspondence column a splendid feature, such a good idea for bringing lonely people together. I am thinking of coming to Canada this autumn, if so, shall certainly become a subscriber to your paper. It is better value than many of our 6d monthlies. Many of your correspondents are young and their letters are evidently written in fun, others, like myself would know how to appreciate a good man's love. Some are too hard on the men, chewing and swearing I bar but a game of cards, a pipe or cigar and an occasional drink, are all very well, provided of course not carried to excess. I am not good looking in the usual sense of the term, only an ordinary English girl, thoroughly domesticated, no accomplishments, 31 brown hair and eyes, 5 ft 4 in., weigh 127 lbs, quiet, fond of reading, prefer city life to the solitude of the country. If any of your correspondents care to write shall be pleased to answer. Shall be pleased if you print my letter. Wishing your paper every success and thanking you in anticipation. London Pride.

Who Will Cheer Up Devon?

July 28th, 1909.  
Editor.—I am not a subscriber to your interesting paper at present, but intend to be shortly, a friend has been bringing me the W.H.M. I found it very useful in helping to pass away the long winter evenings—the correspondence column is really most entertaining. Enclosed is a letter which I would like you to forward to Miss "English Sauce" of your February edition. I will give you a short description of myself which appears to be in order. I am an Englishman by birth, 27 years of age, 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weigh about 170 lbs. dark complexion, and considered good looking, but that is for others to decide, and have no bad habits. I would like to correspond with any of the fair sex who would cheer up a lonely bachelor. Be sympathetic, girls, my address is with the editor, hoping to see this, my first attempt in print.  
"Devon."

Short, But to the Point

Man., July 5, 1909.  
Editor.—I hope you will find room in your valuable columns for my letter as I am becoming very interested in the W.H.M. especially the correspondence column. I suppose I had better give an account of myself so here goes. I am a lonely bachelor 28 years of age, auburn hair, fair complexion, 5ft. 7 1/2 in. tall, and weigh 160 pounds. I smoke but do not drink or chew. I can play the mandolin and sing a little, and am very fond of dancing and any kind of amusement. Should my letter be lucky enough to escape the waste-basket I should like to correspond with some nice respectable young man who do not use liquor in any way. As to smoking I rather like to see a fellow smoke. Wishing your paper every success.  
"Never Sweat."

From England, Home and Beauty.

England, April 25th, 1909.  
Editor.—Having read with pleasure and interest the letters in the W.H.M. I should like to join your circle. I think the correspondence column is very interesting, especially to us young ladies. I will try to describe myself, as I see others have done. I am 18 years old, 5 ft. 6 in., high, auburn hair, blue eyes and a very fair complexion. I can play the piano and sing a little, and am very fond of dancing and any kind of amusement. Should my letter be lucky enough to escape the waste-basket I should like to correspond with some nice respectable young man who do not use liquor in any way. As to smoking I rather like to see a fellow smoke. Wishing your paper every success.  
Hopeful.

Prairie Kid on the War Path.

Saskatchewan, June 3rd, 1909.  
Editor.—The June number of the W.H.M. has just come to hand and as the correspondence column is becoming so very interesting I have decided to join that ever increasing throng of Western bachelors, who are coming so intently to your columns as a means of passing away some lonely hours. Perhaps some of the Eastern maidens would care to write to me. I will

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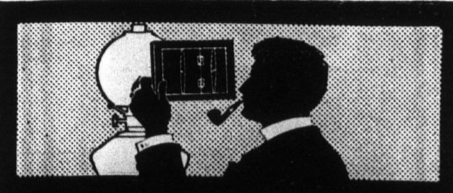
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wear you with a description of myself as it seems necessary to follow the same example as my brother bachelors so here goes. I am 20 years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. tall, weigh 150 lbs, and "teasing brown eyes," and brown hair.

At present I am homesteading in one of the most fertile parts of the Saskatchewan Valley and have a fine home. I was particularly interested in "Teasing's" letter in the April number and quite agree with her in regard to temperance, as I neither drink or chew tobacco. I think the latter habit one of the most vulgar there is to form.

I will be very pleased to hear from any of the girls, particularly "Teasing," "Golden Locks" and "Water Lilly" who are interested in sports as I am very fond of them, being a crack hockey and lacrosse player. My address will be with the editor so please don't delay too long before writing to "A Prairie Kid."

Chance for an Irish Girl.

Sask., July 8th. Editor.—Being a subscriber to your valuable paper for the last two years and being especially interested in the correspondence columns, I would like to hear from some of the fair sex and if they write will take much pleasure in answering their letters. I am a homesteader, a bachelor and of course awfully lonely as girls are scarce as Buffalo round here so things are pretty dull. Well, I suppose I had better describe myself. I am 5 ft. 6 in., high, weigh 135 lbs, and am good looking, of course being Irish (the real Shamrock). As regards habits I guess I have got my share as I smoke, drink a little, play cards, but don't chew either the rag or tobacco. Now, I think I have said enough so will ring off. Kindly send enclosed letter to the girl who signs herself "Catheline" in March issue of W.H.M. "Tipperary Stone Thrower."

Letter from a Practical Girl.

Manitoba, April 4, 1909. Editor.—I am a subscriber to your magazine and take much pleasure in reading the correspondence columns. Like the other Western girls I do pity some of those poor bachelors out there all alone. I know some around where I live and they are getting pretty rusty, but I suppose they will get sweet tempered as soon as they get somebody to cheer them up. I suppose I will have to give a description as other girls do. I am about 5 ft. 5 in. tall, rather slim, dark hair, brown eyes and dark complexion. I can milk, drive horses, ride horse-back and do other chores besides. I also do housework and play the organ or piano and have a voice which can be heard. I am strictly down on any kind of intoxicating liquors, also cards and dancing. Now boys, I have taken enough of your valuable space, just now hoping my letter will escape the W. P. B. With best wishes to you and members. "Sunshine."

From Two Brothers.

Lundbreck, Alta., July 11, 1909. Editor.—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to add to your correspondence columns. Although not a subscriber to the Western Home Mthly, I receive it from a friend of mine every month, and my brother and I pass away many a happy hour over the correspondence columns.

As it is the rule to describe oneself, a rather hard thing to do for a modest young man, I think to start on my brother first, so her goes. Age 27, height 5 ft. 8 in., hair and eyes brown, weight 175 lbs., he is considered good looking at least so I have heard a young lady say.

For my part, age 25, height 5 ft. 7 in., hair brown, eyes brown, weight 165 lbs., face not my fortune.

We are considered good sportsmen, play football, baseball and hockey, good with the gun and rod, not millionaires but fairly well fixed. We own 640 acres of which we have 400 acres in seed and never neglect work for sport, can sing fairly well, dance and play the piano. Well, Mr. Editor, we are not writing with the view of matrimony but we would like to hear from any young lady who cares to write and will answer any letter that we receive.

Would like to hear from "Two Kickers," "Queen Mab," "Mildred," "Emma," etc. Come on, girls, would like you all to write. We are like most men bashful at the start but will soon come up to the front before we are through, wishing all readers the best of luck and if anybody cares to write our address is with the Editor or in that dark hole by his desk. "Two of a Kind."

Can Make Good Candy.

Manitoba, April 7th, 1909. Editor.—After glancing through your correspondence columns, have quite decided that "A Guest" is right, when he says that one can get a spiritual, physical and moral idea of a person from his or her letter. That is, of course, if they wrote a sufficient amount. I am smiling a little over what I judge him to be from his letter. I am interested in our Western boys. They are such a big-hearted jolly lot that one can't help but like them. I have read such good stories of ranch and homestead life—and although the work is necessarily hard, still the open air, and the open sky are a full compensation, don't you think so, boys? How I should like to gallop over the prairie with some of you! Wouldn't it be great!

I think it is good for boys and girls to chum together, don't you? No one detests cheap sentimentalism more than I, but a true, staunch boy-friend is the best ever.

Like most of you I consider marriage too sacred a thing to be arranged by correspondence only, but then we can be friendly and exchange views which is really all we desire.

You won't mind me not being a farmer's daughter will you? Have always lived in town, and must confess to a lamentable ignorance of most farm-work. Am exceedingly fond of all sorts of animals—more particularly horses and dogs.

But you will be wondering what sort of a creature is giving this monologue—Just imagine an athletic looking person some five feet, eight inches tall with a bunch of untidy brown hair, surmounting a pair of blue eyes, and—what my friends are pleased to call—a boyish face, and that's me! Forgot my age—nineteen years.

Although it is true I am a bookworm, to counterbalance I play tennis, baseball, hockey and dance besides. I play the piano of course, and sing for my own amusement. But my crowning glory, at least my brother considers it so, is my ability to make good candy. Does it appeal to you boys, far from a sister's culinary arts. But this letter is frightfully long, so good-bye all you people. "Just a Girl."

Wants Correspondents.

Holland, Man., May 2nd, 1909. Editor.—I have read your paper for quite a while and have got quite a bit of amusement out of your correspondence page, but being kind of shy I have never written to any of the charming young ladies up who are trying to brighten up the lives of the poor lonely bachelors. I am a young fellow not bacheloring it but fairly lonely. I am 19 years of age, five feet 7 inches in height, neither drink or use tobacco and I should like to correspond for pastime with any ladies who care to write. Thanking you, dear editor, in anticipation of the space you are going to give me in the W. P. B. "Lonely Boy."

A Scottish Correspondent.

Winnipeg, Man., April 29, '09. Editor.—For some time I have read the Western Home Monthly, and I think your paper is very interesting and instructive. A good half hour can be obtained out of your correspondence column. The art of letter writing could easily be acquired by any novice through reading the many refined epistles which appear from time to time. It being the custom of most of your readers to describe themselves, I will carry out the rule. I am a young man of 22 years, bachelor of course, height 5 ft. 5 inches, dark hair, sharp features, brown eyes, slim athletic figure, weight about 123 lbs., spent two years of my teens in the Field Artillery (Territorials), Scotland. For a long time I learned the profession of Public Accounting, and when scarcely twenty years old came to Canada. I have no bad habits, but I cannot say that I never drank a glass of ale or used tobacco in any form, although I am now a thorough abstainer. Music is one of the many useful arts which I like, as well as reading books by Dickens, Kipling, Victor Hugo, and Bulwer Lytton. I can play the violin and sing. Once in a while I go to church on Sunday, sometimes Unitarian, Methodist, or Presbyterian, as I am a Protestant. Not having been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, or in high life, I would not have very far to fall, so there is my fortune at present, in a nutshell. I shall live in hope, but never die of despair, and the first time opportunity knocks at my door, in this promising country, I will open wide my arms to admit her. Young people nowadays walk blindly into matrimony, without considering how they are going to make ends meet. When courting, the young man takes his future partner to opera houses, buys her expensive boxes of candies, but after it's a different story. Sometimes the girl is one of those dresses and falder-als, and could not boil water without scalding herself. Pretty feathers make fine birds, but what a girl ought to be depends on the manner in which she has been brought up by her parents. What can be nicer than a girl who attires herself neatly, but draws the line at merry widow hats, and conspicuously ludicrous costumes. If a girl is possessed of a good education, and knows how to go about domestic duties, that is all that would tend to promote happiness when she gets married, but lastly, a loving disposition, good temper, flowing from a pure heart that would stick through thick and thin are virtues which becomes a noble woman. I am not writing with a view to matrimony nor have I any girl, but if there is any young girl who would like to enjoy my friendship my address will be with the editor. "A Young Scotsman."

From a Correspondent with a Tender Heart.

Manitoba, April 5th, 1909. Editor.—I have been a silent but very much interested reader of your correspondence column for some time, and I think I would not be girl-like if I did not have my little say with the rest. I am a farmer's daughter and am living at home at present. I have been in the city for some time but prefer the

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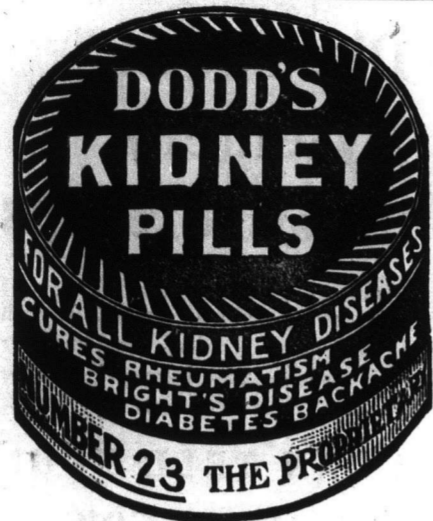
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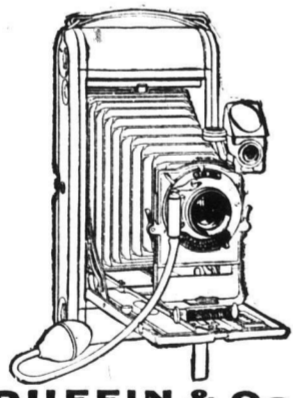
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quiet country life. I think some of the ladies who write to the W.H.M. are too hard on the bachelors of the west. I do not think it is anything out of place for a farmer's wife to help on the farm such as milking cows, feeding pigs or any other chores if her hubby is sick or absent from home. Some of the ladies object to a man who smokes or plays cards. I note it is the rule of this paper to give a description of yourself. I am 21 years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height and weigh 125 lbs. I have fair complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair. If any young fellow between 20 and 30 years old cares to write to me I will answer his letter with pleasure and will answer all letters I am favored with. I would like to correspond with "Bare Teddie," "Spring Heel Jack" and "Teddie Bear," in the January number if they will write first. In particular I would like to hear from "Golden West" in the January number if he will write first and give me his name and address as he is my choice and I will gladly exchange post cards with "Marshmallow," "Pipe Dream," "A Big Hearted Cowboy," and "Two Lonely Bachelors," in the February number. Remember, boys, I am sweet twenty-one and have a warm corner in my heart for the bachelors of the west. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your valuable paper, I will ring off for this time. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, my name is with the Editor.

"Bridal Wreath."

### A Sensible Letter.

S-West Manitoba, July 8, 1909.  
Editor.—My first letter was either consigned to the waste paper basket, or else placed upon file. I guess the editor's decision must be final. Some of the letters are quite interesting.

I must also heartily compliment you on your page "A Young Man and His Problems." There is good sound material and advice upon that page that is well worth any boy's attention. You know, Mr. Editor, we young fellows are more apt to pass over any solid reading or any which requires a little thought, with the verdict that it's too dry. This, however, is a big mistake. Of course, there are times when one is more inclined to read literature written in the lighter vein but there should be a time and considerable time, when writings of a more serious nature should occupy our attention.

As to your correspondence column, matrimonial correspondence is not a particularly agreeable subject with me, it should not be a necessity to the great majority, but correspondence for the purpose of pleasure, instruction and mutual knowledge, is to my mind a commendable pastime, and to that end I should be pleased to hear from any of the fair sex. I suppose a slight description of myself should be given. I am not one of the big majority of western folk, a farmer (his son) but am working in a town as a book-keeper. Age somewhere between 20 and 25, and of a fair average build and good weight. As to habits I'll not say much, I am disgusted with intoxicants and also with a man who fills his mouth with tobacco. My favorite indoor hobby is philately, or postage stamp collecting and I should welcome correspondence from fellow collectors, particularly of the opposite sex, although either will be answered.

As I am writing this with the hopeful expectations that it will be published I guess I had better close as "enough is as good as a feast." May say for some of the girls' benefit that I am not always so dry as this letter may appear.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for valuable space and wishing you all success, I trust someone may be prevailed upon to write to someone who is thousands of miles from "Home, Sweet Home," and as such signs himself "Pen Lad."

### A Youthful Saint.

Melfort, Sask., April 26, '09.  
Editor.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for some time, and thought I would write a letter, but hope it will escape the waste paper basket. I guess I will describe myself before going any further. I am a farmer's son, 18 years of age, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weigh 170 lbs., fair hair and blue eyes, and do not touch tobacco or liquor in any form.

I would be glad to have a few correspondents for pastime to help pass the long evenings and would be pleased to hear from any of the fair sex about my own age if they will condescend to write first. All letters will be promptly answered. My address it with the Editor. Hoping to see this in print, and wishing you every success.

"A Melfort Plowboy."

### Sweet Sixteen Has Her Say.

Alta., April 29th, 1909.  
Editor.—This is my second letter to the correspondence columns. I think the other one was too long, so I won't say very much this time. I write merely for a very good interesting correspondents. Any respectable young man,

in a while" if jolly, his letters would be very acceptable, and I certainly would answer them to my greatest "disability" for that is a pastime I greatly enjoy. It seems that quite a number of the young men who write to these columns think the ladies should write first—at least they ask them to. I think that is wrong, unless the lady is in a great hurry to catch a husband, for some old maids might get in a sudden hurry and not want to wait for the bachelors to write first. It is the custom to describe one's self but I will just say I am "Sweet Sixteen" and have blue eyes and one wishing to know me further, I would advise them to write to me. Wishing your paper a long successful life I will close and say, adieu.

"For-get-me-quick."

### Laughing Water Again.

Ontario, July 24, 1909.  
Editor.—Here is "Laughing Water" to trouble you again, and will you kindly favor her by printing this little note to the Western boys.

In my letter to the Monthly printed in the April number I said I would try to answer any who would care to correspond, but I did not expect over two or three to write when I made that promise. I have received ever so many nice manly, straight forward letters from different parts of the great west. I would like to answer them all but find it will be impossible to correspond with so many, and those who have written to "Laughing Water" and failed to get an answer will understand how it is, and please, boys, do not think badly of me, for I would like to write to you all but I am afraid were I to do so it would keep me writing from now till Xmas.

I will close wishing the W.H.M. and everyone success. "Laughing Water."

### A Letter from an Orangeman.

Sask., April 12, 1909.  
Editor.—Will you admit a new member into your interesting columns. I am not a subscriber but my father is. So I read the paper every month. I must say it is the most interesting paper printed in the West.

I am glad to see a letter from a Brother Orangeman. I see it is the custom to describe one's self so I will in a short manner. I am a Canadian, about 5 feet 8 inches tall. Have dark hair, blue eyes and light complexion. I came from Ontario eleven years ago and am living in the finest settlement west of Winnipeg. Well, I don't want to take up too much of your paper, but the first time, so I will close hoping to see the letter in print. I will be pleased if the Editor will forward the enclosed envelope to Catheline. I would like to correspond with any of the fair sex, if they will write first.

### Cynthia Has Her Say.

Winnipeg, July 7th 1909.  
Editor.—Although not a subscriber I am a constant reader of your valuable monthly and take great interest in your correspondence columns. Have often wished to join this circle of writers and hope that this letter may be the means of my doing so.

As it seems to be the custom to give a description of one's self I suppose I will have to do the same. Am about five feet six inches high, weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds, have dark brown hair, grey eyes and am twenty-two years old and although not conceited have no cause to complain about my looks. Am very fond of company and am good natured and pride myself on being easy to get along with.

I am very fond of music and have had my voice cultivated to a certain extent and naturally would like to correspond with someone who is musically inclined, but would be delighted to hear from any of your readers. Letters from members of either sex will be gladly answered as I have abundance of spare time.

### Marigold Wants Correspondents.

Bird's Hill, Man., May 30, '09.  
Editor.—I am an interested reader of your paper, especially the correspondence column, so I thought I would join. I am very much in sympathy with the bachelors of the West. I have often longed for a glimpse of the prairies. I am a Canadian girl about five feet tall and of fair complexion. Have lived both in the country and in the city. If any of the gentlemen of the club would care to correspond with me I will answer all letters. My address will be with the editor. Wishing your paper all success. I will sign "Marigold."

### Harry is Lonesome.

Greystones, Sask., June 5, '09.  
Editor.—I have been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for a year now, and am certainly pleased with it. Its correspondence columns are very interesting and I am enclosing you \$1.00 for the renewal of your highly praised paper. I am a homesteader and a lonely one too. As it seems to be the custom to describe one's self, I will follow suit. I am 5 feet 7 inches and have dark brown hair and grey eyes, and weigh 160 lbs. I don't drink, or chew, but sometimes smoke a cigar or pipe, and would leave that alone if somebody who I loved wanted me to. This being my first letter I will not take up too much of your valuable space. Please forward enclosed letter to "Western Rose," Saskatchewan. I shall be very glad to hear from some of the young ladies and will answer all letters promptly either English or German. Wishing your paper every success. I will sign myself

"Lonesome Harry."

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## What The World is Saying.

### Important for Holden.

Holden gets the water-tank. That means G. T. P. train crews stop at Holden for meals.—Vegreville, Alta., Observer.

### For Peaceful Purposes.

The great lakes should be kept as a fighting ground for the yachts of the two countries, not their warships.—New York Tribune.

### Blinking at the Future.

Canada has entered into the status of a young nation, blinking at the brilliancy of its own future.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

### The Disorderly Suffragettes.

The London suffragettes seem to be ambitious to demonstrate that their sex can furnish as undesirable a lot of hoodlums as ever wore breeches.—Hamilton Herald.

### Good Advice for Ab.

Abdul Hamid is to be compelled to stand trial. We suggest to Ab that he lose no time in retaining a lawyer who makes a specialty of technicalities.—Chicago Tribune.

### No Wonder.

The report that flying machines terrify birds and wild animals can be readily believed. They will fancy that dragons and jabberwocks have come back again.—Toronto Star.

### A Prophecy of the Harvest.

Mr. D. D. Mann's prediction of a wheat harvest of 140,000,000 bushels in the three prairie Provinces should put heart into the pessimist if he is still to be found in the land.—Montreal Star.

### The Ways of Wheat.

July wheat jumped six cents on the Chicago market yesterday. It is only after it has tired itself out with high jumping stunts that wheat thinks of loafing in the bake shop.—Hamilton Spectator.

### Chilliwack Cherries.

A branch broke from one of Mr. L. Snider's fine cherry trees, kept the office staff supplied for several days with nice ripe cherries, and also demonstrated that, with Mr. Snider at least, cherries were not a failure.—Chilliwack Progress.

### The Railways and the Crop.

The time approaches when the resources of the railways will be taxed to the uttermost in getting the harvest to market. Now is the time for the companies to be getting ready to move every available wheel.—Montreal Gazette.

### Honking, Goggle-Eyed, Hump-Backed.

But the honking, goggle-eyed, hump-backed scorchers still exists in spite of repressive laws, and at this season of the year, when even mud roads afford "good going," he spreads terror in the most unexpected places.—Toronto Globe.

### A Japanese Grafter.

One of the Japanese politicians who were recently convicted of grafting felt the disgrace so keenly that he killed himself. Evidently this Japanese had not completely absorbed the spirit of western civilization.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

### Costly.

Nathan Straus, of New York, says bovine tuberculosis costs the United States farmers \$14,000,000 a year. Who knows how much it costs in human lives? And yet by the use of the tuberculin test bovine tuberculosis might soon be excluded from dairy herds.—Kansas City Journal.

### Raise the Standard.

It would be wise to have the same standard of morality for both sexes, provided it was the higher standard. But what certainty have we? If a certain lapse from virtue in a man is just as bad as it is in a woman, what about the converse that it is no worse in a woman than in a man?—London Advertiser.

### Too Much Has Been Heard of Him.

Mrs. Thaw, Sr., has written a book defending her son. The sympathies of the nation are with the aged and grief-stricken mother, but it is doubtful that the book will be widely read. The public has had a surfeit of "literature" concerning this young man.—Montreal Herald.

### Dickens' Granddaughter.

In awarding a small weekly pension to four granddaughters of Charles Dickens, who have been found to be living in poverty, the British Government pays a small instalment of the world's tremendous debt to a writer who has made the world richer for millions.—Ottawa Citizen.

### True.

Everyone admires the zeal and enthusiasm with which a paper promotes the interests of the political party which it represents, but there is nothing more despicable than a paper that is so rabidly partizan that it cannot chronicle a simple local happening without leaving the impress of the bitter feeling which it holds towards the other party.—Kamloops Standard.

### Appears to be a Well-Judged Move.

The Vancouver police commissioners have taken steps to stop the teaching of Chinamen in the missions of the city by women. The commissioners will have the support of the people of the province generally in their action. There has been too much harm done in Vancouver already by this kind of missionary zeal. The fact has never been advertised, but it is nevertheless true.—Nelson News.

### The Rule of the Road.

Vancouver and Victoria enforce the rule of the road of turning to the left. The practice is of the old world and very un-Canadian, and the large number of newcomers in those cities leads to much trouble as to its observance. There is a strong feeling in favor of bringing the two cities into line with Canadian practice.—Toronto Saturday Night.

### For Grouchers.

The world is wide in Canada for every man worth his salt and who aspires to become independent. By diligence on the land that yields a harvest by tickling with a straw thousands of men from the old countries of Europe have in a few years become rich beyond the dreams of those who stay in cities and "grouch" over the lack of work.—Calgary News.

### Fires and Mining Promoters.

A healthier, better Cobalt will rise over the ruins of the old town. The streets will now be laid out in regular order, and in all probability building restrictions doing away with structures of the matchwood order will be enforced. Fires in mining camps seem as necessary as mining promoters, and in a great many instances the former are far less harmful than the latter.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

### King Edward and the Aeroplane.

Very much the same amount of interest is now being shown in airships as was manifested on the occasion when the first demonstration of the steam engine was given by James Watt. A couple of days ago King Edward gazed with unfeigned astonishment and admiration at Mr. Wilbur Wright circling in mid-air in his wonderful aeroplane. Historians of the future will no doubt record this incident as a humorous feature of the development of the science of aerial flight at a time when airships will be as common as automobiles and bicycles.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Settlers from the States.

A conservative estimate of the value of the stock and cash which the immigrants from the United States will bring with them this year places the amount at over £14,000,000; but Mr. Bruce Walker, the Commissioner of Immigration, believes it may even run as high as £20,000,000. The actual wealth which the American settlers are bringing into Canada this year alone would build ten Dreadnoughts or pay the national expenses for over six months.—London Daily Mail.

### The Speed-Mad Motorist.

Perhaps after all the simple money fine for the chronic automobile scorchers may not quite fit the case. A few days at hard labor might be the only thing to make this particular species remember that the rest of us expect it to act as if it was human. If the scorching motorist were marked by some husky foot passenger and thumped on the nose every time he himself were caught afoot, it would be all very wrong, very unlawful and very sinful, of course, but the scorching motorist would be getting exactly what was properly coming to him.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

### Our Fatal Thrillers.

Who are we that we should reproach the French or the Spaniards or the Cubans for having bull fights while we have public shows of the murderous sort? A motor race may not aim so directly at killing somebody or something as the bull fight does. But when it does result in carnage, and the games go on as if nothing had happened, we begin to think of ourselves as approaching that stage for which Roman civilization was famous in the days of its decadence.—Montreal Witness.

