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FEBRUARY
1911

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII. **Published Monthly** **No. 2**
By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

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

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

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

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A Chat with our Readers.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The subscription price of the Western Home Monthly has been increased to $1.00 per year or three yearly subscriptions for $2.00 or four yearly subscriptions for $2.50, with premium to club-raiser.

The subscription price of the Western Home Monthly has been increased because the magazine has been enlarged, improved and beautified to an extent that fully justifies such an increase. It will be still further enlarged, improved and beautified during the year 1911, and will not only be fully worth the increased subscription price, but will be remarkably cheap at that price.

Perhaps the strongest evidence of the high opinion that readers have of this magazine has been shown in the large number of yearly subscriptions that have been sent as Christmas presents to friends of our old subscribers. If you were pleased with the wonderful improvement made in this magazine last year, you will be more than pleased with the issues of 1911.

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TO OUR ADVERTISERS

The many improvements inaugurated by the Western Home Monthly will, we trust, make it more profitable than ever to its advertisers.

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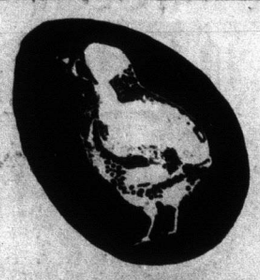

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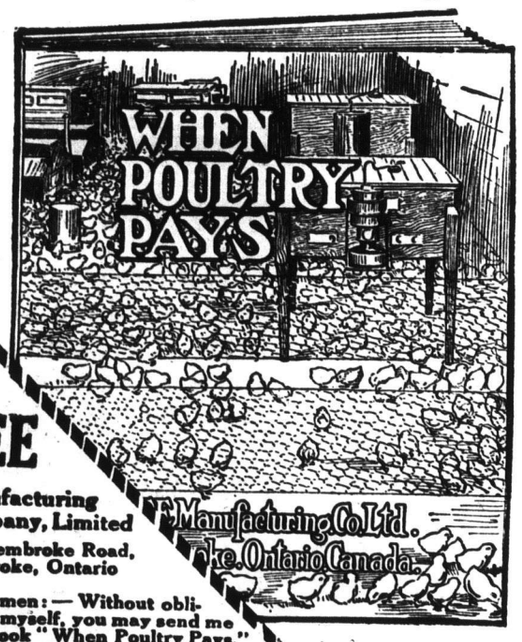

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Individualism and Socialism.

The perpetual problem in every democracy is that of reconciling individual liberty and state sovereignty. How far shall the individual be free to express his opinions? Is an unmuzzled press an unadulterated blessing? How far shall the individual be free to amass wealth? Is the multi-millionaire a blessing or a curse to the community? How far may one engage in a calling that brings grief and ruin to his fellows. Should the state have the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors? May one neglect to educate his children? May he, when suffering from contagious disease, mingle with his fellows? Or, turning from the individual to the class, it might be asked if the state should have power to grant or take away privileges from any particular set of men. Has the state a right to grant bonuses to manufacturers, or to assist them by the imposition of duties? Has a railway king any right to representation before the committees of parliament if the day laborer from his position is unable to have a representative? There are scores of questions of this nature that might be asked, and in all cases the answer cannot be readily given, for there is something to be said on both sides in nearly every case.

THE EVILS OF INDIVIDUALISM.

The evil of unrestrained individualism it is not difficult to demonstrate. In the moral field as in the field of industry no man can be allowed free rein. Our legislature is already weighted with prohibitions that experience has found it necessary to insert. No liquor for minors, no cigarettes for children. No open disorderly houses. No selling of obscene literature (but, unfortunately, the too-free sale of much that is more poisonous than the obscene). No stealing, no profanity in public, no assault, no libel. And so the list might be continued. It is to the credit of our nation that in the moral realm it has placed a just limitation on the freedom of citizens. In the field of industry it has not yet asserted itself, but must do so just as soon as it perceives that individual aggression may imperil the morality and permanent welfare of the whole people.

ALL UNFAIRNESS IMMORAL.

During the past few months there has been an agitation looking towards remedial and protective legislation in one or two matters that vitally concern the West—and, for that matter, vitally concern the great mass of citizens throughout the Dominion. The question of a lower tariff is, at bottom, a question of morals, so is the question of the ownership and operation of the Hudson's Bay Railway. When, as a result of legislation, the people of Western Canada pay millions annually into the pockets of a few manufacturers, and when, as a result of further legislation, a few railway magnates receive in cash, lands and bonds, close to a billion dollars, the knowledge of these facts gives rise to indignation and wrath, and, worse still, leads directly to a feeling of disloyalty, for how can men be expected to love a land which belongs to the privileged few? The worst feature of the growth of plutocracy in Canada is not that a few dishonest men have control of the wealth (it is said that one per cent. of the people own over fifty per cent. of the wealth), but it is in this fact that there is no patriotic feeling, and cannot be, among men who have been deprived of their wealth and power.

THE GROWTH OF INDIVIDUALISM.

Notwithstanding the fact that from century to century our government is nominally becoming more democratic, it is without doubt true that never before was there a time when we could claim such an aristocracy of wealth as can be found today. Nor has the wealth always been honestly obtained. It has come into a few hands because unscrupulous individualism has been allowed to run riot.

THE REMEDY FOR THE EVIL.

What, then, is the ordinary citizen to do? Shall he resort to violent measures? Shall he manufacture bombs and bludgeons and take the law into his own hands? Most certainly not, for there is open to us a way of peace if we are but courageous enough and patriotic enough to follow it. Our bullet is our ballot. Any free people can have anything they wish in this world, if they but wish it with a full heart. And tomorrow, if we desire it truly, we can end the reign of offensive individuality.

THE DANGER OF STATE DOMINATION.

Now to turn to the other side of the picture. It is possible for the state in its legislation to act the tyrant and to restrict unduly the right of the private citizen, or to impose upon him duties he has no right to bear. In Canada there are few cases, perhaps, in which individual liberty has been limited without cause, although provincial freedom has more than once been unjustly assailed. The great sin of the parliaments of our land consists in this—that the many are sacrificed to the few. The liberty of earning a fair day's wage for a fair day's service is not always accorded the working man, because of the privileges that have been granted to those who direct the giant concerns of tne land.

However, in the smaller organisms within the state, such as unions, clubs and parties, it is a common experience for the individual to be completely submerged. To escape the domination of their employers men form a union. Then they frequently find themselves under a bondage much more irksome than the first. While a non-union man, one could work as long as he liked, he could work as hard as he pleased, he could go when he wished; but now he must ease up in his time and his faithfulness, and when the whip snaps he must desert the best employer in the land. But such is life. We are all continually escaping from one form of tyranny to find ourselves under another form. Notwithstanding the immense monetary gains that have come to men in all walks of life from forming into unions, it is possible that union men have less freedom today than any other class. And what is true of unions is true of political parties. The man who really wants a political plum can get it only through a party organism, but usually when he gains the plum he loses his own soul—his right to honest thought, free speech, and independent action.

THE CALF WALK.

One day, through the primeval wood,
A calf walked home, as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then two hundred years have fled,
And, I infer the calf is dead,
But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a lonely dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.

And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made;
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned, and bent about
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path.

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through the winding woodway stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This first path became a lane,
That bent, and turned, and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun.
And travelled some three miles in one,
And thus a century and a half
They trod in the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare;
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zig-zag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead,
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day;
For such a reverence it lent
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done,

They follow in the beaten track
And out and in, and forth and back
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf!
Ah! many things this tale might teach,
But I am not ordained to preach.

—Sam W. Foss.

THE RECONCILIATION OF OPPOSING FORCES.

So it happens that in every human organization there is bound to be a conflict of opposing interests, and the only solution is through the method of give and take. As a human being a man has a right to freedom, but he must accord equal freedom to others. The golden rule is the all-sufficient guide in social and industrial life. As a member of an organized body, be it union, church, or state, a man must sacrifice something in return for the benefits he receives. Here, again, he can put the same golden rule into practice. The strongest State is that which can permit to each member the greatest freedom—religious, social, industrial—but which, at the same time, demands that each member in his activities shall have regard to the comfort and welfare of his fellows. It is just possible that on this continent individualism has pushed itself forward too prominently—that it has been selfish in the extreme. It is also possible that in the smaller defensive groups the individual has been unduly suppressed—all of which is another way of saying that ideal conditions do not yet prevail.

THE FARMERS' DELEGATION.

In light of the above, what shall be said of the farmers' delegation to Ottawa? This, in the first place, that it was not there to seek favors for a particular class, but to seek redress of wrongs. In asking relief from certain burdens it spoke for all classes and conditions. If these men had gone down in an individualistic capacity, simply as representing a special class which was endeavoring to win an advantage over other classes, they would have received scant courtesy; but as they truly represented prevailing sentiment on the chief matters submitted, their presentment must be considered seriously.

Nor is it difficult to forecast at this stage just what redress they will obtain. On the question of chilled meat they will be promised consideration; the question of terminal elevators will be decided in their favor, and the government will go even further than requested. As to reciprocity, there will be a relief in the matter of duty on agricultural implements and a few other articles—just enough for campaign purposes. But when it comes to the matter of the Hudson's Bay Railway, the present railway interests will prevail. Government construction and control may be decided upon, but it may be depended upon that when it comes to the actual operation of the road, the present companies will be in evidence, and the new rates will be the very thing that will keep up the rates on existing lines. There are two reasons for saying this. In the first place, the existing roads cannot afford to have an independent road in operation. They can afford to pay not one or ten millions to have matters come their way, but tens of millions. The new road must be theirs at any cost. In the second case, elections cannot be run without money, and there are no contributors to election funds equal to railway magnates. So it may be taken for granted that the chief petition with regard to the H.B.R. will not be heeded unless the people put up even a more stubborn resistance than has yet been offered.

What are people to do? Just keep on agitating, of course. Every man should besiege members of the House with letters. They cannot use bullets, but they can use billets until such time as they are permitted to use the ballots.

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Revelation.

By Frank H. Shaw.

IT was on the last night but one of the session that Creighton found himself. Catching the Speaker's eye, he rose in his place and began to speak. With some diffidence he faltered through his preliminaries, and then, growing bolder, he launched forth into his theme with an eloquence and a passion that enchained his hearers. Dissentient murmurs were drowned at their birth. Men who had sat there for hours, bored beyond expression, roused themselves and glanced with interest at the tall young figure with the earnest face and the glowing eyes. Those on the front benches began to turn their heads, restlessly at first, but their restlessness vanished as the impassioned periods volleyed among the benches and rang in the vaulted roof.

After a speech that had lasted forty-five minutes, and had been listened to with an interest that the House never remembered, Creighton sat down amid a burst of ringing applause.

Men craned over towards him, and patted him on the back. Though the Speaker and stood nervously determined, his voice could not penetrate the din. It was not a question of party interests that had occupied Creighton's intellectual tirade; it was a national matter of all-consuming import, and he knew, as he took his seat, that he had carried his point. The House rose in a tumult, and Creighton passed out into the open air, his mind in a whirl, his heart beating strangely, his head swimming with the intoxication of sudden success, than which, perhaps, there is no sweeter, more subtle intoxication known.

The chief of his party stopped him just as he was leaving, and held out his hand.

"You should go far," said the great man, with a smile that was both sad and encouraging, for he, too, had been young, and knew the taste of the wonderful joy that comes to him who has striven and won worthily. Even the leader of the Opposition had a friendly nod for the young member for East Kilbride, and many another man who had had his chance—and failed—bestowed ungrudging praise of word and look on the hero of the moment.

Carried out of himself, Creighton passed to the Terrace and looked down on the swirling tide of the Thames. The lights of the opposite shore were reflected wanly in the turgid flood; the steady swirl and rush of the headlong waters were in keeping with his thoughts. For a moment, a whimsicality of mental twisting allowed the young man to compare himself with the stream that flowed beneath him. Was he like it? he asked himself. Should he go forward, ever widening, growing in importance with every stride, until he bore on his shoulders the very welfare of a nation? But another thought struck him close on the heels of the first. The Thames was of vast importance to the land he served, but presently, flowing onward through the world's richest city, the river became merged in the sea and was lost to human ken.

Even so might he fare. Public acclaim was an uncertain thing. He had carried his hearers with him on a flood-tide of rhetoric, had swept away the oppositions of those who would have stayed him, but—what was it all worth? Did it mean ultimate submergence, a sinking of his identity in the myriad identities of those others who, in common with himself, flocked daily to the House?

"Rather a startler tonight."

The words came to him faintly, but he straightened himself instinctively, for his own heart told him they referred to what had gone before. A couple of shadowy figures leaned over the balustrade, and Creighton could not avoid overhearing.

"Creighton will climb very high," said another voice, which he recognized with a thrill as the voice of a very great man indeed. "I shouldn't be surprised if that speech of his carries him to the top. Not directly, of course; but I foresee an Under-Secretaryship almost immediately. There arn't many strong men, and he's undoubtedly strong. I heard Sir Edward Freshman call him 'The new Pitt' five minutes ago."

Creighton craned forward, but the night was dark, and he could not distinguish the features of the speaker. He knew, however, from the thrill in his voice that he was in earnest. Wave after wave of exultation surged through the young man. He felt all the glow of a conqueror, and the sweetness of his success was still unembittered. That would come on the morrow, perhaps, when the newspapers took up the tale and spoke their mind, unaffected by the personal magnetism of the man who had stirred his listeners to the core.

"Great promise," said the voice that had first spoken. "Great promise. But then, many others have shown great promise, too. I only hope Creighton won't fall suddenly, as suddenly as he has risen. One can never tell. But if I were in his place, with my life before me, untrammelled, rich, I'd never stop until I'd raised myself to the very top of the tree. That's his chief asset, the fact of his being unhampered. Once a man marries he's done. If he marries a political woman she starts a salon, and then—well, the men whose wives have salons don't go very far. There can't be two strong souls under one roof without disaster. If he marries a sweet, clinging woman, love proves fatal. No man can serve two masters, especially today. Political success is a master that requires undivided attention. Love also is another insistent dominie. He who tried to love a woman and make a Parliamentary career would fall between two stools, and the end would be very much worse than the beginning."

"So that's your opinion, is it? Well, there's truth in it, too. But I venture to predict that if Creighton remains unmarried, and if he follows up the promise of tonight by the practice of the future, he'll be Prime Minister before he's thirty-five. The country's waiting for him. If that speech had been made against the Government, the whole country would have risen, and demanded an election. He'll go far, once he's got rid of his personal note, and learnt to make himself a part of the machinery. His egotism came out here and there, you know; but that's youth more than anything else."

"Yes: and that egotism is just the downfall of the many That's where marriage is fatal to success. For if the man marries, his egotism becomes more rampant than ever. It's fanned by the gentle admiration of the one woman, or it's called into the action by the opposition of the one woman, if the wife happens to be of the militant sort."

"But then, Sir Frederick, you're a misogynist."

"And why shouldn't I be? Good Heavens, my heart bleeds for my sex when I see the careers that have been sacrificed on the altars of a woman's demands. Look at Sidney, look at Wentworth, look at half a dozen in the House tonight. If Creighton is a wise man, he'll climb alone, and then—we shall see."

They strolled away, leaving the member for East Kilbride vaguely torn by conflicting emotions.

"And that's what it all turns on?" he said to himself, his eyes still fixed unseeingly on the river. "Love and success cannot mix. They're oil and water. Well, what has it to be? There's Marjorie on the one hand, and the high places of the world on the other. And it's come to this: that tonight I must make my choice. Love versus Greatness. And God knows how I want to be great!"

He roused himself, conscious that the clammy night was chilling him to the bone. The remembrance of his sensational speech was dimming before the rush of other thoughts now. One face seemed to grow up on the background

of the night, and he sighed a little as he allowed his thoughts to carry him to a house not far away.

"Shall I go?" he asked himself, as he walked slowly along the terrace. "Shall I go? If I do, I shall get—what? Praise, soft glances, whispers of adoring worship? Perhaps. But that would never do now. No, I mustn't go. It would be fatal. Thank the powers I never spoke. Now, one must think, and think hard. Success or Love? Choose ye this night!"

He laughed a little mirthlessly. Then he walked out of the precincts and passed into the hurrying tide of humanity that swept over the bridge. Once as he passed under a glaring lamp, he saw a little group of men suddenly stiffen and point in his direction. They bent together and whispered eagerly. It felt good to be the object of their regard. A passing newsboy with a late edition ran, screaming: "Sensational speech! Speshul!" It was his speech that was causing all this uproar, and this was the taste of success. Very good indeed.

Merged in thought, he walked on heedlessly, and looked up with a start to find himself in a well-known street. He shuddered a little as he realized whither his unonscious steps had led him. This was the street in which Marjorie Sandys lived. He was almost opposite the door now, and a sudden blaze of light flashed across the pavement as that particular door was thrown wide. A motor was chugging away impatiently at the kerb, and Creighton instinctively shrank back. Marjorie herself passed out. He could see the beauty of her face for one instant, could mark the live grace of her figure, in spite of the heavy motor coat that shrouded it. He was on the point of darting forward to tell her of all that had happened, but he restrained himself with an effort as the words of his well-wisher came back to mind.

"I must have time," he muttered, as the motor darted away; and he turned back, leaving the quiet residential streets behind him, plunging into the vortex of the traffic.

His man was awaiting him when he entered his rooms. A meal was laid on the table, and he sat himself down, eating and drinking mechanically, as he had mechanically dressed.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the man; "but I've just finished reading the special edition. It was great, sir."

Creighton laughed somewhat self-consciously, for he was still very young, and he had not learned to know that fame is the most intangible thing in the world. But it was very sweet, very precious. He said nothing in reply, but when the meal was cleared away, he donned a smoking jacket, found his biggest pipe, kicked the fire into a blaze, and sat down in a deep chair seriously to consider the greatest problem he had ever been confronted with in his life.

Fame or Love—which? He stared into the glowing embers, and Marjorie's face took shape there, alluring, witchingly beautiful, almost irresistible; a face to win one smile from which it were good to die. He took the poker angrily, and pounded at the coals until they fell down in a huddled mass, and Marjorie's face disappeared.

"That is what Love offers; what will Fame bring?"

He asked himself the question quite coolly, for he was bringing all the forces of his wonderful intellect into the struggle.

Fame would bring many things. It was a delicious play of the fancy to imagine the coming years. A vista opened out in the heart of the fire, and he could see himself trudging upward and ever upward. Trudging? Nay, leaping, racing—almost flying, as he had once seen a startled chamois dart up the almost inaccessible crags of an Alpine mountain. Under-Secretary, Cabinet Minister, Prime Minister, House of Lords—no one might say where that fortune-haunted path might lead.

"One can't settle it here," he said impatiently, as Marjorie's face grew up at the end of the path he had vaguely pictured in the fire. He allowed himself for one moment to forget all about the past evening, and launched himself upon a sea of dreams. Marjorie was everywhere. She loved him. He knew it without undue egotism, for the simplicity of the girl had allowed the fact to become only too plainly apparent. Life with Marjorie would be one long delirium of unending delight. Love would crown their lives, would draw them onward and upward into realms that those who had never loved could not dream of. Love meant——

He rose from his seat and walked about the room. Love must be stifled, cast aside, sunk fathoms deep beneath the sea if his dreams of fame were to be realized.

"I'll go to bed," he said vexedly. "A night's sleep will show me where I stand."

But night brought no relief to harassed thought. The visions crowded in behind his firmly closed eyelids, and sleep held sternly aloof.

Morning found him hagard and pale, undecided, torn by conflicting emotions.

"I know what I'll do," he said as he breakfasted. "I'll leave town for today. I'll go down by the sea, and then fight the matter out with my own soul."

There was an unimportant debate on at the House that day, and his presence was not required. As soon as he could, he left his rooms, caught a chance train, and came out at a place where he had known for long. A sudden thought made him laugh ironically as he alighted at the little station. This was the place where he had first met Marjorie. The town, the yellow beach, the inland downs all spoke of Marjorie; every little object in sight was reminiscent of the girl.

He had gone there half unconsciously, his thoughts having flown there by instinct, when he had first mooted the subject of solitude to himself.

It was a magnificent day to settle such a battle as that which had to be fought. He was invited to 15 Worthington Square for that night, and that was Marjorie's home. He would see her for several hours; he would have endless opportunities of speaking all that was in his mind. He must come to a firm decision within a few hours. The wind blew in from the sea, salt, vigorous, warlike, and it aroused all that was militant within him. He came of a fighting stock, and the old blood told. There was a light rain falling, and it beat on his face gladly as he plowed steadfastly along the sea-coast, wrestling with his inner soul.

"What shall it be?" he asked himself again and again. "Love or Fame?"

The answer would not come from without.

"Fame means so much. I can do great things—not for myself, but for the world. I know I can. Heavens above! that was but the beginning, that speech last night. There's no telling where it might end. The lists of battle and loneliness, or love and the backwaters of life? Which?"

It was a hard fight. There was so much to be said on both sides; for he was a man in whom sentiment ran strongly. But sentiment must be stifled, if needs were. Common-sense must reign in his soul for he owed a duty to himself.

"And to Marjorie," said an insistent voice in his brain.

"I don't," he exclaimed aloud. "So far—thank Heaven, I drew up in time!—so far she's never heard a word from me that any man might not have spoken. I've never even shown her any attention that might be construed as lover-like devotion. We have been good friends, that's all."

He was quite right in that respect. Not even the most chivalrous mind could have construed his conduct in any other way. He had not compromised the girl; he had met her carelessly, and had left her as casually. Whatever had been in his heart before the events of the past evening he had never given a sign. Some called him hard and callous, but he knew himself that if he allowed the love he bore for Marjorie—yes, he owned it to himself at this juncture, he did love her—full sway, it would be an impetuous torrent that would carry him all-whither so that she might be glad.

That was what made the words of the man he had overheard so full of potent meaning. He knew his own capacity for loving, knew that once he embarked on that rushing tide of passion, all other matters must be relegated to oblivion. For with him it was all or nothing. Either he must give in to his natural

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passions, and love the girl with all his life's implicit devotion, or he must blot her out of his heart for ever, and pursue the other path. No middle course, no compromise now! Fame or Love—which?

He had come out on the edge of a towering cliff. Below him the angry, resolute sea was slowly eating away the solid rock that reached upward from its grasp. It was a very wild day. Strife and turmoil were in the air. Out at sea, just visible, a steamer trudged toward the open waters of the ocean. There was no appearance of softness in her advance. She crowded down all the opposing waves, shouldering her way with a grim determination through all that came along. It was a hard, stern fight, with a distinct objective. He pictured to himself the glad exhilaration that possessed the souls of those who stood on the reeling deck. They were battling for empire, spreading the glory of the land to the uttermost parts of the world. Not for them was the leisure of home. For them no loving arms waited, no softness of ease, no fond caresses. Duty called them, and they went forth into the world, without hope of reward, save the knowledge that they were doing some small thing for their country's weal.

It was an omen. He himself had more than a safe arrival at a definite port to look for. He had the world at his feet. Honor was to be won as the price of striving. The deleterious smoothness of a love-filled life must have no place in his existence. He must fight on for ever.

There on the sea-washed cliff, he made up his mind. He opened his overcoat, and groped in the breast pocket of his jacket. Something was there, and he drew it forth. It was a tiny glove, white, still impregnated with a subtle, elusive perfume, that brought the visions of Marjorie crowding in on his mental sight.

"Here's my sacrifice to Fame," he said, and with a fleeting kiss he weighted the delicate glove with a stone and flung it far from him. The wind caught it. For a moment he thought it would be blown back in his face, refusing to be discarded thus. But then the wind lulled for a brief space, and the little pledge fell sullenly down, to disappear in the angry, foam-capped waves.

"Now for Fame. Let Love pass by," he cried defiantly, and walked away.

It was not until he had walked back to the town that he realized how the time had fled. It was growing dark now, and he was conscious of a great hunger. The season was over at the place. All the restaurants were closed; only from an unconsidered public house did a glow of warmth proceed. He entered and called for food and drink, and when it was served he ate hungrily. He was quite satisfied with his decision now. Marjorie would never know of that struggle between his heart and his brain. She would go her way; he would go his. He would send a wire to her saying that his appearance at her home was impossible on account of a pressing engagement, and then he would forget to call, or would call when he knew she was out. He felt a curious sense of pleasure now. His duty had bound him in thraldom, and he would not be free again.

"Didn't I allus say it?" demanded a hoarse voice outside the room in which he sat. "Them motor-cars are the very deuce and all. Downright jug-an'-noughts I calls 'em!"

The landlord of the inn entered. In his hand was one of those flimsy yellow afternoon editions, which a sport-loving age demands shall be published every hour of every day.

"Extra special just in, sir," said the landlord, coming forward. "Like to see it?"

Creighton took the paper carelessly. It so happened that the countryman had folded the paper with the "Stop Press" column to the front. Creighton read the slurred, smudged paragraph there without much interest.

"Alarming motor accident," he read. "A large touring car overturned this afternoon at Lowminster, and all occupants were killed. They were Lady Ferrars, Lady Merceston, and Miss Marjorie Sandys."

"My God!" he cried numbly. And then again, "My God!"

Boniface looked at him curiously, and grunted.

"Got a pain, sir? Heard bad news? 'Ope no one you're fond of got hurt in that there motor accident."

"When's the next train to town?" asked Creighton, rousing himself with a mighty effort from the horrible numbness that was closing in upon him.

"There's the bell now. You'll catch it with a run."

Creighton heard, as in a dream, the ringing of a nearby bell. He flung a sovereign down on the table, caught up his hat and coat, and raced forth, leaving the landlord standing open-mouthed, scratching his head.

A Husky Team, in the Canadian North.

"Lunnon manners," quoth that worthy, "Lunnon manners!" And retired to bury hmself in the sporting columns of the throwndown paper.

Creighton swung on to the footboard of the train just as it was leaving the station, and though a guard and two porters tried to draw him back, he fought them off, and persisted. As yet he was unable to think clearly. He was obeying a natural instinct—to fly to the side of the woman who was dead.

Breathless with his struggle he sank back on the cushions and tried to clear the confusion that hurtled through his staggered brain. Gradually, to the steady clanking whirr of the speeding wheels, clear thought came. Marjorie was dead! The awful truth of it was dinned in on him insistently; the very clatter of the rushing train seemed to have entered into a conspiracy against him. Marjorie was dead! It hummed through the disturbed air; the very jolting of the window spoke the same awful refrain: Marjorie was dead!

He could see her now with vivid clearness, and he crushed his hand over his eyeballs to shut out the sight. He prayed God that the death might not have touched her lovely face. Then, with a sudden soul-twisting, he was confronted with a vision of what she would be like when he saw her. The light-filled eyes would be closed, the rich carmine of her lips would have paled to a sickly hue. The glowing radiance of her glance would have gone for ever, the fleeting wonder of her smile would be composed into the stern, grim smile of one who is staring in Death's face. He choked down the scream that rose to his lips, and cursed the slowness of the train.

Thought was busy now. But it was the thought of what he had lost. It was one thing to resign; it was another to have the object snatched away thus ruthlessly.

Of what avail was all the fame the world could bring now? It was nothing—a thing of no worth—a thing, indeed, to be despised. Could Fame give him back the witchery of Marjorie's glance? Could it ever dull the throbbing ache of his heart? Could the plaudits of the world ever obliterate the recollection of the past? What did it matter if he sank into the very oblivion of forgetfulness, so that Marjorie might have been spared? Fame was a useless thing—a bubble that fell away in the hand that grasped it; but Love—ah! Love was different, indeed. Love was all that was of moment in the world. Without it life was blank and hideous, a meaningless chaos of sounds and sights, with no coherence.

"Marjorie, Marjorie," he muttered, as station after station flew by, and the steady clank of the wheels answered his cry: "Marjorie is dead!"

He repeated the sounds mechanically, licking his dry lips. The visions of fame that had occupied his mind had vanished now, swept away by a vain torrent of hopeless longing and strenuous love. He would have given his soul to see her just once before the end, that she might have known how well he loved her. But it was too late now! Nothing could ever bring back those wasted hours that he had given to the pursuit of worldly honor, when he should have been at the sde of the woman he loved. For he owned it now: he loved her with a love that blotted out all else in life. And it was too late!

He sprang from the train before it stopped, and raced to a hansom

"15 Worthington Square," he shouted to the cabman, and the man, seeing the unrest of his soul, lashed his horse to its speed. Creighton sank back, and let his interrupted thoughts resume their sway. In a few moments he would be at the house. They would have carried her there, he said, for the accident had occurred some hours ago, and the scene of the mishap was not far removed from Worthington Square. What should he do when he reached the house? What could he do? There remained nothing now. Only to sob out his remorse at the side of that still figure that had waited for his coming, until the waiting became too long.

The cab drew up outside the door, and Creighton sprang out. He rang the bell furiously, and the servant who opened the door fell back befor the white misery of his face. There was a rustle of drapery as he darted in, but he did not lift his eyes.

"Your master—where is he?" he asked fiercely. He felt that he must find some outlet for the passionate remorse that was tearing him in pieces.

"He's out, sir." Creighton staggered. Out, and this grim tragedy afoot! Perhaps the stern old man had not heard the awful truth yet. He reeled for a moment, and then—a soft hand was laid on his arm, a voice that he had thought never to hear again was in his ears.

"Clifford, what is it?"

He shrank back, saying that this was the price he had to pay for his ruthless ambition. Marjorie's reproaches must be added to the dull weight of his own self-loathing.

"Clifford, what is it?"

The voice came again. He opened his eyes dizzily, and recoiled with a cry.

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" he cried in amazement. "Then it's not true. I thought you were dead. Thank God—oh, thank God!" And his arms fell about her willing form.

"I was in the car," she said softly, clinging to him as he shook with silent sobs. "The others were killed—oh, it's terrible!—but I wasn't hurt. It was a marvellous escape—and oh, Clifford, what is it?"

"It is a revelation!" he said tenderly, and he kissed her upturned lips with a wonderful reverence. He had made his choice.

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Now, Paderewski doesn't play for everybody—at least not as a rule for those who haven't the price of admission to his concerts—but as the Chicago man was a very good friend, he graciously consented to give a few numbers as an evidence of his appreciation of that friendship. So, when the pianist began his own famous minuet, the coterie of friends sat back prepared to enjoy themselves to the utmost. One of the guests, indeed, was in such rapt attention to the master's playing that, all unconsciously, he forgot where he had put his hands, which were thrust into his trousers' pockets; and very soon he fell to jingling sundry coins that reposed therein.

Quite suddenly Paderewski stopped—as suddenly as though the piano had broken its string-board. The jingle of the coins had penetrated the harmony of the minuet and had upset the pianist. Paderewski wheeled about on his stool fiercely, grew red in the face and plumped his hands down hard upon his knees.

"What!" shouted he, his eyes flashing at the luckless man with the coins. "What! Do you t'ink I play for money!"

At this the guest who had thus unconsciously offended the Pole was so overcome with confusion that he had to be assisted to his feet in order that he might apologize. It was some time before the infuriated virtuoso could be mollified by the explanation that the jingling of coins in the pockets is only a characteristically American way of showing one's appreciation.

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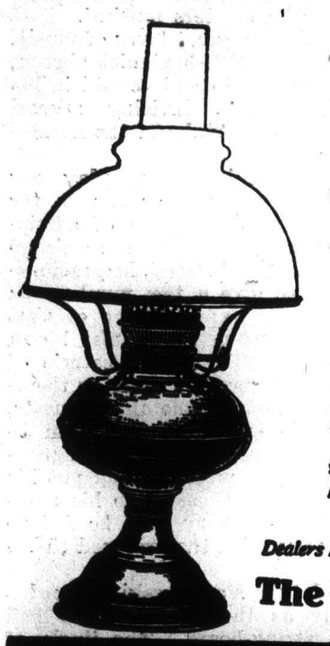

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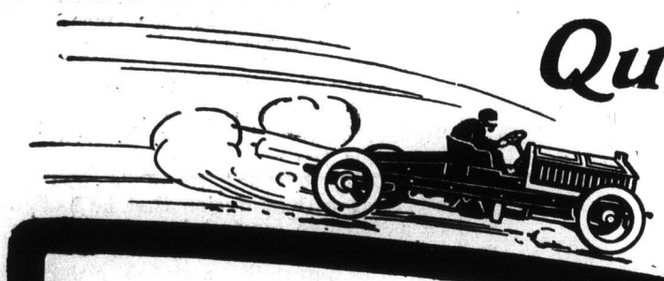

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WHAT sound was that?" exclaimed Mrs Scriggs, sitting up in bed and rubbing her eyes. She listened for a while but no repetition of the sound came to her ears. After a while her eyes grew heavy and she lay back on her pillows.

Just as she was dozing off, however, the sound came again. This time more distinct, a sound of glass touching stone metal.

"John, John," she whispered excitedly rushing into her husband's room. "Wake up, there's a burglar in the house. They're down stairs in the parlor, just think, John, in the parlor! Get up, get up! My jewels are in the parlor, on that little table, in a jewel box."

She emphasized these last words, by a vigorous shake followed by a jerk of the bed clothes.

"Burglars? Aw, hum! Small table—parlor—jewels—ah, what did you say?" muttered Mr. Scriggs sleepily, and turned over on the other side preparatory to a continuation of his doze.

"John, John! How can you, when there's burglars in the house!" said Mrs. Scriggs, in despair. "Come," she continued impulsively, "Get up, or I'll get you up with a dipper of cold water."

Mr. Scriggs heard her and promptly obeyed, not because she had told him to, but because he had heard the noise also, stealthily and indistinct, still it sounded.

He was thoroughly awake now and so he got up and went to a drawer, from which he pulled out a six shooter. Then revolver in hand he started through the door, but in the hall a thought struck him. "It's only the cat," he muttered and came back into the room.

"Aren't you going to shoot him?" asked Mrs. Scriggs.

"No, not now, at least," said Mr. Scriggs, and sat down in the rocker. "You'd better go back to bed and I'll wait till I hear that sound again. I want to know what I'm up against before I go shooting burglars."

Mrs. Scriggs protested, but her husband was firm, so she went back, and Mr. Scriggs settled himself comfortably. He wasn't sure it was the cat. It might be burglars, but then—oh, no, he wasn't afraid.

He lit a cigar and settled himself to enjoy it. He smoked the cigar, then waited and for a while he listened. After a while he grew sleepy and was dozing off when the sound again came to his ears, but he was now fully convinced that it was the cat so he did not even trouble himself to open his eyes, but turned his head over so he could be facing the door, and went to sleep again.

He had not dozed long before the creaking of the chair startled him. He listened and before long his listening was rewarded by the sound of stealthy footsteps in the hall.

That was enough. Seizing his gun he hid himself behind an old fashioned wash stand and—waited. The burglar soon appeared. He was a tall, strong, wiry-looking man, with grizzled beard and piercing gray eyes, and as he entered Mr. Scriggs' room he cast a suspicious glance around.

Apparently he was satisfied, for after a moment's survey, he walked past Mr. Scriggs' hiding place and was going on into the bedroom when "Up with your hands!" rang out from Mr. Scriggs and Mr. Housebreaker turned to find a murderous looking revolver pointed at him.

Instead of complying with Mr. Scriggs' earnest request he thrust his hand into his vest pocket, pulled out his watch, looked at the time and then coolly advanced toward Mr. Scriggs.

Stop or I shoot," warned Mr. Scriggs.

"Oh, you wouldn't shoot an old friend like me, would you Scriggs," said the burglar with an ingratiating grin.

Mr. Scriggs started at the voice, then in his surprise his pistol clattered to the floor and he exclaimed in a tone which betrayed surprise and annoyance. "Jack Dawson! What in blazes are you doing here? I thought you had gone to New Zealand."

"No, I didn't go, and I'll tell you the reason. I didn't go because I wanted to have revenge on you before I cleared out for good. Ever since you took from me the girl I loved,—and in so doing you deprived me of everything I had in the world—I have nursed a secret revengeful feeling in my breast. In those past days you could afford to laugh at me; and, while preserving a peaceable exterior, in my heart I cursed you, yes, cursed you, damn you!"

"Is that so! And so 'them's my sentiments,'" said Mr. Scriggs with a sneer. "Well I admire you for your audacity in coming here and talking in this free-handed manner. H'mph! And what, may I ask, is the tool with which you're going to have your miserable revenge on me?"

"I want you to come with me," said Dawson "and get a wiggle on you, too, because I can't wait."

"Oh, come now," said Mr. Scriggs, don't you think this is carrying it a little too far. If Marion hadn't preferred me to you I wouldn't have got her. If you were in financial difficulties I could help you out, perhaps. As for going with you tonight that is entirely out—" His speech became suddenly cut off, for Dawson had drawn his own gun and now had Mr. Scriggs neatly covered with it.

"Come Scriggs," he growled, "I can't wait here listening to you chewin' the rag."

"You blithering idiot! Get out of here," said Mr. Scriggs, "and shut this or I'll——"

As he stooped to pick up the revolver he had dropped, he felt himself rolled over and before Mr. Scriggs could say "Jack Robinson," he was bound and gagged. Then Dawson, seizing him and throwing him over his shoulder, strode off down the hall and stairs to the street. Here Mr. Scriggs saw an electric car waiting for them. Dawson tumbled his burden in and got in himself and in a moment they were off.

Through the streets they sped. Out of the more respectable part of the city and into the slummy region. The car shot down a deserted street and stopped before a dreary looking building.

Dawson leapt out, and picking Mr. Scriggs up as though he were a child, he entered the house and locked the door. Then he untied Mr. Scriggs' feet and told him to precede him up the stairs. Blindly Mr. Scriggs obeyed. He realized that he was in the hands of a man who would have no mercy on him, if his motive was as he said it was—revenge.

They ascended three flights of stairs, then went along a dark corridor till they were stopped by an iron door.

Dawson pressed a button and the heavy door swung open, noiselessly. They entered and the door closed as noiselessly as it had opened.

Mr. Scriggs looked about him. The room, a large high-roofed place, was brilliantly lighted with electric lights. This seemed ususual and out of the way in this low part of the city. At one end was a door, also made of iron,—leading into another room where Dawson told him, was a complete electric plant.

The furniture in the room consisted of a few old chairs, a small table and a stove. But what interested Mr. Scriggs most was a sort of high-backed chair which was made of solid iron. This chair was connected with the plant in the other room by means of two or three wires.

Dawson unbound Mr. Scriggs and pushing him toward the chair he told him to sit down.

"There is no use resisting," he said seeing that Mr. Scriggs was inclined to object. "So," giving Mr. Scriggs a push which sent him into the chair with a

thump, "Just sit down, please, and be sociable."

Then with a satisfied grunt he continued, "You see, this chair is connected with that electric plant. A new kind of connection which I have invented. I am going to experiment on you." He pressed a button on the chair and in a moment Mr. Scriggs felt a prickling sensation all over his body. This changed to a contracting feeling of his skin, while convulsive shudders passed through him from head to foot.

He tried to rise, but he couldn't budge an inch. Some powerful magnetic influence held him there, and, in the meantime, the pain and convulsions became so near being unbearable that his face writhed and he shrieked and prayed for mercy. At least he tried to shriek and pray, but his efforts seemed to end in a kind of whining sound.

Dawson, seeing all this, laughed with a kind of fiendish glee and said, "You see, this is what one can do with electricity when he tries. I have converted it into a kind of compound of magnetic and electric power. The magnetic power—very much stronger than ordinary applications— holds you to the chair while the electric power—well, you know what it does."

His words seemed to come from a great way off to Mr. Scriggs. A roaring sound filled his ears and his past life came to him as clear as though he were living it over again. It was then that he recalled the fact that Jack Dawson used to be always talking about electricity, and its probable power.

The truth suddenly flashed on him. Heavens! the man had been so enthusiastic over electricity and its possibilities that he had "got it on the brain" and now he was a maniac of the worst kind—one who would sacrifice anybody or anything to attain his own ends.

The pain had suddenly vanished from Mr. Scriggs and he had come back to his former self. He realized that Dawson was telling him to get up, that the "experiment" was over and he (Dawson) was highly satisfied with the results.

Mr. Scriggs lost no time in getting up from the—what seemed to him—hell of orture. As he set his foot on the floor, however, his heart came into his throat, then sank to his boots. For he realized with a thrill of dismay that he had stepped on a trap door which had promptly given way and now he was falling, falling, God alone knew where. It seemed to him that it was an abyss, how deep he could not tell. Looking up he saw a bright light where he had fallen though the floor and a face—Dawson's it seemed—was there, the eyes looking at him. He watched those eyes, for they gradually changed their expression, and where a moment ago he had fancied he saw the wild light of a maniac's eye, he now seemed to see only tenderness and love.

Gosh! The face suddenly changed from that of Dawson to Marion's and she seemed to be calling him.—"John! John!" he heard quite plainly, then "Marion!" he cried and woke up to find the sun shining brightly through the window and his wife looking down into his eyes.

"My dear!" he said, clasping her in his arms. She seemed so dear to him now. "Gosh! and that was a dream after all?"

Waiting the Master's command.

The Captain of The Tertius.

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly by Alec Lambie, author of "Kandahar," "Old Pip," etc.

CHAPTER I.—A Deep Depth.

ACCORDING to the sailing bills, we were to have left Sydney, N.S.W., for London at noon of the 5th June, 1895. At the last moment, however, Brimlow, our agent, had seen fit to accept a rather large consignment of wool for delivery at an intermediate port, and the stowing of the numerous bales of which it was composed had detained us several hours. For the last forty minutes, Captain Hayman had paced the bridge in undisguised impatience, squirting tobacco juice to right and left of him and firing heavy oaths at the toiling lumpers above and below. But the last of the bales disappeared at length in the capacious hold, the gang-planks were removed, and the hawsers unhitched and thrown on deck. The captain, still vomiting fire, had signalled to the engine-room, and the screw of the Tertius had given an answering turn. The dockers, perspiring from their labors, were lined along the edge of the wharf watching our departure. My position as second officer held me near the deck-house. We were already standing out from the quay when I heard a sudden outcry, and looking up beheld a number of grimy laborers seizing on to a passenger gangway which was the last medium of communication to be unshipped. Turning it round they proceeded to push it over the side. Although no time was lost in the action, the steamer was already too far out

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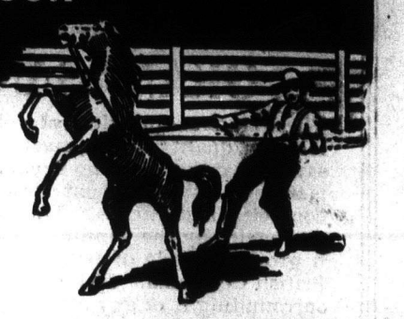

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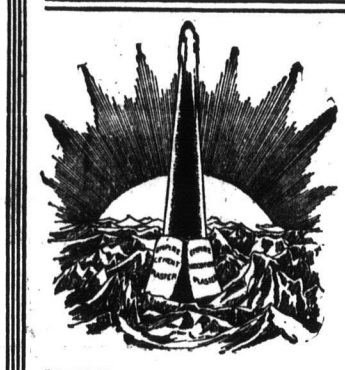

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to afford a point of contact. Accordingly the wooden structure swung dangerously over the churning water. In spite of this, however, I saw a youth spring lightly between the rails and lower himself to the extreme end of the gangway. The united weight of the men on the shoreward part alone kept it from being overturned. Observing that he held a crumpled note in his hand I instantly rushed to the side and mounted the handrail. Steadying myself with my heels, I succeeded in reaching far enough forward to receive it from him. At this moment I recognized him as one of the lads in our agent's employ. On seeing his mission thus successfully accomplished, the dockers drew up the gangway and landed him safely on shore. Soon afterwards we were in mid-channel. A lusty cheer was raised on shore. We sent back a vigorous reply, and presently ran, full steam ahead, down the glittering harbor into the gathering night.

The letter, thus strangely delivered, was addressed in a sprawling hand to Captain Hayman. I straightway laid it on the table in his cabin, and proceeding to the bridge, acquainted him of its arrival. Together we remained on duty for an hour, when we were relieved by the first officer. The old man immediately went aft to read the agent's note, while I, having nothing better to do, went to smoke a pipe with chief engineer Burgin. On the way, one of the deck hands reported that a stowaway had been discovered in one of the chain lockers. Even while he spoke, two greasers appeared, dragging the lad between them. Like most of his class, he seemed pale, and pinched, and poverty-stricken, yet he was not so abject in demeanour as the majority I had seen. As he halted in front of me he pulled his meagre frame erect, and regarded his captors with a wild stare of defiance. There was something, indeed in the gleam of his light blue eye which was indicative, I imagined, of an unusually strong will, while the pucker between his eyebrows seemed to denote a fierce temper and the restive spirit of a young unbroken colt.

It was necessary, of course, to inform Captain Hayman of the stowaway's presence. Accordingly I sent the men to their posts, and taking the boy by the sleeve of his ragged coat, led him along. When a duty of this nature devolved upon me, I always experienced some unpleasant qualms, for the captain of the Tertius was a veritable scourge among unfortunates of this class. I believe, indeed, I dreaded the scene more than the culprit himself.

When we knocked at the door and entered the cabin at the captain's invitation, we found him seated on the edge of the table, with one foot swinging free of the floor. The open letter he held in one hand, while he stroked his chin meditatively with the other. He did not look up for some time, and when he did so at last, it was only to shift his position, and fall to perusing the strangely communicated epistle. While we paused, I distinctly remember noting for the first time that he was ageing rapidly. The crow's feet on his weather-beaten brow were more marked, I imagined. His nose, likewise, seemed rather pinched, the nostrils dilating with each breath he drew, and his mouth, at the moment, seemed haggard and drawn. The veins at the temple were too prominently outlined, perhaps, while the sunken eyes gave to the cheek bones a heightened appearance. Doubtless all this occurred to me at the least propitious moment for him, for it was evident from his manner that the news he had just received was very unwelcome, if not wholly disagreeable. I remembered, too, with pity, that his wife had died during the last trip. He was now without a home, and as his only daughter had disgraced him many years before by a runaway match, he was practically without a relative.

At length the old man threw the letter on the table and turned to where we stood.

"So," said he, addressing the boy, who, meanwhile, had respectfully removed his cap, "You have turned up after all! Damn me! I don't know whether to admire you for your pluck or to chastise you for your forwardness.

"This imp of Hell, Mr. Manson, met me a day or two ago at Brimlow's office and asked me to give him a berth in the Tertius. I told him I had no use for him, but the brat was importunate, and you know I can't lump that sort of thing. I cuffed him soundly and kicked him downstairs, but the puppy had the audacity to turn and tell me that he would get aboard in spite of my teeth. The day after that I detected him trying to induce one of the deck boys to desert, in the hope, I suppose, of securing his berth at the last moment. I hounded him off and threatened to twist his neck if he should be seen about the wharf again. But it made no more impression on him than a bucket of suds in the South Pacific. I saw him steering around all yesterday, and in the evening caught him stumbling aboard with a sack on his back, thinking to pass as a lumper. I tell you I nearly crushed the life out of him—yet, by the great Columbus, here he is! Now, boy, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Captain Hayman's voice rose like a clap of thunder as he put the concluding question. Nevertheless, I could perceive that his anger, so ready to bubble on most occasions, was only assumed on this. Somehow, we have all of us a sneaking admiration for pluck, especially when opposing forces are strong, and repeated failure leaves it unshaken.

"Nothing, sir," replied the youth, in an off-hand manner, as if, having put his finger in the crow's nest, he could not rouse himself sufficiently to be interested in the consequences.

"No excuse to offer?" pursued the captain.

"None, sir."

"You were persistent in your endeavors to sail in the Tertius. Why did you choose her in preference to all the others in the harbor?"

"Because I was ordered."

"Why, who commanded you?"

"My mother, sir'"

"What!" cried the skipper. "Do you mean to tell me, boy, that your mother ordered you to stowaway?"

"No, sir, not to stowaway. I was to ask you to take me on board. She never dreamt you would refuse."

"Do you know any reason why she was so confident of your success?"

"Her father was a seaman, and she had heard him speak of you."

"By the great Christopher!" said the master, turning to me. "That's like a woman, Manson, isn't it? Sent her lad to sea because her father was a sailor, and wanted him to join the Tertius because its captain, forsooth, was alleged to be like Brutus in the play 'an honorable man.' But here, send the imp to Burgin with the first hand you meet. He reported a short while ago the desertion of one of his men. I reckon he can be trusted to brace the brat a bit." Then, just as we were leaving, he added, "By the way, boy, what is your name?"

"Matt Grimm, sir," responded the youth, glad, doubtless, to find that he had come through the ordeal unscathed.

"Well," said the old man," see that you do as Burgin tells you. If you give satisfaction you may be put on the ship's books and taken to London, but if there is any trouble, I'll give you a taste of a rope's end and hand you over to the authorities at the first port. Now go, and——

"Mr. Manson, you might step this way as soon as your hands are free."

The captain's manner puzzled me hugely, for during the three years I had been under his command I had never seen him treat stowaways otherwise than with diabolical severity. Here he was, laboring under a passion that was wholly assumed, and uttering words more fit for a nurse's lullaby than the mouth of an old sea dog whom I had known to stand for three days with a revolver over the heads of a crew of mutinous Portugese. A possible explanation presented itself when, on my return, he made me acquainted with a grievous piece of misfortune that had just befallen him; for I have noticed that a man of passionate temperament generally becomes more forbearing under calamity, just as his speech is always rendered less acrid by a piece of good fortune. The full extent of the old man's trouble had been communicated to him in the letter so strangely delivered by the agent's clerk. He now handed me the note. It was in a miserable hand, but I managed to

decipher it. It ran somewhat after this fashion:—

"My dear Captain,

According to advice received within the last hour from Schofield, of Singapore, it appears that the tobacco crop on the Koolenben estate has again proved an entire failure. In consequence of this, and the heavy drain that has been made upon the capital of the company during the pas' four years, the directors have decided to throw the whole property upon the market. When all claims are met, it is expected that not more than 1¼ per cent. of the paid up capital will be available.

In so far, my dear captain, as my own great misfortune enables me, I sympathize with you most sincerely, and only trust that the actual loss may not be so great as Schofield's estimate implies. —Yours faithfully, G. O. Brimlow."

Long ago, Captain Hayman had informed me, in a casual way, of his interest in a tobacco plantation, but I never cared to enquire its locality or the extent of his investment. He now explained to me that at Schofield's suggestion—who, like Brimlow, was an old shipmate—he had bought shares in the Koolenben Estate Co., Sumatra, amounting to something like £4,000, which represented the bulk of his savings. If the concern prospered, he determined to withdraw the whole in a couple of years and retire to some out of the way corner on the Cornwall coast. The first years of the company proving unremunerative, he, still at Schofield's suggestion, held on to his papers, preferring, it seems, to run further risk than sell out at a falling price. The worst, however had taken place, and here he was, an old man, without friends, without money, and the possibility of having soon to retire from active service staring him in the face. I felt, somehow, that he was more disappointed than he cared to show, for in spite of his blustering style, he was of a reserved temperament and, except to myself, rarely unbosomed himself. When I realized the full extent of his misfortune, and knew how bitter was the prospect that confronted him, I hastened to assure him of my sympathy, and to reiterate Brimlow's hope that surely things would not turn out quite so bad in the end. And when you come to think of it, under all similar circumstances, this is the least and the most, the beginning and the end, of all charitable thought.

Chapter II.—A Deeper Depth.

Having consigned Matt Grimm to the tender mercies of the chief engineer, Captain Hayman appeared straightway to forget that there was such a person within the iron walls of the Tertius. An accident, however, brought the stowaway to the old man's recollection, when we were six days out. Burgin, it seems, had set the lad to perform the work of the greaser, whose love of liquor had detained him in Sidney. Being satisfied with the manner in which Matt quitted himself, the engineer kept him at the post. On the day to which I have referred, the lad was engaged cleaning a piece of machinery connected with the fanners, when, without the slightest warning it burst under his hand. There was a sudden outrush of scalding spray, accompanied by a blinding, burning cloud of steam. Burgin instantly rushed to Matt's assistance, only to find the poor little fellow lying limp against the handrail. With difficulty he dragged him to a place of safety, and sent a hasty summons to the doctor. The lad's condition was precarious, though not without hope. The explosion had caught him full on the left side, inflicting a series of burns from the knee upwards. He was carried to the hospital, which was situated, as usual, amidships. Here he was stripped of his clothes and his wounds dressed with the haste which his condition demanded. On the mishap being reported to Captain Hayman, he instantly left the chart-house for the hospital. Matt was unconscious, but came round shortly before the old man left. He was too dazed, however, to bear questioning. It was probably just as well, for if ever there was a man whom the sight of suffering deprived of words, it was the stern visaged, fiery spirited captain of the Tertius. He might feel as keenly for the misery of another as one whose countenance was less forbidding, or whose voice was less gruff, but to convey to the sufferer one sympathetic thought was almost beyond him. It might be, of course, that this reserve only manifested itself when any person other than the patient was present; at any rate he was never given to loud regrets, or the commiseration that is expressed in a gush of over-sanguine hope.

Duty and common humanity required that Captain Hayman should see the invalid occasionally, but when it became known, in the course of a week or so, that they were in the habit of spending hours together, everyone wondered. It was the doctor who first made me aware of the bond of sympathy existing between our gray-headed, gray-bearded captain and the pale-faced Sidney youth. Burgin vouchsafed some further particulars. The engineer looked in now and then, as he said, "to cheer the kid up a bit," which meant, I suppose, telling the lad some tall yarns of his life in Borneo, and initiating him in the gentle art of chewing pig-tail. On several occasions he found the old man in attendance on the invalid, and once in particular discovered the pair deep in the mysteries of Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

Under such treatment it would have been a marvel if Matt had not quickly recovered. Sooner, indeed, than anybody anticipated he was on his feet again. But he was not permitted to return at once to the engine room.

We were now heading straight for Trincomalee, the port for which Brimlow's shipment of wool was destined. Ceylon, indeed, had already risen to view, and with every revolution of the screw was showing with greater distinctness. The day was bright, with now and then a puff of wind to fan the cheek. Except to shoreward, where a thin band of haze rose and fell like a veil of gauze, the panorama of the sea was motionless. By and by, this lifted almost completely. As it did so, a barque that had evidently been creeping behind the screen came into view. I watched it for a little, and then, turning to Captain Hayman, who had several times directed his glass towards the vaporous bank, I remarked that it looked like the Geraria, the veteran master of which was known to both of us.

"Why, where?" he exclaimed, rather excitedly, I thought. I indicated the direction, and he levelled the telescope again.

"It must be the Geraria," he commented, "for Banks told me he expected to be in this quarter about this time. But, good God! Manson," he added, turning to me with a queer expression, "I can't make her out at all! Indeed, I can't! My eyesight has been troubling me lately. If you are able to make out Banks' old tub with the naked eye, it only proves what I have been fearing all along—that I am going blind!"

I turned towards him and looked earnestly into his face as he uttered the last ominous phrase. Sure enough, a gray speck appeared to be growing over the retina of his right eye. The left had never been much good to him, a nasty knock he had once received in a scrimmage with some Spaniards at Suez having injured it irreparably. Truly, this was the worst misfortune of all. It was a moment or two before I could realize just how much it meant to him. I was too dumbfounded even to find a single syllable of consolation to offer him. He turned and slowly descended the ladder.

Almost the first thing he did I afterwards learned, was to make an entry in the log-book to the effect that finding himself incapacitated by the loss of his sight, he had resigned the command of the Tertius in favor of first officer Brierly. His next was to consult the doctor. That gentleman saw at once that it was necessary an operation should be performed if the captain's sight was to be preserved even in the feeblest degree. But a great throbbing steamer is no place for the execution of so delicate a task. And so it was resolved to await our arrival at London. In the meantime, the old man was obliged to confine himself to his cabin, which was specially darkened to insure his vision against the risk of being over-strained. Matt Grimm, being fully convalescent by this time, was ordered to wait upon him. Nothing could have been more agreeable to the lad's wishes, as was evident

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by the way in which he performed his duties.

Before the steamer put in at London, the doctor made arrangements by telegraph for the reception of Captain Hayman at a private hospital in the west-end, and the Tertius was no sooner berthed than he set out in a cab for his destination.

Chapter III.—The Deepest Depth.

On the day following our arrival, Captain Hayman underwent the painful operation which the ship's doctor told me was the only chance the old man had of remedying his defective vision. Before the Tertius started on her next run I went out to the hospital to learn how the patient was progressing. I was not permitted to see him, however. The strain had been too great for even his vigorous constitution. Doubtless the worry consequent upon the ill news which Brimlow's note contained was in some degree accountable for his complete prostration. I was assured, however, that the operation had been eminently successful; so far, at least, as it was possible to judge at that early stage.

Contrary to my expectations Matt Grimm did not return to the Tertius. Considering that he had expressed his determination to follow the sea, and that he would have had no difficulty in securing his berth, I thought this rather strange. Burgin seemed specially disappointed, and blamed himself several times for having lost sight of the "kid." For my part I concluded that Matt had had enough of the sea, and that perhaps it was London that had lured him after all.

mate of the captain's I resolved to look him up on the mere chance of receiving a suggestion as to where I might prosecute my inquiries. The commission agent was working industriously at his desk when I entered. I told him my errand at once, and frankly admitted my fears regarding the old man's physical and financial state, thinking, thereby, to stimulate his sympathy to the extent of some pecuniary assistance.

"Good heavens! man!" said he, catching my drift at once. "Captain Hayman is not in need of anybody's help—you take my tip for it. He holds a considerable number of shares in the most remarkable venture that has been heard on 'change for many years. I wrote him full particulars last mail, so that, if the newspapers have not already supplied him with details, he will have them in his possession by the time you arrive home. Some years ago I induced the captain to invest heavily in a tobacco plantation. But it was an unmitigated failure from the very start. Indeed, things came to such a pass in May last that we resolved to go into liquidation Before any action was taken, however, I received a visit in this office from a mining engineer named Gilbertson, who had been over the estate with a friend. After binding me to one or two promises, he told me that one of the chief reasons why our Koolenben tobacco venture had failed was the fact that the soil was so saturated with oil that plants could not possibly thrive in it. If we would sink a well or two, however, he had not the slightest doubt that we could not only recover what had been lost, but make a handsome profit into the bar-

An Editor's Appreciation of the Western Home Monthly.

The Editor, Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Sir,

Your magazine is a splendid one, brimful of valuable information, and we assure you that we appreciate it greatly.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) RALPHIA STILL,
Editor, Woman's Department,
Dipper Office, Ottawa.

On our return home again, I found that Captain Hayman had remained at the hospital till only a day or two before our arrival. From what I could gather, the operation had, after all, failed to effect even the slightest cure and he had passed out with the assurance that nothing more could be done for him. Knowing his circumstances as I did, there was something distressingly pitiful, I thought, in this announcement. He had talked of going to some place in Cornwall, but just exactly where nobody had thought it worth while to inquire. As he had sold the little cottage in Penzance in which his wife resided before her death, it did not seem at all likely to me that he would go there. I knew he was not the kind of man to court his acquaintances in time of trouble. I was left, therefore, without further trace of him.

On the next run to Sidney my mind was so much exercised with the old man's unhappy position, that I resolved to call upon Brimlow and inquire if he had any knowledge of the captain's movements, or if he could suggest where he was likely to be found. But he was unable to give me the slightest clue. He was good enough to inform me, however, that I might draw on him for £50 should I find the skipper in need of assistance. This naturally, had the effect of making me more anxious to trace his whereabouts. Indeed, I promised the agent to do all I could on my return.

As chance would have it, we called in at Singapore on the run home. Remembering that one Schofield, of this city, was, like Brimlow, a former ship-

gain. I called a special meeting to consider Gilbertson's proposals. But it didn't take much talking over. We were already so deeply involved that another hundred pounds or two didn't seem to matter. Well, the upshot was that in little over six weeks we struck oil. Since then we have sunk several shafts, the oil is already on the market, and the shares are being quoted at sixty above par. I was going over the dividend returns for the first quarter when you came in. At the very lowest estimate these will go out at fifteen per cent. By all means, then, Mr. Officer, make inquiries about Captain Hayman as soon as you get back, and advise him to hold on to his papers, for this is something that is going to make all kinds of money for us."

I returned to the ship highly delighted with the news I had received, and determined, even more than ever to find the captain. To think of him hiding away in some corner, blind and helpless, and living in the belief that he was a ruined man, was pitiable in the extreme.

On reporting myself at the office of our company in London, I inquired whether Captain Hayman had been heard of lately. For answer, the cashier pointed to several letters and newspapers which were waiting for him. Among them, of course, was Schofield's, so that it was quite apparent the old man had not heard of his own good fortune.

We were ten days in port on this occasion, and I spent every spare hour of it in my search. I advertised in the Times and the Telegraph. I looked in at every likely and unlikely place in

the city. I sent messages by telegraph and telephone in every direction. I even ran down to Penzance, though I could ill afford the time to do so. But all to no purpose.

The last evening of my stay ashore came round. Recognizing my defeat, I had that afternoon put the matter in the hands of a private detective agency, that the quest might be continued in my absence. Feeling that I had done everything I could think of, I dropped into one of the theatres in the vicinity of the Strand, by way of giving my mind a rest. On the stair I met a boy with a bundle of programmes under his arm, and signified to him that I wished to possess one. While I fumbled for a copper I was surprised to hear him say:—

"The Tertius is in port again, I suppose, sir?"

I looked at him in astonishment. It was our stowaway, Matt Grimm. The row of shining buttons on his short, official jacket had made me overlook the fact.

"Oh, Mr. Manson," he hurriedly whispered, when I had looked him over, "couldn't you come and see the captain? He is so ill and out of sorts, I'm sure it would do him good."

Somehow, it had never once occurred to me to couple the boy and the man together.

"When are you free?" I asked.

"At the commencement of the second act," he answered.

"I shall wait for you at the door, then. Don't delay."

Somehow the mummers on the stage failed to rouse any interest in me during the opening scenes. The drama of the captain of the Tertius still held sway over me.

It was with some impatience that I waited Matt's appearance. He came at length, and together we issued into the Strand. Leading me through a perfect maze of narrow streets and alleys he brought me out upon the river front. From his intimate knowledge one would have thought him to be a true-born Cockney. As we went, I drew his story from him by degrees. He had somehow learned of the captain's losses, and, fearing that the operation might prove unsuccessful, had hovered round the hospital all the time. At first he had been content to procure a livelihood by selling wax vestas and cheap toys in the vicinity, but becoming acquainted with the porter of the institution, who promised to let him know when the captain was expected to leave, he extended his field so far as to attach himself to the theatre in which I met him. He was consequently on the spot when the old man was led forth and put into a cab. As soon as the vehicle rattled off, Matt started in pursuit, arriving at Paddington almost at the moment that Jehu drew up.

It was quite apparent from the captain's hesitating manner that his vision was well nigh gone. As soon as possible, therefore, the lad made himself known. The old man had decided to journey to Penzance, but as his means had now become extremely limited, he was readily induced to accompany Matt to the house where he himself had found shelter.

It was not by any means a place of superfluous or even moderate comfort. The district was squalid and the house inordinately so. At least, that was how it struck me, as I entered the low door and mounted the creaking stair. The room was on the second floor. It was dark, of course, when we entered. On Matt procuring a light, the wretchedness of the whole surroudings filled me with dismay. A table, a chair, and an iron bedstead with a mattress upon it, were the sole articles of furniture. On the latter lay the captain, grizzled and gaunt, and hollow-eyed; a mere battered and broken wreck that the inexorable sea of human circumstance had made derelict.

I spoke to him.

"Why, is that you, Manson?" he said, quite cheerily, "I'm glad to see you." But I knew by the groping way in which he held out his hand that he did not see me at all.

The news I had to tell was too important to waste time on preliminaries, so I launched out at once. When I mentioned how things had progressed with the Koolenben tobacco plantation, Captain Hayman simply sat up in bed and gasped. The next moment he fell wearily back.

"No, no, Manson," he said, "it's too good to be true."

"I have it from Schofield," I said, "and you know he is a man to be trusted. Besides, the shares are being quoted daily with the newspapers."

For a moment the old man lay quite motionless, then, in a quiet voice called Matt to his side.

"My boy," said he, taking hold of both his hands, "I want you to promise never to leave me. You have been good to me when you thought I was poor. It will go hard with me if you desert me now that I am rich."

I did not stay long with them, for I knew they wished to be alone to talk the future over. I thought it well to promise, however, to bring the letters from the company's office in the morning.

The Tertius was sailing with the afternoon tide, so as soon after breakfast as possible I took a cab to the captain's lodging, calling for the correspondence by the way.

"I have made arrangements," I said, as I entered, "to remove both of you for the time being, to a nice quiet house in the west. I know the people, you may rest assured they will make you comfortable. Here are the letters. As soon as you have looked through them we shall take our departure."

"Thank you, Manson," said the old man, radiantly, "now, like a good fellow, just read them for me, please."

The first was Schoffield's, intimating the change in fortune and the change in name of the Koolenben Estate Company.

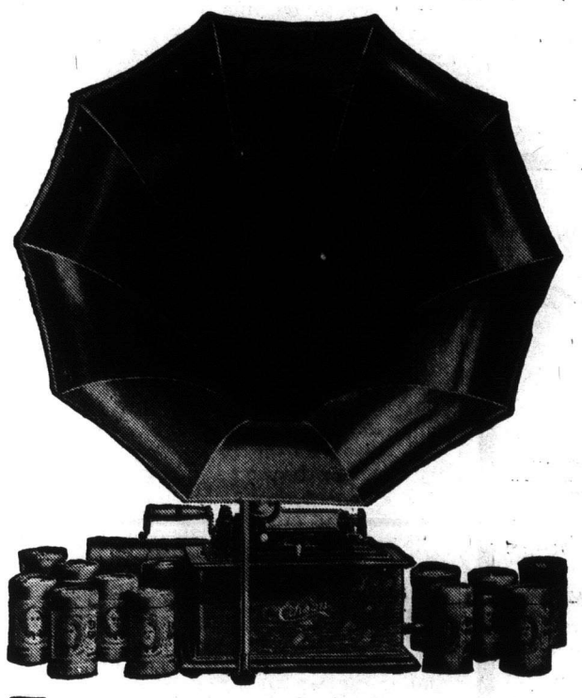
"He mentions that the name of the mining engineer who made the discovery was Gilbertson," said the skipper, when I had finished. "Now, do you think that by any chance this can be my daughter Manda's husband? I never set much value on his sagacity, but it is just possible I may have been mistaken about him."

As he spoke I broke the seal of the second letter.

"Why," I exclaimed, "here is a letter from your daughter. It may afford an explanation."

"Read it, read it," cried Captain Hayman, excitedly.

"Brisbane, Queensland,
My dear father, 4th October, 1895.
I have just received a Penzance paper which records the death of poor, dear mother. I cannot tell you how sad it



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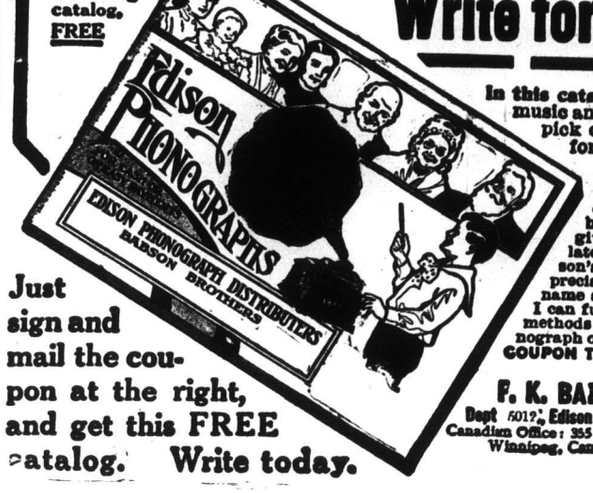

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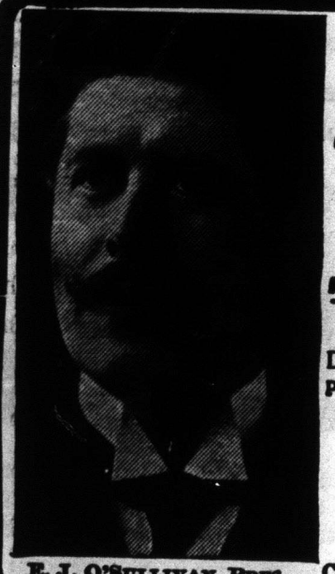

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has made me; for I had ever give up hope of seeing you both again. My grief are all the more that my husband and boy are away from me at present.

