

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



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APRIL, 1916

WINNIPEG, CANADA



Ask for the New Packet

In future, BLUE RIBBON TEA will reach the consumer in the new air-tight double package.

This is far and away the most efficient method of packing tea. But only the largest packers can use it—as the process involves extremely costly apparatus.

In place of the old lead packet—easily punctured and liable to rust—a double thickness of absolutely dust-proof, air-tight, oiled parchment and stout cartridge paper is used. The combination makes a perfect preventive of the slightest deterioration.

In a word—a perfect wrapping for a perfect tea—

BLUE RIBBON TEA

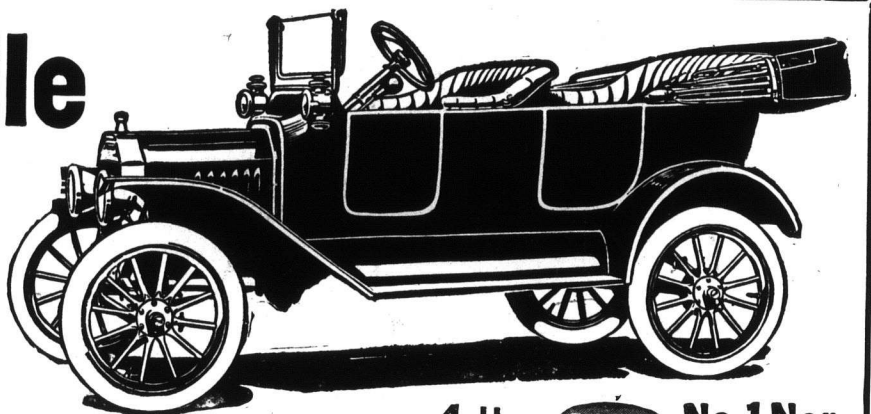


PROF. S. A. BEDFORD
Supt. Manitoba Demonstration Farms,
Chairman Provincial Weeds Commission,
who selected the 4-lb. sample of No. 1
Northern Wheat, and who will open and
officially count it on June 1st.

Contest Closes June 1st

This Automobile For One Dollar

Looks easy, doesn't it? And it is just as easy as it looks. It is a real 5-Passenger Ford Touring Car, latest model, and will be delivered to nearest railroad station of the person who wins it. No freight charges.



Read the Conditions

This automobile will be given to the person who first sends us the nearest correct estimate of the number of kernels in four pounds of wheat, the estimates to be accompanied by one or more subscriptions to **THE NOR'-WEST FARMER** for not less than one year. The sample of wheat was selected by the Chief Grain Inspector's Office, Winnipeg, under the supervision of Prof. S. A. Bedford, Superintendent Manitoba Demonstration Farms, and sealed by him. It is a good average sample of No. 1 Northern, perhaps half Red Fife and half Marquis, weighs 64 lbs. per measured bushel, and has been deposited in the vaults of the National Trust Co. for safe keeping, where it will remain until June 1st, when it will be opened and officially counted by Prof. Bedford. All subscriptions must be for bona-fide farmers living in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta or Ontario west of Fort William, but anyone can send them in. **REMEMBER: Estimates will not be credited unless the subscriptions accompanying them are for bona-fide farmers.**

How Many Estimates Do You Get?

The regular subscription price of The Nor'-West Farmer is \$1.00 per year; two years, \$1.50; three years, \$2.00; four years, \$2.50; five years, \$3.00. A subscription for one year earns one estimate, two years three estimates, three years five estimates, four years seven estimates, and five years ten estimates.

The Nor'-West Farmer

Is Western Canada's oldest farm paper. It is published in Winnipeg on the 5th and 20th of each month, and is the only farm paper covering this field whose subscription price is not more than \$1.00 per year. Each issue is full of valuable information of interest to every Western farmer.

How to Make Your Estimate

In making your estimate it is not necessary to count every kernel. Take one ounce, or half a pound, count the exact number of kernels and from that estimate the number of kernels in our 4-pound sample. **BOYS AND GIRLS! Here's a great chance for you to win an automobile.** Get the subscriptions and send in your estimates at once. The first most nearly correct estimate that we receive up to June 1st will get the automobile without further expense. Use the coupon. If more than one subscription is secured, send in names and estimates on separate sheet. Also be sure to state to whom estimates are to be credited.

The Nor'-West Farmer Ltd.
Winnipeg, Canada

4 lbs. No. 1 Nor.



THE NOR'-WEST FARMER LTD., Winnipeg, Canada.

W.H.M.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which send The Nor'-West Farmer to

Mr. P.O.

Province who is a bona-fide farmer, for years. I understand that this gives me estimates in your Automobile Contest as follows:

credit these estimates to

P.O. Province

The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 4.

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

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

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

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

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

A Chat with Our Readers

A CONSIDERABLE number of subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly expire with this issue. To all whose subscriptions expire with this issue we have sent by mail a subscription blank as a reminder of the fact. Now, we wish to ask if there is a single one of these many readers who regrets that he or she subscribed for the magazine a year ago? Have you not received, in instruction and entertainment, many times the value of the small sum of money you paid us for the magazine? Has not the magazine been all that we promised it should be, and all that you could wish or desire? Have you not been pleased with it ever since you became a subscriber?

We earnestly hope that every individual one of those whose subscriptions expire with this issue will send us a renewal of his or her subscription for the coming year, and that as many as feel disposed to do so will get up a club, and thus secure one or more of the valuable and useful rewards we offer. Remember, that if you get two friends to join you in subscribing, thus making up a club of three, each will get the magazine a whole year for a total cost of only two dollars. For larger clubs we give fine premiums. If you will send for our Complete Outfit for Getting Up Clubs for The Western Home Monthly, which we send free, you will receive our complete Premium List, describing different articles given upon remarkably liberal terms.

The growing appeal of this popular periodical is due to the fact that we embody in it the characteristics of a publication above all indispensable to the home. While it is primarily a fiction magazine, its various departments are of a high order of excellence. The Western Home Monthly is more popular to-day than ever before in its history. Rarely does any one ever hesitate to subscribe when the magazine is once called to his or her attention.

We do not wish to lose a single one of our present subscribers, and do not see why we should. The magazine costs such a small sum that any one can afford to take it. Please send in your subscription just as soon as possible. Do not put it off; do not neglect it. Remember that for the modest price of a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly you provide yourself with wholesome reading for a whole year to come.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

The best of all! Shall I confess it? I, the busiest of housewives and mothers, with four babies to care for, do love the "stories" best of all.

I enjoy every page of our Western Home Monthly. I read it from cover to cover, and receive great help from its splendid departments. It seems that, from gratitude alone, I should be most interested in the helps for busy mothers. But I verily believe that I get more real good from your clean, wholesome love stories. That "all the world loves a lover" is true of all in whom the milk of human kindness and "interestedness" in others has not dried up completely into pure selfishness. And then, we need just that recreation, a pure delight for the tired mother to drop down into her big, comfortable chair and wander away for an hour into a blissful land of love and romance; to come back refreshed in mind and body, to be more tender and loving to her own loved ones, to feel afresh the thrill of her own romance.

Love is, after all, what is best. Let us have plenty of good, pure, honest love stories.

Mrs. R. K. Allan, Moose Jaw, Sask.

I think your "various household departments are the best of any of the similar departments instituted by your competitors. The contents always show a careful selection of the many letters you are bound to receive.

Probably this letter from a man will not receive the attention it would if written by a woman, therefore I will explain. My wife died four years ago, and, against the advice of neighbors and acquaintances, I decided to raise our child myself, and as I miss the help and assistance of a mother, I naturally turn to any advice or suggestion that rings true and sounds reasonable. And right here is where I need your paper. The discussions and suggestions contain genuine help for one in my position.

While the other features in your monthly stand out prominently when compared with any of those published in the journals which sell for fifteen cents, none claim my attention as do the departments to which I, as father and mother to a growing child, offer my thanks.

I. Young, Grenfell, Sask.

Kingston, Ont., March 8th, 1916.

Editor, "Western Home Monthly," Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—Being very much interested in Western Canada stories, which have such a large place in your magazine, I am taking the liberty of writing you a few lines of approval of your magazine. It was only called to my attention a short time ago by a friend who knew how interested I am in things Canadian. A serial on the Peace River was just beginning, and I have followed this with absorbing interest. Please let me say, and I am a reader of a good many magazines, many of which are higher priced than yours, how much I appreciated this. Certainly Mr. Dickie's writing ability is on par with many writers whose work I have been following in the larger American magazines. All in all, your publication seems to me quite equal to the American magazines I have been reading in the past. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your time, I am, Sincerely yours,

Mrs. H. E. Bradbury (A Canadian American.)

There's only one way to wash woollens, flannels, and filmy fabrics absolutely clean without injury: The

LUX

way. LUX softens hard water—gives a rich, cream-like lather which the daintiest hands or filmiest fabrics need never fear. LUX coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes.



Won't Shrink Woollens

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Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



Painless Dental Work

New system Teeth, without plates; crowns, inlays, all kinds of fillings; extractions or any other form of work performed for you by the most up-to-date methods.

Samples of our work shown and estimates given upon request.

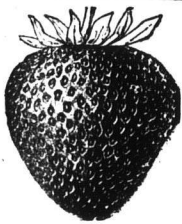
No Person too Nervous No Work too Difficult

We Solicit Difficult Cases Where Others Have Failed

New Method Dental Parlors

Canada's Best and Most Up-To-Date Dental Office

OFFICES; Cor. Portage and Donald WINNIPEG



For Sale

Everything from an apple tree to a strawberry plant, shade, nut, ornamental and evergreen trees, ornamental shrubs and vines, roses, hardy flowering plants, bulbs, asparagus. Guaranteed stock at reasonable prices, catalog free. Silver black foxes

DOWNHAM BROS. Box N. 1, Trathroy, Ont.



Means

Wholesome Cleanliness

in the

Kitchen

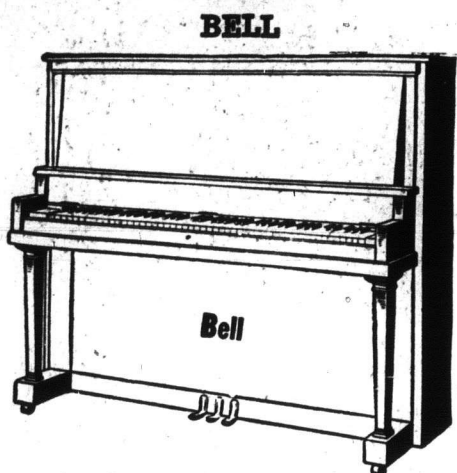


Equally Good on Enamel Metal or Wood Surfaces

MADE IN CANADA

Write to Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada for our booklets "Hints to Housewives"

Save \$85 to \$100 By Joining Our EASTER PIANO CLUB



BELL
Regular Price \$450
Club Price **\$345**

Just at the season of the year when music is most appreciated. Here is your opportunity to secure a really high grade piano at this generous reduction from the genuine price—and on the terms that are most suitable to yourself. We afford you the opportunity of making your selection from any one of the forty different styles of pianos we handle—only showing here five makes that will doubtless prove the most popular. Any responsible person on the market to purchase a piano may apply for membership. By joining the club you are not only entitled to these great money-saving advantages, but to all the other special concessions enumerated below—and remember it costs nothing to join—merely fill out the coupon, have your name registered and then make your selection before May 15th.



CANADA PIANO CO.
Regular Price \$375
Club Price **\$285**

One Year's Music Tuition
As a special inducement, we will give FREE, to Club members, one year's course of music from a well-known College of Music of established reputation. This instruction may be had by mail if desired. Tuition includes regular lessons together with diagram and charts.

This Offer Good Only Until May 15th

We Pay Freight to Any Point in Western Canada

Not only that, but we guarantee safe delivery of the instrument you choose, to your nearest station. We will deliver your piano immediately on receipt of your request to join the Club—and give you our unreserved guarantee as strong as words can make it. If after you have had the Piano for 30 days and are dissatisfied, we will give you your money back on return of the Piano.

GERHARD-HEINTZMAN



Regular Price \$450
Club Price **\$365**

Many Special Advantages to Club Members

To all Club members we give free a beautiful piano bench with music receptacle to match Piano. To the family of any club member, not in arrears, and dying during the life of his contract, we will immediately send a receipt in full. Other advantages are given only to those taking advantage of this special offer at this time. Only the heavy co-operative buying that we anticipate could enable us to make you such a proposition on such high grade instruments.

PRIVILEGE OF EXCHANGE
SHERLOCK-MANNING



Regular Price \$425
Club Price **\$325**

Privilege is given all club members of exchanging, within one year, for any new piano sold by us of equal or greater list value at the time exchange is made—all payments made being placed to the credit of the price of instrument for which it is exchanged.

Terms to Suit You

Through our long and extensive dealings with the people of Western Canada we have become well acquainted with the terms of payment most favored, and have divided them into four classes—any of which you may adopt in purchasing:

- A Terms, \$35 cash, balance spread over 36 monthly payments.
- B Terms, \$50 cash, and 12 quarterly payments.
- C Terms, \$75 cash, and 3 Fall payments.
- D Terms, cash—less 10 per cent discount.
- E Or suggest your own terms, and we will arrange

GOURLAY



Regular Price \$450
Club Price **\$365**

Club closes May 15th. There will be a big demand for membership which must be limited according to our stock. Take no chances. Sign the attached coupon, and mail it to-day. You'll never have a better opportunity of securing a high grade piano on such liberal terms.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO., 333 Portage Ave,

Please send me more information about your Easter Piano Club—also membership blank, catalogues, etc.—as described in the Western Home Monthly.

Name

Address

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

The Referendum

THAT which was predicted has taken place. Manitoba has decided by a two-to-one vote of her male population to close all her saloons. They will remain closed for all time. What this will mean in increased happiness and wealth and in improved moral conditions no one can estimate. Recently a member of the cabinet in Saskatchewan said that the closing of saloons in that province meant a gain of \$15,000,000 a year. Think what the saving in Canada will be when the whole country goes dry. And the saving of money is the least thing about it. Men and women are freed from the awful dread that their children will grow up exposed to the powerful temptation of drink. Vice and crime will be lessened by seventy-five per cent. Happiness will visit many homes that have never known anything but misery and desolation.

The taking of a vote does not end this matter. Administration is everything. The people of Manitoba have confidence that there will be no failure in this respect. The mandate was so pronounced that it is comparatively easy for a sympathetic government to insist upon absolute fulfillment of all the conditions of the Act. Of all the happenings of the past year nothing was of greater importance than the decision of the Manitoba electors on the 13th of March. Well may they afford to smile. Well may they praise the referendum as a principle of good government.

The Training of Youths

IT is more necessary than ever for our country to consider seriously the training of its young people, and more particularly the boys. Thousands of young men have taken up arms and, judging by happenings up to this date, many will not return. More than that, it is the young men of courage and spirit and of strong loyalty who have gone, while the loyalty of some of those who remain behind cannot be depended upon. It is necessary that an earnest effort be put forth to develop in growing boys a feeling of responsibility and power to carry on the work usually entrusted to men. Life can never again, in our time, be as care-free and as purposeless as it was. We enter into a new world.

Training in the Home

The preparation of boys for life will begin in the home. Parents who are wise and loyal will think of service in the home, in society, and in the state as well as in the vocation. The time has gone by for men to think of themselves and their families alone. The conception of brotherhood must be broadened to include all mankind, and particularly all of one's own nationality. A writer in a magazine published in a neutral country points out that even if the motive behind German unity is unworthy, even if it is brought about through misrepresentation and, in a measure, by coercion, the unity is still there. Each man lives not only for himself but for his state. Possibly the writer was here thinking of the common people, for no one will accuse the bureaucracy of Germany of being other than supremely selfish. To them the idea of German supremacy means ultimately their own personal gain. Yet, the idea of a whole people interested in each other and working for a common advantage, has its lessons for us. There is no doubt but that in the end it is a united people who will attain to true greatness. So in the home this idea of the greater brotherhood should be emphasized. Family devotion is good, even party loyalty is commendable, but higher and more glorious than either is that patriotism which compels every man to consider not his own things but those of his neighbor. It is easy

Editorial

in the home to develop the spirit of co-operation and kindness. The parents who neglect this are no true friends of the state.

Training in the School

The preparation of the home is continued by the school. The school is not primarily an agency for teaching, reading, writing and arithmetic. These should be regarded as mere incidentals. The school must build up life and prepare for life. These are its two missions. It must touch the boy on all sides of his being, and look towards service in all fields of endeavor. On the one hand there will be an attempt to develop the physical, the intellectual and the moral natures of the pupils, and on the other a

two are worthy of special consideration. First, there are the forces inherent in the life of the community and expressed in its institutions. The character of parliaments, courts, councils, trades unions, church life, is reflected in the behaviour of both old and young. "The forces operating through the social milieu are probably greater than those proceeding from any other source." The best thing a man can do to help his family and his own affairs, is to enter wholeheartedly into the social and political life of the community. If these are wrong, all will be wrong.

In the second place, there are things which a community can do by organized effort to supplement school and home education. The community is wise that includes public playgrounds and recreation centres, public libraries, and other public necessities, as a part of its programme. The whole community rather than the individual home is the real unit for purposes of education. The greatest need to-day is the cultivation of a community spirit. Even if for no other reason than self-defence it is necessary for a man to consider the children of his neighbors. Community provision for community needs is just as pressing as family provision for family needs. This should be regarded as axiomatic until it is generally so regarded, or community life cannot be considered as ideal.

The World View

IT is said with some degree of truth that Canadians are quick to adapt themselves to new conditions. Pioneer life makes many demands upon both men and women. There is one sense, however, in which pioneers are the slowest of all in the matter of adaptation. On the social side they are necessarily compelled to think in terms of the locality. They are the last to feel the pulse of new movements in civilization. They carry on churches, schools, homes, and other social organizations, as if the customs of a past generation were to be customs for all time.

Nothing is more certain than that the war will make necessary for all people in all lands a new order of life—economic as well as social. Men and women can no longer be local, provincial or even national in their outlook and their sympathies. They must be children of the Empire and citizens of the world. And so it must be good-bye to the old school, the old church, the old conditions of trade and industry, and the old modes of culture. It remains to be seen whether Canadians will be able to get out of the rut and adapt themselves to the new order of things.

Nowadays we have not many good things to say of Germany—that, is Germany as a military power; but there is a story told of industrial Germany from which we, and all the people of the Empire might well learn a lesson. One of our great corporations required a great number of steel shovels of a certain type. They wrote to one of the largest manufacturing concerns in England asking for prices and terms. The answer came back to the effect that the firm had been making shovels for forty years, and if the kind of shovel it was producing was not good enough, the order could be placed elsewhere. The corporation then wrote to a German firm which immediately altered the form of its shovels to suit the demand. The story of the rapid commercial development of Germany may be partly explained by such an incident. It is for us to profit by the illustration. In the world of the future, provincialism in thought and action will be suicidal. Our reading, our schools, and all other forms of culture must unite to give us the broader outlook. This does not mean that every locality may not have its own individuality and charm. It is hoped that these will never be lost.

The Mother

My heart was too full when he told me,
Though I scarce could sense the blow;
He came where I sat in the firelight,
And said he felt he must go.
And I knew without the asking
Where he must go and how,
For the music and drums had beat it
Into my soul—and now!

"And why must you go?" I flashed him,
"To join in a crime insane,
"Patriotism!"—I sneered it,
"Mad sentiment, stript and plain.
Why should we place it higher
Than mother, child or wife?
God gives us these to cherish
And we throw them aside—and life!"

Well, God forgive my anger
And the things I said to the lad,
As I tried to quench with doubting,
The highest desire he had.
For the glow that lit his features
Died out; he turned on his heel.
A son can never fathom
How deep a mother may feel.

But as I thought in the firelight,
I somehow came to see,
A mother can hardly reckon
The man her son may be.
And I saw that Patriotism
Was more than a fancied spark;
'Twas a fire, without whose burning,
The world would go back in the dark.

I had wanted other mothers
(God knows they have hearts like me.)
To let their sons go dying
That the freedom of right should be;
That I, and those I cherish
Might reap where we did not sow.
Then I honored my son for feeling
What it took me so long to know.

So I called the lad to the firelight,
Sullen he came and slow.
I told him how proud it made me
That he should be brave to go.
Then he laughed aloud and kissed me
When he saw that my pride was real.
'Tis well a son cannot fathom
How deep a mother may feel.
—Margaret Minaker.

methodical attempt to fit for the duties of the vocation, and for all the duties of life. Even in the elementary school, the activities of home and society can be had in mind all the day long. In such activities the exercises of the school will centre. The school garden will prepare for better home gardening, the school reading will lead to home reading, the study of civics in school will look to co-operation among the members of the community. Book study, unrelated to life, will not be the stock-in-trade of the class-room. Every department of life will be enriched and bettered because of the work done in the school. It will be a true auxiliary to all institutions and educative forces in the community.

Training Outside of School

Among the forces outside of school that may assist in preparing for community life,



Rub its cleansing
antiseptic lather in!

A skin you love to touch.

Have you ever used a soap prepared by a skin specialist?

IF not, you do not know how beneficial a soap can be. For thirty years, John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin and its needs. He treated thousands of obstinate skin diseases; he made countless skin tests, always emphasizing to everyone who wanted to improve some condition of the skin the following big fact:

You can make your skin what you would love to have it

Your skin is changing every day! As the old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. This is your opportunity. Your complexion depends on how you take care of this new skin. You can keep this new skin so active that it cannot help taking on the greater clearness, freshness, and charm you want it to have. The best way to do this is by proper cleansing with a soap prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

It was to meet the need for such a soap that John H. Woodbury, out of his long experience, evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap. Begin now to get its benefits for your skin. Whatever condition is keeping your complexion from being beautiful it can be changed. Start the following Woodbury treatment to-night.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold, the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few

minutes with a piece of ice. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Every day this treatment frees your skin of the tiny old dead particles. Then, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment persistently and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's will bring.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this "skin you love to touch" treatment. Get a cake to-day and begin to-night to get its benefit.

Send now for "week's size" cake

For 4c we will send a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book "A Skin You Love to Touch" and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day. Address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 663 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggists.



For Sale by Canadian Druggists from Coast to Coast

Some of Our Adventures in Pursuit of the Finny Ones

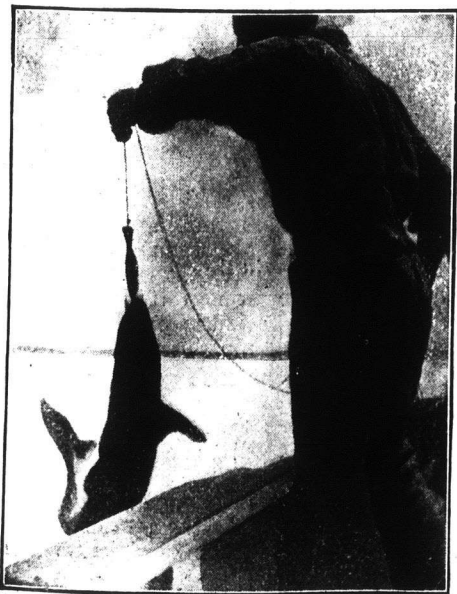
By Bonnycastle Dale

WE WERE standing on top of the high red stone bluffs that encompass Saanich Arm. Through the powerful binoculars we could see two races of animals fishing—a man in a canoe, and an osprey, or fish hawk.

"I'll bet on the man," laughed Fritz. "And I on the bird," said I. On mighty pinions the great fishing bird floated. It was an old bird with a very white head, all its well oiled plumage glittered in the sun, its breast was as white as snow. No wonder it fished there, right within our line of vision, low down, near the shore line, for, on a tall hemlock, we spied the female sitting in a great tub of a brushwood nest. As early as this late March day she was setting or laying, and the unseasonable fall of snow must have kept her on her nest. Suddenly the male whistled shrilly.

"You win, Fritz," I cried, "the man in the canoe has a salmon on." Intently we watched both man and bird. Again, as the fish leaped in full sight, the great osprey whistled. It knew full well it dared not dive for that fish so close to the canoe that held the dark figure. We saw the Indian pull in his trolling line hand over hand; he reached for the killing stick and gaff hook combined; there was a mighty turmoil in the water alongside, a high-flung body of a silvery gleaming fish—and the salmon was off, free once more to face the swift tides and hunt its daily prey. "I have another chance coming, laddie," I laughed, as we watched the pair of fishing animals. Off set the native paddling slowly against the low spring tide—off sailed the fish hawk on great curving circles. Two whistles, the female on the nest, too, caught sight of the school of smelt that made the water boil, but they are too small for our noble pair. Now see the gulls darting down as a school of tide fishing cut-throat trout are coming into the Arm. Like a flash the female quitted the nest, descending with folded wings like a plummet; the male uttered a short, sharp call ere he headed down, but they struck the water together. Each disappeared in a mighty upthrow of spray and foam and both emerged with a struggling trout in its mouth—good, big fish, too, they seemed—over two pounds apiece, from all that swarming mass, in that infinitesimal fraction of time it took to dive. Up, up, up they both mount towards us, the water falling in shining drops off both fish and bird.

"Look, I've not won yet!" All this time another spectator of the fishing sat unnoticed and, with a rush like the roar of a great mass of flame, the dark body of a great bird passed over us, falling towards the water of the Arm. Instantly the female osprey changed her course and swent into the shelter of the hemlocks; the male, outmanoeuvred by the swooping eagle, was driven out over the water. Down went the Baldhead, down—lower



Dog Fish

than the hawk, driving it up again—then the huge robber swept up at the end of a long curve directly beneath the hawk, and for an instant the eagle seemed to be upside down striking at the breast of the osprey with its long sharp talons. Instantly the hawk dropped the trout, and as instantaneously the aggressor

fell like a flash through the air and caught the falling fish on the surface of the water; slowly it flapped up onto a great fir and deliberately tore the fish to pieces. The robbed osprey sailed up to the nest, beside which, the female sat eating her trout. Did she divide like a good, kind wife? Not a bit of it, for she threw out her wings, ruffled her neck, whistled shrilly as an urchin schoolward bound and drove her lawful mate off the family tree.

As we descended the very slippery path to the shore, we saw the native land a salmon. Here is the place for all my inland dwelling readers who want real fishing. If you ever come to the Coast, be sure and try the salmon and trout off the shores of Vancouver Island, or any island in the Straits and Gulf of Georgia. But Fritz and I this day had our mouths all made up for a feed off the very tasty cod, so we ignored the native's catching two more salmon and paddled out of the Arm, grounding our canoe on a little reef. In a few moments we were afloat again with a large tin full of huge mussels; these shell-fish make excellent bait. Off we paddled until we came to a little deep bay I knew of, where the tide makes an eddy in a pool and the lower places the haunts of several different kinds of cod, each seemingly more brilliantly colored than the other. Once we snubbed our craft—the crevice I passed the bow rope into had been the burial place of a Coast Indian, for there



Saanich Arm in foreground, Straits of Georgia and mainland in distance. From Mt. Malakat, B.C.

were the hand chopped boards, and the white gleaming bones of one who, in times gone by, no doubt drew from out this very pool the ancestors of the very cod we seek. With due respect for the sanctity of the ancient burial place, we drew off across the pool, and no sooner had the lad's baited hook struck bottom than he got a most violent tug. Up he jumped, much disarranging the balance of the none too steady craft—might and main he reeled in, might and main he struggled with that fish, and pulled up a great big dogfish—one of the lesser sharks, a perfect pest in these waters. Well, we caught about a dozen of these nuisances—some as heavy as fifteen pounds—before we hooked our first cod. I wish you could have seen that fish—it was a pale grassy green, all spotted and marked with robin's egg blue, one of the most wonderfully colored fish in the Northern Pacific. We got some with terra cotta spots and reddish fins, some of a deep sponge color with light blue dots—a most odd collection of cod, but all good fish to eat. Finally Fritz caught a big strawberry shaded starfish—a great bottom-feeding, five-pointed thing, without any shell and with myriad feet, each armed with a suction disc. "Come on," he laughed out. "We have the dogs and the cod and the stars, we'll get the moon and the other things up at the 'tide-rip'."

Here is a thing I want to warn newcomers against—this is one of the natural dangers of the Pacific. Most of us are used to wind and waves running the same way, but here you may have a north wind with a tide from the south running

swiftly, and right up in the very midst of this will rise a "tide-rip." (Pour water from a pitcher into a basin and see the turmoil rise in the middle, and you have the action of the Pacific pouring its mighty tides into the fiords and inlets of the Coast)

We paddled slowly up tide into the Pass. I could hear the "rip" bellowing and I intended only to paddle up far enough so that we could see it, and then throw out our trout trolling spoons and sweep, fishing back down the Pass—but the erratic "rip" took into its mind to sweep down the Pass too, and the first thing we knew we were tossing and tumbling about in a current that ran and leaped in every direction. The lean angry waves fell splashing into the canoe and, really, I did not know just where or how to steer, as the current and the wind were against one another, and the "rip" was fighting both. We in the centre were fully six feet above the sides of the Pass. With a sort of expiring gurgle, the tumultuous mass sank down and rose again away below us, so out came rods and gleaming spoons and soon we were catching "cut-throat" trout as fast as the ospreys did.

But we have caught much larger fish out here than these hard fighting cut-throats. We have five kinds of so-called salmon, and one big trout—the "Steelhead," this latter being almost exactly like the Atlantic salmon caught off Eastern Canada and Great Britain. Look at the two B. C. salmon fishes and the magnificent specimen of a Spring or Tye (Bigchief, as the Coast Indians call it). This is the fish called the King, the Columbia, the Sacramento or California salmon—each locality has its own

sand and clay he sent down that I was perfectly useless, so, after we both had regained our breath, we stumbled our way down stream and ate our simple lunch by our canoe—not failing to note that deer had criss-crossed the sands about the bow with their arrow-pointed hoofs since we left. The only thing that



Head of a typical B.C. Eagle.

saved our lunch—there were apples in the basket—was the oilskin coat thrown over it, and the timid deer are afraid of any unusual thing or scent like that.

"Let us paddle home along the outer Kelp and catch a big salmon for the inlet people," said Fritz, so off we started on the ten-mile stunt—tide and light air all in our favor. As soon as we got out to the "Kelp Banks" we saw an Indian Kelp fishing in their midst. This strange work is done under an immense "hat," as big as a parasol—this covers head and shoulder as the native leans over the side of the canoe and gives a good shadow for moving objects below. In his hand he had a copper spear—one I would dearly like to own, as I feel sure an Eskimo had first made it in far off Arctic seas and huffed it into a whale; the slightly injured animal had carried the easily detached head many thousands of miles, and finally some creeping flotilla of natives had surprised it and hurled their seal-skin buoyed spears into it until it died, and had then cut out a spear head none of them could fashion. We watched until the right arm of the hidden figure stiffened, the dark red skin and muscles strained, up went the big brown fist, down into the water it splashed, up raised the dark figure, and, just as we pull a water bucket up on a pole, passing the pole up through the hands, so this Indian brought up the big struggling salmon, instinctively he reached into the canoe, out flew the killing stick, a shower of blows and he lifted a twenty-pound Spring into his canoe.

We left the old dusky fisherman well buried under his "hat" and trolled off. We made some miles swiftly without a strike, and just as we were turning "Sea Urchin Rocks," we got one that made us both drop paddles and get very busy. The fish was on Fritz's line, so my rod must be taken in—it seemed to take a long time to reel in that hundred yards—I had twice too much out by inattention. Then I lit my pipe and watched the lad struggling with a great Spring. Every time he got the fighting silvery thing to the stern he was fairly engulfed in showers of spray and foam—there was a bit of a sea on here. I saw his eyes flash as he caught the "superior" smile on my face, but it would have made a cat laugh to see a big fish neatly catch up a pail of water and dash it in the open-mouthed face of your assistant, who spat it out and shook his head for all the world as if he too were another water animal. (I have seen both seals and sea lions shake their heads in open-eyed, open-mouthed dismay in the churning centre of a leaping school of salmon.) Well, between pulling and yanking and having its head sorely clouted with a big cedar spear haft, the poor salmon finally gave in and allowed the boy to tow it alongside. Do you know, he could not lift it in then—it must have weighed over forty pounds; we had no scales and very few men ever think of weighing a fish out here, 'tis catch them and give them away as soon as you can—so I slid towards the bow and together, by the aid of the tide anchor line, we flopped that huge silvery thing into the big cedar log canoe and off we flew, through the gathering dusk, with the sea doves calling sweetly overhead and the phosphorescent diatoms flaming our wake and paddle strokes, to that dearly loved spot, this wandering animal man calls home

The Mark of Cain

By Edith G. Bayne

OLD EDWIN HARLEY lay dying. Some men, having come to the end, are permitted peacefully to pass out leaving a gentle smile upon unconvulsed features, leaving, too, a circle of mourners about the bed.

But death to Old Harley seemed slow of approach. People said he had been dying on his feet for weeks past, and that the end, when it did come, would be painful and long drawn out. Their opinion was justified by the fact. Nothing now was keeping the fire of life burning in the feeble old frame, but the indomitable spirit of the man—that spirit that had made him what he was. Success and wealth had been his—solely through his own efforts. Love and affection he had scarcely known, being too busy making his castles-in-Spain materialize. Then, realizing at last when it was too late, that at the grave's edge gold is of no account, the old man's starved heart began to cry out for the only being he had ever loved—his son Gilbert. Self-seeking friends there were a plenty, but these, together with the nurse and the servants, had been banished from his presence. All he wanted now was Gilbert—Gilbert, the scapegrace, who was serving a term of years in the penitentiary, ten miles away. Alice, Gilbert's wife, stole in and out of the room occasionally, but Old Harley would have none of her. "Gilbert—bring me Gilbert!" he would cry, raising himself in bed to point a trembling forefinger at the girl.

Then he would fall to whining and moaning in senile, helpless wrath, demanding to know why his child could not be brought to him, and his claw-like hands would revert to their almost ceaseless fluttering over and clutching of the counterpane—one of the surest harbingers of the approaching dissolution.

Alice Harley, when certain that he could not observe her, would drop into a seat by the fire, where, with bent head, she would moodily watch the flames, as though searching there for a solution of the problem. How to get Gilbert! Could he be brought from the prison by special permission? No, not even rich Edwin Harley could purchase a few hours' respite from a stern sentence such as Gilbert's was. He might start up in bed shrieking—the old man, with a face like a mask of death—with his cavern-like black eyes glowing fiercely, almost as in health and strength; he might cry out maledictions upon all and sundry. There was no use in trying his old masterful methods in a situation such as this. The law is invincible.

Alice had to acknowledge that the law was right in this case. Nevertheless, she had always borne a guilty conscience over that terrible affair of a year ago.

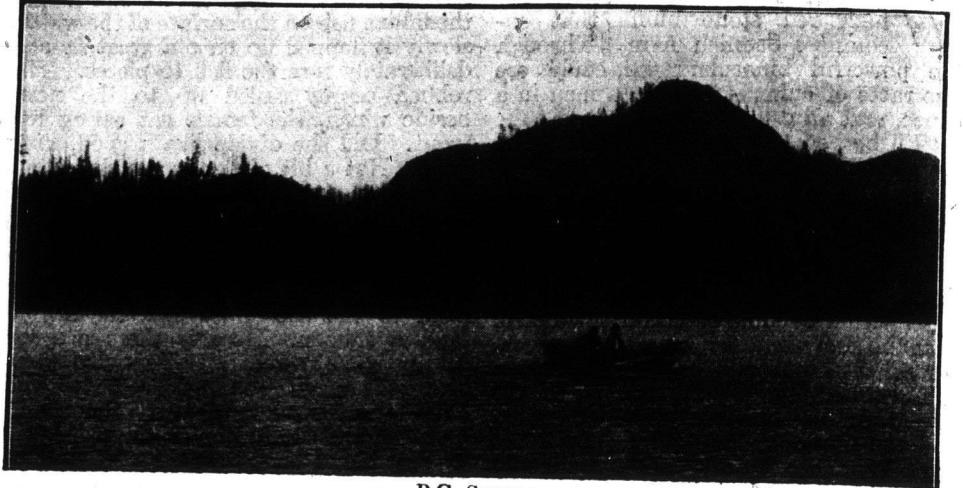
tempered brother, pretending she liked Walter best. How criminally foolish she had been! Yet she had atoned in so far as she could, for she had married Gilbert in prison. Was that not test enough? The world, after that, could not call her a trifle. In her heart she knew that her husband had not intended to kill his brother that dark night. It was Gilbert's temper, and, alas, Gilbert was paying the penalty. So of what use to say more?

Alice rose from time to time and crossed the room to where a cradle stood just inside the door. Here lay Gilbert junior. It was a comfort to the girl this lonely Christmas Eve to have the infant near her, where she could watch it and her other charge at the same time. In the pauses of ministering to her aged father-in-law, she would croon softly to the child who was awakened now and then by the old man's high-pitched querulous voice.

Without, the storm howled fiercely. Swirling snow was whisked momentarily against the windows of the house, and the branches of a bare old thorn tree scraped and creaked against the roof, like an angry spirit. Alice Harley was glad to be indoors upon such a night.

This was one of his lucid moments when he remembered the peculiar significance of a mark on Gilbert's forehead. It was but a small blood-red blemish that was quite hidden under his hair at the top

back now and the flakes did not sting him in the face. Still, it was cold—with a numbing chill—and the brave captain was hungry into the bargain. He hoped fervently that he was approaching a town



B.C. Scenery

of his brow. But a foolish nurse, and many other sensation-loving people, had dubbed it the mark of the first murderer, and so it had clung to him—this annoying, frayed-out bit of superstition. It had bothered him at times when he thought

or village—or, failing these, a hospitable farmstead. When one has been accustomed for months to the mild air of old England, the piercingly keen cold of the Canadian winter strikes right to the centre of one's bones.

The light came on, it grew brighter with every step, and presently he saw other lights. Yes, it was a village, thank heaven.

"I'll stop at this first house, it looks hospitable, and thaw myself out," said the captain to himself. "And I'll tie you up, old pal, in some sheltered nook," he went on, stroking the horse's neck fondly, "and get a little hay for you."

The rider dismounted stiffly and clumsily—for his fingers were half-frozen, tethered his beast to a poplar in the lee of a small shed. Then he approached the house door, stamping his feet to start the circulation. It was a small house and the lower rooms were in darkness. Only one light shone from the upper storey, and it was a dim one.

"The good wife will think I'm Santa Claus," chuckled the captain, as he knocked on the door, after trying to ring. (The bell was muffled for some reason.)

Long moments passed and then after he had knocked again he heard footsteps within. They seemed to halt in their approach, as though their owner dreaded opening the door. It was close upon midnight. But at last fingers fumbled at the lock and the knob turned. A woman's slender form stood faintly outlined in the dark little entry.

"May I have shelter from the storm, please?" spoke the captain. "I've lost my bearings a bit, but if you will allow me to sit near the fire for a few moments and then direct me—"

"Come in," said the woman, opening the door quite wide. "What a night to be abroad."

The captain, looking like a huge polar bear, entered, shaking as much of the snow from his garments as he could. The woman turned to a gas-jet on the wall and turned the tiny blue flame up until the small hall was lighted.

"I have a fire in the kitchen," she said, "if you will just step out."

"Thank you," was the grateful response.

The captain pulled off his fur cap and his riding gauntlets and removed his outer coat, disclosing beneath the uniform of a Canadian soldier. It was at this moment that the woman turning, with one arm holding back the portieres, met his glance, directed steadily upon her.

One long moment each gazed into the eyes of the other.

The woman was first to find voice. "Walter—my God!" she breathed.

"Alice!"

"Is it you—or am I out of my head?"

She had whitened to the hue of death and stood clutching the door-frame for support.

"Alice—as I live! Where am I—whose house—"

"We moved—just after—"

"And—you live here now?"

"Father is living with us. The big house at N— is closed. He couldn't bear—we couldn't bear it—after the—"

"And whose house is this? Not—"

not Gilbert's?" he asked, quickly, catching at the girl's arm.

She nodded.

"You married him?"



The Giant Douglas Firs of British Columbia

At times it seemed to her that the old tree was possessed of human hands that implored entrance and would not be denied. She had worked herself up to a pitch almost of terror at the sound. "The mark! The mark!" shrieked the old man, suddenly. "It was but a

of it. In later years he had almost forgotten it. Then when he had left Walter, his elder brother, lying there so still and white on the edge of the old swamp, Gilbert had recollected.

But to do him justice, he had given himself up. The police had not been obliged to hound him down.