### Wheat.

Far-stretching fields of waving grain will soon cover the infinite prairies. The harvest days will come when, despite the problems of the unemployed, the rancher will call in vain for the hands with which to gather the spoil of the reaper and the winnowed wealth of the thresher. It is a great industry, this tickling of the vast plain to feed the craving appetite of a nation. More enduring it is than that other great industry of the West which explores the fissures of the earth for treasure. The men who sweat and toil under the hot blasts of the prairie sun earn their wage. The nation whose blood is renewed by the yield of their labor is their debtor.—Collier's.

### Flag Fools.

On the Fourth of July an Italian in one of our towns, as an act of courtesy to the country in which he lived, displayed the flag of his own nationality, and an American, who is a fool, but thinks he is a patriot, shot it to pieces. We are glad to know that a police magistrate fined him \$25. An Hungarian put out his flag and an excited mob of American patriots compelled him to hang the American flag over the flag of his country. An English captain in Stamford, Conn., displayed the British flag as a courtesy to an American holiday, and the police induced him to take it down to prevent a riot. And yet some specimens of the most idiotic variety of American idiotic patriots go into a British city and insult the country they are visiting by driving around the streets with two English flags trailing in the dirt! It is a great pity that they did not receive the treatment their unspeakably bad manners deserved.—Philadelphia Record.

### The Cry of the West.

The call from the West has already been given. Again this year it is estimated that 20,000 men from the East will be required to handle the crop. If the east is to supply this demand it should be done along recognized lines in order that proper regulations may be enforced. The reports, whether true or false, regarding the harvesters' excursions last year, should prove a lesson. Excursions should be organized under some sort of authority, and trains should be in charge of special officers, charged with the enforcement of law and order. In the West the authorities in the various Provinces should have some oversight in the placing of the harvesters, sending them where they are required, and in sufficient numbers. Last year, as in previous years, too many went as far as their tickets would carry them, only to find that they had passed many points where help was urgently needed, and had travelled to sections which had a surplus of labor. Of course, men can not be deprived of their liberty of choice, but in their own interests they should see that some plan of distribution, in an undertaking so great, is essential to satisfactory results.—Brantford Expositor.

### The Proposed Peace Celebration.

Nothing finer has been urged for a long time than the proposed celebration in 1914 of a century of continuous peace between the United States and Canada. The suggestion is said to have been made at the Harvard commencement by Mackenzie King. The Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is reported to approve the project very heartily. With a century of peace behind us, we should have good reason for mutual congratulation. It should afford the cause of world-peace an impetus, this notable instance of two neighboring nations with a common boundary line of 3,000 miles without fortifications on either side. It is true that a system of jurisprudence fundamentally similar, and a common language, and the two peoples together. But whatever abatements may be pleaded, the spectacle is one to be proud of. It is to be hoped that our Government may heartily respond to the invitation for a joint celebration which the Canadian government will probably extend. The participation of the Dominion authorities in the Lake Champlain festivities is an instance of international amenity which we should do well to reciprocate.—New York Evening Post.

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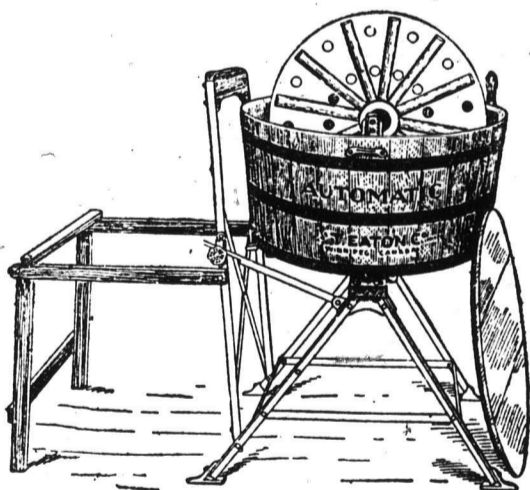
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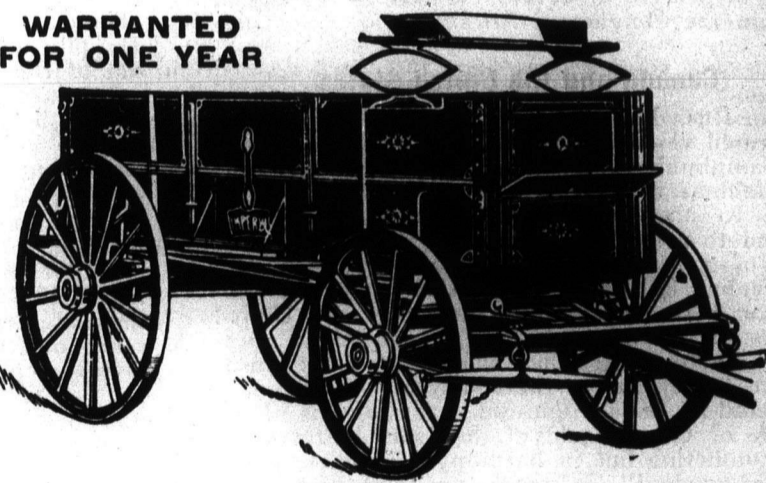
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## The Philosopher.

### Manitoba's Thirty-Ninth Birthday.

Midway through the past month, or, to speak by the book, on July 15, occurred the thirty-ninth anniversary of the inauguration of Manitoba as a Province of the Dominion. Manitoba enjoys the distinction of having been the first Province carved out of Rupert's Land, which had been purchased a few months before from the Hudson's Bay Company by the Dominion Government. Five years ago the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were similarly established. All the others of the present nine Provinces were independent, self-governing colonies before becoming members of the Confederation created by the British North America Act of 1867. The transition from the Hudson's Bay Company's jurisdiction to that of the Canadian Government was unfortunately marked by the Riel rebellion, and the creation of the Province of Manitoba was the plain and obvious solution of the problem presented by the conditions in the Red River Valley. Presumably owing to lack of an adequate expectation of the development of Western Canada that was hidden in the future, the statesmen of forty years ago marked out on the map an area for Manitoba that was absurdly small. Soon afterwards, however, it was greatly enlarged. For years the progress of settlement was slow, because there was no means of reaching the Red River Valley country from other parts of Canada, and very few people thought of coming in from the States. By the time the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the Province of Manitoba shall have come round, the three Prairie Provinces will be well on their way towards possessing the controlling power of the Dominion.

### A Memorial to Wolfe.

A committee of prominent men in Great Britain, including Lord Roberts and Lord Strathcona, have taken up the undertaking of providing a suitable monument in England to General Wolfe. Of all the great soldiers and sailors in the Empire's history few deserve a monument more than the young general whose greatest day was his last. The battle of Quebec changed the political complexion of this continent. Had Canada remained French, Napoleon would doubtless have sold it to the United States, as he sold Louisiana. Or else, had he not been checked at Waterloo, he might have used Canada as a basis from which to send his victorious armies over the young Republic to the south. But on September 13, 1759, Canada became British, as the result of Wolfe's victory at Quebec, the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of which is to be signalized in an appropriate manner next month. Wolfe made Canada British, and the Canadian people have made the united Dominion, covering half the continent, the premier self-governing overseas state in the Empire, and so have made possible a Greater Britain, which may well hold in honor the memory of the man whose life and death were factors of such importance in the Imperialism which has been in process of development since the day he fell on the Heights of Abraham.

### Canada and the United States.

The Rush-Bagot Treaty, by which the number of armed vessels on the Great Lakes is reduced to a minimum, is an excellent arrangement, and it would be a matter for regret if anything were done to alter the condition which it was intended to bring about. During the three quarters of a century since that treaty was signed, the feeling has grown up that war between Canada or between Great Britain and the United States should be regarded as out of the question. This feeling is not the result of the Rush-Bagot Treaty, but of the steady growth of good-will, and of the recognition that the aims of the people of Canada and of the United States are not conflicting but in harmony. Treaties do not create good-will so much as they flow from good-will, testify to it, and place it on record; and in this way they serve a useful purpose. There are papers in Eastern Canada which have been declaring that the Rush-Bagot Treaty has been violated by the United States, and also indulging in terrifying descriptions of military preparations by land on the United States side of the boundary. But the plain truth is that the frontiers of Canada and the United States present an absolute contrast to the frontiers of most European countries. All along the international line, from ocean to ocean, there is every evidence of mutual confidence and good-will, and no evidence whatever of ill-will, fear, or suspicion. But if the incredible were to become actual and there were to be war, the condition of the frontiers would not be the important thing, but the immense disproportion between

the population, wealth and developed resources of the two countries. But even to suppose war is a wrong to the friendliness and good-will between the two countries. The important thing is not the condition of the frontier defences of the two countries, but the maintenance of good-will. As an evidence of good-will the Rush-Bagot Treaty has served a useful purpose, and it would be regrettable if it were allowed to terminate, or allowed to become a dead letter. But when that treaty was made, the Canadian people were a mere fringe of population along the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron. The Canada of to-day has a long frontier extending from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, to which that treaty has no application. To think of either country fortifying the international line across the continent is absurd.

### Flag Incidents.

During the past month there has been quite an extraordinary amount of space devoted by the papers from one end of the Dominion to the other to talk about "flag incidents." The amount of talk was out of all proportion to the importance of the incidents, which were very few in number and were grievously exaggerated in the first reports of them. Let us hope that the first week of July, in which both Canada and the United States celebrate their national birthdays, will before many years cease altogether to be marked by any unpleasant incidents. It is pleasant to note that this year there has not been a single such incident in the western half of either country. In the interest of international friendliness and good-will, it is well to give prominence to the testimony of the editor of the Galt Reporter, one of the leading Provincial papers of Ontario, who says that in Chicago, where he lived for a good many years, he frequently marched behind the Union Jack. He published a paper in Chicago which faced the reader with the emblem of British nationality. "And through it all," he writes in an editorial in the Reporter, "he never received an insult, a harsh word even, from an American. The Clan-na-Gael was active at that time; the Irish element, hostile to Great Britain, had the politicians in its grip, and disputes between the Government at Washington and British Ministers were at times regrettable features of international intercourse—yet Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Canadians were not molested in any way while conducting their national celebration. On the contrary, prominent natives joined with them in honoring Queen Victoria and promoting a kindly feeling between the races." The editorial in the Galt Reporter goes on to administer a deserved rebuke to irresponsible newspaper writers who imagine flag incidents and stir up bad blood. We must always bear in mind that in Canada, as in the United States, a little bad conduct gets into the newspapers, while a great mass of good conduct, being taken as a matter of course, is not reported or commented on. A further reflection that may be made in this connection is that in the past wars have been waged because the good citizens of two countries have allowed the bad citizens to get them by the ears. Happily we may well believe such a thing to be out of the question on this continent.

### "What Canada is Doing."

The cities along the course of the Erie Canal are naturally anxious to see the work of enlarging that waterway hastened. The Troy, N. Y., Times, in a recent editorial with the heading "What Canada is Doing," discusses at length the work which is being done to improve the water route of this country to the St. Lawrence outlet, and ends by declaring: "The facts involve a plain lesson and a loud warning to the people of the United States in general and of our own state in particular. The Barge Canal cannot be pushed to completion too rapidly; consistent with safe construction, and all hands must wake up if they would not see the grain-carrying business diverted in large measure to the Canadian channels." But the New York Sun, facing the inevitable clear-sightedly, says: "About the time when the State of New York makes the final payment for the digging of its hundred million dollar ditch, Canada will be shipping bulk cargoes from Port Arthur to Liverpool, and the rapid gain in population in the prairie country is an assurance that there will be cargoes to ship."

### Protection for Immigrant Girls.

One of the problems discussed earnestly and courageously during the recent Women's Congress in Toronto was that presented by the comparative ease with which unprotected immigrant girls become the victims of persons who by

various deceptive means lure them into lives of vice. Young, unconscious of danger, and ignorant of the ways and often of the language of the country they have come to, it is not surprising that some of them fall into the snares set for them with diabolical cunning. There is reason to believe that this infernal traffic is carried on to a greater extent than is generally supposed, and also that the success of the enticers is due in a large measure to the absence of precautions that are in force elsewhere. It is much more difficult for a young, unaccompanied woman to secure admission to the United States than to Canada. In fact, all immigrants who bid fair to become useful domestic servants are made welcome to Canada. But at a port of the United States they are turned back to their own land unless they are met upon their arrival, or soon after by friends who can show that they have a right to take them under their protection. One of the delegates from the United States at the Women's Congress called attention to the existence of a Federal law protecting immigrant women any time within three years after their arrival in the United States. Cases were mentioned during the discussion in which prosecutions had taken place, and men high in social station had been punished. In so far as the evil referred to is preventable, it should certainly be prevented by carefully devised laws, thoroughly enforced.

### An Advancing Reform.

There was recently celebrated in New York the hundredth anniversary of the formation of the first temperance society on this continent. The course of the temperance movement has since that time been on the whole immensely encouraging, though it has at times lagged. During the past quarter of a century or more it has had overmastering effects upon manners and customs. No longer are works of fiction full of sympathetic references to drunkenness. As late as Dickens, "good old booze" was condoned, if not commended. Pickwick, indeed, may be said to be saturated in alcohol. It is no longer considered that to be a roysterer is the mark of a gentleman. "As drunk as a lord" is a phrase that has completely disappeared. The temperance movement was born of awakened horror at the depths into which such multitudes had sunk through alcoholic indulgence, and the tragedies that had invaded every kindred, and almost every home. It was far in advance of the science which has since so completely vindicated it, and the industrial pressure which has enforced it. The physician, whose prescriptions used to be a great antagonist of personal reform, now demonstrates that alcohol is harmful to the human organism; and the great railway and other companies give their men the choice of being temperate and keeping their employment or being intemperate and losing it. A great advance has been made in Great Britain by the introduction in the public schools of regular instruction in regard to alcohol and its effects. This was first advocated by the British Medical Association as far back as 1875. In 1904 a petition to the same effect was signed by 15,000 medical men, and the same year the Committee of National Physical Deterioration urged strongly that rational instruction be given in every school in the land on the laws of health, including demonstration of the physical evils caused by drinking. These recommendations are now being fully carried out. In every land the right understanding of the evils of intoxicating drink is making way steadily.

### The Selkirk Centennial.

With striking accord the leading journals of the Eastern Provinces join in expressions of hearty approval and support of the proposal of an all-Canadian Exposition and Selkirk Centennial at Winnipeg in 1912. The idea is plainly one that appeals strongly to both national sentiment and to practical, hard-headed, business sense throughout the whole Dominion. As the Eastern expressions of sentiment in regard to the Selkirk Centennial undertaking, may be cited the following sentences from a leading editorial in the Toronto World: "Winnipeg bears much the same relation to Canada that Chicago does to the United States, and as a Western centre of population with 10,000,000 people within thirty-six hours railway distance, it offers a better field for operations of a World Fair than either Seattle or Portland, whose exhibition successes Winnipeg may well outrival. Canada has not yet had a world show in the cosmopolitan sense. Toronto will be the first of Canadian cities in supporting her Western sister's enterprise. Ontario's material interests are strong enough in Manitoba to secure this, even were there no kindlier feeling enlisted."

## In the Path of the Bashikouay.

I WAS standing in the monkey-house at the zoo. A white-haired, elderly man was making the circuit of the cages with a paper bag of mixed nuts. By the time he came to where I stood, in front of a little white-face, his stock was almost gone. He fished out an English walnut. The monkey, hanging from his perch by his tail, swung across the cage, and put out his paw for the proffered dainty.

"I never miss one of 'em," said the man with the bag, "for if I do he'd feel bad all day. Intelligent? Why, sir, those apes know more than a good many men. I can understand their talk. That macaque in the corner's thirsty. He's begging for water. *Cheouw! cheouw!* Just listen to that poor little scamp boo-hooing. Somebody's hurt his feelings. Here, boy!"

He held up his last almond. A tiny brown paw clutched it, and the whimper changed to a mumble of satisfaction. The man continued:

"Understand monkeys pretty well? I ought to. Twenty years I collected 'em for circuses and museums. I've been to Central and South America and Africa so many times I've lost count, as well as twice to India and once to Borneo. Strange experiences? Some. It's no fun to meet a gorilla with only one bird shot cartridge. A river full of crocodiles isn't the pleasantest place to be spilled into.

"But the thing that's responsible for more of these white hairs than any other didn't have anything to do with either gorillas or crocodiles. Ever hear of the bashikouay? No? Sit down on that bench, if you've a few minutes to waste, and let me tell you about the worst scrape I ever got into.

"In July 1891, I was camped with a party of hunters on a prairie near the thick forest north of the Ogowe, a big West African river emptying not far from Cape Lopez. This forest, which lies almost on the equator, contains more different species of monkeys than any other spot on the globe. The gorilla also lives in its gloomy depth; and I was particularly anxious on this trip to secure two or three living specimens of this giant ape.

"For about two weeks everything went well. My camp began to look like a menagerie, as the cages were set up and filled with nshiegos, mbouvés, nkengos and kooloo-kambas, as my men termed the various apes.

"One evening I was sitting alone in my tent, when I heard wild yells outside. Over and over again was repeated the words:

"Njogo! Njogo!"

"Suspecting what the trouble was, I grabbed my rifle and jumped out. Three or four of my men had just run in from the drinking-pool. They told me that Mpongwe, one of my best hunters, had been carried off by a leopard.

"We formed a party at once, and followed the bloody trail. A mile from camp it entered a small glade, and then plunged into the thick jungle. It was useless to pursue farther. Poor Mpongwe was beyond our help, and we should only expose ourselves to a similar fate. There was little sleep in the camp that night.

"For the next three days my work was at a standstill. When a leopard has once tasted human flesh, he becomes a confirmed man-eater. My hunters knew this, and were panic-stricken. They refused to enter the forest. By night they kept bright fires burning, and danced and beat tom-toms to frighten the animals away. I saw that nothing further could be accomplished until he was killed.

"It was perfectly plain, too, that I must do the job myself. My men were so badly frightened that I could count on little help from them. How could I get the man-eater without giving him a chance to get me? I muzzled over it for some time. Then I remembered a tiger-hunting trick

that an Englishman had told me about when I was in India the winter before.

"I had two especially large cages, intended for gorillas, if I were fortunate enough to capture any. On the third afternoon we set up one of these cages in the glade through which the leopard's trail had led. Into this I locked myself at sunset, with a camp-stool and my heavy double-barreled hunting rifle carrying a steel pointed ball of about two and a half ounces. My men hurried away and left me alone.

"Six hours I sat on that backless stool, with my rifle on my knees, looking and listening. I had blacked my face and hands with charcoal; for a leopard's eye is sharp, and I was afraid he would see my white skin through the darkness.

"There were plenty of noises round me. Now and then elephants trumpeted in the distance. Not far away I could hear a drove of wild pigs grunting and squealing. The jungle was full of life. My watch was lonesome, but not monotonous, for every minute I was expecting the man-eater.

"Shortly after midnight I drowsed a little. Then a sense of danger brought me wide awake. A breathless dread had settled over the jungle. I strained my ears and eyes. A low rasping purr broke the stillness; and there, close to the ground, not twenty feet off, glared two fiery eyes, like brightly burning pieces of charcoal.

"It was the man-eater; I felt sure of that. I lifted my rifle, pointed it straight as I could at the blazing eyes, and pulled the trigger. I was shaking with nervousness, so I missed.

"There came a horrible unearthly scream. The eyes rose suddenly, and shot towards me through the blackness. A tremendous shock on the side of the cage set the steel rods rattling, and threw me forward off my stool. A paw shot between the bars and grazed my shoulder; a hot breath burned my cheek.

"Bracing myself on my knees, I pushed my gun forward till its muzzle touched the glaring balls, and fired again.

"A frightful roar broke suddenly into a coughing and choking. There was a death-suffle, succeeded by a long drawn moan; then stillness. Mpongwe had been avenged.

"Triumph thrilled me. I had seen my quarry only by the gun flash, but felt sure it was the animal I was after. Poking my rifle out into the blackness, I touched a soft, limp body. The leopard was unquestionably dead.

"Not knowing what other night-prowlers might be abroad, I dared not leave the cage until morning. Though my men had probably heard my gun, I knew they would not come to look me up until daybreak. So I made myself as comfortable as I could, and waited for the light to come.

"Hours passed. Gradually the sky brightened over the eastern forest, and soon I could dimly discern the shoulders of the big beast, not four feet from the cage. Before long it was

light enough for me to see that my second bullet had taken him right between the eyes. I gazed on him with relief and exultation.

"The tropical day came quick. There was no reason for further delay. Besides, I was eager to get the exact measurements of the leopard, which was the largest I had ever seen. My hand shook with nervousness, as I pushed the key between the bars and fumbled at the Yale lock, which was on the outside. The hole was small and hard to find. Growing impatient, I made too sudden a dab; the thin bit of steel twisted out of my fingers, clinked on a stone, and rebounded to the ground, three or four feet away.

"I began to fish for it with my gun-muzzle, but my efforts only prodded it deeper into the earth. I had to confess at last that I was as securely caged as any of my monkeys. It was annoying and ridiculous, too.

"A twig cracked. I seized my gun. Out bounded a leopard fully as large as the one I had killed. With not even a look at me, it leaped away down the glade before I could insert a fresh cartridge. A trumpeting and the thud of heavy feet; an elephant burst out and thundered by. Then a clattering troupe of monkeys swung themselves along from branch to branch. All appeared to be fleeing from some unseen foe.

"Suddenly came a soft rustling, like the distant hiss of a snake. I cocked my rifle. The noise grew louder. What was this mysterious thing that had caused such a panic among the jungle-dwellers?

"Something stirred on the ground not ten feet away, and a line of small dark objects crept rapidly into the glade. For a few seconds I looked curiously; then a thought made me tremble with horror. Here was something against which my powerful rifle was useless as a spear of grass.

"It was a column of bashikouay, or great bull ants, the most dreaded scourge of the tropical forest. I now understood the hurried retreat of all the beasts. No living thing can resist the attack of these terrible insects. Flight is the only safety from them. And I could not flee, for I was locked into the cage.

"I must recover that key at any cost. If I didn't get it, and the ants discover me, they would eat me up piecemeal. And when my men came to release me, they would find only a skeleton.

"The cage door was on the opposite side from the marching army. The key lay on the ground over a yard off. It was so light I could now see it distinctly. As quietly and quickly as possible I began trying to hook it toward me with my gun-muzzle. Little by little I drew it nearer. As I worked, I looked over my shoulder at the numberless thousands pouring rapidly from the jungle, and passing not two yards from the cage. What if the skirmishers should discover me!

"A small rock embedded in the soil checked the progress of the key. I was obliged to engineer the little piece of steel round the obstruction. That

took time. I looked back, and a shiver of horror ran through me!

"The dead leopard was bristling with crawling masses. From the beasts, head to the cage it was hardly more than a yard.

"I worked feverishly. Terrible tales that my hunters had told me about the bashikouay ran through my brain. The key was gradually coming nearer. Could I get it in time? Two or three small stones still lay in the way. One of these might cost me the most terrible death a human being can suffer—that of being eaten alive.

"On a sudden my wrist twinged sharply. There was one of the awful ants, its pincers buried in my flesh. Ugh! With a shudder I tore its body away, but the head remained, embedded deep. A pain pierced the nape of my neck. I glanced down; the skirmishers were streaming over the floor.

"I looked despairingly at the key, still almost a yard away. To work it carefully in with my rifle would take two or three minutes; and by that time the ants would be swarming over me in hundreds. I could see but one chance for life.

"Throwing myself flat among the fierce insects, I thrust my right hand out between the bars; my finger-ends just closed over the key. A moment later I was on my feet again, alive with ants, and suffering fiery torments.

"It took all my self-control to get the key into the lock outside. The door caught for an instant and then came wide open.

"I sprang wildly out. With hundreds of poisoned pincers tearing my flesh, I dashed out of the glade, and ran as fast as I could towards camp. I was almost mad with pain, but still kept my senses sufficiently to make for the water-hole.

"My men looked with amazement at my sudden appearance. A few hurried words, as I plunged in, explained my plight. They came to my assistance, and picked the ants off.

"Fortunately the bashikouay did not come near the camp, so the captured monkeys were saved. By mid-afternoon the rear of the destroying column had passed, and I went back with my hunters after the cage and gun. We found the skeleton of the leopard, picked white. I could not help shuddering. What if I had not recovered the key!

"Two months later I brought my filled cages, gorillas and all, successfully back to the coast. I have been in Africa twice since, and have had many adventures, but never one in which I came so close to death as on that summer morning in the path of the bashikouay."

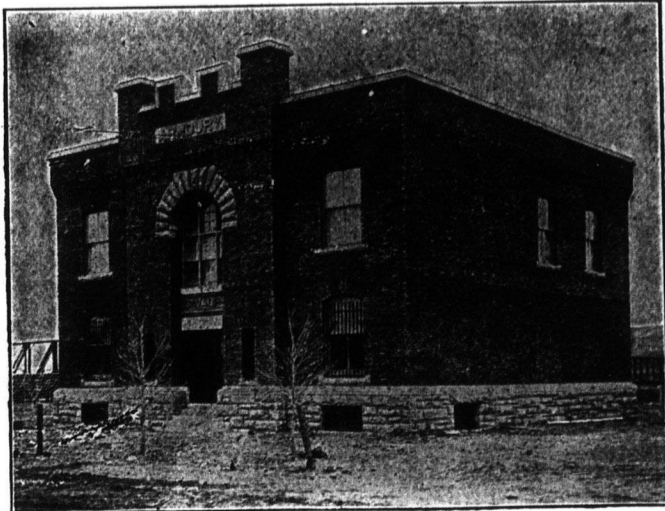
A negro pastor was warming up to the climax of his sermon, and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer. O my congregas' un," exclaimed the exhorter—"I wahns yer against de sin uv drinkin' and de sin uv chicken robbin', and I wahns yer, my breddern, against de sin uv melon stealin'!"

A devout worshipper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly.

"Whuffo does yer, my brodder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon stealin'?" asked the preacher.