From George I have a letter saying that he has secured an excellent position with the Koolenben Oil Company, of Sumatra, and is making a handsome income.

"But it is about Matthew, my only boy, that I specially write you now.

"It has always hurt me to think that you and I should have been estranged so long, and as Matthew grew up I conceived the idea of sending him to sea in your own vessel in the hope not only that he might become a sailor like you, but that somehow he would secure our pardon.

"It was, perhaps, a childish thing to do, but I had brooded over it so long that it came to look like the inevitable. Matthew himself, though only fourteen, was eager to go, and so in May last I sent him down to Sidney to await the arrival of the Tertius. Since then I have not heard of him and I fear the worst has happened. Oh, father, dear father, write me quickly and tell me if you have seen him. He was to adopt the name of Matthew Grimm, and be known by no other. If it is in your power, make inquiries about him and bring him back.

"If we have lost him it will seem a fearful penalty for having disobeyed you, but God knows that beyond this we have had nothing to regret in our married life.

"Write me soon, dear father, and give me news of my boy.

"With love and sympathy, I reamain, your affectionate daughter Manda."

Matt came over to us when he heard his mother's letter being read. The old man knew he was near, for he put out his hand and drew him to his knee.

"Matt," said he, kissing him on the cheek, "you are the best boy in the world. And to think you are my own dear grandchild after all! This is a day to be remembered."

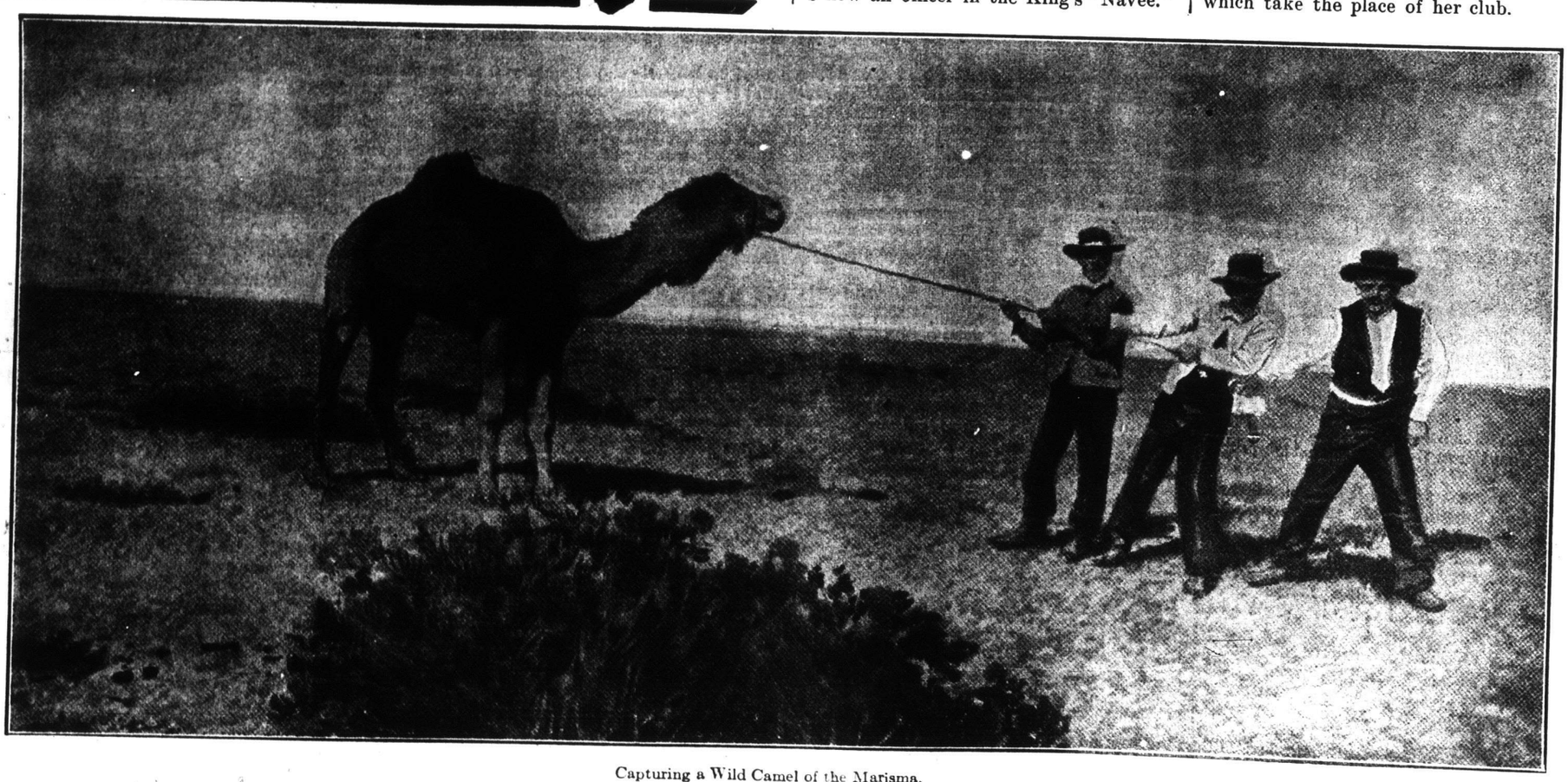
I saw them settled in their new home, and at the captain's request sent a cablegram to Brisbane to the boy's mother. It was brief, but there was sufficient in it to relieve her anxiety regarding Matt and assure her of a reconciliation with her father.

Before the spring of 1896, the captain bought a cottage at Penzance, where he and Matt went to reside and where they were shortly afterwards joined by Mrs. Gilbertson. Here the old man underwent another operation which restored his vision somewhat, although it was never anything but feeble. Matt's father remained for two years at Sumatra, and then came home to live with them. Matt himself was sent to college for a year or two. But the sea had cast her glamor over him, and he could no more resist her appeal than the rest of us. He is now an officer in the King's "Navee."

The Life of a Turkish Lady.

The revolutions which are taking place in Turkey affect the women of the country to a greater extent than would have been the case fifty years ago, for it is little realized in England how their position has improved, and how eagerly they are making use of the opportunities now offered them for a wider life and a better education. In this, says Eveline B. Mitford, writing in the "Queen," they have the help and approval of the most cultured and best educated among Turkish gentlemen, especially those who have been accustomed to mix with foreign ladies who are keenly desirous that the lives of their womenkind should be more in accordance with the ideas prevailing in Western Europe.

Turkish women are only returning to a former state of things, for in earlier days Mohammedan law allowed them much greater freedom. They spoke in public, and among them were recognized preachers who delivered addresses to congregations of their own sex in the mosques. They also figured in the literature of their country, and the names of two poetesses, Zehneb and Mihri, who lived in the fifteenth century, are known to the people. Gradually the laws became stricter and their lives more circumscribed, until at last the position of the Turkish woman became a by-word in Europe for all that was most enslaved and retrograde. A great deal of misapprehension has existed on this subject, however, and the evils and miseries of the Turkish lady's life have been greatly exaggerated. It is true that after childhood she is only allowed the companionship of members of her own sex, for, with the exception of her husband and nearest male relatives, no men are ever admitted into her society; but she manages to extract a great deal of pleasure out of life all the same. The average Turk, far from being the Bluebeard storybooks have painted him, is a courteous, kindly gentleman, who treats his wife with great consideration and respect. The best part of the house, commanding the finest views, is set aside for her use, and if he be wealthy she has all her heart can desire in beautiful furniture, bric-a-brac, and dresses from the great houses of London and Paris. She gives sumptuous luncheon parties to her friends; her well-appointed carriage and splendid horses fill many an Englishwoman's heart with envy; while her boat, with its rowers in gorgeous livery, is to be seen gliding over the waters on its way to some picturesque spot where she is giving a picnic or tea-party. The morning is passed at the public baths, which take the place of her club.



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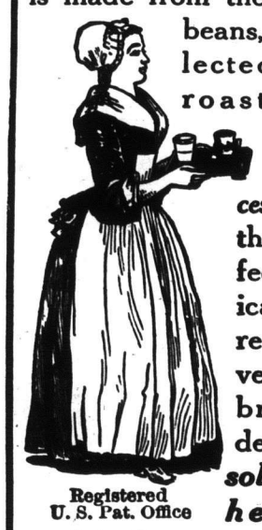

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The Things That Count.

By Owen Oliver.

ON the evening of the day that Sir John Forrington's knighthood was announced I called to see him. My congratulations had too much heart in them for pen and ink. I wanted a grip of the hand, and a smile to my smile.

His grip was hearty enough, but there was something missing from his smile. There often is when one comes to forty years.

"It is—an honor," he said, with the slightest touch of bitterness in his voice.

"Well, it's only the hall-mark," I admitted; "but one is glad to be the stuff they stamp."

"Thanks, old man," he acknowledged. "Thanks. There's always a fly in the sugar, isn't there? It seems cheap to profess indifference. I suppose I'm pleased really. It's just—liver. Come into the den and talk."

We went to his handsome study, and took luxurious arm-chairs. Time was when our studies were bare attics. Now the signs of prosperity are around us; but life isn't Turkey carpets and cigars.

"You've been looking up ancient history?" I charged him. "We always do when we come to a new volume. Well, there are some good chapters in volume I. of John Forrington."

I recounted the steps in his career, with a friend's enthusiasm, till I came to the rung of knighthood. Then he turned round and faced me, with his chin on his hand. I had often thought what a fine face he had. A man's life writes on his features. Clever and strong, and clean-living and kindly; that was what one read on the face of John Forrington.

"They aren't the things that count," he stated. "You leave the honors behind. A few withered rose leaves go in the coffin.'

"Ah!" I said. "So it's rose leaves, old chap."

"No," he said slowly. "It's a hairpin. . . . I did you an injustice. I thought you'd laugh."

And then I laughed.

"If you asked me what counted most," I told him, "I'd say a handkerchief spotted with red. I bound someone's finger when she cut it once. . . . That ought to encourage you!"

I laughed again, and so did he. You get into a way of laughing when you have an ache to hide.

"It's in that drawer," he mentioned. "If anything happens to me, you'll know what to do with it."

"Yes," I said.

We were silent for a long time. Then he told me this story.

* * * * *

I met her ten years ago at Gibraltar. It was on one of the trips that helped me a step up the ladder. She was only eighteen; not much more than a child. I didn't think she was anything more. That was my mistake. I was careful enough with women. A married man separated from his wife—well, you know about that.

You can understand that I didn't want to talk about my domestic life. I forgive her for all but one thing. Well, I try to forgive that now she's gone. She made me a worse man than I might have been. Ah! but I know! . . I didn't see why it mattered to other people that I was married, unless I wanted to be friends with a woman. Then I said just enough to let her infer that I was. It didn't seem necessary to take precautions with a child.

The way I came to know her was this. We were staying at the Bristol, and in the evenings they used to sit in the strip of garden across the road, against the cathedral. I mean the little girl and her mother and elder sister. They were sitting there that evening, and I was in the smoking-room with Young Reeves? You know Reeves. He was with me as a sort of secretary-assistant. He was a good boy, and keen on his work; but prettty girls distracted him. That's what they're for!

The distraction at the moment was the elder sister. He kept fidgeting, hearing her voice through the open window as we drank our coffee; and I saw that my instructions were going in at one ear and out of the other.

I was explaining to him about taking some levels in the morning. Gib. is all ups and downs.

"Well, Charlie," I said at last, "I've wasted a lot of good breath on you."

He muttered an apology, and grinned.

"It's confounded hard lines when you don't know people," he remarked.

"It's confounded stupidity if you want to know them and don't," I retorted.

"Oh, well!" He shrugged his shoulders. "Of course, you find a chance, sooner or later, if you look out. I'm going to. But I'd like to talk to them now."

I was just going to load my pipe, and an idea struck me; and I laughed aloud. I'd been pretty hard hit; but I was younger then, and I could raise a real laugh.

"Come along, young innocent!" I said. "We will go and talk to them forthwith."

"You won't offend them?" he begged; "but of course you won't."

"Not a bit," I promised. "If they want to talk to us—women generally do want to talk to men, that's what you boys forget—it will be all right. If they don't they won't anyhow. 'Faint heart,' you know, Charlie."

We walked out and sat down near them. I fumbled about with my pipe. Then I turned to the mother. I could see that she was a cheerful old soul, and I guessed that she'd see through my dodge, and wouldn't mind.

"Excuse me," I said, "but could you by any chance lend me a hairpin to clean my pipe?"

She looked at her daughters, and all three laughed. Their laughter had the real ring.

"My little girl could," she answered. "She is always losing them, so she carries a stock in her pocket."

They laughed again. The little girl's hairpins were evidently a standing jest with them. She flushed a little, and looked at me.

"They aren't in my pocket," she explained—what a pretty soft voice she had!—"I keep them in my hair—the spare ones. That is why they tease me. But I will fetch you a new one."

She rose quickly, but I jumped up and barred the way to the gate.

"As if I would let you run up three flights of stairs for me!" I protested. "I am sure that you always run."

"Yes!" She laughed gaily. "I don't mind."

"But I do. Besides, I should like one out of your—pocket!—much the best."

"Of course he wouldn't, dear," her mother observed.

"Of course he would!" said her sister. She was a very attractive girl, and evidently used to badinage.

"Naturally he would," Reeves added.

The young girl looked round at us with her eyes sparkling, and still flushing a little.

"Now which am I to believe?" she asked.

"Me!" cried all the rest.

I held out my hand. She took out a hairpin and gave it to me.

"It's nearly new," she told me, with a little amused smile. If I were to try to describe her look in a word, it would be just that—amused.

"And you needn't clean your pipe with it, if it doesn't want cleaning," her sister remarked daringly. "Daring" is the one word for her.

We all laughed a little guiltily.

"No," I admitted. "I needn't. It is—a way of eating salt together." I looked at her mother, and she nodded.

"I am an old traveller," she said, "and I have eaten salt with many people.

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They are welcome to eat salt with me if they are nice. That is the condition of your forgiveness."

"It is easy for you to forgive, mummy," the elder sister objected. "He hasn't stolen your hairpin."

"Well," retorted the Little Girl—they called her that—"he hasn't stolen yours!" She nodded her head several times.

"That is right," I agreed. "I am in your hands, little lady.

She sat down again and looked at me with her head on one side.

"Will you give me back the hairpin?" she suggested.

"No," I replied decidedly.

"Do you really want it for your pipe?"

"Not a bit!"

"Then," she said, "you have eaten my salt!"

"Amen!" I assented. God knows I never meant to break faith with my little hostess.

We grew friends very quickly, all five of us. Reeves and Ethel flirted for a fortnight. Tnen she drifted off to a Naval officer, and he to the daughter of an Army doctor, who is his wife now. The mother made friends with some people who played bridge every night, and drifted off to them. The Litte Girl and I did not drift apart. Her mother trusted her to me, and I used to amuse her in the evenings, when the others were playing at bridge—or at love.

Sometimes we sat in the garden and talked. Sometimes we walked along the Line Wall, or through the queer narrow streets. Sometimes when it was moonlight we walked along the Europa Main Road, above the Alameda. I have been all over the world, and I know no road to match it in the moonlight. The road beyond Sea Point at Cape Town comes nearest. . . . I know of no company on any road to match the Little Girl's; and your comes next. . . . I always treated her as a child, you will understand; teased her and let her talk; played draughts and let her win; taught her card tricks and puzzles; got her to sew on buttons for me, and rewarded her with a Moorish bag—the best I could buy at Benoliel's—to keep her needles and cottons in. I gave her a bangle from Tangier, too. I called that a doctor's fee, because I had "the dumps," after a nasty letter from England, and she laughed them away.

I never flirted with her for a moment. I want you to be clear about that. I never held her hand a second too long when we said good-night, never gave her my arm when we walked. I didn't even think of anything of the sort till the last night, or dream that she did. What a fool a man is!

We were walking up and down the Line Wall together after dinner. I felt more depressed than I could have imagined at leaving. I knew that it was at leaving my little companion, but that was all.

"To-morrow," I said, "I shall be walking up and down the deck of the Arabia, with no nice Little Girl."

Then the thought struck me, like a fierce blow, that no way in life was worth walking henceforth—without the Little Girl.

Our eyes met suddenly. I had not thought enough of love-making even to avoid her eyes.

"And I," she said, with a little shake in her voice, "shall be walking here, with no nice you!"

I saw her hands grip together, and I knew. . . . How the deuce do we know things? . . . Well, I did.

The silence that followed was hissing with danger. I realised well enough that I ought to break it, and turn the subject; but I could find no words; and I have always been ready with my tongue.

Presently she looked at me for just a moment, and dropped her eyes again; and again I tried to find words and couldn't. I was numbed with hurt—stunned! I could have borne my own trouble, but to hurt her! I tried to find the way of hurting her the least, but I couldn't think, even.

Sometimes I fancy that it would have been best to tell her everything, but then I judged that silence was kindest. Afterwards I thought that the knife would have been more merciful. She would have had more to get over; but she would have got over it quicker. And I might have comforted her for a moment.

Anyhow, I said nothing. She evidently thought that I feared my fate too much; considered myself too old or her too young; and she tried to help me! She was sure beyond doubt that I loved her, or she wouldn't have done that.

"You have been so very kind to me," she said, with a grave, unfaltering voice. "I should like you to know that—that I am not too much of a child to appreciate it. You think that you are dreadfully old, and I am dreadfully young, but—but I do not think you are old, and—and I am quite grown up in—in some things."

She laughed her little laugh—oh, blessed little laugh!—so differently. If ever a man suffered hell on earth I suffered it then. . . . I couldn't tell her after that. Our hearts would have run away with us for a moment. I thought she would be glad afterwards that she had been spared from open confession. . . . I don't know. . . . I don't know. . . . Well, I spared her the pain; and the comfort. . . . The rest of the evening—I can't talk about it.

I left next morning. She was very brave. I could see that she had been crying, but she laughed then. I wonder

Another Reader's Appreciation.

Aylesbury, Sask., Dec. 26, 1910.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,

I cannot lay down the December number without writing to express my appreciation of your magazine. It is worth many times the price and fully deserves its reputation of being one of the cleanest, strongest and most up-to-date magazines in Canada. It is a magazine in every sense and not merely a monthly story book. During the five or six years I have been reading it it has been symbolical of Western Canada in at least one way—progress.

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if her laugh ever got back the old ring. That is what I should like to know.

I don't think it did for a long time. I think she waited and hoped. She sent me one or two picture post cards, and a tie that she had promised to work me. It's with the hairpin.

I wrote to her, then. I think I enabled her to infer that I was not free, without saying anything that implied that this mattered to her, or that I suspected that it did. Anyhow, I wrote and rewrote the letter sixteen times.

Seven years afterwards I was free. I spent a small fortune tracing her. She had been married a year, I found. That ends it all, except—I'd like her to know the facts—that I didn't mean to hurt her.

I've thought over that a good deal. I couldn't write and tell her. It would be an insult to suggest that she cared. By now she probably doesn't. I hope not. Still, I'd like her to know that I wasn't just a blackguard who deliberately flirted with a young girl.

If I were a story-writer like you, I should just put it in a story and hope that she might read it. She read a lot. Will you, old man? Thanks—many thanks. I expect I'd have told you some day, anyhow; but that was in my mind when I started to tell you to-night. Yes, we understand each other. Our friendship—counts.

* * * * *

The editor of the Fiction Weekly was worrying me for a domestic story. "The Things that Count" appeared within two months. I gave Forrington's story word for word, altering the names.

A few days afterwards the editor persuaded me to go to one of his wife's At Homes.

"A friend of my wife," he said, "at least, she's the friend of a friend of a friend—insists on knowing you. I believe that she made our acquaintance solely for that purpose. She is a singularly charming young lady of about eight-and-twenty, and——"

"My dear man!" I interrupted, "I am lady-proof!"

"Oh!" He laughed. "I don't suppose she wants you to marry her; only to read a story."

"Hang her!" I growled.

I repented of this rude observation when I met the lady. She was a delightful young woman, pretty and smiling and bright.

"Now, Mr. Franklyn," she said, when we had talked for some time, "I want to ask you about one of your stories—'The Things that Count.' Is it fiction or reality?"

I looked hard at her and she looked hard at me.

"Does that—count?" I asked.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"Reality," I owned, "except—I understood that the Little Girl got married; but perhaps she didn't, Miss Vane?"

"Possibly," she suggested, "he might have heard of the marriage of a younger sister—the youngest."

"It would make a great difference to him," I told her. "That you—I mean that 'she' is free."

"Then he really does—care about her still? Really?"

"He really does—you mean Sir John—?" I paused.

"Forrington," she supplied, and I nodded.

She smiled, and I understood why he had described the Little Girl's expression as "amused."

"Then will you tell him that, if he still uses them to clean his pipe"—she drew a hairpin from her hair—"he may have this one."

"Hadn't I better tell him to call for it—say, this day week?" I asked with a smile.

"You provoking man!—I am going back to the hotel now." She gave me the address.

"Some people are very lucky," I said. "Yes. He will come. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. Perhaps you, too—if the rest of the story were true. I won't ask, but good luck, Mr. Franklyn."

"Good luck to you; and him," I said. "My luck is out."

"You never know," she protested.

"I know," I said sadly.

I motored to Forrington's office. He borrowed my motor to go to her, and left me to find a cab, or walk. I walked for two hours, but I don't remember where. One way is as good as another when you travel alone; and since Phyllis Newton would not walk with me, I must journey singly to the end of my days.

* * * * *

The next morning my married sister sent me an urgent summons to go round in the afternoon. I went, and there I met Phyllis Newton. I had not seen her for five years—not since our engagement terminated. I was five-and-thirty then, and she was five-and-twenty.

"The years have treated you lightly," I said, when my sister went out—she said to fetch the baby for us to see. "Now I——"

I touched my head where the hair was growing thin.

"It's production has been internal," she suggested. "I read a great deal of your work. I always thought that authors put themselves in their stories, but you have disillusioned me. 'The Things that Count,' you know."

"Some years ago you disillusioned me, Phyllis. I beg your pardon, Miss Newton."

"I suppose I am growing too old to be called by my Christian name?"

"You look very young," I told her.

"Do I? You can call me how you please, then. The disillusion wasn't all my fault; but I daresay I was as bad as you were. That's a great admission for me, isn't it?"

She laughed—that old, deep contralto laugh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart. If Phyllis could be put in a word it would be "genuine."

"It's a pity that we weren't both more ready to make admission then," I said. I—it happens to be true about the handkerchief, Phyllis."

She fumbled in a little bag and brought out the programme of the last concert that we were to together; and a crooked sixpence that I gave her when she wore her hair in a pigtail.

"Oh, Teddie!" she cried with a sob. "Oh, Teddie! The things that count!"

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I. H. C. 1911 Calendar.

For 1911 the International Harvester Company of America has gotten out a set of very attractive calendars, directing attention to the well-known lines of harvesting machines—Champion, Deering, McCormick, Milwaukee, Osborne, and Plano. These calendars are beautifully lithographed in colors, and are 20 by 13¼ inches in size. The scenes depicted on these calendars include "The Hunting Camp," with the successful rifleman who is bringing in a deer; "The Days of '49," when the prairie schooner was a familiar sight west of the Missouri River; "The Prospectors," in search of the elusive gold; "Grandmother Sewing on a Button," "The Children Playing with Tige on the Beach," and "The Summer Girl with her Parasol."

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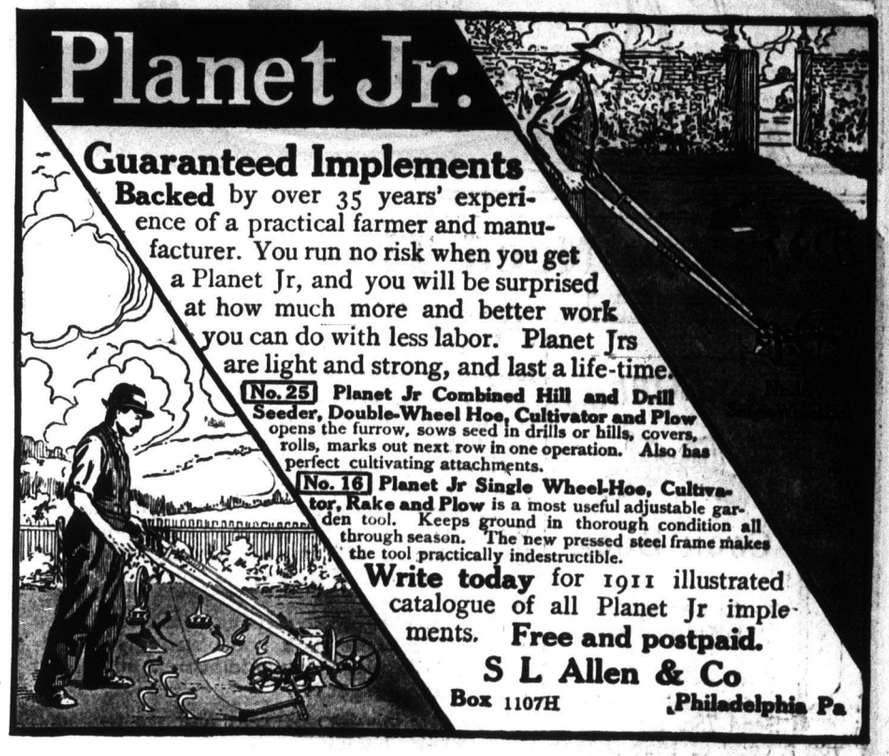

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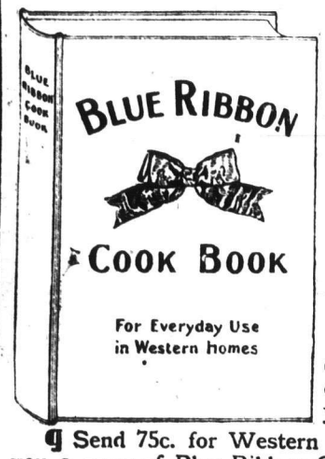

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In the Alder Valley of British Columbia.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

It might be well to locate this huge hunting and shooting field of which I write. Especially in view of the fact that a prominent London daily in writing about the Canadians winning at Henley spoke of the Winnipeg team of Toronto—these two places lie further apart than do the ends of the British Isles. So you will have to cross over the entire continent of America, right though the Dominion of Canada with its nine great provinces, up over the huge backbone of the continent, the Rocky Mountains and adown the slopes and benchlands to this sea-girt shore of British Columbia, the furthest western bit of the Empire, fully six thousand miles from London—of this the Atlantic ocean that you cross figures out some three thousand miles.

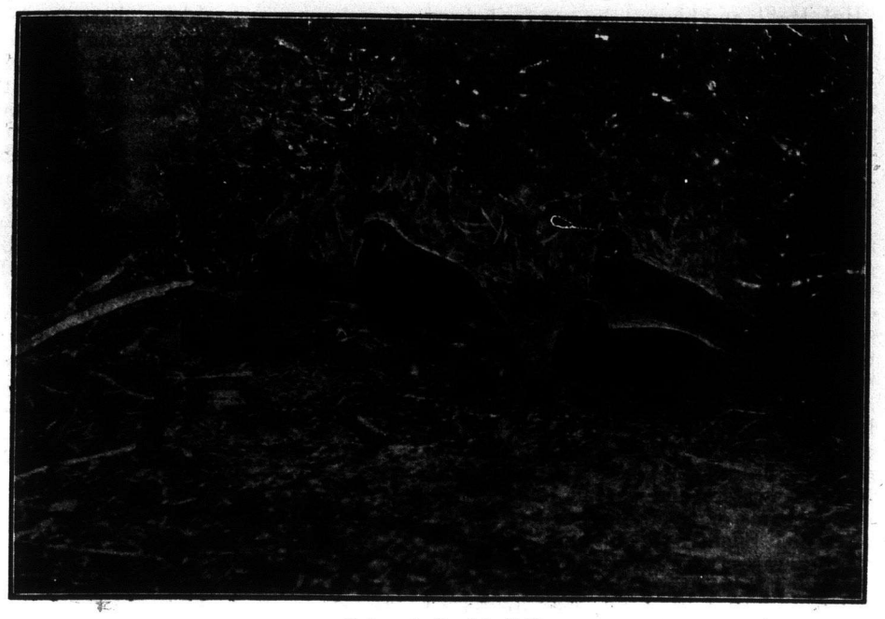
Here you will find a climate something similiar to that of the west coast of England. Eight months of extremely good weather, with a few fogs and rare showers and four months of the intermittent winter or wet season. Under these genial skies Nature sends forth the best specimens of the fauna.

It is about a century ago that we white men entered into this island studded, mountain range covered land. We found the ruffed grouse and the blue grouse (umbellus subini and Dengragapus obscurus) in possession. All the lower valleys and benches held the former and the upper levels and valleys the latter. There is no doubt these excellent game birds were in quantities everywhere, as, the "old folk," as they now call the ancient pure breeds took them with snares and arrows. One thing I must note here. Everywhere, wherever we have taken the lands of these widely different native races of this continent we have found the game birds and animals thriving. If you will closely study the acts of that genial old Dame Nature you will find that she allows ample room for fair killing and thinning out, both by man; he was seemingly not calculated for in this wonderful recreation, and by each and all orders above. The nesting bird lays ten eggs that she may produce two that will grow in process of time two fully grown birds to perpetute the race. The salmon exudes some four thousand eggs that she too in course of time may give back two fully grown salmon to take the place of herself and her mate that die in the act of spawning.

During all these ages before the white man set foot upon this coast it was inhabited for fully one thousand years, as the skulls of the natives found beneath the roots of the giant firs teach, by fishing and hunting tribes. These people lived by the chase, yet, when we arrived, all the fauna was well represented. They took to preserve their own lives. We kill from wanton love of slaughter. And it is very hard to eradicate this blood lust. Personally I have written praying for mercy for the creatures of the flood and field for years. Ever, as I grow older, I have used the camera more and more and the old favourite gun the less—yet I was out on a lonely spot not long since and the lad assisting me turned over a log and out ran a fine big male mink. Well! what did I do? Tell the lad to be merciful and not injure the sleek bounding creature. No! and again, No! I seized a stick and tried my hardest to kill the lithe furbearer and after I had, luckily, missed a crack at his head as he ran over a log at my feet, I sat down, remembered, was properly ashamed of myself and then told the lad "not to injure the sleek bounding creature"—a case of sour grapes and also showing how close to the surface the old barbaric nature is in the modern man.

Thus you may account for the passing of various species. We have for years cut millions of trees annually. We have each year brought under cultivation hundreds of thousands of acres. We have, in the outlying settlements and by boys and lawbreakers in the more populous places killed each year more than enough of the surplus production of our birds and animals to allow the natural enemies of these races to further decimate them while taking their right and natural food. Now there is a scare cry and a flurry and Conservation Congresses are meeting and game reserves are being set aside for the preservation of the fauna. It is nothing [illegible] one of our provinces setting [illegible] a natural park a mighty domain

Ruffed Grouse.



California Snail in B.C.

as large as an European State. Reforestration is the cry of the hour. For not only by cutting down all the trees have the people of this continent—the United States especially—killed off the birds and beasts, aye and the fishes too, but they have so dried up the rivers and streams as to impoverish the land and the result in this year of grace 1910 is that the great republic to the south of us will, for the first time in many years, cease to be an exporting nation of cereals and foodstuffs.

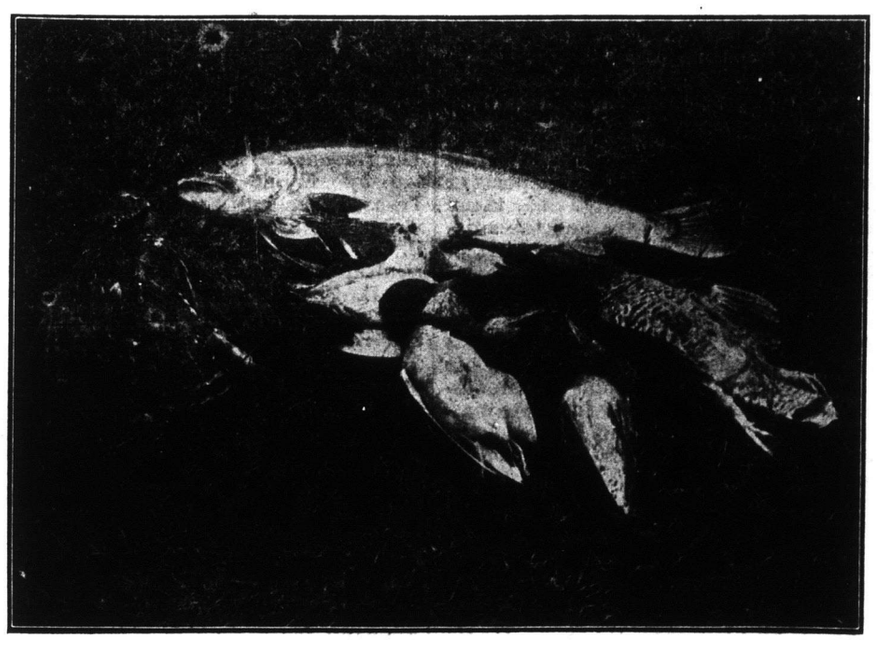
Luckily this wildly magnificent province of British Columbia, this furthest west and last to be civilized part of this mightly continent, feels least this destructive modern element. Although the lumberman and the forest fires have been unusually busy our great forests stand yet almost untouched. We own about one fifth of the standing merchantable timber of the world? so therefore our birds and beasts yet roam in their primeval solitudes in sufficient quantities to charm the eye of hunter and trapper, sportsman and fisherman. The wapiti, the moose, the goat, the sheep, the caribou and mule and blacktail and whitetail deer yet abound.

But it is with the game birds I must deal. Wherever the full growth of the evergreen trees is to be found one of the grouse family is sure to be. Of course close to the cities they have suffered but the non-sale law is rapidly correcting that matter. My assistant and I find prolific birds with their peeping swiftly disappearing youngsters everywhere. The dense underbrush that covers much of the Island of Vancouver and the Mainland of British Columbia accounts for this.

One thing I would like to affirm: Nearly all the desk writing of those men that popularize their stories by charming accounts of one animal's merciful kindness to another, these men that tell of birds mending broken legs, and warring natural enemies seeking company in decrepitude is false, all false. There is one unwritten watchword of the inhabitants of the wilds —eat or be eaten. Watch carefully the deer, the mink, the muskrat, the common river rat, the wild ducks, the pheasant, the grouse, the quail. I enumerate them thus, as my notes of telescopic observation taken lately run this way—and you will see eyes of eternal watchfulness, legs that take their owners swiftly across exposed places. Ears that are ever open to crushing begetation or whirring wing. The whole day and night the merciful battle (I say merciful else the birthrate uneaten would speedily sweep the human family off the earth) continues. Nature, with her great munificence, breeds in such generous numbers that the immense majority must perish that the number sustaining minority may survive. Much as I love to teach the lads mercy to all animals there is no misreading the page of Nature, and if man had never disturbed it the balance would remain true, for, if in places over breeding causes overcrowding the very parasites are bred by the host to sweep off this needless mass of things.

The lad and I in our rambles see and hear with pleasure, many dusky grouse. This large, well fleshed bird loves the higher benches. It loves to roost on the upper branches of some tall fir and to throw out, with many an acrobatic motion the dull yet penetrating "hoot." It nests as early as April on the Gulf Islands and the young have been seen flying in late May. Its eggs seldom number ten. The young closely resemble young of the Leghorn—yellow with brown stripes, somewhat as in the ruffed grouse, but fuller and larger. The eggs are creamy with brown spots? although I have heard of the broods, as with the pheasant at times, I have no personal knowledge of this occuring.

Eagle and hawk, mink and marten, panther and wolf all pursue and take of the young of the grouse. The common river rat is very bad on the young broods, but worst of all is a domestic cat running wild. These deserve a well directed charge of number six. By the way, about guns. Those cursed pump and automatic guns are doing their share to sweep the earth clean of game. I have watched the Indians and Halfbreeds using them many times. The only thing to rejoice at is that his ammunition soon gives out as he shoots long before the birds are within range and long after and then cries out,



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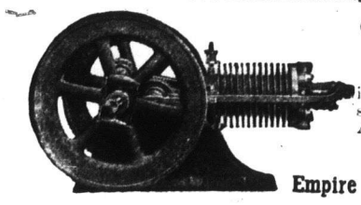

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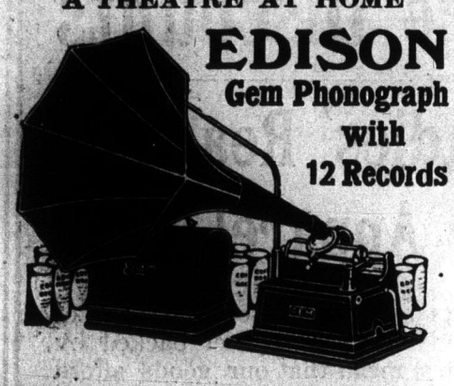

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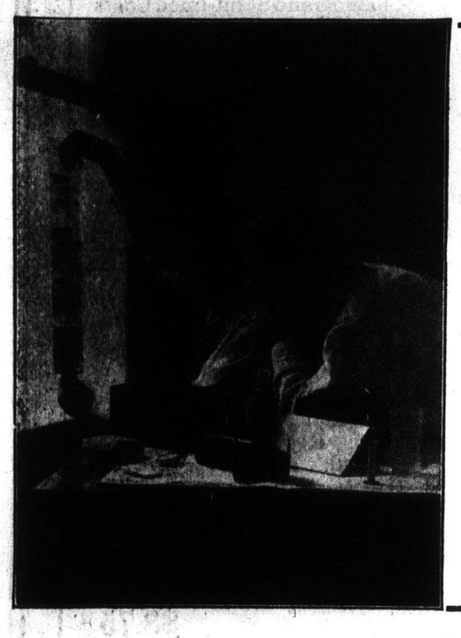

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"Ha! Ha!" and blames the gun for being crooked or the powder for being bad. These coast men are the worst judges of distance I have met on this continent, therefore the worst shots. Stick to the good old double barrel with its musical, swift following reports. The continued "rip-rip-rip" of the new self loaders is alarming and game frightening.

Into these sea air moistened and cold night preserved valleys, where the alder grows in its luxuriance; we have liberated pheasants for years. The Ringnecked (torquatus) have bred and furnish much sport, consequent on the limited areas of islands and valleys these prolific fowl have interbred. To correct this we are liberating new stock as well as many of the hardy Mongolian. If you want to see a sight of rare beauty come to this land of green firs and red hills and sparkling blue sea waters and ascend one of the narrow arms or rivers in a canoe, as we often do. Silently we glide up this softly flowing water, with its banks set with all the exquisite beauty of the forest primeval firs waving far overhead, delicate ferns nodding to the light air, graceful alder and maple clothing the alluvial flats. Suddenly we are startled in this mighty solitude by the rattling fall of a pebble. "There's a pheasant feeding up on the cliff," whispers the lad. A regular volley of paddle beats on the gunwale, shatters the silence and echoes away along the tall river riven banks. Out from its hiding leaps a glorious, swiftly rocketing bird, a very glittering jewel of flashing shades of red and green and yellow—now swiftly fanning, now gliding through the clear blue air. "Ping" sings the smokeless and, if the aim were true, down falls this resplendent bird to wet its gorgeous plumage in the clear blue waters beneath. I always feel heartily ashamed of killing so lovely a bird, but there are times when the pot demands attention. Now; fortunately, we have a close season of a year or two to allow the new birds ample to grow and breed. Experimentally the two little partridges, Mountain (Oreortex pictus) and Valley or Californian (Lophortyx Californicus) were liberated at many places in British Columbia and the adjacent States to the south of this part of Canada. Hardy little things, except where deep snow and cold weather occur simultaneously, they have literally covered the land. I often find their nests with so great a laying of eggs that they are in two layers. How the industrious mother and the male too, ever incubate such a mass and turn them so that each receives heat enough puzzles me, as remember the nights are cold along these Pacific sea coasts. But they seem to be able to bring out the great majority of the eggs as the flocks at present testify. At first the full number run between the parent birds she usually walks ahead examining every bush and tree for enemies and the male bird brings up the rear. By the time they can fly, Nature has allowed their natural enemies to take a share for food. In flight it is not uncommon to see a dozen swift whizzing little chaps following the flight of the mother birds while the male lags behind, the last of all to leave the ground.

In all the Empire there is no lovelier spot than this far western land. Nature has fashioned the scene in harsh heroic mould—might mountains, swift rivers, wave worn, reef guarded shores, but amid it all she had planted many a restful glade where the game birds we love so well are to be found feeding at the ever spread table of the bountiful Dame. If the present world wide slaughter goes on, in fifty years this table will be deserted and the air will be filled with vegetation destroying insects.

Ring-Necked Pheasant.

I. H. C. 1911 Almanac and Encyclopedia.

In almanacs fashions have changed. Directions for planting in favorable phases of the moon no longer have place; and even jokes and homely, pithy saws, such as Poor Richard was wont to deliver, have passed into the great beyond of printers' ink. Within the last few years the arm of progress has swept tradition aside, and produced an almanac in accord with the times. Containing not only all practical, scientific information regarding the changes of season and the movement of astronomical bodies, the modern almanac goes further and makes itself each year a purveyor of the latest gospel of agriculture, by giving strong, striking, signed articles from the great authorities of agriculture. Of such a nature is the handsome 100-page almanac recently issued by the International Harvester Company of America, with general offices in Chicago, Ill. In usefulness it has not been surpassed by its authoritative utterances. The feature articles in the new almanac are by Frank P. Holland, president Texas Farm and Ranch Pub. Co., who writes on "Trees Worth Growing;" Prof. P. G. Holden, of the Iowa College of Agriculture, who writes on "Corn:" and W. D. Hoard, editor of Hoard's Dairyman, who tells about up-to-date dairying: and Henry Wallace, editor of Wallace's Farmer, who advises on "Sanitation in the Country." "Building Suggestions." by J. E. Wing; "Farm Power." by Prof. E. C. Lucke, of Columbia University; "Farm Machines and Progress," together with maps showing the number of machines in use and the production of wheat by decades from 1840 to 1900. The articles are accompanied with photographs of the writers and are powerful and full of pith. Many other subjects are interestingly treated in this book. Ask the company for a copy of this very valuable book.

Forgive us Our Trespasses.

By Alan J. Thompson.

GOOD night, Mr. Cordingley. Thanks for the escort." "Aren't you going to ask me in?" inquired the man, slowly.

"Hardly — this time of night! Think of the proprieties, Mr. Cordingley!" A sharp glance at Olive Quesnay's expressive countenance warned Cordingley that it would be unwise to urge the request. He yielded with good grace, but as his companion turned to go he placed a restraining hand on her arm. "You won't forget—Thursday at six," he said, then, lowering his voice, added, "You will come? I shall expect you."

"Perhaps," was the airy rejoinder. "Good-bye." And Mrs. Quesnay ran lightly up the steps.

"Auf wiedersehen," responded Cordingley. For a few moments after the maid had closed the door the man remained motionless. Then he walked slowly away, with a rather unpleasant smile. "I think," he murmured, lingeringly—"I think, my dear girl, you will come."

Mrs. Quesnay was humming a gay air as she ascended to her room. She unclasped her luxurious cloak and tossed it upon the bed. A delightful evening—quite a success. She had not enjoyed herself so much for ages! She had been positively brilliant! The cheval-glass afforded her a radiant vision—flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and really the most becoming toilet.

A most delightful evening!

She relapsed into an easy chair before the cheerful fire and slowly sipped her chocolate. At Cordingley's, too—of all people. Malcolm had "disapproved very strongly" of the Cordingleys—had stigmatized them as "fast." Fast! Why—yet—well, she could not altogether suppress the consciousness that more than once during the evening some of the remarks had rather disquieted her. And then Mr. Pembroke Cordingley—her host's brother? Very accomplished—very fascinating, certainly, but almost too—attentive. There was really no occasion for him to see her home, and the assurance with which he had dismissed the brougham without consulting her bordered perilously on impertinence. Homage from so distinguished a quarter was, of course, extremely flattering, yet—she was obliged to acknowledge that her attitude towards him was not altogether favorable.

Mrs. Quesnay looked down at her bare, shapely arm. The pressure of the man's fingers still seemed to linger. She rubbed it slowly—not with gentleness. From a diminutive silk purse dangling from her wrist she took several coins—golden coins. Bridge winnings. It had been very exciting, and fortune had favored her. It was nice to win. Yet the gesture with which she put the little purse of gold aside a minute later was curiously suggestive of aversion.

"Suppose," she asked herself, "Malcolm could see me now, gloating over my gambling harvest! Her husband's strongly marked countenance, pale and stern, rose before her mental vision. He had looked at her like that when——The girl shrugged her shoulders to the accompaniment of a hard little laugh. "The Puritan!" That is how she had named him after their very first meeting; and events had more than justified the designation. What a sober, strait-laced, righteous——Ugh! She would not think of him. Vestalli had played that last movement superbly tonight. It seemed almost uncanny from so young a man. Malcolm would have enjoyed that, and—Malcolm, Malcolm, toujours Malcolm! What was the matter with her to-night? With an impatient exclamation Mrs. Quesnay rose to her feet and commenced pacing restlessly about the room. Her efforts to divert her thoughts from her husband were futile. She was undergoing one of the periodical experiences to which the most orderly minds are liable—when the thoughts assuming control refuse to be diverted from a particular topic, no matter how unwelcome. And Olive Quesnay's thoughts of her husband were certainly far from pleasant.

Nine months before they had quarrelled fiercely—and separated. Before Eustace was born there had been little disagreements, light clouds had flecked the domestic azure—but nothing serious. The real storms had arisen after the birth of their child—or, as Olive would have said, her child. That was the trouble.

Her little son. The passionate mother love of her intense nature had developed abnormal proportions, shutting out for the time all other considerations. She desired no hand to touch, no voice to soothe, the child but her own, brooked no interference in his management, grudged an hour spent from his side. Her love was supremely selfish, a dangerous obsession. Her husband, completely neglected, soon showed his natural resentment; gently at first, then unmistakably. He was unable to comprehend, to make any allowance for, this devotion to the firstborn which relegated him so completely from his wife. His temporary insignificance was too galling to disregard. He claimed his rights to the mother's society. Olive heard his complaint in silence, inwardly rebelling against what she considered dictatorial interference, and the result was bitterstrife. She thwarted his plans, made light of his wishes, and ridiculed all his suggestions where the boy's welfare was concerned. Disobeyed before the eyes of his servants and humiliated in his own, Quesnay's sensitive nature at length reached the limit of its endurance. He protested angrily to his wife; she temporized, and there was a truce. But relations became deplorably strained; it only required the slightest provocation to revive hostilities. Olive provided this by refusing to submit to the orders issued by the doctor Quesnay brought in to attend a slight ailment Eustace had contracted. She consulted another doctor on her own initiative. Slow combustion produces the most violent conflagration. Quesnay's habitual repression disguised strong passions, and, now thoroughly roused, he let loose the full torrent of his wrath. At first Olive quailed before the storm, then her customary hardihood reasserted itself, and her counter-demonstration was more effective than the man's. She taunted him with jealousy and unnatural abhorrence of his own son, ridiculed with pitiless scorn every foible he possessed, every mistake of his she would remember and exaggerate with feminine ingenuity. She was a clever woman, and—she did not spare him. Beneath the bitter lash of her tongue Quesnay became pale and still. When her eloquence was exhausted he asked her a question. "You say I am embittering every hour of your life; you wish you had never met me. There is a remedy. We can part. Do you wish that?"

"With all my heart."

"You do? Remember Olive, If I go I shall not come back to you until you beseech me—on your knees."

"Thank—you. You are very considerate. This is more than I dared hope for."

And so he left her, only staying to make the provision absolutely necessary for this rearrangement of their lives. There had been no publicity, no scandal, and Olive had kept the boy.

Nine months ago! Mrs. Quesnay sat back with her hands resting idly in her lap, letting insistent thoughts have full play. Nine months! She had heard nothing, seen nothing of him. And at one time she had thought a month without him would be unendurable. Why, she had had a splendid time—the time of her life! A round of delightful visits, dances, theatres, dinners, concerts an uninterrupted stream of gaiety, a series of social triumphs. "Her husband?" asked the curious. "Oh, yes, abroad—travelling, you know. No; I have been obliged to stay; my little son."

Her little son, Eustace. A slight frown marred the smooth expanse of her white brow. It was strange how her absorption in the boy had diminished after—Malcolm had gone. Of course she loved him quite as devotedly, she told herself. But then he was growing and did

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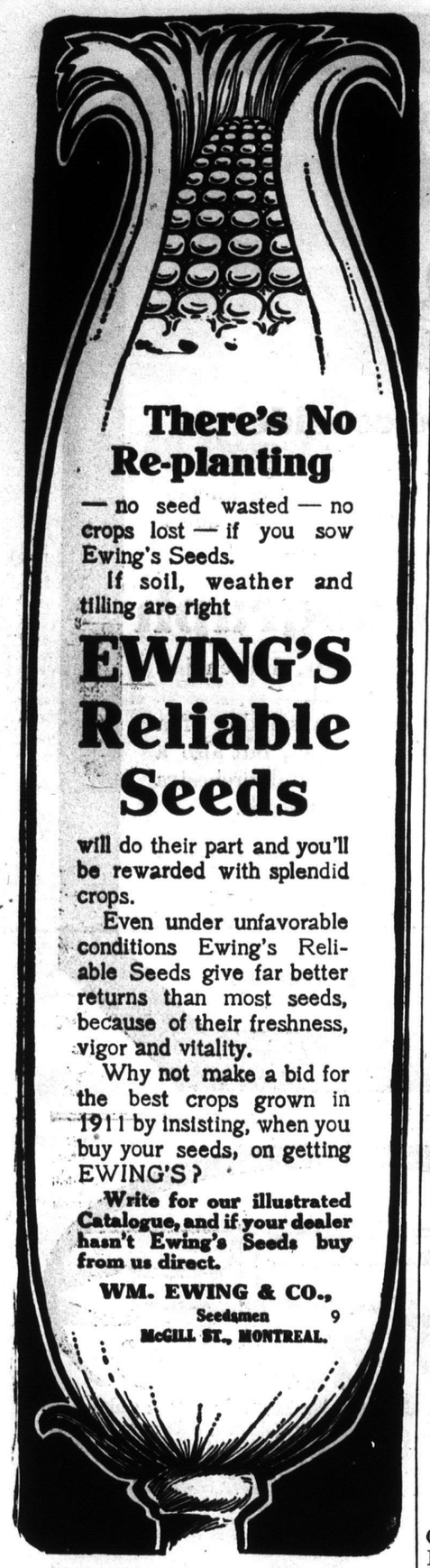

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not require the same attention—it would spoil him; and Nurse Vallor was so very capable. Her own nurse. Yes, Eustace was growing, and growing day by day more like his father. She wished it had been otherwise. The resemblance reproached her—no, no, she did not mean that! It irritated her. At times it was too insistent; and on these occasions the mother avoided her little son. But he had everything the heart of child could desire.

The mother moved uneasily at the remembrance of two wistful eyes. Neglected? No one could accuse her of that—no one. During his recent illness—well, it was hardly illness. Eustace had been a little run down—she had given up several important engagements to be with him. It was good to know he was better. She had been rather anxious. That feverish cough, and the boy had grown thinner. Yesterday, however, he had been quite himself again, bright and merry.

She had not seen him today. The Folliots had been so anxious for her to join their skating party at Prince's—and it had been delightful, too. Afterwards she had had to rest, and dress for the Cordingley affair. Yes, it had been a most enjoyable day. Now she would just have a peep at Eustace, and then—to bed.

Putting on her bedroom slippers she silently traversed the few yards separating the two bedrooms. The landing was in semi-darkness, but a shaft of light at the end of it indicated that the door of Eustace's room was ajar.

towards Eustace's father in this quarter, she paid no heed to it.

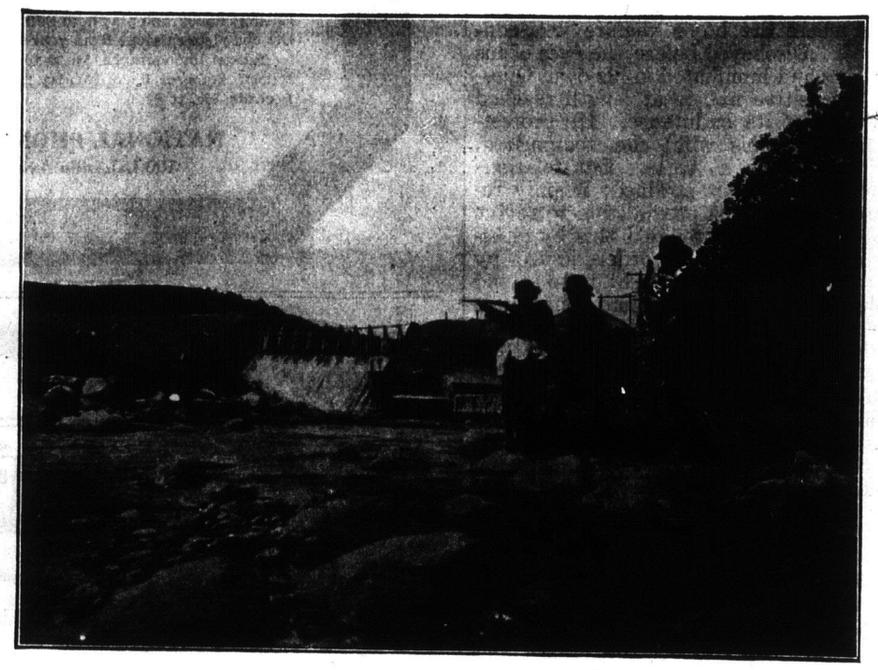
"The poor boy, the poor boy! When—how long?"

"I can't say exactly, nurse, but he cannot live long under the most favorable conditions. We must—why, dear me, it is nearly twelve! I must go at once. There is a case at Kensington which—"

But Olive Quesnay stayed to hear no more. She returned swiftly to her room, closed the door, and locked it. For a moment she swayed unsteadily, then sank into a chair.

Her hands were very cold. The light was too brilliant, it hurt her eyes. She rose and depressed the switch. That was better. She—who was that? Dr. Redwold. She could hear his retreating footsteps. She would hurry after him and ask him to explain, to tell her—but, no, she couldn't. She felt it was physically impossible. And it would be no use. He could only repeat—ah, how her heart was throbbing! It hurt, how it hurt. She could hardly breathe. The room—there was no air.

With hands pressed to her heaving bosom she stepped out on to the veranda. The air was soft and moist. Overhead a flying host of ragged clouds swept across the heavens, often obscuring the pale moon, which illumined their wild progress. Leaves rustled uneasily beneath the expiring breath of the gale, looking grey and ghostly as the wan light glinted on their rain-washed surface. Whenever the sighing breeze lulled, the faint drip, drip of elusive raindrops was perceptible.



Power Dam, West of Brandon.

A few paces from the door Mrs. Quesnay halted abruptly—startled. First the unexpected light, now the sound of a voice. What was the matter? Vallor—no, then was certainly not nurse's voice. Dr. Redwold! There was no mistaking his Lancashire burr. Something must be wrong with Eustace. She—

"Yes, I soon saw that, nurse. The little fellow has been sadly neglected."

Neglected! Mrs. Quesnay remained motionless—seething with indignation. Neglected!

The doctor's voice rumbled on. "Has he missed his father?"

"He did at first, and fretted for him. But not lately."

"Ah, children soon forget. I thought the mother seemed very fond of him though."

"Oh, yes, doctor, she is—she is, indeed. But——"

"Humph. Well, she will have to be told the news tomorrow."

"It is dreadful. And is there no hope?"

"Unfortunately none." Both lungs are affected. Galloping consumption."

This, then, explained why Nurse Vallor had been so strange lately, pale and distrait. The woman's eyelids had several times been red and swollen, and she had avoided her mistress. Why had she not told? Because—did the woman distrust her? Mrs. Quesnay had been aware for some time of a vague reproach in her old attendant's manner, but, knowing there had been real attachment

Mrs. Quesnay gazed on the mournful prospect with wide, dark eyes. She held out her rounded arms. How white and smooth they looked in the moonlight! And her soft grey dress—almost unearthly. Everything was so pure, so cold—except herself. How her eyes burned and burned—and her head. If she could—oh, Eustace, Eustace! God in heaven be merciful! Eustace, my little son!

In her piteous agony the poor girl shrank into the friendly shadow and, sinking to her knees, stretched her arms upon the balustrade and hid her face against them. For a few moments her thoughts were a confused whirl until the inevitable question of those who suffer was evolved from incoherence. What had she done to deserve such suffering—so heart-breaking a loss? Why should fate make cruel sport with her life. To lose her husband—to lose her son. Was there no pity for ill-starred Olive Derrincourt?—no, Olive Quesnay. Ah, if she could only be Olive Derrincourt again—a happy, irresponsible girl. She wished she had never had a child—been born—that she might die now. But never been a wife. She had never, why should she grieve? What did it matter? Was it so dreadful after all? She would be free now to do as she wished—to enjoy herself with her friends. Her friends! The Cordingleys, the Amots, the Verschoyles. She recalled [illegible] thought. The names seemed [illegible] heart like so many swords. How [illegible] less, how contemptible [illegible]

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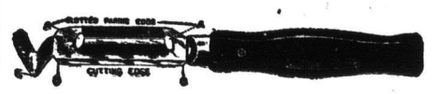

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And she herself was even more contemptible. No, she would be alone—utterly alone. Oh, Eustace—poor little Eustace!

It would not have been so bad—she could have borne it—with Malcolm to comfort her. She longed for her husband's strength to lean upon. The remembrance of his nobility, his patient love, overwhelmed her with a sudden flood, and she realized the meaning of the dull pain that had weighted her heart all the weary months of separation. She would write to him—ask his forgiveness—implore him to come back. He had left her a lawyer's address for forwarding letters. He had been relentless—had given no sign. But suppose he had left the country? It was probable, indeed almost certain. He was fond of travel. And there was nothing to keep him at home. No, he had no home.

With a sudden revulsion of feeling she dwelt bitterly on his pride, a pride more repressed but even more stubborn than her own. No, she wouldn't yield! She wouldn't plead with this man, who had ruined her life. He had no affection for her—no interest in his son. She would suffer alone—alone. Raising her eyes to the cloud-strewn heavens, she tried to form a prayer. It was useless. She couldn't pray. There had been a period of her life when religion seemed very real, all-sufficient. But that was past. And what use would it be? Eustace was to die. She must suffer as others had done. The common heritage! Life was a cruel jest. There was no hope anywhere—in heaven or on earth. It was all darkness and misery.

As she gazed with pale, anguished face into the night a sudden light illumined the trees near the house. A momentary glance revealed the cause Someone had entered the conservatory slightly to the left of, almost beneath, the balcony where she crouched, and had switched on the electric light Who could it be? What did it mean? She turned slightly and peered between the veranda rails at the conservatory door, plainly visible to her. It was opened almost immediately, and Nurse Vallor's ample form appeared in the entrance What on earth was she doing there at this time of night? Could it be that Eustace —why someone was coming across the lawn!

Mrs Quesnay could hear the "subb-subb' of hurried footsteps on the sodden turf. She could detect a dark figure approaching rapidly. Who—ah! Her hands flew to her bosom. A tall figure, a man's, slightly stooping. Very, very familiar. Malcolm—her husband? No, no, it could not be—it was impossible—a trick of her imagination!

As the man drew near he raised his face towards the window of her room. The light from the conservatory fell upon it There could be no further question as to identity. It was her husband. He looked strangely thinner and older Perhaps that was a trick of the uncertain light.

"Very late again, nurse. I'm afraid."

Mrs. Quesnay drew back farther into the shadow. His voice—after so long!

"About the usual time I think, sir, or —well, it doesn t signify."

What did this mean? It was evident it was no sudden, unique visit!

"Yes, but it keeps you up. It is not very fair. How is the boy? I hope he has been keeping better?"

The woman crouching above hid her face in her trembling hands. Now he would hear!

"Very much, sir. Quite his old self again."

Nurse Vallor's answer was ready. Her voice well under control. How could she deceive him? What was the reason? Did she wish to spare him? Then perhaps Malcolm really loved the child.

"I'm awfully glad to hear that. And she—is Mrs. Quesnay well?"

Quite. She is out again tonight."

"I see. Not back yet? Then—perhaps—couldn't I have a peep at the boy?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. She may be back any moment, now. I have been listening for the carriage. She has only a little way to come—from Mr. Cordingley's."

"Ah."

Mrs. Quesnay could guess rather than hear that sharp, eloquent indrawing of the breath. Her face, her whole body, burned with sudden shame. She shrank back against the cold stone.

"I should have liked—to have seen him to-night." The words seemed to come with difficulty. "It will be my last visit—for a long time. Next week I leave for Australia. I am obliged to go. Doctor's orders, you know, nurse, must be obeyed sometimes."

The man laughed rather mirthlessly, and there was a short pause before his ally spoke. "But I thought—I understood you ware better sir."

"Oh, yes, I am But it was a sharp attack and has left after-effects which necessitate a sea voyage—a change of climate. You will write me to this address, please, nurse, and tell me—everything. For yourself—well, I cannot thank you properly now for all you have done—I shall never be able to do so adequately. I know, though, to a large extent, your faithful heart will reward you. This is a little parting present. I must go. Good-bye, my dear old friend. Kiss him—kiss little Eustace for me. But I suppose he has forgotten his father. He—good-bye."

Mrs. Quesnay heard the sound of his rapidly retreating footsteps, heard the muffled sobs of the tender-hearted old nurse. The conservatory door was closed. The light was gone. She rose slowly to her feet, and was glad of the support afforded by the balustrade as she strove to control the violent trembling that shook her frame. Pity for the man's evident distress, feelings of regret, humiliation, vague repentance, were scarcely realized ere they vanished before a sense of bitterest desolation. He had gone, leaving her to meet sorrow, bereavement, alone. She could not bear it. It was unjust. He was the boy's father after all, and it was only right that he should suffer! Why should he slip away in blissful ignorance? It was not fair She could stop him yet. Was there time if she ran through the shrubbery, to reach the gate first—to intercept him? She would try She would tell him.

Gathering her cloak about her, she ran swiftly down the short flight of steps, across the sodden lawn and into the little wilderness of trees and shrubs. It was very dark. Rough, straggling branches caught at her skirt, tore her cloak, and lashed her arms and face; her fragile woollen slippers were soon in shreds, she stumbled and slipped on the unlevel ground; but still she hurried on, had almost gained the clearing, when a sudden thought arrested her. What was she doing? What heartless cruelty, what utter selfishness, was she contemplating? However much her husband might despise her it was evident he loved the child. She could not inflict such suffering upon him. No, ah, no. She must let him go, as Nurse Vallor had done—with no suspicion of the truth. She had driven him away, but kept his son from him; now she must bear the full responsibility. She could not pain him any more. She—she—alas! she loved him—and he was going away.

But not in silence. She could not bear to live without his forgiveness. He would not deny her that before they parted. She must hurry, hurry, or she would be too late. "Malcolm, Malcolm," she cried in her heart, "wait for me! Oh, where is my pride—what am I doing!" Love and fear lent wings to her poor, bruised feet. Panting and trembling she reached the gate. Her husband was not in sight. She was in time. Leaning heavily on the rough wooden rail she fought to recover her fleeting breath, to calm her quivering nerves.

He was a long time coming. They had often stood together at this gate, watched the sunset glories fade, and seen the magic stars gleam suddenly in the pale summer night. It had been a favorite, almost a sacred, spot to them. And now—

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Had he gone another way? The suspense was cruel—almost unbearable. Her courage was drooping, flagging. No, she would not wait. It could do no good. He—ah, there he was.

The man came slowly with bent head and lagging footsteps round the margin of the shrubbery. At a little distance from the gate he paused and turned towards the house. His wife, motionless, watching, could just discern his face, could see the misery of that mute farewell. The pain it caused her was too intense to be prolonged. The gate was partially open. She pulled it to sharply. The man, startled, turned at the sound, and his wife stepped from the shadow.

"Olive!"

A distant echo repeated the startled cry "Olive!" and then there was silence. The woman returned her husband's intense gaze with strange, wide-eyed calm. She could see now he had been ill, terribly ill. She made no sound, and at length he spoke. "I thought you would go to the front," he said, heavily. "I thought you were driving home."

Mrs. Quesnay laughed. Heavens, it despise me! What shall I say? What can I do—what can I do.

The man raised his hat significantly, but his companion stood motionless in front of the gate.

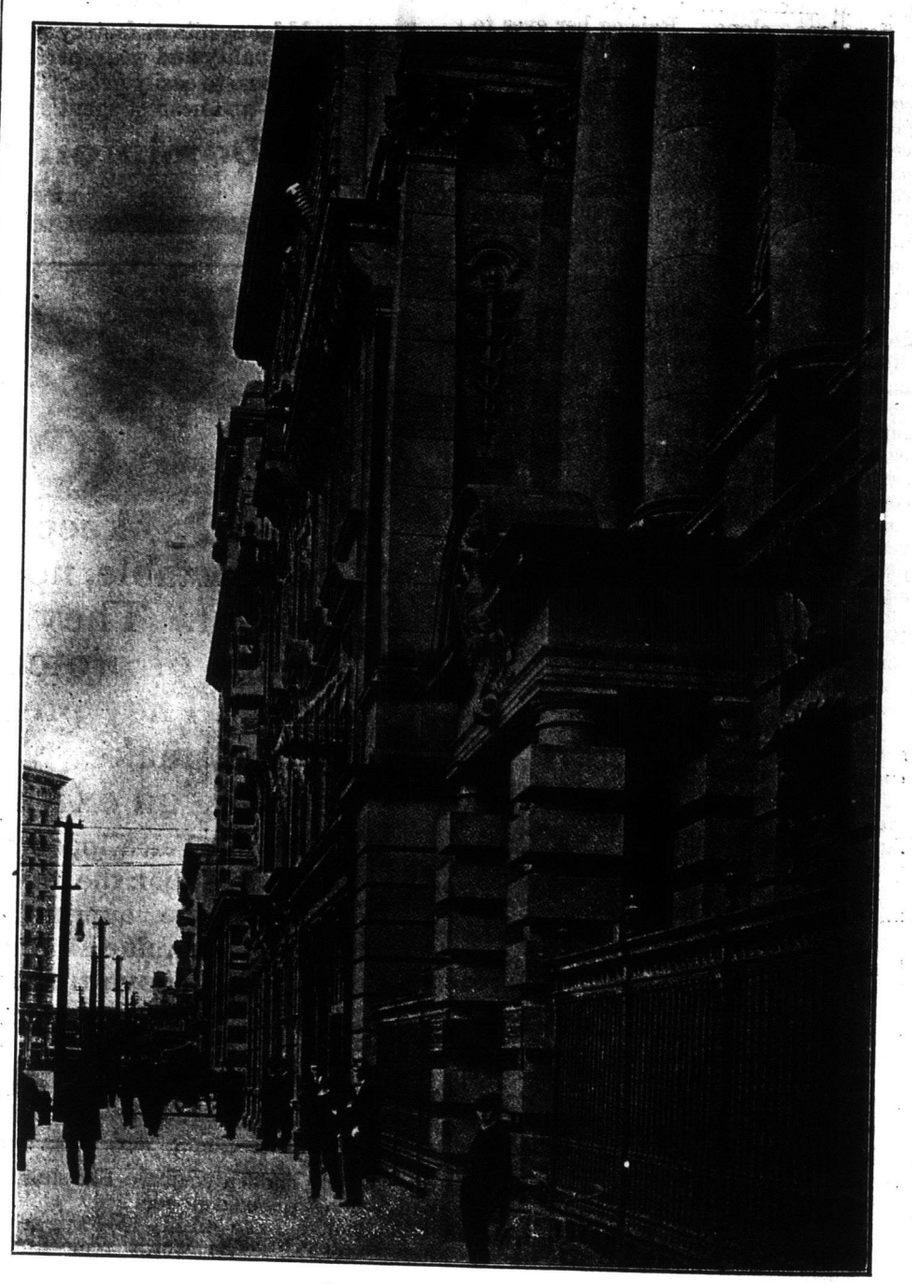
"Well?" he queried, then after a brief pause added, sardonically, "I suppose you are awaiting my apology for this trespass? I tender it—with all humility. It is singularly unfortunate—"

The moon, floating higher and brghter in the vast dome of night, passed from beneath the hurrying clouds and cast its light upon the motionless woman, upon her pale, strained face, upon one pitiful slipperless foot.