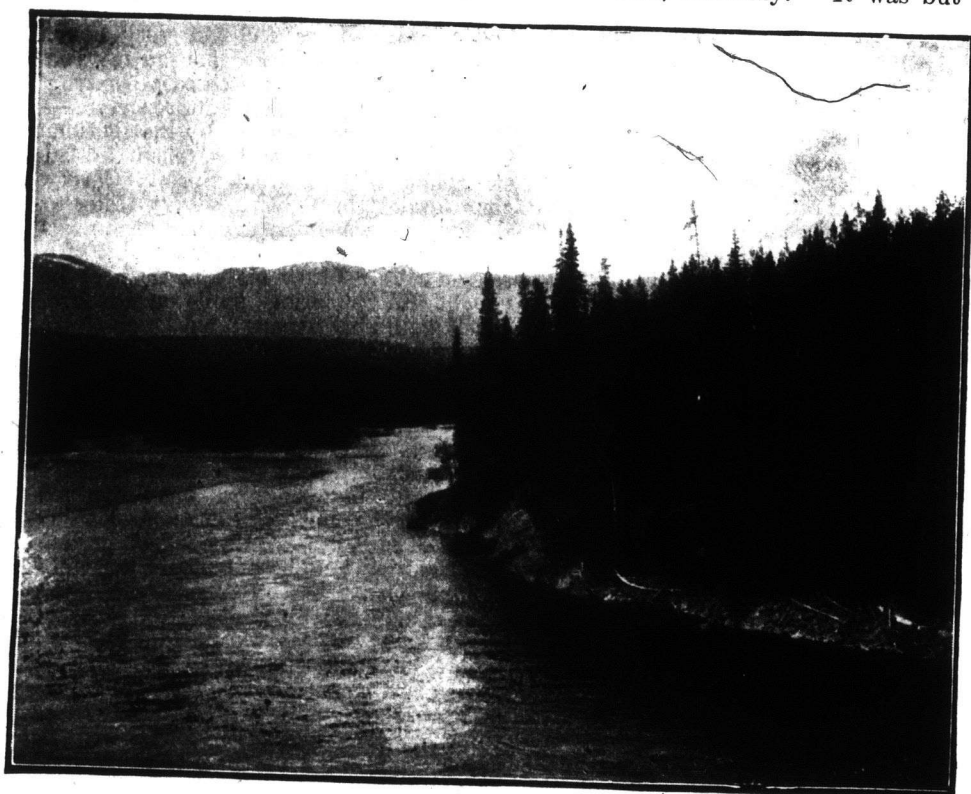
Out in the storm this Christmas Eve a solitary traveller was making but poor headway against the elements. Like a great white wall, the seething blizzard seemed to shut out the world and everything therein from the pathway of man. Every moment or two the rider would halt his plunging horse in the drifts to listen for sound of human feet or voices. Nothing could be heard but the wind and the gusty breathing of himself and his mount. They had been travelling since noon and the early December darkness had closed down at four o'clock, while they were still on the open prairie.

Now, having entirely lost his bearings, the rider was, to say the least, nonplussed. Alarm he did not yet feel. Was he not a soldier and a captain of soldiers? Since noon he had rounded up and enrolled fifty recruits for the new company which was to refill the ranks of the slain in the gallant 90th Regiment. So what wonder that there was room for little else than exultation in the rider's heart? But this getting lost in a prairie blizzard—he that was prairie-born and prairie-bred—savoured somewhat of the ludicrous.

"Ha, a light!"

Drawing up the reins again he pressed his beast forward. So many times this night he had fancied he saw a light and always he had missed it.

The starry gleam was but a faint nebulous sort of speck off to the right. He drew sharply on the right-hand rein and the horse swerved aside and started bravely away for this promising point on the horizon. The snow still came thickly down, but the wind was on his



Where the lordly salmon are caught

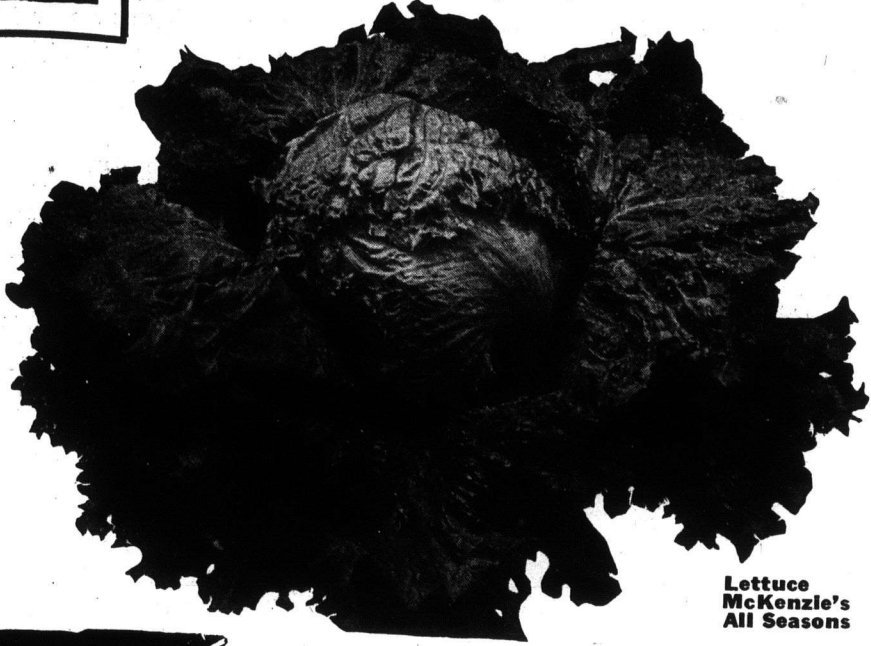
Gilbert had gotten off with a much lighter sentence than would have been the case had all the evidence been forthcoming. She had never really loved Walter. She had always enjoyed taunting and teasing the younger and more passionate and hot-

birthmark and meant nothing. I tell you my son is no murderer!"

Alice winced. She shut her eyes, shuddering at the appearance of Old Harley, sitting up there in bed in denunciatory attitude, his white lips shaking.

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See our Catalog, page 47, for new introductions of Flax.

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	Price per bush.	
	Brandon	Calgary
Wheat—Marquis—McK's Gold Standard	\$1.70	\$1.80
Wheat—Marquis—Registered. Per 100 lbs.	1.40	1.55
Wheat—Red Fife—Registered. Per 100 lbs.	3.50	3.75
Oats—Banner—McK's Special Strain	3.50	3.75
Oats—60 Day or July	.95	1.05
Oats—Garton's 22	1.00	1.05
Oats—Early Mountain	.75	.80
Oats—Newmarket	1.70	1.80
Oats—Seger or Victory	.80	.85
Oats—Abundance	.85	.90
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Golden Vine	3.10	3.40
Canadian Field	3.10	3.40
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\$1.00 will keep a family of six in fresh, green vegetables all the summer.

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	Pkt.	Oz.	Lb.
BEAN, McK's Golden Wax	5c		.45
BEEF, McK's Extra Early	5c	.25	
CABBAGE, McK's Winningstadt	5c	.30	
CARROT, McK's Ox-heart	5c	.25	
CAULIFLOWER, McK's Early Snowcap	25c	3.25	
CELERY, McK's White Plume	5c	.85	
CORN, Early Malcom	10c		.45
CORN, Early July	10c		.45
CORN, McK's White Cory	5c		.35
CUCUMBER, McK's Long Green	5c	.20	1.40
LETTUCE, McK's Prairie Queen	10c	.25	
ONION, McK's Yellow Globe	5c	.20	2.00
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PEA, McK's Manifold	5c		.40
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RADISH, McK's Ruby Gem	5c	.20	1.10
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McKenzie's Farmer's Garden \$1.60
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McKenzie's Mixed Spencer's 10c 30c 80c 1.50
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Unfavorable weather conditions prevailed at harvesting time, resulting in almost entire crop failure. On many stocks the crop did not return the equivalent of seed planted. Our stocks are dependable.

	Price per bush.	
	Brandon	Calgary
Improved Leaming Yellow Dent	\$1.00	\$1.40
Minnesota No. 13 Yellow Dent	1.00	1.40
North Dakota White Flint	1.00	1.40
Longfellow Yellow Flint	1.00	1.40

See our Seed Catalog, pages 52, 53, 54, for other varieties also particulars of Corn Competition.

CLOVERS, GRASSES

	Price per bush.		Price	
	Brandon	Calgary	50 lbs.	100 lbs.
CLOVERS—				
Turkistan Alfalfa	12.75	25.00	13.75	27.00
North Horn Alfalfa	16.75	33.00	17.75	35.00
Liscomb Alfalfa	21.00	40.00	21.50	42.00
Grimm Alfalfa	33.00	65.00	33.50	66.00
Common Red Clover	16.50	32.00	17.00	33.00
Mammoth Red Clover	17.00	33.00	17.50	34.00
Alsike Clover	15.50	30.00	16.50	32.00
GRASSES—				
Western Rye	9.75	13.00	7.25	14.00
Brome	7.50	12.00	8.00	13.50
Timothy	6.50	12.00	6.75	13.00
Red Top				
Grass	10.75	21.00	11.25	22.00
Kentucky Blue Grass	10.75	21.00	11.25	22.00
Canadian Blue Grass	6.25	12.00	7.25	14.00
MILLETS—				
Common	3.00	5.50	3.50	6.50
German	3.50	6.00	4.00	7.00
Japanese	4.50	8.00	5.00	8.00
Siberian	3.00	5.00	3.50	6.00
Hog	3.50	6.00	4.00	7.00

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Pedigreed Strains—rigidly selected to produce the maximum of feed for all kinds of stock. (See Catalog.)
MANGEL—McK's Manitoba Giant 1 lb. \$0.45
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She nodded again and drew her tongue across her lips. Words seemed hard to speak in a crisis such as this. Only a vast wonder illuminated her face. Walter was alive—and Gilbert was free!

"Where—where is he? And my father, how is he?"

"Your father is dying. He is upstairs. I sent for—"

"Dying!" cried Walter, sharply. "Dying these past two weeks. He has been calling for Gilbert till I couldn't bear it any longer. I—I sent for him."

"He was away?"

Alice Harley paused and bent an odd gaze upon the captain.

"Then—you didn't know?"

He looked more bewildered than ever.

"Know what?"

"That he—he is serving sentence for—"

Walter started.

"Not that! Not murder!"

She nodded.

"We thought—everybody thought—that he had thrown the body into the water afterward. There was no trace of it, though they dragged—"

"Good Lord!"

"And your cap and coat, bloodstained, were found—"

It was Walter Harley's turn to pale.

"Alice, I'm a guiltier man than poor Bert. Listen, I'll tell you—no, take me to my father. Explanations will wait."

She sent a glance of inquiry at his uniform as she led the way upstairs.

"How long have you been—I mean, when—"

"Just got to Winnipeg last Friday. I'm here to drum up recruits. Where is Bert, did you say?"

Alice stopped, finger on lip.

"He is with your father, Walter. The guard from the prison is here, too. They wouldn't remove his handcuffs and father doesn't recognize his son—after calling for him so long."

A sob caught her breath.

"I sent for him early this evening. I knew the end was not far off. At first they refused, but I named a big price and they consented under the circumstances. And now—"

She stopped, as a shriek from above rent the air. Walter started.

"It is your father—calling for Bert. Come, let us go in softly. He may recognize his other son."

They entered the sick chamber.

Old Harley had fallen back among his pillows again, with his fast-dimming eyes fixed in dull apathy on the night-light. By the bedside, bent over it, his dark head bowed in his hands, was Gilbert. At the table sat the prison-guard coolly reading a newspaper.

Gilbert did not look up at first. Alice, stepping over him, touched him softly on the shoulder.

"Bert—I—I have a surprise for you. Look up," she said.

Gilbert slowly raised his head. At first his eyes took in nothing but the fact that a soldier was in the room, on the opposite side of the bed. A rather handsome young man, Gilbert's face at this moment bore a striking resemblance to that of his sire, who had been a distinguished looking man in his day. The face was pale, the eyes were dark and mournful, yet with a piercing light in their depths. Closer inspection revealed the fact that the hair of the younger man, scarce thirty, was streaked with grey.

He looked across at the captain, who returned the look with a tremulous smile. Gilbert rose unsteadily. His eyes closed a second and he passed his hands—manacled so securely—across his brow. He flashed a bewildered look at Alice, who stood trembling, her cheeks going red and white, at his side. Then falling back into his seat again, he moaned and dropped his head in his hands.

"Gilbert!" cried Alice, shaking him by the shoulder, "It's Walter. Don't you know him?"

"Why do you taunt me so!" cried Gilbert, wildly, brushing her aside, impatiently. "Do I not see him—every night, yes, every hour? Must he haunt me to my death? See him—know him! Let me be, I tell you!"

Walter advanced and stood by his brother. The dying man in the bed, preternaturally keen, with the keenness of those last moments before death, lay watching. All mists were now obliterated from his sight. Clearly his old eyes saw his children. Walter took one of the wrinkled hands in his.

"Father," he said gently, "tell him it is I."

Gilbert started and glanced up. Then swiftly he stretched out his hands to feel the other. Yes—it was a solid apparition! It was his brother, in the flesh!

"Boys," said Old Harley, in a strange, thin voice, "I have not long—make it up. Alice—is it Christmas morning girl?"

Before Alice could bend forward to nod her assent, he had his answer. Faintly and from far away came the sound of Christmas bells on the frosty air. Somewhere downstairs a clock struck. There was silence as the twelve measured strokes resounded through the house.

"Gilbert, my son," said Old Harley, his breath coming now in labored gasps, "I give you—my blessing. You have had your lesson. Walter, my blessing upon you, too. I know not—if you—have risen from the dead—or where in this wide world—you have been for the past—thirteen months."

Walter was about to speak, but the old man held up a trembling hand.

"It matters not now. Alice, farewell. Farewell—all of you. It is finished."

After all, popular opinion had erred, for now that he had given his blessing, Old Harley drew but one long, fluttering sigh and passed away, peace upon all his features.

From the cradle in the corner came a sudden insistent wail. The watchers started. Walter sent a quick glance of inquiry at his brother. Gilbert nodded.

"Our son," he said simply.

"I am going to beg your forgiveness, Gilbert and Alice, in my turn. I will confess that I have acted the part of a cad. Bert very nearly did for me that night—but not quite. Get this right, folks, it was not premeditated on Bert's part. My supercilious air maddened him. We quarrelled over you, Alice."

Alice hid her face over that of her child.

"It was blow for blow," he went on.

them. I have fifty now, but I want several hundred."

"Then take my name down," said Gilbert.

Walter stared hard at his brother.

"You mean—"

"I mean I am going to enlist."

"In the ranks?"

"Certainly."

"You could purchase a commission. There is plenty of money."

"No, I am going as a private."

Gilbert spoke firmly, and straightened his shoulders. One hand went to his brow and he passed his fingers over a certain spot under his thick hair, in the centre of his forehead.

"There is a little mark here," he said, as though he had just discovered it. "It has always been against me—that and my temper."

Alice endeavored to interrupt him.

"No, let me finish," he said with a humorous little smile. "If the mark of Cain is upon me, I am going to take it out on the Germans. Of what use is fighting blood if it cannot be brought to serve one's country?"

Walter reached forward and gripped Bert's hand. "Bully for you, my boy!" he said.

And if there were tears in Alice's eyes, she hid them bending over Gilbert junior.

The Parting

By Frank C. Steele

Wounded he lay in the thick of the fray,

Pierced by a Teuton ball;

In the midst of the fight, striking strong for the Right

He fell where the bravest fall.

A comrade knelt near, in his eye shone a tear

As he bared the bleeding breast;

Their love, Ah, 'twas grand, and as broad as that land

Far away in the great, vast West.

"I'm dying, old pard; My God! but it's hard

To leave you, Bill, like this;

I stuck with you tight till Death hove in sight,

And, Bill, he didn't miss.

"We met on the trail in the teeth of a gale,

Just north of the Little Bow;

And we headed the brutes for them 'sheltering buttes

'Rising black in the whirling snow.

"And all night long with the cowman's song

We held the moaning herd;

Till morning gray found the storm at bay

And the cowman's senses blurred.

"'Twas a terrible night, but we won the fight,

And I won you, old man;

And now in a trance on these plains of France

I live it all over again.

"We've mastered the breed at the 'Peg Stampede,

And tied the wildest calves;

We've slept on the range and suffered with mange,

And plastered ourselves with salves.

"We've ate the same junk and shared the same bunk,

And oft in old Medicine Hat

We've blew in our wad, then hit the hot sod

For camp—way north on the flat.

"Goodbye, Bill, I'm weak—it hurts me to speak—

My throat's affillin' up fast;

But, Bill, tell Jen, when you meet her again

I was loyal to the last.

A gasp for breath—the sweat of death—

The stare—a low, weak moan;

And the battle's surge played a solemn dirge

As he soared home—Sweet Home.

In a foreign land his grave is fanned

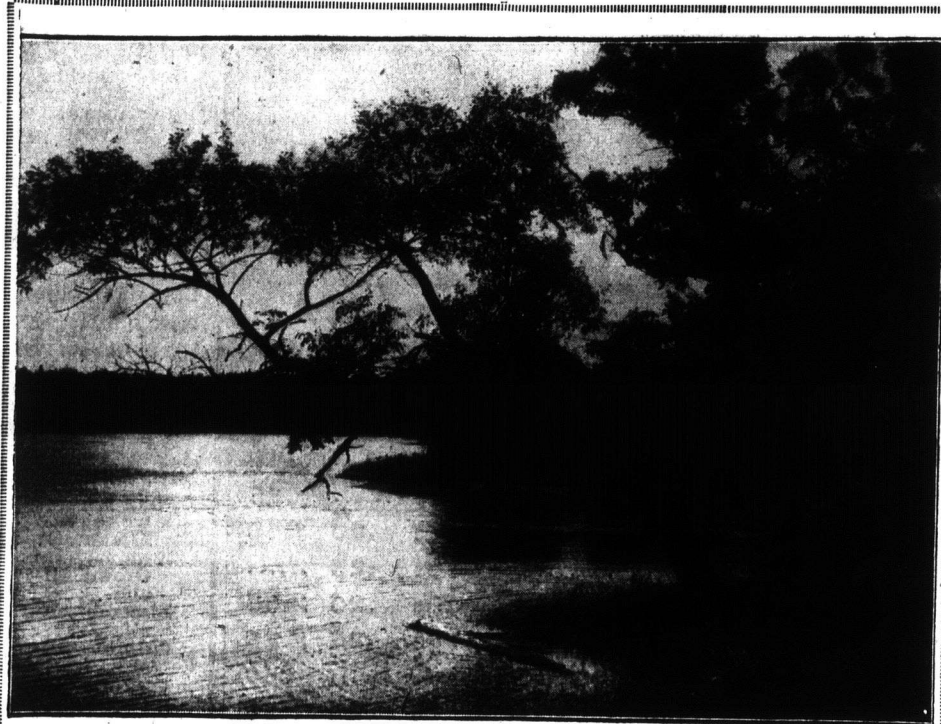
By fire; for the war-god reigns;

But his soul is light for he died for the Right,

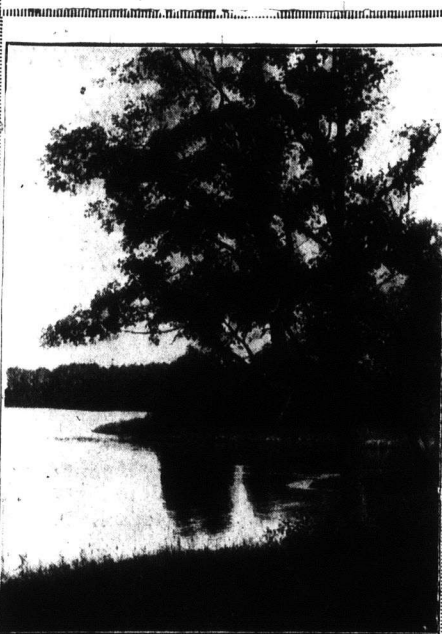
And Jen—his Jen—of the Plains.



Iithers Point, Ont. C.N. Ry.



Rainy Lakes, Ontario



Rainy River, Ont. C.N. Ry.

"He must have left me for dead. When I came to I remembered nothing for a time. There was blood—well, never mind that part. After a while it all came back to me. I staggered up and, taking off my coat, I left it with my cap right there at the point where the swamp runs below the rocky promontory. Beyond that is deep water, as you know. I am not one who easily forgives. I decided to let Bert's conscience pay the penalty—to let him think he had killed me. I—I never thought—it did not occur to me that it would end with a charge of murder and a prison term. That night I enlisted, and our company was sent across to England almost at once."

"And you never heard?" asked Alice, looking up, her eyes full of tears, whether of joy or sorrow it was hard to state—perhaps both.

"No, I saw few papers."

"They found a—I mean the body of an unidentified man sixteen miles down the river. It was sometime afterward. Father never could be brought to believe it was you, though. They had dragged for weeks and found nothing until then."

They were silent for a moment or two. Then Gilbert spoke in a voice that sounded firm and resonant once more.

"You have been promoted to a captaincy, I see by your sleeve, Walt," he began.

Walter glanced with soldierly pride at the insignia and nodded.

"Have you any vacancies in your company?"

"Vacancies? I should say so. I am over here for the very purpose of filling

"I too, have a child," said the elder brother, softly. "I married a sweet English girl last Christmas."

Alice brought the infant over to lay it in its father's arms, but stopped suddenly. Motioning to the guard from the prison, she waited till he had removed the handcuffs. Gilbert then took his son upon one arm and held out his hand to Walter. In silence they clasped.

After a few moments, when they had moved away, and the guard had slipped from the room, Walter spoke.

Mad Phil Mawes—A Story of Saskatchewan

By John E. Hargreaves

"TELL you what, boys, I wouldn't be out on the prairie to-night for a thousand dollars! It's twenty-five below, and a snorter of a blizzard blowing," and the speaker, who had just entered the room in the unpretentious building serving as postoffice, general store and meeting place for all the gossips of the little western village, shook the snow from his fur coat and cap and took up a position in close proximity to the roaring stove, around which a half-dozen or so of farmers, villagers and "bummers" were already seated.

"It's a freezer, all right, and I, fer one, am mighty glad I've only ter go ter the next block fer my bed this night," spoke

"It happened in the eighties, as I sed; one of the hardest winters I ever seen, and I hev bin in the west more'n thirty years.

"That year I hed bin knockin' around all over the country, and doin' most any kind of a job that come along. The fall found me in K—, a little one-horse place in Saskatchewan, and I wus cursin' my luck fer leadin' me ter sich a forsaken hole, when I dropped acrost a fellow one day in the only saloon in the town.

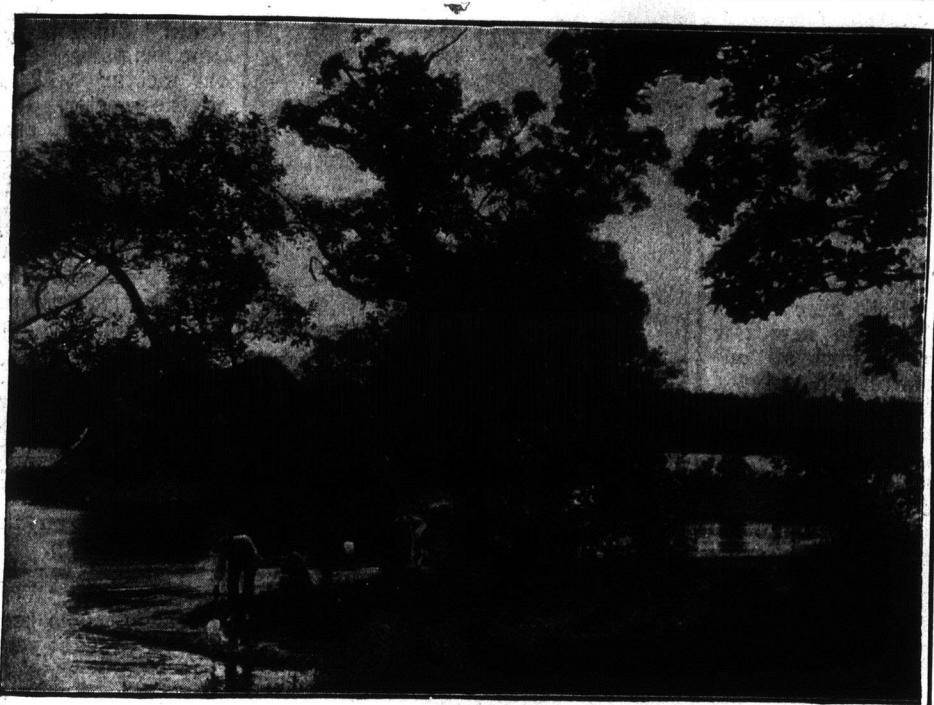
"Hev a drink," sez he, by way of interducin' himself. 'I guess I will,' sez I, namin' my poison ter the barkeeper. "Stranger in these parts, eh?" he went on, flingin' a five-spot acrost the bar. "Yes," sez I, as I poured the whisky down.

"Well, my name's Phil Mawes," the fellow sez, sippin' outer his glass. 'I keep bach on my place, twelve miles south, and I would like ter get hold of someone ter help me look arter a hundred head this winter. If yer'll come I'll give yer good money. Fill up yer glass and think over it.'

"Well, boys, ter cut things short, it took four glasses ter help me think matters out, and then I concluded I might do worse than take a spell on a farm. So I got my traps tergether, and left town with Mawes fer his place. Phil hed one of the slickest places yer ever clapt eyes on—stables, all built in a bunch, and



Camp Life, Rainy Lakes



Pithers Point, near Fort Francis, Ont. C.N.Ry.

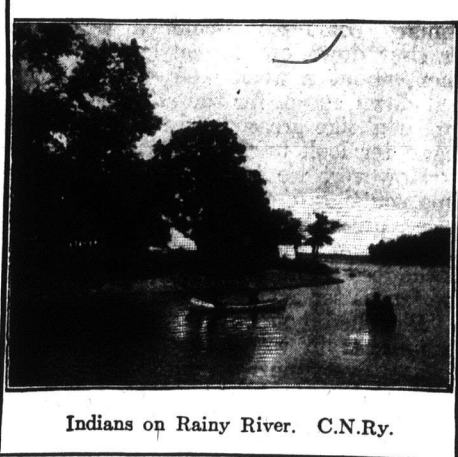
up a voice, the owner of which sat with both feet elevated on the fuel box, and his chair tilted back at an angle which strained its two back legs to creaking point.

"Aye, yer're right," exclaimed a third member of the group, a big hulking shanty-man from the camps away north, and a stranger, evidently, to the rest.

"I oughter hev taken the trail ter the camp ter-night, but I guess I'll wait till this blows is-self out. Geel how it does snort," as an unusually strong blast screeched around the building, rattling the stove pipes in the chimney and whirling through every minute crevice around the door frame streams of snow, dry and fine as powder. "Sich a night as this," the stranger went on, "reminds me of that record cold winter, back in the eighties, when I wus baching it on the farm with Phil Mawes, who gev me this in 'membrance of him, as the tombstones say." Here the speaker pushed back his cap and revealed a long, deep scar across his forehead.

"Tell us the yarn, boss," cried several voices in unison, while the postmaster and storekeeper combined, whose attention had been divided between his duties and the words of the stranger, exclaimed: "Yes, let's have the story! It's closing time, but I don't mind keepin' open if you'll tell us the yarn," and he tossed more wood into the stove and seated himself among the group.

"Well, boys," began the stranger, "I'm not much at spinnin' a yarn, but seem' as yer want the story I guess I'll et yer hev it.



Indians on Rainy River. C.N.Ry.

hay and straw piles around 'em fer a wind-break. His house wus built about thirty rod away, and all done up in style—paper and picters on the walls, carpets and ilecloth on the floor, and a pianner in the parlor.

"When I hed bin with him about a week he kinder let things out a bit, and told me he wus goin' ter get married in the spring. He hed known the girl fer years in the Old Country, and when he concluded he'd come out here ter get rich quicker, she told him she would wait fer ever fer him.

"He had blanked bad luck arter gettin' here, and twelve years slipped away afore he found himself able ter send fer the girl.

"That's her futtergraft," sez he, pointin' ter a big pickter over the pianner,

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and, boys, she was a peach, too, with a bunch of black hair, and big eyes that follered yer all over the room.

"My! Phil thought a pile of that girl, and no wonder, fer she was the purtiest creature I ever seen. It was nigh the middle of November that I went with Mawes, and fer about two weeks we hed nothin' much ter kick about—not much work ter do and plenty of time ter do it in.

"The weather hed bin grand all fall, the cattle feedin' out on the prairie all the time, and we thought we were in fer a slick time, when a sudding change come. The sun come up bright and warm as usual one mornin', but about noon a big bank of clouds rolled up from the north-east and specks of snow began ter fall.

"The cattle hed got wind that a storm was brewin', fer I hed gone off arter dinner ter round 'em up, when I met 'em two miles off comin' home. By the time I hed got 'em all home a big snow-storm hed set in.

"Phil hed gone ter town afore dinner, and when he got back, at midnight, eight inches of snow smothered everythin', and peltin' down harder'n ever.

"Next mornin' when we got up, the snow hed stopped, but there was a howlin' blizzard on, which lasted four days, scoopin' the snow off the prairie, and near buryin' the stables. On the fifth day the blizzard let up, but the glass went ter forty below zero, where it stuck fer nigh on a week, while me and Phil worked like niggers aclearin' the snow from the stables and stacks.

"We hed no sooner got the yard clear of snow, so's we could walk around decent like, than another blanked big snow storm and blizzard come, driftin' up the yard and bankin' the stables worse.

"Phil near cried when he saw our week's work all undone in a day, but I swore good and hard and went at the job again as soon as the storm let up.

"And so it went on, boy, all through the long winter: snow storms and blizzards every few days, and blanked cold weather all the time. We didn't care a cent, though, fer our selves, fer we had a warm house and plenty of grub always on hand. But when the middle of January come we concluded we'd hev ter shut down on the cattle feed a bit. Then, about a week later, we cut their feed down again, fer the stacks was disappearin' like greased lightnin', and Phil began ter look uneasy like.

"However, we jogged along fer some time, cuttin' down the feed closer and closer, until the cattle was only bunches of bones, and would stand all day lookin' at the feed and a-tryin' ter break through the fences ter get at it.

"Phil hed gone all over the country fer miles tryin' to get feed, but it weren't no use; everyone was short that year.

"At last, near the end of February, things got desperate like. Since New Year, near, the cattle hed bin keelin' over one by one until, when March come round we hed hauled over fifty hides on ter the prairie. Poor Phil, about this time, began ter give way, and ter look queer at times. He would go inter the parlor after tea, and sing and play the pianner, in the first part of the winter, but he gave it all up now, and would sit until bed time starin' inter the stove, and never say nothin'.

"No wonder the poor beggar felt down, after slavin' all those years, and then ter see his cattle dyin' all round him.

"Well, things come to a head mighty sudding one day, and I shall never ferget it.

"I hed bin up town in the afternoon, and a blanked cold day it was, too. I didn't care fer the cold, though, but when I was about half-ways home one of the worst blizzards I ever seen overtook me and smothered up the trail in no time.

"It's a mighty wonder I got home at all, and I hev ter thank the horse fer it, fer a better beast fer keepin' the trail I never seen. What with jerks and plungin' through drifts, the poor plug was near played out when we pulled up at dark in front of the stables.

"The cattle was bawlin' all over the place fer feed, and some of 'em hed broken inter the stack-yard. I looked round fer Phil, but couldn't see nothin' of him. I could see a light in the house when the blizzard would let up fer a second, but, although I yelled myself hoarse, I couldn't make him hear. I put the horse in the stable and made tracks, fer the house, wonderin' if Phil knew the cattle hed broken inter the stacks.

"Afore I opened the door I knew some-thing was wrong, fer the parlor was lit up, and Phil aplayin' the pianner and singin' like mad.

"I opened the door and crept in, quiet like. The only light in the kitchen was what come through from the parlor, and I crept across the floor and peeped inter the room.

"There was Phil all dressed fer goin' out, fur coat, cap and all on, asittin' at the pianner, playin' and singin' one minute, then larin' and cryin' the next, and lookin' at the futtergraft of his girl all the time. Then he jumps up sudding, leans over the pianner with his face near touchin' the pickter, and starts atalkin' ter it.

"'I'm comin', he sez. 'I'm comin' to yer, dear. Oh, how long the time has bin. Twelve long years! But now the time has passed, and our meetin' will be all the sweeter. It's a hard winter, and all my cattle are dyin', but what do I care, fer I shall soon see yer. See! dear, I am startin' now ter meet yer. Oh hurry! sweetheart hurry, hurry! I'm comin'! comin'!"

"Then, afore I knew what he was about he dashes through the doorway inter the kitchen, lungin' inter me and sendin' me on the floor in a heap.

"'Hello!' sez he, surprised like. 'What hev you come back fer? I thought yer'd left after starvin' all the cattle. You want ter kill more, do you? I'll fix yer, though. I'll send yer ter the same place where yer'vesent 'em.'

"Then he dashes across the room and reaches fer a repeater on the wall, which we allus kept loaded fer kyotes.

"I pulled myself together, then, mighty quick, and springs ter the door, opens it and scoots outside inter the blizzard, him after me, shootin' and yellin' awful. Gosh! how I ran, and sweated, and panted, plungin' through drifts and tryin' ter keep on the path ter the stables, fer I guessed if I could reach 'em ahead of Phil I might slip him and hide till mornin', then take a horse and scoot fer help.

"The path, though, was all drifted up; I soon lost it, and was cursin' my luck fer havin' missed the stables and got lost in the blizzard, when I bashed inter the stack-yard fence, makin' the wires fair sing. Then I hears a shot behind me and feels a bullet whiz past my head, then an awful bellow from a steer up at the stables, the other side of the stack-yard.

"I looks round and makes out Phil's figger in the blizzard, flounderin' towards me, his fur coat allegin' him over near every step.

"I sees him raise his arms, then a flash, and a bullet hits a fence post near me. I ducks down then, and goes through the fence like mad, cuttin' my face and tearin' my fur coat ter ribbons on the barbs. By the time I had scrambled through the blanked wire Phil was near the fence, and as I was gettin' up out of the snow he leans over the wire ter grab me, but I scooted quick across the yard fer the other fence, and goes through it like ninety.



A scene of great natural beauty in B.C.

trail in no time. Under I got home thank the horse fer fer keepin' the at with jerks and s, the poor plug hen we pulled up e stables. win' all over the ome of 'em hed x-yard. I looked uldn't see nothin' ight in the house ld let up fer a I yelled myself ke him hear. I e and made tracks n' if Phil knew ater the stacks. oor I knew some- arlor wus lit up, nner and singin' d crept in, quiet the kitchen wus n the parlor, and and peeped inter ssed fer goin' out, a, asittin' at the gin' one minute, the next, and t of his girl all ups up suddin, with his face ter, and starts 'I'm comin', he 'I'm comin' to dear. Oh, how the time has Twelve long! But now the has passed, and meetin' will be esweeter. It's ard winter, and my cattle are , but what do I fer I shall see yer. See! I am startin' ter meet yer. Hurry! sweetheart , hurry! I'm 'I comin'! hen, afore I what he wus he dashes gh the doorway the kitchen, 'I inter me and 'I'm on the in a heap. 'Hello!' sez he, ised like. 'What ou come back I thought yer'd fter starvin' all ttle. You want ill more, do 'I'll fix yer, h. I'll send yer 'er'vesent 'em.' ost the room r on the wall, d fer kyotes. r, then, mighty e door, opens e the blizzard, yellin' awful. d, and panted, and tryin' ter stables, fer I 'em ahead of oide till morn-scoot fer help. all drifted up; rsin' my luck bles and got I bashed inter in' the wires shot behind ast my head, a steer up at of the stack- es out Phil's ounderin' to- gin' him over rms, then a nce post near , and goes , cuttin' my t ter ribbons I had scam- ire Phil was as gettin' up ver the wire quick acrost e, and goes

"Soon as I gets the other side Phil fires again, and I feels a sting where thisscar is, but I thinks nothin' of it at the time, and scoots fer the stables as if old nick wus after me.

"Phil then bangs away fer all he's worth, and I hears the bullets whizzin' all about me, so I ducks down in a drift and looks back, fer I guessed he hed not hed time ter get clear through the two fences.

"I couldn't see nuthin' of him, fer the snow wus flyin' thick, and it wus pitch dark, but I could see the flash of his gun, and I kalklated he wus somewhere's in the stack-yard, and hed the second fence ter get through afore he could reach the stables.

"He must hev filled his pockets with cartridges afore he left the house—we allus kept a lot near the rifle—fer he kept blazin' away at the stables behin me, known' as I wus makin' that way.

"Soon I hears a big smash of glass up at the stables, then an awful bellowin' among the cattle shelterin' in the yard, and then they comes stampedin' right past me, rushin' inter the fence and tearin' the wire off the posts, then chargin' out on the prairie like mad.

"Phil starts a-yellin' and a-larfin' awful, and I just caught a sight of him scramblin' through the wires and follerin' after the cattle, blazin' away at 'em all the time.

"I gets up outer the drift and makes fer the stables, but I hedn't gone a rod afore I grows faint like, and topples over in the snow, where I lies fer a minute kinder dazed. Feelin' somethin' warm runnin' down my face I puts my hand up and finds this gash where, I guess, Phil hed hit me while I wus crawlin' through the fence.

"I drags myself along, then, as well as I could, on my hands and knees to the horse stable, opens the door and goes in, fastenin' myself in with a hook on the inside. I crawls past the horses, speakin' ter 'em as I went fer they wus snortin' so, wonderin' what the rumpus wus, and lies down under a manger.

"I must hev fainted or somethin' soon after, fer when I come to it wus daylight, and the horses whinnin' fer grub.

"I gets out from under the manger and finds I could stand up all right. My cap wus glued ter the cut in my head, and a good thing, too, or I guess I'd hev bled ter death—leastways the doctor sez so afterwards.

"I opens the door a little and peeps through the crack fer signs of Phil, but I sees nothin' of him, and there wus no smoke comin' outer the house chimney. A lot of the winders wus smashed in the stables, and about ten steers Phil hed shot wus lyin' around dead and covered with snow.

"The rest of the herd hed come back after stampedin', and were feedin' in the stack-yard.

"Well, boys, there's not much more ter tell. I give the horses some hay, then took one of 'em, hitched him ter the cutter, quiet like, in case Phil wus around, and drove ter town fer help.

"While I went ter see the doctor about a dozen fellows went down in a sleigh ter look for Phil, but they couldn't see him nowheres.

"The house door wus open, just as he hed left it when he chased after me, and the kitchen hed drifted half full of snow. Three of the fellows stayed ter look after the place and search gangs went all over the country after Phil. About a week afterwards one of the gangs sees a bit of cloth stickin' outer a drift eight miles from the house. Going ter it they finds Phil all froze stiff in the drift, with his gun near him, and his hands all gashed with the barb wire.

"The council wrote ter his folks in the Old Country, and told 'em all about it, so his brother and the girl Phil wus to hev married come out ter sell up the farm. When they saw the kind of place it wus they took a likin' fer it, made things up between themselves ter marry and settle on the place.

"Last I heard of 'em they wus still farmin' and doin' 'mazin' well, with a little Phil ter help 'em milk the cows.

"That is the yarn, boys, about this gash, and yer bet I wouldn't go through that bizness again fer all the farms in the west. Good night."

If brass or copper, after cleansing, is rubbed with soft newspapers, it will look much brighter and keep much longer.

THE DESIRE FOR HAPPINESS

Every human being desires happiness. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," therefore every one wishes a merry heart. To be joyful, to obtain happiness, is to fulfil at least a part of human destiny, for enjoyment expands all our capacities, our abilities to play, to work, to love. Yet often we wish too greatly for happiness that may add solely to our temporary ease of mind that may help us to forget what we ought to wish to remember.

Happiness that is an anodyne, that merely stills pain, may become a positive evil. No one has the right to wish for happiness at any cost. Every one who is living a decent human life will have some measure of happiness. The modern world recognizes in happiness a promoter of health, and a help to the

sane and symmetrical development of mind.