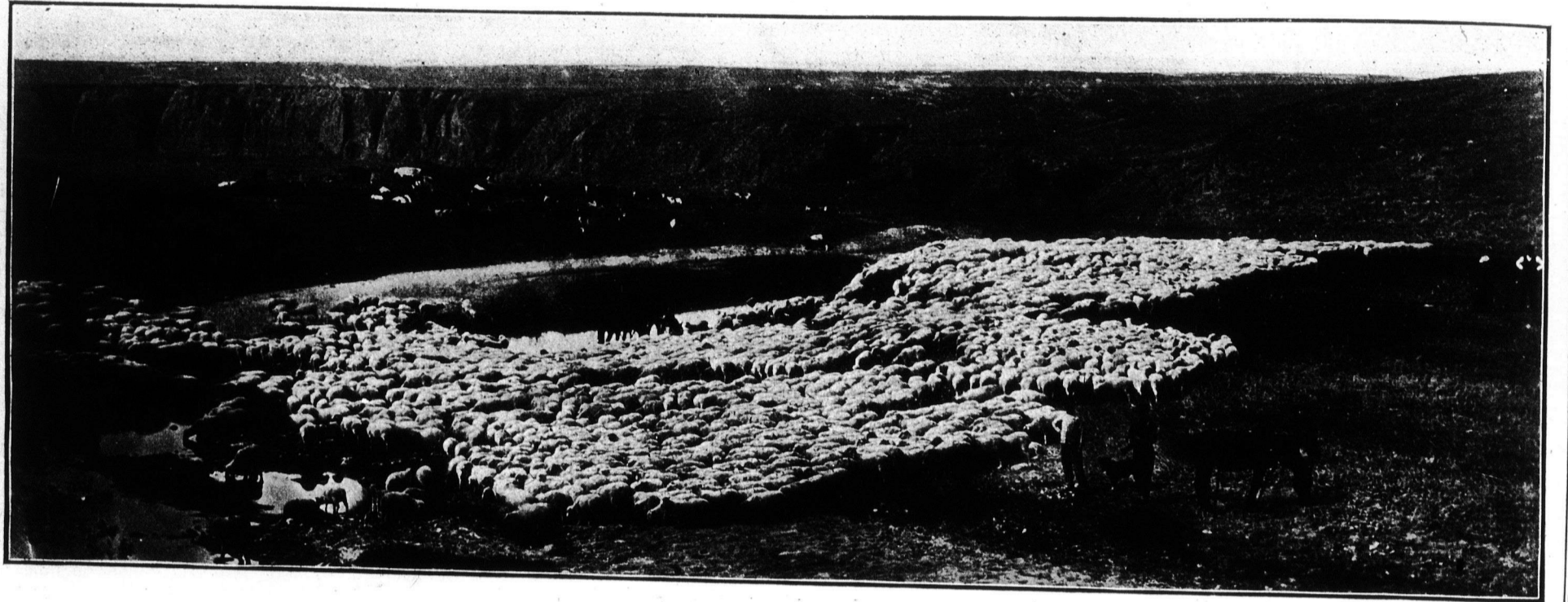
"Kaze yo' jest 'minds me whar I left mah overcoat," replied the devout worshipper as he hurried off.

Emerson Hough is very fond of outdoor life, and many is the good story which he tells around the campfire at night. While camping out in the Adirondacks with a party of friends, the conversation turned on echoes and how easily they might be heard. Many good stories were told, but the following statement by Mr. Hough was acknowledged the best. "Out in the Rocky Mountains it takes eight hours to hear the echo of your voice. When I camp out there and just before I pull the blanket around me for the night, I shout out, 'Time to get up!' and—do you believe it?—the echo wakes me next morning!"

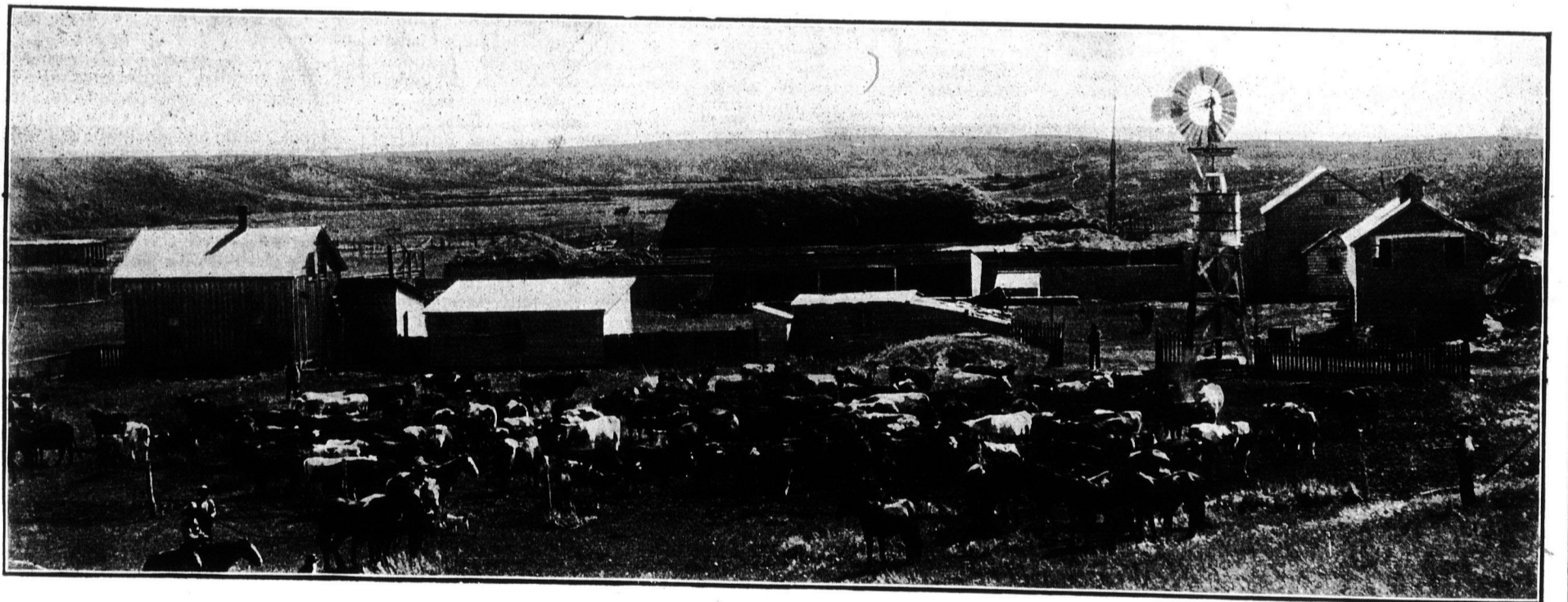


Medicine Hat New Armoury

# SNAP SHOTS IN THE WEST.



Sheep as they have them in the West.

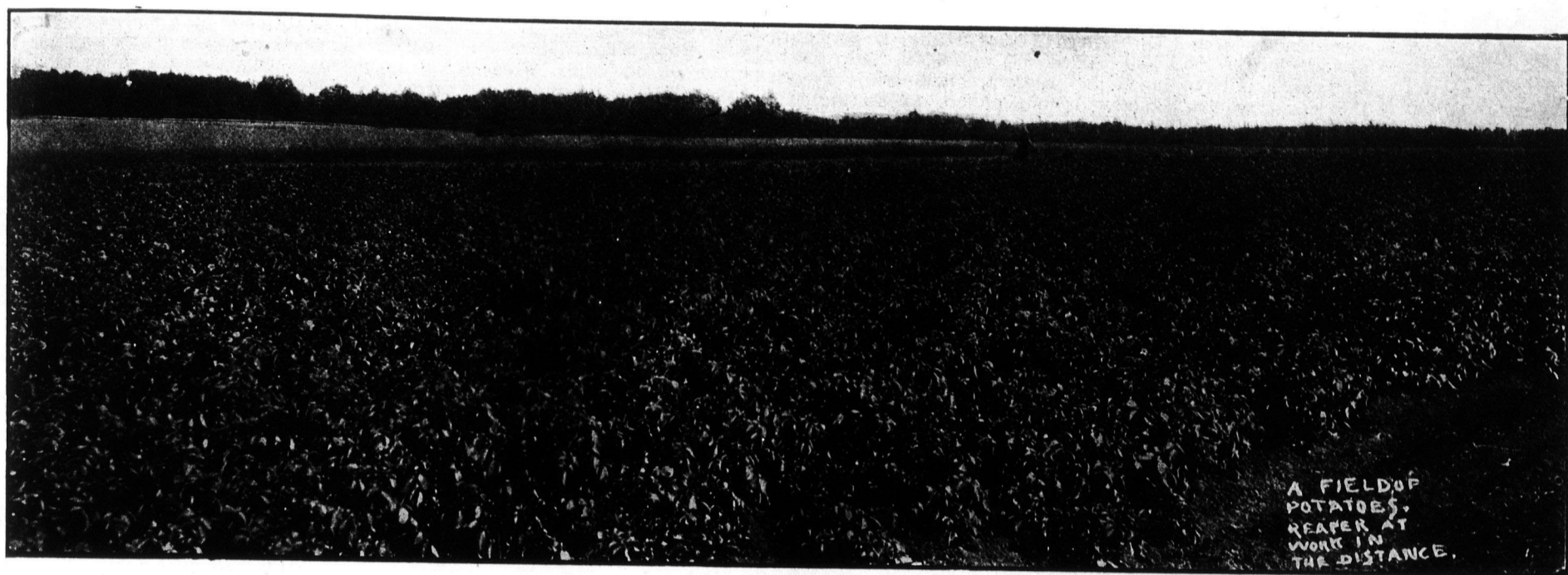


Ranching in Alberta.



A Manitoba Landscape.

## THE LAND OF PLENTY



A FIELD OF  
POTATOES.  
REAPER AT  
WORK IN  
THE DISTANCE.

A Potato Field near Edmonton.



Peace and Plenty.

## Pretty Veranda Work for Summer Days.

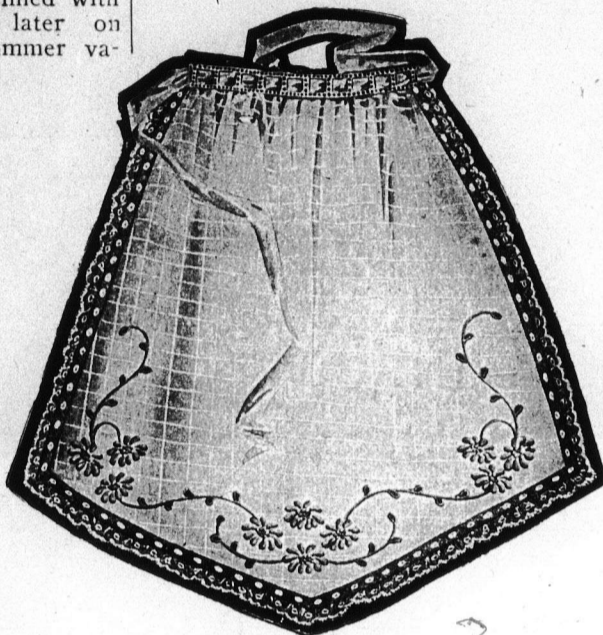


WHILE we are apt to turn our backs disdainfully upon any serious occupation during the summer, it is none the less true that we have probably more spare moments just now than at any time during the year, and those of us who are overwhelmed with a multitude of petty duties later on have come to regard the summer vacation days as the time in which to prepare or to plan at least for the gift making season, which is so soon upon us, as well as for numerous requests for contributions to fairs for various charitable purposes, which are sure to come later on.

Even though one likes to live out of doors as much as possible, and make the most of this delightful summer weather, there are the rainy days when it is impossible to do very much out of doors, and the days when the heat is so intense as to make special exertion seem not really worth while. Then, too, if we are truly wise, we will not devote every minute to the business of strenuous exercise, and the getting of sunburn, freckles, and tan, even though our "Beauty Doctor," in another part of the magazine, tells us, most charmingly, about how to do away with these unnecessary evils. Devote a little time every day to that most feminine of occupations, needlework, while you are keeping a watchful eye upon your youthful son engaged in the building of most wonderful structures of sand, or investigating grasshoppers and butterflies in the interest of science. Even though one does not seem to accomplish very much at any one "sitting," the odd moments count up very rapidly. Keep your workbag conveniently hanging on the back of some chair on the veranda or living room, and you will be surprised to see how much can really be accomplished in this way. Many an awkward break or lull in the conversation can be bridged with a common interest, such as all women find in needlework.

The prettiest possible gift one can make for a girl friend is a dainty embroidered apron, which she can wear when present at informal chafing dish spreads during the winter. There is

made of crossbarred dimity, edged all around with lace insertion and edging, and embroidered with a dainty design. On pattern No. 8413 the flowers are well padded and worked in Satin stitch, and the centers filled with French knots. If one prefers to do the embroidery with white cotton the leaves may be worked in eyelet embroidery, but if color is used the leaves should be worked solid. Worked in a delicate



A DAINY CHAFING DISH APRON.—No. 8413.

color to match the ribbon run through the beading at the top, these aprons are altogether charming. This apron stamped on a crossbarred muslin can be furnished for 50 cents. Nine skeins Roman Floss in Pink 2472 or Blue 2221 are required for working the design with 1 1/4 yards lace insertion and 1 1/2 yards edging to finish the edge. One third yard muslin beading, and 1 1/2 yards satin ribbon are required for the belt.

For the devotee of bridge there is a handsome bag made with three separate pockets, the middle or large pocket for the score pad, and the smaller side pockets for the packs of cards and individual score pads, if they are used. If one does not play bridge, this would serve as an extremely useful embroidery bag. The work could be kept in the large pocket, the thimble, scissors, and needles in one small pocket, and thread or silk in the other. The bag is made of one continuous strip of ecru linen, and is not at all difficult to make up. When the embroidery is completed, the strip of linen is folded together and stitched on the edges to a depth of 9/4 inches. This forms the middle bag. Now, each end is folded together, forming a bag or pocket 6 1/4 inches in depth below the casing. It is a good plan to turn in the



EMBROIDERED BRIDGE BAG.—No. 8412.

something altogether delightfully feminine about an apron, and you know the old saying about the way to a man's heart. Now, such aprons are not at all difficult to make. The newest ones are



A PRETTY SHOPPING BAG.—No. 8411.

heading and stitch the casing before making up the bag. If one likes, a silk lining may be added, and this should be done before the bag is stitched together.

The embroidery is worked in Satin stitch throughout, the flowers on the upper bag with Roman Floss, Rose 2671, and on the under with 2674, the

leaves and stems being a soft Green 2622. Three skeins each Roman Floss 2671, 2622, and 2 skeins 2674 are required for working design No. 8412 which can be furnished stamped on ecru linen, for 40 cents.

Another pretty bag, which can be used for shopping or fancy work, is made of heavy ecru linen, the front and back stitched together along the edges, and embroidered on both sides with flowers worked in Wallachian stitch with Rope Silk in Rose Pink 2061, the centers filled with French knots in Green 2621. An unusual and pretty finish is given the bag by arranging the lining, which, by the way, is prettiest when made of green silk matching the flower centers, so that it extends above the top of the bag about a quarter of an inch. The ribbon draw strings should match the color of the flowers. Ten skeins Rope Silk 2061, and three skeins 2621 should be allowed for working design No. 8411. This can be bought at same price as No. 8412. This bag measures about twelve inches in depth by ten in width.

I wonder how many have seen the new embroidered nainsook undervests to

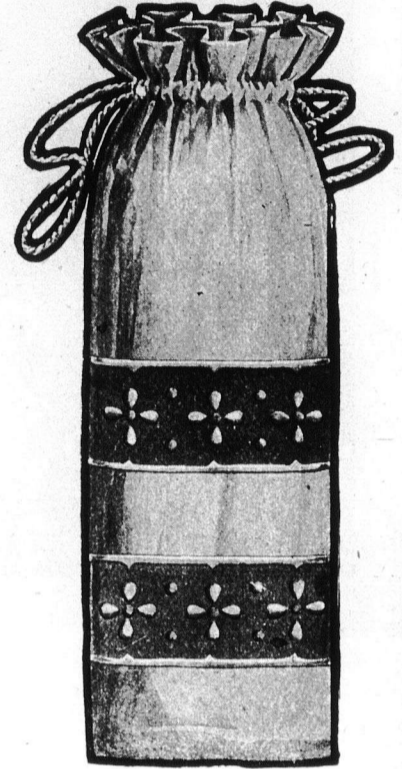


A DAINY EMBROIDERED UNDERVEST.—No. 8454.

be worn instead of the Jersey vest. Every one who has ever worn one of these nainsook vests is delighted with them. They are much cooler, besides being very much more attractive. Front and back are alike, arranged to slip on over the head and draw up round the neck with ribbon and beading. One might ask where the embroidery comes in. The only embroidery is on the ruffle, which extends across the front, and this is such a small piece of work that it can be tucked into the workbag and utilized for a bit of summer needlework. The edge of the ruffle is buttonholed, the flowers worked solid, the leaves, eyelet, and the stems outlined, all done with D.M.C. Cotton, No. 25, of which ten skeins at four cents per skein should be allowed. The vest measures thirty inches from shoulder to hem and is stamped on nainsook and on sale at \$1.25.

An embroidered belt is one of the most satisfactory things which a needleworker can make, for it lasts indefinite-

Western Home Monthly designs, now several seasons old, is apparently as good as new, and is met with admiring comments whenever it appears. With a white waist a white belt is generally more becoming, as it apparently lengthens the waist line, but there is no reason why one cannot wear a white belt embroidered with color, and it is really very smart. With the new mercerized canvas belting, it is nothing at all to make up a belt, as when the embroidery is finished, all one has to do is to fasten it into the clasps at either end,

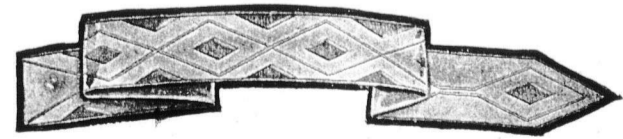


A DAINY CORSET BAG.—No. 8455.

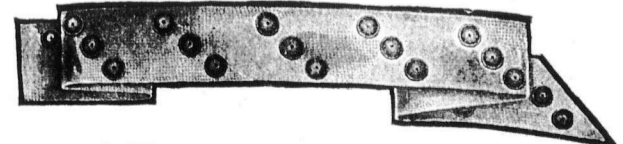
and it is complete. Both the belt designs illustrated have been arranged for one end to be drawn through a buckle, as most of the clasps are made in this way. The belting measures two and one quarter inches in width, and is cut thirty-two inches long.

Pattern No. 8415 consists simply of dots worked in Wallachian stitch with Rope silk in any color one fancies, either matching the skirt with which it is to be worn, or in a contrasting color like bright red or green. If one wishes a particular color, it is always a good plan to send a sample of the goods with which it is to be used, or, better still, send twenty cents for a wash silk color card, and then one can order the silk by number. Six skeins of Rope silk should be allowed for belt No. 8415 which can be furnished stamped on mercerized belting for 30c.

A second belt design is furnished on both the canvas belting and ecru linen. It is a pretty design, combining soutache braid with solid embroidery. On the white belting the embroidery is done with white cotton, and the braiding with white cotton soutache. On the linen the spots are worked in Satin stitch with Roman Floss, Rose Pink 2246b, and the braiding done with green silk soutache. The spots should be worked first, then the braiding on the edge should be placed close to the work. This belt should be hemmed on the edges, or, if one likes, a lining may be added to give firmness. Three skeins Embroidery Cotton, size D, or 5 skeins Roman Floss, and 5 yards Soutache Braid are required for pattern No. 8414. 8414a is retailed at 35c. It is a good plan to have a oval frame in which to embroider



BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY ARE COMBINED ON THIS BELT.—No. 8414a.



A SIMPLE DESIGN OF DOTS.—No. 8415.

ly, and when made of the right materials can be worn with almost any skirt. A belt of ecru linen embroidered with red, blue, and green, after one of the

belts, as then the material does not have to be moved so frequently. Baste strips of cloth on the sides so as to hold in the hoop.

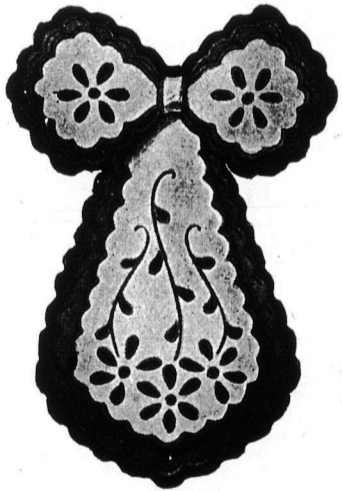
The corset bag we are showing is made of white linen, with bands of blue linen embroidered and appliquéd with white. This bag measures 6 x 18 inches. The blue bands should be applied before the bag is made up. Cut them out along the stamped lines and stitch them on with machine just inside the lines stamped on the bag. Then proceed to work the embroidery in the regular way, taking the stitches through both materials. All parts of the design are worked in Satin stitch, well padded. When the embroidery is completed the bag is stitched together, and white silk cord used for closing. A pale green is used for the Satin stitch dots. This



EMBROIDERED SLIPPER BAG TO BE LINED WITH EIDERDOWN.—No. 8460.

makes a very pretty combination,—white, light blue, and light green. Seven skeins Roman Floss 2002 and 1 of 2783 are required for working design No. 8455. Stamped on white linen with blue bands this bag can be purchased for 40c.

A nice bag for party slippers is lined with eiderdown, so there is no danger of the slippers becoming scratched. The bag is made of ecru linen, embroidered with a Wallachian design in green and rose. The leaves, stems, and eyelets should be green, and the cen-



A PRETTY JABOT OF WHITE LAWN MOUNTED OVER COLORED LINEN.—No. 8456.

ter worked in shades of rose pink, the middle section being the lightest, the ones on either side shading darker, and the small figure in the centre being darkest of all. This design requires 2 skeins each Roman Floss 2131, 2132, 2133, and 1 skein each 2130, 2053. Price of bag stamped on ecru linen ready for working is 35c.

Suggestions for summer needlework would not be complete without at least one design for an embroidered jabot. A very unusual design is made of fine lawn embroidered with an eyelet design, and mounted over colored linen. The buttonholed edges of both linen and lawn are to be worked with white D. M. C. Cotton. Four skeins of size 20 should be allowed for working design No. 8456, furnished stamped on white lawn 25c.

## What to Wear and When to Wear it.

### Hot Weather

At the moment as I write the costume of the natives of the Igorote village commends itself to me, for it is extremely hot and the very idea of clothes oppressive. However, we must be clothed as well as fed and it is just as well to be informed as to what is the proper thing to wear, in due season.

There is really not much to write about, for manufacturers even, seem hardly to have made up their minds as to what will be the colors and styles for fall, and of course the summer is too far advanced now to waste time on summer frocks. Unless, perchance, it is to avail yourself of those already made.

My little warning of last month as to being careful of buying summer frocks with a view to wearing them next year, has been more than justified by the advance notes of fashions to come, that are already out.

### Full Skirts

Though styles have not all been definitely settled there are a few points decided on and two of the leading features of the coming fall and winter will be very long waists and skirts very full at the bottom. This is a most radical change and shows the wisdom that has induced the retail dealer to get rid of this year's summer goods at any price, rather than carry them over, because they will be utterly out of date for next summer.

The indications are for a return to very much the same styles as were being worn in 1881 and 1882. For the benefit of my readers who cannot remember that far back let me say that the leading style in dresses is a sort of semi-fitting princess which comes down nearly to the knee and from there is a full pleated skirt, very full indeed. There are modifications of this style, in some cases the princess is carried in panels to the bottom of the skirt, both front and back or possibly only in the front and the pleated skirt is arranged between the panels. Some of these dresses are finished with a soft sash laid round just above the pleats but others are more often finished by the princess top coming in points or scallops over the pleated parts and finished with buttons. The lines from the shoulder to the pleating are long, as has been said before only semi-fitting but the whole idea seems to be to emphasize the length of the waist.

I saw one of these dresses on Portage Avenue the other day, the wearer was a New Yorker visiting the city. The dress was of rich black satin, cut square at the neck and finished with a chemisette of dead white hand embroidered net. The skirt was in sunk box pleats with the princess part coming over the pleats in round deep scallops, up the centre of each scallop were three satin buttons. With this dress was a coat of the same satin, lined with dead white, it was very considerably fitted in the back but only semi-fitting in front with the long shawl lapels to the collar and fastened with three satin buttons set very close together, the buttonholes being very large and cut on a decided down slant and bound with satin instead of being worked with twist. The collar of this coat was decorated with what our grandmothers would have called bugle lace, of which, by the way there is a very decided revival for fall decoration, on coats, dresses and hats.

The dress I am speaking of cleared the ground by at least five inches. It was a very smart garment and a very useful one, for while it was dressy enough for quite an elaborate function, with a plain hat and linen chemisette it could have been worn in the morning without being conspicuous.

### Colors

All the wistaria shades and the purples and helios promise to be good for fall, but the browns and taupes are out of it for a time at least. Green will be a leader this year and the shades will be mainly soft and dark. Blue is more than holding its own and in very high class trade there is much navy being sold. There are new blues also and among them are glacier and cascade, as their names indicate they are of the greeny blue order and are very beautiful especially in the more lustrous fabrics. Black will be very prominent this season both for the street and housewears and some of the most elaborate toilets are being made up in black. The thin blacks are very frequently made over colors or silver and gold but the all black dress or suit is extremely correct. As every woman knows there is no more economical dress to own than good black of almost any kind. In lighter shades the pale ambers and yellows and colors all the way to deep orange are going to be more popular than these shades have been for years. They will be seen in afternoon and evening gowns and for the street there will be very considerable of these colors on the hats.

### Sleeves

Sleeves will be long, but the promised puffs on the tops do not seem to be finding much favor at present. However, if there is a gown to be made over and a puff on the sleeve will help out the scheme no woman need hesitate to put one on. All sleeves, whether for coats or dresses, will be fuller at the top than they were for spring and summer. The moderate leg of mutton and the coat sleeve with a slight fulness on top are very good. There is a tendency to trim sleeves quite elaborately with strappings, fancy braids and small buttons. This is also a help in making over gowns because so frequently a piecing may be hidden under a strap or the evidence of it lessened by the use of buttons.

### Satins and Silks

Both silks and satins will be greatly worn for fall, but the heavy satins will predominate and with many of them pipings and buttons of moire will be used. It is odd but true that while the heavier and smoother the satin the more it is prized this year, when wool goods are chosen the tendency is strongly to the rougher surfaces and knotted effects.

These are only tentative notes but they may give the women who have to make their own dresses and to make over garments, some hints as to what they may venture to do in that line without running the risk of being extreme, something always to be avoided.

By the way I note that both the Buttericks and the Ladies' Home Journal people have patterns out for these semi-fitting princess dresses with the pleated skirt attachments. Also, by the way, they are not at all difficult to make.

### A 20th Century Marvel.

During the past few months, the newspapers have almost daily recorded some incident in which wireless telegraphy has played an important part and it certainly is no idle boast to say that the day is not far distant when Marconi's great invention will take the place of the present telegraph and cable companies. Those of our readers who are interested in this invention should write for further particulars to John A. Herron, McIntyre Block, Winnipeg. Please mention the Western Home Monthly.