"Good heavens! Olive!"

He was at her side—bending over her—held her in his arms, close, close to him. "Olive my poor girl! What is it—what does it mean?"

She remained motionless in his embrace her head thrown back, her eyes closed. The man bent and kissed her. Then she struggled wildly to release herself. "No," she cried, frantically, "Malcolm, you must not—you must not! You do not know! It is—oh, Eustace, Eustace!"



Street Scene, Winnipeg.

seemed impossible — but she laughed! "No, I walked home--with Pembroke Cordingley."

What dreadful impulse moved her to say it—to say it lightly, like that? Now let him strike her—kill her!

"I see." The man spoke with perfect self control, and stepped forward as if to pass, but his wife stood before the gate, barring his progress. "I suppose," he remarked, hesitatingly, "you wonder--what I am doing here?"

"No, I know."

"You know?"

"Yes, I heard your conversation with nurse. I was on the veranda. I heard everything." Malcolm Quesnay shrugged his shoulders. "In that case," he said, "an explanation of my intrusion would be superfluous. I intended to write you before leaving the country. Be as merciful as you can to poor Mrs. Vallor. I corrupted her."

"As merciful as you can!" That shows what he thinks of me. How he must

Shocked and bewildered by this sudden storm, her husband nevertheless preserved his composure. Retaining a firm yet gentle hold of her slender form he succeeded in calming her intense agitation. At length he ventured to ask the meaning of her reference to the child. Exhausted by emotion Olive made but feeble resistence; brokenly she told her woeful news. She had overheard Dr. Redwold—Eustace had consumption—was dying fast.

Quesnay heard her with mingled alarm and incredulity. "Eustace—dying?" he repeated slowly. "Olive, it is impossible! I can't believe it—there is some dreadful mistake. I saw Redwold about him myself only yesterday. He assured me the boy was perfectly healthy. Vallor, too, you heard——"

He paused abruptly. Olive, her eyes intent upon his face, saw the doubt and fear pass from it. "I think I see," he said. "Tell me as much as you can; remember of what you heard."

Every word that had come to Olive

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Pedigreed Inherited Seed Grain

The IMPORTANCE of SEED SELECTION and the ORIGIN of GROWTH is of vital IMPORTANCE to EVERY SEED BUYER. Our SEED GRAINS are so HANDLED from JUDICIOUS SELECTION, CULTIVATION, and ENVIRONMENT that the CONSTITUTIONAL VIGOR and HIGH GERMINATING POWER make them a SUPERIOR TYPE.

GROWN in SMALL PLOTS, from HAND SELECTED, HIGHEST DEVELOPED, FULLY MATURED KERNELS of STRONGEST VITALITY, SUCH as INHERIT the REAL STRONG, ROBUST SEED LIFE NECESSARY in this WESTERN COUNTRY to PRODUCE ABUNDANTLY.

Price per Bus. F.O.B. Brandon Calgary

COTTON BAGS 25c EACH.	Per bus.	Per bus.
McK's GOLD STANDARD RED FIFE WHEAT	$1.65	$1.90
SPECIAL STRAIN BANNER OATS	.90	1.05
SIX ROWED MENSURY BARLEY	1.10	1.10
GILT EDGE RED FIFE WHEAT	1.50	1.65
GILT EDGE BANNER OATS	.80	.95
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Deduct 5c per bushel for quantities of 10 bushels or over.

Catalog

SEE OUR LARGE HANDSOME SEED CATALOG. A POST-CARD WILL BRING IT. SEE CATALOG PAGE 5. TELLS ALL ABOUT THE SEVERAL HUNDRED PRIZES WE ARE GIVING AWAY. SEND FOR IT TODAY.

The Wheat Sensation of the Day

MARQUIS WHEAT—This is the WHEAT that is RECEIVING SUCH WIDE SPREAD ATTENTION all over the Country. ASIDE from its EXTREME EARLINESS (*about 10 Days Earlier than Red Fife*) and IMMENSE YIELD (*Heads the List at Indian Head, 53 Bushels per acre*), it is for MILLING PURPOSES EQUAL to RED FIFE. In SIZE, APPEARANCE and FIRMNESS, CLOSELY RESEMBLES RED FIFE. PRICE PER BUSHEL F.O.B. BRANDON, $4.50. CALGARY, $4.75. NO ORDERS ACCEPTED FOR OVER 5 BUSHELS.

Highest Bred Manitoba Potato Grown

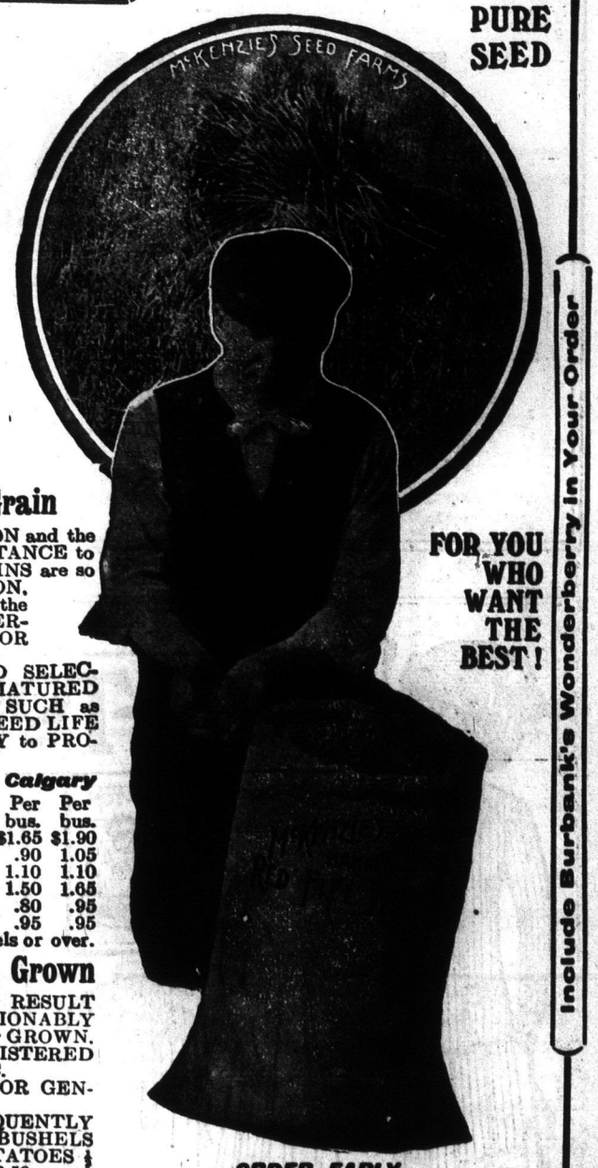
HONEY-EYE-ROSE POTATO. The RESULT of 5 YEARS' SELECTION. This is UNQUESTIONABLY one of the FINEST BRED POTATOES ever GROWN.

It is the FIRST SEED POTATO of REGISTERED STOCK ever offered for SALE to the PUBLIC.

SEE PAGE 31 of OUR SEED CATALOG FOR GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

OUR STOCKS are very LIMITED, CONSEQUENTLY we only offer with EVERY PURCHASE of 5 BUSHELS or MORE of any other VARIETY of our POTATOES ½ BUSHEL of this PERFECT strain at $2.50 per ½ BUSHEL, BAG INCLUDED.

PURE SEED



FOR YOU WHO WANT THE BEST!

Include Burbank's Wonderberry in Your Order

ORDER EARLY

IN PAST YEARS WE HAVE BEEN SOLD OUT ALMOST BEFORE THE SEED SEASON WAS WELL UPON US.

ONLY THOSE WHO ORDER EARLY DARE HOPE TO SECURE HIS REQUIREMENTS.

BRANDON MAN. A. E. McKENZIE CO., LIMITED, CALGARY ALTA.

Western Canada's Greatest Seed House

through the half-closed doorway was clearly stamped upon the tablets of her memory. Wonderingly she repeated them.

"It is all right, darling," her companion exclaimed, with triumphant relief, when she had ended. "My poor girl—what a strange coincidence! Listen. Neither mentioned any name. Had they done so, it would not have been—Eustace. Olive, it was Vallor's grandson they were discussing. Hasn't she told you about him? The poor little fellow, who lost his father only a few weeks ago from consumption. The mother—Vallor's daughter—has not—behaved very well. It was not surprising that you——"

The relief in its overwhelming unexpectedness was more than the mother's overwrought nature could bear. She turned her face to her husband, her lips parted, she strove to speak, but only a fain cry trembled into the silent night—her eyes closed, her head drooped, she passed into unconsciousness.

Quesnay, strong with the power of reawakened happiness, gathered his wife in his arms and bore her gently—home.

They stood together in the moonlit room, close to the bed where their sleeping child lay. She placed her hand gently on his shoulder, and their eyes met. "Malcolm," she said, slowly," I have learned a lesson. In the future I shall be a better wife—a truer mother—a better woman. Do you believe that? Will you trust me—and keep me with you?"

His look was sufficient answer, yet he added gentle, earnest words. "We were both wrong, my wife. We sacrificed love to pride. There could only be one result. It will be different, dear—in the future, so strangley, so mercifully, given us."

"I have been terribly wicked and unhappy."

"Hush, Olive. I, too, have been—very lonely."

There was a brief silence before the woman spoke again, with an unsuccessful attempt to do so lightly. "Then you forgive me? You do not ask me to kneel to you? You vowed you would, you know."

"Don't, dear. Don't remind me of it; it is a nightmare."

He took her hands in his and kissed her gently. "Never kneel to me, my wife but"—his voice took a solemn note, —"we will kneel together, side by side before God."

As they knelt by the little bed the child stirred in his sleep. The words of his evening prayer still lingered with him.

"Our Father," he murmured.

The mother's tears gleamed gem-like in the light of the moon.

Again the words came distinctly from those innocent lips.

"Forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive them—that trespass against us."

Silence. A peaceful smile rested on the child's upturned face, and the mother heard the rustle of angels' wings.

The Golden Stream.

A very commendable little booklet of 68 pages, called "The Golden Stream," has been recently issued by the International Harvester Company of America.

This booklet covers a multitude of vital facts relative to the plain, ordinary, every-day cow in a very interesting manner. Such up-to-date topics as "The Dual Purpose Cow," "Bovine Tuberculosis," "How to Make a Babcock Test," "Rations for Dairy Cows," "The Feeding Value of Silage," and "Advantages of Dairy Farming," etc., etc., are discussed. In general, the purpose of the book is to impress the farmer with the proper relation of the cow to our modern civilization as the source of a golden stream of wealth.

Numerous illustrations throughout the booklet showing record-making cows and herds of various milking breeds, silos, dairy barns and interiors, etc., greatly enhance the value of the booklet. It will be greatly appreciated, especially by farmers and dairymen. A copy of the booklet may be obtained by writing the company or any one of the various I.H.C. branch houses.

Maintaining an Attractive Wardrobe on a Small Allowance.

In planning her dressmaking a woman should keep in mind the fact that expensive clothes do not insure an attractive appearance, and that it is better to have two inexpensive dresses, which permit of a little variety, than one costly gown.

It is wise to make simplicity the keynote of every dress and instead of spending all the available money on one or two, it is better to make it "go farther" with less expensive material.

Even the best dress when worn continually day after day becomes monotonous, and monotony in dress is as fatal to the appearance as monotony of thought is to the mind.

When, however, the wardrobe contains several dresses, it allows a welcome change on desired occasions and gives freshness and new life to the appearance. And, though inexpensive, just so the gowns are neat and becoming, they will lend an added charm to the wearer.

To the woman who appreciates this fact and puts it into practice, the problem of an attractive wardrobe is practically solved, and through the adoption of this wise and economical method many women on an exceedingly slim purse are able to appear to better advantage than their less thoughtful sisters who spend two or three times their allowance on clothes.

Of prime importance in the matter of serviceable dresses is the choice of material—it is necessary above all things that the material be of good, dependable quality, that will wear well and, if it be a wash dress, will stand repeated washings without fading or losing its freshness and dainty appearance.

For this purpose nothing is more suitable and satisfactory than the many different styles of the well known Simpson-Eddystone dress goods, which for 68 years have maintained that high standard of excellence which made the Simpson name a by-word among the belles of our grandmothers' day.

These substantial materials vie with the more expensive goods in elegance and beauty as well as in originality and scope of designs and styles. And the fact that they are dyed in fadeless permanent colors renders their use practical when less serviceable or less dependable goods would be worthless after becoming soiled, or ruined through washing.

The woman who wishes to plan her new clothes effectively on a small income can utilize these desirable materials to the best possible advantage, for instance the silver-greys, hazel-browns, and shepherd plaids are all excellent.

Every one can follow out her own ideas as to patterns and the style of trimmings, and each dress should, of course, possess its own particular touches of distinctiveness.

The materials can be obtained from leading dry goods stores, and in a great variety of designs.

A Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

BOVRIL

For Invalids and Convalescents

During critical sickness or in the trying time following an acute illness Bovril is invaluable.

It gives strength and life to the invalid. BOVRIL is the concentrated goodness of beef.

The "Bon-Ton" White Sale

Here is a new kind of Whitewear Sale. Instead of struggling with the crowds in the shops, you sit down with the Bon-Ton special catalogue and order what you wish by letter. The goods will reach you promptly, with a tag attached guaranteeing absolute satisfaction or money back.

We pay the delivery charges to any part of Canada. Our special catalogue, supplementing the big winter catalogue, illustrates all kinds of whitewear also some charming advanced spring styles of tailormades. The models that we illustrate herewith, give an idea of the unusual values.

332—Night Gown, good cotton. Yoke of handsome eyelet embroidery insertions and hemstitched tucks. Front and neck with edging to match. Exceptional value.....Special Price **69c**

333—Same as 332, 42 to 46 bust.....Special Price **89c**

345—Combination "Princess Slip" of good soft cotton. Tight fitting. Lace insertion in front, ribbon run at neck and bow at centre. Neck and arm-holes with dainty Val lace. The 10-inch flounce of fine lawn at bottom is with five rows of pin tucks and with wide lace to match top of garment. Sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure, and skirt lengths 38 or 40 inches. One of our best values at the.....Special Price **89c**

347—Combination Drawers and Corset Cover, good soft cotton, Corset Cover, trimmed with two rows of lace insertion, alternating with beading run with ribbon and bows at centre. Neck and arm-holes with edging to match. Embroidery beading with ribbon at waist. Drawers with flounce of fine lawn trimmed with pin tucks and finished with lace to match corset cover. Open only.....Special Price **89c**

3102—Dress of very good quality sheer and soft finish white lawn. Waist is most attractive with its dainty trimming of lace insertions outlining the handsome hand made and artistic Swiss embroidery medallions. The sleeves that are long and the back where closing is made invisibly are also trimmed in harmony with front. A pretty belt of lace insertion joins the skirt to the waist. The skirt has a panel front displaying another Swiss embroidery medallion and a gathered frill finished with dainty lace on top of flounce simulates the fashionable double skirt effect. Bottom flounce is also with neatly made horizontal wide tucks. The whole dress is one of our prettiest models.....Special Price **$3.95**

3121—Tailor-made Suit of good quality all wool invisible striped Worsted in black, navy blue, new green or raisin shade. Coat semi-fitting is about 30 inches long in back. The model is smartly trimmed at the sides with straps of the material, ending in overlapping pointed tabs trimmed with buttons. The shapely notched collar and revers, the turned back cuffs at sleeves are all tailor stitched. Lined throughout with good quality mercerised sateen. The skirt is a nine gored model, the long slender lines of which are accentuated by a full length panel in front. The kilted flounce is headed by a strap of the material shaped and trimmed to harmonize with the coat ornamentation. Special Price..... **$14.98**

3122—Same as 3121 but proportioned for Misses or small women. Sizes 32, 34 or 36 bust only. Skirt length up to 38 inches only. Special Price..... **$14.98**

Send for this special catalogue to-day. It is free and will save you money.

1-11

THE BON-TON CO., 433 St. Joseph St., QUEBEC, Que.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Bonnie Charlie's noo awa',
Safely ower the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he ne'er come back again!
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be—
Will ye no come back again?

Lady Nairne.

There ne'er was a silly Jock but there was a silly Jennie.

In Scots law, a child takes nationality from the father, no matter where born.

A houndless hunter and a gunless gunner aye see routh o' game!

"Ministers are but the pole. It is the brazen serpent you are to look at."—Robert Murray McCheyne.

"A mercifu' faither or mither or a mercifu' kirk aye lea's the door unsteekit for the wanderin' ane to come back."—New Testament in Braid Scots, 2 Cor. ii. 7 (note).

ROBERT BURNS,

Scotland's Immortal Bard, whose 152nd Anniversary was celebrated on January 25th by Scotsmen the World over.

A Kist o' Whistles. An old body being asked what she thought of an organ she had seen and heard in a church, said: "It's a vera bonnie kist fu' o' whistles; but, eh, sirss, it's an awfu' way o' spendin' the Sabbath!"

I remember an old Scotsman on the Grand River, a few miles south of Galt, Ontario (the country was then very new), soliloquising over a little pine, as high as his shoulder. "Ah!" said he, "if I had come to Canada when they were all as small as you, I could have managed you better!" In those days the great problem was, "How to get rid of the pines—and the pine-stumps?"

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
Through all the wide Border his steed is the best;
And save for his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was Knight like the young Lochinvar!

Sir Walter Scott.

People can "read and write" in Scotland. At the last General Election, besides the Universities, there were four other constituencies in which no voters had to have assistance in marking their ballots.

Many of Sir Walter Scott's "characters" are drawn from real life. They could not possibly have been so life-like otherwise. Acting on this assumption, Rev. W. S. Crockett, of Tweedsmuir, whom many of us met a few years ago in Canada, is engaged on a work on the "Originals of Characters in the Waverley Novels."

In Dumfries there was—we have seen it ourselves—and doubtless there is still, the square foundation of a church steeple, which projects several feet on the "foot-path." The story goes that, many years ago now, four fellows, rather "fou," determined to do the town a good turn one night by lifting this obstruction back! It was winter, and each had one of those long gray "greatcoats," once so common. Two of them at each of the outstanding corners—and then "Heize!" "Boys," said one of them in a hoarse whisper, his coat-tail under another fellow's foot, "Boys, ye maun lift her again! Ye've sutten her doon on my coat-tail!"

But gloamin' fa's at last
On the dour, dreich, dinsome day,
And the troubles through whilk we hae safely passed
Hae left us weary and wae.
Hae left us weary and wae,
And fain to be laid limb-free
In a dreamless dwawm to be airtit away
To the shores o' the crystal sea!

Robert Reid.

A' compleen o' want o' siller, but nane o' want o' sense.

An auld tout on a new horn.

Envy shoots at highest mark.

Hearts may 'gree though heids may differ.

He could wile the laverock frae the lift.

Ilka thing that we hae becomes waur o' the wear.

"See ither folks' fauts, and forget yer ain!"

A bairn maun creep afore it gangs.

A bird i' the haun's worth twa fleein' by.

Burns. Sir Walter Scott, when a lad of sixteen, saw Burns twice. He said: "I never saw such an eye in a human being! It literally glowed!" An old man who had seen Burns told the writer of this column half a century ago, "Man, sic an e'e as he had!" Jeffrey, the great Scotch reviewer, when a boy, was staring at a man on the street. "Ay," said a man at a shop-door, "ye may weel look at that man! That's Robert Burns!" Jeffrey never saw him afterwards.

The nightingale, esteemed the sweetest singer in the world, is not found in Scotland; it is too far north. Occasionally some of the old Scots bards, as Dunbar, speak of "the nightingale," but it is merely a fancy—but a fancy someone aping the "Scotch" would be very apt to fall into.

The farmers in Scotland have often difficulty to make the thing "pay." They would do well to emigrate to Canada and cultivate land of their own. My father used to tell me about one of them, who, despite all his skill and care, had become bankrupt. On his way from "the Borders" to Edinburgh to

see the lawyers, he saw and heard a laverock high above his head, and singing and soaring as only a lark can. "Aye," said the poor "broken" man, "weel may ye sing! Ye hae nae debt aboon yer heid!"

Many years ago I was walking from Yetholm to Morbattle, some four miles. An old lady, a relative, was with me. At a gravelly ridge which had been cut through to make the road level an old "cist" ("stone coffin," as the natives called it) had been unearthed; and the parish minister, the late Rev. Mr. Baird, a great antiquarian, had carried away the skull. "And some o' the folk," said my old friend, "spak again' the minister and said he should na hae dune sic a thing. They said"—and she did not seem to agree with them at all—"what wull the puir man do at the day o' joodgment wantin' his heid?" And when I could not help laughing she looked very severely at me. It was no laughing matter!

"Man," said Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, one day to a friend who had asked him what he thought o' a certain preacher, "Man, I was perfectly vexed for him. He jumpit and jouxit up and doon i' the poopit, and yerkit frae this side to that, and squeal't till he was crawin' like a roupy cock. I really wish some ane had squeezed an orange in his throat. And then he warol't as muckle wi' his subject as he did wi' himsel'; and at last it fairly suist him a'thegither. Waes me! It was awfu'!"

"Laird o' Logan."

In Afric's fabled fountains I have panned
the golden sand,
Caught crocodile with baviaan for
bait;
I've fished with blasting gelatine for
hook and gaff and wand,
And lured the bearded barbel to his
fate.

But take your southern rivers that meander to the sea,
And set me where the Leochel joins
the Don,
With eighteen feet of greenheart an' the
tackle running free,
I want to have a clean fish on!

The eland an' the tsessebe I've tracked
from early dawn,
I've heard the roar of lions shake the
night,
I've fed the lone bush-velt camp on dikcop an' korhaan,
An' watched the soaring vulture in his
flight.

For horn and head I've hunted, yet the
spoil of gun and spear,
My trophies, I would freely give them
all,
To creep through mist and heather on
the great red deer—
I want to hear the blackcock call!

I've faced the brunt, its strain an' toil,
in market an' in mine,
Seen Fortune ebb and flow between
the "chains,"
Sat late o'er starlit banquets where the
danger spiced the wine,
But bitter are the lees the alien
drains.

For all the time the heather blooms on
distant Benachie,
An' wrapt in peace the sheltered
valley lies,
I want to wade through bracken in a
glen across the sea—
I want to see the peat reek rise.

"The Alien," in Charles Murray's new volume, "Hamewith."

"Against Despair."

By Rev. Geo. Matheson, D.D.

"Strengthen the things which remain."—Rev. iii. 2.

There are two courses which have been proposed as a safeguard against despair. The first and most common is the disparagement of the thing lost. It is the method of the fox in Aesop's fable; the grapes become sour when they are lifted out of reach. Many a schoolboy, when he loses the prize, says it is not worth having; many a man, when he fails to get an appointment, says, "It is a poor thing; I wouldn't have taken it." To speak thus is to give loss a great victory; it is to assert that we have not only lost the object, but have been deprived of our love for it. Never encourage such a sentiment. I agree with Tennyson that it is better to keep your grief than to lose your love. But there is another way of avoiding despair when loss comes. It is the way prescribed by the man of Patmos—the man who was separated from his dearest by a cruel sea. Does he say that those things separated from him are not worth having? On the contrary, he longs for the time when there shall be "no more" sea. But meantime there is another refuge, a better refuge, than the sourness of the grapes that are left to him. To all souls and to all churches which have suffered loss he stretches out his hands and cries, "Strengthen the things which remain!"

Oh, thou who in the time of loss seest no refuge but either despair or disparagement, I show thee a more excellent way! I would not have thee disparage thy dead. I would not have thee drop them from thy memory as if they had never been. But I would have thee to turn memory into present love—to make thy remembrance of the dead a means of devotion to the living. I have heard the child in Mrs. Hemans' poem say, "O, while my brother with me played, would I had loved him more!" It is a very pretty sentiment, and a very common experience. But I do not think the full moral is given when the child in this poem is told, "Thy brother is in heaven." If we stop with that statement we nip in the bud the aspiration after better conduct. I would say to the child: "You have other playmates who are still on earth. They, too, may be soon called from you. Whenever you think of how much more you might have done for the brother you have lost, remember those playmates who remain! Remember that when they go you will have the same remorse for them; try as much as you can to love them now!" So would I say to the child; and so, my brother, I say to thee. Sink not in despair at the memory of thy shortcomings to those whom thou canst help no longer! Turn that memory into present love! Remember those whom thou canst help! Remember the children who are still playing in the market-place! Remember the needs that can still be met, the wrongs that can still be righted! Remember the hands that still are unwarmed, the feet that still are weary, the hearts that still are sad! Remember to say the word of kindness to-day. Love the more deeply because death has a deep shadow! Lavish upon the morning what the night may prevent thee from giving. Strengthen, strengthen the things which remain.

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued.—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Annual Meeting.

The forty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the banking house on Tuesday, 10th January, 1911, at 12 o'clock.

General Manager's Address.

The General Manager said in part:

We have pleasure in presenting you with a statement which is in many respects a culminating record in the Bank's history. The past year was remarkable for a large volume of business and general prosperity, which justified our predictions when last we had the honor of appearing before you. At no time during the year was there any apprehension lest we should fall short of our estimates. The trend of business, uniformly satisfactory profits, and comparative freedom from losses make it possible to lay before you the results of our operations with great confidence and a full assurance that they will meet with your very cordial approval.

The profits for the past year were $1,838,065.04, an increase of $327,370 as compared with those of the previous year—being 18.38 per cent. on the paid-up capital. This result was obtained after making a careful revaluation of our assets, and ample provision for all bad and doubtful debts.

In accordance with our recommendation, your Directors increased the dividend to nine per cent. per annum, which called for a payment of $900,000. We are gratified that our present and prospective prosperity justifies the expectation of a larger return on your capital, and it will be our pleasure to suggest the payment of ten per cent. for the coming year.

You were good enough to pass a resolution at the last annual meeting authorizing the grant of $20,000 as a nucleus for a Widows' and Orphans' Fund, and this sum, with the regular payment of $30,000 towards the Pension Fund, accounts for the $50,000 charged against profits for this year. After very careful investigation and actuarial examination, we are pleased to say we have been able to adopt a comprehensive scheme to embrace in one fund a beneficent recognition of every member of the staff. We cannot express too strongly our gratification at this consummation of our desire for the welfare of the service. This crowning act will do much to foster the best interests of the Bank, so zealously guarded since its establishment.

After providing for these appropriations we were able to transfer to Reserve Account $1,000,000, and to carry forward $310,204.06 in Profit and Loss Account.

Our deposits show an increase of $6,347,275, which we regard as a healthy growth under this head; the accession of special amounts of a temporary nature, mentioned in last year's statement, equalling the withdrawals during the year. On account of the expansion of our commercial business in Canada current loans and discounts have increased $10,900,344, and this necessitated the withdrawal of $9,523,788 from our call and short loans in the United States. We report $2,167,410 more cash on hand than on last year's statement, and our quick assets equal 45 per cent. of our liabilities, excluding capital and surplus.

The extraordinary development of Canada, the manifest need for the extension of our system to meet the requirements of a rapidly growing business, and the protection of our business at points where we are already established, make it imperative that we should do our duty in opening branches, often anticipating the necessities of the case. We are not unmindful of the criticism activity of this kind engenders, but are conscious of the fact that we are expected to do our full share in the upbuilding of the country which gives us privileges with the understanding that our service will be commensurate with our opportunities. We realize our accountability to the shareholders of this Bank, who have entrusted us with a large investment, and we believe you will be satisfied with the assurance that we exercise a prudent caution as we continue to open branches in new fields.

We have closed a very satisfactory year, our accounts showing unusual profits and a healthy advance in material prosperity. There was a steady and persistent demand for money to care for the needs of merchants, manufacturers, and our farming community, with rates fairly well maintained, the fluctuations being unimportant, notwithstanding the uncertainty of financial affairs in other centres with which we are intimately connected. The outlook for easier conditions in Great Britain will probably result in the sale of Canadian securities abroad in large volume, and the prospect of cheaper money in the United States may have a reflex influence here; but with the great development in all parts of Canada there should be employment at remunerative rates for funds to carry on ordinary business, and all the indications are favorable to active trade along safe lines. We enter the coming year with a confidence begotten of past experience, and hope to share in the general prosperity, and to enjoy reasonable freedom from undue anxiety in the management of our institution.

President's Address.

The President then said in part:

Doubtless the feeling most strongly present at the moment regarding business conditions in Canada is that we are enjoying a prosperity as great as we have ever known. Whatever significance the check of 1907 had at the time, or should still have, even the memory of it seems to have passed away, and with larger foreign and home trade, larger bank clearings, a larger amount of building in cities, a larger amount of railway construction, and larger immigration than in any previous year, it would be strange if we felt otherwise. Our Western crops were not to our liking this year, bankers know that a little more expansion may make money scarce, and the pace of real estate speculation has brought on the inevitable temporary exhaustion, but, important as these things are, they have little effect on the situation as a whole. Even the large reduction in the volume of business in the United States is regarded as mainly due to political unrest and as having no direct bearing on our position. That we are experiencing very great prosperity is a matter evident to all, but if we examine in detail the circumstances accompanying this prosperity, there is much that is not satisfactory. Great Britain is a country that can afford to import much more than it exports because the world owes it annually an enormous sum for interest and other things, for which it must, of course, take payment mainly in merchandise. The United States is a country which should export annually about $500,000,000 more than it imports in order to pay for interest, and for the money drawn from the country by permanent absentees, tourists, emigrants to Canada, etc., and because it cannot afford to increase its debt to foreign countries, having already about 100,000,000 people and a scarcity in many raw materials. Canada is one of the new countries which is entitled to, and which must, during its period of rapid settlement, import more than it exports. The difference is met, however, by debt obligations which must some day be paid. The question then, as to how much we should go into debt is the same which confront the individual in trade, but the considerations are so large and so complicated that it is hard to know when we are wise and when unwise. What is certain, however, is that when a man is in debt he should live sparingly, not extravagantly, and that if, with the money he has borrowed, he has put himself in the way of making a product with which he hopes to pay his debt, he should strain every nerve to make and sell as much of that product as he can, in order to reduce his indebtedness to the lowest point possible. Now, Canada is somewhat like a man who, having a rich inheritance in land, borrows to develop it, and, confident of its future value, spends freely for his present gratification, while he does not make effort enough to create the needed present revenue from his property.

During the fiscal year 1910 of the Dominion Government our imports and exports both reached record figures. Our imports were $391,803,000, and our exports $301,358,000, the balance against us being $90,445,000. The excess of imports is not a record, having been exceeded in 1907 and 1908, but it is, as was expected, a great increase over the previous year, when, because of the contraction in 1908, the excess of imports was only $48,162,000. The total of our foreign trade was $693,161,000, more than three times the volume of twenty years ago. It is unfortunate that we cannot estimate, even roughly, the volume and growth of our domestic trade during the same period. Our imports from the United States were larger than ever, $237,693,000. This is almost twice the amount of ten years ago. Our exports were a trifle less than in 1908, being $113,145,000. The sum we had to pay to the United States in money was therefore $124,548,000, or more than two and a half times the amount we had to pay ten years ago. This money was obtained partly from the surplus in our exports to Great Britain, partly from the sale of securities in Great Britain and Europe, and to a small degree from investments in Canada coming from the United States, and the wealth brought in by settlers from that country. Our imports from Great Britain were $95,677,000, a trifle less than those of the record year 1908. Our exports were a record, being $149,634,000, against $134,484,000 in 1908. The surplus in our favor was $53,956,000, a smaller figure than in six of the last ten years, and about eighteen millions less than in the most favorable year, 1903.

It is clear that if we chose we could largely increase our exports. We know that in almost all parts of Canada the majority of farmers produce very much less wealth per acre than would be possible with greater effort and with the necessary labor available. The farmer who has no mortgage or other debts, who finds labor extremely hard to obtain, whose standard of comfort is fixed, and who is no longer young, cannot easily realize that he has any duty to the State which he does not perform, nor can any pressure be brought to bear upon him except by friendly argument and practical illustration. The fact remains, however, that because the farmers as a whole do not produce more, our debts to other countries for national expenditure made in anticipation of future development are more burdensome than is necessary.

The total value of the field crops of Canada, at local market prices, as estimated by the Census Department, is $507,185,000, the product of 32,711,062 acres. The corresponding figures for 1909 are $532,992,000 from 30,065,556 acres, and for 1908, $432,534,060 from 27,505,663 acres. The loss in 1910 was in wheat, oats, and barley, in which the acreage was 20,992,900, with a value of only $248,738,000, against 18,917,900 acres in 1909, with a value of $289,144,000. So that, while the decrease in all field crops is $25,807,000, the loss in wheat, oats and barley alone is $40,406,000, leaving a handsome increase in all other field crops.

The most curious feature in Canada at the moment is the outbreak from time to time of agitation stirred up, sometimes by guilds, sometimes by strikes, and often by city councils, but always by one set of interests against another. We have a more general prosperity than could readily be found elsewhere, now or in the history of the past. The only people with a just complaint are those whose labor and brains are paid by a more or less fixed recompense, which is not adjusted in accordance with the change in prices. These are the people who, as a rule, do not complain, perhaps because their fortune is the same in every country. In the case of the majority of our wage-earners there is some adjustment, whether sufficient or not. In any event, the overwhelming bulk of our people share in our prosperity, which, be it remembered, is the result of our combined activities. It is not due to the farmer alone, nor to the mechanic, nor to the railroad, the bank, the manufacturer or the shopkeeper. It is the result of the fortuitous circumstances under which we are enabled by our combined effort to make profitable use of the natural resources of Canada. Is it not, therefore, most regrettable that, instead of each individual finding happiness and contentment in his own prosperity and in his share in building up this country, which is his guarantee of future well-being, we agitate merely that we may still further profit as individuals, even if other Canadian industries are made to lose or are destroyed thereby?

The Maritime Provinces.

While there is, perhaps, less change from year to year in the Maritime Provinces than in most parts of Canada, there is a slow but steady improvement in many industries, and the year just closed has been one of marked prosperity. The results from general agriculture have been perhaps the best in the history of this part of Canada, both as to yield and as to price. The value of the field crops of the Maritime Provinces in 1910 was $50,150,000, compared with $49,684,000 for 1909. Potatoes suffered so severely from rot and the yield was so small that this important crop brought in only about half the usual returns. Apples and other small fruits, excluding berries, were most unsatisfactory—apples being less than one-third of a crop—but in other products, especially hay and grain, crops and prices were so good as to second the admirable efforts of the Agricultural College to impress upon the people how profitable are the results to be obtained from land which is fertile and near to good markets, but which lies idle largely because the people of many parts of these provinces have been used to other pursuits. In Prince Edward Island dairying and stock-raising are increasing in volume and have been very profitable during the past year, and the same is true of some parts of Nova Scotia, but in New Brunswick, notwithstanding the higher prices and the fine hay crops, much less cheese and butter is made than five or ten years ago, many less factories and creameries are in operation, and the stock of horses, cattle and sheep is actually less numerous than ten years ago.

Ontario and Quebec.

A year ago, despite some fluctuations in conditions, the record of agriculture in Ontario and Quebec was most satisfactory. This year the record is still better, and it is questionable if as regards yield or prices, excepting in the case of fruit, potatoes, and one or two minor articles, a more generally successful result was ever obtained by our farmers. High prices in 1909 had caused a larger acreage of grain to be planted, farm work began early in the spring, fall wheat came through the winter well, harvest results were excellent, hay gave a large yield, roots in most localities did well, cattle, horses, hogs, poultry, eggs and all dairy products brought high prices, but the supply was unfortunately always insufficient. The value of the field crops of Ontario and Quebec for 1910 was $301,109,000, compared with $290,469,000 for 1909.

Although in the fruit districts where apple growing is carried on scientifically, as fine apples were produced as could be desired, the crop as a whole was as great a failure in Ontario as in the Maritime Provinces. In neither district can accurate statistics be obtained, but the quantity shipped from Montreal is sufficient to show what a bad crop means. In 1910 the shipments were only 163,000 barrels, there being no recent year comparable with this except 1901, when shipments were only 122,000 barrels. The highest figure reached was in 1903, 732,000 barrels, and the average of eight ordinary years was about 515,000 barrels. Doubtless no care would have averted the main cause

of a lessened crop, but with scientific methods the number and size of the apples would always be greatly increased and the quality greatly improved.

We used to be able to follow closely the growth of our dairying industry by using the figures of the shipments of cheese and butter from Montreal as examples, but new conditions have arisen, and these figures are now of little use. The consumption of butter in Canada and of cream in Canada and the United States has practically destroyed our foreign trade in butter, which one year reached 573,449 packages, valued at $7,400,000. The same causes have kept our cheese exports almost stationary for three or four years. The figures for 1910 are 1,892,000 boxes, worth $17,503,000, as against the record of 2,395,932 boxes in 1903, valued at $21,500,000. One great departmental store collects direct from the farmers sufficient milk to keep several cheese factories busy.

Successful as the year has been with the farmers of the East, there is a growing conviction that this part of Canada is at the moment a land of neglected opportunity, largely owing to the easy success of those who have taken up the cheap lands and virgin soil of the West. While many think that more effort is necessary to success in the East, facts gathered from recent experience show that in no part of Canada can a larger return be obtained in proportion to the intelligence employed than here in Ontario. We have one of the best and most famous of Agricultural Colleges, and wherever one of its students is farming, the effect of his knowledge on his own farm and the influence of his example on those of others is most marked, but there are many parts where no such examples of improved methods exist, and the Government has now adopted the plan of taking the College to the farmer. The Farmers' Institute lectures and the Agricultural Fair prizes have done and are doing much good, but the new effort is of a much more effective and practical nature. It is sought by demonstration farming actually carried on by experts acting for the Government, and by visits paid to various parts of the Province by experts who are able and willing to give advice, gradually to break up that condition of contentment with the farming of our fathers which is so great an enemy to progress. If young men can be shown the results of a thorough knowledge of stock-raising as compared with not knowing, of caring for orchards instead of not caring for them, of systematic manuring and of proper drainage, of a knowledge, indeed, of the many things which bring about the enormous difference in results between old-fashioned and up-to-date farming, we may hope that more farmers' sons will stay on the land, and that many city men will settle there, and that increased wealth and happiness will be the result. But actual results are more powerful arguments than mere preaching. An orchard in Ontario which yielded prior to 1909, $100 worth of apples annually, produced in 1909 in new hands fruit worth $1,437, the net profit on which was $974, in addition to apples not suitable for eating worth more than the whole crop before the orchard was properly cared for. In other cases 8 acres of orchard produced $2,489 gross and $1,890 net; 5½ acres produced $2,237 gross and $1,720 net; 1½ acres produced $539 gross; and many cases of yields in money from $150 to $300 per acre could be shown, the result varying, of course, with the age of the trees but mainly with the practical knowledge of the fruit grower. In vegetables one man with 17 acres raised 127 tons of cauliflower, which he sold for $30 per ton, a return of about $225 per acre. We know that for years large profits have been made in Ontario growing fine roses and other flowers for New York and other United States markets, but we now hear of one experienced hybridizer, who is also a banker, who has made himself famous as well as prosperous as a producer of innumerable species of gladioli, which are in demand in all quarters of the world. It must be remembered that these results are not due merely to the proximity of a market, but that in almost any part of Western Ontario similar things can be done. Too much credit cannot be accorded to the Department of Agriculture of Ontario for the effort it is making, and we can but hope that the number of lecturers and demonstrators will be increased, and that they will be persistently kept at work as a permanent force working for agricultural improvement. In some parts already a new tone has been given to farm affairs, emigration to the West has nearly ceased, farm values are increasing, and intensive farming is a subject of general and keen interest.

That a more enterprising spirit is necessary may be readily gathered from the statistics of live stock in Ontario. From 1901 to 1907 the number of horses on hand grew from 620,000 to 725,000, but since that year there has been practically no increase. The number sold annually has, however, increased from 51,000 in 1901 to 98,000 in 1910, which is evidence enough of the difficulty of maintaining a stock on hand. The number of milch cows in 1901 was 984,000, in 1907, 1,152,000, in 1910 only 1,052,000. The number of other cattle in 1901 was 1,523,000, in 1906, 1,834,000, and in 1910, only 1,514,000. The number of stock slaughtered, however, rose steadily from 610,000 in 1901, to 817,000 in 1910. In sheep and lambs the story is one of steady decline from 1901 to 1910 in both the number of those on hand and of those slaughtered. In swine the number on hand rose from 1,491,000 in 1901 to 2,049,000 in 1907, and fell to 1,561,000 in 1910, while the number slaughtered, rose from 1,973,000 in 1901 to 2,267,000 in 1905, and fell to 1,844,000 in 1910. In poultry of all classes there has been a satisfactory increase in the number on hand and in the number annually killed. It will be seen from these figures, which are mainly taken from reports of the Agricultural Department of the Province of Ontario, and do not agree very closely with those of the Census Department at Ottawa, that we are meeting a greatly increased demand by decreasing the stock on hand, and such a state of things cannot, of course, continue long. Many quite natural causes have led to this result, and others will tend to remedy it to some extent in the near future. Hay being scarce, high prices prevailing for coarse grains, and the highest prices ever known for cattle, the farmer has in many cases sold both cattle and coarse grains, instead of feeding his stock as usual. But food crops are now more plentiful, and we may look for an increase in the stock of animals on hand.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Considerable disappointment, as we all know, accompanies the record of what is nevertheless another year of progress in the prairie provinces. The wheat, oats and flax reaped in the previous year were the highest in grade, and the whole crop was the largest and produced the largest sum in money ever known. Under such conditions the acreage for 1910 was naturally increased, not merely by older farmers, but by new settlers preparing their first crops. With an early spring everything promised well, but because of many adverse conditions a smaller and less highly graded crop was the result. Our estimates in August were:—

	Bushels.
Wheat	88,000,000
Oats	90,000,000
Barley	17,000,000
Flax	1,000,000

Other estimates are as high as 104,000,000 bushels for wheat and 128,000,000 for oats, but we do not expect either wheat or oats to reach 100,000,000 bushels. About 60 per cent. of the wheat is fit for milling, and oats and barley grade badly. The flax crop was larger than in 1909 and the price during 1910 has been as high as $2.54 per bushel, and is still most unusually high, so that the crop is much more important than might be supposed. The money result from the crops of the three prairie provinces, as estimated by conservative Western opinion, will be about $20,000,000 less than for 1909. The estimate of the Census Department, which includes all field crops, is less favorable. The total field crops for the three provinces for 1910 are valued at $155,926,000, as compared with $192,839,000 for 1909, a less amount by about $37,000,000. Much of the shrinkage in value is due to the decline in price.

The smaller yield of the crops of these provinces is due to unfavorable weather in three districts, Southern Alberta, Southern Manitoba, and South-Western Saskatchewan. In the northern districts and in some southern parts results were most excellent. In the districts where results were generally unfavorable, however, isolated cases stand out clearly, showing splendid results obtained, despite the weather, simply by scientific farming. Agricultural conditions at the moment in Southern Manitoba and parts of South-Western Saskatchewan are unsatisfactory because of lack of moisture, while in Southern Alberta, because of plentiful moisture during the last few months, the prospects are as good as could be desired. For some years the necessity of more advanced methods in such older parts of Southern Manitoba has been painfully evident. May we now hope that the Government of Manitoba as well as the farmers will forthwith do the quite obvious and not difficult things necessary to redeem and maintain the reputation of this part of Canada as a grain producing country. Undoubtedly the crop is largely reduced every year by the prevalence of weeds, and it is clear that the Provincial Government cannot take too much trouble to remove this evil as far as possible. Enough has been done by individual cases of good farming to show how much larger the profits of agriculture in the West should be. The results of the present poor crop have been improved by the fact that mixed farming has been increasing—indeed, that is one direction in which Southern Manitoba is already working out the reform made necessary by the impoverishment of the land as a result of repeated grain crops.

There is no question of more importance to Western development than that of improving the breeding of live stock and of increasing their numbers. We are witnessing the gradual extinction of the rancher and the gradual establishment of a great grazing and feeding industry. It is naturally difficult by the increase due to the slower methods of the latter to make up for the losses consequent on the passing of the rancher, but the outlook as a whole is promising. The Live Stock Exhibition at Winnipeg in 1910 exceeded all records in the number of high-grade animals shown, and these were of such excellence that little further improvement can be looked for, some classes having been the finest ever shown in America. The progressive Western farmer is demonstrating to his fellows that if each of them will, as soon as he can afford it, raise a few head of high-grade stock, the disappearance of the rancher will redound to their gain, and the problem of maintaining a sufficient supply of animals will be solved. As matters now stand, stocks are not as large as they should be, nor are they increasing as fast as they should. Statistics do not go far oenugh back in Saskatchewan and Alberta to be of much service, but in Manitoba horses have increased in numbers only about 50 per cent. in ten years, cattle a trifle more than 50 per cent., sheep have lessened in number, swine have increased about 100 per cent., and poultry about 65 to 70 per cent. Such statistics as are available show that stocks on hand for the three provinces are about 870,000 horses, 2,300,000 cattle, 345,000 sheep, and 608,000 swine. Figures for poultry seem unreliable, but apparently there are not as yet half as many as in Ontario. One has only to look at the map and consider the small part of Ontario that is farmed, and to compare it with the West, in order to see how very much must be done before it can be made impossible for the Vice-President of the C. P. R. to reproach Manitoba with the importation of 12,000,000 eggs in one year over that railway alone, and to say further that the poultry and cream for their dining cars must be obtained partly in the United States.

The storage capacity of terminal and inland elevators has increased from 63,190,000 bushels in 1909 to 77,901,000 bushels in 1910.

The railways are again to be congratulated on the manner in which they handled the crop. It is estimated that by the close of navigation 60,000,000 bushels had reached the head of the lakes. Terminal facilities for handling the crop have still further improved, and through the Lake Shippers' Clearance Association vessels can be loaded and despatched with much greater rapidity than heretofore. There has been the usual large increase in the mileage of railways, with the prospect of a still greater increase in 1911. In addition to Winnipeg, there are now many important railway centres, such as Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Weyburn, Saskatoon, Prince Albert, Yorkton, North Battleford, Edmonton, Calgary and Lethbridge.

One of the most interesting things in the settlement of Canada is the work of the superintendent of the irrigation schemes of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The policy of providing "ready-made farms" is succeeding admirably, and the dryness of the past season has drawn attention to the value of irrigation in Southern Alberta. Sales of land in the irrigation area have been very large during the last three years, and have lately averaged a million dollars a month. The railway company naturally favor sales which result in immediate occupation. Their plans have succeeded so well that an appropriation of $8,000,000 is said to have been voted by the Railway Board in order to carry the irrigation system further east.

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This dress may be had in all wool Panama in dark, red, green, brown and navy at $2.50 up to and including 8 years. Up to 12 years, price $2.95. Order dress in Panama No 80. Add 20c for postage.—**Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.**

Oneega.

By James W. Dempsey, Brandon.

IT was during the winter of '76. I was then in the employ of MacMillan Bros. Lumber Company, of old Fort Garry, and was to be sent out to inspect some timber limits secured by them about fifty miles west of Portage la Prairie, in the range of hills that extends northward, and broadens out until they reach the Ridings on the north. As guide I secured the services of Old Andy, a middle-aged weather-beaten "old timer," who I learned had a shack on the banks of Pine Creek, near the timber limits which I was to explore. Old Andy had come to Fort Garry to procure some supplies, and was setting out next morning on the long trail for Pine Creek. For many years he had been a trapper along this creek and throughout the hills, and he knew the whole country well. I had been told by some of the traders at the fort that he was "rather a quare old duffer, but a good guide." The only peculiarity I noticed about him was his quick and rather nervous way of glancing about and his almost moody silence.

About five o'clock in the evening of the third day we struck Pine Creek, and had yet about ten miles to go down the creek to where the shack was situated. This was the only shack within twenty miles, and we calculated to reach it before eight o'clock.

We followed the windings of the creek. On either side extended a wide swamp for about four hundred yards, overgrown in many places with willow, and beyond this rose the hills, extending west and east for about fifteen miles on both sides and running in a wide range far to the northward. A thick poplar and spruce forest covered all the hills. The snow was about a foot deep, and lay smooth and even. The air was intensely cold, and every sound re-echoed. Far through the hills we heard the lonely yell of the coyote and occasionally the angry snarl of the wild cat.

It was already dusk, and we quickened our pace. Suddenly Old Andy, who was walking ahead, stopped. "Listen!" Far across the hills echoed and re-echoed a long, weird cry, plaintive and menacing, intensely human and terrible. A cold shiver ran through me. I looked at the trapper. He was pale as death, and seemed dazed. "What is it?" I asked, my voice a hoarse whisper. He started as one suddenly awakened. "Oneega's cry! the spell! the spell!" he cried. "Come, we must reach the house." And he hurried on at such a pace that I could with difficulty keep up. For about an hour I struggled after him; and ever and anon there came up through the frosty night that long and terrible cry, and each time the trapper seemed to quicken his pace till at last we reached a clearing and caught sight of the shack.

Not until we had kindled a fire and prepared supper did the trapper venture a remark, and, looking at the man, I feared to ask the meaning of the strange cry. Now, settled before the fire, he began one of the strangest stories I had heard for many days. However, again and again, as he talked, that lonely cry broke in upon us, and each time some strong influence seemed to move the trapper. I give the story as he told it me, bit by bit.

It was in the early days, when the Crees were wont to encamp in these hills during the winter months to obtain their supply of deer meat and skins. In the winter of 1862 a large tribe, under the chief Eagle Feather, were encamped a few miles to the north. Among them was the chief's son, Young Eagle, and his cousin "Ishwashka," familiarly known as "Grey Wolf."

Now, Young Eagle and Grey Wolf had for some time been rivals for the hand of Oneega, the belle of the tribe. Seeing that his rival had the preference, Young Eagle determined to get rid of him in some way. A journey was to be made about 20 miles to the northern forests to search for deer. Usually only two young braves were sent. Young Eagle contrived to have Grey Wolf with himself selected. Suspecting nothing, Grey Wolf consented, and the two set out. On the morning of the second day Oneega was found to be missing from the camp. A spirit of foreboding had seized her, and, obeying the superstitious impulse of her race, she followed on the trail of the hunters. All day she followed, and eventually at even came near the camp. There was Young Eagle, and alone. Divining what had happened, Oneega waited till he was asleep, and then, stealing up, stabbed him to the heart.

Many days the tribe waited for the hunters, and searched for Oneega, but no one returned and no trace of Oneega was found. At last they found the body of the treacherous Young Eagle, and many suspected what had happened. Soon the tale got abroad through all the tribes that the spirit of Oneega could be seen wandering ever over the northern hills seeking her lost lover, Grey Wolf.

Seven years later a French Canadian, Louis, came to Old Andy's shack and stopped with him for some time. All through the late fall together they trapped and hunted, till at last the streams were all closed over, the snow was unusually deep, and all the deer seemed to have gone north into the thicker bush. About the middle of February, their supply of meat being done, they determined to go north to secure venison. Starting out early one morning they travelled all day, till they came at last to Moose Creek, where they intended to camp.

It was on just such a night as this, and at the same time of year. There, as they sat before their camp fire on the banks of Moose Creek, Old Andy and Louis heard for the first time this lone, weird cry of the lost Indian maiden, Oneega. They had often heard the story from the Indians, and the tradition that anyone who followed the phantom was doomed to die. Again and aga they heard that plaintive wail, ever nearer, distinct and entreating and so terribly human. An uncontrollable desire seized Louis. He must follow and find what it really was. Seizing his rifle he left camp and went out into the night. Across the frozen stream he followed the sound of the cry and up a long ravine, and there, in the frosty moonlight, he saw the ghostly figure of the Indian maid. She beckoned to him, and a spell seemed upon him. He attempted to draw back, but the irresistible desire was in him to follow that phantom cry. On went the figure, and after her the hunter. Over high hills, through the heavy forest and far to the northward she led him. Ever he tried to return, but ever he heard that entreating call. Clouds covered the moon, the wind began to rise, the snow sifted through the trees and around him, but still that compelling plaint. And now it begins to snow, the wind rises higher and the blizzard has begun. Louis struggles on, up to the knees in snow, his rifle long since discarded, all sense of time and place obliterated; but ever in his ears rang that voice just ahead and drawing him on—on—on.

The blizzard lasted for two days. Old Andy waited for many weary days, and searched long, but no trace of Louis could be found. And now the Indian told of how Louis had come under the spell of the wandering Oneega, and of how in seven years she would return.

EDSON, ALTA.

is the only town that can be favorably compared with Saskatoon. Saskatoon, when it first began to attract general attention, some seven years ago, was the centre for all that territory now known as Goose Lake Country, the Eagle Lake District, the Long Lake District and considerable territory to the east and north east. That territory at that time was sparsely settled and it was due to this fact and owing to the rush of homesteaders into that district that made Saskatoon what it is today. Take a map and compare the prospects of Saskatoon at that time with the prospects that Edson has today.

Edson is the last prairie divisional point on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. It will be the end of the railway until the mountain section of the road is finished, probably three years hence. It has no competing towns to the south within 150 miles, to the west within 300 miles, to the north within 500 miles and to the east within 132 miles. It is the gateway to the Peace River Valley, the country where 22,000 homesteads will be taken up this year, a country that is generally acknowledged to be well adapted for agricultural purposes and which has engaged public attention for the past ten years.

The Peace River Valley is well advertised and the rush of homesteaders into that territory will surpass anything known heretofore. The Edson district has rich coal deposits, extensive forests, stone quarries of high quality, lakes and rivers, and the Jasmin Park, a resort that is in every way equal to the resort at Banff.

It is safe to assume that Edson will have a population of 20,000 people in five years. It took Saskatoon seven years to acquire a population of 15,000. Lots that sold in Saskatoon seven years ago at $300 each, changed hands last year at $40,000 cash.

The opportunity that Saskatoon offered seven years ago is exactly what Edson offers you today. You frequently meet people today who regret that they did not buy Saskatoon property in 1904. They talk entertainingly about the fact that they had the chance to be independently rich but they did not have the courage to invest their money in Saskatoon seven years ago. If you invested your money in Saskatoon seven years ago there is nothing more certain than that you will buy a lot in Edson today.

Our lots are all located in the first survey of the original townsite of Edson and range in price from $125 to $1,800 each. We sell on easy terms of payment and will be glad to furnish full particulars upon receipt of post card from you saying you are interested in Edson and want to make an investment.

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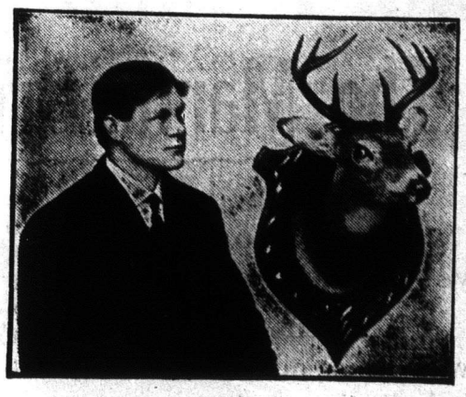

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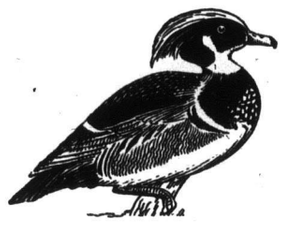

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The old trapper finished his story and rose. He was strangely agitated. We still heard at intervals that weird and mysterious cry. To Old Andy it seemed more distinct than to me. I noticed that he started often towards the door, and then appeared to conquer his desire to go out.

We piled fresh wood on the fire and "rolled in" for the night; but I could not shake off the memory of the story I had just heard. Something uncanny seemed to pervade the whole place. After a troubled sleep of about two hours I awoke with a start and a sense of loneliness. I felt that something was wrong. Rising to put more wood on the fire I noticed that Old Andy had left the shack. Then there came the story I had heard from him just a few hours before, and his strange behaviour. Putting on mocassins and coat, I hurriedly seized my rifle and went out. All was silent for a moment, and then I shivered as I listened, for far, far to the northward echoed that same cry, more weird than before, and seeming to me almost mocking in its plaintiveness.

The wind was beginning to rise, and the snow swirled in eddies round the shack. I traced the trapper's footsteps down to the bend of the creek, where they turned northward up the ravine, and were already covered over by the sifting snow. Fainter again over the wind was borne that terrible cry. Oneega's spell had claimed another victim.

No settler inhabits that lonely region, and for many years I have wandered wide, but again and again, as each seventh year comes round, I, who last heard that lonely cry, feel that terrible desire to make my way far through the hills and over Moose Creek ever to the northward, to follow the phantom wanderer.

Nellie's Faith.

By Mrs. J. D. Wright, Deloraine.

IT was nearing the time for the evening service. The doors of the beautiful Broadway Tabernacle in a Western city had just been opened, supposedly to welcome to God's house all comers. But, watching the crowds of stylishly dressed people passing within, one had the feeling that the rich, the moneyed people, claimed as theirs this temple made with hands. Everything seemed to say "This is not the poor man's church," yet everything the eye looked on was so beautiful that one felt rested just to sit still and quietly take in its beauty. Surely here was an ancient prophecy fulfilled where all things were brought together "to beautify the place of My sanctuary."

Among the throng that passed up the broad aisle came fair, curly-headed Nellie. From her close quarters she could see nothing but the tall, stout lady's shimmering silk dress, which she shyly felt as she walked in the crowd directly behind this colossal presence. No one seemed to see the child, and she seated herself on one of the steps which led to the high pulpit.

Whatev the motive power that moved this vast audience to seek God's house on this particular Sabbath evening, she had come with a purpose: a purpose so strong and holy that it made her fearless of the crowd or the grandeur of the place. She sat on the pulpit steps and looked at the beautiful lead light windows that reached as far up as she could see; and in her childish fancy she thought perhaps they reached right up to heaven. Then she watched the ladies' pretty hats, with their profusion of silky feathery trimming that trembled and quivered in such a bewitching manner, till she grew tired, and, resting her head on the step above her, with her arm for a pillow, was soon fast asleep.

When the service was ended not even the full mellow tones of the great pipe organ roused Nellie from her slumber, and every one passed out without noticing the sleeping child.

Fortunately the minister returned in a short time for his spectacles, which he had left on the pulpit desk, and stepped close beside the little girl before he knew of her presence. Gently he leaned over and touched her. Almost instantly she sat up rubbing her eyes. The kind minister patted her tenderly on her shining curls, saying, "Well, my dear, how came you here all alone?"

By this time Nellie was wide awake, and answered brightly, "Oh, I'se often been here wis my mama, but now she is sick, an' I tummed all by myself, tos I wanted you to pray her well."

"Who told you to come?"

"Nobody. And papa is cryin' so he tant see, but I is big enuff to tum dest by myself."

"Well, dearie, what would you like me to do for you?" he asked.

"Oh, pr y my mama well. Every time I was here I heard you pray for lots of sick folks to get well, and I know God will hear you here, tos this is His house."

Together the white-haired man of God and the golden-haired child knelt on the pulpit stairway, while he tenderly, earnestly, but simply asked the great Unseen Power to turn back the dark shadow threatening this young life, and restore to health the precious mother. During the prayer Nellie kept her hand snuggled trustingly in that of the minister. At its close she joined him in a hearty "Amen."

When they arose from their knees he said, "Now, Nellie, I will take you home, and see how your mama is."

"Oh," she answered, with a little skip of joy, "I know she will be better, tos God heard us."

Hand in hand they walked home, where they fonud Nellie's papa just starting out to look for their darling, whom they had just missed. He was surprised to learn of her whereabouts, and, with eyes full of tenderness, thanked the good minister, who asked, "How is the sick mother now?"

"Thank God she is better, The doctor says she has just passed the crisis, and with care and good nursing will soon be well."

With reverent step and bowed head the man of God walked toward his own home. As he walked he mused thus: "God is love, and love is life, and the spring of eternal joy that flows from the fountain of life to bless the souls of men, and the power that touches its source and sometimes turns back the gates of death is given even to a little child, for in my heart I know this blessing was won by little Nellie's faith."

A Lesson in Good Manners.

A well known lawyer tells a good story about himself and his efforts to correct the manners of his office-boy.

"I say, guvnor, there's a test match on to-day, and I'm going!"

"James," said the lawyer, "that is not the way to ask a favor. Sit down in my chair and I will show you how permission should be requested."

His employer then picked up the boy's cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and said quietly to the boy, "Please, there is a big cricket match to-day; if you can spare me I should like to get away for the afternoon." "Why, of course, Jimmie," responded the boy in his role of master; "and here is half-a-crown to spend!"

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Where Western Canada Fails.

In Matters of Education Manitoba is a Long Way Behind. Importance of Wage Earning and Home Making. By J. Richardson.

"How many of you children have seen the sea?"

Over four hundred young Canadians were asked this question by Dr. Robertson, the chairman of the Royal Commission on Technical Education and Manual Training which recently went through the West.

One boy put up his hand in one corner. Another did the same in another corner. One girl in the middle of the class-room thought she had seen the sea but could not say for sure. Anyhow, she lifted her hand. One little fellow was certain that he had seen it because he still remembered being sea-sick when his mother brought him from England. Altogether, out of those four hundred scholars, only four had seen the sea.

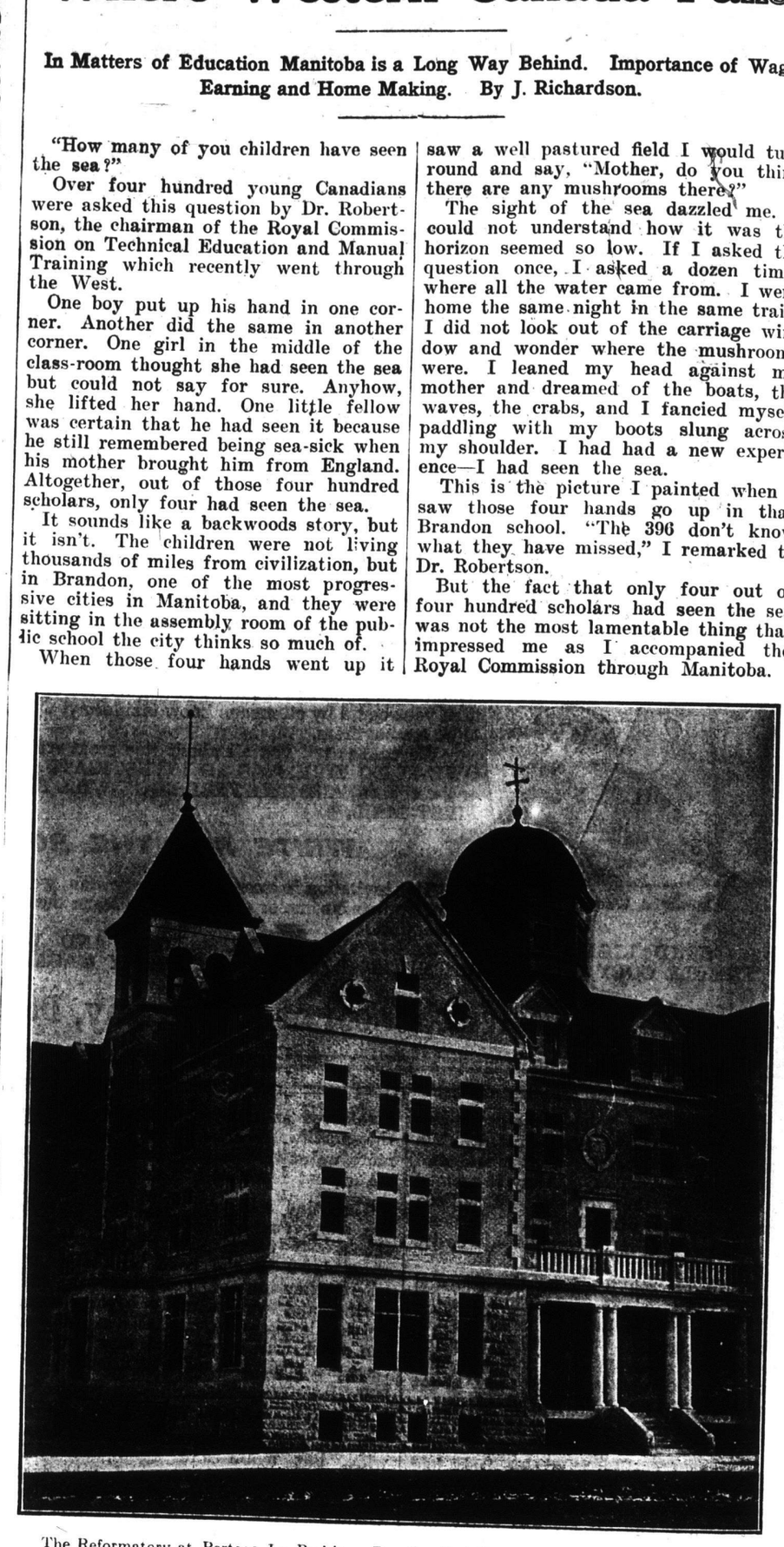
It sounds like a backwoods story, but it isn't. The children were not living thousands of miles from civilization, but in Brandon, one of the most progressive cities in Manitoba, and they were sitting in the assembly room of the public school the city thinks so much of.

When those four hands went up it saw a well pastured field I would turn round and say, "Mother, do you think there are any mushrooms there?"

The sight of the sea dazzled me. I could not understand how it was the horizon seemed so low. If I asked the question once, I asked a dozen times where all the water came from. I went home the same night in the same train I did not look out of the carriage window and wonder where the mushrooms were. I leaned my head against my mother and dreamed of the boats, the waves, the crabs, and I fancied myself paddling with my boots slung across my shoulder. I had had a new experience—I had seen the sea.

This is the picture I painted when I saw those four hands go up in that Brandon school. "The 396 don't know what they have missed," I remarked to Dr. Robertson.

But the fact that only four out of four hundred scholars had seen the sea was not the most lamentable thing that impressed me as I accompanied the Royal Commission through Manitoba.



The Reformatory at Portage La Prairie. For the Bad Boys of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

made me think of the time I first saw the sea. I was about twelve years of age then. I had heard a lot about the sea. I had seen pictures of children playing on the sands. Some of my playmates, whose parents were better off than mine, would come from their holidays carrying little wooden spades and buckets. They would tell me how they had made sand houses on the beach, how the tide had washed them away, and how they had romped in the sunshine.

One day my mother told me she was going to take me to the sea-side. I could scarcely believe it. I dreamed about it. I asked all my schoolmates if they had been to Scarborough. Some of them had; most of them hadn't. Anyhow, I was going, and I went.