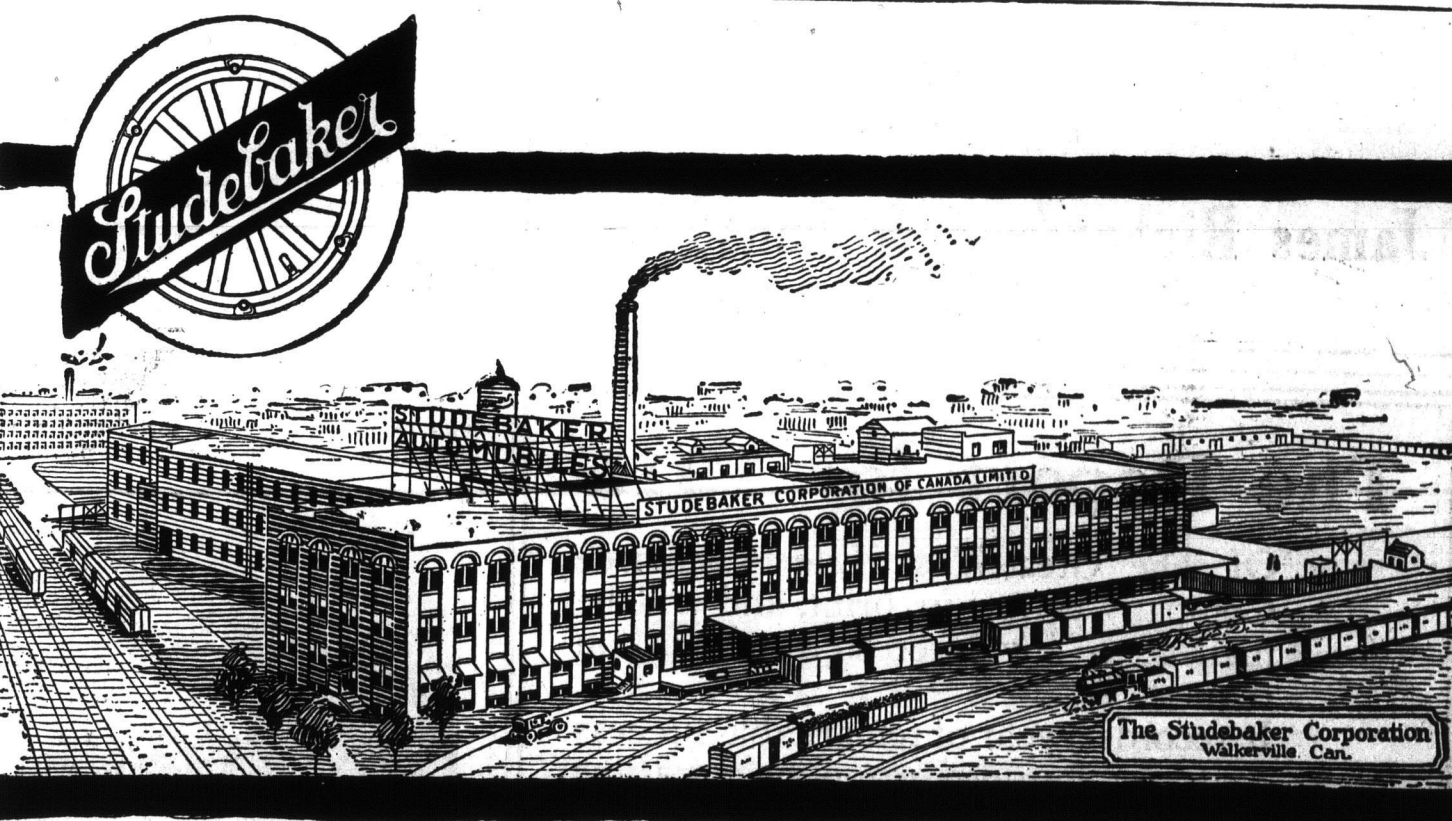
To be happy may become a duty, but there is an attitude toward happiness, a craving for it, that is an evil. De Quincey wrote, "Shall I speak ingenuously? I confess it, as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of an eudemonist; I hanker too much after a state of happiness, both for myself and others; I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness; and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit."

That is one way of describing what may be called moral cowardice, which is what the craving for happiness sometimes means. We are not strong enough, or well enough disciplined, or obedient enough to bear pain. We think we must find an escape in happiness.

The suffering, the lesson that should bite into us as acid bites into a metal plate, we wish to avoid or to forget.

In the pursuit of pleasure people lose many pleasures. That is what happens with happiness. In working for it at any cost, in being unable to compare its present value with the benefit derived from suffering or sorrow bravely borne, we lose much. Most of the terrible habits that injure mankind have come as a consequence of craving for happiness, of desiring to forget at any cost.

The force that comes with moral courage, the development of our own personality, knowledge of life, strong love, self-control—all these values can be ours only as we are willing to pay for them and we must pay, if need be, with the happiness for which we are weakly craving.



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WINNIPEG

Peace River Pioneers of 1914

By Q. Fairchild.

WALLACE WARD had experienced the lure of the more settled parts of the west and after a return east and his marriage, he felt even more certain that only in the west he could satisfy his full belief in his capacity of "make good," and use his knowledge of logging and sawing learnt in the timber lands of Quebec, to be the first to set up a mill in the new country opening up, and known as the Peace River District.

To Ada Ward, the west meant nothing beyond a vague idea of rolling prairies, wheat, horses and "getting rich quick" talk, but to offset her merciful ignorance of all before her, she had a good stock of common sense and adaptability, and an all-round knowledge of household and farm management. Both young people possessed health, and with that essential qualification, they had a little money to start out on.

After the wrench of parting from the old home, the journey to Edmonton was full of interest, and it was not until leaving the train that Ada realized the only connecting link with the life she knew was vanishing with the trail smoke. A few days rest, and on the pioneers started by train to Athabasca Landing, for the autumn was rapidly overtaking them, and Peace River Crossing still to be reached by any and every means they could command. Wallace was commencing to have misgivings as to how a woman would stand the rubbing shoulders with all sorts, and the difficulties of securing any privacy

far as Mirror Landing, where shore lodgings consisted of wooden windowless stalls of bedrooms. From Mirror Landing, those going further on, drove over a rough portage to Sauleteau, but no boat having yet arrived, Wallace pitched their tent, and arranged their belongings and food; it was their first western "home," and such as it was, it afforded hospitality to travelling companions less fortunate than themselves.

Crowded on the steamer once more, they huddled about the boiler for comfort, until Sawbridge was reached at the lower end of Lesser Slave Lake. Across its broad waters the boat ploughed all the next day, and it seemed exhilarating after the intricacies and uncertainties of river navigation.

Grouard, at the opposite end of the Lake, ended their voyage, and from here to Peace River there was no one to look to but themselves, to help them on their way. Although Grouard boasted of being a "town," with shops and streets, to the Wards their own tent again seemed a much preferable shelter. After two days bargaining, a pair of horses and a buckboard were bought. With tent, blankets, groceries pots and pans, tin stove, gun and small trunk packed on behind the buckboard, they started away from Grouard,—no one knew them, no one cared, and a mile out they might have been Adam and Eve, so alone were they, but for the companionship of the big dog bounding along beside them.

A night alone on the trail! Wallace announced that it was no use attempt-



A Peace River game bag

while travelling. But Ada laughed at his fears and reminded him that she was now an old married woman.

Athabasca seemed quite a centre of civilization, and there was enough excitement in the arrivals and startings out of there to keep up Ada's spirits, and make her feel that at least she would have human companionship, even if only that of the old saying, "Misery likes company."

No heavy luggage having overtaken the travellers, they decided to trust to luck to getting it forwarded, and bought a supply of provisions, as nothing but actual transportation could be counted on from Athabasca to Peace River. A fine collie dog shared their fortunes, but rough as the conditions might be to his owners, to him anything was better than flying express trains.

The Athabasca River steamer was crowded with freight and passengers, and its navigation in the low water reminded the wards of "Old Times on the Mississippi," and the leadman making the soundings should have called out "Mark Twain." Only the laziness of the South was lacking, and there were no picturesque darkie loafers to amuse them. Rafts also were being floated down on which "Huckleberry Finn" and "Old Jim" might have lived. Freight was unloaded at lonely spots, where some settler was eagerly awaiting the arrival of something to make life more bearable. At night the boat was tied up to the shore, and the passengers who had no bunks arranged to sleep as best they could.

At Moose Portage travelling conditions did not improve, for the river here grew shallower, and a more desperate packing than ever was necessary to get all on board a still smaller steamer as

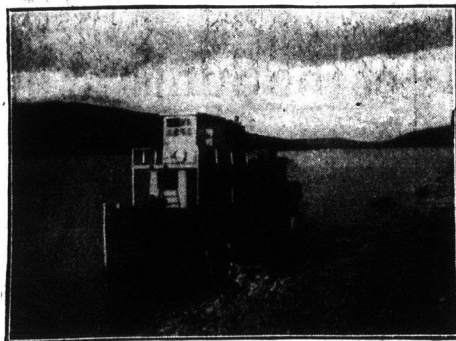
ing to reach the rest house kept for wayfarers, and they must hurry to make camp before darkness overtook them. The work of preparing a meal, kept Ada from thinking of the loneliness of her surroundings, and it was not until rolled up in her blankets, that the dread of it all seized her. The snuffings of the tethered horses nearby, seemed comforting sounds, but "Sport" stirred restlessly at the tent door, and once far away Ada felt sure she heard a weird cry. Tears scalded her cheeks at the thoughts of home and their concern if they could see her now, but Wallace, poor fellow, was so tired, she had not the heart to wake him.

Breakfast next morning in the crisp air was the most appetizing one ever eaten, while the horses got their porridge too, for there was nothing to add to their grazing, but a feed of "Quaker Rolled Oats."

Prairie and poplar bush, poplar bush and prairie, for eighty miles, marked only by the rest or "bunk" houses every ten miles or so, kept by half breeds, or a white man sunk to the level of a half bred wife. Water, wood and fodder for the horses could be depended on at these places, but travellers had to cook their own food, and put up a screen of a blanket to make a domestic division from others occupying the room. The only picturesque features of the lodgings were the big open fires in the mud chimneys across the ends of the cabins. Poor as these stopping places were, they were eagerly looked forward to at the end of the day's journey, and there was a queer gathering in of people from the four corners of the earth, and much exchange of experiences. Sometimes from sheer delight at being among a small crowd again, the young

men danced together to the music of mouth-organs—the following morning the trail swallowed them up.

The Valley of the Peace River. That the Wards might gaze on the country spread out below, the tired horses were pulled up before making the descent of seven hundred to the "Crossing." Although the scenes were new to them, yet it seemed as if they had arrived in a homeland. The waters of the Peace and Smoky Rivers were like silver streaks, while the hills and dark evergreens reminded Ada of her own Laurentian hills in far Quebec. Down, down, the horses went until the level of the river was reached, and the main street



House boat on the Peace River

of the little town building upon its banks. A bank in a wooden shack, hotels (of sorts), a small mission church, stores and a few houses formed the nucleus of a place predicted to develop into an importantly placed town "when the railroad came."

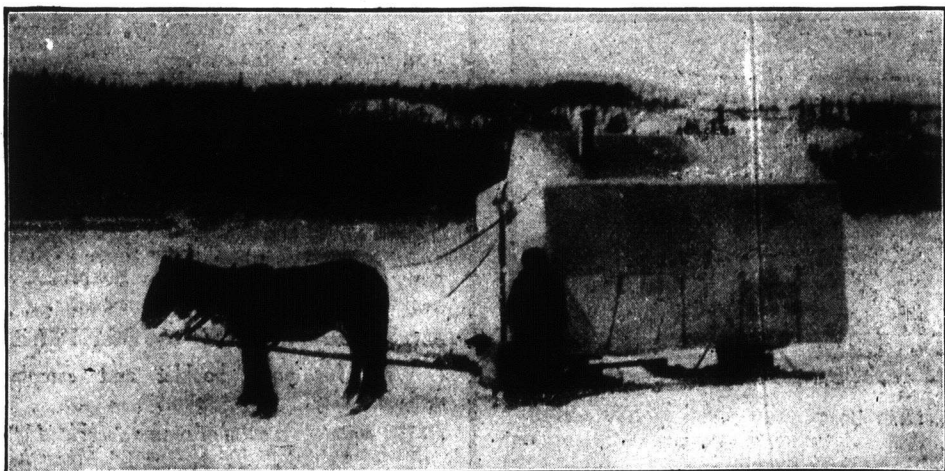
The "Peace Hotel" opened its doors

Food seemed at famine prices to one accustomed to the plentiness of an eastern farm, but on the other hand, the amount of game seemed marvellous.

The Peace River was the highway, a river steamer plying between the Hudson's Bay trading posts, while the inevitable Hudson's Bay store was the centre of life at the Crossing, and a few Northwest Mounted Police held their wonderful sway over their district.

The first Christmas came and found Ada anxiously pacing the floor as Wallace was days overdue from his last prospecting trip. What could have happened? Only something serious to leave her alone on such a day, a box from home had come, and the dinner was arranged as much like old times as Ada could do it. A neighbor begged Ada to leave the house and come to hers, but no coaxing could prevail, in case Wallace should arrive at a shut up house. The afternoon passed, then night came, and Ada was thankful for the company of the neighbor's child. Two days later Wallace drove in with a dead lame horse, and the tears that had not come during the agony of uncertainty, flowed for joy at Wallace's safety. The poor Christmas dinner was warmed again, and eaten as a thanksgiving one.

New Year's Day was to be a grand event in the annals of the Crossing, and a wonderful charity ball was to be given at the hotel, to raise money for a cottage hospital. The little town was full of men in for the holidays, in parties, or twos and threes, but more of lonely men, desperately lonely men, determined though strangers all, to have as good a



"Caboose" in which the ward travelled

to the weary travellers, who felt it would be better to get to know everyone as quickly as possible, instead of keeping more aloof in their own camp. After a few days prospecting about, arrangements were made to rent one of the houses for the winter, as the owner was leaving for Calgary. No better piece of luck could have befallen the Wards, as with a comfortable fixed up house, they could endure many of the winter discomforts of their surroundings, and were much envied by others who were rapidly pushing into the "Crossing."

Wallace could have had work from first, but refused to be tempted by the high wages offered, feeling that he must keep his own aim and object in view—timber limits and a mill.

With a comfortable home to return to, and good horses to drive, the Wards pushed on to see Dunnegan for themselves. The country was very fine and quite parklike woods were driven through affording a good supply of fuel to the settlers who had already studded the trail with their log cabins. These new homes were just what the different types of women made them; some were desolate, others, while possessing no more worldly goods, had an air of comfort. In one cabin, the Wards found the housewife had made curtains and covers of well washed bagging scalloped with bright wool. Dunnegan in spite of the fair prophecies for it, seemed very blank and dreary, and with only a woman's instinct to guide her, Ada urged Wallace to settle once for all at Peace River Crossing. After returning there, Wallace often taking a man with him, left for harder trips, and Ada's was the weary role of waiting. Neighbors offered to be helpful, the majority of the women being half breed wives.

time as possible in the young apology of a city. A great baking and cooking went on for days, and much scouring around for chairs and crockery.

On the day itself, the little church was crowded with those who went for many reasons, and with feelings only known to themselves, but there was no doubt as to the attraction to all of the familiar hymns. But the affair of the evening was to be the cementing offer of friendship by the citizens of the "Crossing" to the strangers within their gates.

There was a tremendous furbishing up by the guests, and searching of long stored baggage. No one could boast an entire new outfit, but a new tie, or a pair of old evening slippers for one, a collar last laundered in an eastern city, or a fancy vest, made quite a fine effect, while the only concession one man could make for such a "real party" was to shave off his beard. The squaws and half breed women were gaily bedecked with ribbons, quite eclipsing the half dozen white women and Ada, who had looked in vain for the arrival of the long delayed freight boxes.

No one was very much the worse for the gathering, and many were very much better, for the attempt to do as those in choicer surroundings were doing that very same night. The dancing was fast and furious, and the "grub" disappeared like melting snow in a hot sun. It wasn't much, poor fellows, to meet with such a generous response, but it would have taken a great deal of enticement "back East" to have cleared three hundred dollars.

About the middle of winter, Wallace was completely discouraged in his attempt to find the timber limits he needed, and he decided there was nothing to be done but go down to Edmonton and see the provincial head of the crown

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Get our prices, laid down at your station

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lands, and secure what influence he could to put through the deal. The weather was intensely cold, but the snow did not lie deep on the ground as the Wards had been accustomed to seeing it at home, yet the thought of a journey over those desolate wastes of snow was appalling, but on the other hand, Ada had had one experience of what it meant to wait alone for days, what it would be for months she couldn't allow herself to even think of. Better a thousand times to go with Wallace to share and help him through any hardships.

When reading old tales of prairie schooner days in the Western States, of the pioneers' terrible experiences of burning sun and thirst, and terrors of Indian attacks, Ada could never have believed that in 1914 she would travel in a winter schooner on runners with the temperature at 50 degrees below zero. The "building of the ark" the Wards called it, as Wallace made the platform on the sleigh and the uprights, over which to stretch the canvas. Into this shelter was placed a cot bed, folding table, tin stove and provisions. A window a foot square was cut in front to allow of driving while standing up. With layer upon layer of clothing, socks, moccasins and sheepskin overboots, the Wards started their outward trek of three hundred miles, over what seemed like the steppes of Russia or Siberia. The tiny room was never really cold, and turns were taken at driving. When off duty, there was nothing to do but lie on the cot and try to read and forget the monotony, or once or twice a day take a brisk walk behind the schooner or "caboose" as it is called in local language.

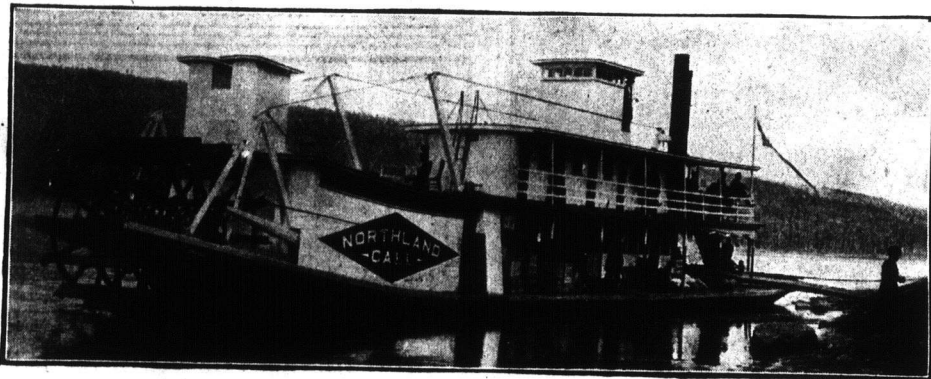
a woman on deck, were the river traders coming down in canoes. Hails were exchanged, and some of Ada's good home made food for any game they had.

For those who loved the wildness of it all, it was an ideal summer life until the cold weather warned them to make up steam for the Crossing.

Two years passed. Logs were cut and driven down the current, a homestead was secured, as well as town lots, and the mill set up. Ada pulled the first log up to the saw, and its buzzing scream as the teeth passed through, was the most beautiful music the Wards had ever heard. The first board has been put aside until Wallace has time to make it up into something for the home. The mill cannot work quickly enough for the waiting settlers to have the grandeur of a frame house instead of a log cabin.

A rough life it might seem to those who care for nothing but city life and its so-called culture and great offerings of art, music and literature, but to those pioneering in the still unopened further west, nature is the best art, the sweeping wind and rushing waters is as music, and literature is in the making, for the romances and adventures of the people about one were more wonderful than those of fictitious characters described by the ablest pen. The growth of their town is of greater pride and interest to its citizens than if they were mayors of a ready-made city.

The Canadian Northern Railway is now near enough to fulfil all hopes and promises of what its coming is to mean to the Crossing of the Peace River. Ada is to have a trip home from her door to that of the one she left so bravely



The Peace River steam boat

Grouard was reached on the now frozen Lesser Slave Lake, over which a fine road was kept. At the small places where the boat touched in summer and the rest houses, the Wards made short stops, while homesteaders seeing them coming, gave them their western hospitality, until Athabasca brought them into complete touch with civilization again. The horses were pretty well played out, but had to get on somehow to their well earned rest in Edmonton. When standing in a street with drooping heads, a cheery stranger seeing them, stuck his head into the "caboose" and said, "Well, friends, is it Peace River or bust?" "No," answered Wallace, too amused to resent the intrusion, "it is Peace River and busted."

The sleigh was dismantled, and now that the trip was a thing of the past, Ada could think of it as an experience she would not have missed. A few months of weary hanging about offices, and Wallace finally got the concession he wanted, and with the return of spring and fresh hopes, back the travellers drove over a trail now growing familiar to them. The short time they had been away made them seem the strangers, so many people had come to the Crossing, and after the lonesomeness of a large city, this time the Wards felt it was a home-coming.

For the sake of its boilers, a little steamer was bought that Catholic missionaries had used, and on it the Wards started up the river to the timber berth. No captain of a C.P.R. "Empress" was prouder of his ship and crew, consisting of one man. Between high shores, the beautiful waters rippled and sparkled with ever changing lights and shades, and within the boat all was snug when a storm lashed it at anchorage. Across the prow a frightened moose sometimes swam, while bears were so numerous that Ada seldom wandered far from shore. Equally as startled as the animals at the sight of a steam-boat and

but she says every mile the train speeds on, she will wonder what hardships and loneliness other pioneer women endured as they came westward.

The Return of the Birds

First the Bluebird comes,
With his nodding plumes,
Builds his home in state
For his joyous mate.
Quite a songster he
In a minor key.

Then comes Robin, dressed
In his crimson vest,
He's saucy and bold,
And his wife's a scold,
But bright heralds they
Of the springtime gay.

Hear the Catbird's note,
See his handsome coat!
In the lilac tree,
Such a mimic he.
We are sure of spring
When we hear him sing.

We shall have a treat
When the next we greet,
Joyous melody!
Sweetest symphony!
Every one, I think,
Loves dear Bobolink.

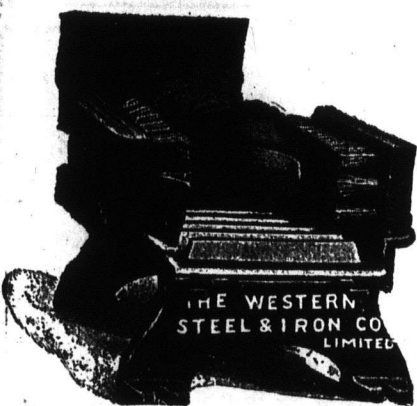
If beauty you prize,
Then open your eyes
And Oriole view
There posing for you,
In orange and black
On wings and on back.

The little Thrush shy,
The tiny Wren spry,
Sparrow and Tomtit,
Blackbird and Linnit,
And Lark and Finch and Quail,
Not one of them fail
Each springtime to hail.

—Etta Marshall Stauffer.

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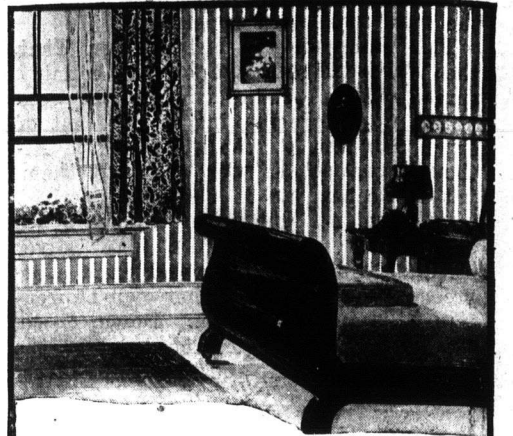
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Send me booklet showing the new SANITAS designs and the name of the nearest dealer.

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THE HONE WITH THE HOLES
Just like you would sharpen your pocket-knife—back and forth, or round and round—any way you like so long as you keep it flat to the stone. No skill is needed; you simply can't go wrong. Those little round holes in the hone trim off the roughness or "wire-edge," and leave a keen smooth edge that is a wonder even to barbers.

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It made new razors out of my old discarded ones. Shaving is now a pleasure for me.—Milton H. Douglas, Bath, Maine. "I had an old razor I had laid aside. I could not get it sharp. Now it shaves as well as a new razor."—Rev. H. W. McArthur, Gainesville, Ga. "I have fixed up some old razors that 'wouldn't cut soft butter' and they shave fine."—Robert Laking, Kearney, Ont. Thousands say the same.

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Then, if you don't get the finest shaves you ever had, if it doesn't make your old razor shave like new, we gladly refund price, 50 cents (Large Size \$1.00). At your dealer's, or by mail, prepaid. Write for Booklet "Honing Made Easy." Perforated Hone Co., Lynn, Mass.

All orders shipped from our Canadian Factory.
When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Winter

By H. H. Pittman

Winter! The very word has a chilly sound and makes one think appreciatively of fur coats and of evenings by a glowing stove. In the country, it is, in a way, welcomed, for it brings a period of relaxation to the farmer—a rest after the work which has had to be rushed on account of the short season. In the towns, however, the snow and biting winds are dreaded, for, after all, comfort tends to create "softness," and a drop in temperature that leaves the farmer unmoved has a painful effect upon the townsman.

On the great plains, far away from the cities, the changes of the seasons stir a contemplative mind unaccountably. They are so great, so immune, that man's

able because they are smaller and live in holes, although they seem to lead rather a wandering life during the cold months. This month the last of the migrants—the ever busy wood-pecker—flies from bluff to bluff on his way to a more congenial climate.

The journey of the wood-pecker is typical of nearly all migration. The immense journeys of the birds are not direct flights from cold to warmth, as the older observers believed, but a series of gradual flights from one feeding ground to another, south in the fall and north in the spring, along regular routes that have possibly been followed ever since the world has been in its present condition. Our fore-fathers marvelled at the long distances covered, but in reality this is simple, although we have yet to explain the underlying guiding instinct and many other problems.

December is really cold, but it is far from being a "dead" month. I have seen, both in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, one of the smallest mammals known, the pigmy shrew, running on the snow-crust in December, when the thermometer was many degrees below zero, and my cheeks and nose were frozen, and my hands numbed and useless. Other small creatures are about also, and the tracks of voles and field mice are plentiful—a fact of which the great snowy owls seem to be aware.

The shrews, voles and mice, the prairie hares or jack-rabbits, the bush-rabbits, the weasels and the wolves are the principal animals to be seen this month, but there is other life about of an unexpected kind, for sometimes badger tracks can be seen in the snow—proof positive that our knowledge of hibernation is limited.

With the coming of January one feels that the back of the winter is broken, although the weather is generally colder. The wolves draw nearer the houses and can be heard howling in every direction, particularly if any dead horses or cattle have been drawn out to the sloughs. The horned larks and snow-birds are bolder and feed around the farm buildings, crouching low to protect their legs and feet with their body feathers. The sharp-tailed grouse leave the stubble and straw piles and also condescend to visit the farm-yards, quarrelling and running about with erected crests in a peculiarly restless manner. There is something very likable about these birds. They are so independent, scornful, one feels, to descend to subterfuge by changing their plumage in order to harmonize with the surroundings. They make no attempt to conceal themselves, often settling right upon the roofs of the houses.

In February the cold is still generally severe. An interesting feature this month is the action of the wind upon the snow. In cold weather the snow falls in single crystals, and when, towards the end of the winter, a slight crust has been formed by the increasing warmth of the sun's rays, the wind carves out fantastic and beautiful designs. When pressed upon, too, snow will "pack," and the tracks of the sleighs, human footprints and the trails of animals stand out in relief.

On fine nights the wonderful Northern lights appear. Sometimes merely a vague indefinite streak, and at others a gently-quivering lemon-yellow light resembling the lower edge of a constantly moving



Snowy owl

curtain of flame. Occasionally there is a single line of flame with the oscillating curtain above it. The folds in the curtain—ever changing—are marvellous to watch, yet impossible to do justice to with either pen or brush.

Towards the end of the month mild sunny days occur, and the cheery song of the little horned-larks (delivered from the ground) is heard, particularly welcome after the silence which for so long has enveloped the snow-covered



Baird's prairie deer-mouse

mightiest efforts seem paltry in comparison. Humboldt, I believe, once wrote to the effect that the marvels of Nature had a tendency to sadden, but surely only a morbid disposition would be affected in this way. For most of us, perhaps, "awed" would be a better way to express our feelings, for who has not experienced a feeling of awe or reverence for the master hand behind some wonderful creation—whether of man or Nature?

The countryman is generally drawn to Nature, although often unconsciously, and studies the movement of the wild life—the animals, the birds, the plants—with the interest the city person bestows upon his daily paper, and who shall say the result is not as beneficial—mentally?

November is the first winter month. The ground becomes too stiff to plow and the air is pleasantly crisp. Snow is general, and the merry ringing of the sleigh-bells relieves the silence of the plains. Frequently the first snows are melted and disappear during a mild spell, making the animals that have changed their coats conspicuous. During a drive after one of these warm spells, scores of jack-rabbits can be seen, and bush-rabbits found in every patch of scrub. The weasels, which are the first animals to turn white, are not so notice-

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BENGER'S FOOD IS FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS, and all whose digestive powers have become weakened through illness or advancing age.

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If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to the patentees and manufacturers and your order will be mailed the same day it is received.

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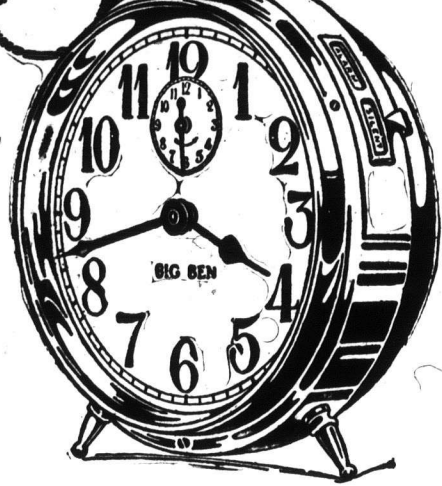
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The recipes in our new book, "Desserts and Candies", will tell you just how to use it, in many novel ways. Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

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3 Grand Varieties--Good as Gold

Beans—Refuge Wax—Pods round, clear and transparent and of handsome appearance. Is tender, very productive, free from rust, and stands dry weather well. ¼ lb. 15c., 1 lb. 45c., 5 lbs. \$2.00. Postpaid.

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landscape. The grouse begin to call and some of the hares commence to change color, although most remain white until well into March.

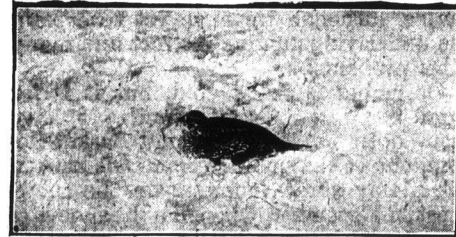
March "many weather," the old saying runs, but one is tempted to regard it as the first month of Spring. Bare spots appear on the prairie, and here and there little pools of water. The gophers awaken from their long sleep, the first birds—the crows—return, stray blades of new grass appear, and there is an indescribable feeling of elation in the air.

To the observant, particularly on the prairie, there are no "dead" months, for every month, every day, indeed, has an interest of its own. This article is brief, for I have omitted many things—the wonderful snow-shoes of the bush-rabbits, the elongated scales along the

is awarded, his due honors, to be worn ever after on state occasions. All awards are made and all disputes settled by the Council, and no man would dream of being so foolish as to wear an honor that had not been conferred by them, or in any way to dispute their ruling.

In the light of this we see new interest attached to the head-dress of some famous warrior of the West, when he is shown with a circle of tufted feathers around his head, and then, added to that, a tail of one hundred or more reaching to the ground and trailing behind him. We know that, like the rows of medals on an old soldier's breast, they are the record of wonderful past achievements; that everyone of them was won, perhaps, at the risk of his life. What wonder is it that travellers on the plains to-day tell us that the Indian values his head dress above all things else. He would usually prefer to part with his ponies and his tepees before he will give up that array of eagle plumes, the only tangible record that he has of whatever was heroic in his past.

From "The Book of Woodcraft." By Ernest Thompson Seton. Published by Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 6s. net.



Sharp-tailed grouse sunning itself on the snow

toes of the grouse, the excavations of the badgers in the snow-drifts, the occasional visits of the red-polls—but it may show that winter on the immense prairie need not be dull, and that a person living away at the "back of beyond" is not necessarily out of reach of all uplifting influences, and that the cold months need not really be dreaded.

The Redskin's War Bonnet and What It Means

The typical Indian is always shown, with a war bonnet, or war cap, of eagle feathers. Everyone is familiar with the look of this head-dress, but I find that few know its meaning, or why the Indian glories in it so.

In the days when the red man was unchanged by white men's ways, every feather in the brave's head-dress was awarded to him by the Grand Council for some great deed, usually in warfare. Hence the expression, "a feather in his cap." These deeds are now called coups (pronounced coo), and when of exceptional valour they were grand coups, and the eagle's feather had a tuft of horsehair, or down, fastened on its top. Not only was each feather bestowed for some exploit, but there were also ways of marking the feathers so as to show the kind of deed.

Old plainsmen give an exciting picture of Indian life after the return of a successful war party. All assemble in the Grand Council lodge of the village. First the leader of the party stands up, holding in his hands or having near him, the scalps or other trophies he has taken, and says in a loud voice:—

"Great Chief and Council of my Nation, I claim a grand coup because I went alone into the enemy's camp and learned about their plans; and when I came away I met one of them and killed him within his own camp."

Then if all the witnesses grunt and say, "Hui!" or "How, how!" ("So—it is so") the Council awards the warrior an eagle feather with a red tuft and a large red spot on the web, which tell why it was given.

The warrior goes on: "I claim grand coup because I slapped the enemy's face with my hand (thereby warning him and increasing the risk) before I killed him with my knife."

A loud chorus of "How, how, how!" from the others sustains him, and he is awarded another grand coup.

"I claim grand coup because I captured his horse while two of his friends were watching."

Here, perhaps, there are murmurs of dissent from the witnesses; another man claims that he also had a hand in it. There is a dispute, and maybe both are awarded a coup, but neither gets grand coup. The feathers are marked with a horse-shoe, but without a red tuft.

After the first each of the warriors come forward to turn and claim, and

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded subway car kept on sniffing in a very annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer:

"Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."—New York World.

Ever Think of It?

Some folks go on clogging their systems and drugging themselves day after day with tea and coffee—half sick most of the time. They wonder what balks their plans and keeps them down.

Suppose you stop tea and coffee 10 days and try

POSTUM

You can then learn what a difference it makes in body and brain to quit tea and coffee, which contain the drug, caffeine, and use the food-drink—Postum.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers

Plans for Comfortable and Attractive Farm Home

By V. W. Horwood

It is a common saying that a man must plan and build three houses before he will have a home; but the farmer, especially the farmer who has arrived at comfort by the honorable toil of producing food, will have his mind made up as to the requirements of his home.

The planning of a moderate cost farm home requires considerable thought. The farmer by his own labor can build with less expense than the city dweller who has to employ high priced labor for all his work. The first question is the site. Sentimental reasons have something to do with this selection. A man and his family who have progressively lived on a certain spot of land will cling to it, even if it is not just adaptable. Build on rising ground if possible; build so that the sunlight will come into your woman's work rooms. The man's work is outside. The woman's is to a certain extent, inside, and so this kitchen has a large window facing south, and in the winter is the brightest room in the house. The dining room has a south easterly exposure giving light when most desired in the early mornings and being cool in the evening. The first windows in early times were simply holes, and without glass. When the winter sun is low on the horizon and the days drawn in, good sized windows are enjoyed, especially on the south side. On the north side avoid too much glass, and always use storm windows. The same applies to the doors. Never have an entrance facing north, as however you protect it, it will be cold and dreary throughout the winter. Use stock doors and windows as much as possible, as they can be bought at less cost, and with less delay. In the catalogues of the lumber mills are all kinds of windows which can be made to suit the purpose equally as well as detailed ones. The floors should always be of hard wood as it is impossible to keep a splintered floor clean, and carpets should be tabooed.

The plan shown this month is for a home, and as a farmer's home is his place of business, a section of the ground floor is laid off, so that business is not brought into the home portion of the house. The office has an entrance from the rear and business with the men, marketing the produce, correspondence, etc., can be attended to and all the facilities for this work can have their proper places.

poses by means of the many compression pumps or windmills, but if neither water nor sewage is possible, in the winter a sanitary closet can be installed, with ventilation to the outside, and by this means avoid a great deal of the hardship and sickness consequent on going out in zero weather. A small store room is also at the rear. There is no direct entrance from the outside to the kitchen. Many farm houses have it, but when the wife is doing her cooking and house work the frequent opening of the back door keeps the floor cold and snow covered, even if a porch

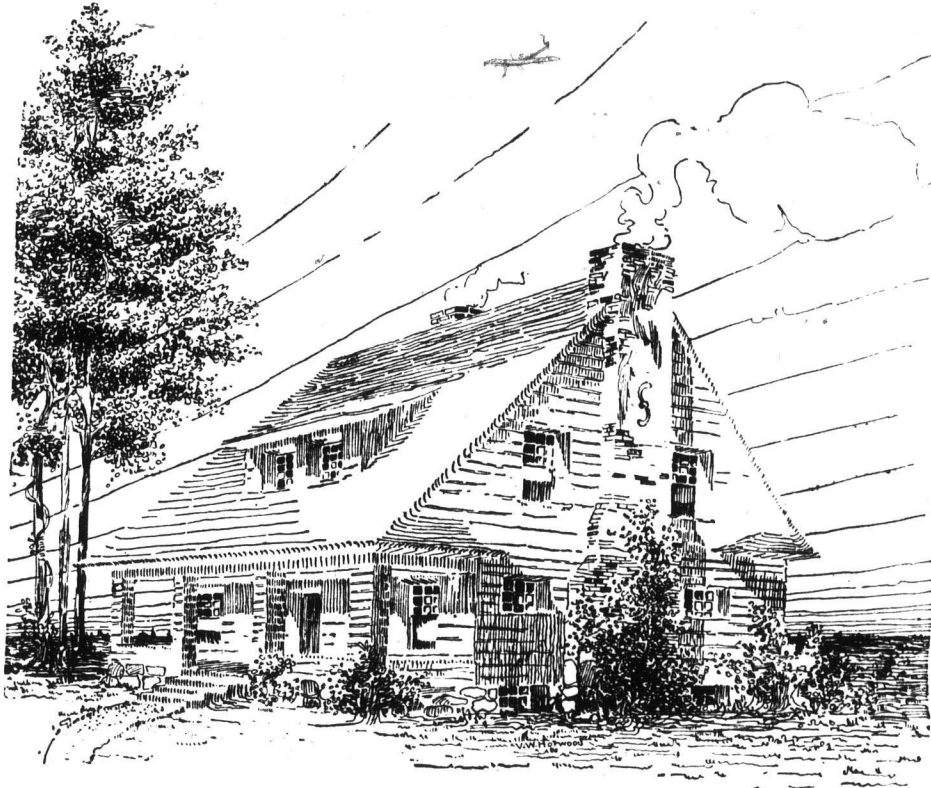
The kitchen has a service cupboard with bins and drawers, with also a slop sink under, which can discharge into a screened barrel outside. The window faces south.

If no basement can be put in, the whole space behind the rear of the stairs can be made into store room and closet. The stairs going up can be used from the kitchen without going into the living room, and if wished a very effective decorative scheme could be made in the living room by building a screen instead of a solid wall. The fire places are of brick, or if field stone can be obtained, use it, but be sure and bond well.

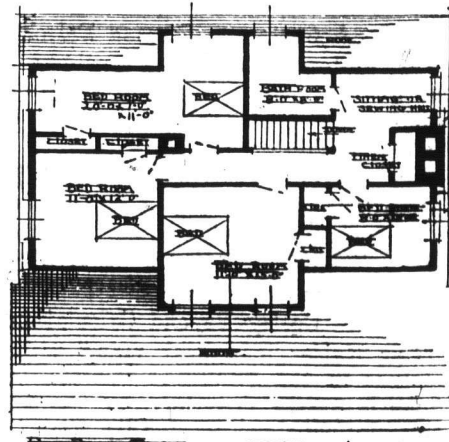
The main entrance is into the living room, and a large screened verandah goes across the house. The dining room is next the living room and kitchen.

Upstairs are four bed-rooms and a bath room. The bath room should be provided, even if water is not piped for. The finishing of the bed-rooms can be done as required. Clothes cupboards for each bed-room are shown, and also an ample linen closet; and a sewing or sitting hall where the sewing machine may be kept.

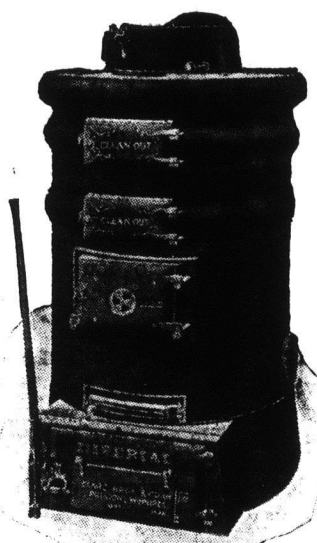
If a basement is built an outside entrance is provided and a furnace should be put in.



The rear entrance has a wash room so that dirt will not be taken into the house. Next to the wash room is a winter closet in case drainage is not possible. Water pressure can always be laid in the house for ordinary purposes or shed is attached; so this entrance is separate but convenient. The men have an opportunity of cleaning up before going into the house. The wood or coal box is filled from the wash room through a hinged lid.



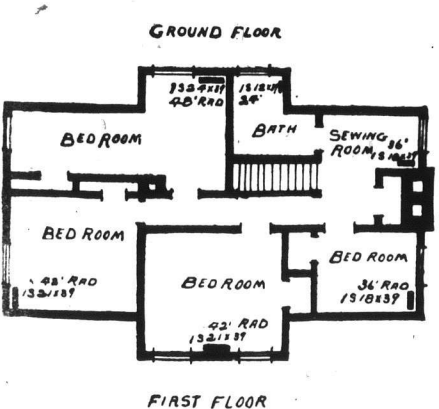
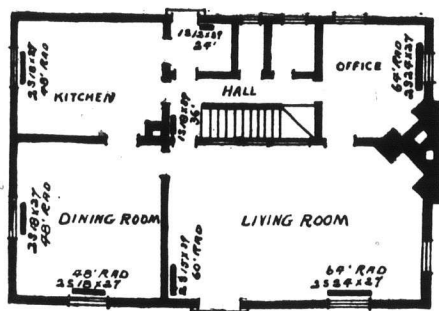
(Continued on page 20)



The Heating System YOU Should Investigate

+  = **COMFORT**

IMPERIAL BOILERS, plus HYDRO-THERMIC RADIATORS, equals



The ground floor and first floor plans here are the same as in the article on this page, showing the installation of our heating system planned by our experts who are at your service in all matters pertaining to heating.