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## WOMEN'S QUIET HOUR.

**A Model School**

During the month I had a chance visit from a teacher in one of our rural schools who, equally by chance, opened my eyes to a valuable work which he is carrying on, a work which I think might to some extent, at least, be carried on in some other schools of the country, more particularly when there are men teachers. This man is the son of a farmer in Ontario, and having had a practical training in farming as a boy had followed it up with such scientific knowledge as came in his way in the course of other studies. Going out to the school in which he is now teaching, a year ago last March, he found it 18 miles from a railway or telegraph line, near to the shores of Lake Manitoba. He also found his pupils nearly all Icelandic, with a very small sprinkling of Metis. The settlement was an old one, for the West, but being isolated the methods of farming were somewhat primitive and in many cases the farms had been allowed to seriously depreciate for lack of proper cultivation and the use of good seed. There was little to encourage the boys to stay on the farms and the majority of them were drifting to Winnipeg or Brandon and leaving the work of the farms to the old men. Mr. Law, for that is the name of the teacher, having sized up the situation and taken note of the grounds surrounding the school, immediately set to work to make a garden. Last year, considering the short time at his disposal and the rough nature of the ground he had an excellent vegetable garden and also a number of flowers. He appealed to the Horticultural Society in Winnipeg and they sent him a collection of hardy trees and shrubs, some to plant last fall and some to plant this spring. Up to the making of this garden there was practically not a garden in the neighborhood, nearly all the farms grew potatoes but almost nothing else in the vegetable line. This year the home without some attempt at a garden is an exception and not the rule.

Encouraged by the success of his efforts last summer, Mr. Law last fall plowed a larger area of the school ground and sending to the Experimental Farm, at Ottawa, he explained his need and asked for pure wheat seed to sow his small patch. His request met with a ready response and the wheat is growing well. He has promised to each boy at the school, who will carefully prepare an eighth of an acre of ground, enough seed from the present crop to seed that amount of land, and already some of the lads are busy preparing the land. It seems to me that this is the very finest kind of Agricultural Missionary work, for not only has Mr. Law succeeded in arousing the interest of the boys and girls of his school, but he has interested their parents also, for time and again the older men have come to the school, or stopped him on the road to inquire into his reasons for certain methods of cultivation which he has shown to the children at the school. In this way the whole neighborhood is being awakened to better things, and best of all the next lot of boys will not want to leave the farm for the city, they will be too much interested in trying to carry out on a larger scale the things which they have been learning at school. If there were more of such schools throughout the Canadian West there would be fewer boys and girls so eager to leave the farm.

**The Y.W.C.A.**

The great building about which so much has been said and written is finished and occupied and great has been the rejoicing among the faithful band of women who have for so many years striven towards this end. There are still many things to do, the furnishing has not yet been completed, the gymnasium has still to be fitted up, but

the great big things are done and the young women are, in this hot and stifling weather, enjoying the luxury of airy rooms, good bathrooms, wide balconies and all the comforts of a large and well ordered home. There are a number of rooms set aside for transients and women from the country, coming in to shop, etc., would do well to bear this in mind, and send a card to the secretary ahead, so that a room may be kept for them. Every woman should write down the address and keep it by her for future reference, it is Miss May Bambridge, Secretary Y. W. C. A., corner of Vaughan Street and Ellice Avenue, Winnipeg.

For the further guidance of women who are strangers in Winnipeg, let me say, that if you come into the city by the C. P. R., take a Portage Ave., St. James or St. Charles car and as the conductor to put you off at Vaughan street, then walk one block north and the home will give friendly greeting as its big Union Jack waves to the breeze. If by the C. N. R., walk to the corner of Main and Portage and take car.

Above all, dear women readers of the column, let me once again urge that every girl coming to the city to seek employment go to this home for direction and advice. It will not always be possible for the home to give her a room permanently but in addition to the rooms in its own building it will always have a list of safe rooms for girls to go to, and to be sent to a boarding house under the protection or by the advice of the Y. W. C. A. is to have just that additional protection from annoyance of any kind.

Some will think that I harp on this string too often, but I assure you it is impossible to speak too strongly on the need of protection for young girls coming to the city. It is so much better and easier to be safe than sorry.

### Women Delegates

Many of my readers will be glad to read something about the band of distinguished women who passed through our city recently on their way from the Congress of the Women's Council, in Toronto, to visit the West and finally the Seattle exposition. I had the pleasure of attending the luncheon given to them in Winnipeg, jointly by the Local Council of Women and the Women's Canadian Club and it was surely a notable gathering. There were women present from more than 20 countries and they spoke as many languages, but there was one thing they had in common and that was an earnest purpose to make the world, in some particular, a better, happier and healthier place to live in than it has been before.

Among the women who interested me most was Miss F. R. Wilkinson, head of the College of Horticulture for Women, at Swanley, in Kent, England. I had a long talk with her about the work being accomplished along this line by women and found that pupils from this college were holding responsible positions as head gardeners or designing gardeners nearly all over the world. Several of them are workers in the great seed breeding establishments of the Garton's Limited, the men who are doing such marvels in the creating of new varieties of grains and grasses and in modifying or improving of old varieties. This college gives courses in practical horticulture, practical fruit growing, horticultural science and rural economy, greenhouse construction, poultry keeping, botany, entomology, book-keeping, bee keeping, dairy work, and fruit and vegetable preserving and bottling. It has a colonial section also, where in addition to the other branches it is possible to take a course in simple cooking, or a full course in domestic economy and where laundry work is also taught. Miss Wilkinson is keenly on the look out for openings for pupils

from this college in Canada and I have no doubt some of these women will come out and make a success, but personally I was attracted by the possibility of some such course being added to the section soon to be started for women at the Agricultural College here.

Poultry keeping and bee keeping are both profitable occupations in this country as Mrs. Cooper, of Treesbank, and other enterprising women have proved, and I am sure that there is also profitable occupation to be found for women, not only in connection with poultry for example, but there is also the raising of small fruits and vegetables, more especially if the fruits and vegetables, or part of them at least, are bottled and put on the market. The Canadian West, today, can produce the finest vegetables in the world of certain varieties, cauliflower, peas, beans, beets, etc., and yet not a single one of these vegetables is being preserved for winter use. It is a simple matter to preserve them if the right methods are employed and these should certainly be taught in the women's course at the Agricultural College. If women could start in ever such a small way along these lines, it would be found that there is a market for their wares in every little town in the West, not to mention the ever growing markets of Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, and Edmonton.

### Women Farmers

I am not suggesting that this is work for every girl who may go to the college, but I do say that it presents a new and interesting field of work for women, who have no special love for housework, who do not feel called to teaching or office work, and who have a keen love for God's out-of-doors.

That very wise and capable woman, Virginia Meredith, in a recent number of the Breeder Gazette discourses on "Woman Farmers" and among other things she points out that "the outdoor life and the room for initiative with no sex discount added to the possibility of maintaining a home and keeping together the dependent members of the family under conditions where each may do something to help along, appeals strongly to women who have before them the necessity not only of earning their own living but a living for others. The soil is the natural heritage of the race and instinctively we turn to it when baffled elsewhere."

In the United States today there is a movement on foot known as "The Women's Homestead Association", the avowed object of which is to start women on small tracts of land near cities where there will be a ready market for what they can raise. Many women must earn their own living and very frequently a living for others as well as modern methods of farming and horticulture offer a much more promising and healthful field for their energies than clerking in stores and kindred employments.

### The Second Chance

Among the pleasant happenings of the month was a long letter from Nellie L. McClung, who just now is camping with her children on one of the charming small lakes of Manitoba, enjoying a wholesome holiday after a strenuous year's work. She tells me, what I am sure many of my readers will be glad to learn, that her new book "The Second Chance," is completed in the rough and only needs the finishing touches, and that it is quite probable it will be out for Christmas this year. It is not in any sense a sequel to "Sowing Seeds in Danny" but it takes up some of the characters and carries them farther along life's pathway. It tells something of the development of Pearl Watson and also something of the after life of Martha Perkins, the girl who could cook but who could not play games.

Word comes, also of the doings of another Canadian writer, Marian Keith, whose "Duncan Polite", "The Silver Maples" and "Treasure Valley" proved such pleasant reading for old Ontario folk. Marian is going to be married to Dr. MacGregor, who is both a preacher and a writer, being in charge of the Presbyterian church at Orillia, Ontario and under the name of Knoxonian a contributor to "The Westminster". Many good wishes will follow Marian Keith in her wedded life and her admirers will hope that the broadening out of her life, which happy marriage to a good man, should bring to every woman, will only add to her ability to produce wholesome, truthful books, depicting faithfully and charmingly the life of her own fair province.

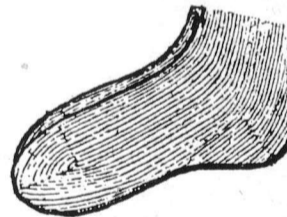
### Votes For Women

Quite a number of inquiries have come to me as to why I have not dealt with this question in the "Quiet Hour". More than one reader has asked if I have lost my interest in it, and wants to know what I think of the work being carried on in England and whether I approve of the methods employed, etc.

I believe today just as firmly as I have believed it any time in the last twenty years that women have just the same right to vote as men have. It is a great problem, however, and I waited for some time in the hope of getting more accurate information as to what is actually being done in England, and I think now that I have acquired some, at least, of the information I wanted, but the weather is hot, the women in the farm homes are very busy and harvest will soon be staring them in the face, so I am going to leave this question to be discussed in the autumn and winter. There is just one word I would say to women all over the Canadian west, and that is do not censure the women in England for their methods, try to keep an open mind. We do not know their provocations, but one thing I can assure my readers, and that everything they do is being exaggerated by the British press, and the worst possible construction put upon it. There are two sides to every question and at present we are getting only the man presented side of what will in years to come be regarded as a basic reform. Again I say keep an open mind.

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**Goitre Cure**  
THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD.  
OUR MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing application, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage absorbs the swelling and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years' success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc.

PHYSICIANS REMEDY CO., 74 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Don't Throw it Away. Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?  
USE **MENDETS**  
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them: fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted.  
Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. B., Collingwood, Ont.

## In the Business World.

### Winnipeg Honored.

Not only is the City of Winnipeg honored by the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which opens here on August 25th, but the presence of so many distinguished men will be a credit and a benefit to the Dominion. This makes the seventy-ninth annual meeting of the Association, and only four meetings were held outside of the British Isles. The meeting lasts for one week, and will be presided over by Sir J. J. Thomson, Sc. D.F.R.S. The objects of the association are to give a stronger impulse to scientific enquiry and to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in the different parts of the Empire. It is expected that a large number of scientists from the Old Land and the other colonies will attend the meeting. A large influential local committee is looking after the arrangements and all particulars will be gladly supplied by Mr. C. N. Bell, Secretary of Board of Trade, his worship Mayor Evans, or by Professors Matthew A. Parker and Swale Vincent, University of Manitoba, who are acting as local secretaries.

Mr. James A. Wilson, Suite 102 Bon Accord Block, Winnipeg, the general secretary.

### Our Future King on Advertising.

Never has advertising been championed so ardently, and so effectively as when recently at Marlborough House, in London, on the occasion of the first meeting of the Royal Commission appointed to assist in the organization of British sections at forthcoming international exhibitions, the Prince of Wales, as the president of the commission, urged its application as a panacea for national business ailments.

In the course of this address he said:

"... the same causes which render it necessary for individual firms to spend large sums of money on advertisements, in order to maintain their position in a particular trade, also render it imperative that every effort should be made at the present day to maintain and improve the reputation of British manufacturers as a whole.

"Experience has shown that even

## This is Your Last Opportunity

On and after September 1st, the annual subscription price of The Western Home Monthly will be 75 cents. A dollar bill received by us up to August 31st will entitle the remitter to 3 years' subscription, but if it does not reach us until September 1st, we will only place the name on our list for 16 months.

Remember that we have definitely decided not to accept any more subscriptions at the present rate after August 31st, and we will not under any circumstances make exceptions in favor of any of our subscribers.

Send \$1.00 for 3 years' subscription TO-DAY.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS:

**WESTERN HOME MONTHLY**  
WINNIPEG CANADA

### Back to Montreal.

"Come back" is the cry from Montreal. It invites its wandering sons, scattered in thousands over the continent to a week of pleasure and rejoicing, September 13th to 20th.

The great Eastern city has prepared a programme of unexcelled attractions for the occasion of which a few are: Illumination of Mount Royal, Fireworks, Fletcher's Field, Aquatic Fireworks, Parade of Floats, representing national and historical subjects, Championship Regatta, Baseball, Lacrosse, Annual meet Jockey Club, Excursions down the Lachine Rapids, Visiting Chateau de Romezy, Parade of Fire Brigade, Parade of Montreal Garrison, etc. This is but a part of what the city alone is doing in its welcome to its former residents. Other organizations are arranging additional pleasures, and it is safe to state that there will not be a dull moment in the great reunion week at Montreal. Railroads have granted reduced fares (single rate) from all points and it is expected that great numbers will avail themselves of the opportunity to see Canada's Metropolis. Not only is Montreal interesting commercially as the leading city of the Dominion but its natural charms are unsurpassed by that of any other city on this or any other continent. A strong committee has been organized in Winnipeg to look after the Manitoba contingent, and all interested should communicate with

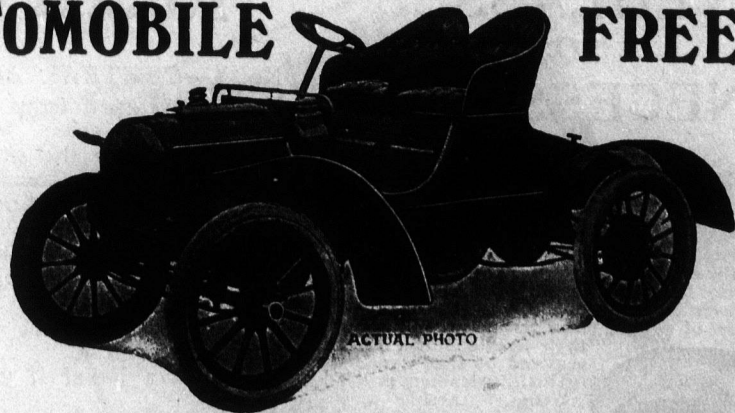
in the case of firms having an established reputation and world-wide connections, attempts to discontinue advertising have usually been followed by a diminution in the sales effected, and it is not unreasonable to assume that the neglect of Great Britain of one of the most important forms of national advertisement would be equally detrimental to her interests as a manufacturing country."

These utterances show a full and complete appreciation of the purpose of advertising. Every word stamped the royal speaker as one who knew his subject and who knew it by something more than mere hearsay. On the face of it, the Prince's speech suggests that in him a great commercial advertiser has been lost.

### Opens in Winnipeg.

Eastern institutions are realizing that in order to keep in touch with the fast development, and growing business, of the West, offices in Winnipeg are necessary. This has been the experience of the Dominion Securities Corporation, perhaps the largest dealer in bonds in Canada. The head office of the Corporation is in Toronto, with branches in Montreal, and London, England. It deals exclusively in Government, Municipal and high grade corporation bonds, and has already a very large share of Western business. The Winnipeg offices are in the Canada Life Building,

## AUTOMOBILE FREE



ACTUAL PHOTO

### Suggest the most Attractive Name for our Safety Razor and Receive this Handsome Auto Free

We want a name for our **New Safety Razor**, a name that is original and distinctive; one that will draw attention to our advertising and help sell our razors.

We intend to introduce this new safety razor to every man in Canada. This would cost us thousands of dollars if we used the ordinary methods of advertising. But we believe it is better to give this high-class prize as an introductory offer. It will cost us less, and the purchaser gets the benefit.

Our Safety Razor consists of handsome **SILVER PLATED** holder, one stropper and "3" blades. The blades are of the finest German steel, beveled to a keen edge, and can easily be re-sharpened with our handy stropper.

The case is made of highly attractive leather finished stock, with separate compartments for holder, stropper and blades.

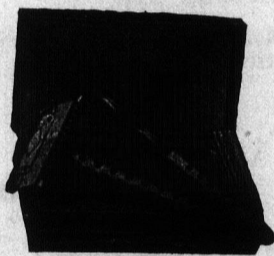
Every outfit carries the regular ironclad money back guarantee.

We want the name, you want the razor, and a chance for the Auto.

Send us **\$2.00 NOT \$5.00** and we will mail you the outfit, and our blades if required are **50c a dozen NOT \$1.00**. Each outfit will contain one coupon, entitling you to suggest 3 attractive names. Winner's name published at close of competition.

**NAME IT!**

Competition Closes August 15th, 1909



YOU SAVE WITH EVERY SHAVE

**Success Mfg. Co.,**  
272-274 Main Street,  
Winnipeg, Man.

Bank References on Request.

under the management of Mr. Norman B. Stark, whose territory will extend from the Great Lakes to the Coast. Mr. Stark has served the Company for many years in important positions, both in Toronto and Montreal. To have such firms as this come to us is a tribute to the commercial prosperity of the West, and a desirable addition to our financial corporations.

### In Summer.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Oh, summer has clothed the earth  
In a cloak from the loom of the sun!

And a mantle, too, of the skies' soft blue,  
And a belt where the rivers run.

And now for a kiss of the wind,  
And the touch of the air's soft hands,

With the rest from strife and the heat of life,  
With the freedom of lakes and lands.

I envy the farmer's boy  
Who sings as he follows the plow;  
While the shining green of the young blades lean  
To the breeze that cools his brow.

He sings to the dewy morn,  
No thought of another's ear;  
But the song he sings is a chant for kings  
And the whole wide world to hear.

He sings of the joys of life  
Of the pleasures of work and rest,  
From an o'erfull heart, without aim or art;  
'Tis a song of the merriest.

O ye who toil in the town,  
And ye who toil in the mart,  
Hear the artless song, and your faith made strong  
Shall renew your joy of heart.

## Modern Canadian Maps

Includes Wall Maps and Pocket Maps of the Western Provinces. Stovel's Pocket Map of the Dominion.

Stovel's Pocket Atlas of Canada. Stovel's Indexed Commercial Travellers' Pocket Map of Western Canada, etc.

Our new price list presenting detailed descriptions of each map with price, etc., mailed to any address in the postal Union on request. Address

**STOVEL COMPANY, Map Department**  
WINN E G.

## READ THIS—but

UNDERSTAND AT ONCE THAT OUR

### GENUINE PENNYROYAL WAFERS

are not for men, but women have for 20 years found them the best in nuthly regulator procurable, allaying "pains," correcting omission and irregularity. They are in a word, reliable and healthful; \$1.00 per box, mailed anywhere; sold everywhere; 36 in box; yellow label; English-French printed.

Eureka Chemical Co., Detroit, Mich.

## Stovel's Wall Map of Western Canada

size 32 x 46 showing Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba on one side, the Dominion, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces on reverse side; printed in 5 colors; price \$2.50. Address, The Stovel Co. Winnipeg.

Oh, poor were the worth of the world  
If never a song were heard,  
If the sting of grief had no relief,  
And never a heart was stirred.

So, long as the streams run down,  
And as long as the robins trill,  
Let us taunt old Care with a merry air,  
And sing in the face of ill.

## EYEGLASSES NOT NECESSARY

Eyesight Can be Strengthened and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eyeglasses can be dispensed with in many cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that their eyesight has been restored by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also relieves Sore and Granulated Lids, Iritis, etc., and removes Cataracts without cutting or drugging. Over seventy-five thousand "Actinas" have been sold; therefore the Actina treatment is not an experiment, but is reliable. The following letters are but samples of hundreds we receive.

J. J. Pope, P.O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: "I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years and "Actina" is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using "Actina" I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using "Actina" I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes: "Actina" has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headache now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial postpaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

Made by a Master.

## Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

In buying a painting you look at the name of the artist. It is his work you buy, not the paint and frame.

In the Gerhard Heintzman Piano it is the work of the artist that distinguishes it from the trade instrument. It is a work of art, not a mere factory production.

Sold only at

**Lindsay's**  
284 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

### OILRIGHT FOR




"3 in One" revives old sewing machines, clocks, typewriters, guns, bicycles, making them work like new. "3 in One" removes dirt, relieves friction and makes all action parts work smoothly, easily, and accurately. Will not cake, gum or collect dust.




**"3 in One"** cleans and polishes furniture, varnished or veneered woodwork—prevents rust and tarnish on brass and nickel trimmings, bathroom and kitchen fixtures—Keeps bright silverware, glass and bric-a-brac in all climates and weather.

**FREE** Write now for good free sample and booklet. **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, Broadway, New York.**

## Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC.  
Take one word from each of the following proverbs; write them down, one under the other, and the central letters will form an acrostic naming a place well known in history:

1. All men have their hobby horses.
2. A thousand probabilities do not make one truth.
3. A friend at court is worth a penny in the purse.
4. Be not a baker if your head be of butter.
5. Kindness will creep when it cannot go.
6. A drowning man will catch at a straw.
7. One-half the world kens not how the other half lives.
8. A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with.
9. In a calm sea every man is a pilot.
10. That which has its value from fancy is not very valuable.

No. 2.—SYNCOPATIONS.

1. Syncopate to wave, and leave to carol.
2. To dilate, and leave to vend.
3. To swathe, and leave to load.
4. To urge, and leave to feign.
5. Precipitous, and leave to walk.
6. To pilfer, and leave a mammal.
7. Gazing, and leave a small cord.
8. To overtask, and leave to soil.
9. To pile up, and leave to take by force.
10. To slide, and leave to drink in small quantities.

No. 3.—PUZZLE OF LITTLE BO-PEEP.



According to authorities on Mother Goose the carpenter who constructed the sheepfold for Miss Bo-BEEP discovered that he could save two posts by making the fold square instead of oblong. "Either way would hold the same number of sheep," said the clever mechanic, "but the square 'thing' is to have a post for every sheep to tie to!" How many sheep must there have been in this famous flock?"

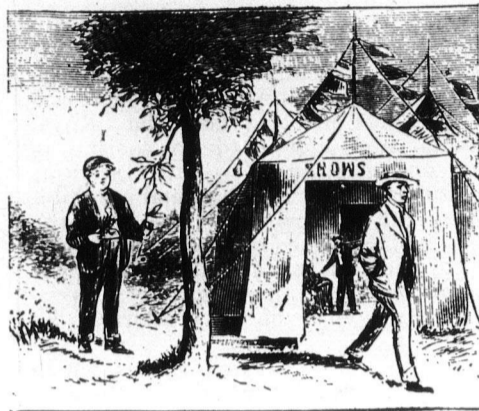
No. 4.—FIFTEEN FISH.

1. To roll and tumble.
2. A carpenter's tool.
3. A fish out of water.
4. What a polecat always is.
5. One way to dress the hair.
6. A plaything and a membrane.
7. What the ram said to Harry.
8. One-half of a citrus fruit.
9. The largest part of Sambo's feet.
10. A weapon carried by army officers.
11. The earth and a pointed instrument.
12. The chief pride of an engaged girl.
13. Omit one letter and you have a pledge.
14. A human being, a letter and a beverage.
15. The juice of pines. Add one letter and you have a pool.

No. 6.—DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a badger, and leave to reel.
2. A bear, and leave to overthrow.
3. To harden and leave to demolish.
4. Active, and leave danger.
5. An artisan, and leave straight.
6. To lament, and leave to trouble.

7. Rubbish, and leave precipitate.
  8. To rotate, and leave to unfold.
  9. Transported, and leave suitable.
  10. To cheat, and leave a building.
- No. 5.—PICTORIAL RIDDLE.  
What is the difference between these two boys?



No. 7.—ENIGMA.

There is a word of letters three in which a thousand you can see; Subtract one third, and nine remains, Then cut off one, and one it gains.

No. 8.—CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail pity, and leave the track of a wheel.
2. To corrugate, and leave to split.
3. A small rodent, and leave a Jewish teacher.

Answers to all the above Puzzles will be given in the September number of The Western Home Monthly.

## HEADACHE.

In all cases of headache the first thing to do is to unload the bowels and thus relieve the afflicted organs or the overfull blood vessels of the brain; and at the same time to restore tone to the system, re-establish the appetite, promote digestion and invigorate the entire body.

# BBB

FOR THE BLOOD

will remove the cause of the trouble and restore the system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

Mrs. J. Priest, Aspdin, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with headache for several years and tried almost everything without results, until a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got two bottles, but before I had finished one I was completely cured. I can never say too much for B.B.B."

For sale at all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc.,  
Musical Director.

RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 1st  
YEAR BOOK

(Season 1909-10 Now Ready)

Containing detailed information concerning all departments

MAILED ON APPLICATION

Conservatory School of Expression.

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.D., Principal.

Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Voca Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature.  
Special Calendar 1686

## NOW IN AN ORCHESTRA HOW Music Lessons FREE Started Him

"I could not play a note when I received the first lesson from you, and now I am playing in a good orchestra of ten pieces, and can read music and play as well as any of them. I shall always recommend your home study school of music." That is what Eli Smith, Jr., R. R. No. 2, Marietta, Ill., writes after a one-year course on the Violin.

Eli Smith's only expense under our free tuition plan was for postage and music. That cost him less than **Two Cents** a day, and he was under no further obligation whatever.

If you wish to learn to play the Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Cornet or learn to sing, our teachers will come to you by mail once a week with a lesson until you can read music and play your instrument to your own satisfaction.

Over ten thousand weekly lessons are now being sent to homes all over the world to pupils in all walks of life, from seven years of age to seventy. Our free tuition plan will enable you to get weekly lessons costing **You** less than two cents a day. It will be your only expense and places you under no further obligation whatever.

Don't say you cannot learn music till you send for our booklet and free tuition offer. It will be sent by return mail free. Address U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Box 63, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Stovel's Atlas of Canada containing 19 maps and twenty pages of historical, statistical and general reference matter mailed to any address on receipt of price 25 cents. Address, Map Dept., The Stovel Co., Winnipeg.

### \$1000 REWARD FOR THEIR EQUAL.

No slide head. Oil only twice a year. Ask about our two wheel power mills and our arm saver huskers. Get book 122. It's free. Write for it today.

**DOUBLE POWER MILL CO.**  
Appleton, Wis., U. S. A.

## What a Grain Exchange Stands For.

A grain exchange fills an important place in the commercial life of all large Western business centres. The Winnipeg exchange is no exception to the rule. The value of its position and functions in disposing of the principle products of the great Northwest, cannot well be over-estimated. Wheat, oats, barley, flax and rye all come under the scope of its operations.