It was an annual excursion the colliers have in the North of England towns. I remember to this day how I woke at five o'clock in the morning to catch a train that went at nine. In the crowded railway carriage I got a seat next to the window, and I noticed everything the train passed. When I

Girls Could Typewrite but Scorned Cooking.

In the same Brandon school, Dr. Robertson asked how many girls could cook.

"How many of you girls can cook?" Why the question seemed too old fashioned for the up-to-date girls of Brandon. Some of them could manipulate the Remington typewriter, but they had never given a thought to cooking. If there was a girl in that class room who could cook she was afraid to confess before her school chums what she thought was a weakness.

So, in some Western towns it is considered far more important to teach a girl how to hammer away at a typewriter than to teach her the rudiments of homemaking.

"If the future of Canada depended on real estate values, she might be all right," Commissioner James Simpson said when we returned to the Government car at the station. "But it doesn't. It depends upon the sort of homes those girls make."

Dr. Robertson could not leave that

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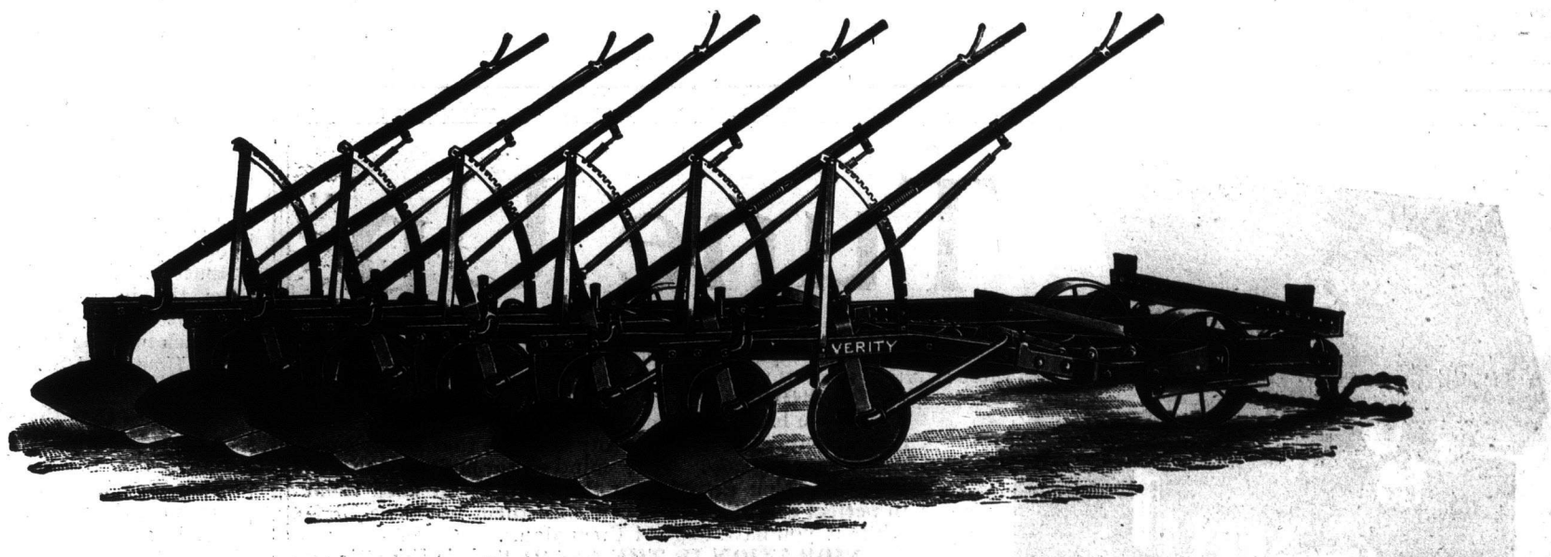

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school without testing the boys as he had tested the girls.

Boys Taught to Speak French Instead of to Work.

"How many of you boys can dig without having a pain in the back?" was his question. "How many of you could do odd jobs at a carpenter's bench?" He was trying to find out how many of them were preparing for the work many of them would have to depend upon for a livelihood in later years.

If he had asked "How many of you can speak French?" nearly every boy in the building might have answered. But because he wanted to know who could set a row of potatoes, the boys looked at each other and laughed.

No, education in some of the Western towns is not what it ought to be. In some places the children are not even taught how to use their own hands. Night schools are rare. Portage la Prairie has neither manual training in the schools nor a night class.

"Why haven't you adopted manual training in this town?" Dr. Robertson asked the Mayor.

"Because we thought it would be too expensive," was the answer.

And yet Portage la Prairie, with its population of eight thousand can afford to run forty automobiles.

"We hope you will do something to improve the education of this province," said one of the witnesses before the Royal Commission at the Winnipeg sitting. "Thousands of children are growing up in ignorance because Manitoba is not doing its duty," he declared.

Manitoba! Why, it's one of the progressive Western provinces. Its wheat crops, except that of last year when damage was done by drought, have broken records. Land which a few years ago could be bought for next to nothing fetch $40 an acre today. Yet in Manitoba only a third of the children go to school. The other two-thirds stay away and run about the streets because there is no compulsory school law. It was stated in the Provincial Legislature last year that no less than 16,734 children

Children Attending the Indian School at Brandon.

are growing up in ignorance in that province.

Winnipeg's Problem.

I once heard Mayor Evans say that Winnipeg had its problems. This education of children is one of them. Winnipeg is the magnet which draws thousands of foreigners to it every year. They bring their families from Austria, Scandinavia, Roumania, and all parts of the world. The child gets little or no schooling because the parent has every inducement to keep him at home. Why should Pierre Tremblay go to school while Jean Pion is earning $4 a week running errands? Until the province awakens to its duty and says that every child must be educated and given a fair chance in life, ninety-nine out of every hundred of these foreign children will follow the example of Jean.

If you ask the average man in the street what is wrong with Western Canada, his answer will be "Nothing." If you ask him if its future is assured he might sneer at you. But there is something radically wrong in this matter of education, and the future of the country does not depend upon enhanced real estate values but upon the character of the people.

Unless I am mistaken there will be many alterations in the near future. The Royal Commission has felt the national pulse, and noted the weak response. With the personnel it possesses it will do its duty. One of these days we shall have the announcement from Ottawa that the educational machine of the country must be re-modelled. It must be re-modelled on lines which will prepare a boy in the art of wage earning, and a girl in the art of home making.

Manitoba Agricultural College.

In past years the farmers of Manitoba have shown their appreciation of the programme put on during Convention week at the Manitoba Agricultural College by attending in large and ever increasing numbers. So much interest was taken in the Farmers' Short Course put on last year that it has been decided to make this a permanent feature in the programme of Farmers' Week. Consequently, a course of lectures on subjects of foremost importance to the farmers of the West has been arranged for this year. The convention assembles Feb. 14th, and all information will be gladly supplied by Principal Black, of the College.

The Manitoba Winter Fair.

The premium list for this fair and fat stock show has been issued. It is to be held at Brandon on March 11, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17, 1911. A glance through the list will serve to show the reader that there is something good in store for the exhibitor, and should certainly bring together a fine display of the products of the country. The directorate is composed of men who have had wide experience, and who spare no effort to make the fair a success, and from the support they receive it is evident that this show grows more popular every year. Entries close on February 28th, and should reach the secretary, Mr. W. I. Smale, not later than that date.

Dr. Osler:—Alcoholism is a symptom of degeneracy, and it is also a cause of the degeneration of healthy stock.

Rev. Dr. Aked:—There is an idea about that heaven means sitting on clouds and singing hymns; personally, I should be tired of that sort of thing in a week.

Jack London:—It has been said by a cynic that the prison population consists of two classes—those who ought never to have been sent there and those who ought never to be let out.

Upton Sinclair:—To know that a man was to wrestle bare-handed with a wolf would arouse instant attention—unless it was that every-day affair with the wolf at the door.

A Tour through Manitoba

For the Purpose of Establishing Household Science Associations for Women.

By Annie B. Juniper, Professor of Household Science, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

Last February, at the annual convention of the Agricultural Societies of Manitoba, when the matter of household science instruction for girls was discussed, those responsible stated that they hoped also to do something for the women of the province from that department of the Agricultural College.

This autumn Principal Black took the matter up, and was instrumental in obtaining the support and kindly interest of the agricultural societies throughout Manitoba; whilst Mr. W. W. Thompson arranged the details for a six-weeks lecturing tour, to be given under the auspices of the agricultural societies at twenty-three towns widely scattered over the province.

As a result of the tour, Household Science Associations were formed at Emerson, Russel, Birtle, Minnedosa, Deloraine, Manitou, Morden, Miami, Carman, Virden, Headingly, Stonewall, Swan Lake and Hamiota, whilst Morris and Valley River, where societies similar in aim already existed, both decided to amalgamate with them, as Gretna has since done, making a total of seventeen.

It may help matters to explain what a Household Science Association is and stands for. It is a organized society of women who meet together at stated intervals (usually once a month), and by means of papers and discussions on topics pertaining to the home, and social intercourse, seek to endeavour to increase their own efficiency as homemakers, mothers, and members of a community. Surely this is a grand aim and object to have in view, and worthy of every true woman's consideration.

It was unfortunate that it was not definitely stated in the preliminary announcement sent out that the formation of societies for the study of home duties was to be one of the chief objects of the tour. Instead, various subjects of interest to women were billed for the addresses to be given. But we learn from mistakes. Had the ladies of the towns visited known in advance what such associations were, and the benefits to be derived, the total number formed would probably have been greater. For it is somewhat of an undertaking to talk up a new society and organize one the same evening, without any preparation in the minds of one's hearers.

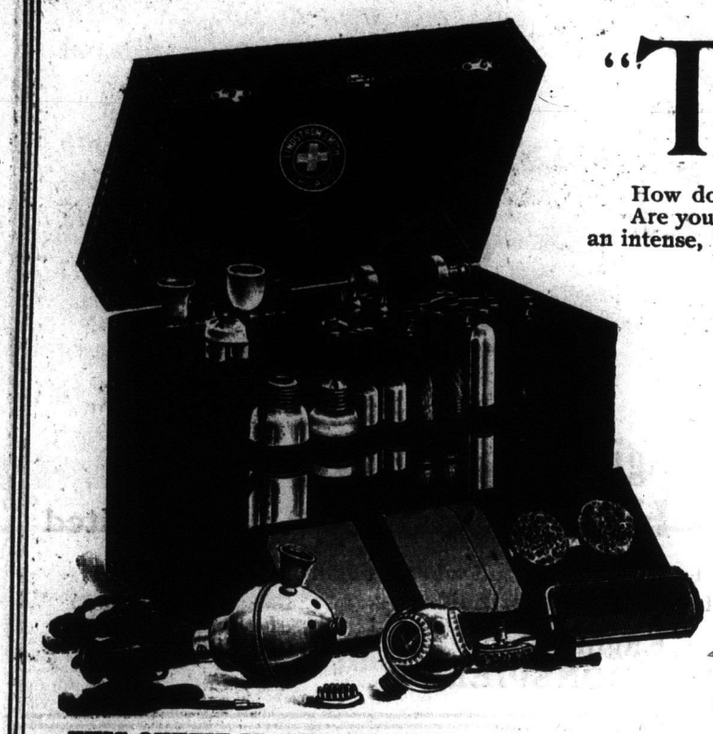
The meetings were usually held in a public hall, and were well attended. Numbers varied from 20 to 200, many men often being present. The speakers from the household science department of the Agricultural College spoke on such topics as "Conveniences for Lessening Housework," "Clothing," with a plea for the introduction of sewing to be taught in all schools of Manitoba; and at each meeting the aims and advantages of a Household Science Association were outlined.

The idea that there is need for definite and systematic study of the various branches connected with home-making had evidently already presented itself to women in parts of Manitoba, for at Morris and Valley River, as has before been stated, societies for that purpose already existed. Nowhere did we have more encouraging and happy meetings—and we had many—than at those two towns. It was our good fortune to start with a meeting at Morris, where we found from 50 to 60 enthusiastic members of their Women's Institute, formed on the plan of those in Ontario, and on which the Home Science Associations are patterned. Here we received much kindness by both private and public entertainment, and the encouragement received there spurred us on for future work. When, several weeks later, we reached Valley River, we needed a fresh supply, and it was forthcoming in abundance; for, though in a rather more out-of-the-way part of Manitoba, the people there are intensely alive, and eager for advance in all directions. Indeed, it is not in the large mansions of a big city only that one finds advanced thinkers and interesting people. The impression left on the mind after such a tour is that the strength of Manitoba lies in the homes of the country and small towns.

It was a great help to anyone responsible for planning a course to help the future makers of homes to visit the homes already existing, to meet the parents of possible future students, and to gain to a certain extent their viewpoint of life; this, and the great kindness received in many places relieved the tediousness of continually speaking on the same themes.

We were anxious to have some vital connecting link between the homes and the household science department at the College, just as the agricultural department and farmers have through their agricultural societies. For if the daughters are to advance and study for their future work from a scientific standpoint, the mothers also will want to keep pace with them by reading and thinking along similar lines.

In February next, during Farmers' Convention week, two days' meetings have been arranged, to which it is expected representatives of all associations formed will come. Principal Black is to give an address of welcome, reports from the different towns are to be read by delegates, such matters as a permanent constitution, a suitable name for the societies, the amount and kind of outside assistance in the way of lectures or demonstrations desired, and the nature and financing of such, are all topics to be discussed. Papers bearing on matters of interest to women are to be read by Mrs. McClung, Dr. Mary Crawford, Mrs. Collins and Professor Lee. There are also to be two demonstrations, one on "Cookery," the other on "The Development of a Hat." It is



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The famous book **'Health and Beauty** will be sent to you absolutely free for just your name and address. No matter **who** you are or how **well** you are—**you need this book!** It tells you all about the human body in health and disease so plainly—so clearly—that anyone can understand. It tells you how, with the aid of the **WHITE CROSS Electric Vibrator, you can treat yourself** without the aid of drugs. With the White Cross Electric Vibrator and a simple attachment you can transform any chair **Send for Free Book which explains all.**

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S. G. THOMPSON, Specialist

332-338 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

S. G. THOMPSON, Specialist, 332-338 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Without obligations on me please send free postpaid, your book "Health and Beauty," on treatment of diseases by Vibration and Electricity.

Name .....

Address .....

hoped that these meetings will be well attended by all interested.

If there are any readers in places where as yet nothing along this line exists, and it is desired, please apply to the Agricultural College, Winnipeg, for information as to the method of organizing; or, better still, come to the February meetings.

In conclusion, speaking as a woman to women, have you considered what a glorious heritage is ours? Such stupendous responsibilities rest upon us! We bear the men, we rear the men, and they can only do in after life what we have given them the capacity to do, by providing them with fine or poor physique, clear or befuddled brains, strong or weak nerves, pure or soiled hearts. If the nation is to progress physically, mentally and morally, it must be through the mothers, for they have the child in its earliest and most impressionable years. They prepare the food which should make vigorous men; they care for the home, which must be sanitary if the body is to escape disease; they it is who must train in correct habits if the individual is to be healthy and self-governed, strong in mind and body to govern others.

Does it not seem worth while to work, to study, to think, and to prepare ourselves by every means for this fascinating labor of such far-reaching possibilities?

Not a Sinner that Time.

She was a thin, narrow, dark-visaged woman with "specs" on, and she carried a package of tracts and leaflets, which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the car.

A man got on, carrying a big watermelon. Out of his pocket protruded a glass flask with a rubber cork. The woman with the tracts handed one immediately to this last passenger.

"Thankee," he said; "comic almanac, hey?"

"No, sir," said the woman firmly, in a high, falsetto voice. "It's to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked forefinger to the glass flask protruding from his coat pocket.

"Oh, I see," said the man, smiling, "but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am."

"'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink,'" quoted the woman fiercely, as she waved a warning hand high above her head.

"He ain't eggsactly my neighbor, eyther," said the man gently. "You see, it's for the new baby, and wife cal'lates to bring him up by hand."

But the woman with the tracts hurriedly left the car at the next corner, followed by the smiles of the passengers.

Denied the Only Shade.

It was a broiling hot day in the park, and those walking therein were well-nigh exhausted, when a very stout old lady came bustling along one of the paths, closely followed by a rough-looking tramp.

Twice she commanded him to leave her, but still he followed just behind.

At last the old lady, quite disgusted, turned angrily round and said—

"Look here, my man, if you don't go away I shall call a policeman."

The poor fellow looked up at her with a tear in his eye, and then remarked—

"For goodness sake, mum, have mercy and don't call a policeman, for ye're the only shady spot in the park!"

THE WINNIPEG TELEGRAM'S
GREAT SHETLAND PONY CONTEST

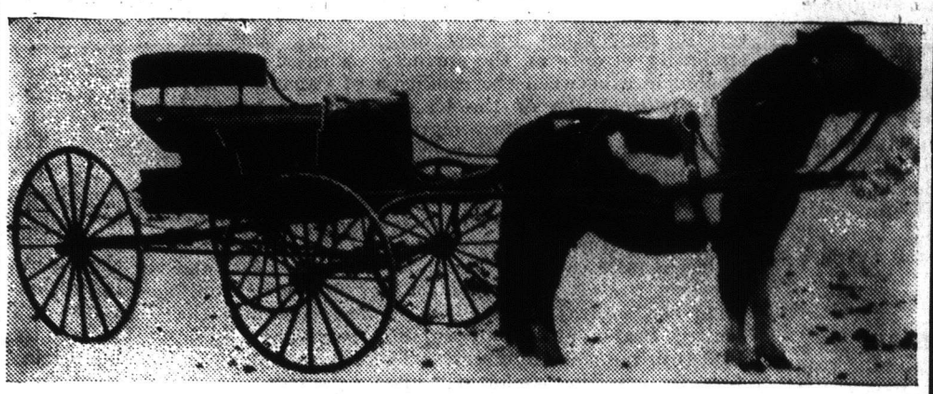
Three Ponies This Time. Twenty-one Other Prizes.

Commission of 10 per cent on all Collections. Mammoth Rewards for First Twenty-Four.

One Dollar of Every Ten is Your Own

In addition to awarding twenty-four grand prizes in The Telegram's Second Shetland Pony Contest a commission of 10 Per Cent. will be paid every Contestant on the money collected for subscriptions to The Telegram. Candidates are allowed to deduct this commission and on remitting the balance, subscribers will be credited with the full amount. Aside from the grand prizes contestants can make big money in commissions, for the discount allowed candidates in this contest is double that usually paid.

FIRST PRIZE



"GENERAL SHAFTER," BUGGY AND HARNESS.

How to be a Candidate

To be a registered candidate in The Telegram Shetland Pony Competition, all that is necessary is for you to remit One Dollar for a year's subscription to the Farmer's Weekly Telegram, or One Dollar for the Daily Tellegram. If the remittance is for any of the editions of The Daily Telegram credit will be given according to the rates announced elsewhere on this page. Any Boy or Girl in Western Canada is eligible who complies with these conditions. For the first dollar of your first remittance 5,000 votes will be awarded, but after that votes will be issued according to the schedule.

THE PONIES

GENERAL SHAFTER—the Shetland Pony that heads the list of prizes is the best Shetland Pony in Canada to-day. When the General was nine months old he sold for $300.00 and has never been beaten in a show ring since that time. Two years ago, at the Winnipeg Exhibition a prominent horse judge said, when awarding him a prize, he is as good a pony as there is anywhere. That is a big compliment and the judge was conscientious in his statement. "General Shafter" is five years old and weighs 300 pounds. He is of the circus pony type, being beautifully marked in black and white. He stands 38 inches high without a shoe and will never grow any more, for he is now fully developed. The winner of this pony can enter him in any Shetland Pony trotting race in Canada and win in a walk. For his wonderful speed he goes high with action like a Hackney. He is perfectly broken to both ride and drive and has excellent manners. Any little girl can handle him with safety, for he is a great student of pony etiquette and never fails to obey his master. Space is not at the disposal of the Pony Contest Editor to adequately describe "General Shafter" in the initial announcement of this great Pony Contest, for it would take pages to do him justice. Later in the Contest his complete history will be given. With General Shafter goes a new Pony Carriage and a black set of pony harness. Both the buggy and harness have been specially mannfactured for the General, and whoever takes the first drive with General Shafter and his handsome outfit will be in a class distinctly by himself.

ADMIRAL—"Admiral," the pony which will be awarded to the second highest candidate in this contest, is an exceptionally high class pony. He is standard bred and with him go his registration papers. With "Admiral" goes a brand new saddle and bridle, and as he is well broke to ride, the winner of this pony will be the owner of an enviable prize. This pony is also well broke to drive and whoever gets him will no doubt be pleased to buy a buggy for him. "Admiral" will be three years old next spring and weighs 250 pounds. He is a very attractive little fellow and like most members of his tribe, very intelligent. He is coal black with heavy mane and tail and if treated kindly and given good care will win a prize at any show.

SECOND PRIZE

"ADMIRAL," SADDLE AND BRIDLE.

DONDER—"Donder," the third pony, was christened the "Wonder" after his birth. This pony is only six months old and is just twenty-five inches high. Like "Admiral" he is coal black and he is a full brother of "Corporal," the pony The Telegram presented to John Pollock, of Moosomin, in the last competition. A good strong boy could pick "Donder" up and walk away with him under his arm. But he will not always be small, and although he now resembles a small brown bear he has all the points of a good pony and with kindness and care will develop into a great Shetland. With "Donder" goes only the halter. His winner will have an interesting time training him next summer and with youth in his favor can be taught to do most anything.

Twenty-One Grand Prizes Besides Ponies

The twenty-one grand prizes that follow the three Shetland Ponies are as named below and will be awarded as listed. These prizes all denote quality in their class and have been specially selected for The Telegram's subscription competition. Contestants who do not succeed in winning one of the three Shetland Ponies will find the subordinate rewards magnificent prizes and well worth trying to win.

- Diamond Rings
- Phonograph
- Kodak
- Camera
- Mexican Saddle
- Repeating Rifle (Hammerless)
- Gramophone
- Writing Desk
- Book Case
- Gold Watch and Chain (Ladies' or Gentlemen's)
- Gold Locket
- Field Glasses
- Travelling Bag (Genuine Leather)
- Toilet Set
- Suit Case (Genuine Leather)
- Violin and Case
- Mantle Clock
- Auto Harp
- Set of House Scales
- Gold Ring
- China Tea Set

THIRD PRIZE

"DONDER," THE WONDER.

Contest Closes March 1st. Write Pony Contest Editor, care of Telegram, Winnipeg, for particulars.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

SOME EASTERN TALL TALK.

That strenuous advocate of protectionism, the Montreal Gazette, in the course of an article on the relative importance of Eastern Canada and Western Canada, said, with the view of putting the Westerners in their place, that the hay crop of Ontario alone last year was equal in value to the whole wheat crop of the three Prairie Provinces. This absurd statement has had considerable currency in the East. Immediately after the Gazette launched it Mr. Russell, of the Manufacturers' Association, repeated it in his widely quoted address before the Canadian Club in Toronto. The Gazette, not content with multiplying the Ontario hay crop, went on to greater flights of imagination by declaring that "the harvest in the province of Quebec, which the Western people never consider of any importance at all, was more valuable than the total product of the West last year." It has been pointed out to the Gazette, in regard to its exuberant attempt to make it appear that the total Western wheat crop last year amounted to no more than Ontario's hay crop, that the official figures of the value of Ontario's hay crop are $46,621,740, and of the value of the wheat crop of the three Prairie Provinces $115,391,000; which has reduced the Gazette to silence, not only about the Ontario hay crop, but also about "the harvest in the province of Quebec," in regard to which frequent challenges to produce the figures have failed to rouse it from its dumbness.

A SLIGHT OMISSION.

A protectionist paper in the East reads the farmers of the West a lecture. "The Canadian farmer, whether in the East or in the West," it says, "in his own field is his own sovereign. He owes allegiance to no master, lives under good laws, is not taxed high even for public luxuries. All that we ask of him is that he school himself to get the best that is in his land and to return to the soil that which it needs to continue the outpouring of its fruits." The protectionist journal from which this quotation is taken, omits to mention the thing which it requires from the farmer as being, in its mind, the most important of all, namely, that he shall let the beneficiaries of protection rule him, and that he shall not presume to interfere with them in the exercise of their patriotic wisdom.

THE WEST PAYS ITS FULL SHARE.

Nothing could be more preposterously insolent and unfounded than the assertions which have of late found frequent utterance in the East to the effect that the East furnished the money that bought what is now Western Canada from the Hudson Bay Company, and also the money that has built the railways in this country; and that, in a word, the East has created and maintained the West, and that therefore the Western farmers owe the East a debt of gratitude which should prevent their presuming to speak out their mind in regard to the public affairs of Canada and questions of national policy or their expecting that any attention should be paid at Ottawa to their opinions and their demands. It would not be fair to the people in the East as a whole to entertain for a moment the idea that such assertions express their mind. But the fact is not to be overlooked that such assertions have appeared in print in Eastern journals, and have figured in certain public addresses made in the East during the past month or two. In reply to them, it is only necessary to point out in regard to the purchase of Rupert's Land now Western Canada—from the Hudson's Bay Company forty years ago for £300,000, or a million and a half dollars, and to all other Federal expenditures in regard to the West, that such expenditures were all provided for by Dominion debentures, and that the people of the West have borne, and are bearing, their full share in carrying and providing for that and all other national indebtedness. As for the railways, they are constructed and maintained by funds derived from three sources—money subsidies, land grants and earnings from traffic. They also borrow money in the money markets of the world, but as this money must be repaid from their traffic revenue or the proceeds of their land sales, it need not be separately considered. The Western farmer, by cultivating his homestead, increases the value of the railway lands, and also swells the volume of the railway revenue from traffic. The railways thus receive their richest returns from the land and the labor of the West. More than that, railway building on the prairie is the easiest and cheapest of all railway building. The costliest construction of the C.P.R. is the section around the north shore of Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains section, neither of which were necessities for the farmers of the West. That is to say, if the sole and only idea had been to provide railways for the farmers of the West, the prairie section would have more than paid their way, and railway connection between Winnipeg and Lake Superior would have furnished an outlet by lake and rail. It was for national and Imperial reasons that all-rail route across the Dominion was wanted; and every Canadian may justly take pride in the national spirit that insisted upon the construction of that route. To attempt now to charge the whole expenditure up against the Western farmers comes pretty near being the extreme limit of cool audacity. The progress and prosperity of Canada as a whole are based upon the development of the West, and the men who are developing the West are the farmers of the West.

CANADA'S CENTURY.

We are in the beginning of the century that has well been said to be destined to be Canada's century, as the last century was the century of the United States. The census of the United States taken last year gives a total population, not including Alaska or any dependencies, of 92,000,000, an increase of 15,371,000 over the population in 1901. That was a greater increase than in any previous decade, but not the highest percentage of increase. The highest percentage of increase was reached in the decade from 1790 to 1800, when the population rose from 3,929,000 to 5,308,000. Another decade in which a very high percentage of increase was attained was between 1870 and 1880, in the boom time after the Civil War, the era of transcontinental railway building, when the population increased from 38,558,000 to 50,155,000. If that rate of increase had been maintained the present population of the United States would be 110,000,000. There is a disposition to compare the progress of Canada in the present century with that of the United States in the nineteenth. The fact that the United States had 5,308,000 people in 1800, and that this country had 5,371,000 in 1901, lends a certain fascination to the comparison. But the similarity is only on the surface. There is no real resemblance between the condition of Canada to-day and the condition of the United States a hundred years ago. The western migration of settlers in the United States a hundred years ago was a slow and dangerous process, and it is wonderful indeed that such progress was made. The condition of Canada at the present time has more resemblance to that of the United States a generation ago, or less, when the railways were carrying thousands of settlers into the Western States. And this country draws not only from the sources of the best immigration into the United States at that time, but from the United States in immense numbers. There is reason, therefore, for counting confidently upon a greater increase of population in this country in the next ten years than the United States had in the corresponding period of the last century.

WHAT IS A PARLIAMENT?

Mr. Patrick O'Hea, solicitor, of Durban, Natal, and formerly a member of the British House of Commons, appears to be an Irishman without a sense of humor. He has written to a London paper a vigorous protest against the use of "M.P." by members of the new Parliament of United South Africa, suggesting instead "U.R.," meaning "Union Representative." He thinks that the South African legislators who attach to their names the sacred letters "M.P." are guilty of "consummate effrontery." To a Canadian the idea that members of the Parliament of Great Britain should have a monopoly of "M.P." is rather amusing. Members of the Dominion Parliament have been so styled since Confederation. When Australia became a Commonwealth, the members of its Federal Parliament also assumed the time-honored letters. The same custom obtains in the Dominion Parliament of New Zealand. While an M.P. by any other name, as Juliet says, would smell as sweet, we Canadians and in this our fellow-citizens of the other overseas self-governing nations of the Empire feel with us would not think of adopting any method of designating our legislators which would imply that we are not in full partnership with Great Britain. The legislative body which governs the 3,800,000 square miles of Canada, the 3,000,000 square miles of Australia or the 500,000 square miles of United South Africa is surely worthy of the name of Parliament?

MILLIONS OF CARIBOU IN THE BARREN GROUNDS.

By all accounts, the caribou in the Barren Grounds, between the Mackenzie River and Hudson Bay, must greatly outnumber the millions of buffalo in the time when the buffalo were most numerous on the prairies. Thompson Seton tells us that the Barren Grounds caribou number more than 30,000,000, and he adds that there may be twice that number of them. He says that in the very largest estimate the number killed annually by the Indians, the Eskimos and the Arctic whalers does not exceed 40,000, which is a mere fraction of the natural increase every year. Colonel Jones tells of standing on a hill in the middle of the passing herds of caribou going to their winter range. He had a clear view some ten miles each way, he says, and there were caribou as far as he could see. They averaged, he figured, not less than one hundred caribou to the acre, and they kept passing him at the rate of three miles an hour. He did not know how long they took in passing that point, but at another place they were four days in passing. "The whole visible world seemed to be a moving mass of caribou." The Barren Grounds, where they thrive and multiply, are over a million square miles in extent, and are described as "bare of trees, but the plains are covered with rich, rank grass, like New England meadows, and in some stretches the herbage is as rank as on the Indiana prairies." Their protection is one of the matters in charge of the Mounted Police, and they form a national asset which should be—and there is every reason to hope will be—preserved. What other country in the world contains such abundance of incalculable and varied resources as this Canada of ours?

A DIFFERENT LAND FROM THIS.

Simply inconceivable to the person born on this continent is the difference between the conditions of life in this country and the United States and the conditions in such a country as Russia, reflected in the fact of the increasing prevalency of suicide in the Czar's dominions. A St. Petersburg letter in the London Times recently stated that there had been 62 suicides in one week in that city, and that the epidemic of self-destruction was spreading among the peasantry. "Half-distracted parents," we read, "have formed a society here to save their children from self-destruction. This society teaches the young that while Russia is at present utterly disorganized and cast down, a better day is coming, and that the rising generation must nerve itself to hasten that day." It is such tidings from the Old World that give even those of us whose lot is not the most fortunate cause to rejoice that we are living our lives in the New World.

THE EXPLODED "EXODUS" MYTH.

As an exploded fiction, the mythical exodus of American settlers from this country back across the boundary ranks with Mr. Cook's Munchausen discovery of the North Pole. Both were cases of ways that were dark and tricks that were vain—particularly the exodus myth, which was decidedly a vain waste of imagination and printer's ink, which failed utterly to produce the desired results. It is interesting to know that there was one "exoduster," who went from Alberta to the Meeting Creek district in Montana. When he realized his mistake he posted in his shack, before starting back across the boundary line again, the following legend, either for the relief of his feelings or the information of his successor:—"Four miles from a neighbor, sixteen from a railroad, fourteen from a school, forty-one from a church and one hundred from a Canadian." The legend, which was sent to the Camrose Canadian by a subscriber in the Meeting Creek district, went on to tell—let us hope, as an imaginative touch—of the undesirable proximity of a horse thief. It also implied a certain nearness to the future abode of the wicked, and wound up by announcing that its author was abandoning his shack and going back to Alberta to make a fresh start. The original piece of paper with that legend inscribed on it ought to be secured and preserved as the only evidence of the exodus of American settlers back across the line from Western Canada, of which there were such wondrous stories told in so many newspapers in the United States last year, those stories having been prepared by fiction writers engaged for that purpose by certain railroad and land interests in the States.

COSTLY OFFICIAL CARELESSNESS.

The fact which recently came to light that the Dominion Government had lost $100,000 through the failure of an official to send a certain notification within the proper time after the collapse of the Quebec bridge to the Guarantee Company which was liable under bond to that extent in connection with the contract for the erection of that structure, is one of those discouraging things which tend to lessen faith in the all-sufficing efficacy of Government supervision and control. As in the case of devices for preventing accidents on railroads, the factor of human carelessness or neglect or failure from whatever cause is one that cannot be absolutely eliminated. It is an obvious thing to say, of course, that if a private company suffered such a loss, the official whose carelessness caused it would be looking for another position within a few hours after his carelessness was found out. Indeed, he would be lucky to get off so lightly. But nothing that could be done to him would secure the $100,000. The Guarantee Company, standing by the letter of its bond which required a notification to be given within a specified time of the disaster which made it liable to pay the $100,000 of insurance money, [illegible] of legal proceedings. There [illegible] about it.

Building in Advance of the Times.

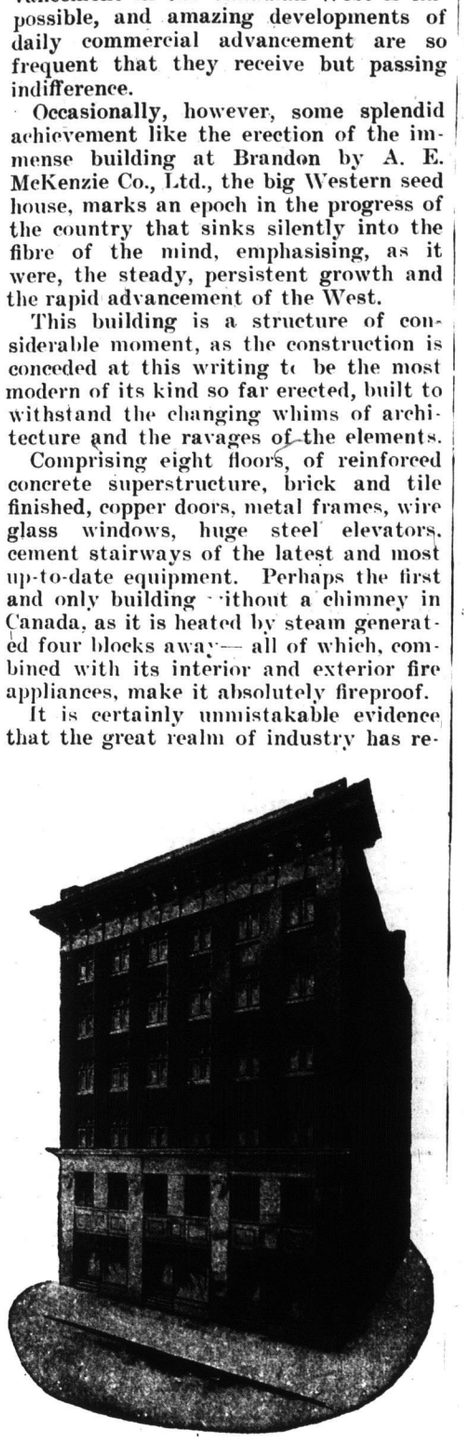
Anything like a complete statistical review of industrial and agricultural advancement in the Canadian West is impossible, and amazing developments of daily commercial advancement are so frequent that they receive but passing indifference.

Occasionally, however, some splendid achievement like the erection of the immense building at Brandon by A. E. McKenzie Co., Ltd., the big Western seed house, marks an epoch in the progress of the country that sinks silently into the fibre of the mind, emphasising, as it were, the steady, persistent growth and the rapid advancement of the West.

This building is a structure of considerable moment, as the construction is conceded at this writing to be the most modern of its kind so far erected, built to withstand the changing whims of architecture and the ravages of the elements.

Comprising eight floors, of reinforced concrete superstructure, brick and tile finished, copper doors, metal frames, wire glass windows, huge steel elevators, cement stairways of the latest and most up-to-date equipment. Perhaps the first and only building without a chimney in Canada, as it is heated by steam generated four blocks away— all of which, combined with its interior and exterior fire appliances, make it absolutely fireproof.

It is certainly unmistakable evidence that the great realm of industry has re-



warded the high character of purpose pursued by these energetic seedsmen.

From its infancy, this business, conducted on highly crystallized policies of quality and service, has forged ahead. So intimately connected with agriculture at every point, they have not only made the seed industry a profession, but raised the quality of seed to such a high standard that its influence toward a higher development of agriculture is almost immeasurable.

Always alert and quick to foresee, recognize and appreciate that new conditions require new methods, they have adopted every modern idea and device of merit that would in any way promote or accelerate the seed business to the greatest service of their already enormous and rapidly increasing host of customers.

That their efforts to produce seeds of quality, satisfactorily serve and win the confidence of the seed buying public is appreciated is befittingly illustrated in the erection of their fine new building, self-evidence of the phenomenal business that requires so enormous a structure to house. While all this, at the most, represents the achievement of to-day, time, as it flits on to higher things and greater advancement, will, we are sure, find the McKenzie Company, as usual, studying the needs of the people and the country, and catering to their wants with the best seeds and most up-to-date facilities.

Mrs. Humphry Ward:—All successful men bear on their brows the marks of the struggle whch they have had to undergo.

At Prices Never Reached

In the History of Piano Values

Our Pre-Inventory Sale

has been planned to effect a clean sweep of every new and second-hand instrument in our Winnipeg Factory Warehouse prior to stock-taking date

There is an impression abroad that one can never hope to get the QUALITY GOODS at a bargain sale—that the sales are run to clean out the refuse. The Mason & Risch Company set a value on the reputation they enjoy wherever there is a piano of their production that they would not risk for any prospect that might be offered them. That character has been built solely on the SUPERB QUALITY of instrument handed out to the public in any sale made by them or their agent.

In announcing the present RECORD EVENT, the Mason & Risch Co. state that the lowest priced instrument in their pre-inventory sale list is absolutely guaranteed as to quality and condition. Our only reason for giving the public this unprecedented opportunity is the circumstance of our annual stock-taking and the determination to start our financial year with an absolutely NEW stock.

Below is a list of high-class used pianos, all guaranteed and sent out in first-class order without a single weakness. They have been taken in exchange for some new model of our own piano or Pianola piano.

7—English made Upright Pianos for	$65 each.	3—Heintzman Pianos for	$260, 277, 310
2—German made Upright Pianos for	$90 and 100	2—Harmonic Pianos for	$265, and 270
3—Evans Bros. Pianos for	$135 and 155	3—Classic Pianos for	$287 each
3—Bell Pianos for	$160, 175, 180	4—Newcombe Pianos for	$290 295 each
1—New Scale Williams Piano for	$200		
2—Gerhard Heintzman Pianos for	$220 and 235	2—Henry Herbert Pianos for	$300, 310
2—Morris Pianos for	$225 and 240	4—Mason and Risch Pianos for	$320 and upwards
1—Gourlay Piano for	$255		

The above is only a partial list of the altogether unique chances this sale offers of selecting your heart's desire in an instrument at a saving of from 25 to 50 per cent on any deal you could make elsewhere and where at the best you would be saddled with a very doubtful instrument.

AN ABSOLUTELY NEW PIANO

may be bought at this sale for $175 up on terms of payment to suit purchaser. The prices are rendered possible by the fact that we handle OUR OWN retail trade. With a store in every city of any size from Port Arthur to the Coast, we are in a position to offer retail prices AT ANY TIME on HIGH-GRADE PIANOS at the same prices paid by the smaller retailer when he buys wholesale.

If you cannot attend this sale, write for full descriptive details of what we are offering. You can buy with the same confidence by mail as if you visited our store. We take the entire risk in sending for your approval. Honest methods, and our FACTORY-TO-HOME selling plan has built up the greatest PIANO REPUTATION and the largest business in the West. We can't afford to take chances on it.

The Mason & Risch Piano Company, Limited

Factory Branch: 356 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

Good News for Canadians

Health Specialist Sproule

The Great Catarrh Specialist, Explains

His Method of Treatment

THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST

CURES ALL FORMS OF CATARRH

Twenty-five years ago a young, but highly honored Surgeon in the British Royal Navy astonished his friends by suddenly leaving the service and entering on private practice. That Surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He laboured in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Twenty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age, sex or condition is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. Catarrh is to be more dreaded than yellow fever or smallpox. It is, in the large majority of cases, the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased more than 200 per. cent. in the last five years. Nearly all of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule makes the treatment of Catarrh a specialty. He cures Catarrh. Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected the only scientific, constitutional and PERMANENT cure. The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" do not and never can cure Catarrh. They often do harm by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system CONSUMPTION, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINFUL STOMACH DISORDERS are liable to result.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucuous membrane and is curabl only through the blood, and by medicines prepared for each case. Medicines that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule is a Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service, and his name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the doctor earnestly invites you to write to him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do to get cured. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be fatal.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT.

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

1 *Do you spit up slime?*
2 *Are your eyes watery?*
3 *Does your nose feel full?*
4 *Does your nose discharge?*
5 *Do you sneeze a good deal?*
6 *Do crusts form in the nose?*
7 *Do you have pain across the eyes?*
8 *Does your breath smell offensive?*
9 *Is your hearing beginning to fail?*
10 *Are you losing your sense of smell?*
11 *Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?*
12 *Are there buzzing noises in your ears?*
13 *Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?*
14 *Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?*

If you have some of the above symptons your disease is catarrh of the head and throat.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES.

When catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and in time attacks the lungs and develops into catarrhal consumption.

1 *Do you take cold easily?*
2 *Is your breathing too quick?*
3 *Do you raise frothy material?*
4 *Is your voice hoarse and husky?*
5 *Have you a dry hacking cough?*
6 *Do you feel worn out on rising?*
7 *Do you feel all stuffed up inside?*
8 *Are you gradually losing strength?*
9 *Have you a disgust for fatty food?*
10 *Have you a sense of weight on chest?*
11 *Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?*
12 *Do you cough worse night and morning?*
13 *Do you get short of breath when walking?*

If you have some of these symptons you have catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut and send to CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE 117 Trade Building, Boston, Be sure and write to-day.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Reciprocity Negotiations.

The Grain Exchange View.

The views of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange are pretty fully expressed in the following interview with Mr. Donald Morrison, vice president, who says he did not believe the agreement would pass the Congress in the United States. "I do not think it will make much difference this year," he stated, except to reduce Minneapolis a few cents and possibly advance Winnipeg slightly. For the farmers in the West the removal of the duty will undoubtedly be of considerable benefit, but when the whole country is considered it is rather doubtful if Canada will be benefited much. It will certainly have a detrimental effect on the railways, and will likely bring about lower freight rates. The industry which will be hit most, however, will be the milling trade, and it will kill it in the east, as American mills will be able to buy Canadian wheat and ship the flour back to Canada cheaper than it can be maufactured here, as there are some large companies with mills in Rochester, Minn., Minneapolis, Minn., and Buffalo, N.Y., which could easily supply the Canadian markets. There is a possibility of it helping the Hudson Bay road, as some American wheat and flour may go to the Old Country via that route. I think that the tendency would be to lessen the importance of the Winnipeg Exchange and benefit the American exchanges at our expense, while the terminal elevators will certainly be seriously affected."

Drug Shares at Premium.

National Drug and Chemical Co., of Canada, 6 per cent first preference shares of £1 each are now quoted on the London market at a premium of 12½ per cent., the present price being £1 2s. 6d.

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5500 grants have been located in the past two years. The remaining 1500 scrips are scattered throughout Canada and are being held closely. We have several for sale and will quote prices and give full particulars as to Homesteading requirements upon application. Address

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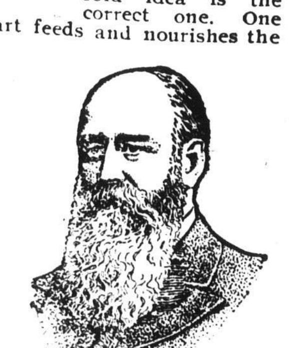

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The Study of Music Now Possible in the West.

There are so many homes in Western Canada that have pianos and organs, but have not a competent teacher to teach the family music, so that the instrument is lying idle and the valuable time of the children is going by without the study of music. Now that the Canadian branch of the Columbian Conservatory of Music has been organized with headquarters at Winnipeg, there is nothing to hinder every family in the West from taking Music lessons.

Many people hesitate to take up the study of music because they think it too complex and hard to learn, while on the contrary it is one of the easiest things in the world to master if you are properly guided. You will find the Columbian system of teaching so simple and easy, yet so thorough and complete, that within a short time you will not only astonish and delight your friends with your progress, but will realize to your own satisfaction that you are getting a thorough grounding in the knowledge of music, and there is nothing more charming than to be able to play some instrument, either for your own pleasure or for the gratification of your friends, to say nothing of the possibilities offered for earning money, as good musicians are always in demand. While there may never be an occasion for you to earn your living by playing or teaching, yet there ought to be a certain satisfaction for you to know that in such an event you would be fully competent to respond to the call.

The year's course comprises forty-eight lessons and four quarterly examinations; all music (consisting of fifty pieces of graded sheet music) is furnished free with each course. You receive one lesson each week, and your written recitation is graded each week until you complete the course and acquire a grade of at least ninety per cent. on each and every study. This is the only conservatory teaching music by mail that has complete forces, and every course is taught under a positive guarantee. They give you one thing at a time, and the reason—why—for each step taken. You have no music or books to buy—you always have the same teacher—no change of method, in fact, they bring a modern conservatory into your home and you get the boiled down results of the study and research of centuries, and they can safely promise to teach you more in a given time and for less money than any other conservatory or teacher.

The price of the year's course is $50.00, payable $15.00 down and the balance $8.00 monthly, or $45.00 cash. It will pay you to get into communication with the company. The address, The Columbian Conservatory of Music of Canada, Phoenix Block, Winnipeg, Man. Mr. Barrowclough, the president, will be glad to give you all information.

A Bird Sanctuary in Northamptonshire.

Thinking that your readers might like to hear something of what is being done here for feeding and caring for the wild birds, I write to tell you about it. Some time ago, I took in about four acres of parkland and planted it with every imaginable hardy shrub and tree which bears fruit or berries beloved of the birds. It is now a fascinating tangle of leaves, fruit, berries, seeds and cones in their season, with wild trails and natural paths leading here and there in dell, bank, knoll or wilderness.

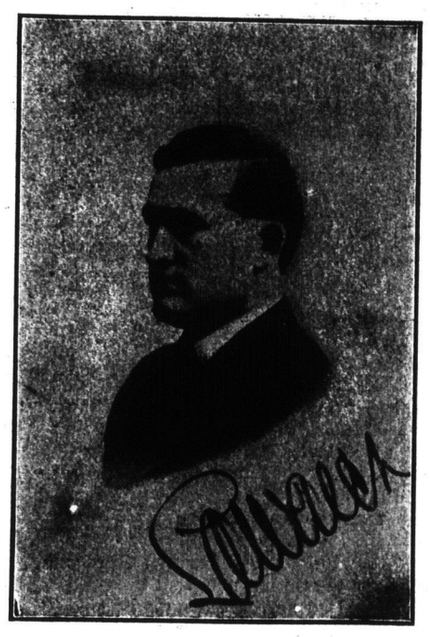
I got the carpenter to build a little feeding pavilion of oak — oak posts, with a sloping shingle roof to keep off the snow and rain. Inside there are three tiers of oaken trays, in which I have placed every morning a mixture of chopped fat, suet, seeds, oats, cracked Indian maize, meal and grit. Over this mixture we pour boiling water, and when it cools a little the trays are filled with it. On the ground beneath the pavilion we place a large, very shallow earthenware pan of fresh water. This is renewed twice a day in the frosty weather and every morning otherwise. Fresh water is as necessary as food to our bird friends, especially in cold weather.

On the crossbars that support or uphold this structure I hang cocoanuts, stuffed with suet. Our acrobatic friends, the tits, when regaling themselves on these, perform wondrous antics.

This bird-feeding pavilion stands in front of our dining-room windows, and it is quite delightful to see the joy and surprise of the many varieties of birds which visit it. I have also invented feeding troughs for the birds, which are roofed over so as to protect them whilst feeding from the snow and rain. These troughs are placed in sheltered corners of the gardens. On almost every tree I have hung up great feeding sticks, with deep, round holes, which are filled with fat and seeds regularly. In the wilderness I hang up meaty bones on the tree branches and other edibles at which birds like to peck.

Outside each of the bedroom windows I have had oak trays put up on supports of iron. On these trays food and fresh water are placed every morning for the birds. I have also put several hundred nesting-boxes in the trees and in many quiet retreats all over the grounds, so I think and hope the birds are happy here.

In America we always gave the birds a Christmas tree, and I have tried to keep up the custom in my adopted home. Our servants are very good to the birds, and outside the windows many birds feed without fear, or chatter, gossip and sing while the maids are sewing close by. Often when I am



Mr. L. A. WALCH.
President of Walch Land Co., (See pages 30 and 74.)

walking in the garden the birds come so near that I can touch them. They sing to me, and I learn many beautiful secrets from them.—Irene Osgood, Guilsborough Hall, Northampton.

Little Willie Knew.

Little Willie, the son of a Germantown woman, was playing one day with the girl next door, when the latter exclaimed:—

"Don't you hear your mother calling you? That's three times she's done so. Aren't you going in?"

"Not yet," responded Willie imperturbably.

"Won't she whip you?" demanded the little girl, awed.

"Naw!" exclaimed Willie in disgust. "She ain't goin' to whip nobody! She's got company. So when I go in, she'll just say, 'The poor little man has been so deaf since he's had the measles!'"

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You will find enclosed $1.50 in payment for another bottle of your liniment, Gombault's Caustic Balsam. I consider it the best and cheapest liniment I ever used.—DANIEL G. FRASER, Brookville, Nova Scotia.

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By Rev. James L. Gordon, Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

A GRAND LEGACY.

The grandest legacy is character. For in such a legacy you have a good name, a glorious memory and the incarnation of an eternal principle. No better illustration of such a legacy can be found than in the words of that famous orator Mr. Jennings Bryan:—"My father did not leave me a great deal of money, only about £600, and I am not sure that I would have been in the end the gainer had he left me a fortune, because fortune in prospect has ruined more young men than it has ever helped. But he gave me a piece of advice that has been worth more to me than a fortune. He told me that I could afford to be in the minority, but that I could not afford to be wrong on any question. He said that if I was in the minority and right, that I would some day be in the majority, while if I was in the majority and wrong I some day would be in the minority. He believed in the omnipotence of truth, in the final triumph of every righteous cause."

THE QUESTION OF DESTINY.

God usually tests a man before he trusts him. In the life of every great soul you will find a moment of crisis or an hour of destiny. Some great question confronts the soul, and in the solution of that question comes the opening of the doors of life and opportunity. The Christian Commonwealth remarks:—"Recently in a lecture upon Leo Tolstoy, Mr. Aylmer Maude reminded his audience that the soul of Tolstoy was born in a crisis. The turning point came in his life when he deliberately confronted a definite question, determined to answer it, and to make the conclusion a dominating principle in his life. That question was, 'What is the purpose of life; what am I here for; what is it that permanently counts?' He passed in review such things as property, family affection, fame—the dear quests and most cherished possessions of most men—and found that all of them were impermanent, and therefore, that the true end of life could not lie in them. The conclusion that Tolstoy came to, and took henceforth as the guiding thread and the central purpose of his life, is doubtless known to all readers of this column; and I do not pursue the matter further; I use this reference in order to suggest a probable cause of the weakness of many of our lives—we do not, on the highest plane, bring our lives to a crisis.

GETTING UNDER.

A building fell in Winnipeg some time ago, with an explosion like a clap of thunder. The entire neighborhood was startled and soon the community began to inquire the cause. It was found that certain central pillars had given way because the burden resting on them was too great. Men are breaking down every day—and young men too—because they have planned more work than they are able to execute. How wise are the words of Elizabeth Prentiss:—"If you could once make up your mind never to undertake more work of any sort than you can carry on calmly, quietly, without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous and like one out of breath would stop and take breath, you would find this single common-sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could ever accomplish."

MISSING THE MAIN POINT.

Charles Stewart Parnell was an exceedingly strong character and yet he had one weak point: He was very superstitious. This characteristic showed itself in many ways, and at the most unexpected times. He would never pass anybody on a stairway, preferring to retreat rather than incur the danger of bad luck. He absolutely refused to occupy a hotel room which bore the number "13." He refused to remain in a room in which three candles were burning—it was too suggestive of an Irish wake where three candles surrounding the dead suggest the idea of the trinity. He would never begin a journey on Friday or start any new project during the month of October, his unlucky month, and yet he lived for ten years in violation of the seventh commandment and thus brought ruin and dishonor on the party which he represented.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

There are educated men who never saw the inside of a school. There are cultured men who never passed through college halls. There are trained men who were never presented with a diploma. Education means self knowledge, self control, and a mastery of the main facts of life. The Brooklyn Eagle remarks:—"Henry Huxley—open, brave, entirely democratic—was as attractive to Americans as they were to him. This familiar definition of an educated man will put the gist of his repeated deliverances on the important issue: 'That man, I think, has a liberal education who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will and does with ease and pleasure all the work that a mechanism is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work and to spin the gossamers as well as to forge the anchors of the wind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operation; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself. Such an one and no other, I conceive, has a liberal education, for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her and she of him. They will get on together rarely, she as his ever beneficent mother, he as her mouthpiece, or conscious self, her minister and interpreter."

MASTERPIECES.

Master the masterpieces. Go to the original sources of knowledge. Know what great men have thought, said, written, and felt. There are only a few great books in the world. They contain the main results of human cogitation and meditation. Buy them. Read them. Master them. Thus Dr. Charles W. Eliot picks out a score or two of books and says:—"It is my belief that the faithful and considerate reading of these books, with such rereadings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day."

ORDINARY THINGS.

Genius is the art of doing ordinary things in an extraordinary way—making the important all important, if you please. This has been the secret of Theodore Roosevelt, who says:—"In so far as I have been a success it has been absolutely and solely from doing the ordinary things of life that any man could do, but nobody does do. I won't say that nobody does do it, but that so many people don't do it to the point that they ought to. Among my intellectual opponents it is often stated as a matter of complaint that I preach what is commonplace and humdrum. So I do, and so I intend to do. Honesty, courage, tenderness and force are the kind of things I want to see developed in the American man, the American woman, and therefore in the American boy and the American girl. I never got anything in my life by an unusual display of genius or even by an unusual display of talent. Whatever I got has always come from doing a number of things just as hard as I know how."

BORROWING BOOKS.

Read whatever is best in the neighborhood where you find yourself. Borrow books and return them. Your neighbors will regard your interest in good literature as remarkable and your prompt return of borrowed volumes as still more remarkable. If you can find the masterpieces of literature in your own home, you are to be congratulated. Dr. Vincent, in his biography, remarks:—"I pay tribute to a faithful father in whose library before I was born were the best books of his times: the then popular 'American Encyclopedia,' Pitkin's 'Civil and Political History of the United States,' Rollin's 'Ancient History,' Shakespeare, Gibbon's 'Rome,' 'Paradise Lost,' not to mention the wide field of poetry and the richer field of theology as represented by the leading Methodist writers, Wesley and Fletcher and Adam Clark, together with biographies of the devout representatives, not only of Methodism, but of the whole Christian world. Our weekly church paper came to the house regularly, the Sunday school literature from not only our own but from the American Sunday School Union publishing house. And in addition to these standards we had much of the then current literature of the so-called 'higher life.'"

YOUR FACE.

Watch your face. It is your show window—an index to your character and a reflection of your passing moods. Why should the passing stranger and the casual visitor know the secret thoughts of your soul? The opening of the door, suddenly and unexpectedly, ought to be a sufficient notice for you to turn to the visitor with a pleasant face. Tolstoy once said:—"It seems to me that all that is called beauty lies but in the smile; if the smile do not change it, the face is a plain one; if the smile spoil it, the face is ugly." Keep an eye on your smile.

THE STUDENT'S CRISIS.

The college student should watch his first months in college. The young man who can be true to himself during this trying period has an asset within himself better even than education, as much better as wisdom is superior to knowledge or character to philosophy: President Thwing says:—"The most critical year of the four college years is the Freshman. It is made critical by the youth of the men, by their responsiveness to whatever is offered, by the newness of conditions, by the lack of friendships, by the want of certain standards, and by the lack of certain supports of intellectual and moral character. Most of these Freshmen are for the first time absent from their homes. The majority have come from the high schools of the towns or cities."

HARD TO WIN—EASY TO LOSE.

A generation ago, Theodore Tilton occupied a great place in the public view. He was known as a poet, a popular writer and a powerful orator. In the hour of success he lost his bearings and began to think too seriously of himself. He began to regard himself as an unusual character and entitled to unusual privileges. When he began to write and utter reckless words concerning the sacredness of the marriage relationship his friend, Dr. J. M. Buckley, of New York, informed him that if he persisted in thus expressing himself that the circulation of his paper would drop off at the rate of 500 subscribers a day. Theodore Tilton laughed in the face of his friend, but the prophesy was fulfilled and Tilton lost his position as editor. In the hour of defeat he exclaimed, "I never knew I had a reputation until I had lost it." The best things are hard to win and easy to lose.

A CIGARETTE FIEND.

A man in a normal condition needs no stimulant. The young man who daily indulges in a stimulant is using up his reserve force. For such a youth physical bankruptcy is not far away. The following incident is true to life and the application attached particularly good:—Two men were calling upon a train master on a Western railroad to ask for employment for a man who had seen him the day before and had been refused. "Is the man tall and dark?" asked the train master. "That's the man." "Then, asked the train master, "did you notice that man's left hand?" No," was the reply; and as a man with a crippled hand cannot pass the physical examination, the two men thought at once that he had probably lost a finger. "Well, you go back an look at that man's fingers; he's a cigarette fiend, and any man that takes the time to roll as many cigarettes as that man smokes hasn't time to work at anything else. I didn't or don't care," he went on, "what his past history has been, for we need men just now and need them badly, but when I see that color on a man's finger, I haven't any use for him."

HOW TO TURN AN ARGUMENT.

When the colored people were gathered together in Cooper Institute in New York to do honor to the name and memory of Frederick Douglass, Col. Robert Ingersoll was among the speakers, and after paying a most eloquent tribute to Mr. Douglass, he called upon the audience to have nothing to do with the white man's God, who had so long permitted the colored people to be held in slavery. The audience was composed largely of "simple folks" who, like most of their race, believed absolutely in the God of their fathers. The eloquent appeal of the infidel orator, for the moment, completely overwhelmed them and just then many a man's faith trembled in the balance. When Mr. Chauncy . . Depew, the presiding officer, arose after Mr Ingersoll had completed his address, he referred to the same and gave the argument of the agnostic a quick twist and peculiar turn. He said: "I have just one fact which I wish to put against Colonel Ingersoll's theory; I would like to remind him that when Christ came into the world slavery was a universal institution; and that since Christ's coming into the world it has been driven from every Christian land." The vast audience was electrified. Many stood upon their seats and cheered. The fact had killed the theory. The argument had been turned. Would you be convinced? Deal in facts.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

The Woman Investor.

There are young women among my acquaintances who own property that they have bought with their own savings. Saving and investing are commendable, and I am sure a young woman if cautious will enjoy the economy that will bring her a good harvest in her old age. But there is a general lack of knowledge in the feminine mind, and for this reason a woman investor must be very careful. Men say that woman's failure to comprehend money matters is due to pure mental laziness.

Women should know more about investments. One writer says that a great safeguard against financial loss, with resultant increased contentment to thousands, could be brought about by injecting a good course in simple finance—the handling of money and its investment—into public schools, because the wise conserving of money is the making of any nation.

Women are accused of being good shoppers but bad investors. As a rule, they demand too high interest returns for their investments. Many investors are heedless; they do not seek proper advice nor exercise competent judgment.

High interest rates beget loss of principal. A woman must be a shrewd person who is able to get with safety better than four or five per cent.

One broad principle is this:

"Certain enterprises based upon our great national needs and resources must needs be sound."

The female mind is fascinated with speculative investments. This accounts for their many losses in mining and oil securities.

A man whose advice I value told me the other day that the three following ways of investing money are, in his judgment, the best for women investors:—

First—First mortgages are usually safe places for a woman's money.

Second—Investment in property in a location that is increasing in population and wealth promises good returns.

Third—Investment in stocks, if care be exercised, will yield a satisfactory income. But a woman investor should investigate the standing of the men in charge of a corporation, for every one must depend largely upon the wise management and integrity of such officials for their income.

There is a splendid lesson in the practice of wise handling of money so that it will yield comfortable results. It may be accomplished by careful study and reasonable judgment.

Our Canadian women are doing well in their investments. We have several successful real estate women in Western Canada.

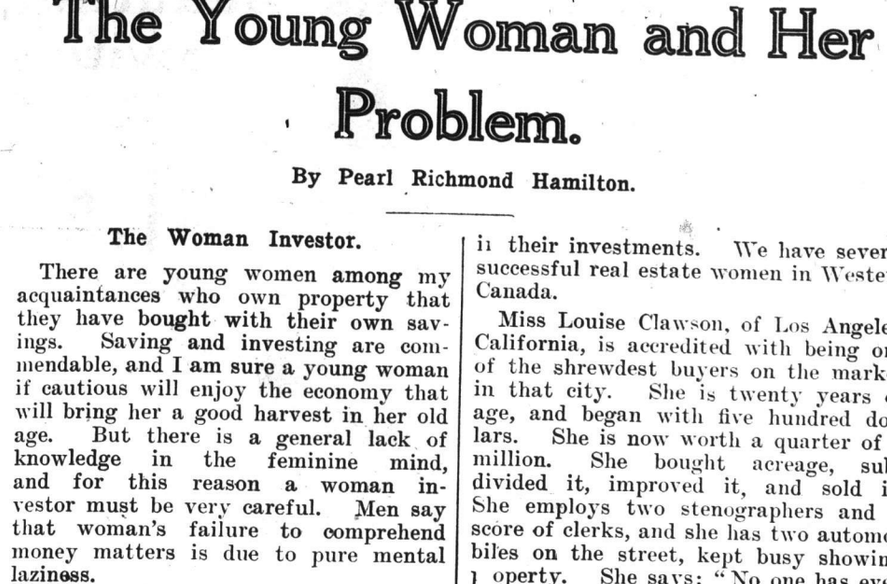
Miss Louise Clawson, of Los Angeles, California, is accredited with being one of the shrewdest buyers on the market in that city. She is twenty years of age, and began with five hundred dollars. She is now worth a quarter of a million. She bought acreage, subdivided it, improved it, and sold it. She employs two stenographers and a score of clerks, and she has two automobiles on the street, kept busy showing property. She says: "No one has ever taken my advice in buying and been a loser. People have faith in me, just as they have in a man who always keeps his agreements. I am a firm believer in being square, you know, and when I cannot deal fairly, why, I'll go out of business entirely."

I believe there are similar opportunities open to young women in this new resourceful Western country.

Miss R. N. Hillman is at the head of a profitable farm of nearly 2,000 acres near Moose Jaw. She is now classed as a successful grain grower, and has recently refused a place on the directorate of the Grain Growers' Association. For several years she was a stenographer, but became interested in farming, and put her savings in Western Canadian land. She says what she did many a girl now working on a small salary can do.

I know of one working girl in this city who is independent because she invested her savings with shrewd judgment.

Another who could neither read nor write is wealthy now. She says she just used common sense in her investments; and, after all, common sense, of the good old-fashioned kind, is a valuable asset.



Park Scene, Winnipeg.

Shadows that Glow with Color.

Poverty and ugly environment have often developed women of keen intellect, Christly character and influential power. Some of the world's greatest women have experienced during their girlhood extreme poverty. It is a mistake to fall into an abyss of discontent just because one is poor. Poverty may be turned into joy, as it is an education in many ways. It teaches us to appreciate the day of little things, to enjoy small pleasures. It is true that poverty has bitter hardships, but there is pleasure in conquering circumstances. Like the snows of winter, these hardships enrich ground that might otherwise be barren.

SEE THIS COSTUME SKIRT

It is worth $2.00. As an inducement to you to test and prove for yourself the value of our goods, we will make this Costume Skirt specially to your own measurements, from good hard-wearing Yorkshire Winter Serges, in Black Navy, Grey, Brown, Wine or Myrtle, seven gores, raised seams, cut full the most captivating style of the present season and will appeal to every lady of taste, for **75c.** only. State size of shoe now worn.

$2 Costume Skirt and a Pair of Good Fashionable Shoes for only 75c.

An example of our value. Lace or Button

FREE. To every purchaser who sends us this advertisement we will, as a Special Bonus, give absolutely free a fashionable pair of Lady's Shoes. Do not hesitate, catch the next mail. Costume Skirt and Pair of Shoes carefully and securely packed in one parcel and sent per return mail, carriage paid 25c. extra. Total amount $1. Remittances to be made in money order or dollar bill only.

Dep. 256, YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO. SHIPLEY, YORKS., ENGLAND

Your Nose is Frozen, Mr.

Was a daily remark during the recent cold and storms, and there is going to be more of it to touch that now tender spot of yours. Those that use a Dysthe Face Protector speak differently.

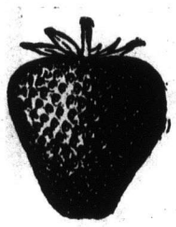
"To my mind there is nothing can take its place in a blizzard, and I also use it on a clear day when there is a cold wind to face. They are well worth the money."

Dr. L. E. MYLKES,
Clanwilliam, Man.

Mailed free anywhere for $1.

Write for circulars. Agents wanted.

MARTINIUS DYSTHE
353 Beverley St., Winnipeg, Man.



Strawberry Plants. Forty leading varieties. Catalog and price list free; special instructions given for growing large red luscious berries in the western provinces. 100 plants sent post paid to any address in Canada.

John Downham, Strathroy, Ont.

Send us $7.50.

Receive this beautiful spring style tailored suit. The skirt is cut 9 gore pleated style trimmed with band of self material just as pictured. The coat is cut semi-fitting with a notch collar. The whole suit is elaborately trimmed with silk buttons. The material is heavy all wool Panama in black, navy, dark green, medium brown and dark red. At $7.50 this is a wonderful bargain and well worth double what we ask. If preferred we can supply the same suit in an all wool Venetian cloth in the same shades as the Panama at $10.50. Give number of inches around the largest part of the bust and smallest part of the waist also around largest part of hips, sleeve length and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order a suit to-day you will be more than pleased with your bargain. Order suit No. 59.

Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Can.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Courage and endurance will make poverty yield to economy, contrivance and industry. There cannot be a noble life without a noble aim.

Girls are placed here to make the world better.

Elizabeth Fry, though not poor in money and environment, resolved in her girlhood to make the world better. She faced wild men in Newgate Prison, but she helped them, and she was loved alike by crowned heads and criminals in chains. She created a reform in the prisons of England and all Europe that has saved thousands of lives and souls. Alexander of Russia said, "This noble English woman is one of the wonders of the age."

In a home of hard work and poverty in Paris was born a little girl. She cried for fresh air and sunshine. They sent her to school, but she did not like school work. They placed her in a sewing establishment to become a seamstress, but she hated sewing.

Finally her father discovered that his daughter had a great talent, so she began the study of painting. In a few years she earned enough to help support the family of seven children. The young girl was too poor to buy her models, so she had to study them at abattoirs, where the artist lady was obliged to mingle with drovers and butchers, but no indignity was ever offered her. Girls who are earnest in their ambitions are usually regarded with honest pride.