Heating by the Imperial Hot Water Boilers and Hydro-Thermic Radiators installed, in your new, or present, home, according to plans furnished by our experts bear our absolute guarantee to heat your house comfortably during the most severe weather.

IMPERIAL BOILERS are constructed of the best material and fitted and machined throughout by skilled workmen. Every boiler is guaranteed to be perfect in material and workmanship.

IMPERIAL BOILERS have an overhanging arched fire-pot and the sections are joined by means of cast iron nipples and no packing of any description is used in joints. These sections are so arranged as to secure the maximum fire travel and take every heat unit out of the coal.

IMPERIAL BOILERS are fitted with a properly adjusted blinker door enabling one to rake the surface of the grates without destroying the fire or wasting fuel.

HYDRO-THERMIC RADIATORS are absolutely superior to the old-fashioned cast radiators, both economically and artistically and are more sanitary. Brings down the cost without sacrificing efficiency. Only one-third the water used per square foot as compared with cast radiators, which decreases the consumption of fuel and responds to the damper regulation more promptly.

Occupies less than half the space of cast iron radiators of corresponding size and on account of its light weight Hydro-Thermic Radiators can be used either on legs or suspended from the wall on concealed brackets, the latter doing away with cutting the carpets and also gives free access for sweeping.

Write to-day for our booklets describing the many important features found in our heating system also free plans, and specifications including price for IMPERIAL BOILER, HYDRO-THERMIC STEEL RADIATORS, the necessary Piping, Cast Iron Fittings, Nickel Plated Radiator Valves and Air Vents, Nickel Plated Floor and Ceiling Plates. Guaranteed to heat a house constructed on plan shown here.

This house can also be heated with our "HECLA" Warm Air Furnace. Estimate and plans of same will be furnished free of charge.

Clare Bros. Western, Ltd.

Dept. H

WINNIPEG, MAN.

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Send me full particulars of heating plan
as advertised in April Western Home
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The Western Home Monthly

What the World is Saying

Summing It Up

Allies liberate. Teutons would dominate. Meanwhile, Neutrals deliberate.—New York Sun.

But He Is a Hohenzollern

The Kaiser has lived to see another birthday, but a million German soldiers have not.—Toronto Star.

No Change Whatever

Canada entered this war with her eyes open and her mouth very grimly shut, and that is still the position.—Halifax Herald.

A Poor Fit

It is being demonstrated that hyphenated Americans do not fit very closely into the national life of the United States.—Vancouver Province.

In the Fewest Words

It just amounts to this: If we are prepared we will be ready; if we are not, we won't be, and it will be too late to begin.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Weight of Wealth in China

A dollar's worth of Chinese money weighs eight-een pounds. No wonder so many of the moneyed class of China are bowlegged.—Victoria Times.

Madame Speaker

Some day Mrs. Speaker will be giving her rulings in the Manitoba legislature—and in most of the other legislatures of the Dominion.—Toronto Globe.

A Grotesque German Falsehood

For grotesque absurdity nothing has appeared since the war began to equal the story that Great Britain would seek a separate peace with Germany.—Paris Journal des Debats.

On the Street Cars in Berlin

Over three thousand women are serving as street car conductors in Berlin. But then they don't have to yell, "Make room there in front—there's room for two more!"—Stratford Beacon.

Costly Beyond Calculation

"Our Kaiser is a dear man," writes a German schoolgirl in the Frankfort Gazette. Germany will find he is a very dear man by the time the Allies' bill is presented.—Kansas City Star.

The Kaiser's Gift to the Sultan

The Kaiser has sent a jewelled sword to the Sultan of Turkey, a little act of thoughtfulness comparable only to presenting the foreman of the abattoir with a 'manicure' set.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

The Kaiser's Present to Himself

On his birthday the Kaiser released all jail prisoners between the ages of 18 and 55 and forthwith drafted them into the army. A valuable birthday present bestowed by himself upon himself.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Edith Cavell

In the gardens of the Tuilleries the French nation will erect a statue of Edith Cavell. There will be many heroes of the great war, but the chief heroine of it is sure to be the gentle English nurse.—Amsterdam Telegraaf.

Quite So

We should have in New Brunswick a recruiting organization just about ten times as effective as the organization of either political party in any of our most keenly contested general elections.—St. John (N.B.) Telegraph.

As to Copper in Germany

"Germany has such immense stores of copper as to suffice for years to come," said the chancellor in the Reichstag, and the cheers that greeted this statement almost drowned the sound of the working men's hammers stripping off the copper roof.—Wall Street Journal.

A Coming Russian Avalanche

In the spring Russia hopes to be able to put in the field an army of seven millions, including one million cavalry, and 10,000 pieces of artillery. Japan, the United States, and Britain are daily furnishing large quantities of rifles. A spring avalanche, in brief.—Victoria Colonist.

In the Land of Obedience

The Vorwaerts declares that public discussion of food prices and the coming additional war taxes is to be forbidden in Germany. Evidently the Government does not desire the people to be reminded too often of their misfortunes, which keep on growing in extent all the time.—Quebec Chronicle.

A "Society of the Lusitania"

Cleveland, Ohio, has a "Society of the Lusitania." The members wear a button which bears the arms of Germany disfigured by a great red splotch and these words appear beneath, "The Blot That Won't Come Off." Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington, ought to see about this.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Wilhelm's Bargain with the Turk

It is useless to look to Germany to exert a restraining influence upon its ally Turkey in the matter of massacres of Armenians, for the simple reason that a benevolent blindness toward such domestic matters was part of the price paid for German influence in Turkey.—Springfield Republican.

A Sidelight on German Food Supply

An interesting sidelight on the condition of Germany as to food supplies is afforded by the fact that practically all of Holland's herring catch for the season has been sold to Germans at twenty-nine dollars a barrel, as compared with seven to ten dollars of other years.—St. Thomas Journal.

The Importance of Crops in War

The French Government has moved to have every available parcel of land placed under cultivation immediately and will see that whatever labor is required is supplied, by the military authorities if necessary. In a long and stern war of big proportions crops are next in importance to men, ammunition and money.—London Saturday Review.

Canadian Adaptability

The theory frequently urged that we have lost the adaptability of our pioneer ancestors is finally dispersed. All vacancies for Canadian recruits for the British naval aviation service have been filled, and now there is a big rush of young men able to handle motor boats, to get positions on the British motor-boat patrol.—London Advertiser.

Trembling for the Doctrine

Does any one think that if Germany is victorious she will be in no condition, if she is in the mood, to attempt to make larger that place in the sun which success on the continent will insure her? The truth is that a German triumph will place the Monroe Doctrine in greater peril than at any other time since it was first formulated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Belgium's Outlook

The Belgian minister of war denies indignantly that Belgium would consider a separate peace. Belgium knows that her chances of obtaining indemnity for her wrongs depend on sticking to the allies to the last, and she may reasonably argue that when Germany begins to throw out hints about a separate peace, those chances are looking brighter.—Duluth Herald.

The Wearers of the Khaki

Many a lad who because of menial occupation was ignored or treated patronizingly now holds our sincere respect and admiration. The khaki sends a man's shoulders back and his head up, mentally and physically. It gives him what we for lack of a better term call "class." War tends to level all, yet putting on the khaki places a man in that splendidly exclusive set which plays the chief and most heroic part in the conflict.—Arnprior Chronicle.

Austria's Amazing Demand

Not being a humorist, Sir Edward Grey made a rather ineffective reply to that demand of the Austrian government that the British government make adequate provision for the safety of the "better class" Austrian passengers on the steamer Golconda in the event of her being attacked by a submarine. It would require another Jonathan Swift or a Mark Twain to have done full justice to that demand.—London Times.

Undesirable Visitors

Secret service agents of the government, as well as those employed in self-defence by the large munition-making firms are making it very hot for German plotters in the United States. Are any of these dangerous characters being smuggled over the long boundary line into Canada? They might consider themselves safer in this country, where the guard is down, so to speak, than in the United States, where events have compelled close official vigilance.—Montreal Mail.

Meaning of "Germany"

If we can neither trust nor compel Germany to keep the peace, what hope is there for the future? The answer to this lies in the meaning attached to the word "Germany." The Germany that nobody can trust is the Germany that has revealed itself in this war, the Germany that acknowledges no law or obligation but her own interests, the Germany that tears up treaties, murders non-combatants and neutrals wholesale, plots arson and outrages and crimes of violence in neutral (that is, friendly) countries, that maltreats prisoners of war, and violates even the few strict rules of warfare unconditionally laid down in its own cynical war-book, which allows almost everything by way of exception under the plea of necessity. So long as that Germany remains on that moral plane, and in that state of mind, there can be no real peace, and to negotiate with her, either early or late, is to lose the war in effect, if not in appearance.—Nineteenth Century.

"Nourished, Sustained and Inspired"—by Hatred

"As our worries increase," says the Frankfurter Zeitung, "so day by day grows our natural hatred against the enemy who is responsible for this misery. This hatred is so potent that it will nourish and sustain us and inspire us to hold on until finally we hack our way through, even though we have drawn the belt so tight around our bodies that the mere act of breathing becomes a trouble and a weariness."—Frankfurter Zeitung.

As to the Value of Bachelors

Rev. H. M. O'Neil, of Ebensburg, Pa., in a sermon on the interesting subject of bachelors, declared that the unmarried man was usually of little value to any community, being generally selfish. Bachelors were rarely found at the head of the great governments or leading in work for the benefit of the community. In fact, they seldom accomplished much in life. Perhaps the reason for the latter fact is that the unfortunate fellows who have not families to support do not have to "do things." They have no drivers.—Montreal Gazette.

What the United States Owes to the British Navy

We owe the continuance of our customs revenue to the sea-preparedness of England. If Germany had been equal to Great Britain on the high seas, no ship flying the flag of a nation engaged on either side would have been safe, and neutral vessels would almost certainly have been so hampered by searches and seizures that they would have quit. The customs might have fallen to almost nothing. As it is, we get what the Allies sell, and we get what neutral countries sell. The much-talked-of interference by England with neutral trade is small by comparison with that trade's total volume.—Brooklyn Eagle.

M. Cambon's Summary

"On the one side are tranquil courage, faith in an ideal of justice, and the will to employ only legitimate means of defence. On the other, thoughts of lucre, forgetfulness of all the principles of humanity, the destruction of an open town, the taking of innocent lives, a sort of perverse joy in the accomplishment of evil, and a plan, pursued with childish disregard of scruple, to dominate the world by terror." This summing up of the situation by M. Paul Cambon, ambassador from France to Great Britain, might be employed as an effective reply to those who ask what the nations are fighting for.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Confession from Berlin

We must look the fact in the face that we are dealing with a nation of masters, which for centuries has never known what it is to yield. It is not to be expected that England, though she may have been at fault in her calculations in this war, will show any weakness. The nation, even in spite of its leaders, if need be, will hold out to the utmost with iron will. Germany and England have both underestimated the possibilities of development of which their forces were susceptible. After eighteen months of war we no longer engage in feints, we are aware that it is a question of fighting for life.—Berlin Tageblatt.

Great Peace Work in War Time

The British government in India has just opened the greatest irrigation-canal in the world, greater than that of even the Nile system in Egypt, and alone watering as much land as the whole of the twenty-five irrigation-canal systems of the United States. This is the Jhelum river system, in the northwest of India. It has 322 miles of main line (about the length of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence, from Toronto to Montreal) and 22,645 miles of subsidiary channels. It will water two million two hundred thousand acres of hitherto arid land. The cost direct and indirect is about \$70,000,000, but the watered land will produce crops worth at least \$13,000,000 a year. This is the sort of work British rule does in India, and which war does not stop.—Paris Matin.

Wilhelm the All-bountiful

Hurrah for Kaiser Bill! He is an open-handed spender! He has the give-away privileges of the earth! He has just offered to give Gibraltar to Spain! He has also offered to give all of Finland to Sweden! After he has given Gibraltar to the Spanish people the kaiser might turn around and present the Panama canal to Switzerland for the use of her extensive merchant marine. Then he might give Niagara Falls to Denmark. Think of the pork industry it might support. A few other things kicking around that might come in handy for the kaiser's use about Christmas time would be the Pyramids to be used as a paper-weight by Turkey, the Sphinx for Holland, with the North Sea thrown in as a chaser. Any time he would like to have the Rocky Mountains for Brazil, this continent will have them slipped into the Pacific and poled around the Horn. Bolivia might like one of our great lakes. Then there's the North Pole left. Why not give it to the Chinese? It might come in handy for the laundry!—London (Ont.) Advertiser.

STEELE, BRIGGS for SEEDS



IMPORTANT It is of the first importance to secure seeds that are known to be the best, but the poorest economy in the world is to pay good money for inferior, cheap and unknown strains. The grower cannot afford such chance—the ordinary risk of an unfavorable season and contingencies over which he has no control is very great with any and all crops—the use of good seeds will save the double risk.

GARDEN PEAS

For the farm a variety is required that produces a good yield without too much attention, that retains cooking qualities for several weeks, and when on the table is the luscious melting kind which everybody wants right along. In our opinion there are two varieties that meet these requirements perfectly—they are **WESTERN BEAUTY** and **RELIANCE**.

S.B.'S WESTERN BEAUTY

A new early wrinkled pea of such exceptional merit that we are firm in the belief there is nothing to equal it for the average home garden. Grows from 15 to 18 inches high; in earliness is ahead of American Wonder and Nott's Excelsior, and superior to either in productiveness, bearing more peas to the pod and many twin pods, while for quality the rich dark-green pods and peas are of delicious flavor.

Western Beauty is very hardy and may be planted first thing in the spring. It is fit for the table in 50 to 55 days, from planting. It will delight every grower who wants a fine early crop of the choicest quality of wrinkled peas. It is also specially suitable for planting at intervals in succession, thus affording a constant supply.

S.B.'S RELIANCE

This peerless Second-Early Variety is usually fit for the table in from 55 to 65 days from planting. The old Stratagem Pea holds a great record but Reliance is a big improvement and has won on real merit. The vines are vigorous and hardy, growing about twenty inches high and producing immensely; the pods are long and broad, well filled with very large dark-green peas of delicious melting flavor. A sure cropper and specially suited to the West. We are confident that as fast as growers become acquainted with Western Beauty and Reliance they will drop other varieties.

Price, both kinds, Packet 5c; Pint 40c, Postpaid.

S.B.'S
Reliance

Steele, Briggs' Thoroughbred Root Seeds

NOTED EVERYWHERE FOR THEIR VIGOR AND PURITY

In Field Root Seeds we have the largest trade in America. We have spared no pains to supply our customers with the finest stocks—true to name and the heaviest yielders. These strains are of such exceptional merit that to protect both ourselves and customers we send them out only in sealed packages.

STEELE, BRIGGS' PRIZE MAMMOTH MANGEL. There is no other root crop grown which produces so large an amount per acre of desirable cattle food for winter feeding as the Prize Mammouth Long Red Mangel. Under high cultivation over two thousand bushels per acre have been grown.

STEELE, BRIGGS' GIANT YELLOW OVAL MANGEL, the best of this type—a truly superior strain.
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Above varieties, each 35c. per lb. postpaid.

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STEELE, BRIGGS' "SELECTED" SWEDE, "GOOD LUCK" SWEDE, "PERFECTION" SWEDE, "JUMBO" SWEDE cannot be substituted and equal crops secured. All 50c. per lb. postpaid.

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Northerly grown crops of Northwestern Dent failed the past season and our supply is very short in this variety.

We have splendid stocks of the following:

	Peck.	Bus.	6 Bus.	Bags included
Minnesota 13	\$.70	\$2.35	\$13.50	" "
Pride of North Yellow Dent	.70	2.30	13.20	" "
Northern Yellow Dent	.70	2.20	12.60	" "
Leaming Yellow Dent	.65	1.95	11.40	" "
Longfellow Yellow Flint	.70	2.25	13.00	" "
North Dakota White Flint	.70	2.25	13.00	" "

Our "Lion" Brand of Field Seeds is the finest obtainable

	Per 100 lbs.	Per 100 lbs.
Sudan Grass	\$12.00	Western Rye Grass "Extra Choice" \$11.00
Sweet Clover (White Blossom)	30.00	Brome Grass "Lion" 13.00
Alfalfa, Variegated	31.00	Brome Grass "Extra Choice" 12.00
Alfalfa, Montana	27.00	Brome & Western Rye Mixed 12.00
Alfalfa, Selected	24.00	Speltz \$1.15 per bus. (10 bus. & over)
Alfalfa, Grimm	70.00	Spring Rye \$1.35 per bus. (10 bus. & over)
Timothy, "Lion"	13.00	Essex Rape, Broad Leaf English, highest grade, \$1.70 for 10 lbs.
Timothy, "Marten"	12.00	Essex Rape, good quality \$1.30 for 10 lbs.
Timothy, "Seal"	11.00	
Timothy, "Otter"	10.00	
Western Rye Grass "Lion"	12.00	

Bags included in our prices.

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We offer Sixty-Nine Varieties of Named Spencers—the best and truest stocks from the world's most famous growers. None better anywhere for home or exhibition purposes.
Also Sweet Peas in Mixture—Get catalogue for description.

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GROWS HEAVY CROPS EASILY HARVESTED.

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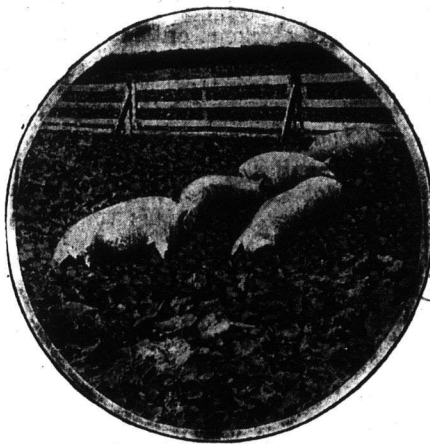
Winnipeg Man.

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Bacteria Cultures for Clovers and Alfalfa
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WINNIPEG

CANADA

Special Easter Bargains in ORGANS AND PIANOS

Here is a partial list of our Easter Bargains. Write to-day and secure the one you want, or fill in coupon and mail it to us for complete list of bargains in the kind of instruments you want. Every instrument is guaranteed—you take no chances. Write to-day or it will be too late.

Ye Olde Firme

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY, LIMITED

THREE SAMPLE BARGAINS IN ORGANS

KARN, five-octave organ in oil finished walnut case, high top with music pocket, cylinder fallboard, lamp stands; has 7 stops, including Vox Humana, Forte, Diapason, etc. Grand organ and knee swell. In perfect condition and a snap at...\$35

DOMINION, six-octave organ, walnut case with imitation pipe top; has sliding fallboard, 11 stops, including Vox Humana, Couplers, Diapason, Melodia, etc. Grand organ and knee swell. A sweet-toned instrument, very suitable for a small church. Special at...\$49

BELL, 7-octave organ, piano cased model, rosewood finish; has rail top with mirror, sliding fallboard, 3 panels in top door, lamp stands; has 11 stops, including Bass and Treble Couplers, Vox Humana, Forte, Diapason, etc. Grand organ and knee swell. A 7-octave organ is out of the ordinary, and any kind of music can be played on an instrument of this description. The tone is very rich, and the organ is in perfect condition. Is a genuine snap at...\$82

SQUARE PIANO BARGAINS

JENNYS & SON, New York, square piano, rosewood case, octagon legs, harp scale, 6-octave keyboard. This instrument is in perfect order and has a very sweet tone, and would make a fine little practice piano. A special bargain at...\$52

MILLER BROS., New York, square piano, dark rosewood case, handsome carved legs, full metal frame with long over-strung scale; 7-octave keyboard, 2 pedals; has been carefully overhauled and renewed in every part, both inside and out, in our own factory. The tone is very rich, and this instrument is a snap at...\$89

UPRIGHT PIANO BARGAINS

NEW SHOMER, Boston, cabinet grand upright piano in polished mahogany case, colonial design, Boston fallboard, automatic full length music desk; has full metal frame with hushed tuning pins, overstrung scale, 7-1-3 octave keyboard, 3 pedals. This is a sample instrument, and has been carefully tested by our experts. The tone is rich and sonorous, and this piano will give splendid satisfaction. Regular \$350. Special bargain...\$255

HEINTZMAN & CO. cabinet grand upright piano; in handsome polished rosewood case, folding fallboard, 3 plain panels in top door with centre swing music desk, long over-strung tri-chord scale, 7-1-3 octave keyboard. Has been carefully renewed in every part in our own factory, and is practically as good as new. Has genuine Heintzman tone and touch, and is offered special at \$285

ONE SPECIAL PLAYER-PIANO BARGAIN

AUTOPIANO, New York, Player Piano in handsome dark mahogany case, over-strung scale; plays 88-note music and has up-to-date player piano equipment. The case design is plain but artistic, and this piano has an elegant tone. Regular price \$650. Special bargain price...\$450

We include \$10 worth of Player music and bench, free of charge.

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Until you have seen this special proposition, as it means a big saving to you.

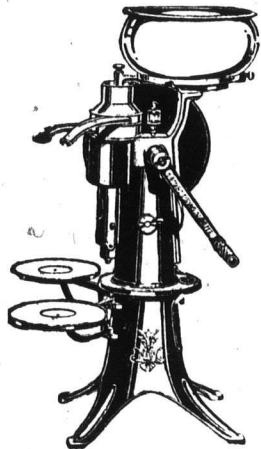
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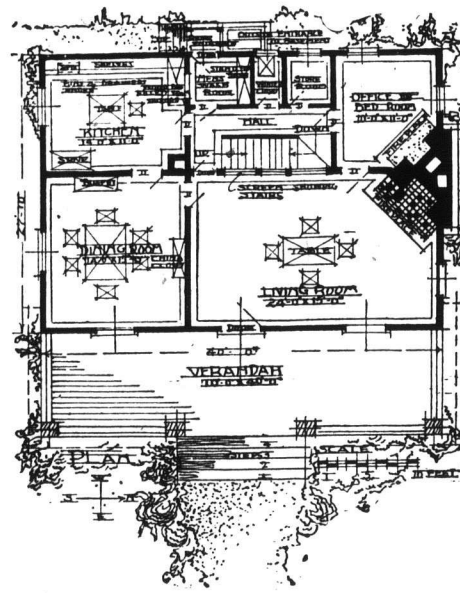
When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Plans for a Comfortable and Attractive Farm Home

(Continued from page 17)

In the living room the finish of the walls could be made very attractive by using a wall board. These boards which are nailed on strips or even on the studs, come in different widths and lengths, from four feet wide to twelve feet long. Over the joints nail a strip dividing it into panels. This is an inexpensive way of finishing a home, when it is hard sometimes to have a good job of plastering done, in remote parts of the country. The board can be painted and decorated afterwards or papered.

The exterior with its low picturesque roof lines and gable ends would fit in, and harmonize with its surroundings. If poplar or oak trees are near leave them as much as possible, until trees that will bear cultivation can be developed.



The outside could be built of either shingles, clap-boards, brick or stone. In this plan, large one-inch by ten-inch boards are used outside, left rough from the planer, and stained, not painted; roof shingles, five inches exposed, and left to weather. The foundation is possible of field stone, well bonded and the chimneys of brick or field stone.

The house should make an ideal farm home, warm in winter, cool in summer, and if the surroundings are carefully considered it will make a picture to gladden the eye of the traveller, as well as comfort the heart of the dweller therein

Essentials for Success

Mrs. O. B. Staples.

This is the beginning of my third year raising chickens and my neighbors say I have "marvellous luck;" but I believe it is only the result of careful reading of good poultry literature, good attention to the comfort, cleanliness and food of my flock, and a genuine love of poultry.

Believing that the first essential is good stock I started with twelve fully matured White Wyandotte pullets and the very best male bird I could find. I quartered them in a dry, sunny, roomy house, the south side covered only with wire netting. Adjoining this is a narrow room for laying and sitting with clean, roomy nests. Both houses are kept very clean by removing droppings frequently, sprinkling lime about the floor and roosts freely. Occasionally, as a preventive measure, I go over every inch of each shed and nest box with a blazing torch made of rags soaked in kerosene and thus keep free of mites, lice and other pests.

I learned that only the busy, active hen is the hen that lays, so I provide a good scratching pen. This is made by boarding up a place about six feet square and piling it full of straw or leaves. I throw the morning feed of small grain into this litter and the hens never stop working until every grain is found.

To get eggs in the fall and winter while prices are highest I try to make conditions as nearly the same during the cold months as in the summer months when the egg yield is usually heaviest. I force my hens to molt early by taking away their grain and feeding lightly through July and August on moist mash

and green food from the garden. By October 1st they have beautiful, glossy, snow-white coats and begin their "laying songs." I then begin to "feed for eggs," and I have every single hen laying and have dozens of eggs to sell when they are scarce and the price biggest.

The food must be ample and varied. Keep in mind "the four G's"—grains, greens, grits and grubs. Also clean water should be provided always.

Their morning feed is chops, a quart to twelve hens, fed in litter. At noon a mash, composed of equal parts of wheat bran, shorts, corn meal and about half the quantity of cotton seed meal, is fed. In this put a little salt and powdered charcoal and mix with skim-milk to a crumbly mixture, never sloppy. At night I feed a good feed of shelled corn, alternating with oats which have been soaked for 12 hours. Before them at all times is kept a bowl of clabber, a box of oyster shells, crushed charcoal and pounded-up bits of broken china and crockery.

I scald all water and milk vessels several times a week; and during the winter months feed fresh beef scraps ground in my food chopper, or green bone cut fine in a small bone cutter about twice a week. This furnishes protein, in place of insects, worms, etc. A large patch of green oats planted in September furnishes green food.

My chickens do not have colds or roup because I put a small lump of copperas in each gallon of drinking water. They do not have cholera or bowel troubles because their food and quarters are clean. At the first sign of sorehead I paint the spot with iodine twice, which always stops the trouble. Scaly leg I can kill by one application of coal oil. I provide a good dust pile of dust and ashes mixed, always a popular resort for the chickens.

I set my hens as early as I can after Christmas. The most vigorous chicks are hatched in January and February and are my earliest layers in the fall. However, the last two years, pullets hatched in April and May were pushed to maturity rapidly and were laying in five months.

I feed baby chicks on good egg corn bread, dry bran, and crushed charcoal for three weeks, then feed commercial chick feed and chops.

Each little brood has a separate coop, which I clean daily and disinfect weekly. I get 12 to 14 out of every 15 eggs set, and hardly ever lose a chick.

Every fall I cull my flock, eating and selling cockerels as rapidly as they reach the proper size. Every hen that is not "paying her board" or up to the standard in shape or size, or is over two years old, goes to market.

I sell eggs the year through; sell many sittings in the spring at fancy prices when market eggs are low in price. Sometimes I sell a flock of baby chicks, a good cockerel for breeding, hens for roasting, or a flock of pullets to someone wanting a start. I have sent a crate of pullets as far away as Spanish Honduras and I am not a professional either, but an ex-music teacher living in a small town, with only a large back yard, and who, until two years ago, never handled a chicken. I have never advertised in any poultry journal, and have spent very little for my chickens outside of feed. I got the original flock in a trade.

I make my coops of boxes, and my only real outlay was for the bone cutter, which I bought cheaply secondhand.

It is planning of this kind, coupled with careful execution, which has made possible the success of this venture.

At a time when, like the present, prospects are good and we appear to be at the dawn of an era when prosperity will be abroad throughout the land, it is pleasing to peruse that highly optimistic publication "National Progress." The February issue is certainly chock full of exceptionally interesting matter—good strong stuff, presented in a manner which compels your attention. The editors have succeeded in obtaining contributions from some exceptionally well gitted writers and they must certainly be congratulated in barring from their columns anything that is hackneyed. "National Progress" is original from cover to cover and verily breathes the true spirit of optimism.

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

This is the day after the referendum and Manitoba has gone dry in a most unmistakable manner and in 2 and 1-2 months we may hope to see the bars closed throughout the entire province. While the women were not permitted to vote on this particular issue, they exercised an enormous influence and did an amazing amount of hard preparatory work and did yeoman services at the polls, particularly in the cities and large towns.

We have reason to believe that the government will make every effort to enforce the law and if they are ever the least inclined to go slack at their task, the knowledge that the women of the province have votes and that the majority of them are in favor of the prohibitory law will be a great help. Personally, I have not been able to see there is any thing gained for enforcement of the law because the men have abolished the liquor traffic themselves, indeed to my mind it carries something of a reproach, as if they could do it in 1916 they could have done it 20 years ago. Though no man is likely to admit it, I believe that the mere fact that the women would be voters in the next election has had a very stimulating effect on the men working hard to abolish the traffic. The "eternal masculine" is very fond of showing the "eternal fem-

why it would be desirable that it should be. Housed under this one roof there could be the barber shop, the town library, the public telephone station and many similar small public utilities. There must be a dining-room of a good size, and there is no reason why this room should not have a good floor suitable for dancing. The dining-room could then be used for social gatherings and the fact that there were other rooms available for the use of the guests would make it much more convenient than the ordinary hall over a store. The hotel parlor could be frequently utilized, at a very modest rental, for the various meetings of women's organizations in the town. It would be quite feasible at many of these places, to establish at the village hotel public baths on a small scale.

Where present buildings are utilized it would not always be possible to have a garden, but even among the present buildings, in many of the small towns, there is a piece of land easily available, and wherever new buildings are erected this should be a part of the agreement. A garden plot with a few trees and a tennis lawn would make the hotel a social centre for the summer as well as the winter. Worked in this way



Currant River Falls (Port Arthur Ont.) C.N. Ry.

ine" what he can do when he gets busy. However, how the change came is immaterial, it has come and it has come to stay, and as long as we have large bodies of soldiers training in our midst it is a matter of great thankfulness that this particular form of temptation is removed from them.

The whole matter of hotels will have to be re-adjusted under the new regime and I am taking this opportunity of reviving a subject on which I wrote at length in these columns a number of months ago, namely, the duty of the temperance people, and especially of the women, in regard to hotels and places of accommodation for the travelling public. I feel that accommodations of this kind, particularly in the smaller towns and villages, should be very largely in the hands of women. With the bars eliminated the hotel of the small country town or village is nothing more and certainly should not be anything less, than a thoroughly comfortable boarding house where the guests may stay by the week or the night as their business requires them. With the intoxicating drink atmosphere dispelled there is no reason why the local hotel should not be the social centre of the village and there are very many reasons

which would be absolutely no trouble in making hotels without liquor pay.

My own idea would be that the various temperance organizations throughout the province should form a big co-operative or joint stock company; the shares should be had at modest price and the number to be held by any one individual limited. An organization of this kind could very speedily acquire the hotels throughout the province.

The hotels without liquor should be under license just as much as the licensed house, though, of course, at a much lower figure, and they should be regularly and thoroughly inspected and the inspectors should be unquestionably women.

If a company to handle the hotels for the whole province is not feasible it should at least be feasible for each small town to have a company to carry its own hotel, or it might be done by the municipalities.

Small, homelike hotels with the adjustments that have been mentioned in this article would prove extremely attractive not only to the public who travel on business but to the ever increasing volume of tourist traffic. Manitoba lends itself splendidly to motor-ing and more and more every year peo-



"No-Not This" "Go Get Your Own Puffed Wheat"

Every child has dainties she dislikes to share.

You did and we did. Children always will.

And in every home that serves Puffed Wheat, that dainty is among them. We have often watched it. With a great big dish, and a package-full in waiting, one hates to share a taste.

Flaky, Flavoury Bonbons

These bubbles of wheat look and taste like confections. Children love to eat them like peanuts—carry them in bags when at play.

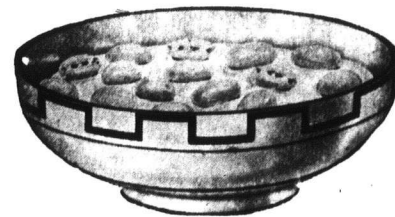
Adding cream and sugar makes a breakfast dish with which nothing else compares. And they are about as delicious as a good-night dish, floated in bowls of milk.

Another pleasant fact is that any hour one may eat his fill. For these thin, crisp morsels are simply whole wheat puffed. Every food cell has been exploded. So, beyond all other grain foods, Puffed Wheat easily digests.

It is quite a mistake to be sparing of a food so fascinating and so hygienic.

Puffed Wheat	Except in Far West	12c
Puffed Rice		15c

These are the foods in which Prof. A. P. Anderson solved the problem of perfect cooking.



In other forms these grain foods are cooked or baked or toasted. Thus part of the food cells are broken, but rarely more than half.

In Puffed Grains alone is every food cell exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in each Puffed Grain. Thus every atom of every element becomes available as food.

Your doctor will tell you that wheat and rice, in every way, are best when served in puffed form.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.

[1251]

ple will seek to motor through the province for pleasure. The mere fact that decent, comfortable hotel accommodation could be obtained in any small town would increase this traffic immensely. Manitoba has very much to offer in the way of beauty in the summer and the knowledge that clean beds and good meals await the motor tourists no matter where night overtakes them, would stimulate travel of this kind.

There is a housekeepers' class at the Manitoba Agricultural College and this could be enlarged at no additional expense to include special training for housekeeping in small hotels.

Educating House Keepers There is no reason why this should not become a desirable and reasonably remunerative profession for women. Active interest in the working out of some such scheme as this and the counsel and support of the temperance people to the hotel man who honestly seeks to meet the changed conditions

and give good public service would be one of the greatest factors in the successful enforcement of our new temperance legislation.

Housekeeping for the family has long been recognized as women's special business in life. We are beginning to understand that she has a duty in the civic housekeeping also, and this housekeeping for the benefit of the travelling public is quite as naturally and legitimately her province, and she should lose no time in looking after it.

I shall be very glad to have readers of the page take this question up and discuss it. Any letter along this line either opposed or in favor of it will be welcome, and might I suggest that it might, with profit, be discussed at meetings of home economic societies, home-makers clubs and kindred organizations.

Whipped cream strongly flavored with cucumber juice, is a delicious sauce for fish.

The Graduate Baby

By N. Phillips

"Oh, you can't guess what Baby did to-day! Baby has learned a brand new trick; he can—!"

The two or three years of babyhood bring to parents many delightful little surprises, but these are only the shadows cast before, some of them not so very delightful, that come when the little one has stepped over the three old into early childhood. Then it is, "You can't possibly imagine what that youngster was up to this morning!" "I'm utterly dazed at the traits my little girl shows! Where does she get her ideas?"

Much is said of the vital importance of the years of later childhood, of adolescence, but no years can be more vitally important than those that follow close upon infancy. Then the little one becomes an animated, never-satisfied interrogation point, for this is the learning time of life as is no other. "He is always hungry, both mentally and phy-

sically," says one. His developing tendency to put two and two together—combine facts and impressions—leads him to draw wonderfully original conclusions, some of which will stick like burrs all through life, in spite of experience and education. In babyish crudity his individuality begins to assert itself—temperament, special gifts, tastes, inclinations. The child that has seemed to be quiet, docile, innocent of serious faults, perhaps develops a fighting selfishness; manifests a passionate temper, or is unaccountably reticent, almost sullen. His imagination runs away with his wobbly judgment and leads him into strange fields, so that his prospects for upright character seem to be shot through and through with untruthfulness, dishonesty, scheming purposes. He begins to realize his own rights, and defends them in cruel, almost savage ways. Withal, he is a bundle of feelings, ready to go into high tragedy at a word, or shadow of a frown, or imagined neglect; or to be made happy by equally slight causes. He is naturally religious, asks many questions whose answers are of great significance to his soul welfare, and at the same time he practices a degree of faith that shames his elders. He is "out of one thing and into another" so rapidly that it makes older people dizzy—he simply will be busy, though he has no way of telling innocent from harmful busy-ness. Honesty, honor, truth, purity, courage, personal cleanliness, kindness, reverence, gentleness—these or their opposites all begin to sprout during this period, and in due time will become fruitful of best things, or worst things, according as he is wisely or unwisely fostered and trained. Because these are the years of many, many new and intensely interesting experiences, discoveries, also years of rapid mental and moral unfolding, they are years of habit-forming to a far greater degree than is usually recognized.

What are the mother's—rather, the parents'—duties and opportunities at this time? Who will dare try to tell them all? They are legion. A few general principles seem to assert themselves, however. The old rule for making a good rhubarb pie is to put in sugar as long as conscience will consent, then shut the eyes and put in some more. A new baby may be making himself very interesting, or set up many claims to attention, the fledgling child may seem to be doing very well, or may be independent; yet, in dealing with the later, love's hopeful, watchful, sober, patient, studious sympathy cannot be too freely drawn upon. The young child is nothing but a tender, growing, sensitive, un-symmetrically developed human being with many of baby's limitations still clinging to his life.

The only rational response to his ceaseless activity is not repression, or disapproval, or punishment for honest mistakes, but painstaking care to find out ways of letting him do things worth while, a great variety of them. He is only trying to get his hands on life's handles and find out the "hows" of everyday doing, wants to feel himself "in it" as he sees the world around him. Because he has queer ideals, hot indignations and "silly sorrows," is inclined to original action, wise or unwise, it is necessary for his God-appointed guides to realize how little of adult "common sense" he has to work with, how much of feeling, energy, hunger for appreciation, ambition to accomplish, dominates in his tiny world.

Parents must stoop to serve the child physically, so they must learn to see from the child's mental and moral standpoint, analyze his real needs, and so help him approve and choose as best he can with his own childish ability. One mother has aptly called this "feeling around to find the best way." Surely "feeling around" is sunshine and moisture and rich soil for the child with his countless needs and capacities and possibilities.

A cleaning fluid that will remove grease from the most delicate silks and cloths is made of one pint of distilled benzine, three-sixteenths of an ounce of fluid chloroform, one-eighth ounce of carbonate of ammonia, one-eighth ounce sulphuric ether. It should be bottled and corked tightly, and kept from fire and lights, as it is very inflammable.



The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."

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"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Womanly Poise

"Caught in the coils of falsehood!" I thought as I entered a ward of unfortunate girls one evening. A sob in one corner, a moan in another, a sigh in another and a still pale face at my side—I stood for a moment stunned by the awful torture of suffering girlhood. Then I went over to a daughter that one mother must have loved, and as I took her hand in mine she said: "I placed my trust in that which was false—and here I am."

The next day I met another girl in a store. She was looking for a position—always when I meet her she is looking for a position. Nobody wants her. Her hair is loose and untidy, her waist is soiled and pinned carelessly and her skin is not clean. I have often met her. This time she lifted her eyes no higher than my collar—ah, then I knew. I tried to lift those eyes higher, but could not. A year ago I tried to lift that mind

form of mental consumption produces physical bondage.