When one considers the enormous value of these products and how few actual cases of loss to the producers occur, one must come to the conclusion that the men who handle the grain for the farmer must on the whole be men of standing and integrity. That the rules and regulations of the exchange tend to develop sound and honest business principles among its members is admitted generally, and the Exchange fully realizes that it is only on rules and regulations that are just and equitable, that its members, as well as any other individual or corporation can continue in business and make progress.

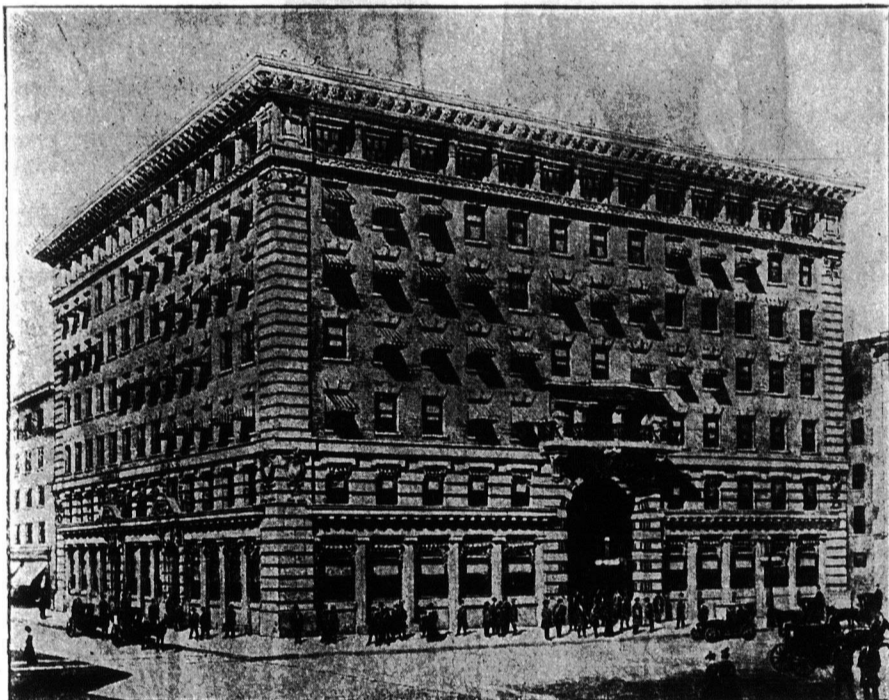
The Exchange itself never buys or sells any grain, but simply provides the rules under which its members

members, but it has kept pace with the Western country in the march of progress and today its members number three hundred, consisting of leading citizens made up of millers, commission men, lake shippers, etc.

On the exchange floor meet the agent of the owner of grain and the buyer for miller or export business, and they meet under conditions equally advantageous.

With all the information that is available, through the facilities of the Exchange, there is no reason why the grain grower should not at all times know the full value of his product and demand that value for it.

The Winnipeg Grain Exchange is most comfortably housed in the fine new building recently erected by the Traders' Association and compared most favorably with buildings of a similar character in the largest markets of the world. Not only is the structure itself all that could be desired but what is of interest and pride to all Canadians is, that but one exchange on the continent handles so large a volume of wheat. The officers and council of the Exchange for 1908-09 are: President—H. N. Baird, Vice-



New Grain Exchange Building, Winnipeg.

work. It gathers statistics from all parts of the world to enable all interested to know what the value of grain is in all the large markets. It is the good fortune of our Dominion that it is a seller of grain, but it is still in competition with many other large producers:—such as the States, Russia, Argentina, India, Australia, etc., so that our people have to know what conditions prevail elsewhere.

Continuous telegraphic quotations are received from Chicago and Minneapolis every day by the Local Exchange and it is also in close touch with all the primary markets on the continent and gets cables from the Liverpool market three times daily.

Just as every church member who goes wrong is a reflection on his church and creed, so is the grain exchange member who errs more, or less of a reflection on his brother members. It is therefore most necessary that great care be exercised in the selection of members for with the privileges of the exchange should go a high standard of business integrity. The importance of this is especially evident when one recalls that mostly all the business transacted within the walls of the exchange is done on each man's word of honor without written guarantee.

The Winnipeg Grain and Produce Exchange was incorporated in 1891. Its commencement attracted but few

president — Geo. Fisher, Secretary—Treasurer, C. N. Bell. Council: C. Tilt, A. Kelley, E. W. Kneeland, J. C. Gage, Jno. Fleming, G. R. Crowe, A. C. Ruttan, W. C. Leistikow, W. A. Black, G. V. Hastings, D. Morrison.

In addition there is the protection of a board of arbitration and a board of appeal.

On a number of occasions when Henry Ward Beecher was speaking to an openly hostile audience, his quick repartee saved the day for him. One evening, as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and Mr. Beecher's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting, and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals, might collapse.

The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already," he said. "My watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

### Write to Me About It

and if I do not succeed in convincing you, by a preponderance of evidence, that you can make more money by investing a few dollars in Marconi Wireless Telegraph stock than by any other use to which you can put your money, you will at least have gained a great deal of very useful and beneficial information. You will be under no obligation to me—I want you to know all about it, whether you buy stock or not. I will not expect you to buy unless your own intelligent judgment tells you it is the proper thing to do. All I ask is a hearing. If the facts I present do not satisfy you that it is a safe, sound, conservative and highly profitable venture, then I want none of your money. It will cost you nothing more than a two-cent stamp to find out what I have to offer. The only stipulation made is that you shall read carefully all that I submit. Address all communications to, or call upon

**JOHN A. HERRON**  
McIntyre Block  
WINNIPEG, CANADA

## Wheat Prices are High

Ship your next car through us, and get all there is in it. It pays to have your grain handled by a strictly commission firm

WRITE FOR SHIPPING DIRECTIONS

**THOMPSON, SONS & COMPANY**

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

703-D Grain Exchange

WINNIPEG

## Quick Action for One Cent

Send us a postal card to-day giving us your address, and we will send you, free, maps and picture books descriptive of our **Fine Open Prairie Wheat Lands** on the celebrated **Quill Plains** of Eastern Sask.

The Time has come when you should be getting more lands for your boys, and not wait until the "Yankees" have taken up all the good land. **Torrens Title. Easy terms. Interest 6%.** Write to-day.

**John L. Watson Land Co.**

316 Union Bank Bldg.

Winnipeg

### MONEY TO LEND

On Improved Farms.

School Debentures Purchased

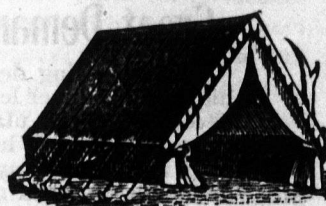
AGENTS WANTED

Canada Landed & National Investment Co., Ltd.

Bank of Hamilton Bldg, Winnipeg

GET OUR PRICES ON

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AWNINGS & MATTRESSES

McDONALD & Co.,  
460 Logan Ave., Winnipeg  
Phone 2526

Chickering, Knabe, Haines, Bell, &c., &c.

**FACTORY**



**TO**

**PARLOR**

Therefore Price is only **\$250** UPWARDS

One, Two or Three Years to Pay for Your Piano  
We Ship Everywhere on Approval  
Having sole factory control for TEN different makes of Pianos, comprising 40 styles.  
We Challenge Comparisons  
By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Winnipeg.  
Wherever you live, whatever you are prepared to pay for a piano, if you want to pay cash or buy on easy monthly, quarterly or fall payments, we will ship to any address in western Canada. Every instrument guaranteed by the manufacturers and countersigned by us.  
Photographic illustrations and descriptions mailed free on application.

**WINNIPEG PIANO CO.** 295 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.  
WINNIPEG'S BIGGEST, BUSIEST AND BEST PIANO HOUSE.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION**  
FOR THE  
**ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE**

WINNIPEG MEETING: Aug. 25th to Sept. 1st

Anyone interested may obtain all the privileges of the meeting on payment of an Associate Fee of \$5.00. All particulars may be obtained from the Local Secretaries, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

**WIRELESS WITH WINNIPEG**  
Eaton's Will Instal Marconi System and Will Conduct Experiments Between Toronto and Prairie Capital

Toronto May 29.—J. C. Eaton, president of the T. Eaton company, is now making wireless telegraphy a feature of the big departmental concern. On his instructions a local electrician is installing a Marconi station on the roof of the Eaton store here to communicate with the Eaton summer residence at Muskoka and the Eaton yacht Teckla on Lake Ontario. Experiments will be conducted with Winnipeg and in a short time there may be a regular Eaton wireless service between the big stores here and in Winnipeg.

**How Great Fortunes Grow**  
A hundred dollars in one instance after another, has grown to millions. Even the man with a few dollars wisely invested during the early stage of those things which satisfy a public demand, stands to-day with unlimited wealth to satisfy his every need. On this continent there is no more interesting story of fabulous wealth, built up from small capital, than that presented by those who had the fore-sight to become interested in such successful inventions as the EDISON ELECTRIC LIGHT, the BELL TELEPHONE, the WESTINGHOUSE AIR-BRAKE, and the allied gifts of our great inventor's brains.

**Great Demand for Marconi Stocks**  
The growing demand for this stock will carry it to higher and higher levels. Do not wait until it has been developed to its utmost and the price of its stock has risen to its highest level. The price will advance in the early future to an amount equal to hundreds per cent. in dividends and you should make an immediate purchase in order to take advantage of that increase. Address all communications to or call upon

**JOHN A. HERRON**  
McINTYRE BLOCK  
Winnipeg — Canada

**Fashions and Patterns.**

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

**FASHIONABLE SUMMER GOWNS.**  
Silk and linen are equally in vogue this season and here are two gowns, one made of foulard and one of Ramie linen that are essentially smart and attractive. The silk gown combines one of the very newest skirts with the pinafore bodice that is one of the latest developments of the season. It is worn over a separate guimpe of lawn with net sleeves and in this instance the bodice is made with a Dutch neck. The guimpe can be made high, however, and finished with the regulation stock if preferred. Pongee, linen and also many of the thinner, lighter materials of the season are appropriate for the design,

for even lawns and batistes are being made on somewhat severe lines just now.  
For the medium size will be required, for the bodice 2½ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 32 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards 18 for yoke and sleeves; for the skirt 6 yards 27 or 32, 4½ yards 44 inches wide.  
The bodice pattern 6363 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6312 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

**DAINTY MUSLIN FROCKS.**  
Midsummer is sure to bring the demand for summer frocks and here are two lovely dainty ones that are quite



**FOUR PATTERNS.**  
6357 — Sizes 32 to 40.  
6362 — Sizes 22 to 30.  
6363 — Sizes 32 to 40.  
6312 — Sizes 22 to 30.

which is an exceptionally chic and attractive one.  
For the pinafore bodice will be required 2½ yards of material 24, 2 yards 32, or 1½ yards 44 inches wide, 5 yards of banding; for the guimpe 1½ yards of plain material 36 inches wide, with 1½ yards of tucked net; for the skirt 8 yards 24, 5½ yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding. The pattern of the pinafore bodice with guimpe 6357 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6362 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.  
The linen gown is made with one of the latest skirts which includes plaited panels at the sides and an exceedingly attractive bodice. This last is trimmed with a garniture which in this instance is embroidered with a simple and effective design while the yoke and the sleeves are of tucked net, and the whole gown is an attractive and smart one. Pongee would be charming so made, foulard can be treated in the same style and many of the petty thin summer cotton fabrics are adapted to the model, simple at the same time. In this case the older girls' dress is made of white lawn with trimming of Irish crochet and the smaller child's from embroidered Swiss muslin. Both models will be found available for all seasonable materials, however, the colored ones and the flowered ones as well as white.  
The dress to the left can be worn either with or without a guimpe and will be found particularly well adapted to bordered materials as the skirt is straight at its lower edge.  
For a girl of twelve years of age will be required 6 yards of material 24, 4½ yards 32 or 3½ 44 inches wide with 8 yards of banding; or 8 yards of bordered material 24 inches wide. The pattern 6350 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.  
The younger girl's dress is made with a straight skirt which is gathered and joined to the body portion by means of a belt. It allows a choice of short or long sleeves and can be made either with or without the collar.  
For the four year size will be required 3½ yards 24, 2½ yards 32 or



ONE PATTERN.  
6340 — Sizes 34 to 42.

2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with 1 1/4 yards of banding. The pattern 6364 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

IN THE FAVORITE PRINCESSE STYLE.

Princesse costumes are unquestioned favorites of the season and this one with plaited panels is exceptionally graceful and attractive. It provides sufficient width at the lower edge to render walking comfortable and graceful yet it is perfectly plain over the hips and in addition the upper line of the panels gives just the suggestion of the Dagobert idea which is so pronounced just now. In this case the gown is made of buff linen with trimming of white Cluny lace but it will be found adapted to pongee and foulard as well as to lin-

ens and to the various simpler cotton fabrics and also to wool materials. It is one of the newest and latest models to have appeared and can be relied upon to continue its vogue throughout this season and the next. The gown is closed invisibly at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be required 10 1/4 yards 27, 6 1/4 yards 44 or 5 yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6346 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

A CHARMING LITTLE FROCK.

Here is a frock so simple that the veriest amateur will find it easy to make. The little straight skirt is simply hemmed and tucked at its lower edge and gathered at the upper, the long waisted blouse is tucked to form a yoke and the two are joined by a belt. There are pretty puffed sleeves that are gathered into bands and which are charming for warm summer days and the neck is

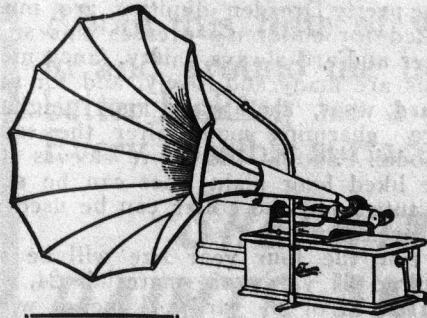


DESIGN BY MAX MANTON.  
6364 Child's Tucked Dress.  
(Sizes 2 to 6 years.)

finished with just a little frill of the material. Altogether, the frock is as pretty and dainty as could be asked. This one is made of white lawn but



TWO PATTERNS.  
6350 — Sizes 8 to 14. 6364 — Sizes 2 to 6.



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the pretty Dresden dimities are much liked for children's dresses this summer and are always dainty, fancy muslins are many and lovely, and for real hard wear, chambray and gingham are charming made after the same model. Should the short sleeves not be liked long plain ones can be substituted and the collar can be used as a neck finish.

For the four year size will be required 3 3/4 yards of material 24, 2 1/2 yards 32 or 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern, No. 6364, sizes 2, 4 and 6 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

**A SIMPLE SUMMER FROCK.**

Little frocks such as this one that are made in bishop style are always becoming to the little folk and are really ideal for warm weather wear. Embroidered batiste with yoke of plain material embroidered makes the one illustrated, but all the dainty summer materials are appropriate, the Dresden dimity that is so much used, the cross-barred lawns and the like and even the more sturdy chambray

embroidery of white. It is dainty and altogether charming in effect, while it can be laundered with perfect ease and success. Coats are being made from a great many materials, however, and



No. 6318, Child's Double Breasted Coat

this one can be made made from pongee or light weight cloth as well as from the pique and linen. The big collar is always becoming and attractive, but if a coat for motorino or uses of the sort were wanted, the high neck with the rolled-over collar would be preferable. Either three-quarter or full length can be used. Broadcloth with scalloped edges is being much seen, serge lined with foulard makes a most attractive between-seasons coat, and for immediate wear the same material and cloth, with lining of heavier silk, make the smartest of all things.

For the six year size will be required 3 1/2 yards of material 27, 2 yards 44 or 1 1/2 yards 52 inches wide with 2 1/2 yards of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6318, sizes 2 to 8 years, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

**Hail Insurance.**

The matter of hail insurance has of late been receiving special attention from farmers, legislators and insurance companies. It will interest many of our readers to know that the system of government hail insurance in operation in the province of Saskatchewan for the past seven years has been discontinued, the ordinance under which it was conducted having been repealed at the last session of the Legislative Assembly. Another enactment passed at the same session decides that permission to do hail insurance will be granted only to such companies as appear, or have proved their ability to successfully carry on such business. This provides a much needed safeguard that cannot be too strongly commended. Among the companies to which such permission has been granted is the Alberta-Canadian Insurance Co.,—a company that has been successfully engaged in this business for many years in Manitoba and Alberta. It will now add the province of Saskatchewan to its operations, and readers of the Western Home Monthly can with confidence open negotiations with it. It has always borne the reputation of being efficiently managed and promptly settling claims. It has in its employ men of much experience in hail insurance and adjustment of losses, and altogether is excellently equipped to do justice to all business entrusted to it.

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DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.  
6367 Child's Bishop Dress.  
(Sizes 2 to 6 years.)

and gingham if the dress is designed for playtime wear. There is a round yoke, which can be finished either in Dutch style, as illustrated, or high with a standing collar as liked, and the dress is gathered and joined to it. The sleeves are puffed whether they are short or long and are gathered into straight bands. As illustrated, the frock is a pretty one for afternoon wear.

For the four year size will be required 3 1/4 yards of material 24, 2 yards 32 or 44 inches wide with 1/4 yard 32 inches wide for the yoke and sleevebands. A May Manton pattern, No. 6367, sizes 2, 4 and 6 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents. (If in haste send an additional two-cent stamp for letter postage which insures more prompt delivery.)

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## Household Suggestions.

### SOME BUSY DAY DISHES.

#### Veal Cutlets and Macaroni.

Trim and season the cutlets, flatten them with the heavy blade of the meat axe or hatchet until rather thin. Have an egg beaten up and mixed with a tablespoonful of butter, and dip each cutlet into this. Arrange the cutlets side by side on a skillet and set over a very slow fire, with about four ounces of clarified butter spread over the meat. Let the cutlets cook slowly for ten minutes, then turn each and allow the same time for the other side; arrange on a platter. Have the macaroni boiled until done, and seasoned with tomato sauce, and pouring over the cutlets a little of the butter from the skillet, garnish with the macaroni. If tomato sauce is not liked, use plain macaroni.

#### Scotch Broth.

Take two pounds of the scraggy part of the neck of mutton; cut the meat from the bones and carefully free it from fat. Then cut the meat into small pieces and put them into the soup kettle with one large slice of turnip, two slices of carrot, one medium-sized onion, and a stalk of celery, which is better if run through the meat chopper; but do not chop the meat so fine. Add half a cupful of barley and three pints of water, and simmer for two hours. Meantime, put the bones on in another vessel with a pint of water, simmer two hours, and strain the stock from them into the soup. Blend a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, stirring gradually into the soup with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Season with salt and pepper and serve.

#### Meat Pie.

Three pounds of round steak; trim off the fat and skin, cut into two-inch pieces and roll in flour; put into a porcelain-lined meat pan, with salt and pepper, cover with cold water; set over a slow fire and let simmer until tender. Have made a crust for the pie as follows: One quart of flour, half pound of fresh beef suet, one tablespoonful of lard and a little salt. Chop the suet very fine, roll it out on the board in flour to prevent sticking to the pan; rub the lard into the flour and suet with the hands, making a paste of the suet, flour and lard. Line a deep dish with the paste, put in the meat, cover with paste, and bake in a quite hot oven to a deep brown.

#### Rice, Creole Style.

Cook six ounces of well-washed rice in a kettleful of sugar. Chop figs and rhubarb into small pieces and stew for one hour and a half to two hours until soft, add sugar and boil slowly until all moisture is gone, which will probably be three or four hours. When the bubbles are thin, showing no juice, the preserve will be done. Care must be taken not to burn, particularly at the last. Served with boiled rice and eaten with cream this makes a pleasing and simple dessert.

#### Carrot Pudding

One fourth pound suet (chopped fine), 1/4 pound raisins, 1/4 pound citron, 1/4 pound currants, 1 carrot (grated), 1 1/2 cupful flour, 1 1/2 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 egg, 1/2 cupful molasses, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoonful allspice and cloves (mixed). Mix all together; beat an egg, add to it about a teacupful of sweet milk and moisten the dry mixture with it. Boil two and one-half hours in a pudding steamer. This is an excellent dessert and is sufficient for twelve people. Serve with hard sauce.

#### Rice and Coconut Pudding.

Put half a teacupful of well-washed rice in a double boiler with three pints of milk and let it cook until very soft. Then set aside to cool. Beat together five eggs, leaving out the whites of two, one coffee-cupful of sugar and one grated cocoanut; stir in the cold rice mixture and bake in a good oven to a soft custard. Remove from the oven as soon as the mixture will coat the spoon, for if left too long it will whey and be less delicate. Make a meringue with the two whites of eggs and six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Pile on the top of the pudding and set back in the oven with the door half open until very delicately browned.

#### My Way to Make Bread.

Scald two cookspoons flour in quart of water in which potatoes have been boiled, and when cool, add salt, tablespoon sugar, tablespoon shortening, and one-third teacupful of home made yeast or one-half cake of compressed yeast (which is better). Make it up not too stiff, grease well all over and put to rise in warm place; when risen a little over twice its size make into loaves; let rise, then bake in moderately heated oven. I do this at night and have my bread baked before nine o'clock.

#### French Cakes.

Take eight eggs, half a pound of flour and the same of sugar, a pinch of salt and one-quarter of a pound of grated chocolate. Sift the flour, sugar and salt together. Break in two whole eggs and six yolks, one at a time, mixing each in thoroughly before adding the next one. Add the chocolate and lastly the whites whipped to a stiff froth. Bake in shallow tin moulds, and when cold cut in oblong cakes and glaze the tops with a firm glace a l'eau, made as follows: Put into an enamelled pan two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of cold water and let it come to a boil; remove and add at once a tablespoonful of curacao.

#### SOME ENGLISH SWEETMEATS.

##### Walnut Toffee.

Dissolve one pound loaf sugar in a saucepan with one teacupful water. Bring to the boil. Add one teacupful Swiss milk, and boil till crisp (in water). Add quarter-pound chopped walnuts and a little essence vanilla. Pour into buttered tin.

##### Cocoanut Toffee.

Pour into a saucepan one pound sugar (loaf), moisten it with sweet milk. Let it come slowly to boil, then boil for twenty minutes. Add cocoanut just before taking from fire. Stir with a spoon until it becomes thick. Pour into buttered tin.

##### Butter Scotch.

Two pounds loaf sugar, four ounces butter, two small teacupfuls water, pinch of cream of tartar, half-teaspoonful vanilla essence. Put all into a saucepan and boil till crisp when tested. Stir occasionally. Pour into buttered tins.

##### Cinnamon Tablet.

Two pounds granulated sugar, two heaped teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon, two teacupfuls cream, three ounces butter. Mix sugar and cinnamon; add other ingredients. Boil ten minutes and stir as before.

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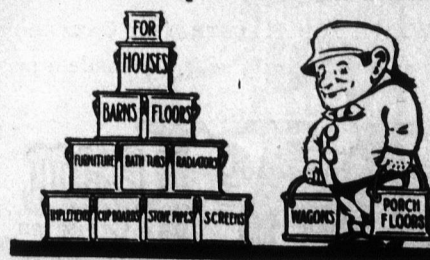
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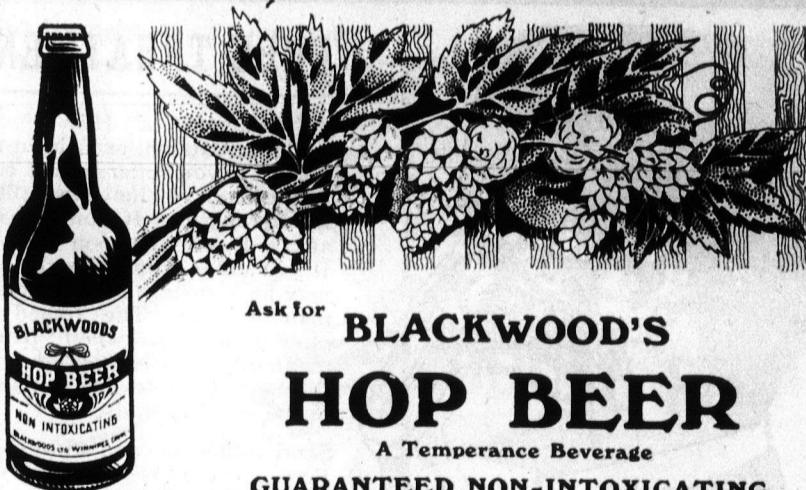
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Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,  
Our God for evermore.

—John W. Chadwick.

### Rainy Day Philosophy.

Some one has discovered that the rainy day possesses charms of its own. You waken in the morning to the sweetest of all music, the steady patter of rain upon the roof; you look out the window and see the silver slant of the falling drops. If you are in the country, you are glad to note how trees and grass and grain respond to the grateful showers, how the leaves shine with the moisture and the earth greedily drinks it in, while on the distant hills floats a soft veil, not so thick as mist, but tenuous and diaphanous as the veil of a bride.

To the housewife a rainy day is indeed a boon. It gives her time for the big task of sewing that has been waiting for a period of leisure. As for the children, the wise mother has rainy-day pleasures in reserve for them. Scrap-books, with scissors and paste; soap-bubbles, with a large bowl and several pipes; paper-dolls building-blocks, all sorts of toys that are not taken out in nice weather, come from the top shelf, and make the little ones jubilant. Only the woman who has no resources, does not know what to do with the children on a rainy day.

On such a day, a peculiarly tempting hot supper should be spread for the man who comes home hungry, sniveling and wet. For never is home so lovely as on a very rainy night.

### When Husbands Come Home Late.

If it were possible to take a vote on the subject, it would doubtless be found that a large proportion of those married couples who "do not get on" could trace the germ of unhappiness in the wife's demand for extreme regularity in all things on the part of the husband.

If he arrives home in the evening just a few minutes later than his usual time, she looks black and asks what he has been doing. He may reach home exact to time every day for a month, and then be late once; he will receive the same chilly welcome. She takes it as a personal injury.

If the husband grumbles because his meal is not ready the very moment he appears, then she must expect to be scolded in turn; but it often happens that he is quite ready to wait a little while and yet is grumbled at for being a trifle behind time.

On the other hand, the husband often arrives home late without reasonable grounds for delay. It is too frequently the case with a man who forgets that his wife is waiting at home for him, and spends time with a companion when he should be devoting it to his life partner.

### Slaves in the House.

It is not only in the matter of coming home that the wife becomes too

exact; she limits him in the house in all kinds of ways.

Women call themselves house slaves, but there are some who are slaves of the house in a different sense. They will have everything kept so precise that it is almost painful to be in the home. No chair must be awry, he must not go into this particular room except in slippers, he must leave nothing on the shelf, and so forth.