Finally Rosa Bonheur rose above her environment of poverty until she became an acknowledged master of her profession. Her pictures brought her wealth and fame, which she used in lifting other struggling artists out of poverty and anxiety. She said: "Art demands heart, brain, soul, body and will; and I have no patience with women who ask permission to think. I felt the power within me to paint; I cultivated it."

When the Prussian army swept through her home town orders were given that Rosa Bonheur's home and paintings must not be touched. The peasants idolized this great woman; people respond readily to kindness. This great artist was a courageous woman, who did not allow poverty to interfere with her ambition. She made the world better because she began life with a noble aim. The hardships of her environment, like a Venetian painting, were shadows that glowed with color.

The Perfume of Woman's Personality.

The ordinary woman loves those who love her; the noble woman finds something to love wherever God's creatures live.

The ordinary woman pities physical weakness; the noble woman pities all who suffer from moral and spiritual weakness and disease, and loves those who need her help.

The ordinary woman sees defects in her associates; the noble woman discovers the divine in people; she respects it, tries to heal it and save it.

Mrs. Johnson, a superintendent of a reformatory for women, never had a woman under her so vile that she did not love her. No woman is noble who has not acquired something of this fine active and vital friendliness.

Margaret Fuller said: "All women might be superior beings if all were willing to cultivate the mind and beautify the character."

It was her generous, sympathetic heart that made George Eliot a superior woman. On this she built a scholarship that few men can equal. She grew broad enough to discuss great questions and think great thoughts, yet she was affectionate, gentle and tender.

One critic said: "She has extraordinary power of expression and extraordinary brain power, but her chief attraction is her universal sympathy." George Eliot herself said she looked forward to the time "when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate as that which I feel to grasp something firm if I am falling."

Louisa M. Alcott, the author who did a work that lightened the burdens of parents, said in her girlhood: "The desire of my life is to do good to tens of thousands, and earn enough to care for those I love." What do you think of this aim for a girl to strive for? Louisa M. Alcot found her environment full of obstacles, but she finally accomplished her purpose. She suffered so much herself that she was tender toward the suffering. The perfume of a woman's personality does not usually come forth without bruising.

Woman's Influence in Public Service.

One writer states: "Why has the English House of Lords held its place and power, while the nobility of France has gone to wreck? Because the English noble class in all periods of their history, from Runnymede to Queen Victoria, have devoted themselves to public service; while, on the other hand, the French nobility became isolated from public duties, thought only of themselves, and thus ceased to have any cause for existence." The demand was never so great for women of generous public spirit as it is to-day. Women should encourage their brothers and husbands to public service. In all history we find that wherever careless, selfish, narrow-minded women set the tone of society there was social and political revolution. Large cities are filled with vice and corruption because women prefer that men shall pass their time catering to social whims and chasing the dollars to boost their families up the uncertain ladder of enamelled gentility. The artist Charles Dana Gibson has given us some very striking pictures illustrating conditions in the gilded aristocracy founded on dollars and no sense on the other side of the line. The ambitious, portly mother, who appears as if she had a monopoly on beef, is covered with flashing jewels, and she, with her family of athletic daughters, equally brilliant so far as jewels are concerned, travel here and there and everywhere from one end of fashion's pole to the other in search of titled husbands, while the over-worked, brain-tired husband and father is at home, chained to a grinding business that must turn out the necessary funds—honest or otherwise—to meet the demands of an unsympathetic family saturated with perverted ambitions.

The only person whom the great Napoleon feared politically was a woman—Madame de Stael. Her talents in conversation were perhaps the most remarkable of any person that ever lived. She astonished all Europe in this art, and the most learned men of the times were inspired and influenced by her learning and advice on public problems. The most eloquent orators borrowed from her ideas and telling phrases. Most of them went forth from her door with speeches ready for the next day, and with resolution to pronounce them—a courage which was also derived from her.

Napoleon blamed her for creating the feeling against his rule, and said: "Persons always come away from her home less my friends than when they entered."

The position of the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has so increased in importance that to-day, through her indefatigable manner in which she devotes herself to public duties, she plays a part in public life almost equal to that of her husband.

From Domestic to Stenographer.

The girl with the four-dollar-a-week salary has come to me now with this question: "How may I prepare myself for a position as stenographer when I must earn my own living and pay my expenses in the meantime?" I suggested this: "There is a large demand for girls to do housework. Why do you not go into a house as a domestic?" But she did not allow me to finish. She simply would not listen to the idea; however, after a few minutes she decided to be quiet. "Now, my dear girl," I continued, "I am going to tell you about two girls in this city whose positions were very much like yours only worse. They landed from a foreign country, with little experience and 50 dollars in debt. These two girls applied for places in homes and they tried to make good. They saved their money to pay the expenses of a night course in a Business College. They worked and studied and economized, and for the time had little social life; but within two years they not only held their positions as domestics in the home, but they had incited their courses in

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$1.50

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Don't fail to visit us when you come to Winnipeg as we are allowing special discount during February.

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THE NEW YORK HAIR STORE
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Also at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE

REG. TRADE MARK

96 Munn Ave., Newark, N. J., Aug. 15, 1910.

Some time ago I purchased a horse, believing him to be a real good one. At the time I did not know that he had been fired and blistered. He became very lame from a Bone Spavin, and the prospect was not very favorable, owing to his advanced age.

However, having a bottle of "Save-The-Horse" on hand, of which I had used very little in satisfactorily curing Puffs on another horse, I ventured to think it would help the Spavin on my new purchase. I was ashamed to drive the horse in the daytime, he was so lame. I used about half the bottle. Suddenly the horse forgot his lameness, and to this day he acts and goes as sound as a colt. Now should you want a recommendation you are at liberty to refer to me. Jos. Wm. Burton.

$5.00 a Bottle With Signed CONTRACT

This is a binding **CONTRACT** and protects purchaser absolutely in treating and curing any case of **Bone and Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ring-bone,** (except low), **Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoebeil, Injured Tendons** and all **Lameness.** No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Send for copy of contract, booklet on all lameness and letters from prominent business men, bankers, farmers and horse owners the world over on every kind of case. At all druggists and dealers, or express paid.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., 148 Van Horn St., Toronto, Ont., and Binghamton, N.Y.

Send us $3.25

Receive this beautiful child's dress made from heavy, rich velveteen in medium red, navy, moss green, seal brown.

The dress is made just as pictured. Gibson tuck on each side of waist and pleated skirt, the two tucks and cuffs are edged with white cord. This is a beautiful little dress and we would like to send you one. Up to and including age 8 years, the price is $3.25. Ages 10 and 12 is $3.95. In ordering give age. Send for one of these beautiful dresses today. Order dresses No. 4. Add 25c for postage.

Standard Garment Co.
10 Coote Block,
LONDON - CANADA

FOR SALE—25 horse power Plow Engine and Plows. Outfit in good condition. Price $2000. Responsible party can make small cash payment and pay balance plowing. Ira Jones, New Dayton, Alberta.

Canada can produce good Vegetable Seeds. Only a limited supply on hand—**so send for our Catalogue** at once and select some for a trial.

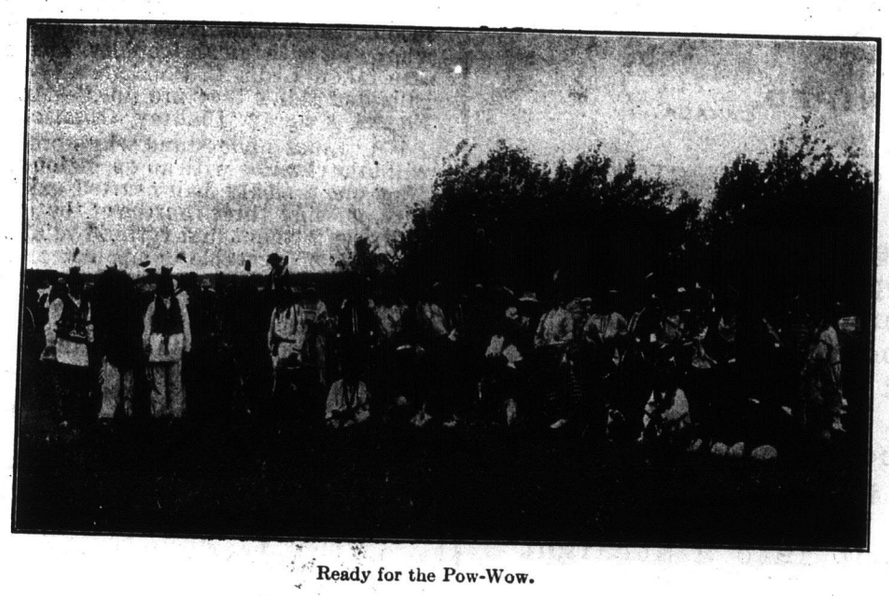
Ontario Seed Co. Successors
Waterloo, Ont.

We are also importers of high grade Vegetable and Flower Seeds.

Business College and were ready to go into an office. They obtained positions as stenographers at 60 dollars a month. They have saved enough now to pay their mother's expenses to this country. While it may humiliate a girl to go out as a domestic, this is one reasonable solution I offer as a means for her to realize a better position. Besides, there is another problem to consider. Very many girls who have had to work for their living do not know how to cook and do housework, the two finest accomplishments a girl can possess. They marry without having had any experience whatever in the work of the home. The husband and family must consequently suffer from her ignorance. If the girl earns a business education during her experience as a domestic, she also gains a more important education in the practical work of the home. Work is not drudgery unless one makes it drudgery. To be sure she has little social life, but she can afford social economy for a year or two. There are always admirers for the practical, competent girl. There are good homes open for girls with honest ambitions. A young woman told me last week that she had been a domestic in a home twelve years, which goes to prove that there are considerate homes. Winnipeg has been called the centre of the opportunity district, and "where there is a will there is a way."

Exclusive Friendships.

The best friend is not the one who has no other friend. Such a girl-friend has usually in her possession a bundle of



Ready for the Pow-Wow.

another's secrets, and the chord that ties the bundle is so weak that it breaks, spilling the secrets on the ground before a curious public eye. One writer states: "You may like a rose better than other flowers. Should you for this reason weed out the violets, lilies and pansies? Enjoy the fragrance of all sweet flowers and the friendship of all sweet girls."

Exclusive friendship is not wholesome; it breaks with its own weight or else holds one under the thralls of tyrannical power through fear.

On the other hand, what a blessing it is to be the idol of an immense circle of friends! A young woman without money and without beauty, but with character and developed intellect, makes lasting conquests of hearts. It is impossible for a girl with strength of character not to influence the mind of every person she meets. A friend is wholesome if she inspires one to that which is noble. Margaret Fuller Ossoli was a great friend. One thing only she demanded of all her friends: "That they should not be satisfied with the common routine of life; that they should aspire to something higher, better, holier than they had now attained." She was an inspiration. One friend wrote her: "You roused my heart with high hopes; you raised my aims from paltry and vain pursuits to those which lasted and fed the soul; you inspired me with a great ambition, and made me see the worth and the meaning of life."

Examine your friendships. Are they wholesome?

Honor Thy Father.

The father of a famous author was so proud of his daughter's work, and had enjoyed the blessing of a daughter's honor so much that he said, "I am riding in her golden chariot."

Another father said he had become young again at the fame of his child. This was the father of Rosa Bonheur. Through her fame he was made director of a government school of design for girls. When I read "Honor thy father and thy mother," I wonder if we, as girls, obey the whole commandment. Let us not forget the father of the family, who appreciates attention more than we realize. Often his reserve is due to over-anxiety about the business or the farm. I know a family of three young ladies who invent every scheme possible to "get money out of father." They tell him it is for a suit when the money is for something unnecessary. They never give him an affectionate word or an expression of sympathy when he is starved for a bit of love and kindness. Some day they will regret it, and wish they had "father" near to tell him how much they appreciate his strength, ability and love, all of which kept the family together and protected them from the blasts of outside dangers. Try to respect him, so that he will be proud that he is the father of his daughter. Honor thy father and thy mother!

At the Arlesey Training School, near Hitchen—the school that Lady Frances Balfour and others have given their active patronage to—the girls are giving special attention to the study of horticulture. They study soils and flowers and things pertaining to garden lore. This study really has a wonderful influence on the minds of girls, and every girl in Western Canada should have a flower garden, even though it be only a window box. Flowers create beautiful ideals. One great woman said: "I love to gaze on the roses, the violets, the lilies, the pinks. I kiss them and press them to my bosom, and an ambition swells in my heart to be as beautiful, as perfect as they."

A Politician in Trouble.

He was a professional politician, and knew more about "grafting" than Luther Burbank himself. As he was walking from the City Hall to the bank an automobile struck him amidships. He was rushed to the nearest hospital, and three surgeons stopped playing pinochle and tried to locate the politician's liver, which had been driven up under his right lung.

"Compound fracture of one rib, and we'll have to probe for the splinters," said the head dissector.

"All right, as long as it isn't a grand jury probe," groaned the sufferer.

A half-hour later the politician came out of the ether.

"Where am I?" he asked dazedly.

"In the City Relief Hospital, Ward 9," answered the nurse pleasantly.

"Gimme my clothes!" he screamed. "The Ninth Ward is Republican."

Thousands of Canadian Farmers endorse our Guarantee of Warm Feet at 50 below Zero

Lumbersole Boots keep feet warm and dry. No weather is so cold that Lumbersoles won't keep feet warm. Just as good for damp weather. Thousands of Canadian people know by experience that Lumbersoles do what we say they do. Wear Lumbersoles. Get a pair for yourself, for your wife and for the boys and girls. Don't put off. Send today. One cost everywhere because Lumbersoles are delivered free to your postoffice. Write us at once Remember this fact; Lumbersoles positively keep feet warm and dry. Send for a pair.

THIS IS OUR FAMOUS TWO-BUCKLE LUMBERSOLE

Per Pair **$1.75.**

The specially prepared wooden soles don't make Lumbersoles heavy. Lighter than leather. Wooden sole keeps heat of foot in and keeps cold and damp out. Lined with warm felt. Uppers of stout leather. Warmest shoe made in the world. Send $1.75 today. Delivered free to you. Remember your wife and children when ordering. They suffer from cold feet too with ordinary boots. but not with Lumbersoles. See sizes and prices opportunity.

Sizes and Prices

Two Buckle Lumbersoles, sizes 3-12, (for all ages)..... $1.75
Men's best quality, sizes 6-12..... $2.00
Children's sizes, 6-2, Two Buckle style (fit ages 3 to 10)..... $1.35
Children's best quality lacing style (fit ages 6 to 10)..... $1.50
Rubber Soles to fit above boots prevent slipping 60c. per set.

If you don't know your size, trace around your foot on paper, and send to us.

$2.95 Delivered Free

Half Wellington Lumber Soles

Ideal for wet spring weather. Have all the advantages of regular Lumbersoles. Trousers can be tucked in. Just the right boot for working about the stable. Cost, delivered free..... $2.95

Note.—All styles of Lumbersoles shown can be had unlined—ideal for fall and spring.

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Fine Lacing Style

Lined with extra quality white felt. Grained Kip Leather. Very soft and light.
Men's and Women's sizes, 3-12, delivered free $2.25
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Bonspiel Visitors to Winnipeg

Don't fail to look us up on Princess Street, near Market Square. Our stock of British Goods will interest you.

Special Offer

1000 pairs Scottish Wool Hand Knit Sox, 3 pairs for $1.25. Try 3 pairs (post paid).

Pinto Creek P. O., Sask
December 9th, 1910..

Dear Sir:—
I received my Lumbersoles all right. I have worn Lumbersoles for the last two winters. They are the best kind of boot for winter. They will wear three or four pairs of felts and rubbers and keep your feet drier and warmer.

Yours truly, ALEXANDER SMITH.

All these goods made in Scotland by skilled British workmen, with old country regard for honesty of material and workmanship. No other firm has these lines. All that are sold in Canada come originally from us. We know how they are. We know you will be more than satisfied. Don't put up any longer with cold feet. Have warm feet and comfort. Write us today. Enclose cash for what you want. It will go to you at once delivered free. Ask for our illustrated catalogue.

Dealers—Send for catalogue and special offer. Immense business in these lines. We are getting it. Why not carry Lumbersoles as one of your leading lines?

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DON'T fail to visit our Aviary at the undernoted address. By far and away the finest and still inexpensive souvenir you can take home is one of those splendid **Song Birds, Talking Parrots, Australian Love Birds,** and others of Nature's great feathered tribes.

We stock and ship nothing but reliable birds, and can show you hundreds of testimonials from delighted patrons.

Fancy Dogs and Tame Monkeys always kept in Stock.

Winnipeg Bird Store

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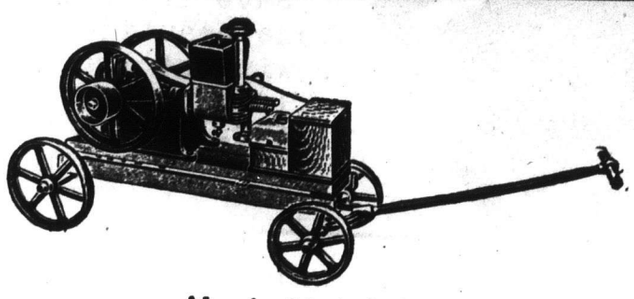

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C. S. Judson — **Winnipeg, Man.**

Reciprocity Negotiations.

There is just time for a word touching the Reciprocity negotiations. The opinions expressed are subject to modification because the full bearing of the recommendations is not yet manifest. There are, however, two or three outstanding features of the agreement that deserve a passing notice.

In the first place it is worthy of comment that this is not a treaty. The Minister of Finance did well to emphasize that point. If the recommendations are approved by the House, and if in practice it is found that the new schedule works hardship to any great interest, there is no reason why revision should not take place. Anyone who reads the address of Mr. Fielding must feel that the schedule is only temporary. So long as the policy of prohibition is in force, so long will there be necessity for an annual revision of rates.

But looking at the proposals as they affect life just at present, it is not difficult to see how the manufacturer, the farmer, and the man who works for a day's wage will view the changes. The manufacturer of farm implements finds that the duty is reduced from 17½ to 15 per cent. This is a mere bagatelle, especially when the officers of the customs are authorized to evaluate the goods that come across the border. It may be taken for granted that there is no reduction at all, for it will work out just this way. Nevertheless, the manufacturers nominally have an excuse for complaining that they have been ill used and there will no doubt be a great hue and cry. As a matter of fact, the reduction must be a great disappointment to the farming community. That a great number of comparatively poor men should be compelled to pay every year into the coffers of those who, by their own admission, average in wealth $500,000, is so unreasonable that a reduction of 2½ per cent is but a mockery. The farmers are more fortunate in the concessions of the Americans with regard to removal of duties on farm products. Here they stand to gain a great deal. In fact it is clear that it is Washington rather than Ottawa that has helped the Western farmer.

There is a class of men who find but little consolation in the new tariff. The wage earner will find bread and vegetables higher. There is practically nothing he will find lower. Life in the cities will be harder than ever. And it is in the cities the really poor people live. The effect will be to force men back on the land—which is a good thing—or to raise the daily wage, which is an equally good thing. This raising of the daily wage will hit the manufacturer much harder than does the reduction in tariff. For two or three years, if the Act is passed, we expect to see increased hardship in the cities. then things will right themselves by readjustment of the tariff or increased wages. In the meantime the farmers will receive more for their grain, but will pay just as much for their implements as ever. The manufacturers are secure. They will not be affected in any way.

But if the Americans refuse to accept the proposals—as is most likely—our farmers will stand to gain nothing, and things will be just where they were before the negotiations. The mountain will have labored and brought forth a mouse.

Apart altogether from the financial aspect of the case, there is a great gain in having the representatives of the two countries meet in a friendly way to discuss a matter of this kind. After all, this is the greatest gain.

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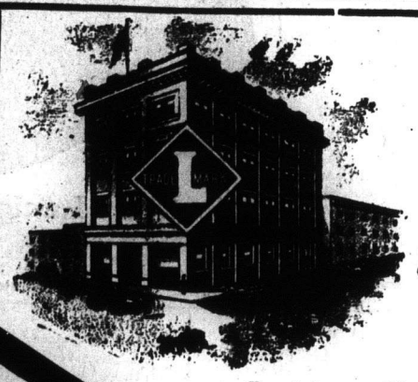

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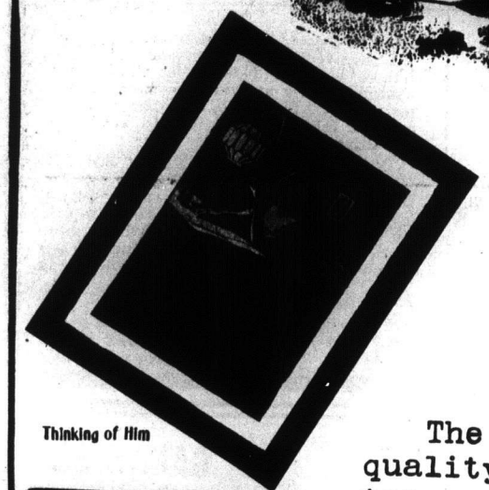
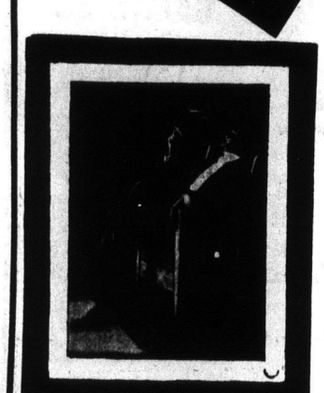
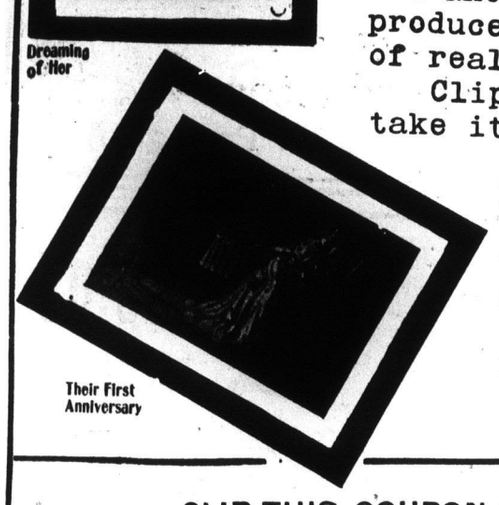


Thinking of Him



Dreaming of Her



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The ROXBORO CIGAR is made from the highest quality Havana tobacco ever put into a straight ten cent smoke, and my methods of manufacturing are right up to the handle both as to facilities and cleanliness.

I want you to smoke a ROXBORO CIGAR, test its goodness, and let me know what you think of it.

Hundreds of the best judges of cigars in Winnipeg tell me that the ROXBORO is the best ten cents' worth they have ever enjoyed, and I feel confident if you try the ROXBORO your verdict will add another feather in my cap as being the producer of a smoke that has reached the climax of real cigar perfection.

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Save the bands and take your choice of these beautiful colored pictures, with or without frames.

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H. E. LEDOUX CO., LTD.

Per H. Ledoux

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peg, February, 1911

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Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Suffrage and Divorce

Very many of my reader will have noted an article in the Ladies' Home Journal for November 1st by Richard Barry, entitled "What women have actually done where they vote"; and all who read it, no doubt, are hot with indignation at the deliberate statement that the extens of the franchise to women has increased the number of divorces. I am not so sure that the reply to Mr. Barry's statement made by the Hon. James M. Stacey will have been so generally read, and for that reason I am quoting his figures. In Mr. Barry's report there appears a table of divorce statistics, with the comment added:—"Divorce has been on the constant increase in all the States where women vote." The Hon. James N. Stacey remarks:—"This table is most misleading and unfair, as it does not give the increased population in the States referred to, and to make this plain I submit the following from this table for ten years, 1896 to 1906:—

	Divorces.
Idaho (1896)	139
Idaho (1906)	320
Utah (1896)	225
Utah (1906)	387
Wyoming (1896)	70
Wyoming (1906)	143
Colorado (1896)	450
Colorado (1906)	507
Total (1896)	884
Total (1906)	1,407
Total increase in ten years	523

Total population of above four States:—

1896	934,000	884
1906	1,351,816	1,407

The rate in 1896, according to the population—934,000—is a fraction over 105 persons for every 100,000.

The rate for 1906 is a fraction over 96 persons for every 100,000, showing a decrease in rate of 9 persons for every 100,000, according to population. Women were enfranchised in Wyoming in 1869; Colorado, 1893; Utah, 1895; Idaho, 1896.

I select from Census Bulletin 96, Department of Commerce and Labor, just completed, the divorce rate per 100,000 population from 1880 to 1900 of specimen States:—

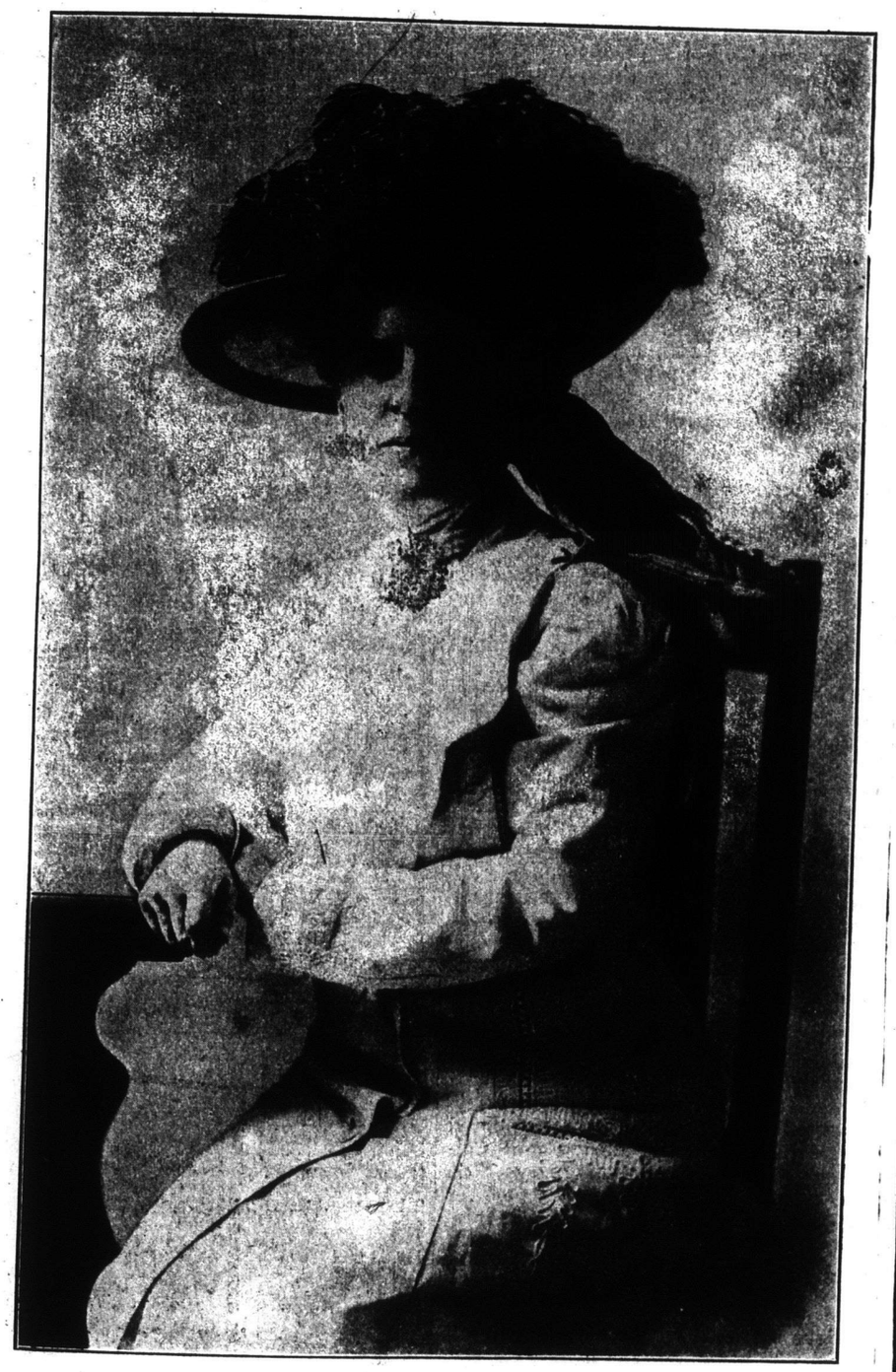
Maine	117
Vermont	112
Indiana	142
Arkansas	136
Oklahoma	129
Texas	131
Montana	167
Washington	184
Oregon	134
Kansas	109

Average rates for above ten States, 136 to every 100,000 inhabitants.

It may be stated that Kansas has the smallest rate, and women there have had municipal suffrage since 1887.

Average for Idaho	120
Average for Colorado	158
Average for Wyoming	118
Average for Utah	92

Average rate of above four States for



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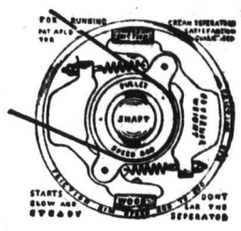

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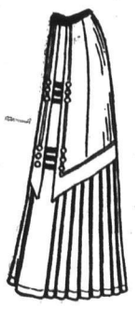

It's a $5 Vicuna cloth skirt. Vicuna is a cloth much resembling all wool broadcloth. It comes in Black, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Brown and Dark Red. Give waist and hip measure, also length desired. It's the new style made with an over skirt effect, pleated flounce trimmed with 12 satin buttons and 6 satin ribbon bands across front gore just as pictured. We want you to have one of these skirts. Guaranteed to fit perfectly and give satisfaction in every way. Same style in all Wool Panama all shades, $3.50 reduced from $6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt No. 7, add 35 cents for postage.

Standard Garment Co, 16 Coote Block, London, Ontario.

ten years, 122 to every 100,000 inhabitants.

This table shows a rate of 14 per cent. less in the four woman suffrage States than in the ten States named outside of these.

I submit this statement, based on official authority, as shown by facts and figures, and the other statistics given by Mr. Barry are equally misleading, as could easily be proved.

It is refreshing to find a man of the political standing of the Hon. Jas. N. Stacey coming so ably to the defence of women in a matter so vitally affecting their right to the franchise.

I am glad to note that at the coming session of the Manitoba Legislature the women will again present a petition asking for the extension of the Franchise to them. It is high time that in progressive Western Canada the women, who risk their lives to bring children into the world, should have some say in making the laws which will have so much influence on the future lives of these children.

Something About Books

Among the books which Santa Claus brought me was one by Wm. J. Locke, called "A Christmas Mystery," and just how I have chanced to miss this writer's works up to the present time I do not know, but I do know that I am deeply grateful to the friend who, by the gift of this little book, drew my attention to the writer. The foreword of the book is, "I cannot tell how the truth may be, I say the tale as 'twas said to me." Three men meet at Paddington Station—one a scientist, one an Assyriologist, one a diplomat. They find that they are all travelling to a remote place in Cornwall—just why, none of them are very clear. It is Christmas Eve, and they are full of scorn and contempt for the superstition of Christmas; they are so wise that they have lost their faith. They reach the end of their railway journey, and are met with the most modern thing in automobiles; and, still protesting at their own folly in coming, they roll themselves in rugs and start upon the last and worst part of their journey. The driver of the car is proceeding cautiously but rapidly, when there is a fearful jolt, and the car comes to a standstill. It is a broken axle. They are miles from help. The driver remembers a rude cottage passed half a mile back, and suggests that the three wise men go there and try and find shelter while he goes for help. They stagger and stumble through the snow and reach the cottage. At its threshhold they stumble upon the dead body of a man, frozen stiff, with an empty whisky bottle in his hand. They try the door, find it unlocked, and enter upon a scene of utter desolation. Suddenly there is a weird cry; they have brought one of the lamps from the car, and by its light they peer hither and thither and find another room, and here they discover a woman in the last agonies of child-birth. She is unconscious, and moaning in her pains. The three wise men stand abashed; they are very wise, but they know nothing of the mystery of birth. The extremity of the woman, however, rouses all that is best in them. They struggle back to the car and bring cushions; they build a fire; they do what they can for the woman; but with the first wail of the newly-born infant a last convulsive shudder passes through her frame, and, without regaining consciousness, she was dead. They busy themselves about the infant; they lay the dead man beside his dead wife; and as the last of their work is done and they are gathered around the fire, they become strongly conscious of a strange beating of wings. One says, "It is the Angel of Death!" Silence falls upon them; the new-born sleeps; when one of them glances at his watch and remarks that it is Christmas morning. Suddenly he raises his hand: the beating of the wings had come again, and almost unconsciously he repeats, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." It was not the Angel of Death, but the Angel of Life. The tiny babe stretched its limbs and cried, and the three of them knelt about it and tried to minister to its wants. "They were three wise, lonely, childless men, who, in furtherance of their greatness, had cut themselves adrift from the sweetest things of life; but they knew, as they knelt bout the babe, that an inscrutable Providence had led them, as it led the wise men of old on the first Christmas morning, to a nativity which would give them new wisdom and a new spiritual outlook and a new hope; and when their watch was ended they wrapped up the babe and carried it with them."

The book can be read in twenty minutes, but the impression of that reading will last a lifetime.

The other day, in going over a number of books which I have read recently, I was suddenly struck with the fact that in a group of five books the heroines are all very young girls—mere children, who from force of circumstances have become old beyond their years in many things while yet children at heart. The characters are Natalia, in "The Lead of Honor," a child of the Southern States with some Spanish blood in her veins; Lynette, in "The Dop Doctor," a child of English parentage, but a true daughter of the veldt; Pearlie, in "The Second Chance," of Irish parentage, but, none the less, a product of the western prairie; Aileen, in "Flamstead Quarries," Irish by descent, but a product, first of the low quarters of New York, and later of the New England Hills; Jane, in "The Doctor's Lass," a true child of Old England. None of these characters can, perhaps, be said to represent a type, and yet I think that there are probably few of my readers who have not at some time met their living counterpart. They are a wonderful study; and, combined as they are in every case with the redemptive power of a great love, they form a group of wholesome fiction that very far exceeds in merit the problem novel that has been so rampant in the last few years. The five books referred to are all well worth reading. "Flamstead Quarries" is by the author of "The Wood Carver of Lympus," but is a very decided improvement even on that book. "The Dop Doctor" is one of the strongest novels that has been written for many years.

Speaking of novels, I must confess to being very considerably disappointed in De Morgan's last book, called "An Affair of Dishonor." I cannot help wishing that he had left it unwritten—it falls so far below the four books which preceded it.

There is always a temptation to write indefinitely about books, but it is perhaps not kind to tantalize readers with things that may be out of their reach. However, I believe all of the books touched upon can be had at any one of the Winnipeg book stores, and some of them at least are carried by the departmental stores. I can cordially recommend any one of the group of five books specially referred to.

Horticultural Meeting

This issue will be in the hands of my readers in ample time for them to make up their minds and their bodies and come in to the series of meetings which will be opened at the Agricultural College on February 13th. The actual details of the programme for the women, held under the direct supervision of Miss A. B. Juniper, Professor of Household Science, has not reached me, but from what little I have been able to gather I feel sure that the various sessions will be of deep interest to all who attend. The mere gathering together will be in itself helpful, and there are sure to be all kinds of opinions to be exchanged on household matters. On the afternoon of February 16th will be held a special meeting for women, under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, and for this I am able to give the full programme. The meeting will be in charge of Miss Lillian K. Beynon, B.A. (the "Lillian Laurie" of the Manitoba Free Press). She will give an address at the opening of the meeting dealing at some length with her own observances of gardening as a recreation for busy women. Miss Annie Ferguson Playfair, editor and owner of the Hartney Star, will give an address on "Tree Planting from a Woman's Standpoint." Miss Ruth Lloyd, of Morden, who has had very great success in nursery work, will give a talk on "The Possibilities of a Farm Garden. Miss Vickers, of

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Sturgeon Creek, will speak on "The Place of the Garden in the Life of a Busy Mother." Miss A. B. Juniper will speak on "The Influence of Flowers in the Home." Dr. H. M. Speechley, President of the Horticultural Society, will show a number of lantern slides depicting some of the most beautiful of the hardy perennials for Manitoba. Miss E. Cora Hind, commercial Editor of the Manitoba Free Press, will give a paper on "Memories of an Old Time Garden." There will be ample time for discussion, and Miss Juniper and her class of girls will serve afternoon tea shortly after five o'clock. I hope that very many readers of the Monthly will take advantage of the cheap rates and come in. I am sure that they will be amply repaid for any special effort which they may make in order to do so.

Winter Session for Girls.

The first winter classes in Household Science in connection with the Manitoba Agricultural College opened the second week in January with fifteen pupils enrolled. There is no room in the College buildings for the girls at present, but comfortable boarding houses have been secured for them in the city, and they go out by street car to St. James, and are there met by teams from the college and transported the balance of the way. The course of instruction given them is practically identical with that given to the class which was in during the spring and summer months of last year. When the College is moved out to St. Vital there will be a comfortable dormitory building for women, but in the meantime the college authorities are doing all in their power to give the girls, as well as the boys, a chance, and it will not be too late even when this magazine is out for a girl to enter should she wish to do so.

Living Pictures

One of the most beautiful and instructive entertainments which I have ever attended was that of "Living Pictures" given in Winnipeg by the Western Art Association during the past month. The idea was to have frames of varying sizes, and in the frames men and women grouped in appropriate costumes and attitudes to represent the figures in various famous pictures. Of course, these pictures were presented with every accessory of background and detail, but it occurred to me that this was a form of entertainment that might readily be got up in some of our smaller towns. The mere posing for such a picture is in itself a very valuable lesson in self-control, as it is of course essential that there should not be a movement of hand or eye while the audience is looking at the picture. Without the painted background it would be necessary to confine the work to very simple pictures, but some of those given in Winnipeg could be produced—for example; "Wedded," by Sir Frederick Leighton, R.A.: "A Broken Jug," by Greuz. As for these, all that is required is the bare frame and the costumes, which might be produced in very cheap material. Other pictures would suggest themselves, and it is possible now to get for the small sum of ten or fifteen cents correctly colored prints of some of the most noted pictures in the British Galleries. Not only would posing for such pictures teach self-control to those actually taking part, but the story of how and why the picture was painted, which should precede the exhibition, would help to arouse the interest of the audience in art, and it would certainly be a very pleasing departure from the ordinary routine entertainments which mark the winter season for the majority of our smaller towns.

Marshall Saunders

I am very glad to be able to present to my readers this month an excellent picture of the author of "Beautiful Joe," with her favorite Jacobin pigeon, "The Princess Sukey," sitting on her shoulder. This photograph was among the most acceptable of the kind remembrances which I received at Christmas, and one which I gladly share with my readers.

Business Methods in Farming.

Farming is a business, and when conducted on a proper basis is one of the most profitable businesses in which a man can engage.

As a rule, however, the farmer does not run his farm along the strictly business lines of the manufacturer and the merchant, and he is the loser because of it.

It is the custom among many of our farmers to gauge their profits by the size of the crops and the price they bring alone, rarely taking into account the individual expense attached to producing the crops. Through this system, or lack of system rather, the farmer often finds himself poorer at the close of the season than at the start, and he wonders why, in spite of good crops and fair prices he doesn't prosper.

On the other hand, the merchant carefully keeps account of the expenses in time, labor and machinery, and figures out the cost day by day, constantly on the alert for ways to cut down the cost of production and improve his methods. He gives the matter of prices secondary consideration knowing full well that the cost of production chiefly determines his profits and if he can produce cheaply he can also sell cheaply and profitably.

There are many farmers working along year after year, depending largely upon the weather and market prices for a successful season, who could increase their yield of crops, reduce working expenses, and add greatly to their profits by adopting improved time and labor-saving Planet Jr. tools in their work.

The well known Planet Jr. farm and garden tools are the greatest time and labor-saving farm implements ever invented. They frequently do six men's work and enable the farmer to get larger and better crops with half the labor and expense.

These implements are the invention of Samuel L. Allen, himself a practical farmer, and they are adapted to every variety of farm and garden work.

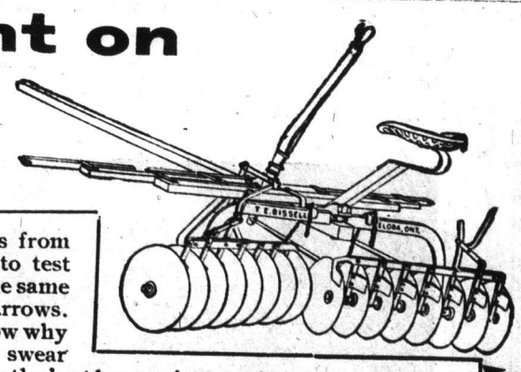
Every farmer who is desirous of improving his farm and garden and adding to his profits should procure the Planet Jr. catalogue, which will be sent upon request by addressing S. L. Allen & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of Planet Jr. tools.

This catalogue contains a complete description of the different types of time and labor-saving implements, seed drills, wheel hoes, horse hoes and cultivators, potato diggers, riding cultivators and orchard and beet cultivators, and fully describes their purpose and how they can be used.

Gertrude Atherton:—Song is at once the simplest, the most popular, and, in some ways, the perfect form of human art.

The Plates Stay Tight on

The 'Bissell'



You'll like to cultivate your land with the "Bissell" Harrow, because the plates stay tight under all conditions. The "Bissell" is constructed in such a way that the Malleable Axle Nuts can be drawn up so tight it is impossible for the heavy Square Axles to spring or stretch. Consequently the plates have no chance to work loose. They have to remain tight.

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This handsome two-story 7-room residence, 30x36, would ordinarily cost $3,000 or over. Sovereign way costs only $1,600

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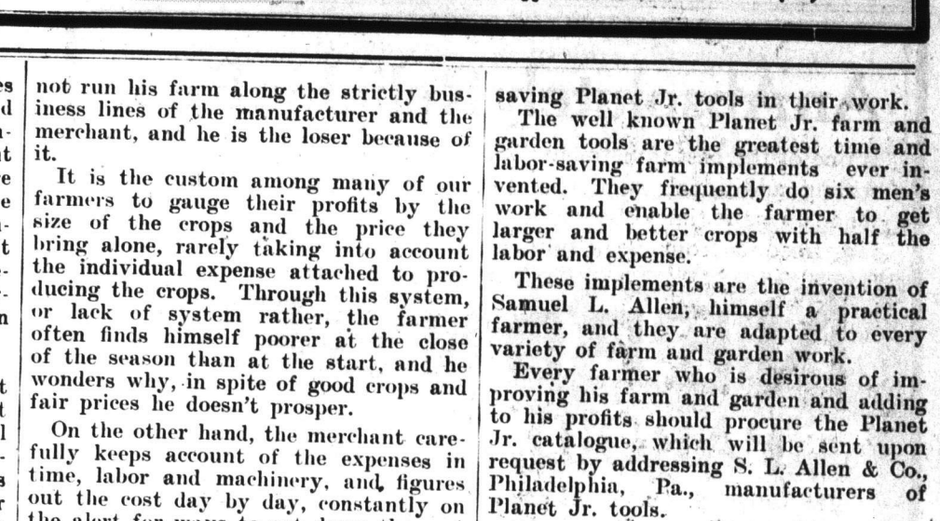

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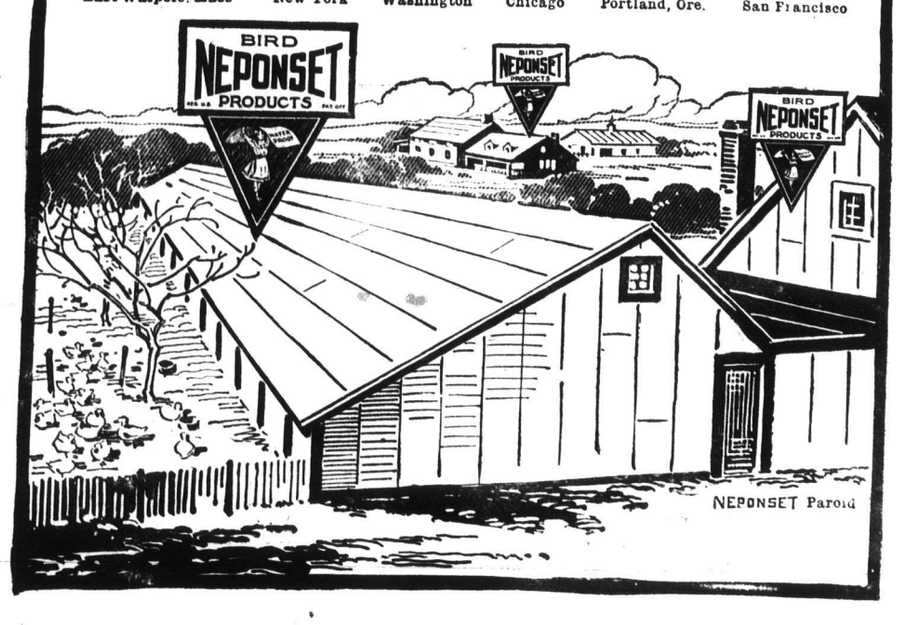

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The Tubular produces twice the skimming force, skims faster and twice as clean as others. Saving in cream, as compared to others, soon pays for machine.

The Dairy Tubular bowl contains no disks or other complicated contraptions to wash, rust or wear. World's only simple separator bowl. Sanitary. Many times easier to wash than others. Produces finest cream. Greatest railroad in Canada uses Tubular cream in its dining cars.

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Later than, different from all others. Wears a lifetime—guaranteed forever by the oldest separator concern on this continent. One of Canada's leading industries. Local dealers everywhere. If you do not know our dealer, ask us his name and address. Write for Catalogue No. 248

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Used by every up-to-date business man. Because it writes easier, is more comfortable, simpler, speedier and more reliable than any other on the market. Does not leak. Absolutely guaranteed.

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GET ONE NOW RIGHT NOW

Don't wait and waste time. Just try one—buy one—and you will never want to be without one.

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Are so named because all the Good Features in the Crimping of the Zinc of all others are combined; consequently are the

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They make washing easy Try them; also

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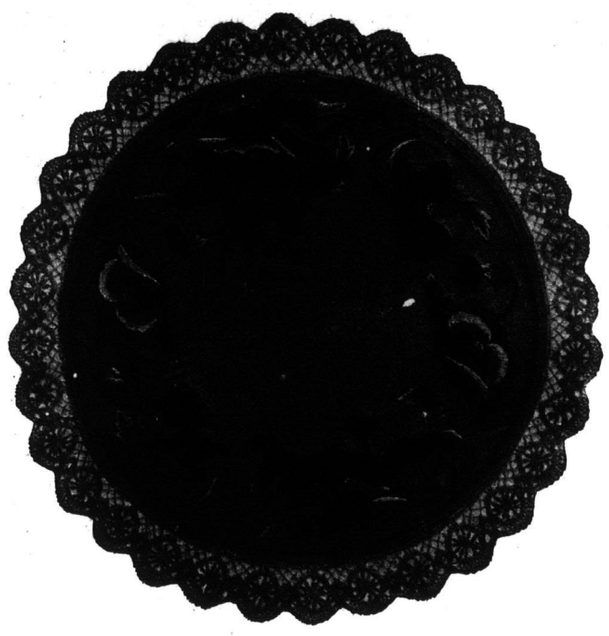
Embroidered Centrepieces.

The embroidered designs illustrated on this page are new and handsome, and each one very different in design and coloring, showing some of the latest ideas in Art Embroidery.

The No. 2119 Centre is a 36-inch handsomely tinted on dark linen against which the beautiful design of poppies and leaves show up beautifully. This design is embroidered in long and short stitch, or "half solid," using Royal Floss in shades of red, Nos. 1205½, 1206, 1207, 1208, 08½, 09, 10, 12, 12 A. Leaves and stems greens, Nos. 1373½, 74½, 75, 75½, 77, Browns Nos. 1563, 65. Seeds Nos. 1203, 1376. Border couched with Rope Silk Nos. 1471½, and Japanese Gold Thread is sewn between the two rows of couching. Handsome Cluny lace edges this beautiful design.

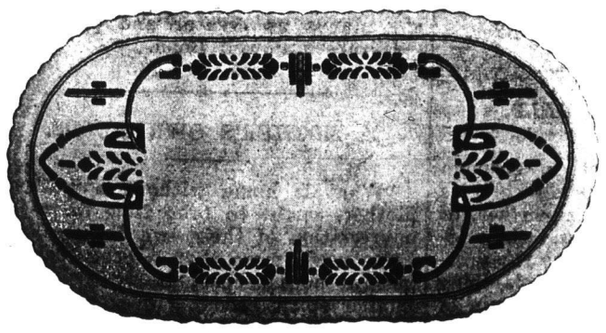


2119, Poppies, Tinted $1.10.

A very beautiful example of the always popular Mount Mellick embroidery is shown on No. 6000. This centre is stamped on 36-inch damask, and the grapes are very heavily padded and worked in satin stitch. The leaves are seeded and tipped with long and short stitches, and lace work effects as indicated in the stamped design. The stems are worked with heavy silk letter "H" in heavy outline stitch. Letter "F" is used for the grapes, and "E" and "G" for the leaves. The border is couched with Rope Silk, and wide Cluny lace edges this handsome centre. If preferred this centre may be embroidered in Lustered Cotton, using sizes B, C, and D for the different portions of the embroidery.

6000, Stamped on Damask, $1.10.

Oval centres are very much used at present and match the oblong cushions, which are so fashionable. We show one example, No. 3205—24 x 48. This oval centre is effectively embroidered with Reds, Blues and Greens. Rope Silk Red, No. 1209, Blue. No. 1330, Green, No. 1471½, are needed to embroider this design, which is solidly padded and worked in Satin Stitch outlined with black. Border is couched with Rope Silk using Greens, Nos. 1471½, and Black, 1203, with Japanese Gold Thread sewn between. Lace finished this effective centrepiece.



3205, Oval, 85c.

Cushion No. 2467.—The same shades of Silk are used as on the Oval Centre. The Cushion illustrated on this page is finished with heavy Russian fringe.

No. 4500 Tile design. This is quite a novel design known as "The Tile Embroidery," and is simple and in good taste. The design illustrated is worked on cream colored linen in solid, padded embroidery with our new shades of Water Greens, Nos. 1448, 49 and 50, and the whole design is outlined with Black, No. 1302. Any preferred coloring may be carried out in this embroidery, such as Porcelain Blues, Dull Browns, etc.

2467, Cushion. 50c.

Readers entrusting their orders to us for any goods illustrated on this page will have them carefully and promptly filled, and silks to embroider any of the above designs will be supplied at 5c. per skein.

THIS CENTERPIECE GIVEN

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

We will send you Post Paid this 22 x 22 inch Center Piece, Tinted on Tan Crash. Your choice of the following designs.

ROSES, POINSETTIA, YELLOW DAISY, MAPLE LEAF or WILD ROSES

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins Belding's Fast Color Royal Floss to trim and commence embroidery on the center piece. The Lace is Ecru Filet matching center piece in color.

THIS OFFER IS MADE

to convince every woman that Belding's Silks are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "Suggestions for Shading," giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers. Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps, or coin, and state design wanted. Address

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We will teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income or you can start in business for yourself. Many women nowadays are earning $100 a week—$5,000 a year—by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer of Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive $10,000 a year. Salaries of $25 to $50 a week are common. Become a Graduate Dressmaker. The regular diploma of this college is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. The American System is most simple and complete in every detail. These lessons will teach you how to draft your own patterns and make your own clothes and enable you to dress far better at one-half the usual cost, also how to design, draft, cut, fit, make, drape and trim any garment, including children's clothing.

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Our Students say: "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones) all perfect fits." "I just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "My husband is surprised and pleased." "I believe your system of teaching is the best in use; it is fully worth $200 to any one contemplating dressmaking." "I would not take $300 for what I have learned and do without it."

This book will be sent you free. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these copyrighted books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESSMAKING, and—while they last—will send you a copy FREE. Write for it today. One copy only to each woman. Requests filled in the order received. Don't take time to write a letter, just use the Coupon.

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ONE SUIT PAYS FOR COURSE.

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AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING:

I have just finished my lessons in your course of instruction and am delighted with it. In speaking of your system to others, I have said that I would not take $50 for it and do without it. I can save the cost of the lessons in one coat suit. I can buy the material and make it to fit better. I have made three coat suits and a number of skirts and shirt waists, besides quite a lot of other sewing all of which has given perfect satisfaction.

Please accept thanks for the instructions given and the interest you have taken in me.

Very respectfully yours,

MRS. T. L. CATE

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1060 Commerce Bank Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me your free book and explain how I can learn to do my own sewing, become a professional dressmaker, and qualify for a good income.

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Fits Cured by TRENCH'S REMEDY. Simple home treatment; over 25 years' success. Mr. Morton, L.D.S., Business College, Salt Lake City, says "Twelve bought the remedy, eleven were cured." Prices $3.95, $6.86, $12.64, delivered free. Pamphlet free, from

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No matter how many different kinds of inhalers you have tried and failed to get relief, don't fail to try the Domestic Queen.

Genuine Menthol Inhaler, instantly relieves headaches, dizziness, colds in the head, catarrh of the head, etc. Lasts for a long time. A boon to those afflicted as above. Send post paid for 25 cents. Money back if not satisfied. Send to-day.

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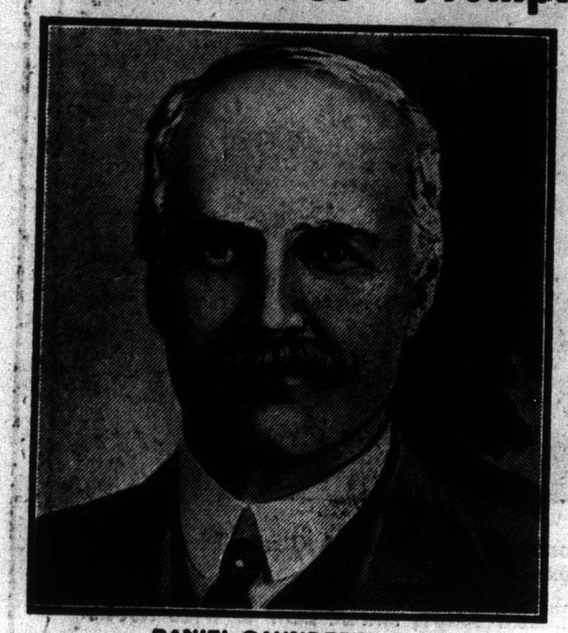

DANIEL SAUNDERS, Esq.

Mr. Daniel Saunders, of Shoal Lake, Manitoba, is one of the best known gentlemen in Canada's great wheat country. He lived for years in the West—made a success of his farming—and has now retired from active business life to enjoy the fruits of his work.

When a man of such financial and social standing voluntarily testifies to the great benefits he has received from taking "Fruit-a-tives" there can be no doubt but that "Fruit-a-tives" deserves the confidence of every reader of this paper.

SHOAL LAKE, MAN.,
JUNE 11th, 1910.

"For years, I was bothered with persistent Dyspepsia and Indigestion, having severe pains after meal time. I tried everything that I could get but the pain in my stomach became no better.

Last summer, Mr. Oatway, a druggist of my town, recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me. While taking "Fruit-a-tives", I in no way gave up any foods that I was in the habit of eating, neither did I stop smoking. Yet in spite of all, "Fruit-a-tives" has done wonders for me and I strongly advise all my friends to use it."

DANIEL SAUNDERS.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world made of pure fruit juices, and will always cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Biliousness, Constipation and any other disease that comes from disordered Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys or Skin. 50c. a box. 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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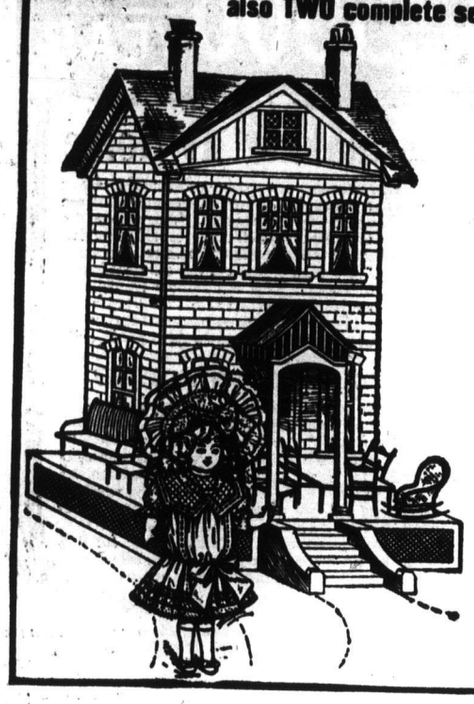
THIS MAGNIFICENT DOLL'S HOUSE AND HANDSOME IMPORTED DOLL

also TWO complete sets of beautiful furniture for the house and this lovely gold-laid jeweled ring



GIRLS, THIS IS A CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME. DON'T MISS IT. This magnificent doll house is a perfect little palace, **EXACTLY LIKE THE DRAWING IN EVERY DETAIL,** with its quaint gothic roof with two chimneys, fine porch, lovely verandah and broad handsome front steps. The outside of the house is finished in red brick and the inside is beautifully papered throughout, and every window has curtains. **IT IS FURNISHED COMPLETE** with the loveliest furniture you have ever seen—two complete sets, including sofas, chairs, tables, beds bureaus, wash-stands, etc.

THE HANDSOME DOLL WE GIVE YOU WITH THE HOUSE is a little beauty. Fully jointed so that she can sit down, turn her head, move her arms and legs, and she is dressed with fine underwear, shoes, stockings, etc., complete from hat to shoes.

Girls, if you want to secure **ABSOLUTELY FREE** this handsome doll house, lovely doll, the two sets of furniture and the beautiful jewelled ring, send us your name and address at once and agree to sell only 25 of our handsome jewelery novelties at only 10 cents each. They are handsome novelties, everybody wants them and you can sell them very quickly in a few minutes after school. When sold, return us the money, only $2.50, and we will promptly send you all 5 handsome presents carefully packed, exactly as represented. We arrange to stand payment of all charges on these presents right to your door. **DON'T DELAY,** write us to-day, and in a few days you can have the magnificent house and all the beautiful presents.

Address—
THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO.
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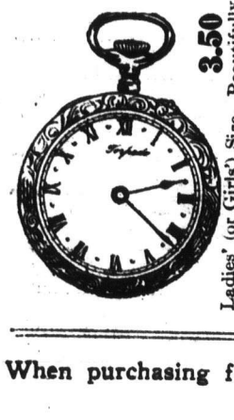

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Leather Wristlets 50c each.
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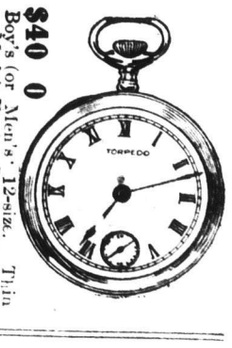
$4.00 Boy's (or Men's) 12-size. Thin Model, Engine Turned Case.



When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Woman and the Home.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield;
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there was the battle-field.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh, these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then, silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise;
I tell you the kingliest victories fought,
Were fought in these silent ways.

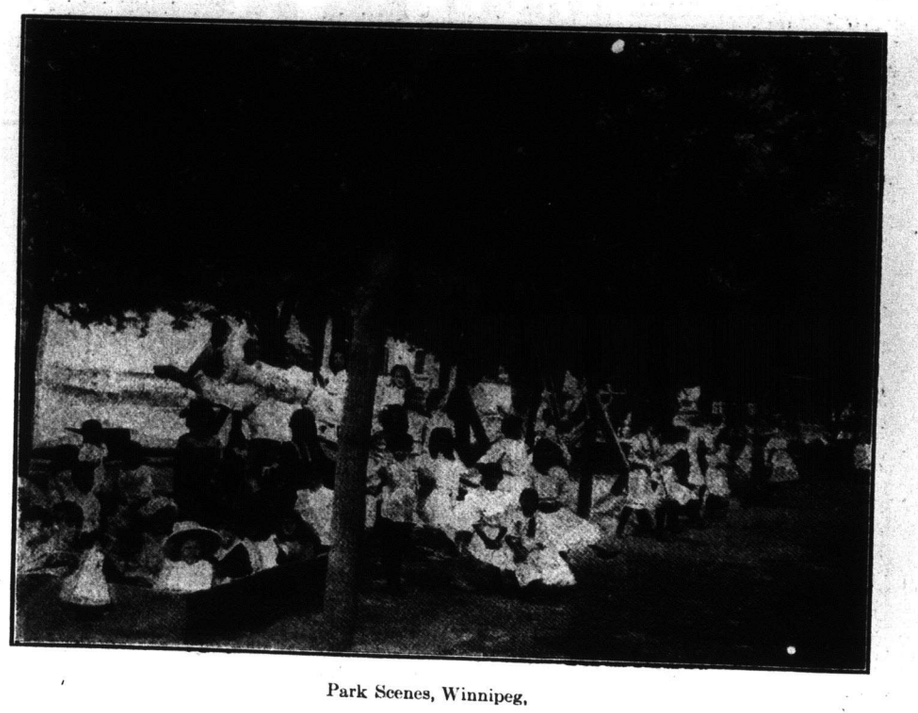
We lost the backdoor key last week,
'Twas when the door was locked;
Pop fumed around and said things till
The neighbors were all shocked.
Then Mom she got a hairpin out,
An' poked, an' pretty quick,
She had the bolt turned in the lock,
The hairpin did the trick.

There's nothing much that Mom can't do
With hairpins, seems as like.
One day she'll fix Pop's busted watch,
An' next 'twill be my bike.
If we was poor, I'll bet that she
Could make hard luck take wings.
By goin' round the city with
A hairpin, fixin' things.

—Bide Dudley.

THE BUSINESS OF MOTHERHOOD.

Is it a hard thing to require of the mother that she shall devote herself so closely to her child? Let her remember that motherhood is her business now. She has had her school life, she has had society, she has had literature, she has had wifehood; now she is a mother, pledged by the sacredness and the infinite import of this new calling to self-abnegation, to the highest good of the child to whom she stands as creator and provider.—Elizabeth Powell Bond.



Park Scenes, Winnipeg,

O, spotless woman in a world of shame,
With a splendid and silent scorn;
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

—Joaquin Miller.

LET YOUR GIRLS HELP.

Never should the mother, through that foolish desire to keep her child as long as possible dependent upon her, or that worse pride which would show itself to be self-sufficient, refuse the proffered help of her child. If she is doing something in which, from the nature of things she cannot share, let her be careful to substitute some other loving service while declining the one proffered, remembering that love turned away nourishes selfishness, and proffered help refused begets idleness. She may have to say, "No, dear, you cannot help to dress the baby;" but she can add, "You may hand mamma the clothes."—Elizabeth Harrison.

MOTHER'S HAIRPIN.

The doorbell broke the other day.
Pop couldn't make it ring;
Said he, "I'll have to get a man
To fix the blamed old thing."
My mother said, "Oh, don't do that.
Think what you'd have to pay."
And then she took a hairpin out
And fixed it right away.

A MOTHER'S OWN NEEDS.

"What is home without a mother?" Mothers ought to take time for a just appreciation of their own value—that a home needs more than a good cook and general housekeeper; it needs the true mother spirit brooding over it to make it a place of real rest and comfort.

Mother, learn to save yourself. Look in your mirror at the lines growing so deep between your eyes. Listen to the sharp tones of your own voice as your scolding makes your home-folks glad to leave you as soon as supper is over.

You are not "real mean," as your boys think. You are simply trying to accomplish more than God ever expected of you.

Just stop and think. Which is more important? A circle of happy faces around the evening lamp, or that John should have that little rent in his coat mended immediately? Put away the sewing till tomorrow, and show the children pictures and tell them stories instead.

Which is better? A cocoanut pie for dinner, or a plain lunch eaten under the peach trees in the yard? Don't have such things at all in hot weather. Keep

yourself cool and your family healthier on fresh fruits and vegetables.

As soon as you feel the least bit tired, drop the broom, even in the middle of the floor, and darken the room. Then stretch yourself out on the sofa, let every muscle become limp as a rag, shut your eyes and don't keep planning out your next job. Stay there five, ten, fifteen minutes, even if you cannot sleep—you will feel like a new woman when you do pick up that broom.

Have you just come home from shopping? That is harder than housework. Be sure to rest awhile, and if you like tea, drink a good, hot cup and eat a bite before you think about getting to work again.

Perhaps your heart is more weary than your body. Perhaps it is one member of your family with the unlucky gift of always saying the wrong thing.

Do not let one cross word bring on another. Leave him to his own ill-temper, and go apart for half an hour with your own favorite magazine, your music or your flowers. When the cloud begins to pass, read over your most comforting Bible verse, hum your favorite hymn, and ask your Father in Heaven for wisdom to walk softly on to victory over temptation. Remember that

"One with God is always a majority."

—G. E. Reilly.

BEGIN RIGHT.

It is strange that mothers will take so much pains to have their children admired and neglect the greater duty of training them to be lovable. I do not think the world is so far advanced (?) that it would not appreciate a modest, quiet child, as in days gone by, but to judge from observation, most modern mothers have an idea that their children must be dressed as for the stage; their voices must be heard among, between and above everybody's else, their likes and dislikes consulted on every occasion, and the whole family and friends inconvenienced, if necessary, to add to their pleasure. No doubt you all can think of women among your acquaintances with whom you would enjoy a day or afternoon if her children or child did not take up so much of her time and attention.

The other day I called on a woman I dearly love; her child was quietly playing on the floor, soon she got up and went to her mother and pevishly called for cake. Her mother told her that she had just been eating and was not hungry, but she still called more persistently; then her mother said, "We have no cake."

That had no effect except to make her cry and insist on having cake. Half a dozen times her mother said positively, "There is no cake." This was followed by more vigorous calls for it; finally she excused herself, took the child to the kitchen, and after much persuading, substituted something else.

They returned to the sitting room, and we had just resumed conversation when the child wanted a drink, then in a few minutes she desired something else which took her mother from the room, and that continued during my stay. The woman apologised by saying that her child was little trouble when they were alone, but she had got into the habit of making her wait upon her all the time she had company. She seemed not to perceive that it was her duty to break up such a troublesome habit.

When the unsatisfactory call was at an end, and I was returning home, I wondered if I was more unfortunate than other women, for it had been only a short time since I called on another woman, a kind-hearted neighbor, who met me at the door with a wet, muddy child of two years in her arms. She explained that that was the third time he had been in the mud and water that day. We sat down and she began with much petting and coaxing to try to change his clothes. When that feat was accomplished she undertook the more difficult one of putting him to sleep. She rocked, patted, sang and coaxed; she tried to hire him with the contents of the machine drawer; she kissed him a score or more of times, telling me occasionally he would soon be asleep.

I had taken my work and I felt that she expected me to "tough it out," and I tried to be patient, though my nerves were on the rack. After what seemed an hour he slipped out of her lap, although she had told him twenty times he could not get down but must go to sleep; then he proceeded to unwind the thread, unroll the bolts of braid and scatter them about the room; she busied herself winding them up, telling him he must leave them alone. This was repeated several times, when an older child came into the room and was requested to take the baby out and give him a drink, but not let him get into the water again. They were gone only a short time when he was brought back in the condition I first saw him. She made no attempt to undress him, but took him up in her lap and began to try to amuse him with everything in her reach. Happily, my little piece of work was finished by that time, and I felt I could leave without hurting her feelings.

Oh, if we mothers could see ourselves as others see us! I have not related these incidents to let you know what kind of neighbors I have, but to set the mothers to thinking. As it never entered the mind of the first mother that it was her duty to break up the bad habit of her child, so it seemed that the other one never conceived the idea of lessening her trouble by teaching her child not to play in the water. Someone will ask:

"When is a child old enough to be taught?"

I say without fear of successful contradiction, that the first time a child does anything it should not, it is old enough to be taught better. The first time it pulls the tablecloth, the first time it puts its hand in your plate, the first time it gets into the water, the first time it tries to open a drawer, is undoubtedly the best and easiest time to teach it to refrain from those things.