Mary I. McLaughlin says:
Within thyself some dormant seedling lies,

Just waiting for the tillage of thy will
To aid its growth, from which some day may rise

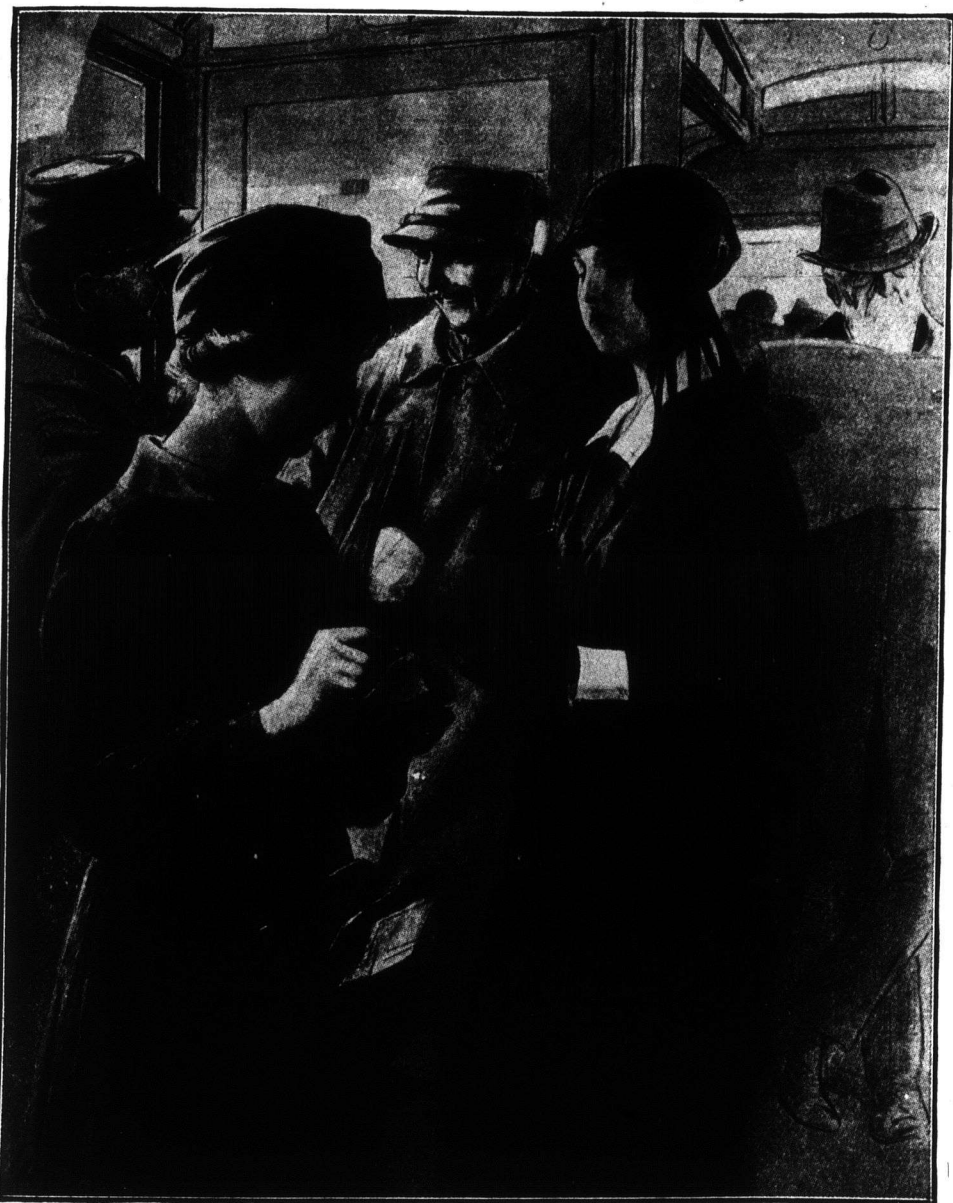
A harvest worthy of the reaper's skill.
Within thyself there lies some latent power,

As potent as has ever come to light;
But which awaits the coming of the hour,

When thou shalt set it free before man's sight.

Then to be a moving influence in life, one must face the broad open stretch of her future, picture her ideal and climb step by step to that throne.

One writer says: "Each one walks her soul pathway alone, guided only by the star of Bethlehem beckoning, 'Follow thou me.'"



The tram conductor collecting fares in Paris

In the striking sketches of life in Paris under war conditions, M. Sabattir has done well to include a vivid presentation of the conductor on the tram, for the tram is very important, an indispensable feature of daily life. In London we have already grown familiar with the sight of trim women conductors; and their unobtrusive civility, tact and care are much to their credit. In Paris the trams are almost as popular as our own system, and the women employed have quickly shown themselves capable substitutes for men. The work, too, is not so onerous, and passengers have shown themselves eager not to add to difficulties. (From "Illustrated London News.")

higher but did not. Lift your mind heavenward, girls, and you can look at anyone frankly.

Every tree and shrub on a mountain grows upward as if to communicate with God. The great mountain itself directs man's impulse heavenward—points to greatness beyond the scope of present vision.

The secret of power lies in vision and reverence for the invisible, and few men or women are successful who do not recognize it because human power—power I emphasize—is but the expression of the Divine in man or woman.

Every act of kindness, every honest smile of love, every right impulse, every friendly hand clasp is the reflection of the Higher Power in the soul. Within each girl is stored the power of thought. If she takes into her mind nourishing mental food she will grow in power, if, on the other hand, she indulges in mental poison her mind will shrivel and this

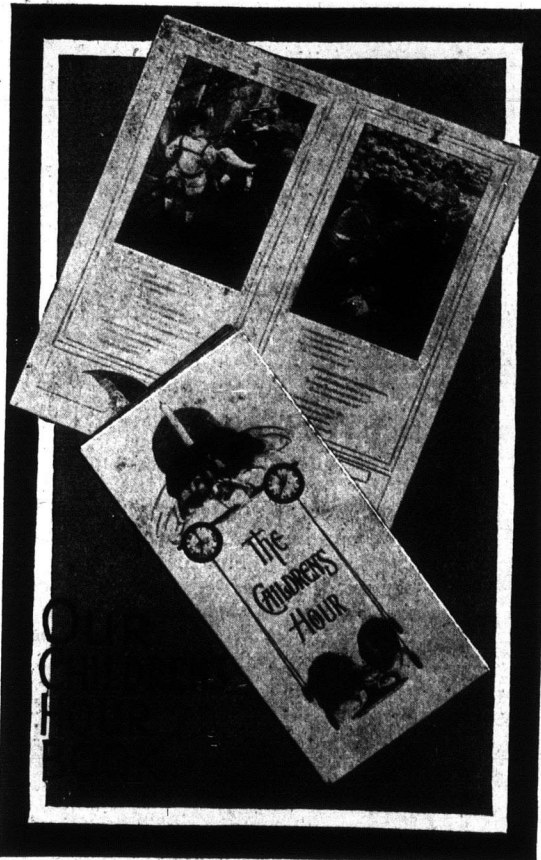
There is no event or circumstance that can hinder you in reaching your goal—except yourself.

Poise is power and it is only when one is in harmony with a higher power that she has calm confidence—that surety of purpose that has nothing to do with nervous tension. Womanly poise is too deep to waste in outbursts of energy.

Trifles bother women. A strong, moving purpose in life lifts woman above trifles. We see so many women fail in life because they are slaves to their nerves. In their effort to accomplish things they exert themselves too much and thus make impossible the power of mastery.

The undertone of life's harmonies buoy one up. A calm, mental balance capable of weighing forces and placing each one in its proper file gives one a vision of courage and hope.

No girl has yet reached the limit of her mental and spiritual expansion. The



OUR "CHILDREN'S HOUR" BOOK IS AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE ONE—FOR THE LITTLE TOTS WHO LOVE BRIGHT PICTURES, AND FOR THE OLDER ONES WHO LIKE PRETTY VERSES.

We are sending it out in the hope that it will furnish many happy moments for the little ones into whose hands it is placed. It is, in a way, dedicated to their enjoyment, and, if it pleases them, it will have succeeded in its mission.

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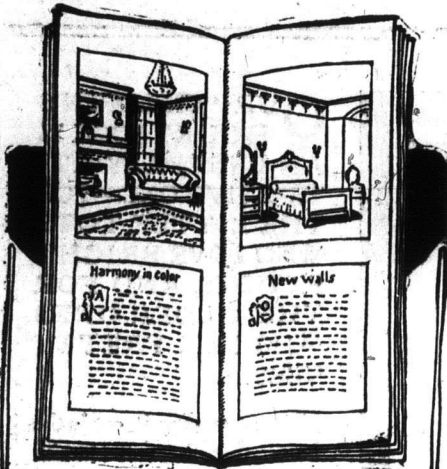
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more a girl gains in mental and spiritual growth the more does she realize possibilities ahead.

Never has there been a time of such great possibilities for women as now. Opportunities are opening up for women to take the place of men and women who would be capable of efficiency must have mental poise.

Work and faith in one's undertaking is the only combination that gives one satisfaction of conquest.

It is the spirit put into a girl's work that determines its blessing.

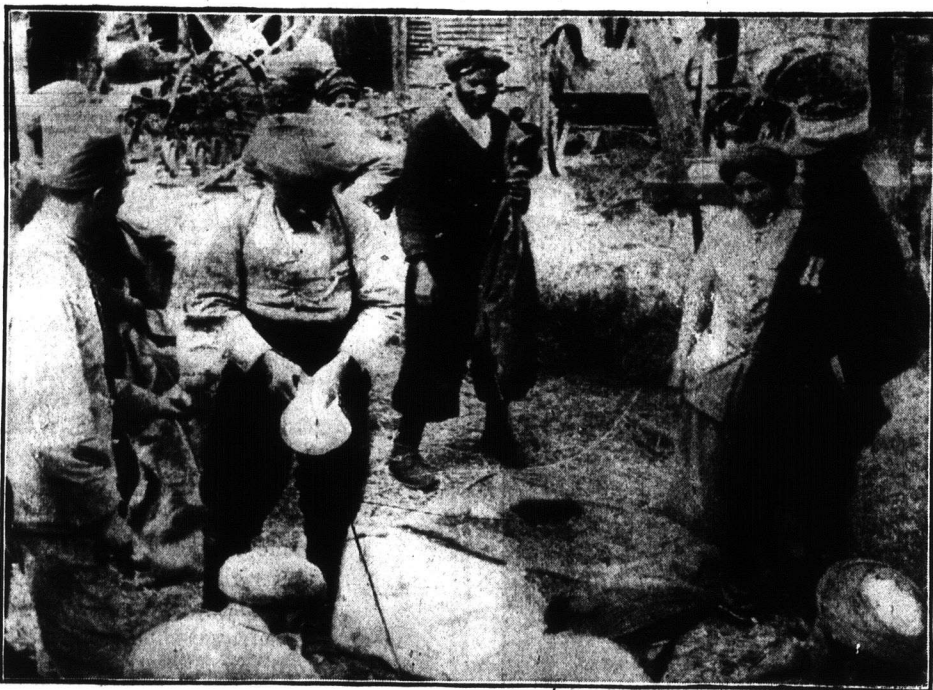
Do you go to your work tired from late hours of the evening before? Do you watch your hours and complain if you work a minute overtime? Does the matter of dollars outweigh duty in your estimation? If so you have not caught the spirit of your work.

The woman at the head of any great enterprise which her individual efforts have created, is usually broad minded, generous hearted, pleasant to meet, kind hearted and sympathetic. Why? Because her work has called forth the best powers within and that has developed the woman. She will suffer perhaps bitter antagonism but these pin-pricks nearly always come from an underling who is working on a small salary—and whose mind has been centered on such small details that it is not broad enough to grasp the spirit of the big minded woman.

that they think they will have a better standing socially, have short hours and good wages. Then she refers to some who cheat in their examinations. She says such teachers are in the wrong place—they do not understand children or humanity. She speaks of great leaders, great statesmen, poets, and authors who had a hard time because they were misunderstood at school.

The young woman tells the experiences of several children. She says: "I passed through the school grounds the other day and saw a little boy about seven years old with his book in his hand all alone with a nervous look on his face. I spoke to him kindly about his book and said 'I believe you like to read.' His face brightened as he replied: 'I like stories, I know a lot of these stories but teacher doesn't know them.' The next day when I passed through the lad was there waiting for me. Why do children dislike school? The sensitive child never makes headway in school; some teachers do not make the work interesting. They do not point out beauty in what they teach. They remind me of machines. Having belonged to the rank of teachers, myself, I feel interested and will answer this young woman by quoting from a famous address to teachers."

Bishop Huntington once gave an address on "Unconscious Tuition." By "Unconscious Tuition," he said, "I mean



Only Woman Soldier in the French Army

The French army can boast of the fact that in its ranks there is one woman fighter. Madame Fatimah, the lady in question, can likewise boast that in all of the French army she is the only woman to bear arms. She is shown at the right with her husband who is a lieutenant with the Tirouilleure Mororains (Morocco Sharpshooters). They are presiding at a distribution of rice to the soldiers. Mme. Fatimah's husband has been decorated twice (Military Medal and Cross of Legion) for conspicuous bravery. Mme. Fatimah is entitled to bear arms and she accompanied the Tirouilleurs often on the battlefield.

I have seen big men and women suffer so much from the cancerous bitings of little minds.

The very strength of a woman's demand upon her power within determines her attraction for other forces.

Every girl has an atmosphere—a certain radiation which attracts, inspires, depresses, or repels.

All growth depends on the soil and atmosphere, so do girls grow on the fertility of the mind and her environment.

One writer says there are two kinds of people—those who lift and those who lean.

"Individuality is too often quenched by criticism by those who have no purpose in life and have time to throw stones."

Right principles bring right results. If a girl builds her work on truth strength will be given for success.

Remember the unfortunate girl who said: "I placed my trust in that which was false, and here I am."

Am I My Pupil's Teacher

A letter came to me recently from a young woman who is interested in children. She sympathizes with the sensitive child and says he does not have a fair chance in school. She says many girls take up the profession of teaching—not because they want to instruct the young or to improve the nation's welfare, or because they love children, but because they are clever and pass their examinations. She says furthermore

that part of a teacher's work which she does when she seems not to be doing anything at her work at all."

School room impressions are powerful. The possibilities of the teacher are limitless.

There is something very affecting in the simple and solemn earnestness with which children look into their teacher's face. Some one has said the face is the public playground of all the fairies or imps of passion. In this same address the bishop said: "The human countenance is the painted stage and natural robing room of the soul. There it is that love puts on its celestial rosy-red; there lovely shame blushes and mean shame looks earthly; there hatred contracts its wicked white; there jealousy picks from its own drawer its bodice of settled green; there anger clothes itself in black, and despair in the grayness of the dead; there hypocrisy plunders the rest, and takes all their dresses by turns; sorrow and penitence, too, have sack cloth there; and genius and inspiration, in immortal hours, encinctured there with the unsought halo, stand forth in the supremacy of light."

Can a teacher expect a healthy school atmosphere if she enters with a face blacker than the black-board?

I have seen boys and girls dodge as if stabbed when their teacher looked at them. A teacher has only partially comprehended her power when she has left out the lessons of her own countenance. Nature made her countenance to reflect the spirit of her life.

HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

TOLD IN A SIMPLE WAY

Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and differ-



ent, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST 1 CENT

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

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Until middle age, I had a regular mustache and beard and a hairy covering on my arms. Every thing I tried, including the electric needle, only made it worse. Finally, my husband, a noted British Army officer, secured from a Native Hindoo Soldier the closely guarded secret of the Mohammedan Religion which forbids the Hindoo women of India to have even the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair anywhere on the body. I used your secret in a few days my hair-growth had entirely disappeared. To-day not a trace can be found. I will send free to anyone, the secret of my success. So send me your name and address, stating whether Mrs. or Miss, with a 2 cent stamp for postage. Address, Mrs. Frederica Hudson, Suite 914 H. K. Bronson Building, Attleboro, Mass.

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The bishop further states that one can reconstruct her features. The face that reflects power is the only kind of beauty that is producible. When a lovely soul shines through the face it is beautiful. Another unconscious educational force is the voice. The voice discloses the disposition of the heart.

Elizabeth Fry quieted a raging maniac by the tones of her voice. The voice indicates the moral coloring of character.

Another force in the making of a teacher is manners. Good manners is the finest of fine arts and can come only from a kind heart. Sir Phillip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman—he was the hero, who on the field of Zutphen, pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parching lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side!

The street car was crowded the other night when an old lady with her soldier son got on. A young woman immediately rose and offered her seat. The old lady at first hesitated but accepted the seat with a smile when the young woman said: "I cannot remain seated while the mother of a soldier stands." That was good manners. That was the kind of manners that one does not learn from a dancing master. There is a difference between manners and polish. Manners act on the springs of feeling. A noble attractive everyday bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement. Children are not educated till they catch

Genuine Sisters

Many prominent rich women in New York city will not wear jewelry, rich furs or expensive suits in their shopping tours or in any place where they may come in contact with the poor girl lest they have a hand in her temptation. There are very rich women who, except when engaged in such social duties as take them among their own class, wear the simplest and plainest of clothing, cotton stockings, and plain, sensible shoes, with no jewelry and no frivolous accessories, not because they would not enjoy wearing the clothing which their purses could well afford, but because in so dressing there will be no covetous eye travel from their elaborate apparel to a temptation which promises like luxury. These same women, too, put the money which might otherwise be spent upon their own dress, into the homes for working girls where some measure of that social life may be had for which every human being longs, and which is denied so many homeless young women who work for their living. It is a temptation for a girl to serve women no prettier or better than herself bedecked in jewels and laces and velvets and furs while she must stand and smile and serve, her wages but enough to buy the poorest necessities of life.

Magistrate Henry W. Herbert, a night court judge of New York City, in an interview written by Richard W. Winans,

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Coarse pores annoy women tremendously. Steaming the face too often makes pores unsightly. A little tincture of benzoin used in lukewarm water, with which women bathe their faces, will tend to make the skin both smooth and fine grained.

Vegetables should be carefully cleaned and nicely washed. Boil them in plenty of water, and drain them the moment they are done enough. If over-boiled they will lose their crispness. Bad cooks sometimes dress them with meat; which is wrong, except carrots with boiled beef.



Rainy River, Fort Francis District, C.N. Ry.

the charm that makes a gentleman or lady. A coarse and slovenly teacher has no place in the school room.

A teacher belongs to the most sacred profession in the world for she is engaged in the moulding impressionable minds of boys and girls. Besides these channels through which the stream of this unconscious influence flows, there is a total impression going out from character—through the entire person, which we cannot wholly grasp in any analysis. There are teachers with a presence of such true character that they inspire every pupil with a thirst for knowledge.

In every school there are dull pupils with brains that text books torment. The vital teacher can create an interest in these pupils that will be remarkable. There is no grade of intellect that the teacher with a soul cannot reach. I knew of a boy whose teachers kept him in the same class for years. He was the dunce of the school. Finally a teacher came who ordered his thumb worn books burned and a new set in a higher grade was purchased for him. That gave the boy fresh inspiration, to-day he is a well educated man.

Only a heroic tone habitually high will win character.

The measure of real influence is the measure of general personal substance.

If we mean to train children of character we must have character ourselves. Like produces like.

Teaching must not be mechanical. Does your work degenerate into routine? Human service is paralyzed by routine.

Teachers are the masters of immortal rearing. These thoughts taken from Bishop Huntington's address may be helpful to some of our teachers. Guide well the affectionate and aspiring soul of childhood.

in the National Police Magazine, says:

"If parents would keep a closer eye on their girls and the companions of their girls during the danger period they would save many of them. They should watch their girls' associates. The danger doesn't lie half so much with the boys the girls go with as with the other girls. A good girl will not let a boy or man get beyond the first advance, she is on her guard, but she doesn't watch the other girl so closely, and there is the danger."

There is a subtle influence of a girl companion that is more important than parents realize.

I remember in my own girlhood a very dangerous girl companion that I was determined to be with. To overcome this hunger for something in the girl mind the home life must be planned to satisfy these cravings for companionship, social intercourse, and some degree of excitement, adventure and thrill without any of the dangers which attend those necessary emotions outside of home influence, and to win and keep the confidence of her girls the mother must instruct them in those principles of life which will arm them against danger.

Mrs. Lutes says:

"The girls who prattle so innocently to-day, will, in a few short years, be the women who will be—where?"

Judge Barton, of the New York night court for women, says:

"The reason girls find themselves here is that they were not taught what will happen to them if they take the first step down. Are you trying to make mothers understand that?" he asked, turning to a woman editor.

The Weber Piano

Style "A"

\$335.00

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Mike: An Anomaly of Huskydom

By Francis J. Dickie

LEAD dogs, like great musicians, are born, not made. To the Eskimo and Indian residing in the vast wilderness stretches of the Canadian Northland, lead dogs are more precious than gold, more treasured than wives, more hoped for than sons; for even though the wheel dog be lazy, or some of the rest of the team be lacking of brains, all such handicaps will be overcome when the team strain at the traces behind a trained, experienced, thinking leader.

Should you chance to travel among the Eskimos and Indians of the Hudson Bay district, you might purchase ordinary train dogs for from two and a half to ten dollars in trade, not money; which means so many pounds of tobacco, flour, bacon, or perhaps rounds of ammunition. But to buy a leader! That is a task! The natives, especially the Eskimo, may be poor, may be even hungry, but he will seldom part with this member of his team. If he does, it is only for some very precious thing of the white man, such as a rifle—and it must be a good one.

There is good reason for this. Such a wise animal, like the before mentioned musician, besides being the result of careful selection, is the product of months, even years of painstaking training, begun while it still moved with infantile canine roll. It has probably been selected from out of even a dozen litters, for of only the finest stuff are lead dogs made. His is the keenest mind; the one most susceptible to impressions; the one which learns and stores away the vast knowledge of the lore of the trail. Too, he is more powerful of build, faster of movement quicker with deadly slashing bite than the rest of the team, enabling him to keep in subjection those whom he leads. This also is an essential of successful leadership, for he lives in harsh region; a land of snarl and fang, where might makes right, and only the fit survive.

Thus a lead dog in the Canadian Northland is above all things most valiant; and most valued by the men dwelling therein. Thus the members of the first mounted police force to Hudson Bay learned when they came to the country on the exploration ship "Neptune," in the year 1903. The little band of men needed dogs; but even ordinary ones they had difficulty in getting. This latter was due to the Hudson's Bay Company's factors.

For over two centuries previous to the coming of the police, the Factors of this great fur trading organization had governed the land with iron hand. They were sole rulers, supreme, feared and obeyed by the Indians, dealt with and respected by the Eskimo. The coming of the mounted police was a disturbing element in the trader's scheme of life. According to their reasoning, the police were not needed, for there was little crime. The Hudson's Bay had always ruled well and wisely—there was little crime; so why should the police bother? Then, because

they were old fashioned in their ways of thinking, and in many ways cherished their supremacy in this little world of their own making, they decided upon a campaign of discouragement. They sent word out to the natives of the region to sell the new-comers no dogs. The word passed from Churchill to Fullerton, the two posts where the police were locating.



An Eskimo Dog Train starting for a long journey

But the police, though new to this particular part of the Northland, were determined men; all of them had seen service in other parts of the wilderness, so this opposition left them unmoved. Without comment, even feigning ignorance of the hostility of the fur traders, they set grinningly to work establishing themselves, and, by cajolery, bribery and force, succeeding in procuring dog teams, which at many a future date put to shame the teams of the fur men.

Of the two detachments of the mounted police—mounted in name only—that settled in the Hudson Bay district in 1903, the half dozen men of the Fort Churchill one were most fortunate in having as a starter a lead dog named Mike.

Mike was a Labrador husky, strong of frame, fierce of appearance. Yet, though all the physical characteristics of wolfish ancestors showed in his make-up, Mike was strangely different from the usual suspicious, snapping train dog. Somewhere, perhaps far back, yet making itself felt through many ages of his family tree, a strain of finer blood had been infused by some "outside" dog from kinder land. It showed in Mike in his liking for human companionship; in his permitting himself to be approached and petted by the men of the Post—all such actions being diametrically opposed to true husky nature.

In spite of all these things, Mike was still a husky when among his kind. He outfought and brought into subjection the six other dogs of the train which the police had succeeded in gathering.

And Mike was a born leader, physically and mentally. From that day in early puppyhood when his Eskimo owner had placed a miniature harness upon him and tied one end of the single trace to a firmly driven stake, it had been instinct in Mike to serve. Too, like all well trained sleigh dogs, he had it drilled

into him not to bite through that thin trace. This training is a fine art with the aborigines of the Hudson Bay and Labrador countries. And Mike's was no different from that of any well brought up husky.

When Mike was a few weeks old he was fitted with a miniature harness, much like the shoulder braces on round-shouldered men. The end of the harness came to about the middle of his back, where a single trace—the Eskimos use but one—extended from it. Thus rigged out, and with one end of the trace tied

to a tightly driven peg, Mike was left to his own devices. With short legs supporting a shambling body, fat and furry, the pup's ambition to see the world took form in the beginning of a journey, to be sadly cut short when he reached the end of his tether. When the sharp jerk of the trace brought him up short, instinct bade him pull. Pudgy legs dug in, every nerve and sinew of roly-poly body leaped to the fray. With all his might he strove. A long time the contest went on. From every angle did he pull, but to no avail. But Mike was of the wolf dog breed; in his still young brain there still lurked some of the age old wisdom of the wild. Strength exhausted, cunning came to his aid. A still, small voice within whispered anarchist counsel: "Why, you little fool, what are you straining so hard for? That which holds you is strong only when you pull against it. Where are your sharp little teeth?"

So cunning spoke, Mike sat back. Out of his funny little eyes he surveyed the thong appraisingly. Then his mouth opened; the baby fangs closed upon the trace. But what was this? With a yelp the puppy let go, for descending upon him was a wrathful man with keening whip-lash that sang and bit into his furry hide.

The wise Eskimo trainer had been watching. As long as the pup confined itself to tugging, he made no move; but with that first attempt to sever the trace, he was upon his canine pupil, meting out harshest punishment.

In the days and weeks that followed when Mike spent hours pegged-out upon the Arctic tundra, many things were impressed upon his slowly developing mentality. He came to know that it was good to tug upon the trace—good at least in that it brought no pain of whiplash; while, always with the biting of his trace, came a beating. So slowly, but irrevocably, did his mind associate

pain with the latter action, till he no longer attempted it, and all through the years to come that memory remained. By the time he had grown old enough to be harnessed to a real sled, the training of puppyhood caused him instinctively to strain at the tightening trace, thus making for an eternal bending of his strength to the law of the trace.

But one thing that Mike—out of a superior wisdom—did learn was to throw himself out of his harness.

Using one trace on each dog, the Eskimo fastens the other end to a main toggle on the sleigh. From this the team when in motion spread out fan-wise, each one exerting his strength individually upon his own trace. Of these, the leader's is, of course, the longest, allowing him to run ahead. This system is opposed to that in use in the Mackenzie River and other sub-Arctic districts of Northern Canada, where the double trace system is in vogue, the dogs moving in single file. Both ways have their recommendations, but in the single trace system of the Eskimo there is less snarling of harness when the dogs get to fighting among themselves or with other teams, and the unsnarling afterwards is comparatively easy.

Mike learned to get out of his harness in a peculiar way. Running at full speed, he would suddenly diverge to one side, turning himself clear around as he did so. The rest of the team, sweeping on, naturally carried the end of his trace forward. When it tightened, the whole harness was carried over his back and all the pressure of the oncoming team exerted to draw it forward against the collar, which enabled Mike, by some peculiar twist of his neck, all his own to slip free.

He had learned this trick long before he came to Fort Churchill to serve the mounted police, and though the men tightened his collar almost to choking, Mike always managed to accomplish his freedom when he so desired.

He did it only on rare occasions when seized by some strangely come whim, and not often enough to count against his value as a leader. So the men came to allow him these little spaces of freedom, for though his pulling value was for the time being lost, he still kept ahead of the team, turning to right or left at the driver's command, thus successfully performing his duties as a leader.

Inspector Rodney, officer commanding Fort Churchill mounted police post, sat in his office looking out over the frozen expanse of desolation that stretched away from the shore of the Bay to the tree line beyond. It was a fair day and windless, and the Inspector, noting this, decided on a couple of days' hunting. Following the thought, he arose, went in search of Doctor Mortimer, the police surgeon.

In an hour the sled was loaded. As the Doctor and the Inspector were about to depart, Sergeant Nicklin, the second in command, accompanied by the rest of the men, came in with the second dog team drawing a load of wood. Seeing the party about to depart, Nicklin came forward inquiringly. A short time previous he had gone hunting with the doctor as companion, on which occasion he had perceived that the doctor was one of those unfortunate persons utterly lacking in the sense of orientation. Rodney, he knew, was also lacking in this respect. With this in mind, Nicklin, much experienced in woodcraft and travelling in Arctic lands, ventured: "Better take a native with you," knowing that with an Eskimo along the men stood no chance of getting lost.

There were half a dozen Eskimos working at the post, any of whom were available, but Rodney, inexperienced though he was to wilderness ways, was an egotistical autocrat, owing his position to political preference rather than ability. Considering the Sergeant's advice in the light of presumption, coming as it did from an inferior officer, he did not deign to answer; instead called "ducet sizzz" to the dogs—the Eskimo word of command—and started off.

It was the intention of the hunters to make camp where the caribou were wont to pass, a point some twenty miles from the Post. The going being heavy, both men travelled ahead of the dogs, breaking trail with their snowshoes. Thus moving in front, they covered some ten miles before, happening to look back, they noticed that their tent and provisions, badly loaded by the inexperienced doctor,

had slipped off. It was already two in the afternoon in a region where darkness fell at four. Not knowing how far back the lost articles might be, they decided to unload what they had. This done, the inspector proceeded to make camp, while the doctor, turning the dogs, started on the back trail to recover the outfit.

Presently the darkness began to fall with an earliness unusual even at this Northerly point. Now and then, as they ran, the dogs whined apprehensively, knowing with the strange prescience of wilderness things of the coming storm. Thinking they were homeward bound, Mike, wise old leader that he was, quickened his lope to a gallop, and the seven dogs settled down to the rhythmically swinging, mile devouring stride of the running wolf pack.

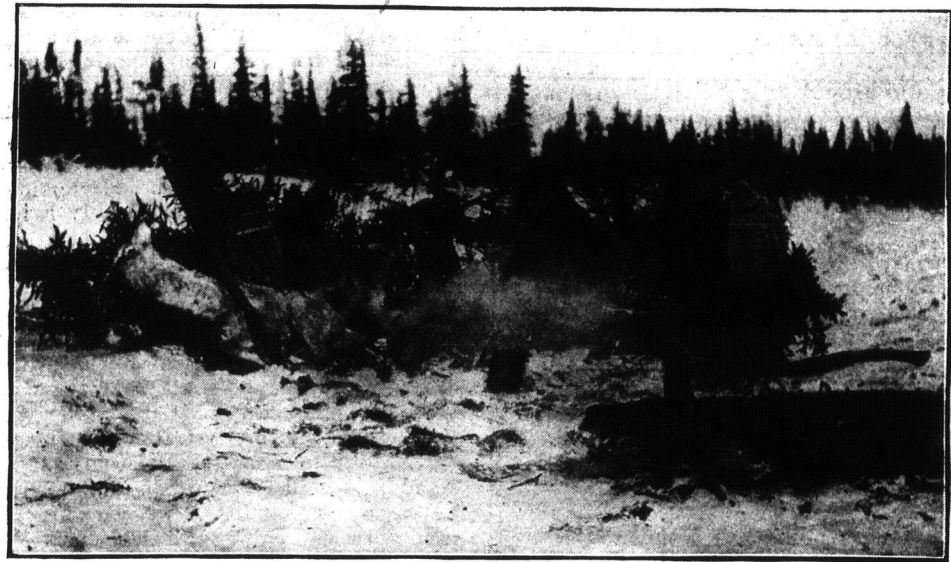
Quickly, for the team's pace was fast, the lost dunnage came into view along the trail. As the sleigh reached it, the doctor called: "A-aaaa," and obedient to command the team halted. Swinging the load aboard, the man started to turn the team. As he did so a faint little wind came sighing through the trees, stirring the snow and setting into motion the silent pines. Hearing it, and with the fear of the blizzard in his heart, Mike balked, whining nervously and kept on in the direction of home. But Mortimer swung the lash, and the seven dogs cringed under its biting sting. Always had they bent to the will of man to the tune of this snapping scourge that sent burning pains even through their

and vehicle were swallowed up in that opaque, whirling gloom.

In that moment the dogs knew they were free. With the realization there sprang simultaneously in the brain of each the desire for the shelter of the Fort. They knew how close it was, for the doctor had come within a scant two miles before finding the dunnage. Knowledge of the Fort's nearness overcame the first desire to lie down here in the forest. Swayed by the homing instinct, Mike turned about, headed for the Fort, moving rapidly even under the storm. A mile the team ran.

Deep within him stirred ancient strain of foreign blood. In his brain cells lurked memories, traditions, instincts of civilized forebearers utterly at variance with every impulse of husky nature. Now, from away down the corridors of the past, from time infinitely remote, they called to this running dog, demanded allegiance to that man back in the snow, standing symbol of a race whom that ancestor and all his kind had served unswervingly since the dawn of time.

Desire to return, to stand by the man being, thrilled Mike, Labrador husky, creature of snarl and fang. Yet he ran on; for his was still the brain and the sinew, the ways and the thoughts of the wolf. Still this strange thing kept calling within. Above the roar of the Arctic cataclysm, despite the sting of snowflakes turned by the wind to leaden pellets, came this call of an age old duty. It reiterated and repeated; towering



Mike, an anomaly of huskeydom

thick hides. So now, reluctantly, they turned away from the haven of the Post; with dragging steps began back tracking into the teeth of the coming storm.

Again the advance guard of the blizzard came snooping down the aisle of dying day, a long moaning note that hurled little flurries of snow from overburdened branches and set the stunted pines to whispering. The sky bowl crept close to earth, seeming almost to hug the swaying tops of the evergreens creaking warningly in agitated air, as yet but a breeze. Then the mother of all winds nurtured and strong from the frozen desolation that lies forever about the apex of the pole, sent forth her battalion on battalion of icy blasts. Sweeping for endless miles across the frozen tundra the wind leapt upon the tree line and the moving man and dogs. The snow, a moment ago serenely still, became all in an instant a flying chaotic mass. With startling suddenness the wind increased from a ten-mile breeze to a twenty-mile blow, then thirty, then forty and faster and faster till it drove along full a mile a minute gale. Under the pressure of the wind, the snow leapt from bank and bush and barren stretch. An ever thickening mass, rotating and resistless, it moved on, obliterating all the world. The dogs cowered, would have lain down and curled up in the snow till the storm had spent itself, but with curse and lash Mortimer drove them on.

Then the wind ceased blowing against them. It began coming from every direction. Wind met wind and shrieked and roared and threw the snow now in the man's face, now in his back.

With the wind no longer coming from one direction, which had assured him of the correctness of his movement the doctor became bewildered. Riding on the sleigh quickly slowed his blood circulation, cooling his body. Now the intense cold numbed him. He stepped off to walk. All in a second the dogs

above the impulse of primitive brute it struggled for mastery.

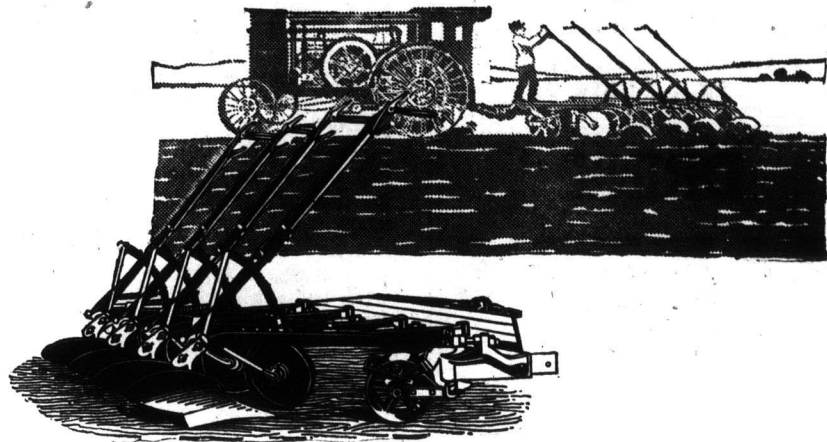
The distance to the Post was but a matter of a hundred yards, when suddenly Mike faltered in his step. The dog running behind was upon him. With a snarl it brushed by. As it went, Mike leaped to one side, about faced as he had done so many times in the past, and, in another moment, free of collar, was bounding back in the direction from whence he had come.

Meanwhile, after stumbling a few hundred yards, the doctor, blinded by the pitiless beat of the snow, had dropped to his knees. A long time he remained thus, while the cold crept up and up in his veins through which the blood pulsed ever slower from suspended action.

A listlessness crept over the man; his every limb and muscle seemed oppressed with a vast heaviness. A dull languor followed. His whole being cried to rest. He slipped forward, cuddling down amid the drifting snow.

Then suddenly out of the mist closing around him leaped a furry body. Running with head low, held close to the ground, which his nose told him had been a trail so shortly before, Mike came full upon the fallen man. He thrust a cold nose inquiringly into the human face turned half toward him. Mortimer stirred feebly. The movement incited Mike to fresh endeavor. With rough tongue he licked the immobile features. Like a drowsy child annoyed by a lighting fly, the doctor raised one hand to beat off this dimly realized torment that strove to bring him out of such ethereal dreams. Mike drew away. The man's hand dropped limply back. Again and again did the dog repeat the action, while each time the human hand rose and fell. But gradually this action of the man started to moving a little his sluggish blood. Presently Mortimer sat up, in his eyes the light of returning reason. Only a minute it showed; he

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went to lie down again. Snarling, the dog leaped forward. The great wolf jaws closed upon one cloth protected wrist. But these long fangs, terrible for their crushing, tearing force, did not sink in, only took tight hold and tugged and tugged. With legs wide apart, braced and tense, Mike pulled, and under the force of his attempts could not prevent his teeth from now sinking in a little. The man cried faintly, a querulous protest, causing the dog to desist. Again, however, Mike took hold, this time sinking his teeth into the edge of the man's koolitang. With teeth tightly clenched upon the tough caribou skin, the dog dragged the body inch by inch through the snow. The coat, pulled as it was with the grain of the hair with the snow, formed a rude natural runner, and the dog began to move faster. But it was an awkward load, and Mike, though he had drawn his six hundred pounds of load many times, found this present weight an entirely different and very tiring proceeding. Presently he stopped, wearied by the strain.

Then, once again, the man moved. The rough motion over uneven ground had started his blood pulsing faster. In him life fought for rehabilitation. With an effort he raised himself upon all fours. He would have halted here; but Mike, gladdened by the movement, caught once more at the loose folds of the coat and pulled.

Slowly one of the doctor's hands moved forward, then the other. In unison one knee swung into this primal gait. The other followed in turn. Presently the man's crawl became too fast for the dog,

upon the inspector snugly ensconced behind a snow covered windbreak.

Often in the months that followed the doctor caught glimpses of Mike lying full stretched and still before the Post, his great head turned out to sea. There motionless he remained for long hours at a time, eyes staring away out over dreary waste of tossing, lonely sea. And sometimes, coming upon him unawares, the doctor thought he saw reflected in the beast's brown eyes a strange light, an alien something, weary of the stern harshness of the frigid Arctic shore, a longing look for other dimly comprehended things of kinder lands.

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Physical Culture in Middle Life

By Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B.

Physical culture enthusiasts have said that life would be healthier, happier, and longer if we but exercised judiciously the various muscles of the body. This is especially true of middle-aged people who, having given up the manifold sport interests of their youth, are inclined to allow their muscles to enter the ranks of the unemployed. They have not time for physical culture; they have not the energy nor the desire to play games.

The average middle-aged man's muscular exercise consists in an occasional game of golf; the average woman has no physical exercise at all apart from the meagre amount of walking she gets through in the twenty-four hours. What is the result? Lethargy, apathy, and gradual loss of energy; the various ailments of middle life—gout, rheumatism, and digestive disorders; all these are directly or indirectly caused by insufficient exercise. And, as health of body and peace of mind are associated inevitably together, most people would find that regulated physical exercise in middle life would contribute enormously to the joy of living.

Why are so many middle-aged people frequently depressed in spirits for no apparent cause? Simply because, from lack of exercise, poisons are allowed to accumulate in the blood to affect for the worse the brain and nervous system generally. "Blues" are largely due to insufficient exercise combined with errors in diet. It is a bad thing for any man to eat more than he can digest; over-eating is a more fruitful source of ill-health in people who commit another

physiological sin in neglecting to exercise sufficiently, every day, all the year round.

After forty years of age the tendency is to exercise less and the resulting "weakness" or decline in muscular force is laid to the charge of middle age, when in reality men, and women too, should be at their best, physically and mentally, in middle life.

Apart from setting aside a definite part of each day for physical culture, it is most important, also, to avoid the defects, the bad habits, the muscular sins that middle-aged people habitually commit.

The man who stands badly as a regular thing, the woman who sits in a defective attitude when sewing or reading, will not correct the evils of such habits by any physical culture in the form of exercises. Before deciding upon physical culture at all, the importance of correcting bad habits already formed must be realized. Criticize severely how you stand, how you sit, and how you walk along the street. Ask someone to point out all your defects of position and action, or at least as many of them as you can receive with polite equanimity. Not one person in a hundred stands straight, or knows how to sit in a chair, so as to get all the support and the rest that it is possible to obtain. With regard to correct versus incorrect walking, we have only to observe the passing throng to realize the inherent lack of grace in our fellow-creatures. The dash and energy of youth cover a multitude of sins, but in middle life muscular defects are sadly apparent if one cares to look for them. Too many men are the victims of an unbecoming adiposity in middle life; too many matrons degenerate into the floppiness, the dowdiness characteristic of the aftermath of youth.

There is something inexplicably satisfactory about a middle-aged man or woman who has the energy, the physical alertness of youth combined with the poise and dignity of maturity. The habitual physical attitude indicates very strongly the mental outlook, the character of the person. And the converse is also true. If we take the trouble to acquire physical well-being, to cultivate our muscular system as we should, it will react upon our mental power, our character. Try the effect of a few weeks' regular physical culture if proof of the assertion is desired.

Practise the art of correct standing, with the shoulders braced, yet so that the line of the body is so straight that there is no bulging forwards below the waist. Stand in profile before a mirror so that you can observe any defect of position, and watch carefully and continuously until the habit of correct, easy, graceful standing is acquired. Many people appear old before their time, simply because they allow the back to droop, and a round back has a peculiarly ageing effect. Correct standing has an enormous influence upon health and good spirits. Anyone who habitually stoops is not allowing sufficient room for the lungs and heart to act easily, the circulation is consequently impeded, and the vitality of the entire system is affected for the worse.