He is scolded for the least infraction of these rules, and in time (being human) replies with some lack of elegance.

Men, it is true, are frequently less considerate than they should be, but they are easily managed if a woman goes the right way to work. Scolding and grumbling seldom prove effective.

### Woman Woos.

Thackeray has said that any woman can marry any man she chooses. That is, of course, with the understanding that she goes about the accomplishment of her design with a little organized intelligence, and insight.

There are certain facts, however, which it would particularly profit every woman to know, and knowing, to remember.

The general belief is that men marry women; that men woo, propose to, and lead women to the altar. In outward appearance this is what generally seems to happen, but the facts in the case are that women usually marry men; that women, consciously or unconsciously, woo men, and ordain that they shall be proposed to by them; and then, with all the sweet and gentle effrontery in the world, they walk up the church aisle in such a shrinking, almost reluctant, manner, as to mislead the shrewdest masculine judgment into the honest conviction that they have been the passive objects of some particular man's wooing.

### A Fascinating Form—How to Possess It.

When a pretty woman begins to grow fat rapidly without any unusual indulgence in rich foods, and delicacies nothing should deter her from taking immediate steps to get rid of the excess of fat; for corpulency, when allowed to get a firm hold, is likely to become chronic, or at least extremely obstinate. But in any case there is a sure and safe remedy in the following recipe, which any chemist will make up for her: One-half ounce of Marmola, one ounce of fluid extract of Glycyrrhiza B.P., one ounce of pure Glycerine B.P., and Peppermint Water to make up six ounces in all. The dose is two teaspoonfuls after each meal and at bedtime. The reader will observe that there is no secret about this harmless and wonderfully efficacious remedy, which, day by day, will bring about a progressive healthful reduction without any need for fasting or exercising, and form and figure and complexion will very soon be beyond reproach. Many ladies have a mistaken notion that a rapid reduction of fat will mean wrinkles. This is certainly not the case with this mixture, which purifies the skin through the blood and stimulates its healthy action.

### Diminished Dress Accounts.

Brush skirts directly they are taken off, remove tiny spots and stains before they become too set, and hang everything in its proper place instead of throwing it just anyhow on a chair. Air bodices, then lay them in a drawer with wisps of tissue-paper to keep trimming and sleeves from crushing. Brush hats, and if the weather is damp, shake them gently before the fire. Put shoes on trees, or at least stuff the toes with wads of cotton-wool or soft paper. Gloves

should be straightened out and neatly folded, and veils rolled up lengthways to prevent creasing. A few minutes spent on one's clothes each day will save many a penny in a year.

**Less Tin, More Copper.**

In thousands of families the washing has to be done at home, and few realize the damage the clothes suffer by the use of metal lines and pegs bound with tin. These rust and cause ironmould. Also, shillings are lost in a year because no one thinks it worth while to keep lines and pegs carefully in a clean bag in a dry place; they are left about anywhere, usually out of doors, the consequence being that they soon rot.

**Packing Fruit Jars.**

A lady who is going to another province to start a new home asks how she can take her fruit in glass jars without breakage. Barrels are easily handled, though boxes will do; crumpled newspaper, prairie hay, or oat straw, are all good materials to use as "fillers." Wrap each jar in several thicknesses of paper, and on the bottom of the barrel or box put a thick layer of hay, or other like material, and stand the jars on this layer as closely as possible, packing all spaces between tightly with the packing material; put on another layer of the packing, thick enough to protect the under layer of jars, then put more jars in the barrel, packing tightly as before. Each layer must be as tightly packed as possible before adding another layer, and there must be a layer of packing on the top of the last row of jars, at the top of the barrel. The barrel must be full, if not of fruit jars, then of something else in order to keep the jars immovable, and the heading of the barrel must be in good condition and tightly nailed down.

Dishes and glass ware, or bric-a-brac may be packed in the same way; the idea is to pack so tightly, with soft material between, that the goods cannot be shaken about loosely while being transported. Pictures may be packed in boxes between bed comforts, or table furnishings, and many things will find safe quarters in the trunks among the clothing.

**Things Worth Knowing.**

A few drops of lemon juice in the water in which teeth are washed, sweetens the breath and removes tartar.

Leave the tea or coffee pot lid open a crack, when not in use, to prevent mustiness.

A soothing application for a burn is a raw potato scraped and bound on the wound.

Double chins are sometimes caused by resting the head on a high pillow.

If you are troubled with your fingers cracking in winter, keep a bottle of vinegar near by and use it each time you wash your hands.

After a bottle of glue or cement has been opened, rub mutton tallow on a good cork, before inserting it; the cork will not stick or break when removing it.

Take the lower part of salt bags, wash well and use as coffee bags.

To clean a chamois nail polisher place it in a saucer of gasoline, let it stand for about fifteen minutes, then rub with a clean cloth.

Toothache caused by cold in the facial nerves may be relieved by wringing a soft towel out of cold water and sprinkling with strong vinegar; lay on the face like a poultice.

A delicious hot weather drink is made by preparing a quart of lemonade and adding one cup of stewed rhubarb; let it stand for ten minutes, then strain and ice.

So popular is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure, to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

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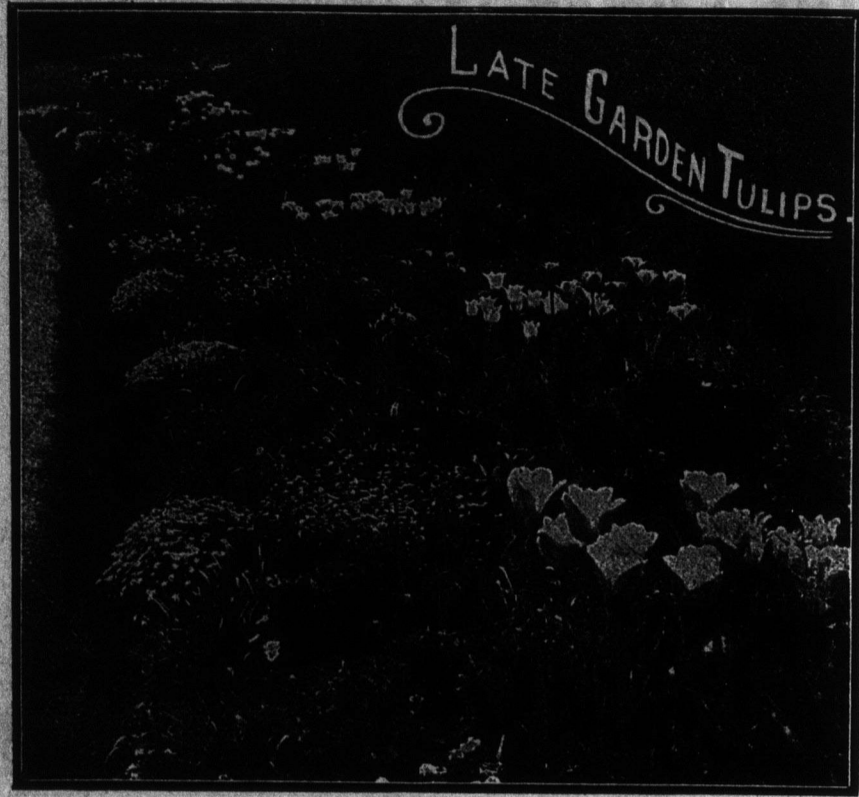
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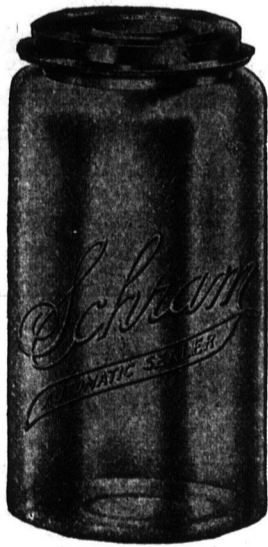
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## Temperance Talk.

### Temperance.

"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think

That is really the price of a drink?  
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,  
"Why that isn't very much to pay."  
Ah, no indeed! 'tis a very small sum  
You are passing over 'twixt finger  
and thumb;  
And, if that were all that you gave  
away,  
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide  
Who has lost his courage and lost  
his pride,  
And lies a groveling heap of clay,  
Not far removed from a beast, today.

The price of a drink? Let that one  
tell  
Who sleeps tonight in a murderer's  
cell,  
And feels within him the fires of hell,  
Honor and virtue, love and truth,  
All the glory and pride of youth,  
Hopes of manhood, and wreath of  
fame,  
High endeavor, and noble aim,—  
These are the treasures thrown away  
As the price of a drink from day to  
day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan  
laughed  
As over the bar the young man  
quaffed  
The beaded liquor; for the demon  
knew  
The terrible work that drink would  
do;  
And, ere the morning the victim lay  
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing  
away;  
And that was the price he paid, alas!  
For the pleasure of taking a social  
glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to  
know  
What some are willing to pay for  
it, go  
Through the wretched tenement over  
there,  
With dingy windows and broken  
stair,  
Where foul disease like a vampire  
crawls  
With outstretched wings o'er the  
mouldy walls.  
There poverty dwells with her hungry  
brood,  
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of  
food;  
There, shame, in a corner, crouches  
low;  
There violence deals its cruel blow;  
And innocent ones are thus accursed  
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that  
were all,  
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!  
But the money's worth is the least  
amount  
We pay; and, whoever will keep ac-  
count,  
will learn the terrible waste and  
blight  
That follows the ruinous appetite.  
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one  
think  
That that is really the price of a  
drink?

—Josephine Pollard.

### Example.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into  
a bottle filled with honey that was  
hanging on a fruit tree, said, "Why,  
you sottish insect, you are mad to  
go into that vial when you can see  
so many of your kind there dying in  
it before you." "The reproach is  
just," answered the wasp, "but not  
from you men, who are so far from  
taking example from other people's  
follies that you will not take warning  
from your own. If after falling sev-

eral times into this vial and escaping  
by chance I should fall in again, I  
should then but resemble you."—  
Dean Swift.

### The American Inebriate.

By Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL.D.

The American inebriate is charac-  
teristic—just as much so as the Am-  
erican citizen. In this country—it be-  
ing young, and developing rapidly,  
ambition and great mental and phys-  
ical activity are dominant. The citi-  
zen lies awake nights planning how  
he may make his millions. During  
the day his every faculty is bent to  
accomplish the great end of life—the  
acquisition of riches. The cities  
are swarming with life as a beehive.  
The farming communities employ the  
best machinery—and throughout the  
country the scene is one of most in-  
tense and restless activity. "Life is  
short" is the adage, and it certainly  
is, for the character of American  
business and work is that it is inces-  
sant and has no rest.

In this country a man must be rich  
at 35. If he is not so at 40 years  
then the belief is that he never will  
be. The American is up with the  
lark and either at work or planning  
or on the way to work. In cities we  
see the typical American on the sub-  
urban train by seven o'clock—possibly  
half dressed, breakfast half eaten, half  
awake, less than half rested, but on  
the way to the day's work. Nothing  
prevents his work. If he has com-  
pany—or is entertaining a friend, then  
the friend is with him. He cannot  
take a day off for a visit or entertain-  
ment, but his hospitality covers the  
railroad journey, the hours of labor,  
the down-town lunch, and the late  
evening at home follows.

Such is the life of the American  
citizen. It is an intense life. It is  
restless, ambitious and imperative.  
There is no time to rest. The restless  
are called lazy and the restful do not  
keep up in the race. The American  
inebriate partakes of this nature. He  
is an American. The cause of his  
inebriety is seldom self-indulgence;  
It is generally the result of illness or  
the alcoholic prescription, or business  
sociability, or club life.

When in a debauch he is usually  
about his business—very seldom mak-  
ing a business of it. He will follow  
the daily routine of business during  
the debauch, exposing and advertis-  
ing himself as drunk to friends and  
foes. Even if entirely unable to  
transact business he will be found at  
the post of duty, in his chair by his  
desk—possibly asleep—but the in-  
tense automatism of work asserting  
itself until completely crushed out by  
alcohol. In America the inebriate in  
debauch is more likely to be found in  
his office than bed. He is above all  
things unconscious that he is drunk.  
He does not realize it, know it, or be-  
lieve it. He cannot be persuaded to  
leave the post of duty and go home.  
Lawyers will appear in court, phy-  
sicians will visit their patients, and  
instances have been known where  
learned judges, senators and even  
clergy have persisted in the line of  
duty during debauch, until uncon-  
scious or taken care of by friends.

It is the American inebriate who  
exhibits those most remarkable acts  
of drunken men which are performed  
after consciousness is extinct. In  
Europe a drinking man may remem-  
ber the occurrences of his life from  
day to day. In America the man in  
debauch will do his usual day's work  
reasonably well, and the next day  
can remember nothing about it. Suc-  
cessful sales, great pleas in court,  
even surgical operations are made  
without the memory of either on the  
part of the drunken performer. The  
American inebriate will wake up from

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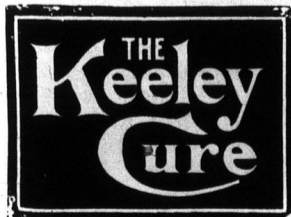
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debauch and find himself a husband to his great chagrin and surprise, he will find himself sold out or given away, or that he has made contracts which are his ruin. His secrets are all in the open air, his plans of business are frustrated, or he has lost his business or position.

The end of his debauch is sickness. He will drink until his stomach and nerves can no longer bear the poison and rebel. If his remorse is heightened by business blunders during his debauch there is danger of tremens. But if not, his rebellious stomach unloads its poisoned contents—his mind dwells on the scenes of the few days with an agony that is intense, he rejects alcohol altogether, and after a few days of suffering resumes the active business of life—repentant, remorseful and full of resolutions, and with redoubled energy to work.

The American inebriate is not a brawler, a wife-beater—or despoiler of home. In fact, the typical periodical American inebriate, who is able to maintain a sober interval of a few months, is often enough found with a happy family well provided for, well situated, and, barring this one thing, as happy as can be found. He makes more strenuous exertions to redeem himself in the eyes of family and friends. His struggles to hide and overcome his infirmity are heroic. Remorse softens his heart and keeps him loving and kind until the repeated onslaughts of disease—like the perpetual sea waves wash away the rocks of affection which underlie the man's nature and make the foundations of his home.

American inebriety at large is closely limited to towns and cities. It occurs among the highly strung, nervous, overworked portion of the men. It will be noticed that it describes many types of rhythm. Beginning with the individuals who exhibit the usual types of periodicity, we see the tides of inebriety rise periodically and recede at very regular intervals. These tides are ascribed variously to the periodical changes in business prosperity, but there is no one cause which determines this feature. It is no doubt true, however, that the changes in business, and the occasional temperance agitations do much to maintain the periodical feature of public inebriety. The psychology of these alternate waves of temperance agitations and debauchery is an interesting subject, as a writer has well said—for it demonstrates a fact of nervous action, which is that any extreme is certain to be followed by a swing of all forces in the opposite direction sooner or later. This law always holds in politics in these countries which are governed by the people.

In America public inebriety rises highest during the general election. Following this it begins to decline, and reaches the lowest ebb, in about two years, when the careful watcher may see the tide again rising.

The American makes a business of inebriety as he does of all other things, at least to this extent, he drinks to most desperate degradation when he enters upon a debauch. One drink follows another in most desperate haste, and the poisonous effect is quickly brought on. The foreigner sits in his beer garden and sips leisurely while he smokes, talks, and eats, while the American drinks hastily from the bar. For these reasons the secondary diseases, accidental deaths, and fatal acute alcoholic poisonings are more prevalent in America.

Evangelist "Gipsy" Smith: The work of the churches is not to rage over minor points of doctrine, but to cleanse and stimulate the souls of men.

Agnes Deans Cameron: To do the work you love, to have the courage of your opinions, and to work hard and continuously, are, to my mind, the only reliable aids to success.

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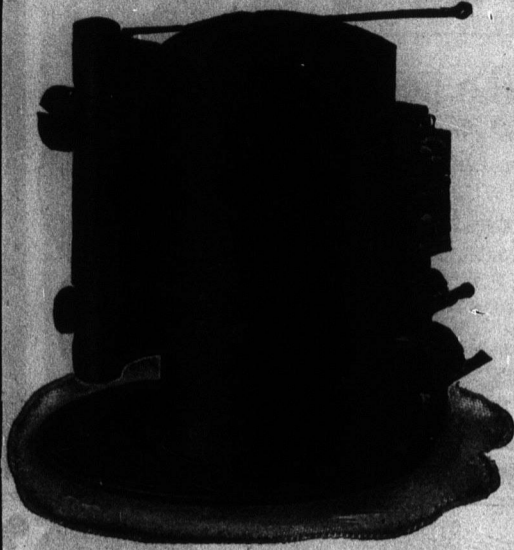
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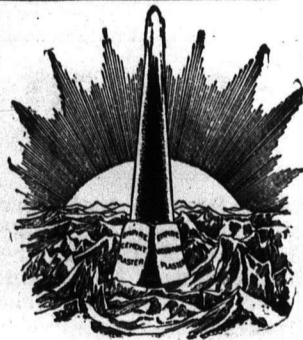
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## Success in Poultry

HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS PARENT STOCK ESSENTIAL.

By THOMAS W. LEE, Mgr.-Director Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, Pembroke, Ont.

"If poultry raising is profitable why is it that the average farmer in the Canadian West will not, or at least does not, concede the hen an important place among his stock?" This query reached my desk recently in a business letter over the signature of a wealthy gentleman from the United States, who has invested in a fertile stretch of valuable land in the province of Saskatchewan, upon which he has settled with a view to developing it for agricultural purposes generally.

In replying, I said the question was hardly a fair one because there has been, in recent years, a considerable impetus in the growth and expansion of the poultry industry throughout Western Canada. True, the growth of the supply has not been at all commensurate with the demand, yet considering the matter from its many sides, that feeling of contempt, of disrespect,—that tendency to consider her a nuisance, has to a very great degree been changed, and the hen in Western Canada is surely coming to be recognized for her sterling worth and capacity as a profit maker. And I will repeat what I further said to my correspondent, that if he had already discovered in his short sojourn instances where the sentiment was such as he described, that is, farms where the hen was simply kept as a—well, a necessary evil—the cause, he would soon learn, was in nearly every case due to failure to understand the advantage of good quality stock and the proper method of caring for same.

Look over the flock of a dissatisfied farmer who pretends to be raising poultry, and you will find a bunch of birds of all sizes, shapes and colors, running free. The eggs are ill-shaped, discolored, or dirty. When sold they do not bring a good price. If used for hatching, one knows not what will be got from them. Nothing much could be expected under the circumstances, and generally the result is simply the addition of a few more non-descript specimens to the mongrel family.

Furthermore, go into the method of feeding and housing that the poultry belonging to the dissatisfied farmer receive, and you will soon be convinced that the birds are under no obligation to their owner. They are left to hunt for their feed, roost on the fence or the stable loft, no fresh water, no meat meal, or no grit is provided. How, then, could any profit be expected from them?

On the other hand good poultry stock, provided it receives ordinary care and management, will make its end of the farm a pleasure and a profit. In fact, the poultry industry will compare favorably with any branch of agriculture. There are a great number of Western Canadian farmers who know that the first essential to success is healthy, vigorous stock. How often do we hear that pith saying that "the best is none too good" applied with expressive fitness when a farmer is considering the selection of cows, horses, sheep, hogs, seed, or farm implements. And how often, too, we have seen success crown the efforts of the enterprising rancher, or grain grower, who always maintained his belief in having nothing but the best.

The poultry business is no different from any other in this regard, the same rule is applicable, and whether starting in a large or small way, the best is none too good. Standard bred layers will produce more eggs than a flock of scrubs, and their eggs will bring a better price. Standard bred poultry are better for table use, and a crate of such birds will bring

treble the market returns that a crate of mongrels will.

The farmer who intends to enter upon the work of poultry raising should first investigate conditions. Utility type birds adapted for breeding, marketing, or filling the egg basket, are what he must secure. Once a specific line of work has been decided upon, and the attainment of some definite object is kept in view, then a beginning towards success has really been made. The next point for the farmer to decide is simply whether he will lay the foundation of his stock by securing proper eggs for hatching, or by purchasing a pen of standard bred fowl. There are advantages to be gained by either method, but existing conditions are what should govern.

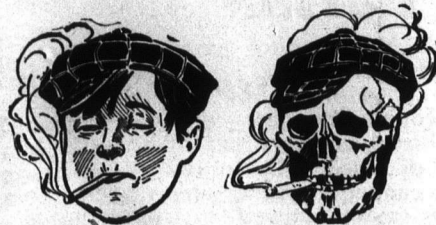
Having standard bred stock insures the production of chicks of the same type. Uniformity must be the aim of the successful poultry raiser, and in no more certain manner can this result be achieved than through parent stock that is uniform in size, uniform in shape, and uniform in color. The farmer possessing standard and healthy, vigorous stock of the breeds already established wishing to introduce new blood, would encounter no difficulty, because all breeders are agreed on the general type to which they must bring their birds. This fact in itself is surely a strong argument in favor of the universal adoption of standard bred stock.

In the question of breeding the farmer should remember this simple rule, namely, mate only fowl that are full of strength and vigor, and possessing everything necessary for the points he is after—eggs or meat, or both. In the parent stock lies success or failure. If you hatch puny fowl they will go down from generation to generation. Strength and vigor, on the other hand, will likewise be transmitted through different generations.

Not a few farmers make a very unfortunate mistake in their method of management. Several whom I knew in the vicinity of the city of Winnipeg were making a nice income from dressed fowl, but they informed me that after the third year they found it difficult to keep up the quality of their poultry. What do you suppose the reason was? These farmers, I subsequently learned on investigation, were selling the prime stock and breeding from what was left. In a desire for extra prices, they would sell even the best birds on the farm, and the culls—those that would not look tempting to a purchasing housekeeper—were left to constitute the breeding stock for another year. Hence the inevitable result, degeneracy most marked. Ordinary judgment should tell a person that the best birds must be retained and bred from, and if this practice is followed the quality will keep up.

But, of course, in order to retain vigor and vitality in the parent stock, these must of necessity receive proper care. Confinement under certain conditions will place the stock under a handicap that is hard to overcome. An unhealthy house, a house that keeps the birds diseased and droopy, a house in which there is not plenty of sunshine, will certainly lower their vitality. Overcrowding is a cause not only for lack of vitality, but also for lack of production as well. If the hen house will accommodate only twenty-five, then do not place fifty in it. Every bird, in order to remain healthy and useful, must receive ample and suitable feed. Surroundings must be wholesome and clean. Under no consideration can filth be countenanced. Birds that roost for ten hours each day over

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dropping boards that have not been cleaned regularly cannot be expected to remain vigorous, nor can such stock be fit for a breeding pen. Birds tormented with lice by day and mites by night cannot in justice be expected to produce healthy stock, or keep up a profitable egg yield. These are all important details.

So we see that if so many farmers in Western Canada, as my correspondent drew attention to are not giving poultry the place it deserves on the farm it is because they have never given the poultry industry a fair test. To be successful in the work of poultry raising in Western Canada, as any place else the farmer must have only birds which are constitutionally strong and vigorous. If these words are being read by any poultry-raiser, amateur, or otherwise who has wondered to himself why he never got results from his work, why his chicks died in the shell, why some others did not grow, take on their plumage and later come to laying maturity, and then give eggs and lots of them—if any reader has regretfully been forced to ask himself one or all of these questions, he will find that at the bottom of his disappointing experience, and the real cause in nearly every case of his poor results lies in the weak, degenerate and debilitated constitutions of his parent stock. Cognizance must be taken of the plain and unalterable fact that eggs from weak breeding stock cannot produce strong chicks, and weak chicks cannot grow into strong, vigorous stock.

If, however, that precept "the best is none too good" be carried into action, the Canadian farmer of the great northwest and the Canadian utility hen will make a combination good for the country, and a partnership proposition profitable to the participants.

**A Good Bargain.**

A countryman drove a cow to market and sold it for seven dollars. On his way home he passed by a pond where he heard the frogs croaking—"Ack, ack, ack, ack!" which is a German word for eight.

"Yes," said he, "they cry out so even in their owner's field; but it is seven which I have, not eight." As he neared the pond he exclaimed, "Stupid creatures you are; do you not know better than that? Here are seven dollars, not eight!" But the frogs still went on—"Ack, ack, ack!"

"Now, if you do not believe me, I will count them out to you," and, taking the money out of his pocket, counted his seven dollars.

The frogs paid no heed to his reckoning, and kept calling—"Ack, ack, ack!" and, one by one, he threw the pieces of money into the pond. He waited and waited for the frogs to bring the money, but the frogs were obstinate in their opinion, and kept on continually—"Ack, ack, ack!" neither did they give the money back. The man waited a long while, until it was time to go home, then he shouted into the water, saying—

"You water-paddlers, you thick-heads, you blind-eyes! cannot you count seven dollars without all this noise?" He soon got tired of waiting, and went home thinking the frogs would give him the money another time, and I suppose he is still waiting.

So you see from my story what became of a good bargain.



Waiting for the Klick of the Camera



**A Good Resolve**

**Anchor Brand Flour**

**A Good Resolve**

Resolve never to be Second Class in anything. No matter what you do, try to be a King in it; Resolve to have nothing to do with the Inferior. Do your best in everything—deal with the Best; choose the Best; live up to the Best, and you cannot help but succeed.

These are the sentiments that govern the manufacture of ANCHOR BRAND FLOUR and those that use it. If you deal with the Best they will help you to choose the Best and carry out

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Here's a remedy that cures. No poisonous drug to wreck your stomach and nerves; no doctor or drug bills to pay.

This remedy is nature's medicine, electricity. But how does electricity cure? you ask.

By building up new energy in every weak organ, by restoring human vitality wherever lost, and helping nature remove the cause of disease. When you get rid of the cause, you have conquered the disease.

Nearly all the ailments which afflict mankind, outside of contagious diseases, are the result of low vitality, weakness or inactivity of the vital organs.

When your nerves, heart, stomach, bowels, kidneys, liver or any other organ is overworked or abused, there is bound to be trouble. But remember, the primary cause is loss of energy and vitality.

There is but one way to restore this vitality, and that way is to fill your nerves with electricity.

My Electric Belt pumps a glowing current of electric life into your body for hours at a time. It renews the strength and energy of every weak or diseased part, thereby removing the cause of the ailment.

My belt is applied while you sleep. It sends a constant stream of electric life into the nerves and vitals all night long.

Electricity is a great success. It has cured people all over the Dominion whom drugs had failed to benefit.