INDIVIDUAL HELP.

Most of us are looking for great ways in which to exercise our activities, for great fields in which to work. In the sweep of our eager eyes over the range of interests before us, we miss in many instances the little field that lies close at hand—the dear, simple duty of making happy one or more human beings.

To be kind and considerate and generous with those we love is no work of merit. It is too easy. But to choose and help some lonely individual who needs help, sympathy, companionship and encouragement—that is well worth while. Why not decide to look about your circle and select some boy or girl, some man or woman, in need of such help? Then offer it—tactfully, delicately, but persistently. The effort will not always succeed; the object will not always be worthy. But the result will add to the sum of human happiness.

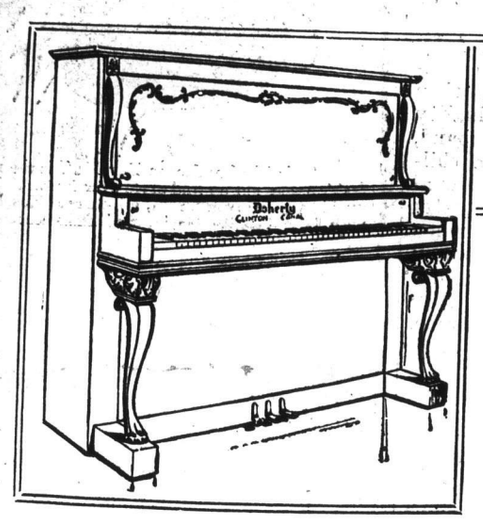
Women and Laughter.

We like the girl who can laugh; in fact, we aim to get into her good graces, and we adore the one who is possessed of genuine wit that will provoke our laughter; but too often witticism is confused with frivolity.

There is nothing we dislike so much as to meet persons who are as cold and cruel as so many steel needles. They may be bright and sharp and even cruel. We like smiles, laughter, and sunshine, kindness of heart, a readiness to help and grant favors with a good grace, and the dispenser of such always meets with our favor.

There is a time for mirth and laughter, but when it is too boisterous, in a public place, forced to attract attention, devoid of genuine feeling, a mere artless prank, it lacks sincerity and appears foolish.

Girls indulging in artificial laughter, and who make stupid remarks so as to



IN THE BLOOD

The SAME experience, the SAME admitted ability, and the SAME high ideals which have made the Doherty Organ famous the WORLD OVER are now invoked in the production of the Doherty Piano. No wonder the musical public has received the Doherty with open arms. Doherty COULDN'T and WOULDN'T build a poor piano.

IT'S IN THE BLOOD

By the way a Doherty Piano is the ideal WEDDING GIFT. A beautiful variety to choose from, low prices, easy terms. Think it over!

COUPON For W.H.M. Readers

W. Doherty Piano and Organ Co. Ltd., Wpg., Man.

Gentlemen—Please forward at once illustrations of your pianos, together with prices and full particulars of your Free Trial Offer, explaining how I may obtain one of your pianos for 30 Days' Free Trial without expense to me.

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OLD PROSPECTOR TELLS HIS STORY

His Real Troubles Started When Rheumatism Got Him.

Plasters, ointments and sulphur were alike useless, but Dodd's Kidney Pills made a New Man of Him.

Princetown, B.C. (Special).

All over Canada people are telling of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, and even in the Rocky Mountain fastnesses, where nature hides her mines, men are telling of cures made and suffering relieved by the great Canadian kidney remedy. Wm. Murray, sixty-six years old, who has tramped the frontier as lumber jack, rancher, prospector, miner, hunter and trapper, and who has friends all over the West, is one of these. Many a tale of hardship and danger he can tell, but his first real trouble came when Rheumatism claimed him.

"I slipped on the mountain side and strained my kidneys, and then my troubles all seemed to set in at once. I had nearly all the symptoms of Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Diabetes, Dropsy and Bright's Disease," Mr. Murray states.

"Then I broke out in a terrible rash that spread all over my body and kept me in tortures. I tried all sorts of liniments and ointments, and took sulphur enough to start a little hades of my own. But it was all no use. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, and all I can say is they made a new man of me."

8 YEARS! See below!

Jute Soles last much longer than any others—easier to feet;—cheapest by far. Healthful—Noiseless. Suit house and all sports. Mr Evans (address on request) writes:—"Last pair lasted me nearly 8 years." Mrs. Musie, Banff, Alberta, Canada, says:—"9/10/'08. Shoes warm and good. Am very pleased."

Enclose length of Walking Shoe. Color Brown, Black or White. Prices (post free).

A. Plain Shoes (without strapping	$. 37	$ .41	$ .45
D. Superior Canvas (as per illus.)	—	.61	.67
E. Boots, suit fishing, climbing, &c. (no Straps)	—	.73	.80
Do. Thick strong, grey canvas	—	.80	.86
F. Superfine Shoes (no straps, (Boots 50c. extra)	—	1.04	1.10
G. Do., White Buck Uppers, Boots	—	2.32	2.56
Red Rubber (superior), White or Brown	—	1.44	1.59

If three pairs at one time, reduction of 4c. per pair. Full List 2c. *Postage extra to Canada.*

Established over 20 years.

Patent Canvas Shoe Co., 25 Steps Road, near Glasgow Scotland

Send P.O. direct. Shoes posted anywhere; single pairs or any quantity.

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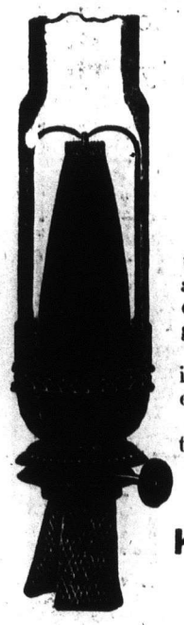

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Saves cleaning and wick trimming.

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cause smiles, may imagine themselves sensational "hits" of the evening, but the remarks following are not always genuinely complimentary. But, fortunately, or unfortunately, pe haps, friends are too kind to tell them.

The truly bright, gay-spiritd girl is always free from affectation, and she who is cheerful, optimistic, and ever ready with a merry, light-hearted jest, in which there is no trace of unkindness, is always popular.

FOR THE GIRL WHO IS ENGAGED.

Before a girl determines to place her whole happiness in her future husband's hands she should be quite sure that her love for him is real and unalterable.

If she only likes him, mistaking that liking for love, she will have a natural shrinking from sharing hardships with him; she will also probably find that she does not trust him entirely, and will not have sufficient faith in him to think that she can be happy with him under any circumstances or adverse conditions that may arise. If she has these doubts and fears, she should think twice before marrying him.

If, however, he finds that her love is so true and unswerving that she is prepared to face anything as long as he is by her side, if she loves him sufficiently well to know that she likes him to rule her, to advise her and to shield her from all harm, and if she is sure that she can never tire of him, then she truly loves him and will know that she can safely entrust her happiness into his keeping.

MAXIMS.

One of the greatest lessons of life is to learn not to do what one likes, but to like what one does.

If one good chance goes by you, just lie low and grab the next.

One unkindness you show another harms you far more than all you receive.

The most certain sign of wisdom is continual cheerfulness.

HAVE COURAGE.

How often do we hear the admonition, "keep your head above water." The best way to fulfil the injunction is to keep up a brave heart. Courage, hope, what can a man or woman not do with these? What are they able to do without them? Courage is an elixir of life, giving power both to mind and body. It strengthens the will, it revives the spirit. It makes life, indeed, worth living. "But," it may be asked, "how can a person gain courage who is not 'born with it'?" There are two requisites: First, he or she believes that what they are doing is worth doing; secondly, they must feel that of all the things in the world it is the thing that calls to them. With these convictions they are equipped with weapons that shall level every obstacle, make a path through every maze—for of these are born courage and faith.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Of a particularly bright, happy and harmonious family, a friend once said: "Oh, yes, they are a happy lot of people. They are one of those families in which, if father wants to get up at midnight and take a bath, or Bill wants to eat a mince pie at two o'clock in the morning, it's all right with the rest of them. Everybody has his own rights in that family."

There lies the secret of good government and harmonious relations in the family. The recognition of individual rights. Too many parents still think of their children only as "my son" or "my daughter." Recognize that child, not only as your son or your daughter, but as a person, as John Jones, Mary Green, Sammy Marshall. There is not another individual in all the world like him or her.

The boy who becomes a great scholar or general, or the girl who becomes a famous artist, is not known as "Mr. Brown's boy" or "Mrs. Smith's daughter," but as Jonathan Brown or Mary Smith. And Jonathan Brown is no more of an individual when he rides over the fields a general than when he wailed in his cradle; and Mary Smith, the great artist, is the same person who cried over her broken doll. In their incorporation into the flesh an individual soul was given to each child of man, and that soul and that soul's life should be inviolable.

When once the individuality of the child has been recognized, the parents will instinctively treat him with more consideration and respect. The child then passes out of the class of property, and acquires that personal equation which makes him a human being like themselves.

The time of the cave man and the patriachal family life is past for good and all, and no matter how the reactionaries may be inclined to lament "the good old days of our forefathers," we cannot bring them back. There is but one law in the progress of the universe, and that law is, Forward. There is no standing still or turning back, and he who fails to keep up with the cosmic vibrations gets left behind. But there need be no alarm in the breasts of the old-fashioned persons or strict moralists. Marriage will not be done away with, and the Home and the Family will never pass away.

Love, the love of man and woman, parent and child, brother and sister, is the very rock upon which the foundation of human life is built, and the waves of chance and change cannot prevail against it.

When marriage is no longer the result of propinquity, physical attraction or youthful sentimentality, but a solemn contract, entered into only after deep and prayerful consideration; when each is deeply and profoundly convinced that the other is the one person best suited to him or her in the wide world, spiritually, intellectually, temperamentally and physically; when each is willing to concede to the other perfect liberty of thought and action; when individual rights, tastes and opinions are respected, then domestic infelicity will cease, the trial marriage will become a dead letter in the universe, and the unhappy divorce courts will have to go out of business.

When the family circle is united by friendship, congeniality, mutual respect and esteem as well as love; when the husband respects the individuality of the wife, the wife of the husband, the parents of the child, and the children of the parents; when personal rights are respected and personal tastes are consulted in the family life; when the development of the spiritual as well as the physical becomes the care of each and every member of the family, then will a new day dawn for the human race, and the Home and the Family be more sacred and united than ever.

An indispensable adjunct of the economical woman's kitchen is a food chopper. Every scrap of bread may be saved, laid out to dry, transformed into crumbs and stored in airtight jars, and there is nothing so important in utilizing leftovers as an abundant supply of bread crumbs.

Patty shells may be made at home, and they are really not very much trouble. One must have two biscuit cutters, one of them a half-inch larger in diameter than the other. Make a rich pie crust, indeed a very rich crust, and add a teaspoonful of baking powder to the flour. Roll it very thin and cut it with the large sized cutter. For a dozen patties cut out a dozen circular sheets of crust and lay them on well greased tins. Cut three dozen more with the large cutter and then with the smaller one remove the centers so that there may be three rings of crust for each patty. Moisten the edge of each circular piece in the pans and lay the rings on, wetting them if they seem very dry. The result should be a cup formed of pie crust that will rise to double its height in baking.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

A Warning to Farmers.

To the Editor of the W.H.M.

Dear Sir:—

Manitoba Agricultural College desires to issue a note of warning to farmers and dealers importing grain into Manitoba to be used for feed or seed. This year considerable quantities of grain are being brought into certain districts, and much of it is believed to be badly infested with the seeds of weeds of a very noxious character. The weed problem has already become a very serious one in many districts through weed seeds being introduced to the land without the knowledge of those introducing them.

From samples sent recently to the College, and examined by the Field Husbandry Department, it has been found that the present situation is alarming. A sample of oats recently imported to one of the towns in south-western Manitoba was found to contain seeds of the following weeds:—Ball mustard, wormseed mustard, bladder campion, false flax, pepper grass, cinquefoil, curldock, shepherd's purse, wild buckwheat, lamb's quarter, and redwort pig weed.

Not only are many of the weeds mentioned in this list of a very noxious character, but some of them are new to this province, and for that reason they are the more to be guarded against.

An ounce sample, taken from a shipment of flax received at a town in northern Manitoba, was found upon analysis to contain 52 false flax seeds, and nine other species of weed seed.

The College will undertake to report, free of charge, upon any samples of grain sent to it for weed seed examination or germination tests. Yours very truly, Manitoba Agricultural College.

FUR MUFF FREE

This big handsome Fur Muff is the most fashionable shape and style ever known. It is made from beautiful, rich, full-furred skins, lined with best quality Satin, finished with corded wristlet and has all the appearance of a $25.00 muff. It is warm and dressy, and will give you years of wear and satisfaction. We give it to you ABSOLUTELY FREE if you will sell only 30 packages of our famous Marvel Bluing at 10 cents per package. We send a beautiful gold finished Turquoise Brooch to give to every customer who buys a package and this makes them sell like hot cakes. Return our $3.00 when sold and we will promptly send the beautiful Muff, all charges paid, exactly as represented. Write to day. Address, THE MARVEL BLUING CO. DEPT. 112 TORONTO, ONT.

FREE—WATCH and FOB

BOYS AND GIRLS—We will give you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** your choice of either a LADIES' OR GENTS' SIZE of these magnificent genuine imported Swiss thin model Watches, with this beautiful latest design monogram Fob, engraved with any initial, absolutely Free. Write us to-day and we will send you, postage paid, only **$3.50** worth of our handsome jewelery novelties to sell at only **10c.** each. We send gentlemen's beautiful cuff links and tie pins, ladies' beauty pins, sash pins and brooches, etc., and they are so beautiful they just sell like hot cakes. When sold, return us **$3.50**, and we send watch and fob engraved with your initial, all charges paid exactly as represented. Address—

THE MUTUAL CREDIT CO., DEPT. 113 TORONTO, CAN.

Boys and Girls.

The New Year Echo.

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing--
May day skies and butterflies
And merry birds a-singing,
Frolic, play all the day,
Not an hour of school?"
But the merry ech
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered "School!"

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing—
Summer roses springing gay,
Summer vines a-swinging,
Jest and sport, the merriest sort,
Never a thought of work?"
But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered "Work!"

"New Year, true year,
What now are you bringing—
Autumn fruits all fire ripe,
Autumn horns a-ringing,
Keen delight of moonlight nights
When dull folks are abed?"
But the merry echo,
The laughing New Year echo,
Only answered "Bed!"
-Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.

His Dog's Faith Saved Him.

To make doubly secure the levee that protects New Orleans from the waters of the Mississippi a strong wall of heavy plank and timbers, about six feet high, is put on the water side of the dirt levee to break the force of the waves and the water at high tide. This wall being about perpendicular it is impossible for an animal without claws to climb it.

It was in the summer of 1899 while pastoral visiting in lower New Orleans near the Jackson Barracks, that I discovered a half starved and emaciated dog behind this wall. Evidently some cruel person had abused him and had thrown him overboard to die. Upon my approach to him he showed a mixture of appeal and fear, and I found that when I descended the wall and offered to assist him that he could not trust me. and in spite of all his need he showed his teeth and bade me keep my distance. Thereupon I climbed back and went to a nearby grocery and borrowed a rope and tried to drop a noose over his head and draw him ashore, but in this I failed. I then secured some food from the grocery man and again descended the wall and began to feed him to assure him of my friendship. But though he seemed almost persuaded to trust me he still refused and started dragging himself up the levee. But before he had gone far—up the narrow strip of land between the wall and the river's edge—he met a big boy coming towards him walking on top of the wall. He stopped and seemed to reason that he couldn't escape dealing with a man and seemed to decide to resign his life into my hands and make the leap of faith for life, or else let me put an end to his sufferings. Thereupon he deliberately turned and came directly to me and absolutely surrendered, turning on his side and presenting a forefoot. No sooner did I touch the foot than he was perfectly passive in my hands and I had no trouble in lifting him to liberty. As best he could, he frisked, and ran and rejoiced, giving me to understand that my kind deed was gratefully appreciated.

I went away feeling that surely an angel might covet such an experience.

Do Spiders Sleep?

The question, "Do Spiders sleep at night?" is not easy to answer. I have made a careful observation of ants, and that could readily be done by watching colonies in their artificial formicaries. It is almost impossible to deal with spiders in the same way. I would answer, however, in general terms, that spiders sleep, as all animals do, and doubtless parts of the night are spent in slumber. Many species, however, prey on the night-flying insects, and so must be awake in order to catch their prey. If you will watch the porch or outbuildings of your home on a summer evening, you will be likely to see an orb-weaving spider drop slowly down on a single thread in the gathering dusk of the evening. From this beginning a round web will soon be spun, and either hanging at the centre thereof, or in a little nest above or at one side, is the architect with forefeet clasping in what we call the "trap-line," and waiting for some night-flying insects to strike the snare. In this position spiders will sometimes wait for hours, and it is just possible that they may then take a little nap. They might easily do that and yet not loose their game, for the agitation of the web would rouse the sleeper, and then it would run down the trap-line and secure its prey. Some species of spiders do the chief part of their hunting at night, and there are some who hunt chiefly during the day; but, as a rule, these industrious animals work both day and night. They are examples of industry.—Boy Life.

Helping the Calf off the Ice.

By William H. Hamby

Two or three years ago I read a story about two boys who went down to a pond one winter day and found a calf on the ice. It could not get up, for the ice was so slick that every time it tried, its feet slipped from under it.

Neither the calf nor the pond belonged to the boys, but they went in and got the calf to the bank, and then watched it run joyfully toward home. As the boys went on, they promised each other not to tell, for they somehow felt ashamed for the other boys to know they had helped a calf.

There are some boys like that—really tender-hearted, but ashamed to have people know it. Somehow, somewhere, sometime, an idea got in circulation among boys that to be gritty a fellow had to like an Indian—rather enjoy seeing things suffer.

The brave boys of today, the real knights of the playground, the forests and fields, hate to see anything hurt. They will go a mile to turn loose a squealing pig caught in the fence; they will stand up for the dog with a hurt foot, even if he is astray, and they will work an hour to get back a young robin that has fallen from the nest.

These new boys, these modern, up-to-date boys, are reading natural history. They take pride in knowing the birds and animals, where they live, how they live, what is good for them, and how they help man; and these boys feel a duty toward the dumb and defenceless animals—a duty to protect them from unnecessary suffering.

"It is too bad for a boy to be sick," is an expression we often hear, "because it cannot tell what is the matter with it."

The dumb animals—the poor stray cur, the cast-off kitten the bird with a hurt wing, the crippled pig, the hurt calf—not only cannot tell what hurts them but have no doctor, no nurse, no help of any kind, except as some brave, strong-hearted boy comes along and lends a hand.

Another thing that has caused boys to be proud of kind hearts is the history they have been reading. They discover that the bravest, greatest men in the world were tender-hearted and were proud of it.

One of the bravest men I know ran a quarter of a mile the other day to get out of hearing of a gun that was to shoot a chicken-killing cat. He knew, of course, the animal must be killed, but could not bear to see it done.

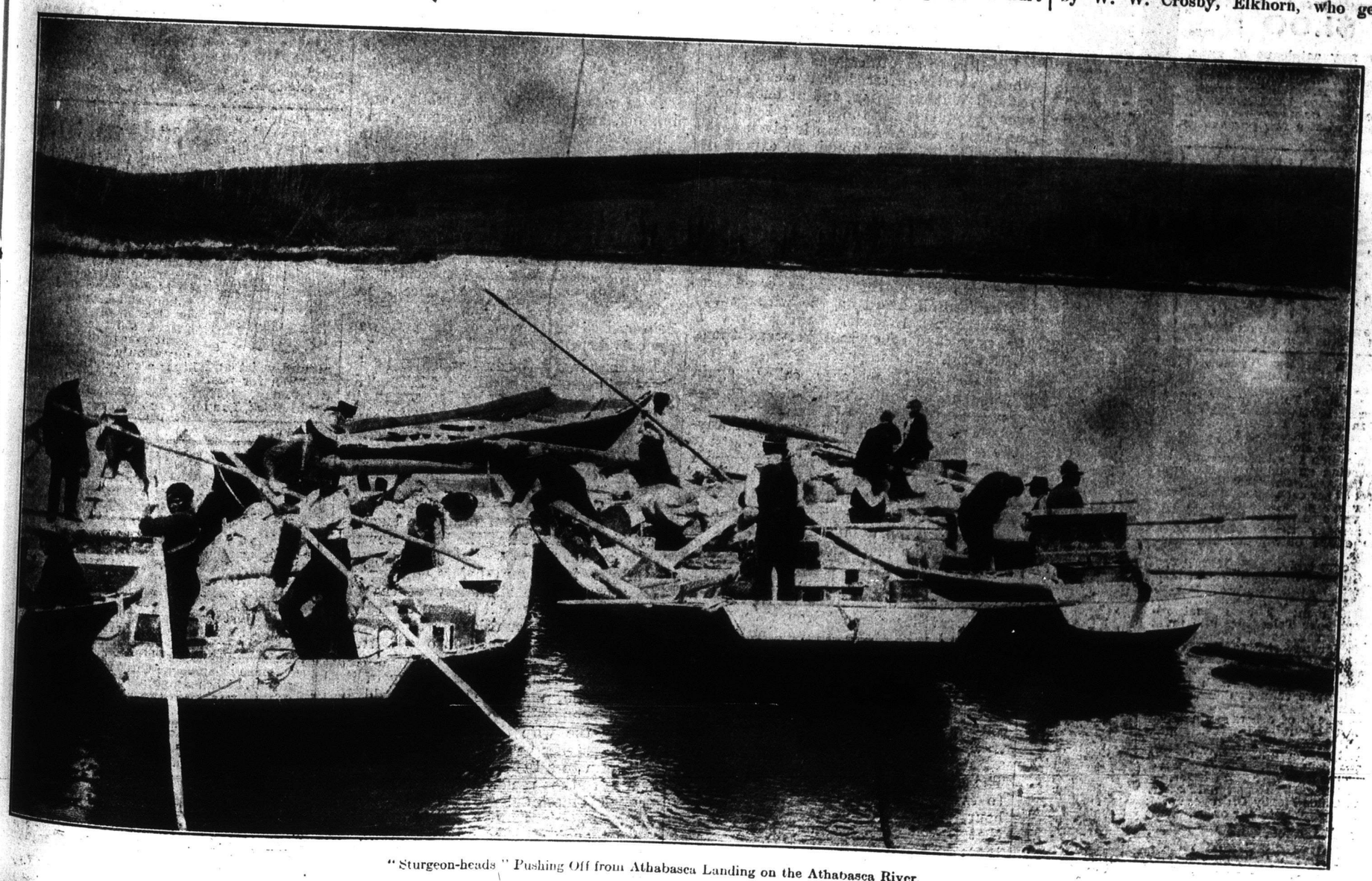
There was Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, General Howard, and many other of our bravest and greatest generals who were so tender-hearted they could not bear to kill a bug needlessly.

We are proud of the new boys—they will make splendid fellows—boys brave and unyielding toward all kinds of cowardice and wrong, but gentle and tender-hearted toward all things weak and in trouble.

Prize Problems.

The problem was: A square field is enclosed by a fence five rails high, the rails being five yards long. The number of rails in the fence is equal to the number of acres in the field. Find the size of the field.

The first correct solution was sent in by W. W. Crosby, Elkhorn, who gets



"Sturgeon-heads" Pushing Off from Athabasca Landing on the Athabasca River.

SPECIAL

60-Day Offer

To introduce our NEW EXCELSIOR SOLAR Telescope

A telescope brings new brain cells into play, it broadens the mind and increases ones resources

Pat. April 24, 1906

No telescope with a solar eye piece has ever before been sold for less than $8.00 or $10.00.

THIS is a long, powerful achromatic Telescope for terrestrial and celestial use. This telescope is provided with an adjustable eye piece, fitted with a solar dark glass lens for sun observations. With this wonderful solar eye piece you look the sun squarely in the face on the brightest and hottest day and study its face as you do the moon at night. Every student, male or female, needs this telescope to study the sun in **eclipses**, also the mysterious recurrent **sun spots**. Never before was a telescope with such an eye piece attachment sold for less than $8.00 or $10.00. This eye piece alone is worth more than we charge for the entire telescope to all who wish to behold the sun in its tranquil beauty. Remove the solar eye piece lens and you have a good practical telescope for land observations, etc.

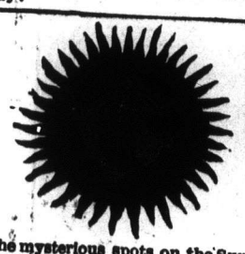
POSITIVELY such a good telescope was never sold for this price before. These telescopes are made by one of the largest manufacturers of Europe; measure closed, 12 in., and open over 3½ feet in 5 sections. They are brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to exclude dust, etc., with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Guaranteed by the maker. Heretofore telescopes of this size have been sold for from $5 to $8. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments; and no farmer should be without one. Objects miles away are brought to view with an astonishing clearness.

OVER 3½ FEET LONG.

Circumference 3-4 Inches;

Price Only $1.00 By Express

Our new catalogue of guns, etc., sent with each order. This is a grand offer and you should not miss it. We **warrant** each telescope **just as represented** or money refunded. Here is what a few purchasers say:



The mysterious spots on the Sun. Get our Solar Telescope and see them.

Worth Many Times the Price.

The Saxon,
New York, Nov. 4, '05.

Messrs. Kirtland Bros. & Co.

Gentlemen: I had with me on my recent European trip, one of your Excelsior Solar Telescopes, with which I had the pleasure of observing an eclipse of the sun. At the Austrian Tyrol it was almost 80 per cent. concealed. Your solar eye piece is a great thing. Its value to me on this occasion was many times greater than the entire outlay for the telescope.

Yours truly, L. S. HENRY.

Superior to $15 One.

Fred Walsh, of Howe Island, Ontario, Canada, says:

Gentlemen: I have just received your Telescope, and must say it surpasses all expectations. It is far superior to one which we have had, which cost $15.00 some years ago. Just a few sights I have seen with it are worth more than double what it cost me.

Hundreds of others saying good things about these telescopes.

GET ONE AND TRY IT.

Booklet containing information about telescope, eclipses and planets, free with each order.

Send $1.00 by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, or Bank Draft payable to our order. Sent by mail, insured, **$1.20**

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ONLY $1.00

OVER 3½ FEET LONG

ILLUSTRATION ABOUT ONE-THIRD ACTUAL SIZE.

the prize of a book. His solution is as follows:

I

Let x=number rails in one course on one side

Then 5x=rails on one side

And 20x=number of rails around the field.

II

Also as there are x rails in each course the length of each side is 5x yards.

Therefore area of field is 5x times 5x sq. yds

$=25x^2$ sq. yds.$=(25x^2 \div 4840)$ acres.

III

But as number of rails = number of acres

Then $20x=25x^2 \div 4840$

Or $20=25x \div 4840$

Or $x=3872$

And $20x=77440$.

There were a great many other correct solutions.

New Problems.

The problems for this month are as follows:—

1. Two cans containing 2 gallons and 5 gallons are filled with oil. Each springs a leak. The first would empty in 12 hours, the second in 4 hours. When will one can contain just twice as much oil as the other?

2. A man sells a horse at as great a loss per cent. as it cost in dollars. Find the highest price at which it was possible to sell the horse.

The Boy Who Knew How.

By F. Lovell Coombs.

One afternoon, Alex. Ward, the son of the station agent at Bixton, returned from school to find his father and mother packing his own suit-case.

"Why, what's up, Dad?" he exclaimed.

"You are off for Watson Siding in twenty minutes to take charge of the station there to-night," said his father. "The regular man is ill, the despatcher had no one else to send, and asked for you, and I told him you'd be delighted."

"Delighted, well rather!" cried Alex Gleefully, and, throwing his school-books into a corner, he rushed upstairs to change his clothes.

Needless to say, Alex was a proud boy when, shortly after seven o'clock, he reached Watson Siding, and at once took over the station for the night. For it is not often a lad of fourteen is given such responsibility, even though an expert in sending and receiving messages.

Alex was soon to learn that the responsibility was a very real one. The first hour passed pleasantly enough, but owing to a steady rain during the last two days a heavy spring fog had set in, and shortly before ten o'clock Alex found to his alarm that he could not make himself heard on the wire by the despatcher. Evidently there was a heavy escape of current between them, because of the dampness.

Again the despatcher called, again Alex sought to interrupt him, failed, and gave it up. "Now I am in for trouble," he said in dismay. "If anything should——"

From apparently just without came a low, ominous rumble, then a crash. Alex started to his feet and ran to the window. He could see nothing but fog, and, hastily securing a lantern, went out on to the station platform.

As he closed the door there was a second terrific crash from the darkness immediately opposite, and a rain of stones rattling against iron.

"The bank above the siding!" cried Alex, and, springing to the tracks, he dashed across, and with an exclamation brought up before a mound of earth six feet high over the siding rails, with a considerable "spill" over on the main track.

As he gazed Alex felt his heart tighten. The west-bound Sunset Express was due to take the siding in less than half an hour, to await the Eastern Mail; he saw that if the engineer misjudged the distance in the fog and took the siding at even moderate speed, there would be a terrible calamity.

And suppose the cars were thrown on to the main line track and the Mail crashed into them! And apparently he could not reach the despatcher to give warning of her danger!

What could he do to stop them? Helplessly Alex looked at the lantern in his hand. Its light was smothered by the fog within ten feet of him.

Running back to the operating room, he seized the key and once more sought to attract the attention of the despatcher. It was useless. The despatcher did not hear him.

But he must attempt something. Determinedly he sprang to his feet. A lantern was useless. Then why not a fire? A big fire on the track? Hurrah! That was it! But—he gazed at the coal box, and thought of the rain-soaked wood outside, and his heart sank. Then came remembrance of the big woodshed at the farmhouse where he boarded, three hundred yards away, and in a moment he had recovered the lantern and was out and off, running desperately.

On arriving at the house Alex found all in silence, and the family retired, but without a moment's hesitation he rushed up to the front door and pounded on it with his fists.

It seemed an age before a window was raised. "Mr. Moore," he cried, "there has been a landslide in the cut at the station, and there is danger of the Sunset running into it. May I have wood from the shed to make a fire on the track?"

"Gracious! Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed the voice from the window. "And the boys and I will be down in a minute to help you! You run around and be pulling out some kindling."

Alex darted about to the woodshed; there the farmer and his two sons soon joined him, and, each catching up an armful of wood, they were quickly off for the railroad, Alex leading with the lantern.

Reaching the tracks, they hurried east, and a quarter-mile distant halted and began hastily building a huge bonfire between the rails.

"There," said Alex, as the flames leaped up, "that ought to stop her!"

Then the three hastily secured shovels and more lanterns at the depot, and soon were hard at work on the gravel covering the main track.

They had been digging some ten minutes, when suddenly Bill paused. "Listen!" he said. "There's a horse coming, on the run."

"It must be something urgent to make a man drive like that in the dark," said Mr. Moore.

There was a sound of scrambling and plunging, and out of the darkness came a man's excited voice:—"How near am I to the station!"

"Right here below you!"

"Thank heaven! Run quick and tell the operator there has been a landslide in the big cutting just beyond the river! My son discovered it when coming home by the track from a party."

For a moment Alex stood speechless at this further calamity, then once more dashed for the station. To reach Zeisler, two miles west of the cut, was the only hope for the Mail.

Rushing in to the instruments, he in feverish haste began calling "Z." "Z, Z!" he whirled. "QK! Z, Z, WS!"

There was no answer. "Z" heard him no more than did the despatcher.

A feeling of despair settled upon the boy. But again returned the old spirit of determination and contriving, and, spinning about in his chair, he cast his eyes around the room for some suggestion. They halted at the big stoneware water-cooler.

Only a few hours before, during an idle moment, the similarity of the big jar to a gravity cell had occurred to him, and the speculation as to whether it could not be turned into a battery if need be.

Could he really make a battery of it? If he could, undoubtedly it would be strong enough to so increase the current in the wire that both Zeisler and the despatcher could hear him.

He ran to a little storage closet at the rear of the room. Yes; there was enough bluestone! But no copper or zinc.

As though directed by Providence, his gaze fell on the floor-board of the office stove. It was covered with a sheet of

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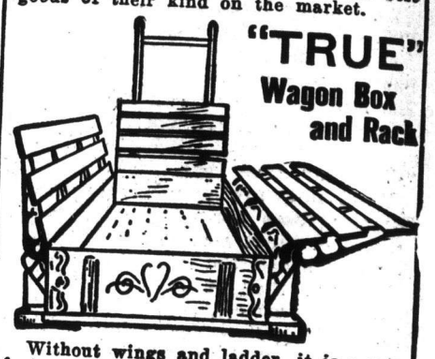

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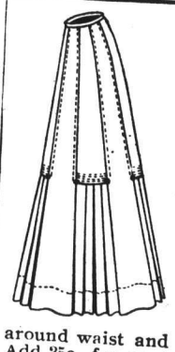

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zinc. And even as he uttered a glad "Good! there came the remembrance that at the house that afternoon he had seen a fine new wash-boiler—with a thick copper-bottom.

"That's it," cried Alex, again catching up the lantern and darting for the door.

A few steps from the station he was sharply halted by a long, muffled whistle from the east. "The Express!" he exclaimed, and in keen anxiety awaited the next whistle. Would it be for the crossing this side of the bonfire, or—

It came, a series of quick, sharp toots. Yes; they had seen the fire!

"Good! good! She's safe at any rate," sail Alex, at once running on.

A few minutes more he suddenly appeared in Mrs. Moore's kitchen.

"Mrs. Moore, where is your new copper-bottomed boiler? I must have it, quick," said Alex.

"What! My new wash-boiler?"

"Yes; the copper-bottomed one. It's a matter of life and death!"

The astonished woman hesitated, then, wonderingly, pointed toward the outer kitchen; Alex ran thither, and quickly reappeared with the fine new boiler on his shoulder.

"And I must have that kettle of boiling water," he added, on a thought. "I'll explain later." And catching it from the stove, he rushed away.

As he ran Alex further formed his plans, and once more at the station, he placed the kettle on the office stove, emptied the bluestone into it, and poked up the fire. Then, with a hammer and chisel, he attacked the copper bottom of the boiler.

He was still pounding and cuttting when presently there was the sound of hurried footsteps without, the door flew open, and a voice exclaimed: "For goodness' sake, young man, what are you doing? Why are you not at your wire, trying to stop the other train?"

It was none other than the division superintendent of the road, who had been aboard the 'Sunset.

Only pausing a moment in his work, Alex replied: "I can't reach anybody, sir, the wire is so weak; and I'm making a battery of that water-cooler to strengthen it. It's the only hope, sir."

The superintendent uttered a horrified exclamation, then quickly added: "Here, can I help?"

"Yes, sir," replied Alex, promptly. "Lift up the stove and slide out the floor-board. I must have the sheet of zinc off it."

And a few minutes later a group of passengers from the stalled train, seeking the cause of delay, paused in the doorway to gaze in blank astonishment at the spectacle of the division superintendent of the Middle Western, his coat off, energetically working under the direction of his youngest operator.

"There you are, my lad," said the superintendent. "What next?"

"Get a stick, sir, and stir the bluestone in the kettle, please. We must have it dissolved if the battery is to work immediately when we connect it."

The copper bottom of the boiler was at last cut through, and hastily doubling it over several times, in order that it would lie flat in the crock, Alex turned his attention to the zinc on the stove-board.

The scene in the little station had now become dramatic—the crowd of passengers, increased until it half filled the room, looking on in strained silence, or talking in whispers; the tall figure of the superintendent at the stove, busily stirring the kettle, and in the middle of the floor, the centre of all eyes, the fourteen-year-old boy hurriedly working with chisel and hammer, seemingly only conscious of the work before him and the necessity of making the most of every minute.

The zinc was cut, and hurriedly folding it as he had the copper, Alex sprang to his feet, and, running to the cupboard, dragged out a bundle of wire and began sorting out some short ends.

"How much longer?" said the superintendent. "The train should be at Zeisler now."

"Just a minute. But she's sure to be a little late, from the fog," said Alex, hopefully, never pausing. "Has the bluestone dissolved, sir?"

"All but a few lumps,"

"Then that will do. Now please lift down the water-cooler, sir, and place it by the table."

As the superintendent complied, all conversation ceased, and the crowd, moving hurriedly out of the way, looked on breathlessly, then turned to Alex, on his knees, fastening two pieces of wire to the squares of copper and zinc.

This done, Alex dropped the square of copper to the bottom of the big jar, hung the zinc from the top, connected one wire end to the ground connection at the switchboard and the other to the side of the key. And the task was complete.

"Now the kettle, sir," he said, dropping into his chair. The superintendent seized the kettle and emptied its blue-green liquid into the cooler. The moment the water had covered the zinc Alex had opened the key.

It worked strongly and sharply.

"Good work! Good work!" said the superintendent, fervently. "Now, hurry, boy!"

Already Alex was whirring off a string of letters. "Z, Z, Z, WS!" he called. 'QK! QK. Z, Z——"

The line opened, and at the quick sharp dots that came Alex could not restrain a cry of triumph. "It works! I've got him!" he exclaimed. Then rapidly he sent:

"Stop Number 12. Has she passed yet?"

The line again opened, and over the boy leaned a circle of white, anxious

Up a Tree and Cornered.

faces. Had the train passed? Had it gone on to destruction? Or——

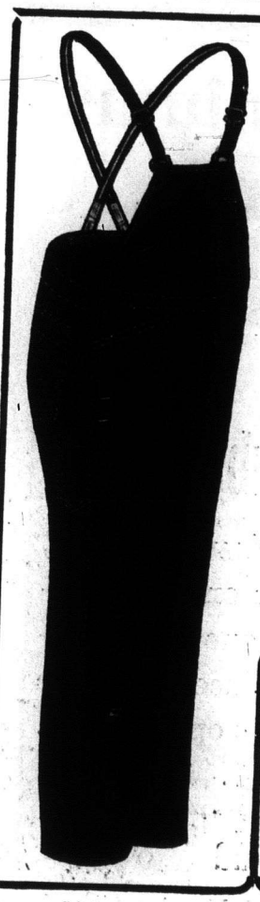
The instruments clicked. "No! No! He says, no!" cried Alex.

And then, while the crowd about him relieved its pent-up feelings in wild shouts and hurrahs, Alex quickly explained the order to stop the train.

"And now three good cheers for the little operator," said one of the passengers as Alex closed the key. In confusion Alex drew back in his chair, then suddenly recollecting the others who had taken part in the night's work, he told the superintendent of the part played by Mr. Moore and his sons, and of the sacrifice of Mrs. Moore's new wash-boiler.

"And then there was the man on the horse, who told us of the slide in the cut across the river. He was the real one to save the Mail," said Alex, modestly.

"I see you are as fair as you are ingenious," said the superintendent, smiling. "We'll look after them all, you may be sure. And by the first express Mrs. Moore shall have two, instead of one, of the finest boilers money can buy. And as for you, my boy, we'll have a place for you at division headquarters just as soon as you are old enough to take it."



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Fashions and Patterns.

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

GRACEFUL EVENING GOWNS.

The evening gowns of the winter are exceptionally graceful and attractive. Here are two that are typical.

The gown to the left shows the new full tunic with surplice blouse. It is made of net over satin and is trimmed with bead embroidery. The skirt beneath is made with circular front and side portion and a back breadth that is arranged over the side to suggest a box plait. It is high waisted and suits the empire tunic perfectly well. The model is a generally available one, however, and it can be made with a belt worn at the natural waist line as shown in the back view, and it can be made low at neck or high, with or without under sleeves. The tunic can be finished with a band at the lower edge without and it can be left open at the fronts, if preferred.

For a woman of medium size, the blouse and tunic will require 6¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 5¾ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 2¾ yards of banding 6 inches wide for the band at the lower edge, girdle and V-shaped portions of the blouse. To make as shown in the back view, 1 yard all-over lace will be needed; for the skirt will be required 6¼ yards 24 or 27 or 4 yards 44 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern of the blouse with tunic, No. 6832, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern, No. 6213, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The gown to the right includes one of the new full skirts that is shirred to give the effect of the flounce and tunic, but in reality it is all in one, while with the skirt is worn the blouse of exceptional smartness. This blouse can be made just as illustrated, with elbow sleeves that are finished with big cuffs or with shorter sleeves or with long sleeves, and it can be made low at the neck or high. Chiffon cloth makes this one and the trimming portions are of satin with tiny little button holes as finish. The gown shown in the back view is made of embroidered crepe de Chine, with yoke and cuffs of lace and beaded banding. The blouse is made over a fitted lining and closed invisibly at the back; the skirt is five gored and can be tucked or gathered at the waist line.

For a woman of medium size, the waist will require 2½ yards of material 24 or 27, 1⅞ 36 or 1⅜ yards 44 inches wide, with 1⅛ yards of satin for trimming and ⅛ yard of net for the tuckers, 2½ yards of lace for the sleeve, frills and bow at the front. For the yoke and deep cuffs shown in the back will be required 1 yard of all-over lace; for the skirt will be needed 7¼ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 36 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide, if there is no up and down, but when the material has figure or nap, 7¼ yards 36 inches wide will be needed. The pattern of the waist No. 6811 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern No. 6819 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Either of these patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this magazine on receipt of ten cents for each.

Graceful Evening Gowns.

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF HENRIETTA CLOTH.

Henrietta cloth is a favorite material of the season for gowns of the simpler

sort and this one is exceedingly graceful and attractive. It is trimmed with bands of satin and with a little lace on the blouse that gives a touch of daintiness. The plaited tunic skirt is one that is well liked and graceful and the blouse that is closed at the left of the front makes a feature of the season. If liked, the skirt can be made of two materials, for the straight flounce is joined to a gored upper portion beneath

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6834 Tucked Waist, 36 to 44 bust.
6836 Plaited Tunic Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

the tunic. All the materials that are adapted to indoor gowns that can be plaited and tucked successfully are appropriate. Silks are much liked for occasions of greater dress, and wool materials include albatross, voile and the like, while there are a great many novelties that also are appropriate. Bands of contrasting material are much liked as trimming but this gown can be trimmed with braid or finished in any way to suit the fancy. The lace collar and the little bit of lace on the waist are exceedingly smart but not necessary, for the collar can be of the material and, in place of this lace above the point a frill of lace giving the jabot effect can be arranged below.

The quantity of material required for a woman of the medium size for the waist will be 3¼ yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 2⅝ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with ⅛ yard of all-over lace for the collar, 1 yard of lace for the trimming. For the skirt will be needed 9½ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 7½ yards 36 or 5½ yards 44, with 1⅝ yards 36 for the foundation and 2 yards 27 for the trimming bands.

A May Manton pattern of the waist No. 6834, sizes 36 to 44 bust, or of the skirt No. 6836, sizes 22 to 30 waist, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A GRACEFUL GIRLISH FROCK.

Girls are wearing a great many frocks made with simple straight tunics. This one is daintily charming. It is made of crepe de Chine over a skirt of silk which is faced with velvet at the lower edge. The blouse is a very charming one with two tucks over the shoulders that are becoming to girlish figures and with short sleeves.

It can be worn as illustrated or without undersleeves or over a high neck guimpe, as preferred. The tunic is just a straight gathered one. It can be finished with a band at the lower edge or without. The skirt is seven gored and just full enough at the lower edge to be pretty beneath the tunic. A great many combinations of material could be utilized for this model, chiffon, marquisette, or similar material would be charming for the blouse and tunic with the entire skirt of satin; or messaline could be used for the entire dress with trimming either of beaded banding, as in this instance, or of contrasting material or lace or applique. Indeed, there are countless combinations that suggest themselves at once. In addition to all its other advantages the dress is very simple and easy to make.

For the 16 year size the blouse with tunic will require 4 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 2½ yards 44 inches wide: for the skirt will be needed 4¼ yards 24 or 27 inches wide or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of velvet for the facing at the lower edge.

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6859 Blouse with Straight Tunic.
14, 16 and 18 years.
6770 Seven-Gored Skirt.
14, 16 and 18 years.
Embroidery Designs 476 and 460.

A May Manton pattern of the blouse with tunic No. 6859 or of the skirt No. 6770, sizes 14, 16 and 18 years of age, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

SMART AND PRACTICAL COATS.

Long protective coats are among the generally useful garments. This season they are shown in a number of styles, but none better than the two illustrated. The one to the left can be worn with or without a belt. The collar and fronts can be rolled open as illustrated, or a coat can be buttoned up closely about the throat. It will be found adapted to all seasonable cloaking materials, but the one illustrated is a double faced cloth

A Catalogue filled with Bargains

If you have not yet received a copy of our January and February Sale Catalogue we want you to write us at once as it is quite the most interesting we have ever sent out. It contains forty pages and every page is filled to overflow with genuine money-saving bargains—bargains that we arranged for, in some instances months ago, when the markets were most favourable, or when factories in order to tide over their dull season made us price concessions that enable us to have the price contained in our sale catalogue.

Our January and February and our Midsummer Sales are to our Mail Order Customers what Friday bargains are to residents of Winnipeg—harvests for bargain-seekers. Of course it is impossible for people outside of Winnipeg to participate to any extent in Friday bargains because in most cases the goods are all sold before we can possibly get orders by mail, but for our sales, and especially for the sale that is now in progress, we have made ample provision for all our friends.

Write for the catalogue and see for yourself, and when you receive it—or if you have already received one—don't delay in ordering, for the first who order always receive all the advantage of first choice.

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Put it on the roof of all your buildings, and you'll have peace of mind, comfort, satisfaction, and economy; you'll have absolute and lasting weather-protection.

Genasco is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt—the natural and only perfect waterproofer.

The Kant-leak Kleet keeps seams waterproof without cement. Supplied with Genasco, when specified.

Ask your dealer for Genasco, and be sure to look for the trademark. Mineral or smooth surface. A written guarantee, if you want it. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide-Book.

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Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready-roofing in the world.

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Gravel
Trinidad Lake Asphalt
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Trinidad Lake Asphalt
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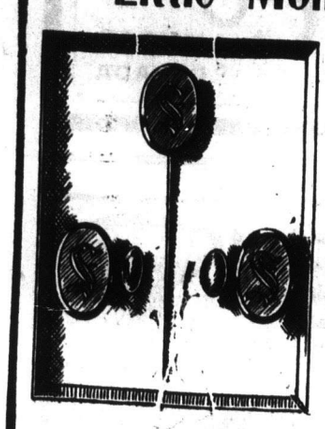

Scarf Pin AND Cuff Link Set
Any Initial
In case complete
Gold Filled $1.00
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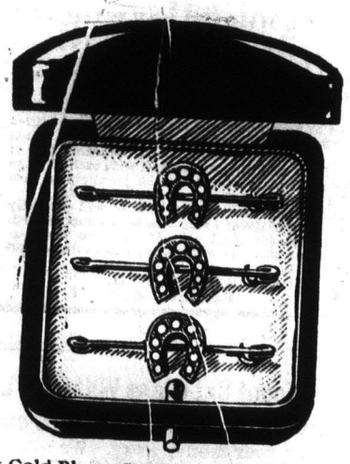

14k Gold Blouse Set Fine Oriental Pearls
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WINNIPEG

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that makes its own finish and requires no lining.

For a woman of medium size the coat will require 7 yards of material 27 inches wide or 4¾ yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern, No. 6826, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

The coat to the right is semi-fitted and can be finished either with the notched collar and lapels or with a high turned-over collar that buttons up closely about the throat. In the illustration it is long, but it can be cut to three-quarter length if preferred. Striped cheviot makes the coat shown in the front view, plain frieze makes the one in the back view, but all the cloaking materials will be found appropriate.

For a woman of medium size will be required 8¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards 44 or 4 yards 52 inches wide.

A May Manton pattern, No. 6817, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Either of these patterns will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each.

Smart and Practical Coats.

A Progressive Realty Firm.

Among the wide-awake Realty firms of the city that have confidence in the great possibilities of the Canadian West is the Walch Land Co., Union Bank Building, of which Mr. L. A. Walch is president. Mr. Walch, who is a great Western enthusiast, has succeed in familiarizing such towns as Melville, Sask.; Poe, Alta; Edson, Alta; and Lake View, Sask., to the residents of Winnipeg, and the investments made have proved exceedingly profitable. Canada's Prime Minister has stated that the 19th century is Canada's. The words are prophetic, and yet the prophecy is in progress of accomplishment. Mr. Walch, who is familiar with every detail of Western conditions, says that towns are founded overnight, and become thriving cities in less than a year. It is doubtful if, in the history of any country, such brilliant prospects can be recalled. The country is immense and fertile, and it is claimed that it has only as yet been scratched. With increased population, with increased railways, and increased elevator capacity, surely the present is a time that should attract the investor, and those who are interested in Western lands will find in the Walch Land Co. a firm whose judgment is worth abiding by.

Curzon Bros., New West-End Depot.

Messrs. Curzon Bros., the famous measure tailors, whose business extends throughout Canada, England, France, Belgium, Australia, etc., and, in fact, all over the world, have just installed a new West-end depot at Pembroke House, 133-5 Oxford Street, London, England. This should be of interest to Canadians who are thinking of visiting the Old Country at a future date. Pembroke House is situated at the very hub of London movement—right in the centre of Oxford Street.

Messrs. Curzon Bros. have on show all the latest weaves, designs and colorings of the leading English, Scottish and Irish looms, and the beautiful models and specimens of tailoring handicraft on show there afford an interesting exhibition.

Clients may count upon receiving as much attention to their smallest need as if they visited the parent building in City Road. Those desiring to see Messrs. Curzon Bros.' patterns forthwith would be wise in dropping a post card at once to Curzon Bros., c/o The Clougher Syndicate (Dept. 13), 450 Confederation Life Buildings, Toronto.

Worry—Interest paid on trouble before it falls due.

The Smart Set—A group of people who, in trying to amuse themselves, merely succeed in amusing everybody else.

Old Dutch Cleanser

—the quickest and easiest way

TO SCRUB

Floors

Wood, Stone & Linoleum

Many more uses and full directions on Large Sifter-Can

10¢

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:
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Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, Toronto.
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Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.

Consultation or Correspondence invited.

Eyesight Restored

Eyeglasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method — the Actina treatment — has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable,

F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P. Q., Canada, writes: Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using "Actina" less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever.

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village N. B., Canada, writes; I have used "Actina" as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using "Actina" I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me.

Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes; "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment, and is easily used. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

Send Us 75c. Receive by return mail post paid this beautiful little dress. Its made with a little waist joined to a full pleated skirt. The side of the waist and belt are trimmed with fancy pointed strappings inlaid with dark red sateen. Fancy trimmed breast pockets and cuffs. The whole dress is elaborately trimmed with brass buttons. The material is soft, warm dress goods in a dark blue and red plaid pattern. It comes in ages from 4 to 12. It is worth double what we ask. To introduce our dresses we make an ad of this number and send it by return mail for only 75c and 10c postage. Standard Garment Co., No. 10, Coote Block, London, Ont.

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Our Graduates Are Filling High Salaried Positions.

EARN $25 TO $100 PER WEEK

in easy, fascinating work. Practical, Individual Home Instruction. Expert Instructors. Superior Equipment. 12 yrs. successful teaching.

Financial Returns Guaranteed.

12 Separate, Complete Art Courses

For pecuniary profit, or pleasure only, as desired.

FREE ARTIST'S OUTFIT of fine instruments and supplies to each student.

Write for particulars and Handsome Art Book.

School of Applied Art
179 Fine Arts Bldg.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Our Own Fireproof Bldg.

Temperance Talk.

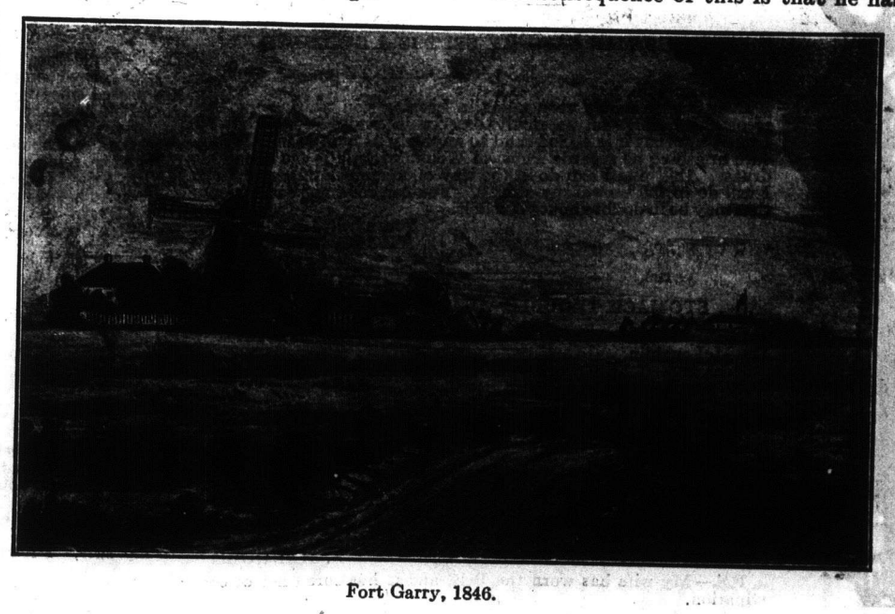
Which ?

(By Minnie Pike, in the War Cry.)

I laid my boy in the coffin,
I closed his sweet blue eyes,
I folded the hands so snowy
As the flower that in them lies;
With a heart that was almost broken
I gazed on that little face.
Farewell! On a bright to-morrow
I shall meet him, by God's grace.

But what of that other mother,
Whose boy is strong and tall?
She has seen him grow to manhood;
He was her joy, her all.
To-night, as she prays by her bedside,
He revels with comrades fine;
When he staggers home drunk in the morning
Whose heart will ache most—hers or mine?

Away in the graveyard yonder,
In a cold and narrow bed,
They had laid my little daughter,
The birds sang o'er her head.
Ah! the day they took her from me,
And laid her 'neath the snow!
But I'll clasp her to my bosom
In the home where I mean to go.



Fort Garry, 1846.

And to-night there's another mother,
With a girl so bright and fair,
She has grown to be a woman
'Neath a mother's love and prayer.
She's the belle of balls and parties,
The brightest of all to shine.
If mother sees her go "not ready,"
Whose heart will ache most—hers or mine?

Oh, ye who bend over small coffins,
And treasure bright curls of fair hair,
Think not that your hearts are the saddest,
Or your cross the hardest to bear!
For in the bright fields of fair Eden
Your flowers are blooming above,
Go, pray for the drunkard and outcast,
Who once shared a dear mother's love.

The Effects of Alcoholism on Future Generations.

Medical schools of Charlottenburg and Paris have of recent years been devoting special attention to the psychic reasons which underlie the craving for alcohol in certain human subjects, and have, as a result of experiments carried out in a regulated series of cases, come to the conclusion that those beings who come of stock which at any period in the ascending line given to the abuse of alcohol, are certainly not of the order of humanity which is to evolve the long-expected Superman. In other words, two highly respectable schools of medical thougnt and science practically assure the world that there is but a small permillionage of mankind that holds the power of transmitting greatness to posterity, and that their being able to do so depends upon their abstention from alcohol in all forms while they live.

According to the argument, all the really great men who have appeared upon the earth, like Caesar, Aristotle, Shakespeare and Napoleon, came from a select series of ancestors to whom the use of alcohol was practically unknown. The fact, it is argued, that Napoleon's father may have been a tippler will not alter the case for our Superman, since the weakness of the father escaped the son by some unknown but none the less certain atavistic process, as in cases of epilepsy or insanity. It is held that by such a series of atavistic accidents the taint of alcohol has "skipped" every particular hereditary phase that goes to impress itself upon the ultimate issue, namely, the Superman, who thus comes into the world wholly free, in the matter of heredity, from the taint of alcohol.

The consequence of this is that he has a perfect Will, and herein lies his power over all other men, who by accident of evolution from their forefathers, are, by far the greater part, of very imperfect will power. It does not matter if the Superman himself be a devotee of the bottle. He is provided with a perfect will, and only his progeny is likely to suffer from his abuse of strong drink.

Dr. George B. Cutten, the author of "Psychology of Alcoholism," likewise discusses will-power and the effects of alcohol upon it. Cutten disagrees with the view tnat there is such a thing as an especial area in the brain which "telegraphs the desired energy or motion to any particular part of the frame. On the contrary, he thinks that the human will is diffused over all the muscular parts of the body In the course of evolution—especially where it is concerned with moral conduct—will was the latest comer, and as it is the latest and highest product of social development, and consequently the most complex, it is among the first activities to suffer injury and undergo dissolution, according to the rule—"Last to come is first to go; first to go is most to go. First to come is last to go; last to go is least to go."

Alcohol, as is well known, creates an artificial energy which lasts but a short while. A time eventually comes, however, when it ceases to exist. This is the "confirmed" stage of alcoholism, in

LAST YEAR

REAL ESTATE OWNERS IN

WESTERN CANADA

MADE

$100,000,000

From the most accurate figures obtainable over ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS was made by real estate owners in growing cities and towns of Western Canada last year. This vast wealth was exclusive of improvements and represented actual increase in land values alone.

Original records gathered by the Winnipeg Free Press prove that in eight Western Canadian cities the value of land alone—not counting improvements—increased 562 per cent for the last five years—an annual increase of 112 per cent for each city during the last five years. These figures indicate that investments in live growing cities in Western Canada are as safe and sure as an investment can be, and that 100 per cent profit each year is almost a certainty.

THIS YEAR

They will undoubtedly make $100,000,000 more

You have an opportunity now to participate in these immense profits by being one of the original purchasers of town lots in the Grand Trunk Pacific addition to the fast growing Western Canadian cities otherwise known as

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Division Points

WATROUS, MELVILLE, WAINWRIGHT, BIGGAR

The Grand Trunk Pacific offers in these splendidly located, fast growing Division Points and in the town site of Tofield an opportunity for the investor to share in the large profits that are sure to accrue as a result of the rapid and substantial growth that characterizes Grand Trunk Pacific Division Points and well located cities and towns in Western Canada.

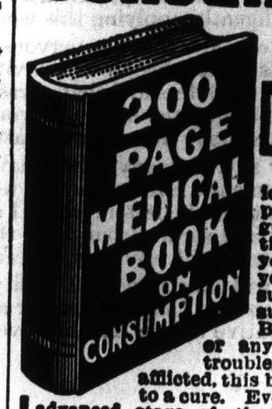
The Grand Trunk Pacific does not offer town sites or additions so located as to make investments in them of questionable value. The object in selling these lots at the low prices at which they are offered is to encourage the upbuilding of these cities from which the Grand Trunk Pacific will derive vastly more benefit than from the sale of lots.

Now is the time to buy. Choice lots range from $100 upward, on easy payments of 10 per cent cash and 10 per cent a month. You make your purchase direct and secure title from the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co. Write for literature and make your selection while the prices are extremely low and the possibilities unlimited. Address

LAND COMMISSIONER
Grand Trunk Pacific R. R. Company
601 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

Or International Securities Co., Ltd., Selling Agents for G.T.P. Ry. 649 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1649 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait — write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

It's the Strength, Body and Flavor that the Families Favor — The Flavor of — 'Canawella' Tea

which the mind loses its direction, its sense of proportion and self-control, its grasp of even ordinary affairs, and energy ceases even in the simplest bodily movements, such as writing or speaking.

According to the new schools the effects of alcoholism travel down to countless generations, producing, in more or less appreciable form, paralysis of the physical instrument, and consequently partial impotence of the psychical factor, of the will. Greatness, in its real sense, is therefore impossible in the offspring of alcoholic persons, unless by a series of accidents which can only occur in a long cycle of years—which is practically telling us, seeing the extent to which alcohol is used, that the world is degenerating.—"World," New York.

What Helps to Ruin Girls.

Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, 99 out of every 100 attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne, taken generally with a male companion, always for good fellowship's sake.

That first glass is the beginning of the end, and here you see what the end is. When a woman once begins to drink, even in a social way, her future is threatened with either moral wickedness or utter ruin.

So many women who come here tell me that the first sparkling glass of champagne was the beginning of all their misfortune.

A Terrible Heredity.

A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by Prof. Pelman, of Bonn University, Germany. His method was to take special individual cases, a generation or two back. He thus traced the careers of children in all parts of the German Empire until he was able to present tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkards. Notable among the persons described by Prof. Pelman is Frau Ida

Read These Letters

THEY ARE ON FILE WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHERS IN MY OFFICE

NERVOUS ENERGY RESTORED SIX YEARS AGO, AND STILL STRONG

Earl Grey, Sask.

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir,—It is some three years since I wrote you that your Belt had given me perfect satisfaction, and I am still as strong and hearty as any man could expect to be. It is certainly a God-send that such an appliance should be invented for the cure of the ailments of poor, wretched humanity. I can now eat anything that is eatable and digest it well; no trouble worries me and my nerves are very strong. I have been singing the praises of your Electric Belt for six years, and will continue to do so. I cannot say too much, for it has made my body a pleasure to own. Believe me, yours very truly,

W. L. FLEMMINGTON.

THIS MAN SAYS MY BELT IS A GOD-SEND

148 Gladstone Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin,

Dear Sir,—I regret very much in keeping you waiting for the recommendation you so richly deserve in praise of your Belt. I must say that it is a God-send to anybody in need of it. It will cure anything as regards Physical Weakness, and is far ahead of drugs. Anything I can do in the way of recommending your Belt I will do to the best of my ability. You can refer anybody to me that may be in doubt about your Belt.

Yours truly,
THOMAS MURRAY

STOMACH TROUBLE—DIARRHOEA—HURT BACK

Souris, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—I have worn your Belt for thirty days, and I can truly say it has given every satisfaction. I feel stronger now than I have done for months. I had a fall and hurt my spine last fall, and I could not lift anything. I had to be careful how I moved too, but soon after I began to use your Belt all weakness disappeared, and I can lift anything now without the least pain. My stomach also is better and diarrhoea has stopped, after having it every day for five months. I would not part with the Belt now for anything. It is worth ten times as much as it cost. I shall certainly recommend it to all my friends, as it has done so much for me.

Yours truthfully,
S. HARROLD

P.S.—My wife has worn the Belt, and it has cured her of constipation.

HAS MORE ENERGY AND LIFE

No. 114 12th Ave., E., Calgary, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have had no backache or kidney trouble since I got your Belt. I am also much stronger and getting back my old energy and life. I have delayed writing to you so as to give the Belt a thorough trial.

Yours Sincerely,
W. MURRAY.

STOMACH, HEART, KIDNEY AND NERVOUS TROUBLES CURED PERMANENTLY

Teulon, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that one year and eleven months has passed since I stopped wearing your Belt, and I can say that your Belt has cured me permanently of my different ailments, such as nervousness, heart and kidney troubles, indigestion, sick headaches and other ailments. I have not been troubled with any of them since, nor have felt the effects of them since I stopped wearing the Belt. I always answer all who ask me about the Belt, and there have been several who have written to me. I do this cheerfully and will continue to do so as long as they send me a stamp for reply. Wishing you success in the future, I remain,

Yours for health,
JAMES ED. JONES.

FENERAL WEAKNESS

P.O. Box 265, Calgary, Alta.

Dr. McLaughlin.

Dear Sir,—I received your Belt in excellent condition about six weeks ago, and beg to state that I never felt better in all my life, and I assure you that the Belt is worth many times more than what I paid for it. It has made a new man of me already, and I will speak of it to everyone I come in contact with, in the same position as myself. Thanking you for your kindness and attention in my case, I remain.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN G. COUPLAND.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU

It has been demonstrated that Electricity is the most natural of all remedies for the cure of the ailments which afflict the human body. Every physician of modern ideas is an advocate of electrical treatment, and concedes that it stands far above all medical agents, especially when applied to diseases relating to the nervous system. This is a practical admission of the power of electricity over the nerves and vital organs, hence it must be evident to a thinking person that a means of intelligently applying this wonderful agent should be the greatest boon to suffering humanity.

When we consider that our nervous system, which is the fountain of life to the kidneys, liver, stomach, brain and the various organic functions of the body, depends for its sustenance upon the vitalizing element of electricity, and that without this life it is impossible to keep up a normal condition of health in the body, it is easy to understand that a waste of this life principle will be followed by weakness and disease, and it is also easy to understand why the natural restoration of this electric force in the nervous system will saturate the various vital organs which have become weakened with a new energy which will place every vital part of the body in a state of natural health.

You may say, as many others have said, "Doctors, your arguments sound good, but show me evidence of cures to back up your statements." That is my strongest argument. Every man or woman who comes into my office gets a practical illustration of my method of treatment. After seeing original letters from prominent people (letters which I am permitted to exhibit), their doubts are dispelled, they are convinced that the claims I have made are true. You can see these patients and secure from them the verifications of my statements. Hundreds of my best testimonials can not be published, as the patients though recommending my treatment privately, object to publicity.

My Belt will cure Nervous Debility, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease, that has not gone as far as Bright's Disease, Indigestion, Constipation, or any weakness caused by ignoring the laws of Nature. My improved Electric Belt is the marvel of electricians, the most wonderful curative device that has ever been introduced.

READ MY OFFER:

I know how sceptical people are after paying hundreds of dollars to doctors without getting any benefit, and knowing that any man would willingly pay for a cure when he gets it, I now offer any man a complete restoration to manly vigor and health before he pays a cent. There is no deception about this offer either in the making of it or carrying it out. All I ask is fair security that I will be paid when the work is done; this any honest man will be glad to give. I take all the chances, you take none. Isn't that fair? Do you want any better evidence of my confidence in my Belt? Now, if you suffer do not lay this aside and say you will try it later. Act upon it to-day—NOW. Tell me what you are suffering from and I will arrange a Belt with all necessary attachments suitable for your case and send it to you and you can

PAY ONLY WHEN CURED

FREE BOOK.—I have a book which gives many hundreds of letters from men whom I have cured. Tells all about the signs of decay in men, how they are caused, how they first appear, the way the vital power is wasted and how all these troubles are cured by electricity. It inspires a man with a desire to be "a man." It is full of things a man likes to read. If you will send for it I will send it to you closely sealed Free. Consultation Free. You are invited. If you cannot call write for this Book at once. Get all the good you can out of life while it lasts.

Dr. McLaughlin's Belt is as good for women as for men. I have a Book especially for women. Free on application.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin

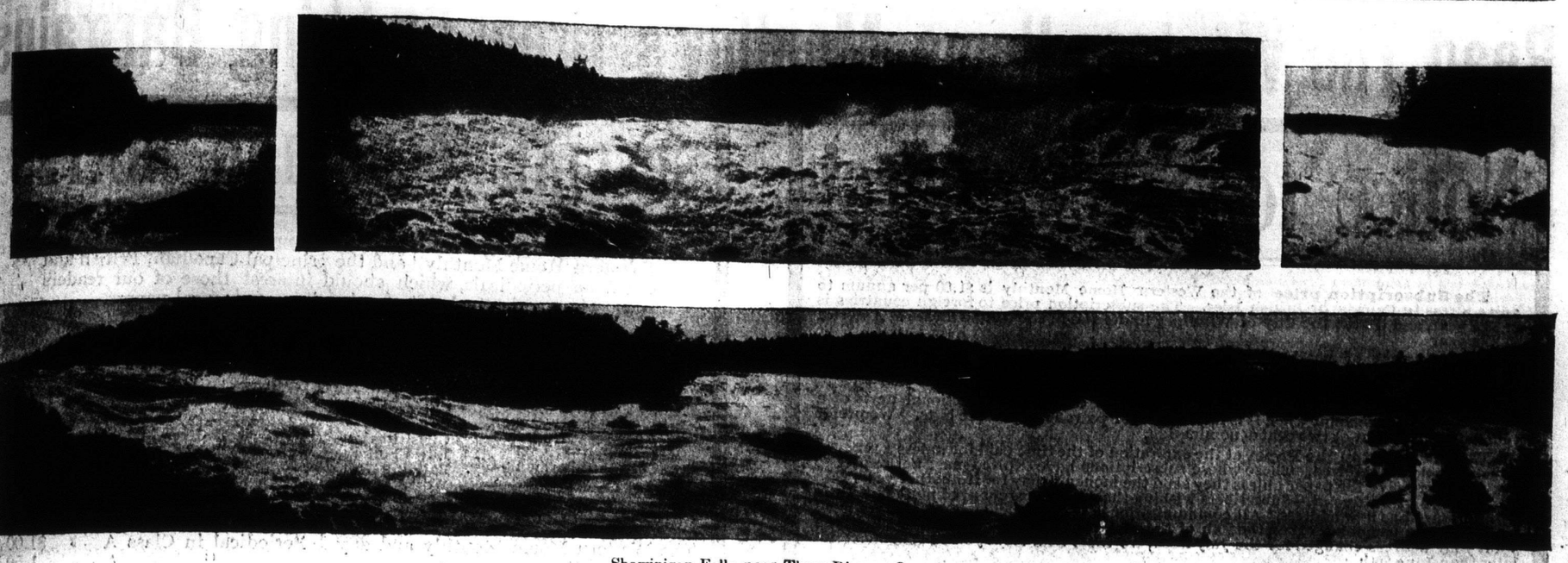
112 Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada

Dear Sir, Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Office Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday until 9 p.m.