Correct standing in the erect position, on the other hand, increases the capacity of the chest, and the space available for the abdominal organs, the liver, stomach, and intestines. Habitual stooping, a defective position in standing or walking, means that unnatural pressure is exerted on all the organs, causing them to "sag" and to drop forwards perhaps an inch or two below the normal. The resulting loss of tone makes the various organs liable to disease.

What exercises are likely to influence correct standing in middle life?

Breathing exercises are perhaps the most important of all. Practise deep breathing for five minutes night and morning, try to breathe deeply as you walk along the street, and take a few deep breaths occasionally as you sit at work, and you are establishing a habit of exercising the lungs and the chest muscles which no form of so-called physical culture can beat. The proper way to breathe is to stand straight and easy with the arms at the side. With the mouth shut, take a deep breath, hold it for ten seconds, and then slowly exhale.

Her Unconventional Burglar

By Edith G. Bayne

ALICIA LAMBERT was the eldest of four daughters. The Lamberts lived in a large town—one of those towns that aspire to be a city and cannot quite make it—and, as is usually the case in towns of that kind, all the most desirable young men had either gone West or been pre-empted (matrimonially) by somebody else.

Alicia was now approaching her twentieth mile-post, with the speed levers pressed and the clutch thrown wide open; therefore, it was deemed advisable by her widowed mother and three sisters that there should be something doing. It was high time she was settled and out of the way, for were there not Patricia, Felicia and Justicia to be brought forward in their respective turns? Besides, a gypsy fortune-teller had once told the girls that Alicia would be the first to marry—this being a fairly safe prognostication on a gipsy's or anybody else's part, because Alicia was the best-looking of the lot. While not actually beautiful, she had "her points," the chief of which were two dimples, a most engaging smile, and hair of a pretty red-gold shade.

"You ought to land something this summer," Patricia was saying one May morning, as they sat over a rather late breakfast, "and I think you might hurry up, too. None of the rest of us have a look-in while you're on the stage."

"Girls, girls, stop quarrelling! Here's Postie," interjected Mrs. Lambert. "Go to the door, Pat."

"Papers—and one letter," sang out Pat, returning.

"Who's the letter for—me?" inquired Felicia.

"No, Miss Smarty. The letter is for Alicia, and it smells (sniffing the missive)—smells like spring violets. Who's your perfumed friend, Allie?"

Alicia took the letter rather languidly.

"Blest if I know!" she ejaculated, then frowning a bit over the superscription she finally gave a gasp of astonishment.

"Why, it's from Elaine Grayson, I do believe!"

"What!" chorussed her hearers. Mrs. Lambert adding: "The Graysons, of Hamilton? Those nice people you met at Burlington Beach two years ago?"

Alicia nodded and, inserting a grapefruit knife under the flap of the envelope, drew out the enclosure. After one hasty perusal of the few lines she pursed up her full red lips and gave vent to a regular tom-boyish whistle.

"What is it?" demanded her sisters in a breath.

Alicia tossed the sheet of heavy cream notepaper across to Patricia, who snatched it eagerly and read aloud:



General Gourard assumes old command with empty sleeve

General Gourard is probably one of the most popular men in the French army to-day. He is the idol of the men of his command, having made a record on the field for bravery. In an action in the Champagne district Sept. 25th, he led his men toward the German trenches and fell wounded. He was carried off the field and had one of his arms amputated. Great was the joy of his soldiers when recently he took up his old command with an empty sleeve. The photograph shows General Gourard tapping a captain on the shoulder after having decorated him for bravery.

"Yep," agreed Justicia, who was addicted to slang. "Pat's said it! Betty Norris was just spiling something yesterday along the same lines. She said it was funny nobody had fallen for your crowning glory. All the men rave over that goldenish-chestnut shade."

"Yes, but you forget there are no men here," sighed Felicia.

"Oh, I mean men at large, you know."

"Well, the city is full of men at large," suggested Pat. "That is, some of them are at large and the rest are married."

"Pat!" chided Mrs. Lambert, with a glance of mild disapproval. "Don't jest on solemn subjects. Marriage is a holy estate entered into—"

"Don't preach, mother darling! Of course we really are serious deep down you know. But as I was saying—"

"Oh, what's the use," Felicia cut in, "without money, what can we do? We couldn't go near the city."

"If Alicia could—or would—marry money," sighed Justicia, who always had an eye to the main chance.

Alicia, who had not yet spoken, now set down her coffee cup, pushed back her chair a bit, and faced the last speaker.

"You mercenary little wretch!" she said. "Why must I contract a moneyed alliance? Am I not free white and twenty-one?"

"Plus—" began Pat, maliciously.

"The Elms, Hamilton,
May 29th.

Dearest Alicia:—

I am giving a week-end house party for some cousins of ours who are going abroad and I wish you would join us. Let me know if you can come on Friday afternoon next, dear, and the car will be sent to meet you at the depot at whatever hour you shall name.

Lovingly, Elaine."

"Gee! Wish it was me!" cried Justicia. "Just our luck!" groaned Pat.

"Here's your chance at last, Allie," observed Felicia, with envy in her eyes.

"Oh—shall I go?" murmured the lucky sister a trifle wistfully.

"Why not?" demanded Mrs. Lambert.

"Go? Of course you'll go! Why, what are you thinking of, child, to refuse?"

"Clothes, for one thing," returned Alicia, ruefully.

"I'll loan you my peach-colored charmeuse," offered Patricia with sisterly generosity. "Don't worry about frocks. Your white crepe de chine still looks nice, and—"

"You'll meet all sorts of lovely people," Felicia put in, "all the swagger set and—perhaps 'the man!'"

A tout ensemble of sighs from the uninvited sisters.

"I hope he's blond," cried Patricia, who was brunette. "I adore fair-haired men with blue eyes!"

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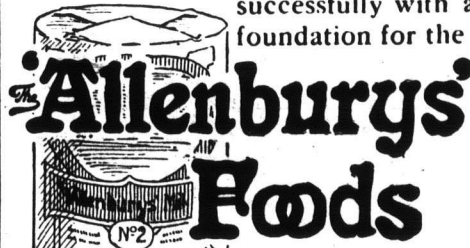
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from three to
six months.

Malted Food No. 3.
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Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

"Nonsense!" sniffed Justicia. "They are too insipid for anything—sort of milk-and-waterish. Me for the dark and romantic-looking ones."

"Well—he'll only be brother-in-law to you anyway," observed Pat, "so don't get excited. It's Allie's funeral."

"You girls talk as if it were a sure enough thing. Suppose—"

"Suppose, after all, there is no man." "Horrors! Don't entertain the idea for a minute. There's got to be a man!" Pat leaned forward and pretended to faint, then revived slowly.

"Allie gives me a weak turn. Honest to goodness, if it were I—I'd—well, I'd see that there was a man. And what's more, I'd fetch him home here after the party and introduce him all around, with a flourish: 'Mother, dear, and sisters three, allow me to introduce—' Oh, no, I'd have to present you each in turn. Oh, I can fairly see the expressions on your faces! Envy, struggling with delight, and so on."

"Remember what I have always said," began Alicia, a little primly. "I haven't changed my sentiments in regard to—"

"Oh, she's going to rake up all that!" moaned Felicia.

"In regard to the manner of meeting, if I ever do meet a man I could marry, I wouldn't want it to be in the commonplace, conventional way—in a drawing-room, for instance."

"Oh, we've heard all that before," Patricia retorted. "But, my dear, you'll just simply have to take him as he comes, and be thankful for him."

"Let's fill our coffee cups again and drink to the health of—our unknown brother-in-law," cried the youngest sister.

Mrs. Lambert smiled indulgently as the cups clinked together.

"Here's hoping!" murmured Justicia.

"That he has oodles of it," finished Felicia.

Like Miss Matty in "Cranford," Alicia never went to bed (in a strange bed) without feeling somewhat nervous about what might be in hiding under the bed. Miss Matty, you will recollect, just couldn't bear to stoop down and peer underneath, so she used to roll a ball under. If the ball came out at the other side—well and good. But if not—she had her hand ready to the bell-rope to summon aid.

But nowadays, of course, bell-ropes were out of date and it was not always possible to travel about with a ball. So Alicia had hit upon a rather novel scheme. For two nights now at "The Elms" she had mounted a chair and dived into bed from it, snapping off the light afterward from the switch above her head. This proceeding, while cowardly, had at least the merit of originality and though she spent the first five minutes or so in listening with straining ears for any sounds which might come from beneath her, she soon dozed off and all her fears were forgotten in sweet dreamless slumber.

It was Sunday night. The day had been a quiet one as compared with the two preceding ones, and the guests had retired rather early. Alicia and her hostess and several of the other girls

ment for them when I go home Tuesday, without any—prospects."

She sighed and began to slip off her silk dressing-gown. To think that after all there was to be no brother-in-law for Patricia, Felicia and Justicia!

The men of the house party were nice, of course—that is, the most of them. There was a grumpy old colonel and a poker-playing member of parliament. She didn't care for either of them. Of the younger men, all seemed to have already given their hearts into the keeping of some fair damsel. The testy colonel had escorted her to the theatre the first evening and sat beside her almost tongue-tied in the party box. At the picnic the following day the M.P., who was addicted to poker, sat beside her in the car, and afterward stuck to her closer than a brother or a burr, but all his conversation was of kings and aces, and "full houses," and "flushes." On the Saturday night at the ball Alicia had had many partners and a fairly good time, but somehow, when it came to fancying any one of that cutaway-coated assemblage sitting opposite to her at the breakfast table each morning, for the rest of her natural life—well, her rather vivid imagination just couldn't picture such a scene. Sighing again, from the very depths of her heart, Alicia mounted the little gilt-and-satin chair and, placing her hands together in the attitude of high-divers, counted one-two-three-go!—and leaped into the bed.

Crash!

For one brief startled second Alicia thought that an earthquake had occurred for the shock had been so very sudden. Then, laughing shakily, she tried to regain her feet. It was then that another sound broke the stillness. Common sense told Alicia that the bedsprings had fallen, but—gracious heavens! had her ears deceived her or did she hear—a man's voice?

Gasping faintly, she managed to sit up and clutch at the bed-rail. Horrors! Something was moving underneath the mattress, something huge and squirmy! A man? * Nonsense! It was a dog probably, but then a dog would have yelped. What on earth was it? Alicia's heart pounded. Some live thing assuredly was pinned beneath the debris.

"Help! help!" she called, weakly.

And then came the sound once more—a cross between a groan and a laugh. Words followed.

"I say, would you mind—er—just getting up you know, so that I can—er—oh, thank you so much!"

The last five words were uttered in a tone of obvious and immense relief. Get up? Oh, yes, Alicia would get up, it was no very great pleasure to sit there holding down a man.

"Help, help!" she quavered again, as she made haste to get to the door, but her voice seemed only a whisper. Her limbs trembled under her. She was afraid to look back. She snatched up her dressing-gown and donned it hastily. Then the man spoke again, in a half whisper.

"I say, might I beg of you not to call or ring, or anything, until I explain?"

Alicia turned about. One of her hands was upon the knob of the door. The other was at her cheek half covering one eye. He had spoken politely. That was perhaps what made her pause. But then Raffles was polite, too. She sent a hurried glance in the direction of the bed—or what had recently been a bed.

A man—a man in very truth—was just emerging from beneath the mattress! He was breathing what sounded like a malediction on bedsprings in general.

"Don't alarm the house, please," he puffed, as he stood up and brushed the dust from his clothes. "I can explain fully."

He spoke in a low, but confident tone. "Explain?"

Alicia's tone was icy, but still she paused. Then, as her eye took in her unwelcome visitor, from head to foot, she could not forbear a fleeting smile. It was too ridiculous. Before her stood a Raffles in tweeds, a ruffled-haired, profoundly apologetic Raffles. His face was red (though whether from his late exertions or honest shame, she could not tell), and he was tall and quite young—not more than thirty, certainly.

"So good of you to wait," he murmured. "You see, it was this way—"

He glanced up and caught her eye, and had the grace to redden again.



The Falls (Fort Francis, Ont.)

"It must be a very unusual sort of meeting," went on Alicia, dreamily, her grey eyes fixed on the line of tulips bordering the pathway outside the French window. "We must come together as though by Fate's own hand, and see and recognize each other in a soul-flash, as it were. Our life-lines hitherto running far apart and seemingly unrelated, must of a sudden converge and fuse—"

"How do you mean—unusual meeting?" interrupted the practical Justicia. "You mean you'd like him to rescue you in distress or something like that? If you were drowning, for instance?"

"Well—er—yes," assented her sister. "But not drowning exactly. I'd look a fright wet all over. Besides—"

"How about fire? Couldn't you manage to drop a lighted match somewhere near some gasoline?"

"Or get lost in the woods," suggested Pat. "Anything—anything! Be a sport!"

"Or you could choose the occasion—the psychological moment you know—and faint away like an early Victorian heroine. Men like that kind of woman."

Felicia nodded with an owl-like expression of wisdom on her animated, but slightly freckled face, as she spoke.

"And you may have my satin slippers, old dear," suggested Justicia irrelevantly. "But don't dance the soles off."

"Thanks, love. You are all dear and kind. I just hate to go and leave you all behind, but—duty must be done I suppose."

"Good! She's beginning to look at it in a sensible light," said Patricia, with a sigh of satisfaction.

"And remember, Allie," subjoined Felicia, "if all else fails, this is Leap Year you know! All things are fair in love and war."

had chatted themselves sleepy in Elaine's dressing-room and separated shortly after eleven for their respective nests. Alicia occupied Elaine's own bedroom, the latter sharing her mother's bed.

"Night, dear, sweet dreams," said Elaine, kissing Alicia, at the door of her bedroom.

"Good-night," and Alicia yawned luxuriously, "same to you."

Alone, Alicia stood for a moment, gazing up at a framed photo which hung beside Elaine's dressing-table. It was the picture of a young man. She could not have stated in bold words just what there was about the young man that arrested her attention every time she happened to glance up at him. He was not handsome. Yet there was a rugged sort of charm about him she could not define. He had whimsical eyes and a pleasant looking, though large, mouth, and broad shoulders. His taste in cravats seemed rather extraordinary. But after all that was a minor defect and easily cured. The one he was wearing in the picture was a large-patterned affair. She hoped the colors were quiet, for the stripes certainly were not. They fairly shouted at the passerby.

"Looks like as if it had been cut from the side of a zebra," reflected Alicia, "but, oh—hasn't he got the loveliest eyes? I'll ask Elaine who he is first thing to-morrow."

And with this determination in her mind, Alicia yawned again and, stepping out of her blue silk mules, began to draw a chair over to the bedside.

"I'll say my prayers in bed to-night," she thought half guiltily, "and I suppose I'll have to put in a word about comfort for dear old mother and the girls, for it certainly is going to be a huge disappoint-

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"I know this is awful," he began again.

"I know you won't ever forgive me.

But if you'll only believe me—"

Alicia turned the door-knob.

"Wait, wait! Please listen. I promise

on my honor not to come a step closer.

You see I was just trying to play a trick

on Bubs. I—arrived unexpectedly—"

"Bubs?"

"Er—Elaine, I mean. Used to call

her Bubs you know. It's a pet name—"

"But—"

"She's my sister."

Alicia made as if to open the door.

"I don't believe you. It's a pretty

tall story. In the first place you don't

resemble Elaine in the slightest, and in

the second place she only has one brother

and he's a respectable man—a professor

of science at Yale. He hasn't been home

for years."

"Oh, yes—bad cess to him. That's

just the trouble, too. The last time

he was home this room here was Bubs'

bedroom—and that one adjoining was

her dressing-room. She must have changed

things round some."

"How—how long have you been—

in here?"

"Not more than ten minutes, on my

honor!"

"If what you have been telling me is

really true—"

"As gospel," vowed Raffles, his hand

on his heart, while his eyes appraised

Alicia with undisguised admiration.

ten minutes ago, and crawled under that

gum-foozled—er—I beg your pardon.

I always did hate those brass beds."

"Does—do you think anyone knows or

suspects that you are here?"

"In your sleeping apartment? Good

heavens! I hope not. Hodge (the gar-

dener, you know) knows I am in the house

but beyond the fact that I was going to

spring a surprise on the folks, he knows

nothing. I left my suit-case with him,

and now I think I'll go and claim it and

—er—come in, in the conventional

manner."

Alicia laughed softly.

"This is certainly a most unconvention-

al—" she was beginning and then

stopped. Her face grew hot. The mem-

ory of the last time she had used the

phrase recurred to her. Raffles, however,

did not appear to notice her confusion.

"When I slip out," he said, "you can

ring for one of the servants to come

up and fix the wreck over there. Or,

stay, shall I try—"

"No, no! Go, please."

"Very well. Thank you so much for

understanding. So many girls would

have taken hysterics. I'm ever so much

obliged. We'll agree to say nothing

whatever about this, shall we?"

"Decidedly."

He searched for and found his soft

hat under the bed, and then gently lifting

the window leading onto the balcony,

disappeared.



A Proud Daddy

The above group shows Corporal Cathcart of the Dauphin Detachment of the 226th Battalion, and Mrs. Cathcart with their eight boys, the eldest of whom is a bugler in his father's regiment. This good Canadian family goes two better than Sgt. Aldridge of the West Kent Regiment, photo of whose six splendid boys appeared in a recent issue of the Winnipeg Free Press. Truly the Canadian West is playing its part in the present struggle and in Empire Building.

"But—but why in the world did you

choose this peculiar method of—"

"Ah, yes—to be sure. It is horrid

for you, but then, how could I know of

your existence? I thought to give Bubs

the surprise of her life. She is always

boasting about her fearlessness you know.

Says nothing can take a fizz out of her,

from highwaymen to high stakes on a

losing horse. So I bet her!"

"Bet? Do you bet?"

Alicia remembered the betting M.P.

and shuddered.

"Never," returned Raffles. "I'm a

man of half-decent tastes and principles,

though now is not the moment to boast

of them. I am keenly aware. But I

dearly love a joke and I bet Bubs I'd

scare her out of a year's growth the very

next time I came home. So—"

"Oh, I'm beginning to believe you.

I thought—"

Alicia stood for a long moment wrapt

in thought. Then she closed her eyes.

Finally she held out one plump arm and

pinched the flesh until it was blue when

her fingers left it.

"It hurts all right—so I suppose I

am not dreaming," she said half aloud.

"And then, there is that bed over there

for actual proof. By the way, where—

where have I seen his face?"

That picture! Alicia flew over to the

photo of the young man with the striped

tie.

"It is he! And to-night he was wearing

a most awful looking yellow-and-black

dotted one. I suppose professors are

proverbially careless of artistic effects.

Professor! Who could ever imagine he

was one? When Elaine talked of her

professorial brother in the States, I

always pictured a bearded old high-brow

with fusty-dusty manners and a muffled

voice, and spectacles and a cane."

She pondered a moment or two longer,

looking steadfastly at the young man

with the nice eyes.

"He's a perfect dear," she said, and

then turned to the mirror and looked

herself over critically.

"Well—I didn't look an absolute

fright at any rate," was her final verdict.

(Continued on page 33)

Do You Know About the Advantages of Internal Bathing?

The Dangers of Auto-Intoxication Explained

In these days of super-activity in business and social life, when we all—men and women—are burning up our vitality and nervous force in the endeavor to keep up with the taxing pace, it is a welcome sign that men and women are entering upon an era of common sense in the care and preservation of their physical selves.

Less and less do the great mass of intelligent people place dependence on nostrums and drugs. On every hand, often in our own intimate circles, we witness convincing demonstrations of the uselessness of hoping for real relief from such harmfully stimulating, unnatural means of combating the hundred and one ailments so common.

Your physician will tell you, in case you have not yet realized it yourself, that probably fully 90 per cent of the ills and diseases from which we suffer are due to the clogging of the system by waste and poisonous matter that should rightly be eliminated immediately if we would remain in health and escape even more lasting evils.

By the way in which we live our lives, the demands of unnatural convention, the forcing of our bodies to try to adjust their activities and functions to the call of personal convenience—the forming of unhygienic habit, in short—is yearly exacting a terrible toll in suffering.

If you are run down, tired out, lacking energy and vim; if your nerves are "all gone"; if you are bilious and headachy; if everything is a burden and an effort; if your physical condition tells you all too plainly that you are even more seriously affected, you may be quite sure that you are paying the penalty, either directly or indirectly, of a system that has been mismanaged. You are no longer paying yourself dividends in health; you have no surplus in vitality—you are exhausting your capital.

And all these things because you, like nearly everyone else in a similar plight, have paid the least attention to the part of your body that needs it most, for, as Professor Metchnikoff, the world-eminent scientist, states, it is the insidious health-destroying, disease-breeding germs generated in the lower intestines that are the chief cause of our premature old age, and of course are responsible for the many bodily disorders that cause it, by reason of the poisons that cause them to deteriorate.

Your own physician, when he comes to you

in illness, first makes sure to thoroughly purge your system of the accumulated waste—he knows he cannot help you until he has done so, just as he knows that if you had kept your intestines hygienically clean there would have been no need for his services.

And that is why the internal bath is the natural, the logical, the ideal way to eliminate this waste matter, and by eliminating it remove the source of most of our ills. It does not drug your system, it is not a violent, system-racking thing, but a pleasurable, scientific, efficient adaptation of a curative method that is as old as civilization itself. It corrects the very conditions that give the blood a chance to absorb these poisons. It keeps you clean inside by removing waste matter, prevents the blood from having a chance to carry them to the organs and tissues of the body, infecting them and starting that lowering of bodily efficiency and vigor which makes us miserable and unhappy even if it does not pave the way for more serious ills and diseases that endanger life itself.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 251, 257 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Western Home Monthly.

Like all really worth-while things, the internal bath is as simple as nature's processes always are. You will find in its use a new freedom from the effects of drugs that at best can but temporarily, and then only partly, aid nature in freeing the system of its waste. It is above all else thorough and rational and right, and in accord with the laws of health. And it is something beyond even this. It is the means of keeping your body at par even when you are not suffering from any particular organic disease. It enables your system to do its work fully and freely under all conditions. It is a wonderful tonic—a tonic that braces without artificial stimulation, or any harmful results. It keeps you free from the risk of disease that gets its start from accumulated waste; and by keeping the intestinal tract always hygienically clean prevents the blood from absorbing poisons that otherwise reach every organ of the body through the circulation. It can never become a habit, something one cannot say for drugs. What the internal bath has done for so many thousands of grateful men and women it can do for you. We believe you will be interested in reading a more thorough discussion of the subject than is possible or advisable here.

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GOLLARS

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The Young Man and His Problem

By J. L. Gordon

SPIRITUAL VOICES

We are living in a spiritual universe. We are surrounded by invisible intelligences. As the colored folks used to sing: "There are Angels Hovering 'Round." There are spiritual forces surrounding us. To be in tune with the infinite and in touch with the invisible is both scriptural and scientific. After you have done your best thinking out a difficult problem, lean on the forces which are invisible, and listen for the voice of God. Dr. Minot J. Savage once said:—"I have a friend, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, famous for her devoted services during the war, and one of the greatest woman speakers that the world has ever known. She told me how her life was saved during her travels in the West on a certain occasion by her hearing and instantly obeying a voice. She did not know where it came from; but she leaped, as the voice ordered her to, from one side of a car to the other, and instantly the side where she had been sitting was crushed in and utterly demolished."

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

The moral character of a community depends on the vitality of its churches. Every normal citizen should be identified with a church. If he cannot, with an approving conscience, "join" a church, he can at least "rent a pew" or a part of one. But every broad minded and aspiring man will seek to make dominant in his life the ideals which are enthroned in the church. And he will also do well to become a member of the church if his life is all that it ought to be. By the way, that is a big "if." An English divine says:—"I recall a story I heard recently of one converted by the grace of God after a wild life. They urged him to join the church and take the Lord's Supper. 'No, never,' he said; 'at least, not yet.' He left his home, and sought through the slums of three great cities for the girl once pure, and sweet, and undefiled, upon whom he had laid his tainting touch, and who had drifted to the furthest lengths. He found her in a top attic, burning with a consumptive fever, on a straw pallet, with no one but the woman of the house to look in on her now and again and moisten her lips. He hastened away and procured what was necessary for her wants. Then, as a pure brother to a pure sister, he nursed her for three weeks until she died. But in that time he had won her back to Christ, and she blessed and forgave him with her dying breath. Then he called and took the Lord's Supper."

INFIDELITY'S FAILURE

Infidelity, by which we mean the spirit which enthrones atheism in the heart of man—infidelity has failed. Failed to provide a master motive for the soul. Failed to satisfy the aspirations of the heart. Failed to create an atmosphere of hope. A great American preacher says:—"After Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason' was published and widely read, there was a marked increase of self-slaughter. A man in London heard Mr. Owen deliver his infidel lecture on socialism, and went home, sat down and wrote these words: 'Jesus Christ is one of the weakest characters in history, and the Bible is the greatest possible deception,' and then shot himself. David Hume wrote these words: 'It would be no crime for me to divert the Nile or the Danube from its natural bed. Where, then, can be the crime in my diverting a few drops of blood from their ordinary channel?' And, having written the essay, he loaned it to a friend; the friend read it, wrote a letter of thanks and admiration, and shot himself."

FIND YOUR PARTNER

Find your partner. You cannot achieve the greatest success alone. Every man in the world needs a supplement and a companion. Andrew Carnegie created and was assisted by thirty splendid partners. Fraternity, organization, co-operation—these are the words of the hour. Find your man, your companion, your partner. "Two by two" is the Divine plan. In June, 1870, an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association assembled at Indianapolis, Indiana, Dwight L. Moody of Chicago, and Ira D. Sankey of Newcastle, Pennsylvania, were members of the convention. The two men were strangers to each other. At one of the morning services the singing lacked the spirit of true-hearted praise, and some one acquainted with Mr. Sankey invited him to take charge of the music. He went forward, and among the hymns he gave out was "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood." The soul-feeling with which he sang that particular hymn, made a wonderful impression upon the audience, and especially upon Mr. Moody. He had discovered his man. The evangelist and the singer were introduced, they formed an alliance; and only four years afterwards, the mighty revival spirit that swept over Great Britain, when millions of hearts and tongues were moved as they had not been moved for many years, was the work of the gospel message proclaimed in sermon and song by Moody and Sankey.

CHEER HIM UP!

Is there anybody in your neighborhood who is trying to do anything for God or man—cheer him up! You need not approve of every method, or accept every notion, or bind yourself to follow every suggestion, but keep yourself in a mood of encouragement. Speak a word of cheer. Don't knock. Don't deal out cheap criticism. Don't prophesy final failure. Don't whisper "crank!"—"fanatic!"—"enthusiast!" In a new book we find this pathetic sentence, written by Fulton at the close of his life: "In all my long struggle to work out the principles of the steam engine I received innumerable jeers, opposing arguments, prophecies of failure, but never once an encouraging word."

EARS, EARS, EARS

This is a vocal world we are living in. There are voices everywhere, and for every voice, there is an ear. Walls have ears! There are ears behind every door, screen, curtain, mirror, picture, and shadow. You can be heard when you whisper, heard when you smile, heard when you look, and heard when you think. Ears, ears, ears everywhere. Some invisible reporter is making record of all you think, say and do. Bishop Latimer, when examined before Bonner, at first answered without much thought, but, hearing the noise of a pen behind the curtain, he concluded that his words were being taken down, and became more cautious. The recording angel takes down not our words only, but also our deeds and our thoughts.

QUALITY IN WORK

Work well done possesses a certain reproductive quality. It advertises itself. It stands as a sort of historic record. It lingers as a beautiful memory. It becomes a stitch in the fabric of your character. It is something for which you never have to apologize. If, however, your work is poor, the result is the opposite of all this. At the most unexpected moment a bad piece of work is apt to come to the surface and mar present purposes and intentions. Like a bad penny it is sure to turn up. In Ohio a few years ago, a railroad bridge, under the weight of a heavy passenger train, went down, and many lives were lost in a great chasm. When the building contractor received the news, remembering how he had neglected to remedy a defect in material in constructing the bridge, he placed a revolver to his head and blew out his brains.

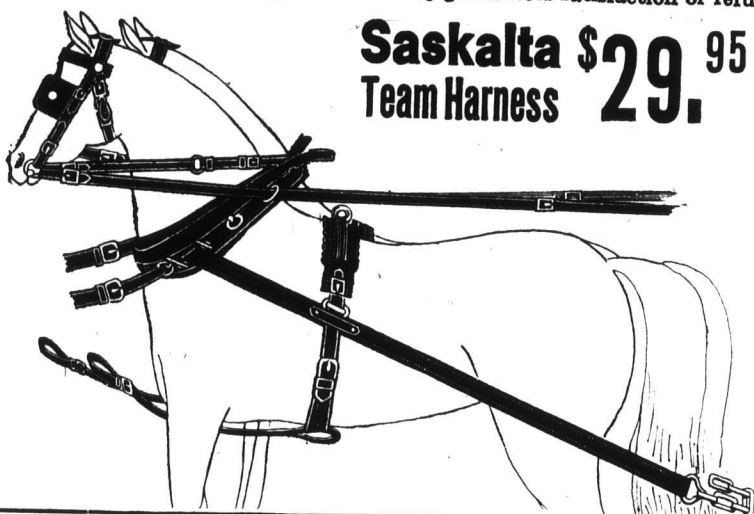
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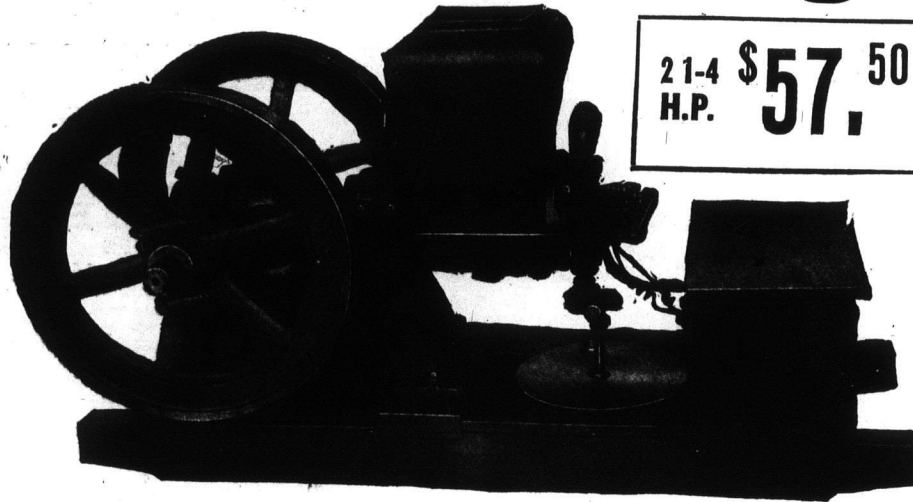
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THE WINGOLD CO. Ltd., Market St. E. Winnipeg

Her Unconventional Burglar
(Continued from page 31)

Mrs. Lambert and her three youngest daughters sat over a late breakfast again. It was a perfect June morning, with the dew sparkling on the roses and the humming-birds darting in and out among the morning-glories by the side porch.

"Here's Postie," observed Felicia, catching sight of the dispenser of His Majesty's mail, coming around the corner. They were breakfasting on the side veranda. Postie waved a letter at the little group.

"This the one you've been looking for?" he inquired smilingly.

Justicia pounced on the missive. "I should say so," she cried. "About time, too."

"From Allie?" demanded her sisters together.

"From the wanderer at last. It's addressed to mother. Here, mumsy, rustle your specks."

Mrs. Lambert was prodigiously slow in adjusting her glasses and in opening the envelope.

"Just fancy—three whole weeks and not a line out of her. She might have dropped us a card at least."

"Well, listen, children," and Mrs. Lambert read aloud a six-page account of the good times Alicia had been having. The Graysons had insisted upon her staying over after the other guests had gone and there had been drives and picnics and excursions and house dances and all sorts of larks—and the end was not yet.

"She doesn't say anything about a man—the man I mean," was Pat's comment.

"Wait, dear, there is a postscript scribbled in lead pencil."

"Well—let's have it, quickly, mother."

Mrs. Lambert cleared her throat and resumed—

"Elaine wants you girls to come up some time soon and get acquainted. Seeing she is to be your sister-in-law—"

"What!" cried the three girls in a breath.

"Sh—girls! Don't interrupt."

"Go on, mother."

"Seeing she is to be your sister-in-law you will be interested in her, I am sure. I am engaged to her only brother, Tom. He is the same age as myself. They are all going to motor down to see you next week and bring the girls back here for a visit. Tell Justy I'm very sorry for her sake that Tom isn't wealthy, but he is everything else that is fine and desirable, and he is neither blond nor brunette—just halfway between. Tell Pat it's up to her, now I'm off the hooks."

"Up to me, eh?" sniffed Patricia, pleased nevertheless at her sister's news.

"Well—I guess it is, too."

"I suppose she just met him in the ordinary way," remarked Felicia, after a long silence, during which all four of them had been digesting this intelligence.

"In a drawing-room," said Justicia, her lip curling slightly. "Isn't it a good joke on Allie?" exclaimed Pat. "She who insisted on an unusual meeting and talked of soul-flashes and lines converging and unconventional situations, and all that line of stuff. Romance? Poof! It is just as I told her—she would have to be thankful to accept him in whatever manner heaven saw fit to send him."

And the others nodded their heads sagely, entirely agreeing.

The "Peerless" fence, is one of the best investments the poultry raiser can make. It turns even small chicks. They cannot roam or get crop bound, lost, or feed on destructive vegetation.

This wire is made from open hearth steel, is securely locked together at each intersection of the wires. By this method of fence construction, less than half the posts are required, compared with the number required where ordinary poultry netting is used. No running boards for top or bottom are required.

It will stand any kind of weather, cannot rust or sag. Will outlast poultry netting several times over. Will turn large animals as well as small chicks, and it always looks substantial, trim and neat. A faithful guardian of your highest prized poultry.

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Write to the nearest office: Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Winnipeg, Manitoba—Hamilton, Ont.

Prices: \$39.75, 45.00, 47.50

The Invitation

By Charles Dorian

ETHEL BOOKHAM, caroling to herself whilst she scanned the social items of the "Star," belied any tendency to be more than just cheerful. To say that she was on the verge of emotional riot would have shown a wiser delineation of her feelings. She had just read that invitations were out for a great Patriotic dance to be held the following Thursday night—and she had not received one.

Nothing, perhaps, to get wildly excited about, but to be it said in palliation of the youthful desires of Ethel that she was just learning to dance and possessed all the rapture of a devoted pupil.

But she was not socially prominent in Pearville, having gained a reputation for aloofness while in high school, which formed a highly-tempered shield to bar her entry into the various social sets, one of which at least had the biggest list of "those present" at the conspicuous dances. The committee of that set were the chosen ones to organize the big Patriotic dance.

At one of their ordinary fetes she certainly would not be asked, but a patriotic affair (and she with a brother fighting with the Canadians) surely would stifle the very thought of exclusiveness and extend the welcoming spirit broadly.

Tom Raymer would be there, than whom no dancer in the hall would carry himself with more consummate grace and elegance. Tom was the beau ideal of social Pearville. Tom, who was

She stopped caroling to ponder that contingency. The ladies on the committee were well known to her, but she "lived in the country," and they might easily forget her. She could make it a point to see one of them and bring up the subject casually, but that was too much like intrigue. No, she would take her chance.

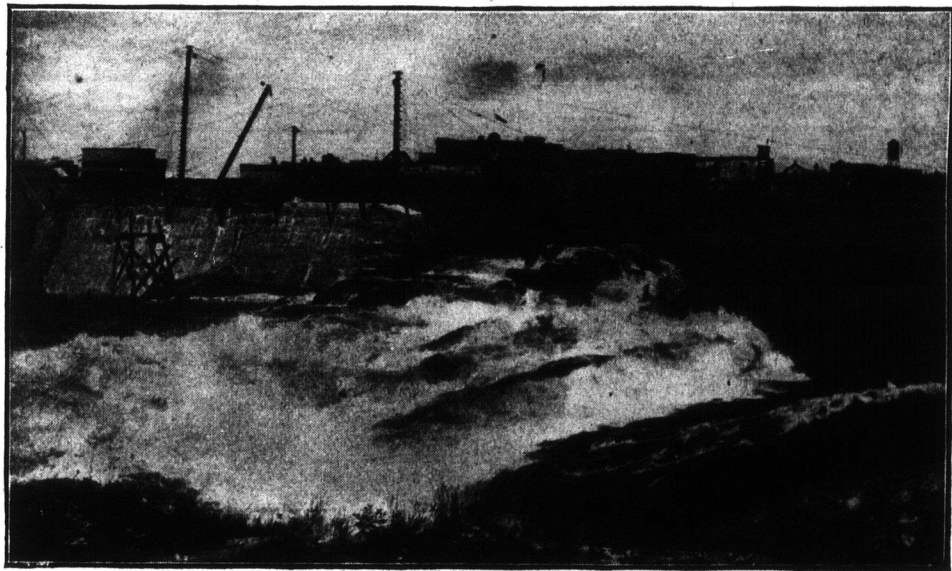
But what would she wear? That astounding question has startled womankind since leaves were a la mode and the woods full of them. Ethel must have new adornments, especially in view of her resolve to be nice to Tom.

Being isolated from town had nurtured the habit of dealing with mail order houses in the city, and to one of these Ethel sent her order, including a pattern from which she would make her own dress.

With tense expectancy she waited the arrival of the dress goods, and the invitation.

On Monday the goods came. She opened the parcel feverishly and then threw it down in disappointment. One part of the order was perfect, but the reseda satin de chene she had ordered was the most Hibernian of Paddy greens. She snapped back the tears which peeped into her brown eyes and stoically sent the order back.

Wednesday passed and no invitation. On Thursday the goods arrived—this time as ordered, exemplifying again the anomaly of mail order deals.



International Falls and Power Construction (Fort Francis, Ont.), C.N. Ry.

alpha in athletics from aviation to pruning pear trees, scion of husbandmen, whose acres increased generation by generation until the riches of them was the only burden of his young life.

They were neighbors, the Raymers and the Bookhams—the Raymer homestead nearly a mile from the humble but pretty Bookham cottage by the lake. Ethel, her schooldays over, had taken to stenography to help keep up the fairyland appearance of the little place. It was a low, grey, cobble-stone bungalow, surrounded on three sides by garden and the lake in front, now looking sombre with the eye of impending winter gloating over.

A good macadam road ran past the cottage on the north, down past the Raymer's and into the country. The Bookham cottage was a hundred yards beyond the car-line and quite suburban.

Tom had given Ethel an occasional lift in his motor. They had become very friendly until the last time, when she had laughed at his serious declaration of affection, which, to her girlish mind, appeared more humorous than sensible. Tom was honestly resentful and charged her with a frivolity which made her incapable of understanding him.

"Oh, but Tom," she had answered, "I love dancing with you—you are such a grand dancer!"

Then the cord snapped. Estrangement became more natural than friendliness, each dying to make it up while fabricating their elaborate wall of fancied hate.

Yes, Tom was sure to be at the dance and she would bury her pettiness and go up to him proudly and declare the barriers down. Or would she wait and see if Tom would be the first to advance? It was the man's place, really. But she mayn't be asked.

Faith had kept her soul alight. Nimble fingers plied scissors and basting needle, and the hum of the sewing machine vied with her cheery singing all day Thursday.

Mrs. Bookham assisted at the fitting-on. The gown was a great success. Tears of honest pride came to the eyes of Ethel's mother. What genius that could tuck and gather and fold the garment that made of oneself a queen!

"But what's the use of the fussing, my dear? You cannot go uninvited."

"I can hope to the very last minute, can't I, mother?"

"I don't want to dampen your feelings, but I hardly think it likely that they will send it by messenger and it was not in the box at the post office when Hector called."

But there was no invitation by eight o'clock. Ethel, bedecked in her reseda creation like a wood nymph ascending into the ethereal blue, began to look sadly resigned.

Hector, like all younger brothers, mocked as he admired. If she wanted to go to the dance so badly, why didn't she go? Fat chance that they would know at the door whether she was invited or not. He could take her and plunk down his donation to the cause of patriotism and they'd be none the wiser—maybe gladder. Come on, Ethel, your brother won't see you stalled.

"Oh, Hee, don't make me appear any sillier than I am. Put on your pumps and we'll have a two-step to the gramophone."

She placed the record on the disc and sent it reeling to the catchiest two-step in vogue.

Then the doorbell rang. Hector answered it while Ethel stopped the music.

Tom Raymer asked for Ethel. Hector bowed him into the room and then beat

Again We Say

Throw Away Your Truss

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From the trenches of Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Flixton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchener's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything and I do not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor he remarked "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition, and he sounded me all over, and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success.

Yours truly,

Private John Carter

And under almost the same date, the mother of a soldier writes:

2, Orchard Road, Richmond, Surrey.