**PROF. EDGAR L. LARKIN** says: "The trend of science is toward electricity on all sides. Discoveries made hour by hour point to one grand conclusion—the substratum of nature is electricity. Life, force and mind are intimately related with it. All animals are merely electrical machines. A man, brain and body, is a battery, and nerves correspond to wires. It is now certain that transmission of sensation over them is electric. Nerves have been cut and a galvanometer inserted. The needle moved, proving that nerve power is electric."

"The human system is an electro-chemic battery, and the life principle is electrical. The electric age is here. Drugs are hard hit on all sides, and an intelligent physician tells me that he has almost entirely stopped their use."

"The word health now means a normal supply of electricity in the body, and the word disease means an insufficiency of that power."

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and you can

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Dear Sir.—I can say that your belt has about cured me completely, although I could not wear it regularly, being away from home a great deal; but it is all you claim it to be and more. It has been a godsend to me, and I can recommend it to anybody.  
 T. M. VANDRY, Spurgane, Man.

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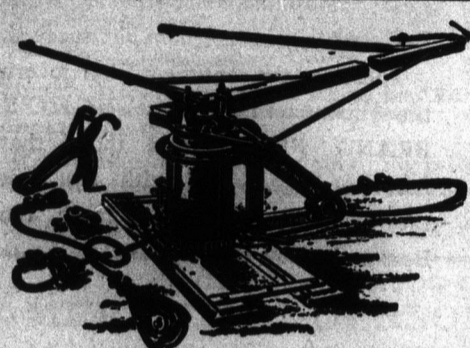
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Do not fool away time and money with old dilapidated cast-iron machines. If you write for Catalogue H, you will get full particulars. Address:

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AN ATTACHMENT FOR PLOWS (Patented)

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2. Does not cause any side draft.
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Do not pass judgment until you have given our implement a trial. We say a trial will

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**R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous EVANS' CANCER CURE, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment will cure external or internal Cancer. Write, R. D. EVANS, BRANDON, MANITOBA.**

## About the Farm.

### Forgetful Isaac.

By Eva Best.

Old Betsy was washing the dishes—  
'Twas the morn of her baking day.  
Old Isaac, at ease in the window,  
Was smoking and puffing away;  
The wood box was all but empty—  
She'd said so, time and again;  
And he? He just dozed on in silence  
The most forgetful of men!

Cried Betsy, "I'm ready for baking,  
Are you ready to split the wood?"  
Old Isaac got up from the window  
As a dutiful husband should;  
But, instead of a dash at the wood-  
pile,  
He gazed at the pigs in the pen;  
Then opened the gate—without think-  
ing—  
The most forgetful of men.

He strolled down town to the cor-  
ners,"  
And spent the rest of the day;  
Then tipsily home to his supper  
He came in the twilight gray.  
An undefined longing possessed him  
(Not knowing for what, where or  
when)  
To pray to the Lord for forgiveness—  
This most forgetful of men!

"Think, Betsy," he cried with a nic-  
cough,  
"That the Lord in his vengeance dire  
Will burn all us wicked sinners  
In a roaring, eternal fire?"  
Screamed Betsy—who'd got as angry  
As ever a woman could—  
"Never, you fool, if he wailed  
On you for to split the wood."

### Brown's Example.

"There," said Brown, with a shake of  
his head,  
"I've painted the house, and the barn,  
and the shed.  
The fence has been fixed, and the  
lawn's been mowed,  
But I do wish the town would fix  
up the road.  
It's a shame, I call it, just plain and  
flat,  
That we have to drive over roads like  
that!  
I'll wait no longer, I'll start today  
And fix my part of it, anyway."

Now Brown was one of those fel-  
lows who,  
When they start a thing, just "rush it  
thru"  
And a week or two later as Neighbor  
Jones  
Was driving home with his pair of  
roans,  
Brown's road was dry, while his own,  
next door,  
Was mud to the depth of a foot or  
more.  
"By George," said Jones, "I'll let  
Brown see  
That I can build roads as well as he."

Now Neighbor Smith who lived be-  
low,  
Saw Jones repairing his road and so  
He fixed up his, to be "in the game."  
And Neighbor Robinson did the same.  
And soon every householder in town  
Was trying his best to "beat out  
Brown."  
And now, when the town committee  
meets  
To talk of roads, they call them  
"streets."

The moral this tale to the reader  
brings  
Applies to roads and other things.  
Reforms, like snowballs, will keep on  
growing  
If somebody only sets them going.

—Farmer's Voice.

### Eggs.

Nobody can get more enjoyment  
and real comfort out of an egg than  
the producer who knows all about its  
antecedents and is sure that his own  
hens manufactured it from unobjec-  
tionable materials only a day or two  
before it was used on the table.

It must not be forgotten that Leg-  
horns are of a wild, nervous nature,  
and cannot be roughly handled. Ev-  
ery effort should be made to avoid  
frightening them. When they learn  
they can fully trust their keepers they  
become almost as gentle as any other  
fowl.

It is often stated that eggs laid in  
early spring, while the weather is  
cool, have better keeping qualities  
than eggs laid during August or even  
September. This seems hardly prob-  
able, and one should not hesitate to  
store summer eggs for winter use,  
provided they are gathered the day  
they are laid, then put away in water-  
glass solution and stored in a cool  
place.

Storing eggs during summer for  
future consumption has not proved  
profitable to the large packing houses  
of the West, and they are going out  
of this line of business, egg dealers  
say. The western meat packers have  
had a big advantage in handling eggs  
by shipping them in cars labelled  
meat, and have thus secured a low  
freight rate. This has caused the  
smaller egg dealers to complain, and  
the Interstate Commerce Commission  
has had its attention called to the  
alleged discrimination. The packing  
companies have found that they can  
use their storehouses to better ad-  
vantage than by filling them with  
eggs.

Food flavors the egg. The breed  
or the color of the shell has nothing  
to do with the contents.

Guinea fowls will keep bugs and in-  
sects off garden vines. They will not  
scratch like other fowls, or harm the  
most delicate plants.

After the breeding season is over  
at once remove the male birds from  
the females. They should be kept  
separate until the next breeding sea-  
son.

Avoid having hens too fat during  
molt, as when fat they molt very un-  
evenly, and are apt to be until late  
fall before getting their new coat.  
This will not only render them un-  
profitable, but will spoil them for ex-  
hibition, as they are apt to be mot-  
tled, owing to the different ages of  
the feathers.

Great injury is caused ducks by  
their being exposed to too much sun,  
by the lack of a cool place to rest at  
night, and a lack of fresh water in  
warm weather.

The Department of Agriculture  
recommends, in warding off roup, a  
decrease in the proportion of corn  
and an increase in the proportion of  
meat food in the daily ration.

### Simplicity.

This should be the governing prin-  
ciple in all poultry arrangements.  
Build the poultry houses as simply  
and cheaply as possible. Cut out all  
extras in the way of equipment and  
ornamentation. Hallways are a waste  
of space, dropping boards are unnec-  
essary; stationary and elaborate nest  
arrangements are hiding places for  
vermin, as are fancy cornices and  
trimmings. I once had the privilege  
of viewing an artist's poultry house. It  
was pure Ionic in architecture and al-  
together artistic; but the hens vulgar-  
ly contracted roup in it and refused  
to furnish eggs for the artist's break-  
fast, and the mites entrenched them-  
selves in the fluted columns and orna-  
te fittings and held the fort.

A mistake made by many begin-  
ners, especially those well up in  
theories and "systems," is sinking too  
much of their capital in buildings  
and equipment, which they fancy  
should be complete at the start and  
always up-to-date. That old adage,  
not heard so much in these luxurious  
days, cut your garment according to

your cloth, makes a good rule for poultry building. Build your poultry house according to your material. It is not necessary to follow any set style or plan, except always the plan of simplicity. So long as the requirements of a good poultry house as herein recorded are obtained, the house may be built out of old lumber on hand, pick-up boards, any old thing—so long as the same is not infected with disease germs or vermin—and in the size and shape to suit the material. In buying new lumber for this purpose, however, it is not the best economy to get the cheapest grade. This is pretty sure to be full of knot-holes, uneven, twisted, and split, and works up to the poorest advantage. But build as cheaply as possible to secure the desired ends, and only as you need the buildings. Not till one is on the ground and operating the plant can one tell just what is needed or is not needed!

**Pen and Yard.**

The shed roof house is the simplest and cheapest and therefore the best for general purposes. This fact is being recognized even in the East where larger and deeper poultry houses are necessary. A depth of from six to ten feet or at most twelve feet; an elevation above the floor of some seven feet front and five feet back, and the length to suit, are good proportions. In wider houses the length should be a foot or so higher while in a house eight foot or less in width, six feet front and four feet back is a fair height. The colony house is most satisfactory where there is yard room. These houses may be quite close together without dividing fences, yet the fowls keep to their respective quarters. The majority of the largest and most profitable poultry plants in California are arranged on this plan. On smaller space the continuous house is considered cheaper and more convenient. This is usually divided into eight foot or ten foot pens, each pen opening into a separate yard. Always in continuous houses there must be a solid board division between the pens and high enough above the perches to prevent a draught on the fowls when roosting. The upper part of the partition may be of woven wire two inch mesh. This increases the air space and the light for the whole house. The best arrangement for a continuous house is to have it occupy the centre of a plot of ground, allowing two yards for each pen. In this arrangement the yards can be alternately spaded and planted to barley. This furnishes more or less green food for the fowls, utilizes the ground from becoming foul and droppings and, best of all, prevents the ground from becoming foul and unwholesome, which is sure to be the case where fowls are kept continuously upon a small area.

Many poultrymen will have nothing but an entire open front. For myself I prefer the lower part to be boarded up some three feet from the floor, and all the space above this to be filled in with two inch mesh wire tacked securely on all sides and the edges faced with a strip of lath. The trap door for the fowls should be on the open side. The nests are much better on the outside of the house as they are much easier to keep free from dust and vermin in this position. A twelve or fourteen inch board may be put onto this side like a shelf with another above to protect them from rain and the nest boxes slipped in or out as required. This arrangement would not answer in the winter time.

Dropping boards in our poultry houses are not only unnecessary but they are a nuisance. They clutter the quarters, increase the difficulty with vermin and bring the steam and fumes of the droppings too near the fowls at night, while they greatly add to the expense of the building. Where the house is used for a scratching shed as well as roosting quarters the floor space under the perches may be fenced off from the remainder by a strip of four or six-inch board set edgewise and made removable.



**DOES YOUR HOUSE NEED PAINTING?**

This is a good time to have it done. There is no other paint wears so well or is so easily applied as ours. Our paints are pure, we can guarantee them. We do the entire manufacturing from making the linseed oil, the dry color to the finished product.

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**THE CANADA PAINT CO. LIMITED**  
MONTREAL — WINNIPEG — TORONTO



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## The Home Doctor.

## Practical Hints About the Skin.

Many people do not fully realize the importance of the skin as a factor in health. They simply regard it as a sack in which the organs of the body are contained. As a matter of fact, the skin has a most important bearing upon health. This is proved by the fact that a person who has lost one-fourth of his skin by an accident, such as a burn or scald, almost invariably dies.

It is obvious that the skin serves as a valuable protection to the delicate tissues beneath.

It prevents the entrance of foreign elements into the body. This is shown by the frequent fatalities which result from a simple wound.

Persons, who have had a small cut on the hand, have been known to contract tetanus, or lock-jaw, by merely passing a stable door. The reason is that, the tetanus bacilli which are present in earth dust and manure entered the blood through the aperture in the skin.

It is always safe, therefore, even in ordinary cases, to have the wound thoroughly washed with pure water to remove all dirt, and bound up with a clean bandage. The practice of applying cobwebs to cuts or wounds is very dangerous, because, although they may be efficient in stopping bleeding, yet they will very probably infect the sore with some disease.

In health the body is always at a constant temperature, whatever be the climate in which the person is living, whether in the Arctic regions or at the equator. The skin is one of the most important factors in bringing this about. It is the chief channel through which the surplus of the heat of the body is lost.

## Care of the Eyes.

On arising in the morning, the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water—twenty "passes" are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely, they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading or sewing is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovable. Imagine the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect. When dust settles in the eyes, warm water will soothe them of any inflammation; rose water is extremely refreshing, but it should be bought in small quantities, as it keeps but a short time. Five cents' worth will give a daily bath for several weeks. Tea leaves and alum water were the eye tonics which our grandfathers used, but in these modern days of absolutely hygienic and antiseptic simplicity, water, especially in distilled form, is considered powerful enough. —Harper's Bazar.

## Some Remarkable Laws of Nature.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances.

The delicacy of the sense of touch is marvelous. The fourth jewel wheel-screws of a watch, though they have two hundred and sixty threads to the inch, look like dust. They are four-one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and a lady's ordinary thimble would hold 100,000 of them; yet after being hardened and cut they are placed by the hand very rapidly in frames, with their heads up. This is done by touch alone.

When one falls asleep the order of surrender to the spell is: sight, taste, smell, hearing, touch. The sense of touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily awakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggish taste and smell waken last.

The human body is an epitome in Nature of all mechanics, all hydraul-

ics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than three hundred and ten mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, body. Here are found all the bars, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in Nature.

## The Grass Cure.

The story of the young man in Brooklyn who cured himself of a chronic indigestion, which had resisted all the skill of the doctors, by a diet of cold water and quarts of fresh grass gathered in Prospect Park, brings memories of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the pitiable plight of Bully Bottom when he called, so lustily for a bottle of hay. One satirist recommends the young Brooklynite to turn his appetite to that other asinine delicacy, thistles, arguing that the proverbial virtue of making two blades of grass grow where one had been is nothing to the utility of clearing our fields of the emblematical flower of Scotland.

These, brothers, are cruel jests. Knowing how little aliment is to be derived from the most nutritious salad, we do not recommend to any one to go to grass, much less to thistles; but we are convinced that the anecdote has deep value to all chronic sufferers. We once knew a gentlewoman with a case of consumption that had left her only a part of one lung. Her physicians had long given her up, and so, when she confessed a desire for peanuts, they not unwisely told her she could have all she wanted. She ate them with as great avidity as the young man in Brooklyn displays for grass. She lived to a ripe and beautiful age, full of good works and the joy of living, her only cross being that whenever she called in a doctor for an ache or pain he would insist on sounding the remaining quarter of her lungs to have personal knowledge of so rare a thing as a cured case of advanced consumption.

Many morals are to be drawn from both instances. One is that in the practice of medicine the ratio of the unknown to the known is very large, and that the natural desires of the patient may be wiser than all the schools. Another is that one cure does not prove the general value of a remedy. Christian science, osteopathy and patent medicines may have worked marvels without proving their value as panaceas. But the most important moral which these true stories teach is that the best of remedies is a determination on the part of the patient to get well.

## Burns and Scalds.

In the healing of burns and scalds, where there is danger of contracting scars, rub the new skin several times a day with good sweet oil. Persist in this rubbing until the skin is soft and flexible.

## Neuralgia.

Neuralgia is caused not only by cool air, but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves or imperfect diet. Heat is the best remedy, and mustard plasters applied to the stomach and legs will do more good than any medicine. Cold water applied to the nerves in front of the ear has been known to work magic in chasing away neuralgic pains.

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

## Boys and Girls.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want ask for it.)

### The Trapper Trapped.

By Frederick E. Scotford

AS I stretched luxuriously upon a bed of pine neeques beside the dancing flames of a generous camp fire, and gazed at the flickering shadows upon the weird roof of pine boughs far above, there came quavering through the still night air the hair-raising scream of a panther.

"John, did you ever trap one of those cowards?" I asked.

My guide, leaning against the bole of a nearby tree, nodded affirmatively.

"Yes, I caught one once, but I don't favor trapping overmuch," he crawled after an interval. "It's not right to make God's creatures suffer as they do pinched up in a trap."

He rolled back his right sleeve and called my attention to an ugly scar which ran red and livid, across his wrist.

"That's a mark I got from my first and only trapping experience with a panther." He paused long enough to throw more wood on the fire and continued:

"During the winter of '88 when I was camp-hunter for the 'Diamond S' outfit up in the Flambeau country I had a little experience with the big cats which forever cured me of my contempt for them, and taught me that possibly the Leather Stocking Tales were not so far-fetched, after all.

"I had over a hundred men to keep supplied with meat that winter, and as a bear or a deer made no more than a meal or two at the most, my job was no sinecure.

"Twenty-six dollars a month, with ammunition and 'keep' seemed unlikely to make me a captain of finance, and as all sorts of fur-bearing animals abounded in that region, I combined business with pleasure and did a little trapping on the side.

"Early November that year was warm and clear and the fallen leaves lay so dry and thick in the mixed hardwood and hemlock timber, that stalking game was entirely out of the question. However, I had studied the region with this very contingency in view, and as I had a regular round of 'crossings' and 'runways' to watch I managed to get plenty of meat.

"One morning I shot and hung up a big deer intending to bring a horse and fetch it as soon as it was needed for food.

"As a protection from prowling beasts, I made a gambrel stick and slid the back up along a pole which was leaning against a tree that had broken over about seven feet above the ground, thus raising the animal clear of the earth, and I knew that nothing except a cat or a bear was at all likely to touch it.

"A couple of days later I was hunting in the same neighborhood again, and just at the first grey of dawn climbed upon a big rock not far from where the deer was hanging.

"On either side of me was a dense cedar swamp and along the ridge was a much used runway leading to more open country.

"The big-game hunter who 'hunts the hunt of sit still', as the Indians say, does not expect to see his game standing as the pictures show him, posed against a contrasting background. On the contrary his eyes are open for any lifting, shifting light or shadow which betrays movement; he watches for any curious bit of color, anything out of the ordinary which attracts either sight or hearing is worth investigating.

"If he is a practiced woodsman his eye catches the faintest unusual movement within rifle range, but he never shoots until he knows what has caused that movement.

"Just as the first horizontal rays of

the sun came flickering through the tree trunks, I saw a flicker of yellow off to the left beyond where my deer was hung.

"Again and again it was repeated. "Beyond question there was something alive over there among the trees and underbrush, but what?"

"Without relaxing my scrutiny of the rest of the landscape, I kept that tell-tale movement well in sight.

"A family jar between two squirrels drew my amused attention for a moment, and I looked back again just in time to see a magnificent panther stretch herself and walk out of sight along a log just beyond the point I had been watching.

"The twenty-five dollar bounty which my moment of inattention had cost me rankled in my thoughts and I determined to be more careful in future.

"After a few minutes I was surprised to see the shifting of light again in the same old place. Now I believed it to be the panther, but unable to distinguish what part of the beast was in sight, and not knowing for a certainty that it was a great cat, I would not risk a shot.

"If the ground had been covered with snow or even if the leaves had been wet, I could have slipped down from the rock and stalked the animal, but under the conditions I could do nothing but sit still and wait.

"In about ten minutes the panther walked into sight again and upreared beside a tree to sharpen its claws, after the manner of cat kind.

"I had estimated the distance at two hundred yards, and had raised the sights of my rifle accordingly.

"Steadily as a rock I raised the gun until the bead centred low on the ugly head and fired.

"With a leap the cat disappeared in the underbrush and I knew that I had missed. I was disappointed, for I felt that I had aimed carefully, and had fully expected to see the beast drop dead at the shot, but I slid down from my lofty perch and walked along the ridge with a woodsman's curiosity to see how it had happened.

"Before I had proceeded two rods, I knew that I had overshot my mark. The oblique rays of the rising sun, and my elevated stand had caused me to over-estimate the distance, instead of two hundred yards it was barely a hundred paces.

"I was disgusted at my own stupidity.

"Imagine my feelings when I arrived at the spot and found that the log was the one against which my deer was hanging, and that for fully half an hour I had been watching the panther while it made a generous meal from the haunches of my game.

"The bullet had entered the tree four inches higher than I had calculated, and had merely grazed the cat's head as a drop of blood and a few scattered hairs testified.

"I knew the habits of the beast well enough to be sure that it would return within a night or two, and planned my revenge accordingly.

"I had a couple of strong wolf traps in camp, and I carefully set them near the deer in such a manner that it was extremely unlikely that any animal would come close enough to make a meal without being caught.

"Two days later I was near at hand and visited my traps. The deer had slipped down the pole and lay on the ground, beside and partly across a fallen tree in a little clump of brush. I could see nothing unusual. Evidently the panther had been too sharp for me.

"Placing my rifle against a nearby log, and carefully avoiding a trap which I knew to be close at hand, I stooped to raise the deer.

"With a snarl of rage a trapped panther which had lain concealed behind the log and the body of the deer, sprang from hiding and struck at me

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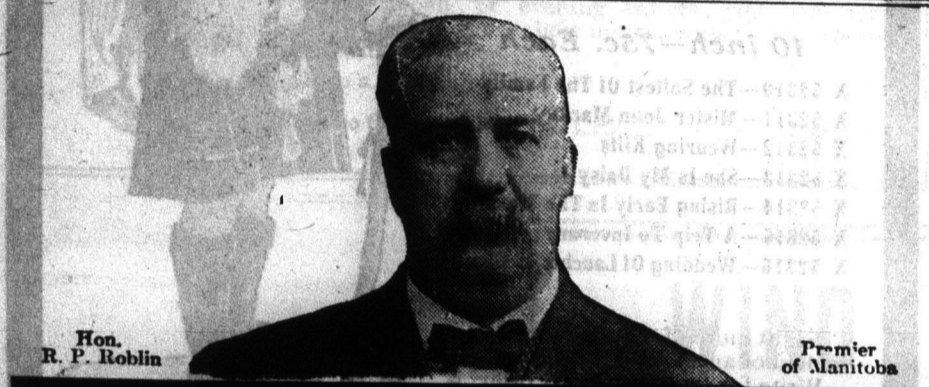


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with its knife-sharp claws. It missed my face by the merest fraction of an inch and ripped my sleeve from shoulder to cuff.

"Startled, I jumped backward, caught my heel in the ground-hemlock and pitched sideways, striking my right hand squarely upon the pan of the other trap as I fell.

"It was a case of the trapper trapped with a vengeance.

"The panther continued to menace me as I lay, and I hastily scrambled as far away as the trap would allow to escape his claws.

"My gun was out of reach and strain as I could it lay a full foot beyond my finger-tips.

"The trap bit deeper and the pain became unbearable. My hand below the jaws of the trap became rapidly black with congested blood; every pulse beat brought the keenest agony and I screamed and groaned at the torture, while the big cat kept up an angry spitting and snarling which did not the least help matters.

"My position was desperate. Fully two miles from camp; in a region not frequented by hunters and trappers, and with not the slightest probability that any one would consider my absence alarming for at least two or three days, I realized that I must depend upon my own resources for escape.

"There was the gambrel stick by which the deer had been hung. If I could get that I could draw my gun to me and be safe, at least from the panther.

"There was not another stick of any kind large enough for the purpose within reach. I must try to get it.

"Every time I worked cautiously up to where the deer lay the cat would leap upon the log and drive me back. Clearly that was hopeless.

"The weary, torturing hours dragged on, and I began to thirst. Once the idea took possession of me it was overmastering. Between pain, thirst, fright and hunger I lost control of myself and in a frenzy bit and clawed at the trap like an animal.

"Utterly exhausted I lay back at last and gave up the struggle, realizing that it was useless.

"A raven settled quietly in a nearby tree. He was followed a few moments later by another and another. I could see one of the hateful birds circling far up in the air, and from time to time his shrill, almost cat-like calls came down to me as he summoned his friends to the impending feast.

"The sight brought me to my senses and I sat up, to the evident discomfiture of the birds.

"Blood oozed from my wrist. My arm was swollen to twice its natural size, and every heart beat sent red-hot needles of pain searing through my brain. I realized once and for all the cruelty of trapping. Within a half dozen feet of me lay another thing that suffered as I did and I pitied it from the bottom of my heart.

"As though it knew me for the author of its suffering the panther leapt to the limit of its chain and clawed at me. Its trap was fastened to a clog which had caught behind a bush and under an old root, and I feared that each rush would drag it loose and leave me at the mercy of the half-crazed brute.

"My own trap was fastened to the root of a tree and the ring was in easy reach of the panther.

"The early November twilight began to set in a little after four o'clock, and as the sun went down I gave up in despair. I must spend the night in the trap and the morrow promised nothing but still greater torture, until help, or the end, came.

"I dozed off into a delirious stupor and dreamed that I was under a pile of raging, snarling cats which were eating me alive. Then my brain cleared and I realized that it was not all a dream.

"There had been one panther before. Now there were three, and one of the two which had arrived during my stupor was plainly the monster which I had shot at three days be-

fore, for a bloody welt across the scalp showed where the bullet had plowed its way.

"Menacingly the two shunk about almost within reach, pausing now and again to scream as only an angry panther can. I knew only too well that they would attack me after the darkness had fallen.

"They realized as well as I that I was helpless.

"All the stories which I had heard of the timidity and cowardice of these big cats came trooping to my mind and brought scant comfort. Evidently these were not of the timid breed.

"I had lost my knife, but as I searched my pockets for some weapon of defence I found a little bottle of dry matches and they gave me an idea.

"Perhaps I could frighten them away with fire.

I pulled the cork with my teeth, lighted one of the matches and flung it toward the nearest cat. The panther retreated a few feet, but showed no inclination to leave me.

"Each time one of the pair came near me I lighted and threw one of the matches at him, but they were invariably extinguished in mid-air and only kept them back for a moment or two.

"After a few moments of this there were only two matches left and the trapped beast was caterwauling in a way that drove the others wild with frenzy.

"Something must be done.

"I gathered all the dry leaves and twigs within reach and made a little fire. Perhaps it would save me from attack.

"It was almost dark now and the cats were bolder. The larger one crouched menacingly and seemed to be about to spring upon me.

"Probably she would not have done so while the fire remained, but I was helpless and in agony and my nerve was completely gone.

"I was panic stricken.

"With a fullthroated scream that raised every hair on my head she crept a trifle nearer. I was sure that the moment had come and with a groan of terror scattered my little fire toward her.

"As she leaped aside out of the way three tiny blazes caught in the dry leaves and for a moment or two I watched them spread with relief. Then a puff of wind fanned them into a fiercer, and for the first time I realized my peril. The whole forest was as dry as tinder, and once well started no human agency could prevent a forest fire which would inevitably snuff out my lights in a swirl of flame.

"The cats, all but the trapped one, had retreated to the swamp now, and my companion in misery had dragged his trap as far from the fire as the chain would allow, and lay snarling at the blaze.

"Here was my opportunity.

"I wormed my way closer to the deer, seized the gambrel stick and wrenched it loose, and rolled over until I was within reach of my rifle.