Shawinigan Falls, near Three Rivers, Que.

Jurka, who was born in 1740, and was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800. Her descendants numbered 834, of whom 706 were traced in local records from youth to death. Of the 700 born, 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 144 beggars, and 62 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 lived disreputable lives. There were in the family 76 convicts, 7 of whom were sentenced for murder. In the period of some 75 years this family rolled up a bill of costs in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks, or about $1,250,000—'Medical Record.'

Over a year ago a paragraph appeared in several papers to the effect that the directors of a big iron work in Germany had decided to pay a premium to those of their workers who undertook to abstain from alcohol. Anxious to get fuller particulars of so interesting an experiment, Mr. Charles Jack, Chief Templar in the Middle Ward District of Lanarkshire, communicated with the firm in question, and was informed that the paragraph was substantially correct, but it was a very recent departure that it referred to, and that so far only eleven of their employees had qualified for the premium offered. As the new system had only been in existence since the beginning of the year, however, it was impossible then to judge of its practical results; but later they would be very pleased to furnish any information desired with reference to their experiment if their correspondent would be good enough to write again. Recently Mr. Jack again approached these courteous foreigners on the subject, and the following is a copy of their reply—which, it will be seen, is eminently satisfactory to Temperance reformers, being in favor of their constant contention that efficiency is promoted by total abstinence:—

'Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of 12th May last we have pleasure in stating that since the inauguration of abstinence premiums we have paid the following sums:—On 1st April, 1907, to 11 men, 155s.; on 1st July, 1907, to 11 men, 155s.; on 1st October, 1907, to 12 men, 169s.; on 1st January, 1908, to 11 men, 155s.; on 1st April, 1908, to 17 men, 252s. The number of members in our three Abstinence Societies in July, 1907, was 49, while at present there are 156 members, showing, therefore, a large increase. We have caused a statement to be kept regarding the percentage of accidents arising during the past year (1) through abstainers and (2) through non-abstainers, and we find the percentage for all our workpeople was 1.22 per cent., while for abstaining workmen alone the percentage was 0.98 per cent. We have hitherto had encouraging experience with abstinence premiums, and are resolved in consequence to extend these abstinence premiums (maximum gratuity per man, 20s. per quarter) to our miners in Hothringer.'

Children and Alcohol.

Children are often blamed for what is not their fault. Sometimes they appear backward when the fault is a slight defect in sight or hearing. Perheaps either of these defects might not be noticeable in conversation, but in class work, where the lesson is always supposed to be a bit ahead of him, if he loses the thread of questioning or answering, his mental resources and his mastery of language and ideas are not sufficient to help him span the chasm as might be the case in an older person with far more developed defects. Again it may be some maladjustment or nervous affection of the physical system traceable only by an experienced medical examiner. Again it may be some undeserved birthright which scales the child's whole tone down to a lower plane than his true nature merits.

Dr. T. Alexander MacNicholl of New York has been studying the relation of alcohol to child life. Of school children who indulge in any form of alcohol he finds that 46 per cent. of them are backward in their studies.

He arrives at three conclusions regarding alcohol, as follows:

1. Alcohol in the form of beer and spirits does not overcome the disturbances of nutrition due to bad hygienic environment.

2. Alcohol tends to lessen all the bodily forces, mental, moral and physical.

3. The heaviest burden entailed by indulgence in alcoholic beverages is not borne by the drinker, but by his innocent and debilitated children.

This puts upon innocent children a terrible burden; one which is so subtle in its bearings that the child often does not receive its merited desserts in the efforts it makes, and one which literally commands every teacher to make a study of the effects of alcohol upon the system that he or she may know how to deal with the individuals in charge.

When black calicoes have to be starched use weak coffee instead of water.

This certainly seems to be a progressive age, and our readers' attention is drawn to a system of shorthand which has at least, two good points to recommend it, viz., the brevity of its outline, and the short time it takes to learn it. It is claimed that this system can be learned in a week, and as it can be mastered by correspondence our readers can avail themselves of its advantages, and this feature will strongly appeal to busy Westerners. The inventor, Mr. Oliver McEwan, is regarded as, perhaps, the greatest living authority on shorthand, and in this connection he merited the warm approval of the late King Edward, who took great interest in the development of this system. The smallness of the outline makes it an easy matter to write about 200 words a minute, and one student, who attained a speed of 300 words, received the appointment of official shorthand writer to the Government of Ceylon. Full particulars and prospectus may be had by writing to the British School of Commerce and Journalism, 97 New Bond Street, London, W., England.

Costs You Nothing to Test Psychine

We'll buy a 50c. bottle from your druggist and give it to you free to prove

This is a hopeless, cold world to many.

"A vale of tears" in very truth sickness, suffering, sorrow.

And sickness is the cause of most of the misery.

Now a good many people accept sickness as something that has to be a visitation.

They may make ineffectual attempts to cure themselves, but they don't get well.

Now we want such hopeless ones to let us buy for them a 50-cent bottle of Psychine from their druggist, which we'll give them free of charge to let them know that there is at least one preparation that is hope for the hopeless, that will surely benefit them.

* * *

We've been making and selling Psychine for the third of a century.

We have sold many millions of bottles in that time.

Psychine has cured many hundreds of thousands of hopeless cases.

We have received hundreds of thousands of unsolicited testimonials.

Psychine has proven itself to be the most remarkable preparation for the cure of disease.

Now Psychine's power comes from its ingredients.

Psychine is made from herbs—nature's own remedies.

And the herbs from which Psychine is made are beneficial to the body because they increase the number and strength of the white corpuscles of the blood ,or the phagocytes, which devour every germ of disease that finds entrance to the body.

That's why Psychine cures where other old time remedies fail. That's why Psychine has stood the test of time for the third of a century. That's why we can afford to buy and give away hundreds of thousands of 50-cent bottles.

Now Psychine is indicated in the following diseases.

Read this list carefully and then fill out and mail us the Coupon without delay.

La Grippe	Bronchial Coughs
Bronchitis	Weak Lungs
Hemorrhages	Weak Voice
Sore Throat	Spring Weakness
Anaemia	Early Decline
Female Weakness	Catarrhal Affections
Indigestion	Catarrh of Stomach
Poor Appetite	Night Sweats
Chills and Fevers	Obstinate Coughs
Sleeplessness and	Laryngitis and
Nervous Troubles	Dyspepsia

After-effects of Pleurisy, Pneumonia and La Grippe.

Now, we don't ask you to take our word for the tremendously beneficial effect of Psychine. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us and we'll give your druggist an order (for which we pay him the regular retail price) for a 50-cent bottle of Psychine to be given to you free of cost.

We will undoubtedly buy and distribute in this manner hundreds of thousands of these 50-cent bottles of Psychine.

And we do that to show our entire confidence in this wonderful preparation.

A confidence that has been based on our 30 years' experience with this splendid preparation, with a full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of cures it has made.

COUPON No. 125

To the Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Ltd.
193-195 Spadina Ave., Toronto

I accept your offer to try a 50c. bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) at your expense. I have not had a 50c. bottle of Psychine under this plan. Kindly advise my druggist to deliver this bottle to me.

My Name.....

Town.....

Street and Number.....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number.....

This coupon is not good for a 50c. bottle of Psychine if presented to the druggist—it must be sent us—we will then buy the 50c. bottle of Psychine from your druggist and direct him to deliver it to you. This offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send coupon to-day.

Read The Western Home Monthly's Great Clubbing Bargains

Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly is $1.00 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States of America $1.25 a year

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

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

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

Address all letters to—

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

[*To be cut out on the dotted lines.*]

Special Subscription Order Blank.

.....1911

The Western Home Monthly,

Herein find $.....c..... to pay for.....years' subscription to Western Home Monthly, Send magazine until forbidden to

Name.....

P.O...... *Province*.....

Street or Box No......

Please state if this is a renewal.

A remittance of $2.00 for 3 years' subscription does not include any premium

SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

We append a very attractive list of combinations embracing the "Western Home Monthly" and the principal Canadian, British and American periodicals, which should interest those of our readers who are in the habit of subscribing to several papers.

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Toronto Weekly Globe
Weekly Free Press

CLASS B
Weekly Telegram
Nor'-West Farmer
The New Idea Woman s Magazine
Canadian Thresherman

CLASS C
Sunday at Home
Girls' Own Paper

CLASS D
Boys' Own Paper
Cassell's Magazine
Story Teller
Quiver
Chums
Girls' Realm
Little Folks
Building World
Work
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American Magazine

CLASS E
Cosmopolitan
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The Argosy
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Ocean
Everybody's Magazine
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The Western Home Monthly and any	1	Periodical in Class	A	$1.00
" "	2	"	A	1.50
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" "	2	"	C	2.90
" "	1	"	D	1.90
" "	2	"	D	3 05
" "	1	"	E	2.10
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All for $3.35	$6.00	All for $2.00	$3.00

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Let us send you an English paper and the "Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will gladly be furnished on application.

The "Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for $2.35; any two for $3.60:—

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WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE FARMER, Winnipeg, - - - $1.00
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Special Bargain Offer

The Western Home Monthly
AND
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FOR A WHOLE YEAR FOR $1.00

$2.00 worth of the best Literature in the Dominion for $1.00

DON'T DELAY—send this with your subscription *TO-DAY*

Publishers, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Enclosed please find $1.00, for which send me The Western Home Monthly and The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer for one year.

Yours truly.....

Address.....

.....

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Be Quickly Cured At Home

Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Many cases have been cured by a trial package of Pyramid Pile Cure without further treatment. When it proves its value to you, get more from your druggist at 50 cents a box, and be sure you get what you ask for. Simply fill out free coupon below and mail today. Save yourself from the surgeon's knife and its torture, the doctor and his bills.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 268 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Kindly send me a sample of Pyramid Pile Cure, at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

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SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality, the INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their institute to your friends after you learn to play.

You may not know one note from another; yet, by their wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruction.

The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

No one should overlook this wonderful offer. Tell your friends about it—cut out this article and show it to them.

The INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

Write today for the FREE booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing. Address your letter or postal card to INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, 98 Fifth Ave., Dept. 162, New York, N.Y.

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ALBERTA $9.90 buys best 245 egg incubator. Brooder for $6.65. Duty 25%. The Alberta is made by a Canadian and is adaptable to that country. It has heavy double walls, double glass doors, best copper hot water tank, safety lamp, nursery and self regulator, complete for operation. This high grade hatcher is a result of many years experience. Guaranteed and long trial. Write for free catalog. If in a hurry send price to save time. Alberta Incubator Co. Box 905. Mankato, Minn.

The Grain Grower's Demands.

Hon. George E. Foster, in the Canadian Century.

The grain-growers' deputation has visited Ottawa and presented its case with great fulness to the Government and Parliament. It was large in numbers, excellently well organized, thoroughly disciplined, intelligent and business-like, and did its work with precision and skill.

Its resolutions were tersely put, its speakers well chosen and clever, and they made their points with a clearness and closeness which may well have been envied by more practiced orators. The deputation impressed one as sincere and very earnest, and, so far as outward appearances indicated, was entirely unanimous.

Altogether it was a notable gathering, and easily ranks as the largest of the kind ever known at Ottawa. Few who witnessed it will soon forget the scene and its unique settings in the old historical House of Commons.

And now that it has come, delivered its plea and dispersed again to the four corners of Canada, we have time to muse over the spirit, the matter and the merits of the great demonstration.

What They Wanted.

Outside of the Railway Act, Bank Act Amendments and Co-operative Society legislation asked for, none of which were at all startling, their demands were comprised in four propositions—few in number it is true, but so far-reaching that their full realization would involve little short of a revolution in principles and methods at present followed.

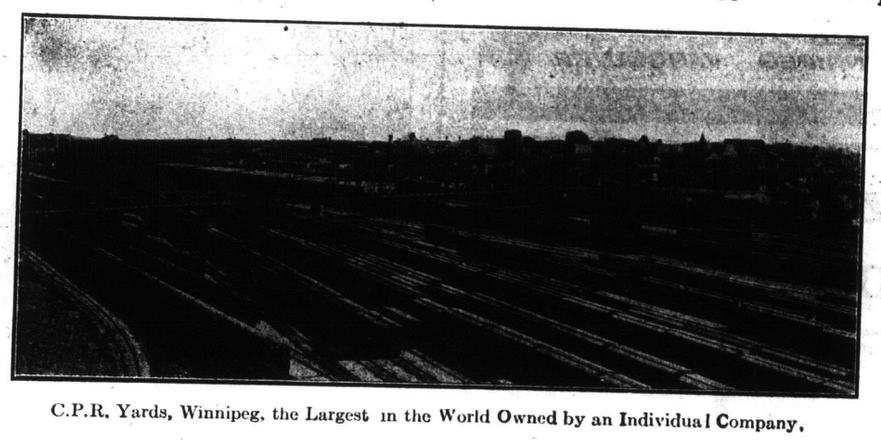
1. The Government was asked to institute and operate a national chilled meat industry, to find the money therefor and conduct it either solely as a Government business or on some co-operative plan, paying all expenses out of the proceeds and returning the profits to the sellers. Provision was asked to be made to pay off the first capital cost by setting aside a portion of the profits annually. This means that all the capital shall be first provided and all the risks run by the State, and that all the profits shall accrue to the producers of food animals. It means also that, if undertaken by the State, it must be State-wide in its operation, and not confined to a section of this class of producers. The principle once adopted and carried to its logical conclusion must be extended to all classes of producers, and would, when fully embodied, socialize the entire economic system of the country. To confine it to one class, however important, would mean the taxation of all to provide a marketing mechanism for one, which is contrary to the Grain-Growers' doctrine as respects tariff and transport.

2. The Government was asked to build and operate the Hudson Bay Railway—an extension of the principle of public ownership and operation which now obtains in the I. C. R. and the canals. In this the deputation had a strong case. More even than the Intercolonial is this route peculiarly a common highway for the national benefit, defeated in its purpose and futile in its results unless it be built with all possible economy and operated at lowest cost and absolutely barred to private or corporate exploitation.

But it would appear that the deputation, having gone so far, must go farther, and insist upon a line of steamships, established and controlled by the Government, to connect the railway with the European markets. To ensure a correct basis for one-half the route and neglect to provide for similar safeguards on the other, would risk the efficiency and defeat the purpose of the whole project. This involves a vast initial outlay by the State, and a continuing complex and expensive operative system also financed by the State.

3. The Government was asked to provide, by purchase and construction, for terminal elevators, and to operate them by means of an independent commission. It was urged that, in order to obviate suspicion and ensure confidence, the grain grower must be assured that his product, paid for on its grade inspection at the elevator, is not only properly graded, but that the elevator shall fulfill its trust of cleansing, storing and delivering the grain true to grade and free from manipulation of any kind. On the absolute fidelity of the elevator to this trust depends the price to the grower, the quality to the buyer, and the reputation of Canadian grain in the ultimate market.

There seems little doubt that the temptations and opportunities afforded the elevator companies for private gain at the expense of the grower and the millers are so great as to constitute a grievance of magnitude, and one which must be effectually remedied. Can this be done by supervision and control? If not, then how? It appears to be up to the Government to solve the problem. If it can be done only through State ownership and operation here if ever is a justification for the exercise of such powers.



C.P.R. Yards, Winnipeg, the Largest in the World Owned by an Individual Company.

But here again the cost of elevators on both oceans and at many ports, and also on the lakes involves the pockets of every taxpayer in Canada. It is State aid that is invoked, and State aid for the profit and advantage of a class.

If any doubt existed in the wording of the resolution it was wholly removed by the elaborate reasoning with which the speakers supported and enforced it, culminating in the dramatic and wildly applauded assertion of one of their advocates that "They had this day flung wide a flag which would not be furled until it had been planted on the ruins of protection."

The Effect Upon Canada.

Without disparaging for a moment the sincerity and conviction of the Grain-Growers' Association, one may question whether they have taken into account other interests and other phases of development and the effect thereon if their tariff demands were complied with.

The foreign trade of Canada runs over $650,000,000, and its internal traffic is vastly greater. This has been gradually built up to its present dimensions on a certain fiscal basis, supported by 35 years of public sentiment and legislation. Vast systems of transport at immense cost have been developed to accommodate and extend this trade, into which pours the product of many great industries and occupations. Never were progress and expansion more gratifying throughout Canada than now, and

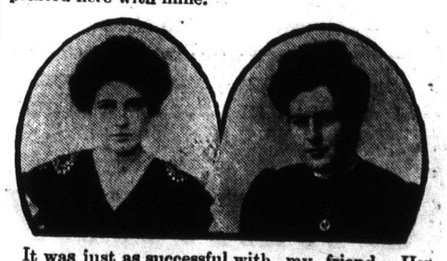
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DESTROYED IN 3 MINUTES

I Will Send Free to any Lady the Secret That Cured Me. My Friend Also Delighted.

After curing myself of a humiliating growth of hair on my face and arms which had distressed me since childhood I recommended the same means to another friend, who, like myself had tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations we had ever heard of, only to make it worse.

This simple soluble liquid remedy enabled me permanently to find entire relief from all trace of unwelcome hair, and forever ended my embarrassment. It succeeded where all else had failed, after I had spent much money on various advertised preparations, and even had suffered the torture of the electric needle without being rid of my blemish.

Among them was the lady whose picture is printed here with mine.



It was just as successful with my friend. Her picture is printed above. I will send you my own picture when you write me.

The means we used is simple, safe, sure, and can be used pivately at home, without fear of pain or blemish, and makes the electric needle entirely unnecessary. It is absolutely harmless. Your own doctor would endorse it.

I will tell you in detail full particulars, quite without charge, to enable any other sufferer to achieve the same happy results that we did. All I ask is a two cent stamp for reply. Address, Caroline Osgood, 992 D. C., Custom House St., Providence, R.I.

I TREAT EYES FREE

for fifteen days. If you do not wish to continue, costs you nothing. I am curing weak eyes, sore eyes, granulated lids, wild hairs, cataracts, scums, eye diseases. I will send my remedies with eye cup by mail, charges prepaid, to all sufferers. Write me today—describe your case.
Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 804 Des Moines, Ia.

Send 75c for Sample Typewriter Ribbon

and particulars of postal coupons supplied at discount for highest grade ribbons. State machine and width of ribbon required.

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHERS CO.,
P. O. Box 566. Brandon, Man.

Send us $5.50

Receive post paid this all wool serge dress. The waist is made just as pictured with sailor collar trimmed with braid and designs silk tie in front. The skirt is made in the new pleated style trimmed with 6 satin buttons. The material is all wool serge in black, navy, dark green, dark brown, and dark red, a heavy all wool material suitable for winter wear. This suit is beautifully made and is bound to fit and please you. We can supply same suit in all wool Panama in same shades as serge at $5.50 and in rich heavy velveteen in same shades at $9.50.

Give inches around largest part of bust, length of sleeve inside seam and neck measure also inches around smallest part of waist and largest part of hips also length of skirt in front. Order this beautiful suit to-day. Order suit No. 6. Add 35c for postage.

Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

SALESMEN WANTED

Trained Salesmen earn from $1,200.00 to $10,000.00 a year, and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman and earn $100 a month or more while you are learning. Write to-day for our free book *"A Knight of the Grip,"* list of good openings, and testimonials from hundreds of men recently placed in good positions.

Address nearest office, Dept. 138
National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

"It's Never Too Late to Learn."

Perhaps you have used paints and varnishes that have not been satisfactory and you wonder why. If you bought them because the price was low, that's probably the reason. The man who buys "cheap goods" to save money does not save it when buying paints. Paints, varnishes, stains and enamels which are cheap in price usually lack something—durability or spreading and covering qualities. You can't make good paint without putting good raw materials into it—and they cost money. It is wiser to buy a paint that has quality back of it; you will get twice the wear out of it that you would from a cheap paint. Go to the S-W dealer in your town to get paint satisfaction.

The Little Paint Man.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Sherwin-Williams Paint, Prepared (SWP) is made from pure white lead, pure zinc, pure linseed oil, and the necessary pigments and driers.

Sherwin-Williams Varnishes are made from the best gums, pure linseed oil, pure turpentine, and thoroughly filtered and aged.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. 1084

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

The "Duz-it-all" Photo Button Camera

Press the Lever—Push the Slide—The Picture is finished

IT sounds too simple to be true; doesn't it?
But that is all there is to it, just the same.
If you will answer this "Ad" **to-day**, and be prompt, we will give you one of these outfits **absolutely free.** First of all, you put a dozen little Button Films in the magazine at the back of the Camera, then get your "customer" to "look pleasant." Just press the lever, then the slide, and in one minute the pretty little Button Picture is finished all ready to mount into a locket, a brooch, or in any way you like. You can make **easy money** selling these pictures to your friends at 10c. to 25c. each. The **Winter** is the very best time to get **really good Pictures** and we want to get these Photo Button Cameras introduced into every section of the country, and in order to do this quickly, are going to give away 25 gross (3,600) of them, **absolutely free.** Now act quickly, because you want to be the **first,** around your **vicinity,** to get one of these and have some **fun** and make some **money** with it as well. Now, all we ask you to do in return for this grand present, is that you introduce among your friends, only 24 of our fast selling, size 16 x 20, multi-color, Oleograph reproductions of Famous Paintings, the originals of which cost hundreds of dollars, and include such popular subjects as "The Village Smithy," "Can't You Talk," "Home Again," and many others. These Pictures sell in Art Stores at 50 cents each. They are all **suitable for framing** and at **our price** of **15 cents each,** you can sell one or more to every person you show them to. Especially as we will send you a **Prize Coupon,** to **give** with every Picture, which will entitle the holder to receive an **extra present** from us, **absolutely free.** When sold, return us our money, **$3.60,** and this grand Camera, with supplies, will be sent to you at once.

SPECIAL OFFER.—In the regular way, you would have to pay express or postage charges on your Camera, but in addition to giving you this splendid outfit **absolutely free,** we are going to **prepay the charges** on it **ourselves,** direct to your town, provided you will be prompt and return our money inside of four weeks. (10 days extra allowed to places west of Winnipeg.) **Write to-day.** We will send the Pictures by **return mail, postpaid.** Then the rest is easy.

Address, **COLONIAL ART COMPANY, DESK 35 . TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

never the promise brighter for still greater progress and expansion.

How would the tariff proposals of the deputation, so definitely expressed, so insistently demanded and pressed for immediate adoption affect all this development? Is it certain that their adoption would prove a panacea even for all the ills complained of as attaching to the farmers' vocation? Is it quite clear to the minds of the deputation what effects this sudden and pervasive change in our fiscal policy would have on all other interests and on the general development of our national ideal? These things must be made very clear before the demands of even so intelligent and strong a deputation can hope for a favorable verdict from the grand jury of the nation. And when such proposals are transplanted from the atmosphere of the club or association, where but one interest is uppermost and one view favored to the forum of the whole country, the perspective changes and other interests crowd to the foreground.

The Meaning of the Proposals.

These three proposals present a programme of great magnitude and far-reaching consequences. The first is fairly revolutionary, and all call for immense initial outlays by the State, that is, by the individuals of the State, in the shape of taxation, by which alone money can be provided. These proposals lay their advocates open to the question posed by themselves with great force against the protective policy. They now are open to the question: "By what right do you compel the artisan, the manufacturer, the fisherman, the miner, the market gardener, the fruit grower, the professional man and the multitudinous urban dweller and business man to put his hand in his pocket and furnish the capital and take the risks in operating a Government mechanism for purchasing, slaughtering and marketing the beeves, hogs and sheep of prosperous and often wealthy farmers? Or to undertake to buy, build, equip and run costly elevators to the end that grain growers should be provided with business checks on the progress of their product from the farm to the market?

It is clear that to apply to these propositions the positive and unrelenting reasoning applied by the grain growers to other industries would prove their confusion. All this serves to show how complex and gigantic is the task of building up a nation, how divergent and varied are the interests which are to be developed, and how necessary is the application of all around consideration and mutual "give and take" to the problems that confront us. Academic theories and the deductions of cold logic must be dominated by the spirit of conciliation and sacrifice, and by an ever-present sense of the vital co-relation and wide comradeship of the great and varied interests of the country.

In these three proposals one class, the grain growers, asks the State, i.e., all classes, to tax themselves to provide it with profitable business machinery. Well and good; but can it then logically deny aid by the State to the other great industries?

The moment it demands State aid and co-operation its case against the manufacturing industry falls to the ground.

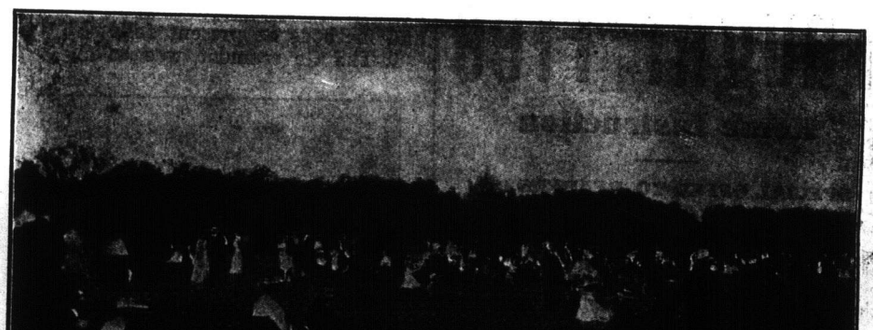
But it is when we reach the final proposal of the deputation that the fine import of its mission is developed.

What is asked? Reciprocal free trade with the United States in all fruit, fish, lumber, agricultural and animal products, in fuel and oils, in spraying materials, fertilizers, cement, agricultural implements, machinery, vehicles and parts thereof, and an immediate reduction of 50 per cent. of the general duty on imports from Britain, with a stipulation that even this lightened duty shall be entirely removed within ten years.

The issue is the plain one of free trade with direct taxation for revenue, and a complete elimination of the principle of protection in every form. Give legislative effect to these tariff proposals tomorrow, and what would happen?

Our established trade routes would be vitally affected. Freights would change as to points of origin and destination, and seek new channels of transit, to the detriment of the old. In proportion as the volume of traffic was enlarged north and south it would be diminished east and west. Canada would get the short haul, while the United States transport systems would benefit by the long haul. To the extent that Canadians bought and sold more in the United States and less in Transatlantic countries this would affect both our interior lines and our ocean routes. The tendency would be to attract to the United States steamship lines, their seaports and railways, more and more of our trade to and from Europe.

We have for more than thirty years been straining every nerve to develop Canadian trade routes, and have spent billions thereon. Shall we now suddenly and with a light heart put all these in jeopardy? Even now the Welland enlargement, the Georgian Bay Canal and the Hudson's Bay route are being pressed forward and will call for hundreds of millions more. To what end if our trade is diverted to north and south lines?



Park Scene, Winnipeg.

The next effect would be felt by the industries involved, and these would be practically all our industries. Free reciprocity with the United States in the commodities proposed and a cut of 50 per cent. on imports from Great Britain would vitally affect every cotton, woolen, coal, leather, wood and metal industry in Canada, and would shut up most of them. The cut in duties is not to be exerciesd with diccrimination, it is to be arbitrary and horizontal and instantaneous. No legislation was ever proposed on so inconsiderate and mechanical a basis.

It needs but a moment's reflection to visualize the resulting confusion, the crash of business enterprises, the depreciation and dislocation and loss of capital, the stoppage of industries, the non-employment of wage-earners, and the transfer of capital and labor to other countries. The sunken capital and idle labor would not go to the farms, and new capital would find no inducements.

To pit Canadian industries unprotected against the competition of the world of protected nations could only have one result. Nor in Free Trade England could they sell their cottons in competition with Lancashire, nor their woolens against Yorkshire, nor their steel against Birmingham and Sheffield. They would go to the wall.

And a Canada without great industries would not fulfil its destiny in the development of its rich resources of material and powers, nor would it in the end be a profitable and desirable arena for the farmer himself.

Sunday Reading.

What of That?

Tired! Well, what of that?
Did'st fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! Work while it is called to-day.
Coward, arise! Go forth thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark! Well, what of that?
Did'st fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and nought but play?
Go thee to thy task, conquer or die!
It must be learned. Learn it, then, patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh.
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children cry,
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And He will guide, light thee, help thee home.

Preferring One Another.

By W. Scott King.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," Tennyson tells us. And we may add to ourselves that in the summer or early autumn that same young man's fancy turns to thoughts of holidays. It is of a young man and his holiday that I am about to tell this story—a young man, by the way, whose birthplace was not in my own fancy, but in the far more substantial locality of a village in Surrey. But in order to explain his very unusual conduct it is necessary to go back twelve months before this question of his holiday arose. I have called him young; but perhaps the reader is in a newspaper office, or has the honor of being a deacon in some church, consequently will consider my hero middle-aged when I announce his age to be thirty-five. Some few years before he had experienced Tennyson's spring, and had brought home to the cottage where he and his mother lived a young wife. His mother was old, and entirely dependent upon her son. The position which her son occupied in the village, though one of average remunerativeness, was not such as admitted of any other than that of great economy if the two ends were to be made to meet. Fortunately for the young man's generous intentions concerning his mother, his young wife's heart was as self-denying as his own, and she bore the strain—for strain it was—of keping three on a salary scarce large enough for two with ready cheerfulness. Now, whether it was through advancing age, which is apt to bring more blindness than one, or from any other cause, I cannot say; but the young man's mother hardly realized the burden even her small needs laid upon the shoulders of her son and daughter-in-law. She was grateful indeed for all they did, but that they had to deny themselves to do it somehow or another did not occur to her. And yet, as this story will show, and indeed is written for the express purpose of showing, she was the least of selfish old women in the world. But now a crisis came along in the form of a fourth mouth to be daily filled, and the happy but sorely perplexed young father and mother took earnest counsel together as to what was now to be done. And, incredible as it may sound in dull, worldly ears, the pinch of the situation lay just here.

"We can't go on living like this any longer," said the young man. "We must get away to London."

"Yes, dear," agreed his wife.

"Do you know why?" he asked, half-smiling.

"Of course I do. You mean Granny will find out now that we have to give things up for her sake, and of course she mustn't find out."

The young man kissed the shrewd little woman standing before him, and replied, "That's it exactly; we must go away where she can't see."

Accordingly to London they went, not only to try and get better wages if possible, but so that the shadow of the great city might obscure from those keen old eyes the domestic economies which providing for her entailed. And of the thousand-and-one reasons and motives which every day take men and women to London, I have never heard of one more noble. Would that the shadows of the great city were never called upon to cover up conduct less heroic!

Knowing that the bloom goes off the fruit of sacrifice when that sacrifice is made known, other reasons were suggested to the old lady for their flight. In fact, so skilfully were they suggested that they almost overdid themselves, leaving granny wtih the amusingly inaccurate notion that great wealth was in store for them in mighty London.

"Never mind," laughed the two, "if only she never guesses." And guess granny never did.

Before their arrival in London the Young man had secured a position a trifle better than the one he had occupied in the village; but, as is the way of city wages when balanced by city prices for house-room and food they shrank to just a little less than the village income.

"But she'll never think it," they told each other, and so were happy. Every Saturday afternoon the young man procured a postal order at the neighboring office and sent it to that Surrey village, and every Monday brought a letter of gratitude in return.

One Monday, about six months later, a letter came which caused mingled consternation and merriment at the little breakfast table. She had missed them sorely, granny said, and had been very lonesome; so lonesome, indeed, that she had sought the society of another widow who lived but a few doors away, and who had no rich son in London to send her things. "And so, my dears, you will be pleased to know, I am sure, that after I have cashed your postal order on

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FOR MEN

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

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

No. 1090 — Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast' Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, $1.00; 6 pairs, $2.00.

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Monday mornings I generally go round and take her a little tea and sugar and such like, and stay and have a chat with her to while away the time.

The two fairly laughed aloud, and even baby cooed at this amazing joke. Towards the end of the week it was no unusual thing for them to go without sugar and sometimes tea themselves so that the postal order might be as large as possible; and here was their innocent old granny actually handing some of it to yet another in distress! "She thinks we are well off," they exclaimed when they had done laughing, "and yet we need the tea and sugar ourselves." But the very last thing that entered the gay hearts of these two optimists was to cut the postal order down, or let the cat of poverty out of the bag of concealment. "We do it to give the old dear pleasure," said the wife, "and if it gives her more pleasure to give it away than use it herself—why, then, our purpose is answered, isn't it, dear?" And she lifted a cup of sugarless tea to her lips.

Londoners take no notice of each other as they hurry to the city in the morning, and never waste a moment in speculating why this man looks blum or his neighbor on the 'bus smiling. Had they sought the reason of the comical smile which played round the lips of the young man that morning, and continued to play there throughout the day, they would have been surprised at the cause they would have discovered. He was smiling at the idea of his mother imagining there was any one in greater need of sugar in his tea than himself.

"Bless her dear old blind heart!" he murmured.

And now July came, and with it a suffocating heat which drove all who could afford it, and many who couldn't, down to the sea.

"You can take your week's holiday after the fourteenth," the manager had said to him as he put on his coat to go home.

"Thank you," and he left the shop wondering what he ought to do. Two pictures rose before him as he crossed the bridge that unites the two halves of the great city. One was of a rather pale but happy face pressed close to a much smaller but likewise pale and happy face much like it—the faces of his wife and child. The other picture was of the post office round in the next street, where two or three pounds of his own lay in waiting for the hour of need. Yes, he would apply for a withdrawal form on the thirteenth, and they should all three go and smell the sea.

"A letter from granny," cried his wife as he entered his home. "I've opened it, and she says there is an excursion for a week to Margate, and she wonders whether you could spare her the money to go—only two pounds—as all the village is going, and she wants to see the sea once before she dies, she says. Have we got it, dear? I should so like her to go; we may not have her much longer."

For once—just for once—the smile did not come at the call. In fact a shade—just a tiny shade—of disappointment passed over the young man's face.

"We've got it," he said slowly; "but ——"

"That settles it!" said his wife promptly. "Granny shall go to Margate with the others, poor old dear."

And so granny did.

When the fifteenth came round and his holiday began, there was much exercise of ingenuity in planning and much economy in carrying out little inexpensive, or rather non-expensive, walks in Hyde Park, 'bus rides to Putney, and tramps to Wimbledon Common. But though an enormous amount of gusto was put into these home-made holidays, as the week drew towards its end and the heat increased, the parade of enjoying them had to be abandoned, and each Spartan confessed to the other that the smell of the sea would be simply heavenly. The young man stopped, and by lovely coincidence opposite to them faced the gaudy boardings bright with alluring illustrations of Brighton Promenade, Blackpool Pavilion and Margate Sands, and beneath them announcements of day excursions for heart-kindlingly small fares. As I say, the young man stopped, and an idea flashed into his mind.

"Sophie!" he exclaimed, "do you know what we'll do? Granny is at Margate; her week is not up till Monday. Let us go down by that half-crown excursion for the day on Saturday and take her by surprise. We can scrape it out of the next two weeks, can't we?"

"Easily!" responded Sophie, conscious that no one could do that sort of thing better than herself. "Now, let us go home; I'm too excited to go any farther."

Saturday came, and brought as glorious a day as any day excursionist could desire. And with merry hearts the three hurried to Victoria Station and started for Margate. On arriving there their plan was this: Sophie should go to granny's lodgings, while her husband took the baby to the sands, where they would await them. Granny's surprise and delight were unbounded—a delight, albeit, that would have suffered instant extinction had she possessed the least notion that her own holiday was being enjoyed at the price of her son and daughter's. But a surprise and delight rarer in kind and of even greater intensity had by this time invaded the heart of the young man playing with his baby on the sands He had not been sitting there long—so he told his wife later—and had just taken off baby's shoes and socks, than he noticed a little old lady in shabby widow's dress standing near to him, gazing at the sea with a face of serene joy. Baby having now toddled seaward, he ventured to address her. "Beautiful morning," he said, smiling

The little old lady turned round. "It is," she answered. Then, desiring evidently a sympathetic soul, she went on: "I've never seen the sea before this week, and shouldn't have ever seen it at all before I die, I expect, but for the kindness of a friend of mine."

"I'm very glad to hear it," smiled the young man. "You are fortunate to have such a friend."

"I am, indeed," continued the little old lady. "She lives near me, and often brings me things I couldn't afford to get myself, for I am very poor, you know. She has a son in London who is very well off, and he sent her a lot of money the other day to go for a holiday with, and she came and said that if I would go with her—I haven't been well all winter—she would go for just three days, and so the money for a week for one of us would pay for half a week for us both .Wasn't it good of her? But here she is," and she broke off abruptly. "Granny!"

* * * * * *

Most householders have some family story or other that never loses its flavor and salt, no matter how many years glide by. And the young man of my story tells to this day, and every time with fresh pleasure and humor—though Granny has gone to heaven these many years—the story of the holiday to Margate which he and his wife handed on to his old mother, and which she in her turn passed on, at least half of it, to her yet needier friend. The young man is able to take a whole fortnight now with his wife and son, and he does so. But he often wonders whether he will ever get as much pleasure out of a holiday again as he got out of the one which he did not have.—British Monthly.

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I planted a maple where rippled a brook,
Where chilling winds never came near it;
'Twas sheltered by hedges; the green sunny nook
Seemed a haven where safe I could rear it.
It grew in the sun and it grew in the shower,
No tree ever branched in more beauty;
I passed in its shadow full many an hour
In dreams of this life and its duty.

I planted a maple tree high on a hill,
Where stormy winds tossed it for ever;
No shelter was near it, no murmuring rill
Ran by in its ceaseless endeavour.
And when in the days of the harvesters' home
I looked at my trees in the morning,
The one was a temple with high arching dome
Of beauty adorning.

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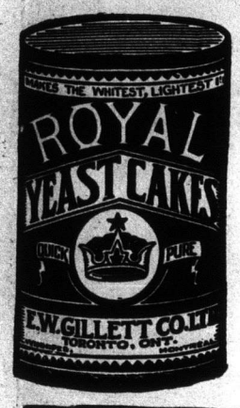

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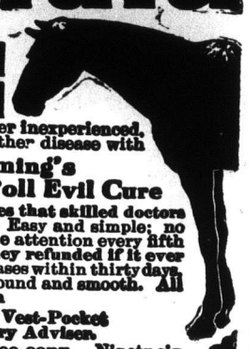

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The winter came drifting, stayed, passed, and the earth
Beneath the warm sun of June panted;
When once more I turned from the far city's mirth
To look at the trees I had planted.
And lo! in the hollow stood, stricken and bare,
The one I had ever protected;
While up on the hill, spreading green in the air,
Grew the one I had always neglected.
George Giles.

Look on the Sunny Side.

Should some down-hearted friend suggest that to try to see the good in his lot is like trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers, remind him that sunshine is just what makes cucumbers, and accordingly it can be extracted from them. Few may know how to do it, but the lack is not in the vegetable. There is sun force in all things. Connection is direct between the light that pours in at the window and that which shines in the eyes and smiles in tones and manners and in thoughts. In all its transformations it is the heaven-force. "Glorify the room!" was Sidney Smith's way of ordering the curtains up, and the obedient glory brimmed his page with laughter punctuations. Dickens was another who wrote his stories with curtains up and sunshine streaming through the study. "Rejoice!" was the old Greek's sunshine way of greeting a friend. "Laugh until I come back!" was Father Taylor's good-by to Dr. Bartol—parsons both. "How is the child?" called up another minister-father forlornly, from the foot of the stairs as he entered his home. "'Peak as 'oo do when oo're laughing!" came back the voice of the sick child in reply. It was the baby who preached the gospel that time. Carlyle, in his dyspepsia, looking up at the stars, could groan, "It's a sad sight!' But the little girl looked up at the same sight and said, "Mamma, if the wrong side of heaven is so fine, how very beautiful the right side must be!"

This habit of looking on the laughter side can be learned. Ask any person who has won his cheer the secret of his victory, and he will quite likely tell you a story of some dark day when he vowed that he would see sunshine. Lydia Maria Child, a woman well acquainted with trial, has left it on record: "I seek cheerfulness in every possible way; I read only chipper books; I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows. . . ." Remember Emerson's mudpuddle:

"But in the mud and scum of things,
There always, always something sings!"

Remember Luther on his sick-bed. Between his groans he managed to preach on this wise: "These pains and troubles here are like the type which the printers set; as they look now, we have to read them backwards, and they seem to have no sense or meaning in them; but up yonder, when the Lord God prints us off in the life to come, we shall find that they make brave reading." Only, we need not wait until then.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

Vicarious Suffering

"Vicarious sacrifice is not only a great truth of theology, but it is a fundamental law of being. The crumbling and decay of rocks makes the soil; the sacrifice of the mineral feeds the vegetable; the decay of leaves and trunks enriches the earth, and out of the loam new vegetable life springs. The very seeds fall into the ground and die before they bring forth fruit. The whole varied order of animal life is supported by preying either upon their appropriate flora or else upon weaker animals. And what an instance of vicarious suffering is this! Whenever a fowl or a joint comes upon our tables we have before us a homely instance of the law. Nay, the life sacrifice of the dumb animals we work is vicarious—the toil of horses instead of the toil of men, as in China or South Africa. Civilization, with its blessings, is the purchase of countless toils and sacrifices of others. Every victory in its march has cost hundreds of the bravest and noblest lives. Nay, every one of us has been brought into being through the perils and pains of a human mother. And many a weakly child of whom it was prophesied "It will never live to be grown,' has been brought to man's estate through the sleepless nights and continued personal sacrifices of her who gave it birth. One afternoon, as the sun went down, I sat by a bedside watching the wan face of a wife and mother who had prematurely worn out her life in toils for her husband and children, and was even then most absorbed in certain tender parting charges concerning them when she should be no longer able to care for them. "She wad na be there," said the stalwart but deeply-grieved husband, "but for slavin' and slavin' for us!." There was an instance of vicarious self-sacrifice. In the annals of womanhood there are many such. And whatever we may think about its injustice or expediency, there is something in us which endears unto us the person who has obeyed the sacred law, and our pulses beat quicker at a thing which puts fresh honor upon our humanity.—Rev. A. B. Kinsolving.

The Day of Peace.

"Love the Test of Life."

By John Prescott Guild, Calgary.

O speed the day when men are one,
One banner floats from sun to sun!
Day when no drum shall greet the morn,
When eve shall hear no farewell gun;
When people all are equal born
And Peace shall reign from Pole to Horn.
O blessed day that endeth strife,
When love shall be the test of life!

No "Dreadnoughts" then, to strike men dead,
But lifebarges, conveying bread;
When people fly like birds in air,
The world unto the heavens wed:
Make true the vision of Isaiah.
And view the real grow much more fair.
O blessed day that endeth strife,
When love shall be the test of life!

If of one blood all men are bred,
Why need a brother's blood be shed?
Then let all nations be allied,
And by the Lamb of Glory led:
Why should man's Savior be denied?
Why kill, and pray to Crucified?
O blessed day that endeth strife,
When love shall be the test of life!

From their Headquarters, oh! how far
Are Christians who go forth to war;
With hearts of hate, and arms to prove
That they all others' claims can bar!
Descend, descend, ye heavenly Dove,
And drench the earth with holy love!
O blessed day that endeth strife,
When love shall be the test of life!

Willing Prisoners

By Prey Threw.

He was sitting with an open book on the table in front of him; but he was not reading. His head was resting on one hand and the other lay at arm's length on the edge of the table.

She crossed the room and pressed against his arm, "Uncle! what are you doing?"

He turned his head towards the intruder. "I was thinking."

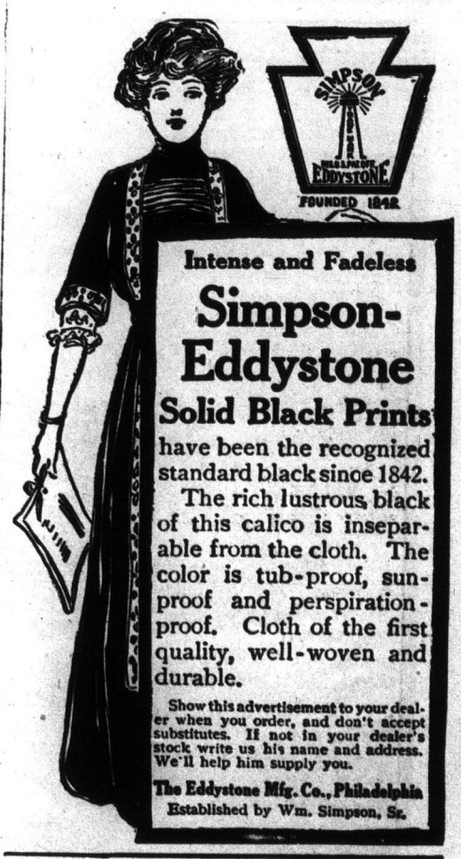
She raised the forbidding bar and came in under. "Please tell me what you were thinking about."

He had not changed his attitude in spite of the bewitching little face, close to his. "There is only one thing I can think about when my little niece is near."

"What is that?" she demanded eagerly.

"It is yourself."

This was a pleasant discovery: but it roused her curiosity all the more. She began to wonder what he meant exactly. Now deep thought is not conducive to conversation, so he was silent until



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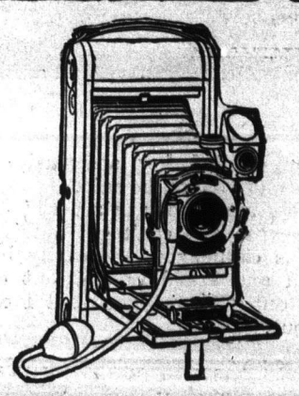

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Leather-soled Shoes (best make make, wide or narrow toes)	$ .86	1.10	1.28
Red Rubber (superior), White or Brown	—	1.10	1.44

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The most wonderful of liners which made the most wonderful of Transatlantic passages. A sectional plan of the interior of the "Mauretania," Cunard Line.

he interrupted her speculations. "You are my prisoner," he said.

"Why am I your prisoner?"

"Because you can't get out."

Thus challenged, she easily burst her prison and standing just out of reach, cried out, "There! you said I could not get out."

But he only folded his hands on the table and said, with mocking surprise, "Oh! I don't want to keep you against your will. But please don't go away."

Without waiting for a second invitation, back she came again to prison. But instead of taking the extended hand, she seized the wrist and then the other, and bringing both his hands together, cried triumphantly, "Now then! You are the prisoner!"

He looked at the tiny fetters without attempting to escape and said quietly, "I always was and I always will be."

"My prisoner?"

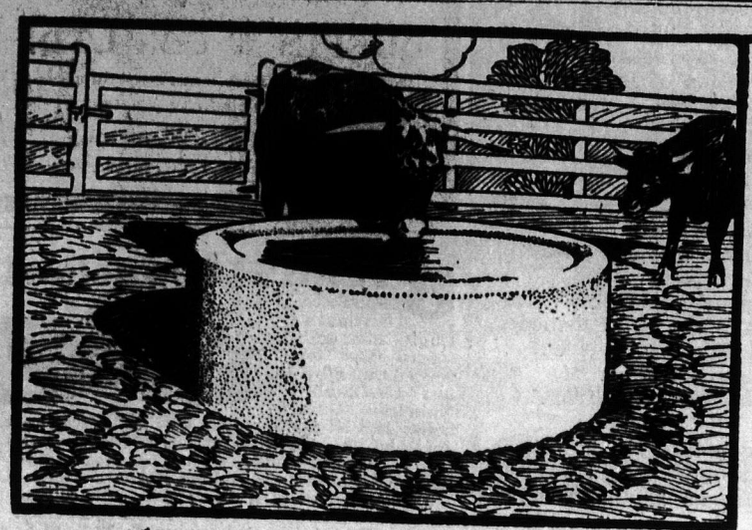
"Your willing prisoner."

There was another pause while they considered the situation together.

"We are both prisoners now, he remarked.

"No! We are both free." And she released her hold.

"Well! What shall we do?" he enquired, as he closed the idle book.



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Fence Posts	Root Cellars	Troughs
Feeding Floors	Silos	Walks
Gutters	Shelter Walls	Well Curbs

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Which? →

Deceitfulness of Covetousness.

Xavier has left on record a marvelous statement:—"I have had many people resort to me for confession. The confession of every sin that I have ever known or heard of, and of sins so foul that I never dreamed of, has been poured into my ear; but no one person has ever confessed to me the sin of covetousness." Bishop Wilmer says: "One man only has ever expressed to me the fear lest he should become covetous; and it is a suggestive fact that he was the most generous man that I have ever known. We used to talk this matter over frequently. He would say: "I have noticed that covetousness is the prevailing disease of old people; I fear it for myself as I get older; and I know of but one remedy—giving, giving, giving!"

Compact and Lucid.

"Tim" Tarsney tells a story of an Irishman in his district, a liberal contributor to the campaign fund and a strong man financially, but with little or no education. Some of the boys thought it would tickle the old man to propose him for chairman of a big political meeting, but they had no idea he would accept. He did accept, however, and on mounting the platform made the following speech:

"Gintlemen of the Convention: I congratulate yez most heartily upon the choice of yure chairman. You kin rest asshured that as long as the bulluk of the population constitutes the masses of the people there will be no danger from the privilidged few. The convention is now ready for business."

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About the Farm.

The Gardener's Ode to His Sweetheart.

Written specially for the Western Home Monthly. By E. Eager Stewart.

Your eyes are like th' wind—so blue,
Your cheeks th' tomaty red
Th' carrot in the ground that grew
Is th' color of your head,
My Hollyhock.

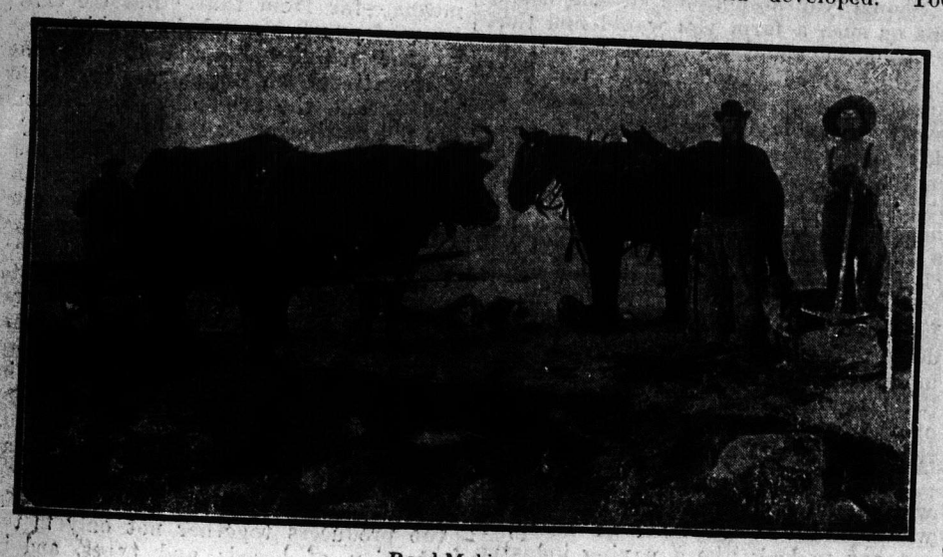
Your teeth are like th' even corn,
Barrin' th' two that's missin'.
Red peppers wet with wathery rain,—
Your lips I'd be a kissin',
My Tulips Sweet.

I like your little turnip nose,
It's of such a raddish hue.
Oh, lettuce one strong onion make,
For I'm bound to cabbage you,
My Scented Rose.

Should that lamb's quarters city chap
Ever dare to take my place,
I'll go fetch my biggest citron,
And I'll smash his pumpkin face,
Forget-me-not.

I'll feed you on th' sparrow-grass,
Cauliflower, butter beans,
New potatoes, beets, celery with
Oyster plant shall be my Queen's
Sweet Yellowglow.

Like water-cress, sweet Marjoram,
I'll keep you green all your life.
On beds of garlic you may rest,
If you'll be th' gardener's wife,
My Lily Bulb.



Road Making.

We'll raise our little Brussels sprouts
On boiled artichokes and sage.
Peas and parsnips will keep us young,
With rhubarb to help spin-age,
My Dandelione.

Maid of Savoy, let's married be.
Pray do no longer halter.
In a dress of summer savory
You'll hobble to the altar,
My Bleeding Heart.

I'll deck my cart and wash my horse,
With melon's cucumber soap,
I mint to run away with you.
You'll squash if you cant-elope
With Sweet William.

Why Canada's Output is Small.

By Joseph L. Murray, Secretary Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, Pembroke, Ont.

The very gratifying material prosperity enjoyed by the Dominion of Canada in recent years, and the stupendous development that has been witnessed in certain branches of agriculture, has to an extent resulted in relegating of certain other departments of animal husbandry to the background, and among these latter is poultrying. The farmers of the country have thereby lost to themselves individually a considerable revenue, and an industry that is national in its scope, and surely profitable, has suffered. Today there appears to be considerable of an awakening and it is to be hoped that it is permanent.

There is unquestionable authority for the assertion that Canada does not produce more than one third as much poultry in porportion to her population as the American republic does. Such a circumstance is worthy of serious attention, and when one is reminded that the poultry output of the United States has exceeded the wheat crop of that country by about nine million dollars, the importance of the poultrying is better appreciated, and the realization is brought home to us that something effective should be done to remedy poultry conditions here.

The first reason I desire to set forth in answer to the query as to why Canada's poultry output is small is that neither the Federal, nor any of the Provincial governments have paid to poultry production anything like the attention which an industry having such grand possibilities deserves. Even were the magnitude of the Canadian Poultry industry taken into consideration in its present crude and undeveloped state, twenty-five million hens capable of earning from one to two dollars each annually, ought to be worthy of more serious notice than that which is now being given to this industry in Canada.

Another reason why Canadian farmers are paying but little attention to their hens is that they have not a live and an abiding confidence in what their hens could do for them if they were properly handled and developed. Too many Canadian farmers are what is popularly termed so "land poor" that they do not seem to want to try anything in the nature of an experiment along what they consider new lines. They know about what returns may be expected from the cheese factory, or the creamery; they know about how much they can make out of their grain crops, or out of feeding a herd of beef cattle, but they do not know what they can make out of poultry products and they are afraid to experiment with them. Even farmers who are not making the money they should from their lands, or other farming operations in which they may be engaged, apparently look with disdain on poultrying. Of course, I appreciate, that if there farmers could be persuaded to work less land and work it properly, they would get along much better, but while many seem cognizant of this fact they have a certain pride in their mental makeups which prevents them from adopting such a policy. They do not wish their neighbors to think that they are coming down in the world and they continue to struggle along. They will continue to work their big fields at small returns per acre, and try to grow such crops as will make something of a showing on all their arable land. In this way they are working out the soil of their farms and gradually growing actually poorer, year after year.

Talk to a farmer thus harrassed in his farming and financial operations, about hens, and he would tell you that he knew

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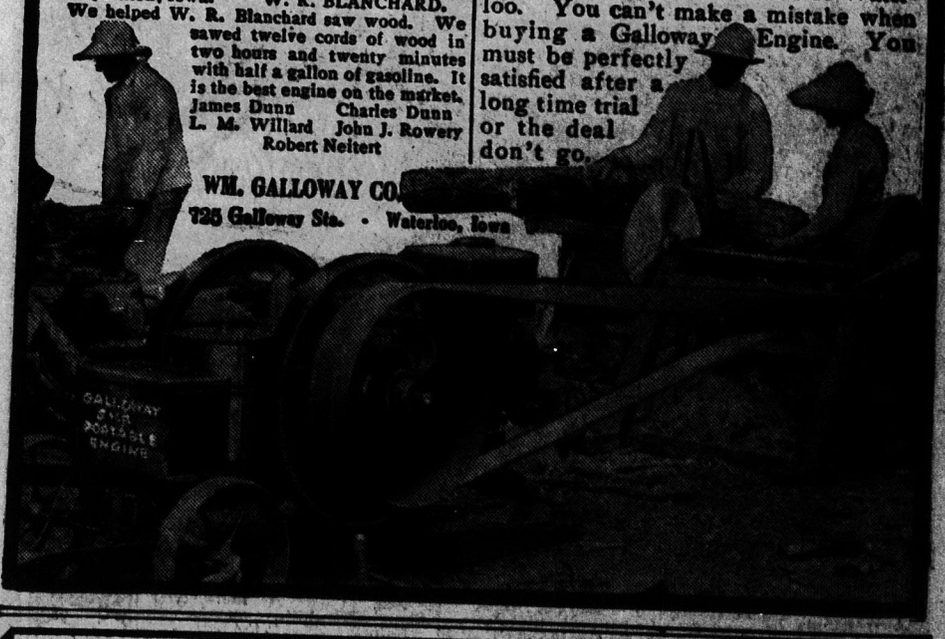

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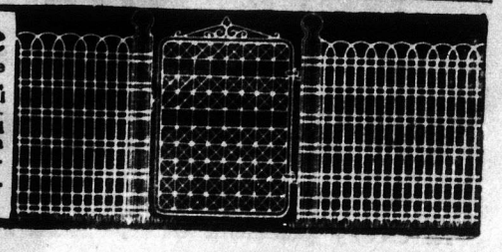

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will tell you many surprising things about incubator construction. After reading it you will understand why chicks die in the shell in many incubators—why they stay alive in the Hamilton—why all fertile eggs placed in the Hamilton hatch big, robust, lively, perfectly-formed chicks—the kind that you will be proud to exhibit to your neighbors. You should have a copy of the free booklet and study it carefully. Many experienced poultrymen have told us they were mighty glad they asked for a copy. Send for your copy to-day.

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You won't feel exhausted when you take

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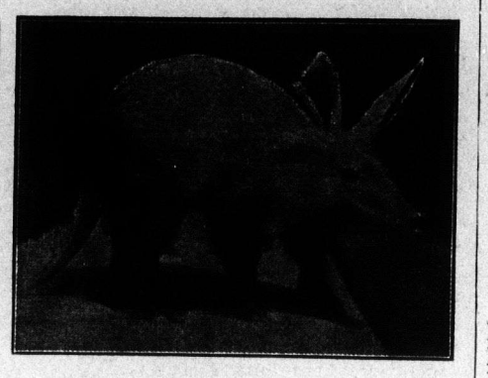
It will sustain you as nothing else will—there is strength in every particle of it. As a supper beverage it is perfect.

all about hens and that there was "nothing in them." He might truthfully tell you that he had a hundred hens on his farm, and it was about all they could do to keep his table very moderately supplied with eggs, and now and then a chicken for the Sunday or when they had visitors.

Investigate the management of his hens and you will find that they are scrubs from first to last. That the old hens were very rarely killed off for the reason that when one of the women-folk went out to catch and kill a fowl for



The Aard Vark, or Cape Ant Bear

the table, the old ones were too experienced, too wise and wary to be caught, and that in any event they would be lean and tough as compared with the chickens.

You would also find that the hens were in the habit of hiding their nests and hatching whenever they felt like it, and that the skunks, and weasels could generally beat the women-folk to the chicken-coop.

You would also find that such a farmer never thought of fattening his poultry, and that they were not fed with anything like regularity.

Should you weigh one of the chickens on such a farm you would find that it weighed about two and a half or possibly three pounds; that the hens spent about three or four weeks out of every season laying an egg every other day, and the rest of her time (except in the cold weather) clucking and fooling around trying to hatch and rear a flock of chickens from a setting of about a dozen eggs; that she had brought out eight or ten chicks originally, of which two or three lost their lives trying to follow their mother through the cold dewy grass in early mornings, as many more had been destroyed by preditory little animals, and that two or three of the whole brood had been able to reach a very attennuated maturity.

This rising chickens in a poultry flock which will not multiply faster than would the average flock of sheep, is not apt to look like a paying industry, and it is no wonder that the farmer attempting it should speedily reach the conclusion that there was "nothing in the poultry industry."

On the other hand there are farmers in Canada who are not satified with their efforts in the poultry line if every hen on the place is not making them a clear profit of from $1.75 to $2 annually Many of those who confine their hens strictly to the business of laying eggs and let the incubators and brooders do the rest of the work, carry over from year to year one hundred breeding hens and pullets and make a net profit of over $200 annually. Of course there are not a few who go into poultry raising and egg production much more extensively than this, and who secure correspondingly profitable results, but here is a small and so to speak, compact proposition which need not in any way hamper the regular and traditional occupations of the farmer, which practically gives him that much net profit after a comparatively insignificant initial outlay. Correct the wrong conditions on the farm in the producing end which are so universally existent, and Canada can hope to see within the next decade the upbuilding of her poultry industry; the existence of these wrong conditions on the farm today is one of the reasons why the poultry output of the country is so ridiculously small.

It is true that many of the most successful of Canada's present poultry raisers are operating in small suburban homes. They are making a success of the business too: but at the same time the ideal surroundings for poultry production are to be found on the farm, and not within the limited area of a suburban home. It is not desirable to keep chickens and hens on one walk year after year indefinitely. Give them a limited range for a few successive years and it becomes highly fertilized and fit for garden crops which make exceptionally severe demands upon the plant food contained in the soil; but about this time it is wise to give the poultry a new fresh walk. The chickens will grow and thrive better on comparatively new ranges; but in the small territory covered by a surburban home on the outskirts of a town or city in which property is high priced, it may be impracticable to make these much desired changes, though the problem presents no difficulties to the average farmer. It is simply a matter of rotation of crops, and his poultry ranges can be rested and renewed by growing a few rich crops of garden products on them without causing the slightest inconvenience.

Let the farmer understand that to get into poultrying right is not an expensive investment no matter from what point it may be viewed. But let him understand also that there is a right and a wrong way. Nondescript birds are not worth their feed. Standard bred healthy and vigorous parent stock are necessary. Standard bred layers will produce more eggs than a flock of scrubs, and these 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. Poultry must receive fair treatment, proper housing and regular feeding.

Now, we come to another reason, and a most important reason it is for Canada's relatively small output of poultry products, that is faulty market conditions. Not lack of demand by any means,—far from that. But the existence of market conditions which give to the middlemen, and the carrying Corporations, so much of the profit rightly due the producer. The farmers are not marketing to the best advantage. By the time the product reaches the consumer there has been a tremendous increase in its monetary value. The consumer pays the price, but the producer does not receive anything like that price. I feel that it is well within the mark to say that the dealers, the storekeepers, the buying and storing organizations, and the public carriers are getting more than one half of the money there is in the poultry business.

Such a situation cannot be righted all at once. But it can be corrected gradually and permanently and the solution is co-operation. Co-operation will bring the producers together not only in the adoption of breeds and types, and in the interchange of educative information, but primarily co-operation will enable the producers to mutually assist each other in preparing, gathering and selling their products at less expense, in better condition for better prices, and

The Sport of Skieing.

at bigger profits to themselves, and enables them to keep in touch with the market which puts a premium on quality. Co-operation will redound to the welfare of the co-operators, and to the advancement of Canadian poultrying.

If the poultry raising in Canada is to attain to the standing to which its intrinsic importance entitles it, it is not enough that the greatest care and intelligence combined with strictly up-to-date methods should be brought to the production of eggs and chickens and their preparation for the tables of the more

fastidious of consumers; but that the poultry products must be marketed honestly and intelligently, and that they must be graded with reference to their merits individually. Indeed the necessities of the situation seem to suggest the needed reform automatically. The farmers and other poultry producers who breed, feed, care for and prepare their fowl, and select their eggs for the market along the most improved lines, and who hope in the near future to build up a reputation which shall become a valuable material asset, must associate themselves in a co-operative system, binding common interests, and governed by rules as rigid and exacting as those which govern co-operative cheese factories. They must not only see that their product is all right when sent to market, but they must see that it is all right when offered to the consumer. If it is, then market conditions will have been corrected. Nothing short of this will put Canadian poultry and egg production upon a proper footing. By its adoption Canada's small poultry output will be increased and take its place among the industries of which a country may well be proud.

A Sermon in Rhyme.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother-workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go.
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver—
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until this happy end,
Your Life shall never lack a friend.

The Farmer Boy.

So much is written about the farmer boy and his distaste for farm life, and how to get him interested in the farm. Observation shows that one of the easiest, earliest ways to get a boy interested in farm work is to get him first interested in the life upon the farm—that is, chickens, calves, lambs, pigs and colts. Give him a flock of chickens as his own just as soon as he is able to care for them. Let them be bantams, or something larger, although anything small always attracts a child's notice and interest. Keep just one breed for him. Don't let him have mixed chickens. He will take greater interest if he must study the points of his pure bred chicks, and keep them up to standard by knowing them and working to that effect.

Encourage him to set special prices on his chicks, to advertise them, to early take them to the fairs about, and in his name. In this way he will learn to know there are other breeds and to want to know their differences. Even if he is given no more than some chickens as his own, and which he must be taught how to keep to themselves, this will give him an interest in knowing other life on the farm, and this interest will increase if he is given a pig, calf or lamb as his own and you insist upon his knowing of what breed it is, and consult with him as to not only its superior points over other breeds of pigs, calves and lambs, but its inferior qualities. Give a boy this taste, and if ever he goes away from the farm something will draw him back, sure.

Good Word for the English Sparrow.

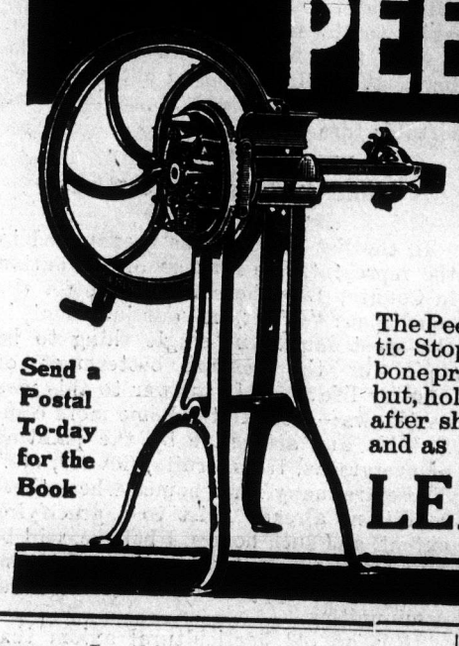
In a four-year-old poultry journal I find this statement from A. H. Swope, Ill.:—"In 1904 I used the dry hopper method of feeding chicks. As a result, this attracted the sparrows, who were always feeding at the hopper. I spent some time studying how to get rid of them. That same fall I found the insects in my orchard were less than the year before. Am using the hopper method again this year. Result: More sparrows this year than last; and the only lice I find in the orchard were on one tree, and that only a few on the tips of the branches; so it was not necessary to spray the trees this year with an emulsion. Now, while it may be that spraying the trees the previous year may be the cause of this result in part, I believe the sparrow was a great aid, and have so much faith in them that I will not let them be molested. No doubt but they may bring lice into your yards, yet the benefit you derive from them in other ways may more than offset that." Comment—While sparrows do get infested with chicken lice, and keep them going indefinitely in some poultry houses, yet not all flocks of sparrows are infested with lice, as I have found this year by examining the young birds, the nests and as many of the old ones as I can get hold of which inhabit my premises. It may be that if you keep your fowls rid of them, then the sparrows will finally get rid of them too.