April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September I can say he is quite cured and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoing smith. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am, yours,

Mrs. E. H. Hutt

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Many are the Jaeger articles which add comfort and style to indoor or outdoor costumes. Dressing gowns, dressing jackets, shirt waists, coats, sports coats, knitted golfers, comprise some of the articles for women.

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a retreat to the dining-room, where he had a thriller to read.

Admiration was stamped in capital letters on the visage of Tom who had come to repent. Ethel quivered giddily, forgetting her resolve. He had not come to take her to the dance. He was not dressed for it.

"I see you are going out," he began.

"Yes, Hector is taking me to the dance," she fibbed.

He smiled. She thought there was more sadness than cynicism in the smile as he handed her an envelope with her name upon it. She reddened as she accepted it.

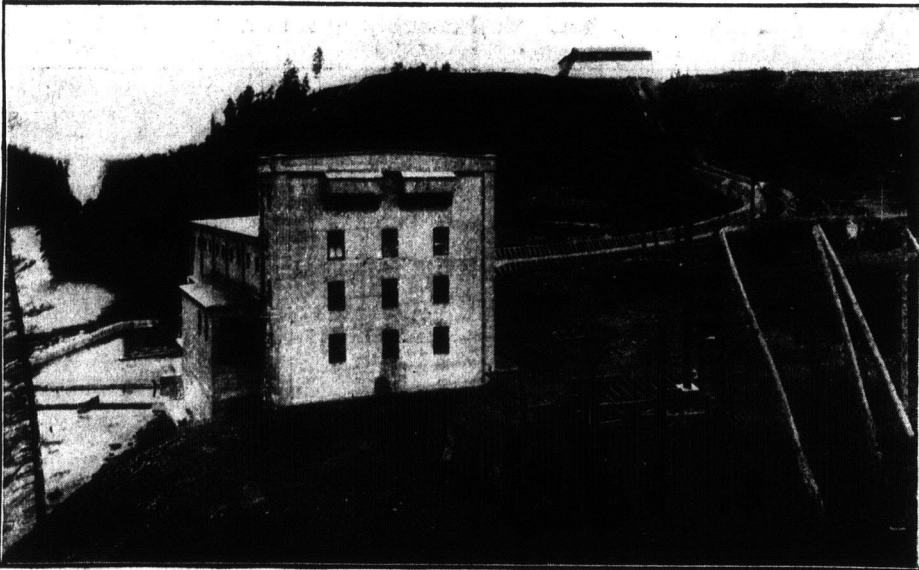
"How?" she stammered. It was the style of envelope that invitations come in.

"Put in my post-office box in mistake. They are changing the numbers on the boxes and adding new ones and I expect many blunders are being made. I've been under the weather for a few days and did not bother going for my mail. When I got it this evening this envelope was there."

"I'm awfully glad—sorry you were not well. Are you going to the dance tonight? Why, you're, you're lame! What has happened, Tom?"

"Oh, the fortunes of air scouting—a clumsy volplane and about sixty bones shattered and, strange to say, nothing serious. Thought you might have heard about it."

"Not a word. Oh, Tom, I'm sorry. Don't go now. Rest awhile."



Kaministiquia Power House, Kakabeka

"I'm keeping you from the dance." "I'm not going to the dance, Tom. I wanted to go, thinking you'd be there. I wanted to tell you how I've missed you."

His blue eyes scintillated as they had done that last day in the motor.

"I wonder if you'd laugh now?" he asked doubtfully.

"Never again, Tom."

"Well, come then, put on the banjo-tanjo two-step and we'll have a short turn here."

"But, Tom, you're hurt!"

"I'm not feeling hurt, you little mignonette. I'm above the clouds and it isn't hard to dance."

When she was swaying in his arms to the ragtime rhythm, she confessed timidly that this was what she had longed for since she read the announcement that invitations were out.

"Because I do love dancing with you, Tom."

A physician tells in the Newark Star a story of a philanthropic doctor in a Pennsylvania mining town who gave a new thermometer to each family, with urgent advice to keep their houses at a proper temperature.

When he was making his rounds one day, he saw his thermometer hanging in the room. He asked the woman of the house if she remembered his instructions.

"Indeed, sir, I do," was the response. "I hang the thing right up there, and I watch it carefully to see it does not get too high."

"Good!" exclaimed the doctor. "And what do you do when the temperature rises above seventy degrees?"

"Why, sir," answered the woman, with the air of one faithful to a trust, "when it gets too high I take it down and put it outside until it cools off."

The Ingenue's Way

By M. Bruce Breech

AWAY up in the very heart of the northern woods there nestles a pretty lake among the mountains. It is reached after a journey of many hours from the place where, according to the vernacular of the country, you "go in." And when you have once "gone in" you know why it is not usual to say you have gone through the woods or simply to your destination. You find that you have plunged into a new world—a world that has apparently nothing in common with the world you live in; a world of wild, solemn, desolate grandeur, a world of space and silence, a world that while oppressing your soul, charms you irresistibly. And after you have once "come out" of that world, there will be times, as long as existence lasts, when you will be homesick for it, and will long with an unutterable childlike longing to return.

Up in this wild region there has lately been built what is fast becoming a fashionable tourist hotel, with its accompanying electric bells, many course dinners and "guests," who dress three times a day. It is perched on a little flat point, barred from the remainder of the mainland by a huge rocky cliff. A seeming impertinence, this erection, in that majestic wilderness; the Red-man would doubtless have had an irresistible impulse to level by fire such an affront to Nature. Put it is a

"She is the most heartless coquette in the world!" he cried, clenching his hands. "And you—are you in this conspiracy too?" he demanded in true "Et tu Brute" style.

"She is all that," calmly replied the young girl on the dock, ignoring the latter part of his speech, "and more, too. And yet," teasingly, "I suppose you still want her."

"I'm afraid I do," said the young man, miserably.

The girl regarded his downcast face for a moment, then, "Well," she said, putting on her shoe again and beginning to tie it up, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Asselin; you've been hanging around Mildred for more than a year now, and as you are the only one of her 'hangers-on' who hasn't snubbed me, I am going to give you a lift."

"A—a—what?"

"A lift; you're wasting precious time. Mildred has no use for devotion. She is satiated with it. It's a drug on the market for her. There's only one way to accomplish your end. Two fellows tried it, but they weren't game enough to stick to it to the bitter end. Maybe you might be. You've got to make her jealous."

"Jealous, of me?"

"Oh! but you men are clever," said she with infinite scorn in her voice. "Of course not of you—of the other girl."

The young man pondered. "Well, Hildessa," he finally began, and then he became aware that the young lady was regarding him with a look calculated to chill his very soul. "Well, Miss Hildessa—Miss Von Daum," he hastily amended, and noted gladly that winter changed to summer in Miss Von Daum's expressive face, "your scheme is no doubt a good one, only it involves another girl."

"Certainly," cheerfully assented Miss Hildessa.

"Well," said the young man, "doesn't it strike you that were I suddenly to develop an admiration for any of the other young ladies of whose charms I have been hitherto oblivious, it would appear odd—lack artistic versimilitude, so to speak?"

"Rather," was her prompt and frank reply, "especially as none of them are fit to flirt with."

"Well, then, where, pray, am I to find the fair maid?"

Miss Hildessa tied and retied her shoe. Then, calmly, "How—what's the matter with—a scarcely perceptible pause—"me?"

"You?" Mr. Asselin was plainly startled out of his manners.

"Yes."

Mr. Asselin simply stared. "Perhaps," aggrievedly, "I am not sufficiently good looking?"

"You certainly are good-looking enough," replied Mr. Asselin, recovering himself, "for anything," and he threw a convincing emphasis into the last word as he took what was perhaps his first real inspection of his adored one's junior—"but—are you sure you are not a trifle young?"

"How old do you suppose I am?"

"Sixteen, your sister told me."

"Sixteen!" cried Hildessa in infinite scorn. "Yes, the kind of sixteen that stays sixteen till your elder sister is married. Why, I was eighteen on the second of last January—unless they began to make me younger before I can remember. It would be just like sister to play me in some such way," she continued reflectively.

"Eighteen years! The deuce!" cried the young man in astonishment. He did not mean to be ill-bred, but his surprise overcame him for the moment. However, there was a greater surprise in store for him yet.

"Well," he said, after musing a moment, "what is your plan of campaign? I am to—to develop a sudden admiration for you?"

"Certainly, and flirt with me like fun."

"And you?"

"Oh I—I am going to dangle you," replied the imperturbable Hildessa.

"To—to dangle me?"

"As a conquest, don't you know. Let you hang round and laugh at you."

"Oh, indeed?"

"There, now, don't let a little thing like that wound your masculine pride."

The young man clean forgot himself.

You may as well face the music. You know Mildred is not in love with you, don't you?"

"Yes," he groaned, despairingly. "It's money she's after. You have lots, I know, but Mr. Meking has more. You are eager, but Mr. Meking is coy. That's the reason he is now in the boat while you are left moping on the cold, cold shore, and no doubt that to ease your mind you would that your tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in thee." She laughed gaily, then continued: "It's all in the family. Little sister is only taking big sister's leavings so Mildred can devote herself entirely to Mr. Meking. Please don't look so limp. Brace up. After you've asked me to marry you—"

"Oh, I am to do that, am I?" "Certainly. Now don't get goose flesh—I won't accept you. It's just part of the game. Then, when I refuse you, you are to go around like a wet cat and mope and moon and still hang on. Then big sister will find she can't afford to take that from little sister, and presto!—there's your chance."

"Oh, there's my chance is it?" said the young man, bitterly.

"Yes," with decision, "that's your only chance."

Mr. Asselin meditated. He looked down the lake. There was no longer any sign or sound of the canoe. He looked at Miss Hildessa sitting so calmly and confidently on the dock.

"I don't know just how feasible—" he began, but she interrupted him decidedly. "Oh, it's feasible all right. Of course Mildred will write mamma, and mamma will write and scold me, but she has to stay away and nurse papa, and the Misses Gambol are all the chaperons we have, and they don't amount to shucks—so I don't care."

"But why," demanded the young man, and his tone indicated a complete

surrender to her plan, "why should you trouble about me?"

"It's not altogether for you, you know. I'm putting in a bit for myself. I'm now two years behind the timetable, and I've got to make a strike for liberty or die," and, resolutely, "I'm going to. Besides," she continued, "it needn't be such an awful trouble if you will be nice," smiling up archly into his face.

"All right," he laughed, "I'll try to bore you as little as possible." He extended his hand in token of compact, but she did not accept it.

"Now don't make any mistake," she cautioned, looking him squarely in the eyes, "this isn't to be any little girl affair. There's to be no elegant supercilious condescension to little sister from big sister's young man. It's to be a real flirtation—devotion galore, and you have got to keep your end 'way 'way up."

He smiled. "I'll keep my end up all right," he declared, "but are you sure," dubiously, "you can keep yours?"

"Sure I can," she responded with conviction. "No doubt Mildred will raise an awful row, but if she says much I'll tell my age, and her's, too."

Once more the young man extended his hand. This time a small, soft one met his with a firm, friendly pressure.

"Have no qualms," she assured him, "I'll refuse you."

Thus it happened ere many days had flown, Mr. Asselin found himself entangled in a flirtation which he had never dreamed possible. Miss Hildessa's scheme succeeded only too well. The whole hotel was agog at the outrageous behavior of "that little Von Daum girl" and Mr. Asselin, who "surely was old enough to know better." Mr. Asselin, carrying out his instructions to the letter, found him-

self, much to his own surprise, giving the most lifelike imitation of an infatuated lover that ever delighted the old gossips of a summer resort.

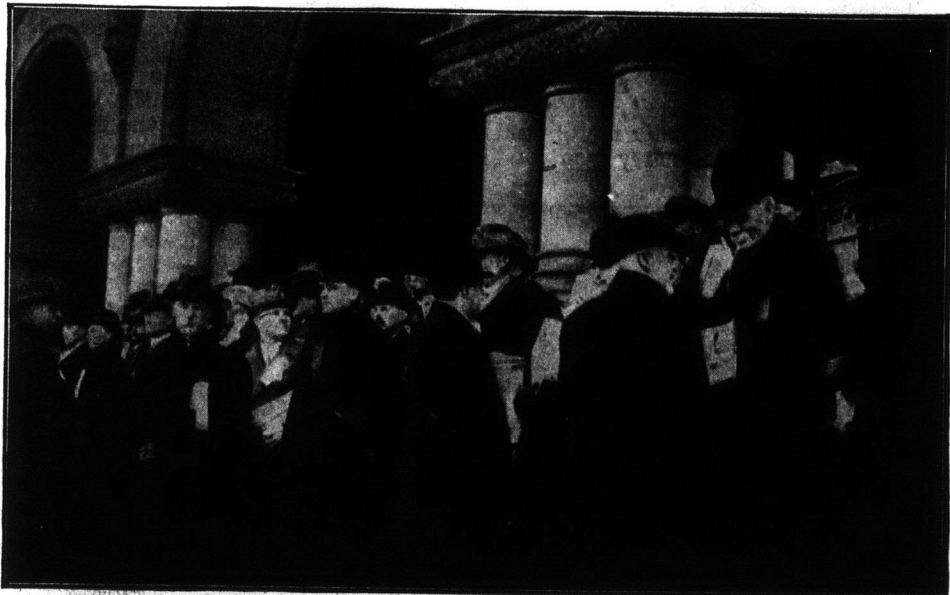
Of course Miss Von Daum, the elder, raged in the privacy of their apartments, but in that same privacy she was coolly informed that if she, Hildessa, found Mr. Asselin's attentions agreeable, it was nobody's concern but her own. And too much interference would only cause interesting disclosures to the "old gossips" concerning additions to the census statistics, which her sister might not care to have made public.

It was about this time also that Miss Hildessa deigned to give Mr. Asselin his first lesson. It was an eye-opener to him.

"Do you know," she sweetly said to him one day, "it would be a very nice idea for you to telegraph the nearest city and have some nice candy sent and humbly presented for my acceptance. I might graciously accept if the bonbonniere were pretty enough." Of course he complied.

In the course of a few days certain miracles of sweets in a marvel of a box arrived. The next day he found her on the verandah surrounded by a motley group of children scrambling for the candy she flung them.

"So nice of you to send me those," she said sweetly and languidly, but loud enough for the men lounging near to hear, "but I never eat candy. Here, you little mite in the blue sash, don't you want this pretty box to keep your doll's clothes in?" And the prettiest of bon bon boxes went to a yellow-haired brat of three. This was only the lightest and slightest of her caprices. She made him have sent in the swiftest of motor boats, and a little gem of a pony cart, wherewith to drive her up and down the tiny stretch of road before the hotel. And she christened him "Donkey," a nickname presumably suggested by Asselin, and called him by it too in the hearing of all the hotel people.



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Manitoba Woman Sends Message

TELLS SUFFERING WOMEN TO USE DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Mrs. F. J. Garlis, Who Suffered With Backache, Says That the Results She Got From Dodd's Kidney Pills Were Wonderful.

Stewart Valley, Sask., April 5th (Special)—Mrs. F. J. Garlis, wife of an estimable resident of this place, is enthusiastic in her praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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Mrs. Garlis is now able to attend to her household duties as well as nurse her fine big baby boy and she feels that she cannot recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills too highly.

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Of course such conduct did not pass unchallenged. Mildred scolded, raged and raved. She wrote to mamma. Mamma wrote reproving Hildessa, but could not leave papa. The Misses Gambol, the chaperons, must act. They remonstrated and wept all to no purpose; the flirtation went on: and the people enjoyed it immensely.

Four weeks fled by. Mr. Asselin was scarcely on speaking terms with the elder Miss Von Daum, but with the younger Miss Von Daum he was on terms characterized by the hotel gossips as "simply scandalous." Meking glared at him when they met. He was having a rather trying time those days. The elder Miss Von Daum was not very pleasant of temper just now.

"And now, Mr. Asselin," said Miss Hildessa one evening, "it's time you proposed to me."

There were sitting on the hotel verandah in the evening darkness. No one was near except an old lady in a camp chair.

"There's Mrs. Mewer. She's pretending to be asleep, but isn't. She's just watching us. Now you walk me up and down, and ask me to marry you loud

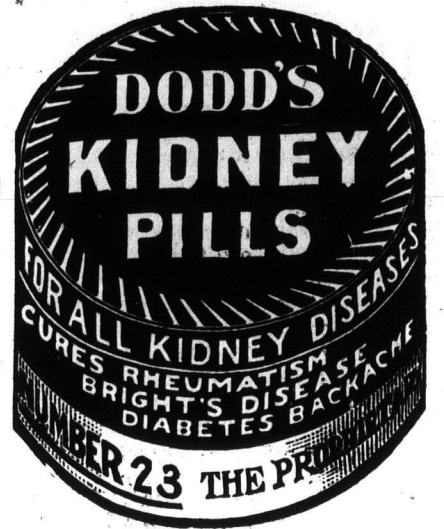
"That's the first time," he explained, with the feeling that he hadn't the ghost of a breath left in his lungs, "that I ever proposed."

"I should think so from the charming way you did it," she retorted sarcastically, "and you were beautifully rejected, weren't you? Now look at Mrs. Mewer, will you. Off she scuttles to spread the news."

And sure enough, before Mr. Asselin retired, he was made aware that every man and every woman in the hotel knew that he had proposed to Hildessa Von Daum, and been "beautifully rejected."

Next morning was radiantly fair and beautiful, but notwithstanding, two sulky men, one sulky woman, and one girl radiantly happy set out in two canoes to certain fishing fields, and began casting for trout. Indifferent success marked their efforts, and the day finally wore to a close. Miss Hildessa made the last cast of the day, just as her escort had taken the paddle to return. A big trout rose—just touched the fly, and disappeared.

"It's this wretched rod!" cried Hildessa, and she rapped the gunwale of the canoe so smartly that the beautiful bamboo broke sharp off in the middle of the second joint. Then she threw it over-



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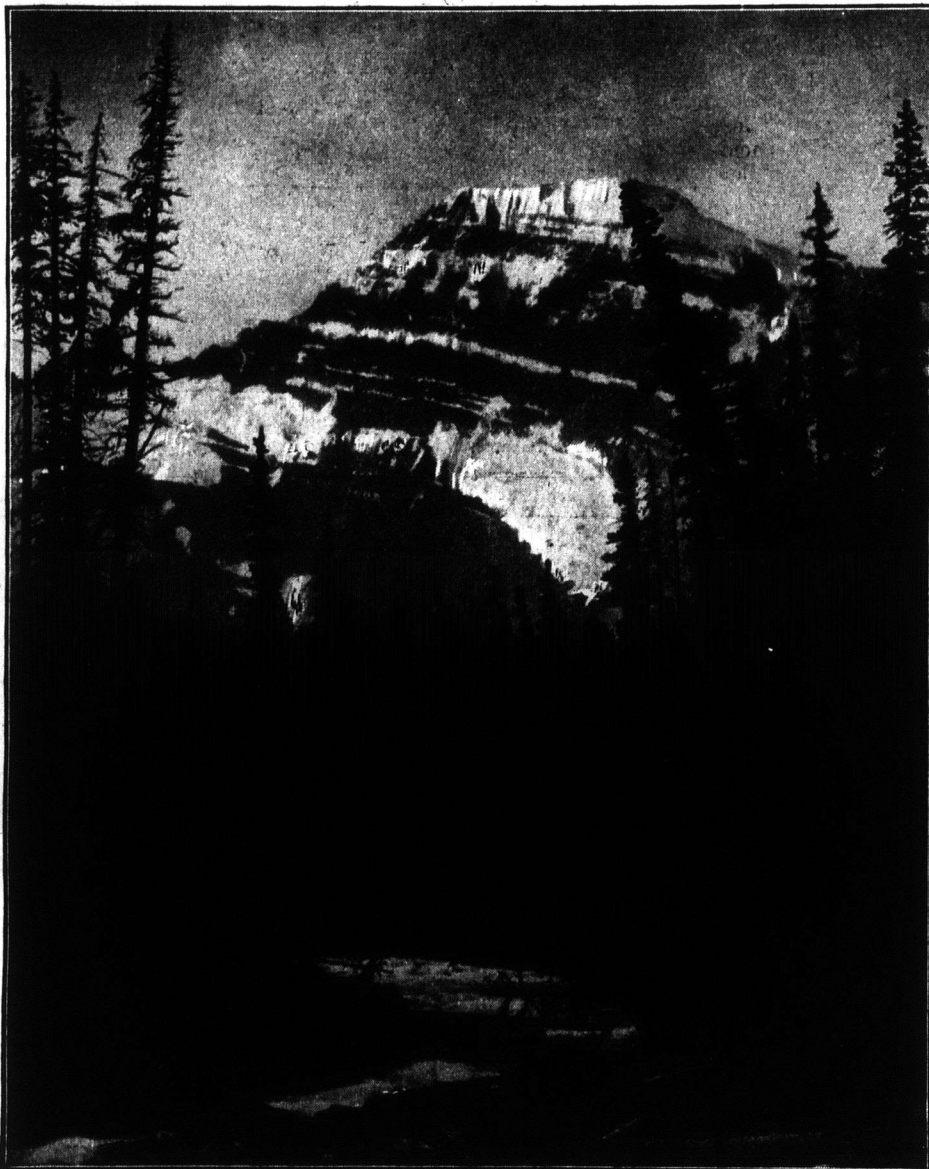
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This mountain, which was formerly Mount Geikie, is 11,020 feet high, has two fine glaciers. A trail has been cut through to the main glacier from the Canadian Northern line, but the peak is visible for twelve miles from the observation cars on the line. The new name of the mountain is "Mount Cavell." It is so called in honor of the late martyred English nurse, Edith Cavell, and the decision was made by the Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior.

enough for her to hear it. It will be all over the hotel inside half an hour. Mildred will just rage."

Thus adjured, Mr. Asselin marched her up and down the long verandah. They had passed, Mrs. Mewer three times before he was able to articulate in a choked, uncertain voice:

"Hil. I—I—I love you!"

A silvery peal of laughter greeted him.

"Why of course you do, Donkey. That's what makes you so stupid half the time."

"But," said Mr. Asselin, vaguely, "but I—"

"But you're a silly boy," returned she; then, in a swift aside, "You haven't asked me to marry you."

"W—w—will you be my wife?" stammered he.

"No!" emphatically. "I will not; you are too utterly ridiculous. The idea of it! No, Donkey, you are charming in your present capacity, but not to be considered seriously."

They strolled on into the gloom at the end of the great verandah.

board, reel and all. "Now row me home, I'm tired of fishing," she commanded.

This exhibition of tyranny was seen and heard from the other canoe, and tended not to make the elder sister more amiable. She stamped her foot, endangering the bottom of the canoe, and resolved that mamma must come at once, no matter how ill papa was.

Mr. Asselin, wearing a grave expression, was paddling homewards. He had made no remark whatever, and it was a noticeable silence Hildessa finally broke.

"You've done pretty much everything I've wanted you to do, Donkey," she said, "but save my life. Now I'm going to give you a chance." And before he could divine her purpose, with one twist of her supple body, she had accomplished that not difficult thing to do—overturn a canoe.

Almost before he knew what happened Mr. Asselin found himself swimming toward shore, holding Hildessa Von Daum with one arm, while fighting for life in the icy water of a northern lake. People came running down, bearing blankets and

brandy as he touched bottom in his last desperate struggle to keep the two of them above water. A few feet further he felt he could never have gone, and they would both have perished. He struggled up on shore, and when he could get breath, burst out:

"Why did you do it? It was cruel, wicked!"

"There, that will do, Donkey. I don't want to be scolded," she said, as she shivered and shook in his arms. And just then the delegation with blankets and brandy arrived and took her from him.

Towards noon of the next day Mr. Asselin presented himself at the door of the parlor attached to the suite of the Von Daum sisters. Miss Von Daum, senior, was just coming out of the room. She received his enquiry for her sister with cold and haughty mein.

"I should think, Mr. Asselin," she began, "that you had gone far enough in playing with the feelings of a mere child, and that—oh, I have no words to express my contempt for you!" And in a most unladylike rage Miss Von Daum swept down the hotel corridor.

The door was left open behind her. Mr. Asselin heard a voice, weak, but cheery, addressing him.

"You've got her," it said. "She's crazy mad, and will make up with you to-night—see if she doesn't."

Mr. Asselin looked up and down the long hall. It was empty. He entered the room and saw Hildessa lying on a sofa, pale, but bright-eyed.

"You can get her now," she whispered, as he knelt beside her.

"Hildessa," he said, "don't you know I don't want her. I love you, dear, and you only. All that is ended. I haven't thought of anyone but you since—since—oh, Hildessa, don't you—since—since you don't understand?"

Miss Hildessa Von Daum stretched upward two weak arms and encircled his neck.

"Why did you think I had you in training all summer?" she said. "Did you think it was for Mildred?"

The best remedy against ants is cayenne pepper. Spread it on the shelves of the store closet under the paper that covers them.

Add a little turpentine to the water with which the floor is scrubbed. It will take away the close smell and make the room delightfully fresh.

Little Things About Easter

By Max McD.

WITH the coming of Easter interest is always aroused in the ancient beliefs, ceremonies, customs, and observances brought together in the celebration of the modern festival. These include such things as the Easter egg, the hot cross bun, Easter flowers, the Easter hare, the sacrificial candle, to say nothing of other items obsolete in our times. Individual notions of one or another of the ceremonies or observances have there been, but it is no easy matter to lay one's hand on an assembling of them. They represent very ancient customs of devotion or superstition, which, like the disaster of spilling salt or sitting thirteen at a table, are persisting relics of a time when the world was filled with signs and omens. And so I mean in this article to only give a few of the "Little Things about Easter" that have come to me in various ways in the course of my reading.

The Name Easter

To a student of the world's history there is great interest and food for thought in the facts concerning the origin of Easter. Strange enough it may seem, this popular church festival dates back to a heathen custom. In Anglo-Saxon language, this feast was termed "Eastre," and was held at about the same time as the Christian festival.

The goddess Ostara seems to have been regarded as the personification of the beginning of spring. The worship of this goddess was brought to our ancestors in Great Britain from Northern Germany in the early centuries. It is well known that the Anglo-Saxon name of April is or was Estermonath, and in Germany this month is still known as Ostermonath. Easter is the modern English equivalent for the Saxon word "oster" or "osten," meaning rising. The German word is "ostern," the Hebrew form is "pascha," the French "paques," the Scotch "pasch," the Dutch "paschen," the Swedish "pask," and the Danish "paaske." The common word in the East was the "paschal feast," because kept at the same time as the paschen, or Jewish Passover, and in some measure succeeding it. In the sixth of the Ancyran canons it is called "The Great Day."

The reader will perhaps be able to gather from this some idea as to why we call this great religious feast Easter.

The Modern Celebration

The coronation of Christendom is expressed in the phrase, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Triumph is the keynote of Eastertide. A few weeks ago, whole forests showed their tracery of bough and twig without a single leaf. The fields were hidden under the snow. There was an aspect of austerity and silence in the familiar landscape. As if Nature were waiting for something to happen, she withdrew herself from sight, and dwelt in mystery and reserve.

But earth has felt an elemental thrill. Nature has heard the command, "Come forth!" and is obeying the promptings of the resurrection pulse throbbing in her veins. The vernal fields, the bursting buds, the day springing out of darkness are all reminding us of Him that burst the tomb.

Easter is a day of holy memories. The sun shines upon an open grave and into it, flooding out its darkness. The Sun of a new righteousness comes with wings of healing, and death loses its sting and its bitterness.

The resurrection has its message for every age. In the midst of doubt, and the helpless speculation of our own time, and the love of the temporal that seems to crowd out spiritual realities and the sense of the life to come, it is something to know that the gospel of Christ lifted the vision higher; that He ennobled this world with the glory of the next; that He made time eternal and gave the duties and responsibilities of time the significance and determining value of eternity, and this is the message of Easter to us.

Observance of Lent A Pagan Custom

Although Lent has the claim of Christian origin, Lewis, who has delved deeply into the history of pagan customs, asserts that it is of very ancient origin. It arose, as nearly as has been determined, in the fasting that was customary among the Babylonians, whose worship formed the starting point of Easter. The fast was one of sympathy with the goddess of reproduction, who mourned her escort, and the

period was marked by fasting and an abstinence from mirth and social festivals.

Fasting has been a widespread custom. Humbolt, the noted traveller, found the Mexicans observing fast days when he visited that country many years ago. Landseer mentions fasting among the Egyptians and it is still a custom among the tribes in Kurdistan.

In civilized countries there is to-day in several of the churches a season of comparative abstinence, and its effects are felt in a commercial way by amusement enterprises and confectioners. Few persons in these churches will marry in Lent, while occasionally there persists some custom that has placed restrictions on individual action, as in Hungary, where it is forbidden to make love on Easter Eve. From Ash Wednesday to Good Friday, we may if we will, go into retreat from the world, shake off its dust, compromise with its care, and seek the blessedness of Heaven. Swiftly after the gloom of Good Friday with its memories of the Cross, follows Easter Day with its memories of the Crown.

Easter Flowers

Easter is the season for flowers all over the world. Perhaps the real reason is that this most joyous festival of the Christian year happily coincides with the return of spring and the fuller pulse of life when all the world is bursting forth into a glad exultant mood. It comes just as the warmth approaching spring has caused to blossom forth the first blooms since the winter's icy blast made bare the fields.

After the gloom of a long winter, Easter flowers are especially entrancing. To the invalids especially, they bring hope and cheer. To the youthful, they tell tales of budding love and fragrant joy. To the children, they are the harbingers of sunshine, fragrant fields and dewy meads. To the aged, they bring glorious promise of rejuvenation and hope out beyond the evening star. They bring the Easter miracle into all our lives, and whisper, "we came out of the blackness of the soil; why may not your dark and black past also produce flowery blooms which may bless not only yourselves but others as well."

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each Easter for flowers for churches. Lovers and sweethearts exchange flowers at Easter, and in many a little cottage on back streets of every town and city in the land, house plants fill homely living rooms with perfume and brightness.

To go back to an ancient use of flowers at Easter, Gurber tells us that altars known as Easter stones may still be seen in Germany, and up to the middle of the nineteenth century, at least, they were crowned with flowers, and the young people, and not infrequently the old, danced about them.

The Sacredness of Fire at Easter

"Easter fires continue even now in Northern Europe," wrote Grimm a generation ago. On the Weser, a tar barrel was tied to a fir tree and lighted in the evening. Around this men and maidens danced. There was a fire on every hill-top. Processions to these fires and hymn singing and the bearing of white rods were features of this ceremony. The people liked to carry the fire home with them because it was sacred fire and embodied the elements of the old fire-worship. It was produced by friction and to kindle it two boys were selected who knew nothing about the vanity of the world.

The sacredness of fire was an element in later worship in Scotland and Ireland, but the fire must have been carried home from the Easter ceremonies on the moors and hills. In these countries the ceremony had to do with fertility.

Giant Sacrificial Candle

The heathen bonfires of the Weser were perpetuated in the paschal tapers with which the churches were once lighted on Easter eve. The brilliant illuminations of the cities of Russia and other European countries at Easter are also reminders of the early heathen festivals.

A giant sacrificial candle, said to be the largest and most beautiful ever made, was blessed by his holiness the Pope last Easter morning, before the altar of St. Biagio, in St. Peter's at Rome. The great candle weighed two hundred and eight pounds, stood eleven feet high, and nearly three feet at the base, tapering to one foot at the top. Made of sweet-smelling wax, this great candle was beautifully decorated and

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JUST OFF THE PRESS

The Official Story of the Canadian Expeditionary Force

CANADA IN FLANDERS

By Sir Max Aitken, M.P.

with an introduction by

Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G., M.P., LL.D.

Prime Minister of Canada

and a preface by

Rt. Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P., LL.D., Sec. of State for the Colonies.

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Following the blessing of the candle it was lighted, and the flame kindled will not grow dim for six years. Saint Biagio is the patron saint of all who suffer from throat affection. The candle was a sacrificial Easter offering to this saint by a great Italian singer who had lost his voice from disease.

Hot Cross Buns

Hot cross buns, it is claimed, are a direct descendant of the cakes offered by the Jewish women to the Queen of Heaven, that so vexed Jeremiah.

Cakes and libations have in all parts of the world and in all ages been convenient and customary offerings to the deities.

The Greeks offered them to Astarte, and other divinities. The pagan Saxons also used cakes in honor of their goddess of Light, Easter. The Mexicans and Peruvians are shown to have had a similar early custom, and strange to say, for one reason or another, these cakes were marked with a cross.

To-day in England hucksters of all kinds offer hot cross buns from earliest daylight until twilight closes another Good Friday. Many quaint customs attach to the cross buns. In one place in England a sermon is preached to the boys of a boys' school, after which each boy is presented with a cross bun. This is according to the provisions of a will and has been strictly followed for many years. It is said that

The Philosopher

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

In a recent address to the men of the French armies who had won mention in dispatches from the front and had received military decorations, President Poincaré, of the French Republic, spoke of "the inexhaustible courage and vitality of the French race, which had led the French people to rise as one man and meet the foe with serene confidence and unquenchable determination." These were no vain words of boasting, but the plain literal truth, as history will forever bear witness. The moment France was in peril of violation by the hordes from across the Rhine, every Frenchman, and every Frenchwoman sank every other thought than that of duty to France. Quickly the armies were mobilized. All strikes were dropped, and nothing of the sort has been heard of. To-day France stands more glorious in its high spirit and more united than ever before in its long and eventful history, fighting heart and soul for the cause of freedom.

A GREAT DAY IN ENGLAND'S CALENDAR

Easter Sunday this year falls on April 23, a great day in the calendar not of Englishmen alone but of all who speak the tongue of Shakespeare, for April 23 is not only the festival of England's patron saint, St. George, but it is the day of the death—and, as is believed, of the birth also—of Shakespeare. Preparations are being made for a fitting celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the death of the Bard of Avon, though opinion is divided on the question whether, in the midst of the war, such a celebration should not be postponed. Not, indeed, that Shakespeare fame is in any need of formal ceremonies for its perpetuation. With characteristic arrogance and falseness, learned Germans have labored to make it appear that there was a Germanic strain in Shakespeare, and that "there is identity between the Germanic spirit and the spirit of Shakespeare, as it is revealed in his writings." Nothing could be more grotesquely untrue. In this great struggle for freedom, the many clarion passages in which Shakespeare voices the British spirit give inspiration to all "who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke."

A HEARTFELT UTTERANCE BY THE KAISER

The London Times has published the fact that accompanying the official death notices sent to German families there are now sent cards bearing this message in a facsimile of the Emperor William's handwriting: "I did not, I swear, wish this war. I share your sorrow." All the world knows well that this is not the sort of war the Kaiser wished. Nothing could have been further from his wish, or from his absolutely confident expectation when he gave orders for putting into ruthless operation the long-planned plot against civilization devised to make the Hohenzollern dynasty the most powerful in all history. When he sent his legions hacking their way through innocent Belgium, slaying, ravishing and pillaging, he counted with complete certainty upon making his triumphal entry into Paris and his coronation as Emperor of France, in fourteen days after the crossing of the Belgian border by the Hun hordes. Later on would come his triumphal entry into London, and his coronation in Westminster Abbey. There is no need in the world for him to declare that he did not wish this war. It was a very different war he wished.

MALE BIRTHS IN WARTIME

The returns of the Registrar-General of Great Britain show that in thirty-six of the chief cities and towns of England and Wales there has been of late a steady increase in the male birth rate, as compared with the female. In the first three months of 1915 the proportion was 1,032 boys to 1,000 girls; in the second three months, 1,043 boys to 1,000 girls; and in the third quarter 1,055 boys to 1,000 girls. The figures for the fourth three months are not at hand, but the proportion of boys for the first nine months of last year is said to be the highest recorded in seventy years. This statement has been welcomed as serving to confirm a popular belief that nature does something to make good the loss of males in wartime, a belief which has some scientists of standing to back it. Thus Professor Haliburton, the physiologist, is quoted as saying that "we must look on it as a wise dispensation of Providence." Likewise a biologist of good repute, Professor Arthur Dendy, is quoted as follows: "One cannot put down to mere coincidence the fact that male births preponderate during and after a war. Probably there is some natural law, at present hidden from us, which is responsible for this." But there are not a few scientists, on the other hand, who express astonishment at Professor Haliburton and Professor Dendy for "accepting so questionable a theory on evidence so slight." They say that the theory in question is "an ancient delusion, dating from long before there were any trustworthy vital statistics." Further, they point out that the increase in male births over female births is "slight." But may it not be replied that its "slightness" at the beginning will cease to be slight, if the rate of increase continues progressive? It all depends on that, of course. For it was established some years ago, from examination of the statistics of some 6,000,000 births, that the normal proportion is about 106 males to 100 females.

THE NEW VODKALESS RUSSIA

The well known English journalist, Hamilton Fyfe, now in Russia, has been describing the effects of the elimination of intoxicating liquor from Russian life. He says that the Russian people are better off now than they ever were before, and that the savings bank deposits have increased to unprecedented volume, and that though the peasants are contributing very generously to the war funds, giving not only money but furs and other commodities. In one small town money grew so plentiful that the people clubbed together and bought a moving picture apparatus; and, by charging a small admission fee, they raised enough money to buy a new fire engine. Happenings like these, writes Mr. Fyfe, give a strange air of buoyancy, which contrasts strikingly with the grimness of the war. The Russians do not act as if they had surrendered personal liberty; they act as if they had found a new liberty. They are realizing more and more, with every day that passes, what a benefit it is to them to be without vodka.

THE GROTESQUE GERMAN MENTALITY

It is true of the German people that they are at the same time both tragically serious and horribly comic. They themselves cannot see that there is anything comic in the spectacle they present. It would be impossible to make them understand, for instance, why the British soldiers in the trenches not only laughed loudly at the solemn manner in which the Hymn of Hate was sung in the German trenches, as if it were a religious exercise, but took to singing it themselves, as soon as they were able to pick it up. One of the most vivid chapters in Mr. Boyd Cable's book, "Between the Lines," describes the huge delight which the men of one of the English regiments took in doing this (the sergeant shouting out before the last line of each verse, "Now then, all together. Put some 'ate into it"); and how it maddened the Germans. In order to understand the fun which the English regiment was getting out of this performance, a German imbued with Kultur would have to be born over again. To him, British laughter at his solemn Hymn of Hate is incomprehensible. What he could understand thoroughly, and in his German way, respect, would be the British Parliament commissioning Rudyard Kipling to write a Hymn of Hate in reply to the German production, and having special music composed for it, and the British troops and the British people at home ordered to sing it solemnly. The German does everything by word of command, including his feeling and his thinking. That is what makes him so horribly comic. Human beings who feel and think as they are ordered have abandoned their integrity as individual souls, and become mere machines.

HOW ABOUT A CODE OF MORALS FOR ADULTS?

This is an era of much theorizing. Especially in the country to the south, or so it seems to the Philosopher, is theorizing carried to an extreme length in the framing of educational and moral codes by well-meaning persons with more zeal than understanding and knowledge. At the present time there is in progress a contest for the best Child's Code of Morals, which will yield the winner a prize of \$5,000. The astonishing thing about this affair is that prominent educators should be willing to lend their names to so futile a purpose. Surely anyone who knows anything at all about children, anyone who has any sympathetic understanding of childhood, knows that children, young children especially, reflect the conduct of their associates, of those whose lives are in contact with their own, and most of all, of course, of their parents and the other elder persons to whom they naturally look up. No mere code, however fine sounding, will make a child frank, generous, reasonable and courteous, unless he is stimulated to acquire these virtues through practice of them in his daily relationships. No code will, or can, make a listless, lazy and uninterested child industrious, unless work is made interesting and significant to him. So we can go on through all the qualities which the contestants for this \$5,000 prize for the best Child's Code of Morals will undoubtedly desire to have instilled into children. But, as it seems to the Philosopher, it would be far more useful, more to the point, to formulate a code for parents, teachers and all who have anything to do with the training of children—and, what is of incalculably more importance of the formulating of any code, to get it acted on. And while the Philosopher has no desire to enter into the contest for the \$5,000, he ventures to suggest a Code for Adults. With a View to the Best Possible Results in the Shaping of the Minds and Characters of Children. First, to be sincere (not merely "to tell the truth," but to be honest with oneself—none too easy a job for the best of us). Second, to be open-minded (to see and judge the child's acts and conduct, not from arbitrary point of view, but in relation with facts and circumstances). Third, to be sympathetic (to put oneself in the child's place). Fourth, to be simple (that is, to be direct and brief in expression). If adults were to observe this code in their relations with children, it would benefit the children more than any possible Code of Morals for Children that could be devised, even if the reward for devising it were \$50,000, instead of only \$5,000.