"With the point of the stick caught in the trigger guard I pulled it carefully toward me until I could reach it with my free hand.

"One shot shattered the joint of the jaws and the trap fell apart.

"With my coat I beat out the flames before they were beyond control, then I picked up my gun and turned to the captive in the trap.

"I walked as close as I dared, rested my gun across the log, and by the light from the blazing stump which I had left, took deliberate aim and fired.

"But not at the panther.

"I smashed the trap as I had the other, and within five seconds the beast had joined those in the swamp.

"Then I fainted."

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of child life. If all mothers would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. This Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, as there is no injurious substance in it.

## The Little Ones.

### Bird Notes.

Our teacher makes us sing the scale,  
All sitting in a row,  
It's up the staff and down again,  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, do!

And oh, I grow so tired of it  
I long to run away,  
To find the flowers and hear the birds,  
And jump and shout and play.

There are no staffs in out-door land,  
No do's and re's and mi's,  
And yet there's always music sweet  
From all the shrubs and trees.

One day I ran away from school—  
Oh, I was bad, I know—  
Off to the fields and woods and  
streams,  
Where ferns and flowers grow.

And I was in a lovely place,  
And picking flowers dear,  
When, oh, I heard the sweetest songs,  
Of birds so high and clear;

And looking up, I saw a sight—  
A sight that made me laugh;  
I saw do, mi, sol, la, si, do,  
Upon an airy staff!

### The Fairies' Tree.

Very early on Christmas morning Doosey crept out of bed and tiptoed to Aunt Horton's parlor. There was a gas fireplace there where he had hung a stocking just before he went to bed. Doosey wondered if its chimney really led out to the roof. Through the night he felt sure he heard the gallop of the reindeers' hoofs, then Santa Claus' big hearty "Gee haw!" Aunt Horton had said there was no such thing as Santa Claus, and Christmas gifts were nonsense. Doosey was only seven, still he remembered his dear mother's stories of Santa Claus, he remembered two stockings stuffed full and a Christmas tree, then stories and songs in the firelight, and a tear rolled down Doosey's cheeks as he groped about in the darkness. He caught hold of his stocking with a little cry of disappointment; it was empty, quite empty. He crept back to bed again and buried his face in the pillows.

"There isn't any Santa Claus," he sobbed, "yet my mamma knew; she said there was, sure." Doosey's face looked very grave as he sat down to breakfast beside his Aunt Horton. He was the only child in the big boarding house; he could only stay there if he was very quiet and good; his Aunt Horton had told him so when she came after his mother died.

The boarders said, "A Merry Christmas," to each other, but they did not look as if they meant it. Yes, one did, it was Mrs. Loder, the pretty young lady who sat at a distant table. She walked in while Doosey was eating breakfast. She stopped to kiss him. She whispered "Merry Christmas," and dropped a bundle beside his plate.

Doosey opened it excitedly. He found a little box with a sliding lid. Out jumped a grey mouse, which stared at him with beady black eyes. Doosey gave a scream and Aunt Horton almost tumbled from her chair. She did not feel any better, even when she discovered the mouse was not real.

After breakfast Doosey sat curled up on a sofa, making the tiny grey creature jump in and out from its box, when Mrs. Loder came and sat down beside him.

"How many presents did Santa Claus bring?" she asked.

"He didn't bring me one," answered

Doosey, gravely, then he told how his stocking hung empty that morning.

"And the little grey mouse was the only Christmas gift?" Doosey nodded solemnly.

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Loder. "I'm going to see your Aunt Horton."

Back she came in a few minutes, happy and excited.

"Aunt Horton says you may go with us to the country," she said.

"The really, truly country?" asked Doosey, clapping his hands.

"Yes, the really, truly country," answered Mrs. Loder.

Doosey was bundled into a sleigh between Mr. and Mrs. Loder, half buried in warm furs. The sun was shining on the wide white snow world as they drove out to the country. The trees and fences made beautiful shadows. Birds were about chirping merrily, while they searched for seeds and berries in the woods. To Doosey, who had always lived in a great city, it seemed like fairyland. Then followed a visit and dinner at a big farmhouse, where there was a great family of children. Santa Claus had been there. He had left a load of presents, besides there had been a magnificent tree, Doosey saw it still gorgeous with all sorts of beautiful things. He had a very happy afternoon, while Mr. and Mrs. Loder went off for a drive. It was growing dark when they returned, so Doosey was bundled into the sleigh again and good nights were said.

"I have a wonderful secret, Doosey," whispered Mrs. Loder; "whom did we meet this afternoon but Santa Claus? He felt so badly because he could not pass the gas log in Aunt Horton's room, so he had been to make a compact with the fairies and they have planned a Christmas for you."

"For me?" exclaimed Doosey.

"Yes, and we are ordered to blind-fold you till you reach the fairy ring." She tied a scarf about Doosey's eyes. He fairly trembled with excitement as they flew over the snow crust with a jingle of bells ringing in the clear air.

"Now!" cried Mrs. Loder, and the horses stopped.

Doosey's eyes were uncovered.

"It is fairyland, it is," he whispered.

They were standing under the great pines with the moonlight making gray shadows, but in front of Doosey gleamed a hundred tiny candles among the branches of a little fir tree. There were balls of gold and silver and chains of red blue and green tinsel. A gauze winged fairy tiptoed at the very top of the tree. Among the branches were toys, a little red wagon, books, a trumpet, a train of cars, games, a grey donkey on wheels, a tool box, all sorts of things the little boy had gazed at longingly through store windows.

"Who is everything for?" he whispered. "Everything is for Doosey," said Mr. Loder. "This is the tree the fairies trimmed."

From somewhere in the distant woods came a jangle of sleighbells and a loud shout. It was the great family from the farmhouse, all come to see Doosey's fairy tree. They danced around it and shouted and sang and helped to pile the Loder sleigh full of the beautiful toys.

"Good-bye, everybody, and good-bye dear fairy tree," cried Doosey as they drove away out into the darkness. Till the last moment when the forest buried it, Doosey's eyes were turned to the wonderful fairy tree with its glimmer of a hundred candles.



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This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge.

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### Finger Play for the Youngest.

What's this? What's this? What's this?  
This is a little thumb that's round,  
It looks quite like a plumb I've found.  
This index finger points the place,  
And straight it is, yet bends with grace.

This finger doth the longest show,  
And makes the middle of the row.  
This one the golden ring shall wear,  
And like the gold is pure and fair.  
This finger is the least of all,  
And just completes the number small.

And though these little gifts  
Have each a part to fill,  
They're all together bound,  
And governed by one will.

### Speech for a Little Boy,

I'm going to be a wise man,  
As you may plainly see;  
If I do all the good I can,  
There'll be a place for me.

I know that I am very small,  
I'm scarcely three feet high;  
But then when I am big and tall,  
Won't I be smart? Oh, my!

So then I must my lessons get,  
My teachers kind obey;  
I never must get cross and fret,  
But pleasant be each day.

Wishing that we may all do right,  
I ask to be excused;  
I'll bid you all a kind good-night,  
Hoping you've been amused.

### Speech for a Little Girl.

I've a dear little playmate;  
Who is it? now think.  
Her dress it is white,  
Her nose it is pink.  
I don't like to handle her roughly,  
because  
I think she carries pins in her paws.  
I thought she was very dainty and neat,  
But, Oh dear! she washes her face  
with her feet!

### A Well-Read Boy.

A lion met a little boy,  
Well-versed in hunter's lore;  
Then spake he to that well-read boy:  
"Wouldst like to hear me roar?"

"Yes, thank you," said the little boy,  
Who scorned all paltry fright:  
The lion roared; then asked the boy:  
"Wouldst like to see me bite?"

"Oh, yes," replied that plucky boy,  
Who coolly eyed his gun:  
"But first I'd like to try this toy:  
"Wouldst like to see some fun?"

Then fled that lion from the boy,  
As beast ne'er ran before.  
And to this day that little boy  
Enjoys his hunter's lore.

### Saying Grace.

"Come, come, mamma, to the window!"  
Cried Freddie, with eager face;  
"Just look at my little biddies—  
They are drinking and saying grace."

I quickly came at his bidding,  
And saw a pretty sight:  
Six downy little chickens  
Drinking with all their might.

And as they sipped the water  
They craned their necks on high,  
As if their tanks were lifted  
To the beautiful blue sky.

And so I could not wonder,  
So rapt was his eager face,  
That to him the little chickens  
Were "drinking and saying grace."

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

## In Lighter Vein.

(Each month we give a prize of a book for the best original joke or story. Who will be the prize-winners next month?)

### The Prize Joke.

The prize offered for the best story for this department goes this month to Dick Acton, Cumberland, B. C., for the following story. Evidently it is told in the young boy's own words. One of the aims of this monthly competition is to develop in boys and girls power to tell stories well. Very few can do this, although the art is one to be desired. It is needless to say that humor and coarseness are not the same thing. The merit lies in the telling quite as much as in the story. The instalment this month is not as good as it should be. Who will win the prize next month?

### Second Hand Children.

A little girl asked her father what it meant when you said a person had adopted a certain child. Her father told her that it meant that the person had bought the child second hand. Her brother said why his parents didn't buy him in the Old Country was because they didn't want to have to pay duty on him. I know the little girl and boy, and the father too.

### Dead Turkeys.

A story is told of a Winnipeg commission merchant who is an extremely "close buyer." When he receives a consignment, he never fails to claim an allowance for something alleged to have spoiled on the way. This habit is well known to the trade and has led to many complaints from shippers, but the merchant had always managed to come out on top. During Thanksgiving week, as the story goes, he received several barrels of fat, dressed turkeys from a poultryman in the Northwest. Heretofore he had dealt exclusively in live fowls, and probably the correspondence clerk got things mixed. At any rate, the shipper was astonished to receive a letter by return mail, running as follows: "Dear Sir: We regret to advise you that four of the turkeys in your consignment of November reached here dead. Please make deduction for same and correct amount. Yours truly." The poultryman commended with himself and replied thus: "Dear Sir: I am sorry to say I find it impossible to make concession requested. I have established a rule requiring all customers who desire live dressed turkeys to notify us in advance, so we can send them in heated cars. Turkeys without feathers and insides are liable to catch cold if shipped in the ordinary manner. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year. Yours mournfully."

### The Night Was Wet.

A Brandon young man went one evening to visit his fiancée, and getting interested in conversation, stayed rather long.

When he prepared to depart he found to his discomfort that it was raining heavily. After much persuasion she prevailed upon him to stay the night.

All at once he was missed, and his friends wonderingly awaited his return. An hour later he reappeared, breathless. He had been home for his nightshirt!

### A Homoeopathic Cure.

A physician and his friend were standing on the street corner of a Virginia town where they were spending a few days, says Short Stories. Their attention was amusingly arrested by the sight of an old darky belaboring the flanks of a mule in a vain persuasion to make him

move on. At last the doctor was appealed to.

"Say, boss, I'll give yo' five dollars ef yo'll make dis hyer mule go."

With a sly wink, the physician opened his case and took out his hypodermic syringe, filled the needle with an acid, and sent it into the hind quarters of the mule. The effect was magical. With a wild plunge the mule went tearing down the street, with the darky after him, the bystanders roaring with laughter. A short time afterward the darky, dust-covered and panting, approached again.

"Say, boss, how much was de wuff of dat stuff yo' done squit in dat mule?"

"Oh," said the doctor, "about ten cents."

Down went the darky's hands in his jean pockets. He fished out two dimes.

"Hyah, boss, am twenty cents. I wish yo'd squit twice as much of dat stuff into me, 'case I'se bound to catch dat mule."

### An Interested Listener.

At a dinner party not long ago a certain young gentleman (an enthusiastic golfer) started in with the shellfish to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day.

It was not until the pudding was brought on that he suddenly thought himself that he had been doing all the talking. Indeed, the young lady had not said a single word during the entire progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject; incredible, but still possible.

"I am afraid that I have been boring you with this talk of shop," he said in half apology.

"Oh, no, not at all," was the polite response. "Only, what is golf?"

### With Moral Effect.

Frederic Remington recently met a young Englishman who is travelling in this country and is not averse to acquiring information. The subject of bucking broncos came up, and the Englishman said:

"I've read that in riding those wild horses of yours the main thing is to keep cool. Has a good moral effect on the beasts, I've been told. Is it true that your riders sometimes roll a cigarette and light and smoke it while riding a vicious buck?"

"Oh, that's an ordinary occurrence," replied Mr. Remington easily. "But when I was in the West if a cowboy wished to subdue a particularly dangerous animal he would mount him with a razor, brush, hand-mirror and so forth, and, while the creature reared and kicked, the man would proceed calmly to shave. That's when you get your fine moral effect."

### Queen Victoria and the Silver Basket.

The Honorable Beverly Tucker, Minister to the Court of St. James, was better liked by Queen Victoria and upon more intimate terms with her than any other American. Mr. Tucker's reputation was well known as one who never remembered to pay a bill if he could forget it. To provide a proper receptacle for a gift of American apples which he wished to present to Her Majesty and still be consistent with his principles, he persuaded the leading jeweler of London to lend him a beautiful silver basket, on the strength of the advertisement it would be to him. The basket did not come back from the Queen, and the jeweler began to prod Mr. Tucker

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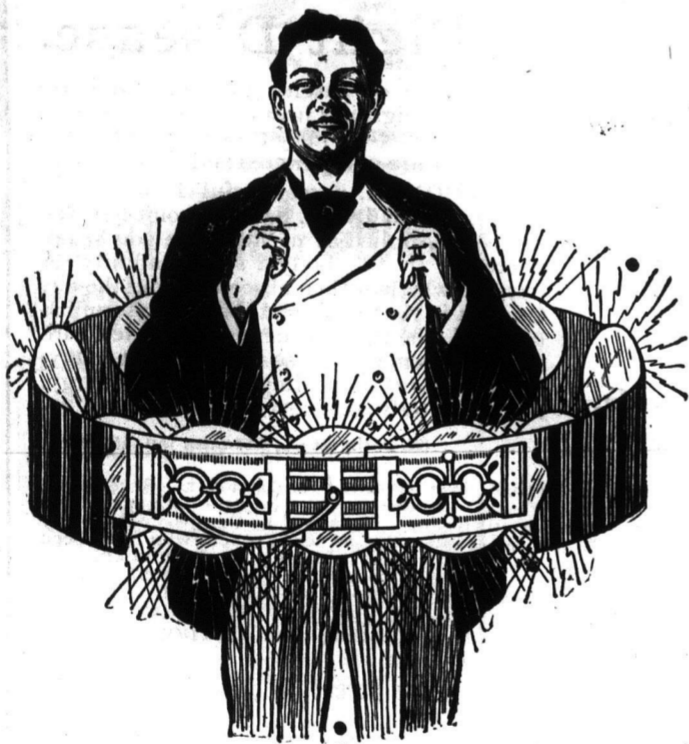
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with an enormous bill. Almost at his wit's end he determined to get the basket back from the Queen. Taking the first opportunity, and doing it as diplomatically as possible, he merrily confessed to the Queen his reputation, at home, of never paying a bill if he could avoid it; then remarked that the Queen had the reputation of never returning anything that came into her possession, and that between them he was in difficulty, having only borrowed the basket. Smiling, the Queen replied: "There is nothing for it, then, but for us both to bear out our reputations. I certainly cannot return the basket. It is quite too beautiful."

### Did as the King Did.

When King Edward VII visited the Isle of Man a year or more ago he was escorted through parts of the island by Hall Caine, the author. When His Majesty was about to depart on the royal yacht it was proposed that a photograph be taken of the royal party and its island hosts. The family of Hall Caine was, of course, included, and when the prints were shown it was found that Hall Caine's young son had committed the indiscretion of keeping his hat on in the presence of the King. Manx society was much shocked at this, and Mrs. Caine chid her boy, but he stoutly said:

"But, mamma, I watched the King, and as he kept his hat on I followed suit."

### Closed.

It is said of a certain Royal Duke that he is not in the habit of spending two-pence where a penny will do. On a wet afternoon he hailed a cab in Bond street, and requested to be driven to Victoria Station. Arriving at that terminus, he handed the cabman a shilling. Then, of course, came the inevitable.

"Ere, wot's this? Can't you make it another tanner?"

"Certainly not," said the noble Duke. "And, what is more, you came the wrong way. What made you go round Hyde Park Corner and Grosvenor-place?"

The cabby saw that he had no chance, and chaffingly replied: "Wot for? 'Cos St. James's Park is closed. Why, that's wot for."

"Closed! St. James's Park closed? How's that?"

"Oh, they say 'ow the Dook dropped a threepenny-bit a-coming across the park last night, and the park's closed till they find it!"

### Force of Habit.

"Habits are hard to break," said Walter Pritchard Eaton the other day. "Perhaps you've heard of the automobile enthusiast who bought a motor-boat?"

"He took a day's instruction in the art of managing it and keeping the machinery in running order, and then started out on his first trip alone. It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were wet, and his hair was hanging over his eyes in strings.

"John!" exclaimed his wife. "What on earth—"

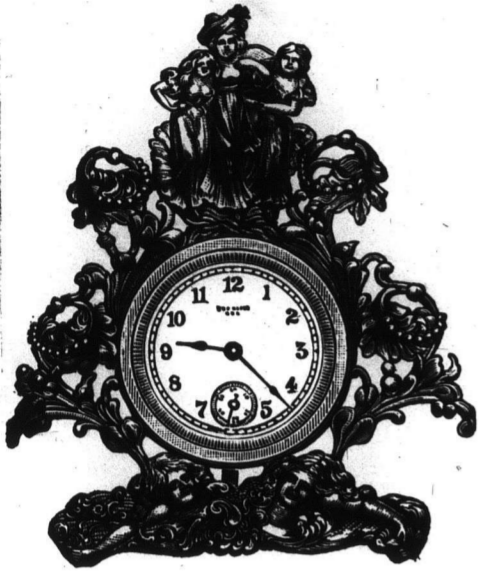
"It's all right, Mary," he hastened to assure her. "No, I didn't upset everything's all right. But when I had been on the water for a couple of hours something went wrong with the motor and—"

"Yes—?"

"Well, before I—er—realized it I was over the side and trying to get under the blamed thing to fix it."

**Externally or Internally, it is Good.**—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

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A well-made clock of very graceful and ornate design. Frame is plated with pure gold and lacquered. The one-day movement is guaranteed to be a good timekeeper.

Height 6 in., width 5 in.; dial 2 in. in diameter.

Express 15c. extra.



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**Our Oak Frame, No. 1197**

Any of the pictures you see illustrated in our Premium List can be put in a frame like this for 300 wrappers each.

This is a beautiful frame 16 in. x 20 in., made of 5 in. oak. It is very strong and very beautiful. Order one and we know repeat orders will follow.

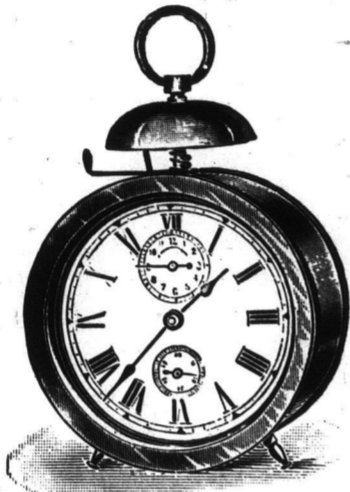
Picture frames are sent out at receiver's expense. It is therefore best to make arrangements with your merchant to have frames sent by freight enclosed with his goods.

**Baronet Alarm Clock**

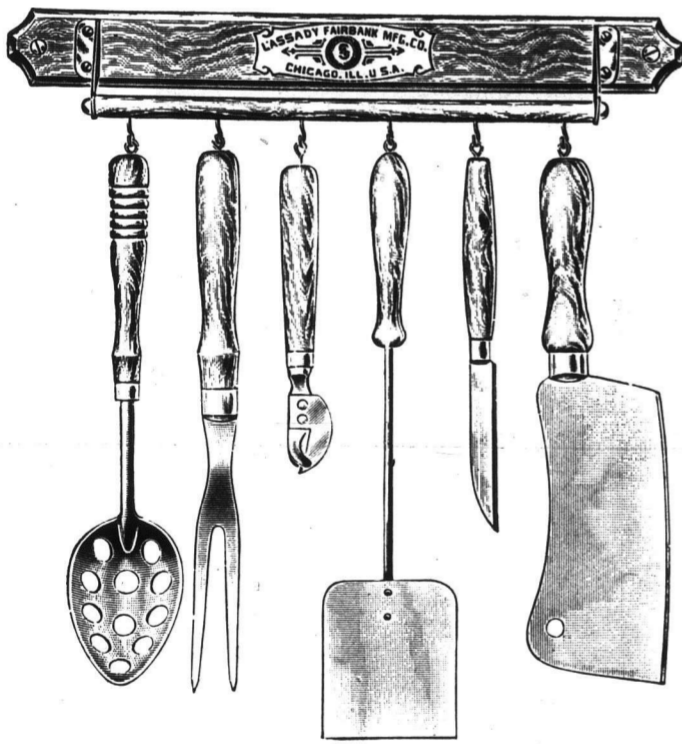
Good timekeeper, easily adjusted, good works, loud alarm. Imported.

Free for 250 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.

Express 15 cents.



**Send for our Complete Premium List. IT IS MAILED FREE**

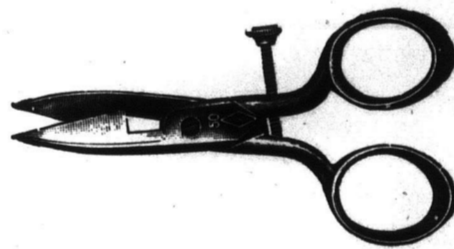


Here is one of our new premiums

**Humming Bird Kitchen Set**

consisting of Holder, Cleaver, Carving Knife, Cake Turner, Can Opener, Fork and Spoon. All in an exceptionally good quality. The complete Set is free for 150 Wrappers.

Express 35 cents



**Buttonhole Scissors**

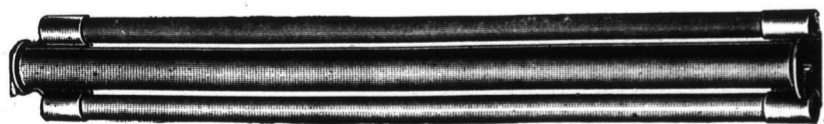
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Well finished and very useful. Free for 100 Wrappers.



**Screw Driver, No. 77**

Cherry handles. Well finished, length 10 in. Free for 50 wrappers.



**"Climax" Towel Roller, No. 75**

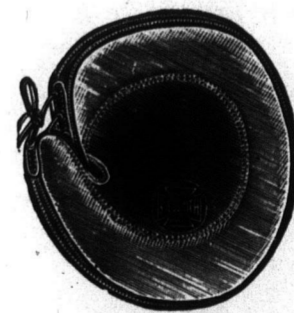
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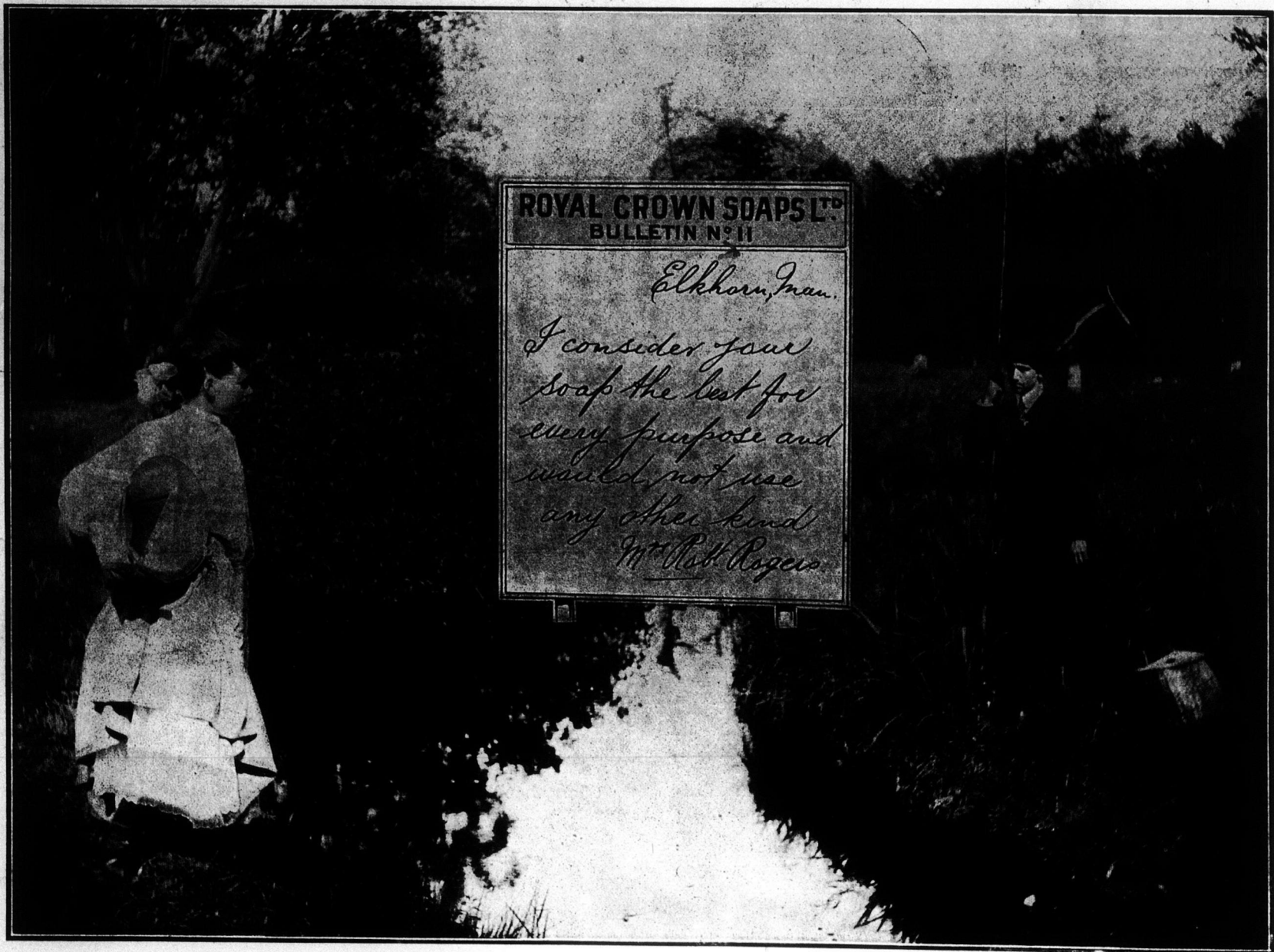
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