Cold Storage for the Farmer.

To find out how the farmer might save money by going into the cold-storage business on his own account, the Illinois Experiment Station recently built a refrigerating house big enough to hold 2500 barrels of apples. It was of simple construction, and made as cheap as possible, its cost being $3,430. On the fifth day of October 70 tons of ice were put into the ice-box, and the temperature fell gradually to thirty-three degrees, at which point it was maintained through the winter. All of the apples kept beautifully, and the cost of storage for seven months was only 19 cents a barrel, or 31 cents less than the farmer usually pays for refrigerating his apple crop.

The fruit was examined from time to time, and hardly a bad apple was found. There was no withering, and no appearance of "scald," that dreaded enemy of

PEERLESS GREEN BONE CUTTER



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and Almanac for 1911 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about Incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 969. Freeport, Ill.

the apple grower. All of the apples remained in perfect condition. Taking into view the saving to the producer, it was reckoned that such a building would pay for itself in five years.

Accordingly, it is recommended that farmers build their own cold-storage houses, combining for the purpose when desirable. Not only will they save money directly, but the selling period will be greatly prolonged. The fruit can go from the tree immediately into storage, and be cooled to the degree requisite to arrest the ripening process. Furthermore, it can be stored in temporary packages, the final grading and packing being deferred until the hurry of the picking season is over.

The Station tried the experiment of insulating a cellar for cold storage purposes, cooling it with ice in the early part of the season, and depending later upon the natural temperature .This was not a success. It was found that the earth was too good a conductor of heat and cold, and that fluctuations of temperature in the later season were too great.

The conclusion drawn is that commercial growers, for communities in which considerable quantities of fruit are grown, cannot do better than to erect cold-storage houses cooled with ice.

The Incubated Chick.

I'm not a little orphan, sir,
But I am just as sad,
A-peakin' and a-pippen for
The love I never had;
One touch of human sympathy
Would melt my poultry natur',
But I refrain from hope so vain,
For ma's an incubator.

When first I burst my parent shell—
How hideous the dream!—
No "Cluck, cluck!" fond love to tell,
No sound, alas, but—steam!
I felt in vain for sheltering wings
Within that boiler crater,
And then in sooth, the horrid truth—
Ma was an incubator!

—Farm and Home.

Poultry Items.

Four good reasons why feed should be given dry are—First, fowls are kept in a more healthy condition; second, eggs of better fertility; third, dry feed is preferred by the fowls; and fourth, it saves labor.

The removal of nesting material and refilling with clean dry nesting is a great help in keeping down the lice.

One of the most difficult things for a beginner in poultry raising to learn is to cull closely, and there are others besides the beginners that need to practise this necessary thing.

A film of kerosene over the drinking water will prevent one chick's catching disease from another; also, it will cure slight colds; an easy preventive, and no possible harm in it.

There is no gold mine nor get-rich-quick scheme in the poultry yard, but if you will practise these four words, cleanliness, punctuality, perseverance and care, you will receive a good profit from the poultry.

There is nothing better than poultry manure for most garden crops. Don't allow to go to waste this valuable soil renewer, and then buy fertilizer.

A Good Whitewash.

The importance of whitewashing stables where dairy cows are kept is conceded by all. The following formula for whitewash is recommended by the United States Government. A pint of this mixture is said to cover a square yard if it is properly applied. It is said to be serviceable for wood, brick and stone. Take one half-bushel of unslacked lime; slack it with boiling water. Cover during the process to keep in the steam, strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer, and add to it a piece of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of rice boiled to a thin paste, and stir in while hot half a pound of Spanish whiting and one pound of glue previously dissolved by soaking in cold water and then hanging over the fire in a small pot hung in a larger one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well, and let it stand for a few days, covered from the dirt. It should be applied hot, for which purpose it can be kept in an improved portable furnace.

Make the Home Attractive.

In the list of questions propounded to the representative farmers of the nation in Country Life there is this one for the conclusion: "What, in your judgment, is the most important single thing to be done for the general betterment of country life?" My answer to this was as follows:—"Make the home more comfortable and attractive by the planting of evergreens, trees, fruits, flowers, etc." There are many farm homes where these conditions already exist to a gratifying extent, and such homes, I believe, will be found to contain by far the most contented and happy families of the rural communities.

It is an old horticultural axiom that "trees, fruits and flowers make happy homes." There must be, of course, other things to go with this. But where the substantial things of life are first provided, such as good buildings, a good outlook, good food, and good clothing, then the "finishing touches" of a home should be in making the house itself and the general surroundings beautiful.

True, there are many people who cannot appreciate beauty in its real estimate of value, but I imagine there are none of our respectable tillers of the soil but that would choose a home made attractive by horticultural surroundings in preference to the home that is bare of such adornments. The crowning glory of any real home is in the spirit of love and devotion to one another that rules within the life of each occupant.

The outside adornment of the home should, and does naturally, go with the true home spirit. The young people of our day are being educated along the lines of ornamenting and improving the home, and I believe the time is not far away when we will see a marked advance towards making our homes outwardly beautiful as well as comfortable. There are some simple things that can and should be be done about the home, such as the cleaning up of the rubbish and weedy corners that are so common, and the fixing up of fences, including the repair and painting of farm buildings. One scarcely realizes how much these small things do towards making a farm home tidy and attractive. Then "clean up and fix up" may be a good motto for beginners in this work of home adornment.

Sugar Cured Pork.

This recipe has been used for years in Virginia, and is thoroughly reliable.

To sugar-cure hams and shoulders:—for every 80 pounds of ham or shoulders use 3 ounces saltpeter, 7 ounces brown sugar, 1 pint fine salt. Mix all three thoroughly and rub on outside of meat same day it is butchered. Lay meat on inclined surface for 24 hours to drain, where it cannot freeze. Then rub 2 quarts of salt on the 80 pounds; let it lie for 14 days on inclined surface, so that melting brine will not stand on meat. Hang up and dry or smoke, then pack for the summer. A broad board or swinging shelf in the cellar, with one end raised, and a tub or bucket to catch the drip, is the best place to keep the meat in the north; in this climate it will not freeze in the smoke house. Perhaps as good a way as any to keep it over the summer is to put each piece in a flour sack or a bag made for the purpose, and stuff all around the meat carefully with clean hay or straw, so that the meat in no place touches the bag. This will keep any inquisitive fly from reaching the meat, and also supplies ventilation and prevents molding.

Sugar-cured bacon can be prepared in the same way as hams and shoulders by using about 90 pounds of side meat, cut in strips, for the same amount of saltpeter, sugar and salt. Bacon prepared in this way is superior to the expensive sugar-cured breakfast bacon on the market.

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Mr. M. C. Weightwran, Meubeith, Man., writes April 8, 1907, "I have used Absorbine with good success on soft swellings."

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is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't imitate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

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describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists
53 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

Correspondence.

Hurry Up, Girls!

Winnipeg.

Sir,—Having been a reader of your valuable paper for some time, I think it is fine, especially the Correspondence Column. Would very much like to join. Well, here's for a description:—Am 5 feet 11 inches, weight 165 lbs., age 20, fair complexion, total abstainer and non-smoker. Do not go around with a long face. Go in for all kinds of amusement, viz., dancing, playing cards, etc. Now, if any young ladies would like to correspond with me, would answer all letters per return. Now, then, girls, hurry up.

"Rhoderick Dhu."

Freckles is Lively.

Edmonton, Alta.

Sir,—It isn't 'cause I'm lonely—like many others—that I'm writing, but just that I love getting letters. Of course, I would much rather receive than write them, but any I receive I will answer promptly.

I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly ever since I can remember, and I do enjoy the Correspondence Columns. I would awfully like to hear from "Bob-o-link." He is about my style; or "Globe Trotter"—he doesn't seem to sympathize with those so-called "lonely bachelors," and I don't neither, 'cause they can surely get out and have a good time; but the girls do deserve pity. I must hustle and describe myself now. Well, I am dark. I have dark-brown hair and brown eyes, and a few freckles that worry the life out of me. I am twenty years old, and not very tall—only 5 feet 1½ inches—and weigh 127 lbs. I am very fond of both roller and ice skating, and simply crazy about dancing. I am very fond of housework, and help mother, besides studying for my senior university course in music (piano). I am also very much interested in vocal, but I am by no means a "Melba," whom I have just heard.

I wrote to you once before, but my letter was never published. Of course, I was a little disappointed. I do hope this letter will bring me an answer from some nice bachelor, not over twenty-five years of age.

Thanking you for the space I hope you will allow me, I am,

"Freckles."

Mountain Tough is a Dandy."

Manitoba.

Sir,—Having been a subscriber and interested reader of your valuable paper, especially the Correspondence Columns, at last I decided to write a short letter myself and join the jolly crowd. Now I will give a description of myself, just to give you a slight idea of what I am like. A bachelor of 22 summers, black hair and brown eyes, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weigh 175 pounds after a good meal. As for looks, I will pass in a crowd with a swift kick. Am also a total abstainer of all intoxicating drinks—the strongest I take is black tea; do not chew nor swear, but enjoy a good smoke occasionally. I am very fond of dancing, playing cards, and music, and can play a little myself. I was up West last spring, and got half a section of land homestead and a pre-emption, and expect going up next spring, so I will soon be up there in that dismal country with the rest of the bachelors. Now, girls, don't you think I am a dandy? So hurry up and write, as I am a little shy to start first. Hoping this will escape the waste-paper basket, I will close, wishing the Western Home Monthly every success. I will sign myself,

"Mountain Tough."

Who Will Write to Curly?

Yellow Grass.

Sir,—Having been an interested reader of the W. H. M. for some months, and enjoy reading the letters in the Correspondence Column very much. I am about twenty-two years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, weigh 130 lbs., have black curly hair, blue eyes and a light complexion. As for business, I am a farmer, owning 320 acres of land within 8 miles of a railroad. Would delight to correspond with the fair sex, those about my own age, if they will write. Hoping to see this in print, I sign, "Curly."

A Long Letter from England.

43 Ditchling Rise,
Brighton, Sussex, England.
October 20th, 1910.

I am an old subscriber to your paper—1900-1908. My husband died at Hillcrest, near Calgary, Alta, a year ago last May, and I brought my two babies to England as I was afraid to face the winter alone out there. I have no home, but I am spending the whole of my small income of £2 on board, rooms, washing and clothing for myself and two children. I have bought a double pram., high chair, two collapsible cots and mattresses and blankets for the children since I have been in Brighton, and I think I have done pretty well. But it is a lonesome life. If I had a little home and companionship of a good husband I should be happy. Could do all the housework and save washing bill, but as I am not strong (having roughed it very hard for eight years in the North West), I should get a little maid to help me and pay this myself. All I need is someone to feed me and pay the rent. I could clothe myself and two children, and educate same on my money. Both children are provided for on attaining age of 21, but I shall make them earn their own living, and they are not to know they have anything coming to them, then they will know the value of money. I did not keep a maid all the eight years I was in Canada, but I worked like a nigger. My constitution is broken up, so I can't do heavy housework any longer, although I am perfectly healthy and free from disease of any sort; so are the children. One thing, I know the laws of sanitation and know how to keep healthy. My childrens' ages are three years and one year and nine months respectively. I enclose photo of little girl and will forward one of the boy's later on, should I hear from you. I don't want you to put this long letter in your paper, but I should like to correspond with that Englishman who writes from Calgary. Mrs. Sarah Henderson, of 412 6th Avenue, West, will give any information about me should he require it.

Widow, 42, two children (two and three years), seeks companionship and home with some one about same age. Widow has an income of £2 weekly, but is spending the whole of this in laundry, board, rooms, food for baby, and clothes for self and children. Has bought two cots with bedding, double pram., high chair (two positions), but has no money saved. Children have £2,600 each on attaining age of 21. Am domesticated, and have been eight years in Canada. Is there a gentleman willing to rent a farm in England. I will put my £2 weekly for two years into the farm to buy stock, and we could buy our own poultry, etc., keep a few cows and pigs and a horse and cart to take the milk to station. I could not pay my fare to Canada, and it is very expensive living there.

"Joan."

Would Make a Good Farmer's Wife.

Hopewell Hill, N.B., Oct. 12, 1910.

Sir,—Having read the letters in the correspondence columns with great interest, I thought I would write a letter.

First, I will describe myself: I have light brown hair, fair complexion, eyes as blue as the violets, and cheeks as pink as the roses. I am 5 ft. 2⅛ in. tall, and weigh 117 lbs. As for my age, well, I am neither too old nor yet too young. I am a most experienced housekeeper, can work to perfection, can sew even to sewing on bachelors' buttons, and as for doing chores outside, I can do anything you can mention, even to milking "kicking cows." So I think I would make a good farmer's wife all right.

I am glad "Old Black Joe," Sept. issue, does not drink, smoke nor chew. I find most of the gentlemen I know either smoke or chew, and sometimes both, and quite often take a little liquor on the sly. It must be very lonely for him to live alone, but still I think it is a good thing for all young men to live alone for a while, and then, when they do get a

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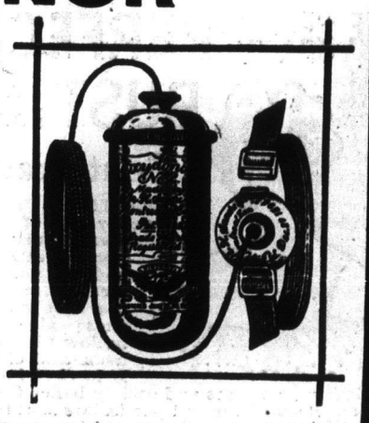

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Yours truly. B E. SPARHAM.

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Secret, harmless formula that removed it beautifully from my face three years ago—no return—mailed on request. Address: ALICE SMITH, 2908½ Richmond Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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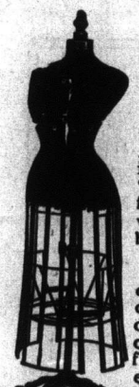
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for $1.00, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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wife, they will know how to appreciate her. So cheer up, "Old Black Joe." I am like "Curiosity," I don't know how anyone can drink rags. They might chew or eat them, but when it comes to drinking them that is too much for me, unless they boil them and drink the broth. But we have something far more wholesome than that to drink down here. Hoping to see this letter in print, I will stop scribbling. I will sign myself "Blue Eyed Violet."

Countryfied is Lonely.

Dear Sir,—As I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for some time, and have got especially interested in the correspondence columns, I thought I would write a letter, hoping it would appear on that page. To begin with, I live in a very quiet village, and have been working for seven years on my late father's farm, and have had very few friends except some near home. Therefore, I write this letter, hoping someone will kindly write to me. I will be pleased to answer. I suppose the fairer sex would like to know what kind of clod-hopper they are writing to, and so I will tell them. I am 25 years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. high, and weigh 170 lbs., have black hair, dark eyes, and as for looks, I would rather not tell the public; but if anyone desires to know I will gladly send photo. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign myself "Countryfied."

An English Reader.

London, England.

Sir,—Although not a subscriber, I receive a copy of your paper every month, and should like to join your Western circle. I thought I would like to write a letter to your correspondence column, which I hope to see in print. I am a London girl, in business, age 21 years, tall and fair. I should like to hear from a few nice boys in Western Canada about same age, who care to write, and will answer all letters received. As this is my first letter, I think I will close. Wishing your paper every success "An English Maiden."

Blue Eyes Likes Farm Life.

Sir,—As my brother is a subscriber to your splendid paper I thought I would write a few lines. I am a P. E. Islander, and came out West two years ago. I am an interested reader of your paper. I think the correspondence page is very interesting and would like to join your happy circle. I live on a farm with my parents, and think it is fine and far healthier than living in a city. I love farm life, and can do almost all kinds of housework. I also can milk and do other little things outside, such as tend the chickens, pigs and so forth. I think, like "Red Wing," that a woman should not be a drudge, but should help her husband whenever possible. I am 29 years of age, height 5 ft. 8 in., weight 138 lbs., black hair and blue eyes. I am very fond of reading and flowers, also music. If anyone would like to write or exchange postcards I will, be pleased to do so. I will close, wishing the W.H.M. success. "Blue Eyes."

What Girl Will Take Pity.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for over two years, and I think it is a splendid magazine for everybody. I find it very amusing to read the letters in the correspondence column. I am a bachelor and a farmer, and feel rather lonely at times, especially when there isn't a girl about. I am also a steam engineer, and I take a turn on the traction engine every fall, but that does not last long, and I come back to the lonely old farm again. As to women's rights, I am not in favor of a woman trudging around the barn all the time, for I think she is quite out of place and should be in the house looking after things there. However, if the husband is away, and no men around, I think a woman should stand to throw the animals a little feed and milk the cows, and look after things in general, but everything should be left in good shape.

I am 22 years old, 5 ft. 10 in. tall, and weigh 160 lbs.: have light brown hair, brown eyes, and am of a fair complexion I will answer any letters that may be written to me. Hoping to hear from some nice young girls and wishing the W.H.M. a prosperous future, I will sign myself as "The Ideal Boy."

A Sympathizer from the East.

Old Ontario.

Sir,—We have been taking the W.H.M. for many moons, and each member of the family is always asking of some of the rest, "Where's that last Winnipeg paper?" I particularly like the correspondence columns. I should like to exchange letters with some of those lonely bachelors in the West, and by so doing cheer their winter evenings and incidentally gain some information and amusement for myself. I will not give a description of myself, but never mind, boys, you may never see me, and my looks will not affect my letters. I would like to hear from "Ole Black Joe." I will sign myself "Dinah."

Viola has Decided Tastes.

Ontario.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time, and think it very helpful. I like to read the correspondence column very much. Some of the letters are very interesting and sensible, while others are silly. I am a Canadian, and was raised on a farm, but I prefer the city as the country is very dull at some seasons. I am 17, and weigh 128 lbs.; I have brown eyes and dark brown hair; I am a lover of music and can play the organ or piano. I also like sports, such as dancing, skating, and enjoy watching a game of baseball. I am not on the matrimonial list, but would like to correspond with some of the nice jolly bachelors, who seem so lonesome. When I marry, I don't want someone I have never seen or a man who is stingy, and would never mind a man smoking a pipe; some girls chew gum, which is worse. I would like to hear from "Minnesota Boy." I am a brunette so don't be afraid to write. This is not Leap year, so the boys must write first. My letter is longer than I intended so I will now close, wishing the W.H.M. success. I will sign myself "Viola."

Kiddie's Second Letter.

Ogilvie, Man.

Sir,—This is my second attempt. The last time I wrote I guess the basket was hungry. The rule seems that you must describe yourself. I am 5 ft. 6in. tall, weight 130 lbs., have grey eyes and fair hair. Do not chew, smoke, or drink. I intend to get a homestead next year. I would like either sex to write me and I will answer all letters promptly. I will stop now, wishing the W.H.M. every success. Hoping I have not intruded too much on your valuable time, I sign myself "Kiddie."

Look Sharp, Girls.

Carnduff, Sask.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time, and think the correspondence column the "best ever." I am a native of the United States, Scotch-Irish descent, have brown eyes and hair, height 5 ft. 5 in., 26 years old, and weigh 138 lbs. Am owner of 320 acres of fine land in the States, and free from debt. Am very fond of music, dancing, and all athletic sports, and am considered a good violinist. Would like to correspond with any lady under 25 years for pastime and results. Will exchange post cards with anyone. "Shorty Mac."

A Musical Reader.

Alta.

Respected Sir.—I am just through reading the W.H.M. and I think it is fine. I am certainly going to be a subscriber to this paper if there is any chance. Now, about smoking. I hope the girl whoever I am lucky enough to call wife will allow me that one habit. Well, dear girls, my height is 5 ft. 8 in., my weight 140 lbs. I have very, very blue eyes, and very light hair indeed. My age is 27, take No. 5 in shoes. I am a first tenor singer, in fact, I can sing in four different voices. I can imitate violin, bagpipe, mandoline, cornet. I have won 24 first prizes with singing in competitions, [illegible]

When the Stomach Stops

Working Properly, Because There is Wind In It, Use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets To Set It Going Again.

A Trial Package Free

The doctors call it flatulency, but unprofessional folks know it as "wind on the stomach," and a most distressing state of things it is. It is a serious condition of this great motor organ. Always annoying and painful in the extreme, at times often leading to bad and fatal results. The stomach embarrassed and hampered with wind, cannot take care of its food properly and indigestion follows, and this has a train too appalling to enumerate. The entire system is implicated—made an active or passive factor in this trouble and life soon becomes a questionable boon.

All this is explained in doctor books; how undigested food causes gases by fermentation and fomentation in which process some essential fluids are destroyed—burnt up—wasted by chemical action, followed by defective nutrition and the distribution through the alimentary tract of chemically wrong elements, and as a consequence the stomach and entire system is starved. Plenty of food, you see, but spoilt in preparation and worse than worthless.

A deranged stomach is the epitome of evil; nothing too bad to emanate from it, but the gas it generates is probably its worst primary effect and the only way to do away with this is to remove the cause. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the root of this trouble. They attack the gas-making foods and render them harmless. Flatulency or wind on the stomach simply cannot exist where these powerful and wonder working little tablets are in evidence.

They were made for this very purpose to attack the gas making foods and convert them into proper nutriment. This is their province and office. A whole book could be written about them and then not all told that might be told with profit to sufferers from this painful disease, dyspepsia. It would mention the years of patient and expensive experiment in effort to arrive at this result—of failures innumerable and at last success. It would make mention of the different stomach correctives that enter into this tablet and make it faithfully represent all.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are not alone intended for the sick, but well folks as well; for the person who craves hearty foods and wants to eat heartily and run no risk of bad effects, they act like a charm and make eating and digestion a delight and pleasure. They keep the stomach active and energetic and able and willing to do extra work without special labor or effort. Don't forget this. Well people are often neglected, but the Stuart Dyspepsia Tablets have them in mind.

A free trial package will be sent any one who wants to know just what they are, how they look and taste, before beginning treatment with them. After this go to the drug store for them; everywhere, here or at home, they are 50 cents a box and by getting them at home you will save time and postage. Your doctor will prescribe them; they say there are 40,000 doctors using them, but when you know what is the matter with yourself, why go to the expense of a prescription? For free trial package address F. A. Stuart Co., 206 Stuart Building, Marshall, Michigan.

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Contracted a Heavy Cold.

It Became a Lung Splitting Cough.

Mr. J. H. Richards, 1852 Second Ave. East, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "Allow me to write a few lines in praise of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last fall I contracted a heavy cold which left me with a hacking cough and every time I would get a little more cold this hacking cough would become a lung splitting one. It kept on getting worse and I kept on spending money buying different cough remedies until a friend asked me if I had ever tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I told him I was willing to try anything I thought would cure, and on the same day bought two bottles. Before half the first one was used my cough began to get much easier, and by the time I had used a bottle and a half my cough was gone. I am keeping the other half bottle in case it should come again, but I am sure I have a positive cure. Let me recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to all who suffer from a cough or throat irritation of any kind."

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it

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Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

It's often a little thing that puts a deranged digestive system right — if taken in time.

25c and 60c.

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64

of them in Canada. My trade is house and church decorating, paperhanging, etc. I always have steady work, because I work for myself. Now, girls, if you want a good musical man, I should like to correspond with the "Irish Colleen," or a letter from "Buttercup." I should certainly like to see this letter, dear Mr. Editor, in the W.H.M. Hoping your paper will have heaps of success, I remain, yours sincerely,

"The Nightingale."

Archibald, Please Take Note.

Should "Archibald" see this, will he please send his address to Box P, Lethbridge, Alberta.

Home, Sweet Home.

Wadena, Sask.

Sir,—As I have been an interested reader of the Western Home Monthly for nearly two years, I think it a splendid paper, and should be in every home. I find the correspondence column very interesting, and as I have been baching for nearly three years, I thought I would fall in line with the rest, and get acquainted with some of the readers. I am a Canadian, and am 5 ft. 8 in. tall, weight 150 lbs., and have light hair and blue eyes. As far as good looks goes I guess I will pass. So, girls, don't be shy, as I will not ask my wife when I get one to milk cows and do chores, unless I happen to be away. I have a section of land in Saskatchewan, and have a fine house all ready for the missus to step into. Well, I will close and not take up too much of your valuable paper.

"Happy Go Lucky."

Wishes Correspondents of Either Sex.

Macoun, Sask.

Dear Sir,—Here I am once again trying to squeeze out a small portion of your valuable space. Well, I won't bother giving a description of myself this time. Would like a few more correspondents of either sex. I will now close, wishing the W.H.M. every possible success, and will sign myself

"White Rose."

Agricola Expresses His Views.

Sask.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some time and I enjoy it very much. I consider it one of the leading magazines of the day. I enjoy reading "The Young Man' Problem." The stories are good, but the temperance talks do not come often enough, especially from our lady correspondents. Why do young men smoke, drink and gamble? First, because some companion has treated them some time and assured them that it would not hurt; sure, the first one seldom does, but you generally cultivate a taste, then look out for the harm after. Second, because they lack the courage and self-will to say "no." Banish the treating system and the bar will soon go. Third, because the young ladies of today (generally speaking) rather admire the jolly, sporty young man, and don't object to his smoking a cigar and gambling a little while in their company. The young men are just what the young ladies make them. If the ladies would raise the standard of manhood to a level with the standard of womanhood and stick to it, they would do a greater and mightier good than going to the polls to vote. I liked the letters written by "Modesty's Purest Gem" and the "Bear." They express my sentiments exactly. Wherefore describe oneself? Even photos flatter sometimes. Well, here I am a farmer, with an agricultural education, am old enough to vote, fair blue eyes, 5 ft. 11 in., weigh 185 lbs., temperate in everything. Enjoy all good clean sport. My favorite enjoyment is travelling, and when means and a suitable travelling companion become my own I expect to indulge. I would enjoy a letter from any young lady who cares to write, especially "Pa's Daughter," of Moose Jaw, and "Margaret," of Winnipeg. It's really a young man's place to write first, but I am a very busy fellow and I may not write to some that would wish it, so will show the ladies no preference at present. I will close, trusting that I haven't taken up too much of your space. Thanking you in advance, and wishing you every success with the W.H.M., I will sign myself "Agricola."

Attention! Scotchmen.

Blairgowrie, Scotland.

Dear Sir,—I have just read the correspondence column of your interesting paper, which I get from a friend. I should so like to exchange letters with any of your correspondents. I want to know all about Canada, as I intend coming out to Winnipeg or Toronto to start a dressmaking business. I am Scotch, as you will see by above address, and am quite proud of the fact that one of my ancestors fought for the freedom of Canada. I suppose I ought to describe myself. Well, to begin with, I don't know what height I am as I have never had time to be measured. My weight is 112 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, good complexion, aged 24 years. I have no accomplishments to speak of, unless that I can work very hard, and I consider myself a first-class dressmaker—at least, my customers say so—and may add that I am very fond of books—and frocks. I should be so pleased if any of your city readers would find time to write me regarding dressmaking in Canada. I have a splendid business here, but two of my brothers are going out West, and as both my parents are dead, we (my sister and I) see no reason why we should not come out too. I shall sign myself

"Perthshire Lassie."

A Handy B.C. Lassie.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your much valued paper for a year, but have never before found courage to write to the correspondence column. I am a farmer's daughter, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, dark brown hair and blue eyes, and weigh 121 lbs. I am a good housekeeper and a good cook, and can do outside chores in a pinch. I feel sorry for some of the poor bachelors who write such lonesome letters, and would like to correspond with "Laughing Joe," of July number, and also 'Australian Brown," of Sept. number, if they will write first. I am not on the matrimonial list, but would gladly answer any letters. I will close wishing the W.H.M. the very best of success. I will sign myself "A Daisy."

Don't all Speak at Once, Girls.

Southern Alberta.

Sir,—Have been a subscriber for over a year to the W.H.M., and always found it a very interesting paper in every particular, especially the correspondence column. I would have written sooner, only I am a little backward in coming forward. Anyway, I have put it off until now, but will make a brave attempt for once. I am one of those despised old bachelors we hear so much about, and I live on a farm near the foot-hills of the Rockies, in Sunny Alberta, and I like it very well. I came to Manitoba from Old Ontario, and lived there for some time, and from there to here, but think I like this country a little the best as one can always take a good view of the mountains and the foot-hills. The country here is very rolling and the view is always changing, so that a person does not tire of it as quickly as one does of the bleak prairie. Well, I will not attempt too long a letter this time, but will say that I enjoy reading the most of the boys' and girls' letters, but some I do not care for, as some of the men seem to want a wife and hired woman all in one. I think this kind had better inquire at an employment agents; and some of the ladies want a man who has not any faults, which no doubt would be very nice, but, methinks, they would be hard to find. As for myself, I have a good many faults, and bad ones too, but I think I have a few good ones, only they are hard to find sometimes. I do not think I should describe myself, especially my looks, as my own mother found that required some nerve, but will say that I am under thirty; and if I ever happen to get the better half I would like to consider her as my dearest companion, and treat her as such as far as it lay in my power to do so. I do not like to see a man treat his wife as a money-making machine nor yet as a doll, but each to help the other, so as to have a happy home.

I should be pleased to hear from any one who cares to write, and will gladly answer all letters.

Wishing your paper every success,

Bunchgrass.

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Simple as it is, it gives almost instant relief and usually stops the most obstinate cough in 24 hours. This is partly due to the fact that it is slightly laxative, stimulates the appetite and has an excellent tonic effect. It is pleasant to take—children like it. An excellent remedy, too, for whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, throat troubles, etc.

Mix 2 cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bottle and add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

Pine is one of the oldest and best known remedial agents for the throat membranes. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guiaicol and all the other natural healing elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The prompt results from this recipe have endeared it to thousands of housewives in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

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We are giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full size package of our world-famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about these diseases and how they can be successfully treated, with which you'll understand your own case fully—BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Asthma, Stomach Trouble (oft-n caused by Weak Heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side, or Shoulder-Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak, run-down condition.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself,"—and some day, all of a sudden, they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read and hear of every day.

Six out of every ten persons have Heart Trouble! Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys, or Female Organs when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's crippling these other organs.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, write us today for this full free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, postpaid, and there will be

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for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample" but a generous, genuine, full-size treatment. No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment! It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Trouble, many of which were thought hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

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Do you have numb spells?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
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Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
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I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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What is Love?

Rouleau, Sask.

Sir,—Being an ardent reader of your instructive paper, in which I find so much that elevates and smooths the mind, I fain would write a few of my opinions on that much discussed subject "Love." I consider "Contented as a Bach." wrote a very sensible letter; all praise to him, I say. I quite agree with him in saying that life without love is not worth living, and there are hundreds of thousands all over the world who can say the same. For instance, just imagine a world devoid of love. What would be the use of striving after better things? Where would be the glory in battle, were it not for the love of country? or the good of sacrifices which are made every day for the sake of a mother or other members of the family? Love is the very essence of our being, implanted in the heart of each one of us from God, whom, we are taught, is Love. There are many kinds of love—the most sacred being that of a mother for her child, which is most unselfish and God-like. Then there is the love of a true friend, which when won is priceless. What is there more precious than the love of a friend who stands by one through thick and thin, who will, if need be, lay down his life for his friend? A love that has been put to every test. The love of a true friend is rare, and, when once possessed, to be retained, for one rarely experiences it twice in life. And then there comes the great love of one's life, when one meets one's twin soul. On this subject there is much diversity of opinion. Some claim that it comes but once in life, others say that it can be experienced twice. Be that as it may. I decline to give my opinion. But of this I am assured, that when this love does enter into one's life, everything is changed, one's daily toil is lightened by the fact, the world looks brighter, and one's very thoughts are enshrined by its radiant glow. In fact, one's whole life is changed. There are two specimens of this love, both of which are real according to the individual. There is love as a passion and love as a principle. The former appeals to the physical nature in its various forms. But the latter is inspired by a higher motive. I can describe it best by comparing it to a mother's love for her child, which is pure, unselfish and God-like. Such a love will live on through eternity. It is stronger than time, stronger than prisons, stronger than sorrow, stronger than shame; it is stronger even than death. Many waters cannot quench it, even waters of salt tears, and no floods of affliction can drown it. Love is immortal and knows nothing of age or death. Such a love has come to me late in life—I being past 30 years of age—but it was worth waiting for. So do not be in too great a hurry, my fellow readers, to enter the bonds of matrimony. Find one who will be a companion and friend as well as lover, and when found, value him or her at their true worth, for their price is above rubies.

I have taken up more of your valuable time than I first intended, Mr. Editor, but my subject carries my thoughts away into the land of enchantment. I am an Englishwoman, and have travelled a great deal in the Old Land, and have had many opportunities of observing people in their homes, and my experience has ever been that where love reigned the household was a happy one in spite of trouble and sorrow, which is the lot of everyone. My path in life has been rough—terribly rough at times. I have known what it is to be absolutely friendless, and have also known the pangs of hunger. But God is good to those who trust Him, and He never entirely forsakes us. He has given me many good friends, and now, since I came to this country eighteen months ago, He has given me the greatest treasure in life, the love of a good and noble man.

Do not be discouraged, dear readers, but look ever onward and upward. Look for the good in life. Do not only let a little sunshine into your hearts, but let a little out, and you will have your reward.

"Grateful."

Successful Correspondence Marriages.

Victoria, B.C.

Sir,—I have read with interest the various letters on matrimony appearing from time to time in your paper. May I tell you of three "Correspondence Marriages" that have come under my notice.

As a young girl, I lived in a wild, unsettled country where women were very scarce. (They are yet). Two young men, whose farms joined that of my father secured wives through the medium of just such a publication as your own. Fifteen years of married life shows them—both couples—prosperous, respected citizens, seemingly neither more nor less happy than the great majority of people. The rude cabins of the one-time bachelor have given way to comfortable homes, beautified in the hundred and one ways that women know. Sturdy children play about the door yard. Roses bloom in sunny places. What were the women like? you ask. Just sweet and good, both of them. Their coming among us was a benefit to all concerned. The third marriage—I wish I might tell that as it deserves to be told. She was a widow soon after I first met her. The first marriage came about in the usual way, but alas! the soldier-husband drank. None but we who know her can appreciate the splendid courage of that little wife and mother, but in spite of all her work, things grew steadily worse until it seemed that poverty could go no further.

One stormy day the husband attempted to cross the harbor. Intoxicated, as usual, he failed to see the coming squall, and in an instant his overturned boat lay on the waves. Next day the long waves laid an inert body on the sand. Did the wife grieve? Of course; but tears must soon be dried when four tiny children must be cared for. A mere hut to live in, a few acres of barren hill-side, and the quarterly allowance of a soldier's pension. Very little, you say. Very little indeed, but it accomplished wonders in her capable hands.

Five years passed. A comfortable house replaced the old cabin. Cows, a horse, and chickens helped pay the cost of living. A small garden spot had been cleared, and there grew a variety of vegetables and small fruits which found ready market. The oldest girl married at sixteen. Two boys and she who was a baby in arms at the time of her father's death, were attending the district school. Now, this little woman is forty-five years young—not old, mind you. One day a little note was delivered to me. "Dear Bess," it ran, "I am expecting company on the 3.30 boat this afternoon. Will you come down to tea?" I went. There I met Mr. ——, a quiet man, perhaps fifty years old. His gray eyes were steady and kindly. Over the teacups he told us tales of sheep-ranching in Arizona, with many an episode of camp and trail. His deep voice was pleasant, and he talked well. Before any of us realized it, the clock struck eleven, and my friend's engaging guest took his leave. As we came back to the living room, I turned down the lamp, stirred the open fire into a blaze, then, as in my childhood days, slipped down beside the fire, my head against her knee, and waited. She had been very lonely. The boys needed a man's hand. Seeing his name in a "correspondence circle," she had written. His answer came promptly. It had been going on for nearly a year, when he begged to see the writer. He was alone in the world, but well known where he lived. Five of the best known men in the section would vouch for him. There were ten thousand dollars at his banker's, and sheep-farming was not unprofitable. They had decided before I came that he should stay a month. Did I like him? I certainly did. A month later they were married. Mr. —— wisely decided that he could not live on his wife's property. He said, too, that his own was too far away from schools and kindred benefits for "our children," as he soon called them. She was to keep her bit of property. He sold his, made a will leaving all he possessed to his wife and her children, and then they all went away to begin life anew in a thriving western town. The boys, who used to be the terror of the neighborhood, are now the best of lads. Little Doris is very fond of the grave, kind man she calls "Dad." Altogether it is the very happiest marriage I ever knew.

Now, this letter is true, every word. I know there is danger in marriages ar-

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Headaches effect all ages and both sexes alike, but the female sex is naturally the more effected through the higher nervous development and more delicate organization of the system.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we feel sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others during the past thirty-five years.

Mrs. C. Meadows, Clarksburg, Ont. writes:—"For years I was troubled with sick headache and dizziness, and was also constipated. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I only took three bottles of the medicine; now I feel like a new woman. I find I am completely cured, and I can truthfully testify that it is the best medicine I have ever used.

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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you.

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CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 600 Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—Please send me free of all cost your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

ranged this way—and any other. So much has been said about the danger side, that I hope you will find space for this record of happy, useful lives. After all, home making is the greatest and most widely beautiful work God has given His people. "Bess."

A Lonely Homesteader.

Stoppington, Alta.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your paper for the last six months, as my brother subscribed to it last spring, and must say that it helps to pass many a lonesome hour. I take a great interest in the correspondence columns, and think it is a good way for the young people to get acquainted, especially homesteaders, whose acquaintances are few and far between. I am 5 ft. 10 ins. tall, black hair, gray eyes, weigh 170 lbs., and am vain enough to think that I am good looking. I would like to correspond with any of your readers who would care to write, but do not expect the ladies to write first.

"Honey Boy."

A young worker in the recent British Elections. Little Miss Lloyd George canvassing for her father.

Woman Suffrage.

Mellowdale, Alta.

Sir,—Although it is two years or more since I have written to the correspondence columns of your paper, I have always looked forward with pleasure for the arrival of my old friend, the W.H.M. It sure is a friend to us bachelors, located one hundred miles or so from town, although I think the "lonesome howl" is worked too hard by the majority of your bachelor correspondents. As for my part, I don't think a man should be troubled very much with lonesomeness who has a little stock and lots of work to look after, but I was tempted to write, and I fell to the temptation. In answer to "Fiddlesticks'" letter in the November issue. I don't wonder his former letter found its way into the waste paper basket if it was anything like his letter in the November issue. He would like to start a new discussion; why doesn't he try to discuss something he understands? He says he doesn't think women were ever intended to take the responsibilities or the place of men. Where, in the name of common sense, is his argument there? The granting of woman suffrage isn't going to give woman the place of man, it will simply give her equal rights with man, and when women have to obey the laws as well as man, surely she should have some say in the making of those laws. Now, I will just give you one instance. I think "Fiddlesticks" will admit that women have the greater responsibilities in the bringing up and training of children, and that the liquor traffic is one of the greatest curses they have to combat in the training of their children, boys especially. Now, it is my humble opinion that the granting of woman suffrage would be one of the greatest swats the liquor traffic ever received in this country, as I believe the women's votes would be the means of closing a good many hotels and bar-rooms. How does "Fiddlesticks" back up his argument that we would not have the loving influence and memory of Mother and Home if our mothers had had the suffrage? In my opinion they would have even more to remember and cherish, when we remembered the good work our mothers did for us by their votes, which they undoubtedly would do. And again, he says women are intended to be helpmates. Certainly they are; but by his letter he infers that the suffrage would hinder them from being our helpmates, while it would work just the very opposite; it would enable them to play the part of helpmate where they are now debarred, in cleaning up our country. I fail to see where the granting of woman suffrage would harmfully affect the home and home life, but, on the contrary, I think it would give the home and home life a great uplift. Now, Mr. Editor, I hope I have not taken up too much space in your valuable magazine. I should like to say a whole lot more, but have endeavored to cut my letter as short as possible, but in closing will say that I will be pleased to correspond with any of the fair sex, though, as they will see by this, I am a poor hand at letter writing, but will promise to really and truly do my best if any wish it. In closing, I will also say I am 28 years of age, but as for description and looks, well, I always try and tell the truth, so will let that pass. Will sign my old nom-de-plume, though I have changed my address. I am still

"Sod-Buster."

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MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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LADIES

A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

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Sample with 36 page book of cuts 10c., or three leaders for 25c., seven for 50., or 15 for $1.00. No two alike. Postpaid and no duty. Western Puzzle Works, Desk 20, St. Paul, Minn.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

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A Human Ostrich!

From the States, is reported the death of a man who used to wager that he would swallow nails, and similar articles. In an attempt to save the man's life, the doctors removed from his stomach a watch chain, several keys, and a number of iron nails! No wonder he died, for such things are not food, nor are they such waste as can be naturally expelled!

And everything you put into your stomach must either feed and nourish you, or be expelled as waste by the bowels. In other words, it must be thoroughly digested, or you will be sure to suffer and, in the end, to die! But if your stomach is out of order, even plain, wholesome food does not digest as it should. Then, instead of nourishing you, it actually poisons you and clogs your system.

This is the cause of pains after eating; headaches, bilious attacks, constipation, sleeplessness, low spirits and many other every-day ailments; and the only cure for all such troubles is to restore your stomach, liver and bowels to healthy condition. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the root and herb extract, will restore your stomach to working order, make food nourish you, clear your system of the poisonous products of undigested food, and thus keep you in sound health.

Mr. Chas. St. Stearns, 362, Richmond Street, W. Toronto, writes:—

"My digestion became deranged about a year ago, and very soon my general health was affected. I had no relish for food, and when I ate I always suffered from sharp pains. I lost in weight, which was not unnatural, I suppose, as I ate much less than I was used to. I also had frequent headaches, and a general feeling of heaviness, from which nothing seemed to relieve me. Then I turned to Mother Seigel's Syrup and now, thanks to that remedy, I am fully recovered, and in my normal good health."

If you have any form of stomach trouble or liver disorder, Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure you, too. Test it yourself!

"I have been taking Mother Seigel's Syrup for some time now and would not be without it for anything. It is the best medicine I have ever taken for Constipation, and I owe my present state of good health to its aid." This is what Mrs. Daisy Roffey wrote us, on Jan. 21, 1910, from her home, 15 Gibson Avenue, East Toronto, Ont.

Mr. C. James, who lives at Neuchatel, Red Deer District, Alberta, sends us this letter, dated January 17, 1910:—

"It was many years ago, in the Old Country, that I was first advised to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I constantly suffered from Indigestion and Constipation and it has always given me relief after one, or sometimes two doses. Since I have been in Canada I have also had occasion to use it and can confidently recommend Mother Seigel's Syrup to anyone suffering from Indigestion or Constipation. As a matter of fact I would not be without a bottle in the house."

"It gives me pleasure to write and say that I have always found your Mother Seigel's Syrup, the best medicine for stomach and liver troubles. I have also used your Ointment for wounds with excellent results."

Feb. 20, 1910. Thomas Nash, Scatarie Island, Cape Breton Co., N. S.

THE PEOPLE'S MEDICINE

PROVED BY THE PEOPLE—FOR FORTY YEARS—THE SURE CURE

FOR INDIGESTION

AND FOR OTHER FORMS OF STOMACH AND LIVER DISORDER

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The claim of Mother Seigel's Syrup to be the people's medicine is backed by the most convincing testimony, based on actual esperience. Men engaged in hard work and in sedentary occupations, men working below ground, in the fields, on the seas; men in mills, workshops and offices, travellers and stay-at-homes; women wage-earners and busy housewives; men and women, young and old, in every walk of life, testify daily that Mother Seigel's Syrup has cured them of stomach or liver disorders, and keeps them well. For forty years, it has never failed the people who have used it! Can you wonder that to-day, in sixteen countries, it is their trusted medicine? Read these typical letters from grateful people!

On Feb. 15, 1910, Mr. Wm. T. Meehran, of 76, Denison Avenue, Toronto, Ont., wrote as follows to the proprietors of Mother Seigel's Syrup:—

"I recently had occasion to test your well-known remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, during an attack of Indigestion, and it may interest you to know that it came through with flying colours.

"For five months, I had suffered the miseries of Indigestion and Constipation, with attendant headaches and palpitation of the heart. I soon began to understand that what people call 'simple Indigestion' can be pretty bad, after all. Sharp cutting pains attacked me in the back and sides. Sometimes I was taken suddenly giddy, especially after exciting myself in any way. I tried many so-called remedies, but all to no purpose, for none of them seemed to ease me in the least. My attention, however, was drawn to Mother Seigel's Syrup and after a short trial I became convinced that I had found the very thing to cure me. I took the Syrup, and made rapid progress towards recovery, which happily, is now complete.

"Mother Seigel's Syrup has no equal for such complaints as mine and I shall certainly recommend it whenever possible."

An equally striking case is that of Mr. James Degrace, Shippigan, Gloucester, Co., N. B. In a letter dated Feb. 7, 1910, he wrote amongst other things:—

"For several years I suffered from dyspepsia and liver troubles, having acute pains in my back and sides, together with other disagreeable symptoms."

Everybody knows the common symptoms of liver disorder. There are dull pains in the sides and back; the skin turns yellow; there is a bad taste in the mouth; dizziness, violent headaches, and a dull, helpless, irritable feeling that makes one's daily existence a horror. Add to these troubles, the aches and pains of indigestion and you will understand Mr. Degrace's gratitude when Mother Seigel's Syrup cured him of both liver disorder and indigestion.

"Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup," he says, "I am free from all these ills and others will be cured as I was if they, too, take Mother Seigel's Syrup." Take it daily, after meals.

And Mrs. Eutache Vandette, of Pembroke, Ont., writing on Jan. 6, 1910, said:—

"I suffered for over six years from stomach troubles, palpitation of the heart and rheumatism. It would be difficult to name all the different medicines I tried in order to obtain relief, until my complete cure was attained by the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

"I suffered very much from a kind of tired feeling, after eating, and was subject to headaches and sleeplessness. My skin was pale, and I had a swimming sensation in my head, and sometimes black specks floated before my eyes. Wind in my stomach caused me distress and made my heart beat violently. Rheumatism in my legs added greatly to the discomforts of the other troubles."

Mrs. Vandette's troubles prove that her stomach and liver were sadly out of order, and therefore she could not get nourishment from her food. Impurities, due to undigested food, were poisoning her blood, and lowering her vitality. But Mrs. Vandette turned to Mother Seigel's Syrup and it did not fail her. She says:—

"I began to take Mother Seigel's Syrup, and three months' time was sufficient to cure me. Now I take the precaution of having Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a safeguard against future sickness."

Mother Seigel's Syrup is a herbal tonic for the stomach, liver and bowels; and that is all that people need when they suffer from stomach or liver troubles, such as pains after eating, fulness at the chest, flatulence, heart burn, biliousness, headaches, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, or that "run down" feeling. The people who have had such troubles as these, and have taken Mother Seigel's Syrup, have been cured by the thousand, even after all else had failed. If *you* have any stomach or liver trouble, Mother Seigel's Syrup, the people's medicine, will quickly cure you and make you strong and well!

Christabel Has Travelled.

St. Philippe, Que.

Sir,—I have read with increasing interest the letters in your much appreciated magazine, the W. H. M., and I have now determined to write, with a view to gaining a few correspondents. I am not especially lonely, but greatly enjoy receiving letters, and will endeavor to answer all who care to write merely for pastime. Would be particularly glad to hear from any in the vicinity of Nelson, as I am interested in that part of the country, and would like to hear more about it. I see the western bachelors are surfeited with sympathy. Now, I do not say they are not deserving of some of it, but why not spare a portion for the women and girls whose opportunities for enjoyment are equally limited? Also the school teachers, who in my estimation, have the loneliest time of all. During a trip to the coast I was greatly impressed with this Canada of ours, and what a glorious future she may have if her people only do their duty and live up to lofty ideals. Now, I will draw this epistle to a close, and I should be glad to hear from "A Former Michigan Boy," also "A Mountain Girl," and "Bear," who seems as fond of R. W. Service's poems as I am. "Christabel."

Running Jack has His Wish.

Onoway, Alta.

Sir,—I am a new subscriber, having only had three or four copies of your excellent paper, and this being my first letter I would like to see it in print. I think that some of the articles, such as "The Philosopher," and "The Young Man and His Problem," are very good. I take a great interest in reading the correspondence pages. I think that a man who gets married because a woman does not eat much, and does lots of work, is no man at all. I do not think it is a woman's place to do chores or any other outside work at all. I always think that a woman who keeps house in the condition that is expected of her has no time for outside work. I am an Englishman, 18 years of age, 5 ft. 9½ in. in height, dark brown hair and blue eyes; as for looks, I will leave that to others. I am fond of corresponding, and will answer anyone who cares to write. I sign myself "Running Jack."

Fond of Outdoor Work.

Wassewa, Man.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your valuable magazine for nearly a year, and must say there is no other paper I like to read better than the W. H. M. I enjoy reading the correspondence columns very much, also the short stories. I am not long past "sweet sixteen," am 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, weigh 115 lbs., have fair hair, hazel eyes, and rosy cheeks. I have lived on a farm all my life, and must say I like working outside better than in a hot kitchen. Can also do housework if necessary. So, boys, get busy; now is your chance. I feel very sorry for some of our western bachelors, they must feel very lonely sometimes. I will now close, hoping to see my letter in print, and wishing the W. H. M. every success. "A Cinch."

A Cheery Helpmate.

Taber, Alta.

Sir,—In receiving the W. H. M. the other day I thought it was the most interesting farm paper I ever read. Although the paper was an August number, I hope I may see my letter in print.

I do agree with "A Satisfied Wife" about helping "Hubby" when he is busy. I have been a wife for most a year, and we have helped each other to gather. We are both young—hubby 20 and I 16—but I think there is no happier pair.

We are living on a homestead and preemption, and are trying to get the patent in another year. Although the dry year was rather discouraging, we are going to try again.

I don't agree with some of them that don't like the homestead, because what would the "city folks" do if it wasn't for the "farmers"?

I would be very pleased to correspond with "Satisfied Wife" if she would write. Wishing the W. H. M. every success, I'll sign myself,

"Jack's Wife."

Wants to Cheer the Bachelors.

Manitoba.

Sir,—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for a number of years, and I think the Correspondence Columns very interesting.

This is my first letter, so I will give a description of myself. I am 19 years old, weigh 125 lbs., and 5 feet 5 inches tall; have luxurious dark hair, beautiful dark brown eyes. Well, in a few words, I am very beautiful. I can play the piano, organ, or violin. I can milk, ride, skate, swim, dance, or am a good hand at playing baseball. I forget to tell you the colour of my lips or teeth. My lips are sky-red, blue, purple and my teeth are the color of the sun.

I must say that I am very sorry for the lonely bachelors, but I think I could cheer them up if they would go to the trouble of writing me.

Wishing the W. H. M. every success, and hoping this will escape the "W. P. B.," I am,

"A Merry Lass."

Cowpuncher Means Business.

Swift Current.

Sir,—Not having seen my last letter in your valuable paper, I thought I would write again. Although not a subscriber, I am a constant reader of your paper, and think a lot of it, as there is reading in it for folks of all ages. There is also a lot of valuable information to everybody. I am also interested in your Correspondence Column, and would like to join same with your kind permission. Now, I see there is a lot of comment on what a wife should do and what she should not do. For myself, I think a wife has all she can look after in the house. As to doing chores, I do not think a woman should be asked to do such things. I have been all over myself, have worked in different places, and have not seen a case where hubby was so tired at night that after enjoying a good supper was mean enough to even expect his beloved to do the chores. If hubby is accidentally delayed anyplace, then it would be a different thing. Now, as for myself, I am an easy-going young man of 21, an engineer by trade, but have been brought up on the farm, and also have a homestead. I will not need to give details of my life on that worthy piece of land; suffice to say it's pretty lonely in winter, when there is nothing to do. Now, girls, I would like to start up a correspondence with a nice young girl between 17 and 20, of a lovable disposition, a farmer's daughter preferred. I have a fair complexion, am 5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 170 lbs., English-Canadian. I love all kinds of music; can play some myself, and am of a loving disposition. Now, I mean business. If any young girl who thinks she could learn to love me would care to write to me, I will be pleased to answer.

Cowpuncher.

Two Lonely Bachelors.

Spring Point, Alta.

Sir,—We are readers and subscribers of the Western Home Monthly since July, and find it one of the most interesting of magazines, especially the Corresponding Column.

We are two farmer boys from Michigan, are now homesteading, and find it very lonesome after living in a thickly-settled country, where there are plenty of girls to associate with.

Where we are there are only two single girls in the neighbourhood, and maybe they would not suit.

There are quite a few dances here, which helps to drive dull care away.

We are both fond of music, and can play some.

We are 19 and 25 respectively. No. 19 is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weight 135 lbs., has light hair and complexion. No. 25 is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weight 145 lbs., has dark blue eyes and dark hair, and also dark complexion. We would like to correspond with any of the opposite sex. Will answer all letters promptly.

Hoping to see this letter in the paper, and wishing the W. H. M. every success, we will sign ourselves

"Two Wolverines."

In Lighter Vein.

The New School.

The doctors used to bleed mankind
For every ill that they could find;
But now they're wiser, so 'tis said,
And "bleed" the pocketbook instead.
—Nixon Waterman.

Was it Watkins?

In spite of the fact that the late Sir Henry Irving was best known histrionically through his depiction of tragic parts, he is said to have had a very subtle sense of humor. The following anecdote is told of him:

While he was one day sitting in his favorite corner in the Greenroom Club, a member, Watkins by name, who was considered one of the greatest bores in the club, is said to have approached him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Ah, Harry, delighted to see you." Irving, who was never called Harry, and, in fact, could not tolerate the name, turned and looked at the speaker and then resumed his reading. Not abashed in any way, the man again clapped Irving on the shoulder and continued: "Just returned from the Continent, Harry, and whom do you think I saw in Paris? None other than our dear old friend, Witherspoon. I walked up to him and said: 'How are you, Witherspoon? You don't know me, old chap, do you? And will you believe me, Harry, he didn't know me! I said to him: 'Why, Witherspoon, can it be that you have forgotten me? It's Watkins. Don't you remember Watkins of our old Charterhouse days? Don't you remember Watkins? It's Watkins.'"

At that moment Irving, who had been a lifelong friend of Witherspoon, turning with a look of supreme horror on his face, said: "And was it?"

Some Definitions.

Pessimism—Mental indigestion.

A Genius—T first child.

Fame—Post-mortem appreciation.

Marriage—The end of a love story.

The Unpardonable Sin—Being found out.

Tainted Money—A new variety of sour grapes.

Ability—The explanation of your success.

Luck—The explanation of the other fellow's

Furious—A word expressing the pleasure a girl experiences when she is kissed.

Amateur Farming—A form of extravagance practised by men who, like Carnegie, do not wish to die rich.

Trying it on the Dog.

De Wolfe Hopper is famous for telling excellent jokes upon himself. Whenever he comes toward a group of friends at The Lambs' or The Players' and wears a broad smile, they understood that some new absurd thing has happened to him, and that they are to be permitted to laugh at his expense.

"Hopper," said a friend on one occasion, "you couldn't tell a good thing if you got the best of it. I don't believe you'd see a joke that wasn't played on you."

"Oh, yes I would; yes I would!" protested Mr. Hopper. "Why, I know the funniest thing right now that happened to me that gave me the laugh on everybody for miles around."

"Then let's hear it," said his friend. "All the things I ever heard about you that were jokes either happened to you or to somebody who belonged to you."

"No, no," asserted Mr. Hopper, "This didn't happen to me. It was the best joke. It was the funniest thing I've ever heard. You see, the joke was on my dog. He and I——"

Mr. Hopper got no further.

Too Long for Bryan.

At a political convention in a Western city two of the delegates were discussing, in a desultory way, the religious affiliations of prominent statesmen, when one of the delegates, himself a Baptist, observed to the other delegate, who was a Methodist:

"I understand that William Jennings Bryan has turned Baptist."

"What!" exclaimed the Methodist, "Why, that can't be!"

"Nevertheless it is true."

"No, sir," continued the Methodist, recovering himself, "it isn't true. To become a Baptist one must be entirely immersed."

"Yes; but what has that fact to do with the matter?"

"Simply this," returned the Methodist. "Mr. Bryan would never consent to disappear from public view so long as that!"

The Call of the Snow. Winter in Norway.

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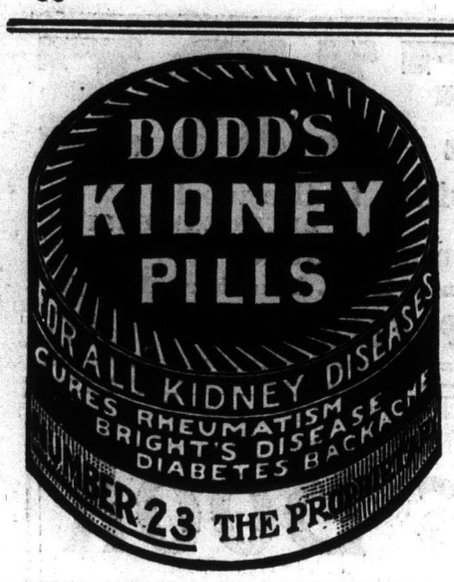

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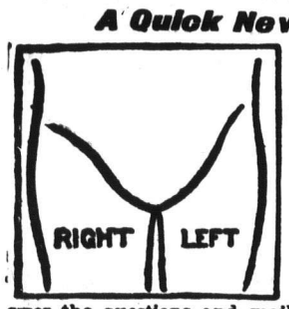

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Overdone.

I like a pun, but please take note
I think it quite too utter
To call a farmer's blooded goat
His thorough-bred and butter.
—Nixon Waterman.

A Helping Hand.

One very slippery day Mark Twain, in his great sealskin overcoat, was walking down Maine Street, in Hartford. A portly citizen, whom he knew by sight, fell just in front of him, with a side-rending thud. Looking calmly down, with that shadowy smile which only stirred his heavy mustache, Mark Twain drawled:

"You'll have to hit it again and a little harder. Then I think you'll break through."

All appreciation of humor had been so well shaken out of the fat man that with a purple face he told Mr. Clemens to go where there is always a successful corner on ice and snow.

Mark Twain stuffed his hands deep into the sealskin pockets after his fashion, hung his head pathetically on one side in his inimitable way, and walked on, saying sadly:

"That is the very last time that I'll ever try to encourage a man to get up when he is down on ice."

Ready for a tussle with the Manitoba Trout.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit.

"Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys." said she.

"That is nice," said papa.

Then, thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."

A countryman was enjoying his first visit to London. He strolled about the streets, and gazed with wonder and admiration at the shop windows. Soon he came to a lawyer's office, where, of course, there was nothing for sale. This surprised him, so he opened the door and walked in. In the room sat two clerks hard at work writing.

"What do you sell here?" asked the country-man.

One of the clerks, thinking to get some fun out of the visitor, replied:—

"Fools."

"You must have had a quick sale, then, to have only two left," retorted the countryman.

"In choosing his men," said the Sunday-school superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink. He took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."

The man at the table: "Look here, waiter, that lobster is without a claw. How's that?"

Waiter: "You see, they're so fresh. these lobsters, they fight with each other in the pantry."

The man at the table: "Well, take that one away and bring me one of the winners."

She Diminished His Appetite.

A young salesman recently entered a restaurant, glanced at the menu and then looked at the waitress.

"Nice day, Little One," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while, and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. If I did I'd quit my job. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't think there's a show or dance in town tonight, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is cook in this hotel, and he weighs two hundred pounds, and last week he wiped up this floor with a fifty-dollar-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now what'll you have?"

Why can no man legally possess a short walking-stick?—Because it can never be-long to him.

Customer: "This bill of fare is in French, and I don't understand the lingo." Waiter: "But the prices are in English, sir, and most folk go by them."

"Whaur does a' the figures gang tae when they're rubbit oot?" is a question a school-teacher in the north was recently asked and was unable to answer.

Doctor Parr, on meeting Lord Chancellor Erskine, with whom he was friendly, once said—"Erskine, I mean to write your epitaph when you die." "Doctor," answered the great lawyer, "it is almost a temptation to commit suicide!"

He: "Do you know Mr. D'Aube, the artist?" She: "Oh, yes rather! Would you believe he once told me"—coquettishly—"that I was as pretty as a picture?" He: "Indeed! Well, I hope he didn't mean one of his own pictures!"

Miss Phoebe Riggs is an Amazon of the present day. For more than eighty years Miss Riggs, as Miss Riggs, has lived in the little provincial town in which she was born. A recent comer to that town, meeting her for the first time, said apologetically after a while—"You must excuse me, but I am not sure whether you are Miss or Mrs. Riggs; I didn't quite understand when we were introduced." The bent little spinster drew herself up as straight as possible. "Miss Riggs—from choice!" she replied, in a freezing voice.

A poor but very honest German sailor was travelling on a tram-car a few days ago and had with him a small tin trunk, which he placed on the seat beside him. Presently the conductor came round for the fares, and, after paying the sum due, the German remarked, to the evident dismay of his fellow-passengers—"I hav got ze small pox doo"—meaning, of course, his tin trunk. The conductor asked him what he meant, and he again said—"I hav got ze small pox"—and this time he pointed to his tin trunk. The conductor retired to his platform amidst the smiles of the passengers.

Wigwag: "I never knew such a fellow as Bjones! He is always looking for trouble."

Henpecked: "Then why doesn's he get married?"

"Pa, what's a cynical smile?"

"Your mother will show you, my son, the next time I tell her I can't spare all the money she wants."

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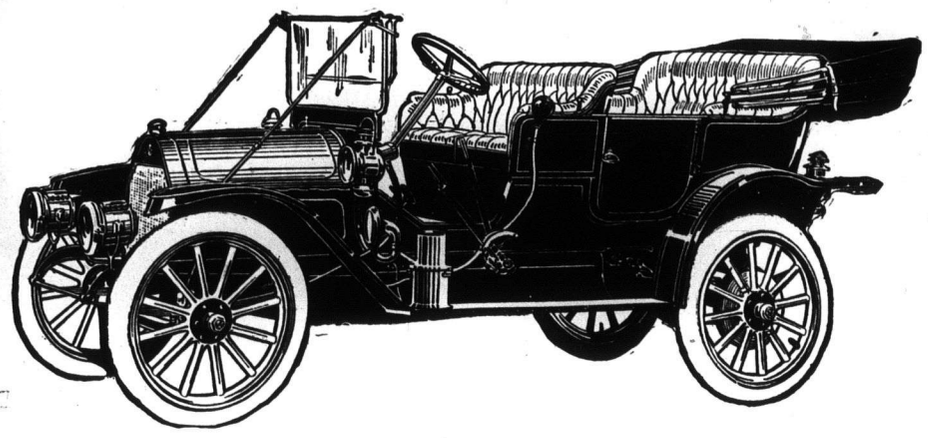

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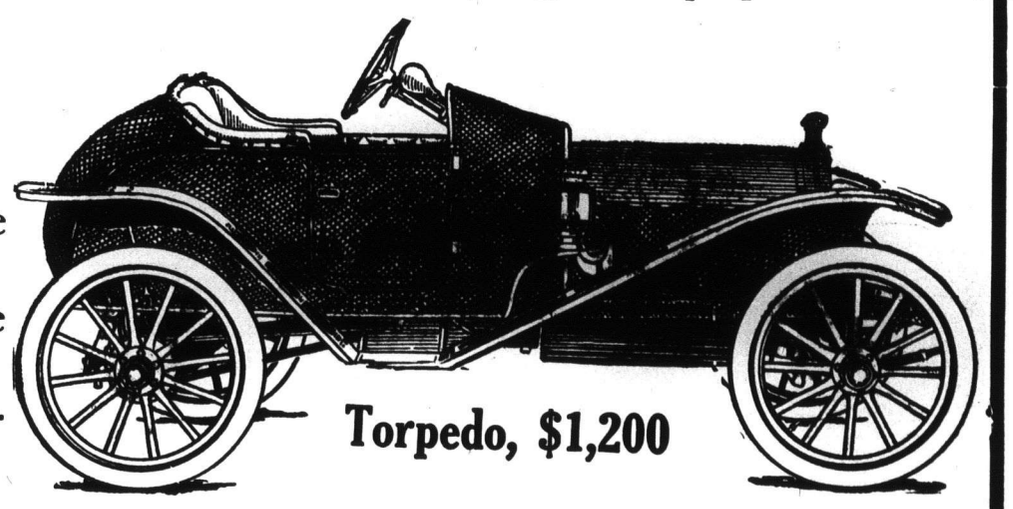

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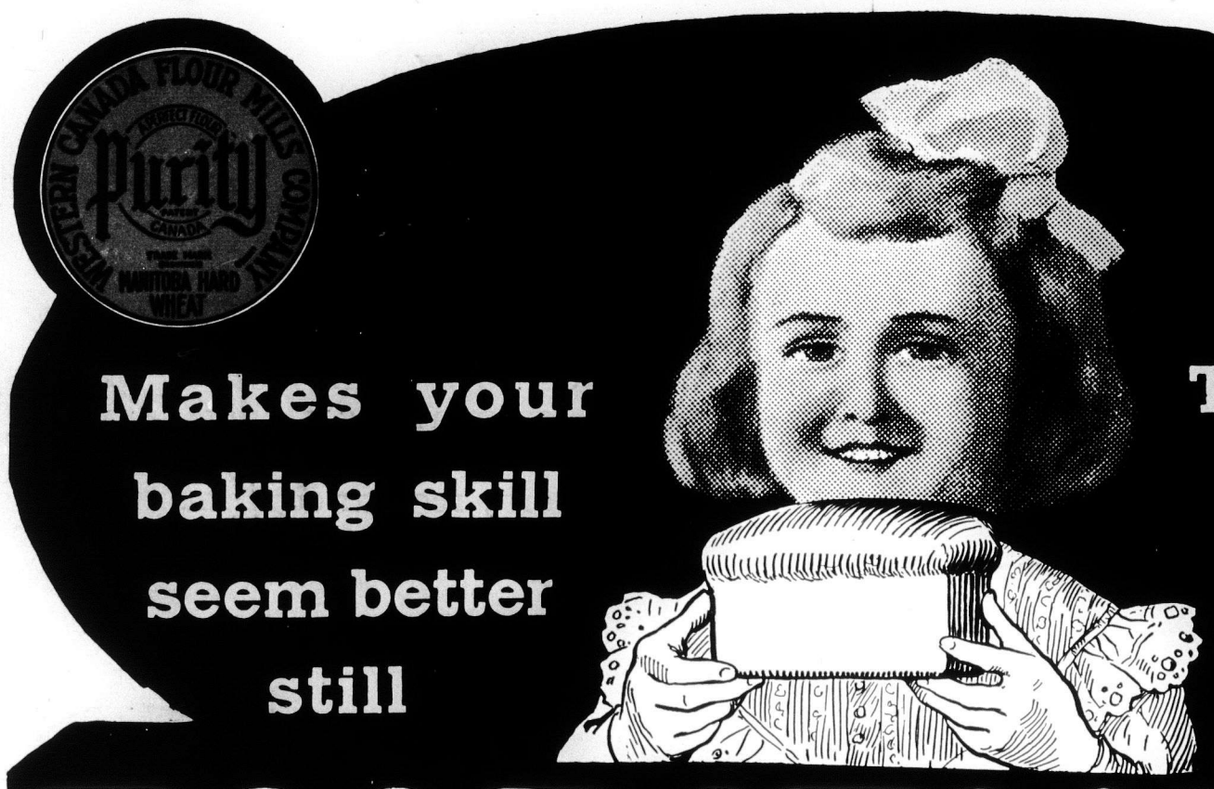

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