THE POWERS IN THE WAR

The past month has seen the entrance of the thirteenth power into the war, though to speak of Portugal as one of the world powers is to apply rather too large a designation to that nation, which once was a world power, indeed, but is of negligible might now on land and on sea. When we say thirteen are now engaged in the war, we count our Empire as one power, of course, though, of course, it includes several nations. The powers engaged are the British Empire, France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, Italy, Japan, Montenegro, Portugal, San Marino (which is only to be termed a power by courtesy), Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey. In addition, the principality of Luxemburg is occupied by the Germans, and Persia is also in no inconsiderable measure concerned in the conflict, foreign troops being in her territory.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

Out of all the journals printed in the English language in Western Canada, only one, so far as the Philosopher is aware, has declared its belief that woman suffrage will have the effect of lowering women, or of bringing about a lowering of the claim to respect which womanhood has heretofore been held. In like manner there have been minds which have regarded with dismal forebodings every extension of the franchise within the limits of the male sex. There are not nearly as many women naturally adapted for politics as there are men, and women will not rush into the career of being practical politicians just because woman suffrage has become an established fact. It is in the interests of the general welfare that there should be the just and equal treatment of women citizens with men citizens in respect of the franchise. That the wisdom of woman suffrage will vindicate itself abundantly under the test of actual operation is an absolutely safe prediction to make.

WANTED DIFFERENT TREATMENT

In looking through some United States newspapers on his table, the Philosopher found himself reading about a young woman in Cincinnati, who deserted her husband because (by her own account) he was too kind to her. "I know he is a model husband," she explained to the woman judge, Miss Edna McChristy, who presides over the Domestic Relations Court in Cincinnati. "He has no bad habits, and is always home at nights. He treats me just beautifully, just smiles and kisses me when I say anything mean. I can't stand it. If he would bully me, or abuse me, I would like him better." People don't say mean things to be smiled at for them and kissed, it would appear. And undoubtedly what that young wife meant by saying that if her husband would only bully her or abuse her she would like him better, was that if he bullied or abused her, she could feel sure for once that he was interested more in her than in himself. A question which occurred to the Philosopher was this: Would that young woman have made a clean breast of her troubles in that way if the judge had not been a woman. However that may be, it is in some measure satisfactory to note that Judge McChristy was successful in persuading the couple to make up their differences and try again to live together.

WHAT IS THE KAISER MAKING "HIS PEOPLE" FIGHT FOR?

The Emperor of Germany could end the war in a day by a renunciation of the insane ambition which made him begin it. Instead, he has prolonged the hideous carnage, draining the life blood of the German people and bringing the shadow of famine over "his people," and repeating all the time his blasphemous assertions that God is with him and them in fighting for—what? The Kaiser dare not tell "his people" the purposes of the war into which they plunged at his command. He cannot speak the truth about it, for candid confession would end the war and end him. When will the German people awake to the truth? When will they see that the war was begun not in the cause of Germany, but for the furtherance of Hohenzollern ambition, not for the defense of the Fatherland, for the Fatherland was in no danger of attack, not for freedom and justice, when it was in denial of freedom and justice that the Emperor's Government decreed war and withstood all appeals for peace? Kultur, a word become more odious than any other in any of the languages spoken on earth, means, as is now manifest, not organized national efficiency in good works, but savage conquest, subjugation, the extinction of liberty and the domination of Prussian militarism. It is five hundred years since the first Hohenzollern went amongst the savages of Prussia and made them "German in hair and hide," as Treitschke puts it. Prussia has advanced, and German unity has been brought about, but its whole growth has been centred upon the one aim and purpose of brute force, the creation of a State armed, mighty, irresistible for conquest, seizure and expansion over all coveted parts of the globe. The Hohenzollern autocratic system trained the Germans for this, and when the word of command was given they rushed into war, to their own destruction. The war was begun with the sole purpose of making the Hohenzollerns the mightiest rulers in all history.

at a stall in Chelsea, George III once stopped to partake of these delicacies, and since then the buns at the sale table are called "royal" hot cross buns

The Sailor Who Never Returned

A sad story associated with cross buns has grown into an east London legend. In the densely populated district there lived a widow and her sailor son. The lad, on leaving home to join his ship, promised his mother that he would return and receive her blessing on the following Good Friday.

The poor woman, relying implicitly upon her son's promise, hung a hot cross bun in the front room of the little cottage for him to partake of when, as she anticipated, he would rush with joyous excitement into the house. But the boy did not come; neither did any news of him reach the sorrowing widow. Her faith in his promise, however, did not diminish, and every Good Friday a bun was hung in the room to gladden the eyes of the wanderer if he returned.

The widow died without ever hearing a word of her son's whereabouts or fate. That was more than seventy years ago. The house has passed into other hands but the custom of adding another bun to the mouldy ones that hang in a group from the ceiling of the room is still preserved, and to-day will see a number of curious customers gazing wistfully at the tangible reminder of a far-away romance.

The Easter Egg

The Easter egg is the acceptance by a modern festival of an emblem that is older than any human record. In the early systems of Philosophy, the egg was already well established as the symbol of life. When spring returned after the winter's death—precisely the import of the Ishtar festival—the oldest of the nations used the egg to typify the new life, just as the newest nations do without knowing why.

Easter eggs were colored to show the joy of the people at the reawakening of the earth, and were used in connection with the spring Astarte festival celebration. In ancient, as in modern times, the eggs have varied from the simple uni-colored ones to creations in gold leaf and gorgeous tints. Everywhere, in all ages, there has been a spring festival and it has been celebrated with eggs.

Several superstitions have grown up around the Easter egg. One is that empty egg shells are witches' goblets, and may be used to the harm of him who ate the egg. Irish and English children are taught to put the spoon through the egg shell.

Leaping Hare Emblematic of Easter

The Easter hare comes to us from the Germans, the home of Kris Kringle who was gifted with anonymous fairy gifts. In many parts of Germany the custom prevails of hiding eggs in the garden at Easter time. The children who find them are told that they are laid by the hare.

In other parts of the same country and at other times than Easter, bread is hidden in the same fashion, to which the name hare bread is given.

Easter and the hare have a number of strings to connect them. Ostara liked the hare because of its fecundity and it became emblematic of her. It would naturally then be connected with Easter. Then again the leaping hare is the emblem of spring-time in the lore of many nations, and this is reason enough for its presence in this festival of spring.

"Jack and Jill" Have Easter Connection

When "Jack and Jill" went up the hill together for water they may have been pursuing a devotional act connected with Easter. Their journey far antedates the name Easter, of course, yet it may have had its origin in a practice that Easter ceremonies have perpetuated.

It was the custom on the Continent for the youths and maidens on Easter morning to go together up into the mountains to the holy springs for water, which they brought home with them. Such a custom is undoubtedly the survival of an older pagan one, and it relieves Jack of some criticism for going up the hill for the water. If it was a water-worship observance, Jack was right.

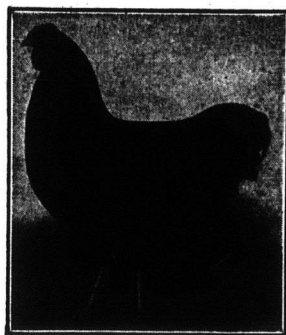
In this Easter morning water seeking, there is a relic of water worship, for springs, being direct gifts of the gods to men, miraculous gifts, were more sacred than brooks or wells. There are other customs that have obtained at Easter that point to water worship.

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Time of Easter

The proper time for the celebration of Easter was the source of great discord among the early Christians. There has never been any difference of opinion as to why Easter is kept but there has been a good deal of disagreement as to when it ought to be kept.

The great mass of the Eastern Churches in Asia Minor kept Easter on the 14th Nisan, the Jewish month corresponding to our March or April, considering it to be equivalent to the Jewish Passover. But the Western Churches kept the feast on the Sunday following the 14th day, remembering that Christ's resurrection took place on the Sunday, and also wishing to mark more clearly their disconnection with the Jews.

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The Cloak

By Hugh S. Eayrs.

"I HAD nothing to do with declaring war!"

We were sitting, a bunch of us, round the fire talking over the day's news from Europe. Batten had been descending at some length about the apathy that he came up against, the simple indifference up and down the province on the subject of the war. Batten was a traveller. Two days ago he came home and told us he had enlisted with the third contingent.

"And whatever you chaps think about it," said he, "I want to tell you that I did so because I felt it my duty. The only thing that troubles me is that I ought to have done so before."

"Heroes," muttered Ted, into his pipe, but not so low that Batten had not caught the whisper.

"Heroes nothing," he said, "Everybody who knows me would accuse me of heroes last of all."

It was true. Batten was a man who rhapsodised over nothing; enthused never. His was the cold and even temperament. Stolid and solid, heroes—of any sort—had no representation in his make-up.

"Heroes nothing," he said again, "I tell you I think I ought to go. That's all there is to it. So far I haven't given a penny piece. This war might never have been raging eighteen months so far as its effect upon me was concerned. But two or three days ago something woke me up to a sense of responsibility. It was nothing more or less than the sight of a stenographer down in the office crying her eyes out. I asked her why. She picked up a newspaper and pointed to a casualty list. There it is, 'Seventeenth Battalion. Death—Morson, Private, Harry B., at

"I had nothing to do with declaring war."

We were all more or less uncomfortable, and we took what balm we could out of this sophistry of Ted's. Of course we did not have anything to do with declaring war! Possibly if we had—

Batten broke in again.

"I am no recruiting sergeant, boys, but your attitude, particularly Ted's," and he looked at him, "is wrong. Mine was wrong, till a slip of a girl without knowing it made me so ashamed that I have turned myself inside out, and scored myself, and finally made myself do something by way of reparation for eighteen months' indifference. You, Ted, of all people ought not to be so blasé over this business. Your Dad—wasn't he a soldier?"

Ted kicked the coals into a blaze and did not answer.

"You have sat around this very fire and told this very bunch of boys—me included—of your Dad's work at Paardeberg. You have shown us the medals your Dad earned. You have been proud of it. You were never tired of talking

He went upstairs to his room and locked the door. He got a book and tried to read. But he couldn't read and he threw the book on the floor. He strode to the window and looked out on the street. There were soldiers marching down the road, and he turned away impatient, sullen, angry. Batten was a meddler. What right had he to interfere? Batten wasn't his keeper. Some men couldn't keep their fingers out of other people's pies. Let Batten look after his own business and leave him to look after his.

Ted walked up and down the room. He was an intensely nervous man and his irritability showed itself in queer ways. He went to his dressing table and straightened that up, putting this in its place, and that in its place. He walked over to the book-case and tidied that up. And all the time he was pulling this book out and blowing the dust off that book and levelling the uneven shelves he was muttering to himself, "Interfering Meddler," "busybody," and so on.

Then he went to his trunk and unlocked that, still bent, though unconsciously, on finding some action on which to work out his irritation and spleen. He unlocked his trunk and took out the things therein and laid them on the floor. And all the time his mind was busy—busy at the job of casuistry, at the task of stifling the voice of conscience. For he knew in his heart of hearts, that the real ego in him accepted Batten's impeachment.

He went on lifting the things out of the trunk.

He came at last to a long garment folded neatly, lying right at the bottom of the trunk. He looked at it, then lifted it out. It was his father's military cloak!

Ted knelt there, the cloak in his hands, thinking. That cloak had been around the shoulders of the first man in all the world to him. He had worn it in India. He had worn it in Africa. Ted fingered it reverently, unfolding it and folding it again. And all the time the still small voice within him was talking. "Your dad never counted the cost. Your dad never hesitated. To your dad the honor of his country was dearer far than wife and children and home, though these things made the world a blessed place to him. Your dad never said, 'I had nothing to do with declaring war!' It was enough for him that his King and Country needed him. Your dad never counted the cost. He gave all. He gave his life."

Ted buried his face in the folds of the cloak. The thing became to the boy the habitation of the spirit of his father. Like Caesar's mantle it became a silent counsel, pleading a cause. Ted turned it about, sobbing a while. A line of Kipling's rang through his brain and would not be still—"Who lives if England die? Who dies if England live?"

A long time Ted remained there, his head buried in the folds of the cloak which had re-incarnated, re-vitalized the dead dad who was gone. It was not for nothing that Ted was on his knees.

Then he rose and striding to the mirror, put the cloak over his shoulders. And said to his reflection in the mirror, "You have been a cad. But, please God, there is time yet, time to wear this cloak and not disgrace it. Time to prove yourself, in very truth, the son of your father!"

And he buttoned the cloak about him.

The Christian a Blessing

Travellers in South America tell us of a species of palm, called the Tami Capsi, which has the power in a remarkable degree of attracting the atmospheric moisture, which it condenses and drops upon the earth in a refreshing dew. In the midst of an arid desert it rises, and around it a luxuriant vegetation soon springs forth. The flood gates of heaven may refuse to open, the flow of the fountains may cease, the rivers may shrivel into rivulets, but the life-giving rain tree is only the more active in winning moisture from the reluctant air, and creating an oasis where the traveller's weary eye shall find delight and his heated brow a cooling shade. What a type of the true Christian this!

A Place in the Sun

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.

"A place in the sun!" the Vulture screamed. "I have waited long for The Day!" So he marshaled his men, with saber and gun, And bidding them climb to a place in the sun, He ordered them forth to slay.

"A place in the sun!" his word forsworn, Belgium was stricken down. Her fields were trampled, her towns were burned, Her sons were slain and her daughters spurned, For the Vulture's greater renown.

"A place in the sun!" and the fields of France Were wet with a crimson dew. As the best and bravest of all the land For health and home made their valiant stand, Where the Vulture's minions slew.

"A place in the sun!" the Vulture screamed, And he laughs in his hellish glee. As the ghosts of the murdered babes arise, With their murdered mothers, before his eyes, In Scarborough, by the sea.

"A place in the sun!" Let those who sailed On the Lusitania tell Of the innocent, dead in their ocean grave, With never a hand stretched forth to save When the Vulture's dread blow fell.

"A place in the sun!" And the whole world stands Aghast at the horrible crime Of deadly bombs and of submarines, By which the murderous Vulture means To his place in the sun to climb.

"A place in the sun!" and the Vulture prates Of God and his "Holy War!" God's chosen people, his chosen Day— Then marches forth, God's children to slay, And to drench God's earth in gore.

"A place in the sun!" We chant no hate Of the German hate and greed; But graven deep on the innocent soul, Like fiery letters upon a scroll, Lies every dastard deed.

"A place in the sun!" Ay, a black blot, Where martyrs' life-blood has run— A deep, dark, shameful crimson stain— The stain of the blood of our heroes slain— That is thy spot in the sun!

Shornciffe Hospital. Next-of-kin, Ellen Morson, 75 Wheeler avenue." That stenographer who was crying was Ellen Morson. The one who had died was her brother."

Batten paused.

"Did you wipe the maiden's tears away?" asked Ted, with a sneer.

"And it came home to me right there," went on Batten, ignoring the interpolation, "that that chap Morson had been killed, as tens of thousands more will be killed, to save a country and a people to which I belong. And while fellows like Morson were getting shot up because they were defending me, I was making good money and spending it at the hockey matches and the theatres, and bemoaning the war only because it was responsible for a ten per cent cut in my salary. But I'm through! From now on, I'm going to do my part. Nothing of heroes in that I think?" and he looked at Ted.

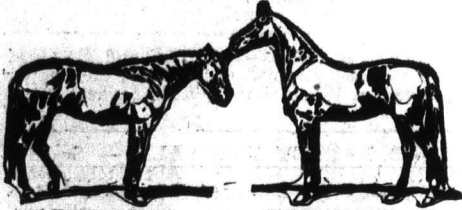
Ted stirred a trifle uneasily. Apparently he felt the accusation that had not been put in words. Then it was he said the sentence that opens this story.

of it. Well, your dad is dead now. But supposing he were alive? Do you think he would be sitting by a fire while men were giving their life blood? Do you think he would be talking airily and scornfully about 'wiping a maiden's tears away'? Do you? Do you?"

Ted flushed angrily. "Why bring my Pater into this? I said I had nothing to do with declaring war. I haven't. It's not my war! Why should I fling up a good job and a good time, and don khaki and go and get shot up? I had nothing to do with declaring war. It isn't my war," he repeated doggedly. Then, "If you want to go to war, go! No one's stopping you. But don't interfere with other people," and Ted kicked over the chair and stumbled out of the room, white faced and angry because someone had spoken the truth to him.

That was it. He was angry because he knew Batten had spoken the truth. The old French dictum, "Le vrai seul est amiable," isn't universally true. The truth, to Ted, was anything but agreeable.

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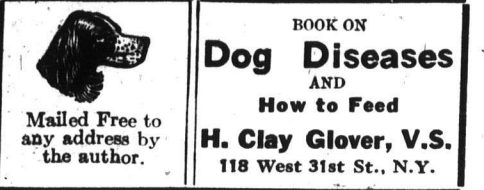
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The First Glimpse of a Continent

By Owen Hall

It was early in the year 1605. Europe was but just awakening to the great changes introduced by the destruction of the Spanish Armada; England was but just transferred from the last of the house of Tudor to the first of the house of Stuart; Shakespeare was still acting his own plays at the Globe Theatre; Bacon was meditating his philosophy; and Sir Walter Raleigh was still dreaming of new discoveries and settlements in America. In the far East the star of Portugal was already setting, and that of Holland was rising to its short-lived brilliancy; and only five years had passed since Queen Elizabeth had signed the charter of the Merchant Adventurers, trading to the countries of the Indies, which laid the foundation-stone of the empire of British India.

The Dutch adventurers in the East were, like their English rivals, merchants first of all. It was with no idea of founding empires like those of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru that the thrifty burghers of Antwerp and Rotterdam sent their vessels to the Asiatic Archipelago and took possession of Java. To exchange the goods of Europe for the spices and gold, the pearls and precious stones of the East was the object with which they set out, and the purpose from which they allowed nothing else seriously to divert their attention. It was to this that Holland owed the honor of having been the first to discover the last of the continents, and perhaps it may have been to this also that she owed it that she discovered it for others and not for herself.

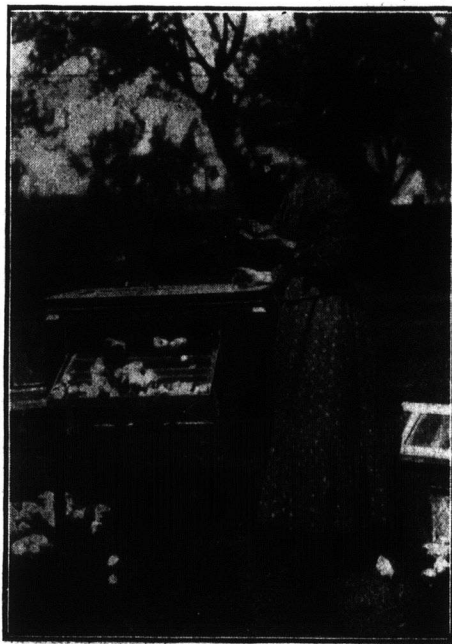
The good ship Duyffhen (or Dove) sailed from Batavia, early in the year 1605, on a trading voyage among the southern islands of what is now known as the Malay or Asiatic Archipelago. She certainly would not have been called a ship nowadays, and even then she was perhaps not strictly entitled to the title. She was a curious-looking vessel with two masts, with a low deck and bulwarks for about half her length in the middle, and a high poop and fore-castle at the stern and bow. It was long before the age of clipper ships, and the Duyffhen had no pretensions to be considered a quick sailer, but she was looked upon as a suitable vessel for an adventurous voyage into unknown seas, and as one that could be used alike for trading and defending herself.

Batavia, from which she sailed, was a new port, but it had been selected as the capital of the Dutch possessions in the East, and even then had become the centre of the trade in spices, which was then, and indeed has ever since been, the chief trade of Holland in that part of the world. Trading for spices sounds nowadays a very peaceable and commonplace kind of thing, but it was a very different business when the crews of the ships of the Dutch adventurers took their lives in their hands to carry it on. In 1605 very little indeed was known of the Malay Archipelago. The best charts in existence—and we may be sure the Captain of the Duyffhen was supplied with one of these—showed only the southern end of the Malay Peninsula, part of the coast of Sumatra, and one or two outlying points of Celebes, besides an imperfect outline of Java itself and a few smaller islands. What islands or continents there might be beyond nobody knew, but it was not hard to imagine from what had been discovered that whatever might lie hidden away in that unknown ocean, it would contain no people very friendly to the new-comers.

It was a real adventure on which the little Duyffhen sailed, her decks armed with cannon, her hold stowed with all sorts of merchandise, such as had been found tempting to the savage tribes of the islands the Dutch adventurers had met with. The crew was a large one, and more than half of it consisted of fighting-men rather than sailors. If anybody accustomed to modern vessels had found himself on the deck, he would certainly have supposed, when he got over his wonder at the strange-looking place and the quaintly dressed people, that he was on board some kind of

man-of-war. He would have been only a very little mistaken, after all, for it was a time and place in which the line between peaceful trade and a fight for life was easily and quickly passed. So far as the Dutch adventurers who had their headquarters in the East at Batavia knew, every island in those Eastern seas had valuable articles to exchange for the manufactures of Europe, and all that was needed was to find the islands and get into communication with the inhabitants. Both undertakings were likely to be full of danger, and more dangerous still would be a meeting with a ship of Portugal or Spain, whose enmity would be certain, while that of the natives was only likely.

The Duyffhen sailed round the western end of Java and coasted along its southern shore, till at last the high conical top of its easternmost volcano, with its slender column of blue smoke, grew faint and misty on the horizon, and the Captain felt that he was in unknown waters. It was anxious work for even so old and experienced a seaman as Master Hans Steffan, and in spite of his stolid look of composure as he paced the lofty poop-deck or stood



Making friends with the chicks

with his hands thrust into the pockets of his widespread breeches, he had but little rest by day or night. Each night indeed, he took in all sail, except what was needed to give the vessel steerage-way, but in those unknown seas who could say where a rock might show its head above water? All went well, however. Now and then, it is true, a seaman would report having sighted some strange fish or serpent, and the songs of mermaids out of the depths of the dark ocean were common things which nobody on board ever thought of doubting, but the weather was fine and the sea clear of rocks, and the Duyffhen went steadily on her adventurous course without a mishap.

As far as possible the master had kept within sight of land. It was by no means difficult to do that, as he ran eastward along the southern side of the long succession of islands that stretched nearly due east from the end of Java, divided from one another by narrow straits that make the long island procession look like the joints of some giant tail. From time to time the Duyffhen felt her way cautiously into some harbor, or cast anchor under some protecting headland, where swarms of canoes were attracted by the appearance of the curious sea-monster—hardly less strange in our eyes to-day than in theirs, three hundred years ago—which had found its way to their coast. Trade went on merrily enough, for the islands were rich in nearly all things of which the Dutch adventurers were in search, and the beads and cloths, the weapons and ornaments, which the Captain of the Duyffhen had to give in exchange, were things of priceless value to the native chiefs of the islands. Voyages in those days were not the hurried things to which we are accustomed, and of all voyagers perhaps the Dutchman

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was the most deliberate. Master Hans Steffan had come out on a trading adventure, and he saw no special reason for haste. Weeks passed into months, and still the Duyffhen went deliberately about her task, and still the stock of nutmegs, cloves, ginger root, cinnamon bark, pearls, and birds of marvellous plumage increased in her hold.

Clinging to the southern shores of the long chain of islands, the Captain had at last, without knowing it, passed through the strait of Timor, and entered on what is known to-day as the Floris Sea, to the northward of Timor itself. The voyage had been a prosperous one, and Captain and crew alike were in good spirits, as they stood eastward, still looking for more islands as rich as those they had passed. The islands were not so frequent now, and those they met with were small, and not so good for trade, and so they pushed onward, and the bluff rounded bows of the good ship Duyffhen burst their way noisily farther and farther into that unknown and silent sea. At last there came a change. It was the time of the change of the monsoon, and Master Steffan looked anxiously at the driving masses of threatening cloud that came rushing up from the northwestern horizon.

The storm came on at last, with all the violence which characterizes that part of the ocean, and in a few hours the Duyffhen was running helplessly before the gale, stripped almost to her bare poles, and wallowing in the trough of the seas.

It was an anxious time. Master Steffan never left the deck, and the sailors clung helplessly to the bulwarks or rigging, as the waves washed heavily across the low main-deck or broke with jarring blows against the tall poop. For three days the storm continued, with hardly a sign of abatement, and not for a quarter of an hour at a time did the Captain venture to leave the deck, and never for a single moment was the lookout withdrawn from the foretop, where he watched with straining eyes for the first sign of land rising out of the dim world of the heaving water. It was nearly sundown on the third day of the gale when a change came, almost as suddenly as the gale had commenced. First there was a lull in the wind; then Master Steffan's quick eye caught the first sign of a break in the clouds down near the eastern horizon; and then the wind died away, leaving the Duyffhen rolling heavily between the seas. In a little while a breeze sprang up from the northeast; sails were unfurled once more, and before nightfall the vessel was heading for the southeast, while hour by hour the angry sea went down, and the Duyffhen ran merrily once more into the depths of the undiscovered ocean.

The sound that awoke Master Steffan from his well-earned sleep was the startling cry of "Land!" Still half asleep, he hurried on deck. The new day was just breaking in the east, and the sky was already flushed with the first pink of the dawn. He looked hastily around. The sea was almost smooth, and the Duyffhen was plunging noisily through the glassy swell, with

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a full topsail breeze that made her heel over to leeward. And there before him lay the land—a high wooded point, backed almost at right angles by higher and still higher ranges of wooded hills, behind which there was the reddening sky, framing the outline of the mountain-peaks. To north and south, as far as the eye could reach, the new land extended, barring the eastern course, and it was necessary to change it. The wind decided the question of the direction, and the Duyffhen ran down the coast almost before the breeze. Master Steffan stood gazing at the headland as he passed the point, not three miles from shore. He had sighted many islands on his voyage since he left Batavia, and had named them all, but now, as he watched the long reaches of the shore, clothed from beach to hill-top in green of a strange bronze tint that was new and strange to his eye, it seemed to him as if this was something different. It might be an island, indeed, like the others he had seen, but he would see. And so it was that, as he noted the outline of the new land on his chart, he named the wooded cape where first he had seen the shore after his ship, "Cape Duyffhen," but gave no name to the land he discovered.

For three days the Duyffhen sailed southward down the coast into the great Gulf of Carpentaria. More than once she was brought up into the wind, and a boat's crew went ashore, but always with the same result—the sailors had found streams of water, and flowers, and palm-trees; they had heard the harsh screams of great white golden-crested birds; some of them had seen strange leaping forms of animals that disappeared among the trees; but no village had been seen, and no sign of a human inhabitant had been found. On the third afternoon they approached a

An Old Man's Heart

By Kate Seaton.

wooded cape, longer than any they had yet seen—it might be the southern limit of this strange lonely land. At last the Duffhen drew abreast of the point; and there, far to the south, as far as the eye could see, still stretched onwards the wooded shore, and the high ranges of the forest-covered mountains, glowing in the light of the sinking-sun. It was with a reluctant sigh that Master Steffan gave the order to put the ship about, and sail away to the north-west once more, while he marked upon his chart the name, "Cape Keer-Weer," or Turn-again.

And so it happened that Hans Steffan came, and saw, and sailed away, his chart telling of the new land he had discovered; his sailors ready to tell strange stories of the great island they had found, where there were beautiful birds that had no songs, bright flowers that gave no scent, and curious beasts that leaped but never walked, but with no man nor sign of man upon its shores. But to the master of the Duffhen, as he went about his trading, the memory of that strange country came back again and yet again, and he wondered slowly, as he smoked his pipe and pondered, whether, after all, it might not have fallen to him to be the first to discover the great southern land which had been dreamed of by navigators ever since the great land of the West had been found by Columbus more than a hundred years before.

Thus, found by an accident, and unrecognized when it was found, the master of the little Duffhen was the first to discover the shores of the great southern land which we call Australia. It is unlikely that he ever knew what he had found; it is certain that he never dreamed of its value; but still on the maps of the last of the continent there remain to-day the names of capes Duffhen and Turn-again, in memory of the happy chance by which, three hundred years ago, the good ship Duffhen first sighted the shores of Australia.

An officer from Japan visiting this country, while looking about a big city, saw a man stop a milk cart. "Is he going to arrest the man?" he asked. "No," was the answer; "he must see that the milk sold by this man is pure with no water or chalk mixed in with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?" "No, but people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Passing a hotel, a man staggered out, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell to the pavement.

"What is the matter with that man?" "He is full of bad whisky."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes; a deadly poison," was the reply.

"Do you watch the selling of whisky as you do the milk?" asked the Jap.

"No."

At the market they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthy.

"I can't understand your country," said the Jap. "You watch the meat and the milk and let men sell whisky as much as they please."

After almost ten years' experience in the handling of grain on commission, The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd., of Winnipeg, has opened an office in the Union Stock Yards, in that city, for the handling of live stock. There are comparatively few who do not know what this company has done to bring about improvement in the conditions under which grain is marketed in Western Canada. There is no doubt but that they will do much also to improve conditions for those who sell cattle, sheep or hogs.

The Grain Growers' Grain Co. has secured an experienced and capable superintendent in Albert Duncan. Mr. Duncan has been in close touch with live stock and markets for about 25 years, and is a competent judge of stock. He has an efficient staff and a well equipped office. Farmers, drovers, or associations throughout Western Canada need have no hesitation in the Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd., in the marketing of their stock. Write them for information or ask them to send their weekly market letter.

HE was a quaint little figure, slight and frail, with thin white hair, and a face deeply furrowed as by the hand of time and much sorrow. Yet he carried himself erect, in seeming defiance of the weakness of old age which was so surely creeping upon him. He always wore a tall silk hat, carefully brushed and polished; a rather shabby frock-coat, also speckled, and showing signs of the care bestowed upon it; while a broad black bow, tied in the old style, completed his odd costume.

I had begun to look forward to the daily passing of the quaint old figure, for, punctually on the stroke of ten each morning, he would come trotting briskly round the corner, carrying a small black bag, alert and businesslike. But the last few months I had noticed a change in the solitary figure. His walk was less brisk, and he carried his bag with more effort, while his head drooped sadly, as if weighed down by anxious care.

I had often wondered who he was, and what he carried in that mysterious-looking bag. Quite by accident the mystery was solved for me. I was pointing him out one day to a friend, when she exclaimed, "Oh, that is my little tea-man!" Then seeing my

speech—"perhaps you have worries—business worries—that harass you?"

"Oh, no," he said quickly. "My business is fairly good, thank you, madam." He passed his hand wearily over the thin white locks, and continued jerkily: "I think the heat—yes, it must be the heat which is"—he paused, and his eyes met mine defiantly, then dropped—"which is troubling me."

I felt sure he was deceiving me, for he refused to meet my glance, and began fumbling nervously with the catch of his bag.

Suddenly he looked up, and met my searching, sympathetic gaze.

"You—you are very kind to interest yourself in my welfare," he faltered.

I laid my hand impulsively upon his arm.

"I wish, if ever you should be in any difficulty, that you would confide in me, and—let me help you," I said earnestly.

For a moment he seemed to struggle against his weakness; then, slowly unbuttoning his shabby frock-coat, he took an envelope from an inner pocket and silently handed it to me.

"Do you wish me to read it?" I asked, surprised.

"If I am not taking up too much of



A group of Gladstone, Man. W.C.T.U. Ladies in a Dramatic Patriotic performance.

puzzled expression, she added, "He has supplied our family with tea for the last twenty years."

Then and there I resolved that another name should be added to his list of customers, and asked my friend to tell him to call upon me.

I found him quick and courteous in manner, but reserved to a degree; and even when he had been calling upon me for over three months, I was no nearer learning anything more about him than before, though I felt sure some deep tragedy lay concealed beneath the calm exterior of that apparently uneventful life. All my efforts to penetrate below his reserve had been met by polite but resolute discouragement.

At last I was growing desperate, for I saw more clearly than ever that he was in some difficulty or trouble. His slight figure was becoming more and more attenuated, and his thin white hands trembled as they disposed of the small packages of tea, while the line between the eyes, and the sad drooping of the old white head, had become habitual.

"I fear you are not strong," I said one day, making another attempt to pierce below his reserve.

"I thank you, madam," he answered, with a courtly old bow; "but, though I have never been very robust, I assure you I am stronger than my appearance would suggest."

But this time I was resolved not to be so easily put off.

"I am glad of that," I said; "but lately I have thought you have not been looking so bright and—fit. Has the warm weather tried you? Or perhaps"—as he did not attempt to check my

your time, madam," he said, with a bow.

I drew out what proved to be a letter in the unmistakable handwriting of a school-girl.

"Dear Gran," it began, "how lovely it is to think that this is really my last term! I am counting up the days now to your coming. Won't you be glad to have a mistress in your beautiful old home once again, and shan't I make a dignified, proud young mistress? I mean to put my hair up right away, or else the servants will be thinking that I am only a schoolgirl, and will not show me proper respect. Only ten more days, and then—good-bye to my dear old school, and—hurrah for my new life with my dear old Grandad. I mean to take great care of you now, you old dear. You see, you are all I have, and I mean to make you very happy. I do not think you have looked quite so well lately. Mademoiselle thought you looked very tired the last time you were here, but—wait until you have me to take care of you! Good-bye, dear Grandad—for ten more days!

"Your own loving little

"Barbie."

Then came a line of girlish crosses.

I read the letter through very slowly, for I saw that he was deeply agitated, and, although there were some things in the letter which greatly surprised me, I made no remark upon them, only saying, as I handed it back to him:

"I was not aware that you had a grand-daughter; but I am very glad, for she seems a sweet, affectionate girl."

"She is!" he exclaimed eagerly, then turned away with a little moan of despair. "But I have deceived her," he went on after a pause; "yes, deceived her, and when she finds out the truth she will despise me!"

He broke down utterly and sobbed like a child.

By degrees I got from him the whole story.

For over twenty years he had been that respectably vague "something in the city," and had lived, if not in affluence, at least in modest comfort, in a quiet suburb, with his wife and only child. The first break came into their hitherto quiet and uneventful lives with the marriage of their daughter, who immediately afterwards emigrated along with her husband to America.

Soon after their departure the firm which he had served for so many years had turned him off to make way for a younger man.

His salary had never been large, and now, with very little saved, he found himself cast adrift, to begin life afresh, at the age of forty-eight. Then began a long, pitiful search after the employment for which he was considered too old.

At last, in despair, he took up the tea-agency, and, with the help of old friends, managed to get together a regular connection.

His wife, who had never been strong, now began to fail rapidly. The strain and anxiety had been too much for her, and soon the weary man was left to plod along the path of life in solitary loneliness.

At regular intervals he heard from his daughter across the seas, but there also was anxiety and care, for their endeavors in a new land had miserably failed. It was just one long struggle for them, and between the lines of her despatched letters her father could read the distress and disappointment in her heart. He bravely resorted, therefore, that no burden from the home-land should rest upon one already so bowed down with care.

In vague terms he spoke of his prosperity in his new business, and made occasional allusions to his house and gardens, or referred casually to his housekeeper and servants. He even managed to send money at intervals, taken from his own rapidly dwindling savings. The years passed slowly by, with no lightening of the burdens. Then came his daughter's last letter, telling him of her husband's death and of the encroaching disease which presaged her own, with the prayer that when she was gone he would take care of her one child—her little Barbie, and allow her to share that beautiful English home which she herself would now never see.

Before the letter reached his hands the tired mother had passed away and arrangements were already afoot for sending over the orphan child.

As he proceeded with the story, the old man's voice had grown steadier, but now it broke again as he faltered:

"Ah! If I had only had courage to deceive my little Barbie at the first! But I had not. When I met her at Liverpool I found that my letters had done their work only too well. The little maid looked on her old grandfather as a well-to-do gentleman, and pictured his house as a beautiful residence. I had not the heart to deceive her. To gain time until my plans could be matured I took her to Westport, where we spent three weeks together. Whenever I thought of the two little gloomy rooms at my lodgings, in the dull, grey street where I had been so long, I shrank afresh from the thought of the disappointment awaiting her. She was fifteen—was tall for her age, and, though quaintly old for her years, I found that her education had been rather precarious and unsatisfactory. I made inquiries respecting terms at a good boarding school near Westport, reckoned up my resources, and finally arranged to leave her there. To her great disappointment, I also arranged for her to spend the vacations at the school, and as there were three other pupils, whose parents were abroad, who did the same, it was not altogether lonely for her, and

I further consoled her by spending three weeks of the summer vacation with her in Westport."

His voice grew dreamily reminiscent. "Three whole happy weeks away by the sea—alone with my little Barbie." He sighed wistfully. "Madam, you cannot conceive what those weeks of brightness meant to me—stolen, as it were, from a whole year of dull, lonely ones—for a solitary old man to hear the glad tones of welcome in a young voice; to have a wealth of loving affection warming the coldness of his heart! Ah! madam, do you wonder that, for the time, I forgot the dull, grey life behind, and basked in the brightness and joy of the present? This summer our holiday was not quite so happy—so bright."

He paused, and his voice grew sad. "I could not shake off the thought of the change which was now coming so near. You have read her letter. Tell me, when she learns the truth, will that warm, impulsive love grow cold and contemptuous?"

He looked at me piteously. "I do not think so," I said hopefully, "though I fear she will be terribly disappointed. But when she learns of all the sacrifices you have made for her these past three years, I feel sure her young heart will respond to your love!"

He shook his head despondently. "You have not seen my little maid." "You have not seen my little maid," he said earnestly. "She has grown into such a tall, proud, beautiful girl, she will be ashamed of her poor old grandad"—his voice broke again—"and—she will have cause to be!"

He turned and strode towards the window, where he stood awhile fighting with his emotion, and when he turned to me again he had recovered his old stately manner.

"Forgive me, madam," he said deprecatingly, "for troubling you with all my private affairs." He had become once again the stiff, unapproachable gentleman I had hitherto known. "I must really apologise for troubling you, but—you were so very kind and sympathetic. I thank you for your sympathy, but now I must not take up any more of your time." And with a quiet bow he took up the old black bag and left the room.

As I watched the slight figure move stiffly down the garden path, I realized afresh the bitterness of his life-sorrow, and I asked myself how it would all end. Must his brave spirit be defeated at last, the chapter of love be closed before he had fully experienced its sweetness?

With a sigh I turned away to take up again the everyday duties of my own more prosaic life.

But though I found many things to occupy my time and attention during the next few days, the little old man, with his pitiful story which promised so sad an ending, was often in my mind.

To-morrow his granddaughter would leave her light-hearted, girlish school-days behind, and would take up a woman's heritage of disappointment and sorrow. The loyal, whole-hearted trust of a young heart in the one being she loved best would be rudely shaken, her young eyes opened to the faith-shattering possibilities of duplicity, even though the motive had been kind.

I remembered his description of the small, dreary rooms in the cheap little lodging to which he would have to bring the girl, and I resolved that at least they should have a little welcoming brightness to meet her disillusioned eyes. Early in the afternoon, therefore, I set off, armed with a basket of sweet-smelling roses, and another of tempting dainties for the tired travellers.

The door was opened to my knock by a frowsy, tired-looking woman, who, in answer to my request to be allowed to enter Mr. Austin's room, gave a listless assent, and, throwing open a door at the side of the narrow passage, ushered me into a dull, cheerless little room.

"Yes," she said in answer to my inquiry, "I expect 'em home in time for their tea."

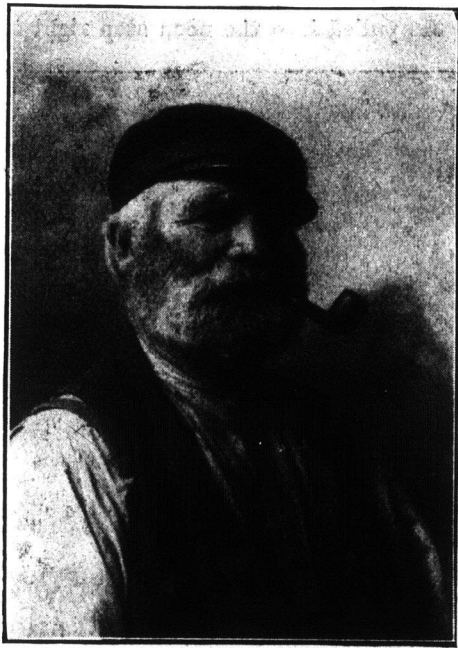
I glanced towards the little round table, which showed signs of preparation for tea in the shape of a soiled tablecloth, a glass sugar-basin, and two cups, cracked and chipped at the brims.

I felt glad that I had turned back for my specimen glasses and, after a little debate with myself, had added to my collection a dainty afternoon tea-cloth.

"I hope you don't mind," I said apologetically. "I have brought a few flowers and one or two little things for tea. I thought I would like to have a bright table to welcome our young friend!"

"Oh, no, mum; you can do what you like," she answered; "but I"—with a slightly aggrieved air—"have no time to waste on those fal-lals and things!"

I smiled, and without further delay began the pleasant task of transforming the dingy room. When I had finished, I looked round with a sigh of satisfaction. There was certainly an improvement. The table looked sweet and tempting, in spite of the old chipped china; the scent of the roses had overcome the unwholesome fustiness which had greeted my entrance. I threw open the window, and then, after a final survey of my handiwork, was about to slip quietly off home again, thinking it best that my friend (as I had come to call him in my own mind) should introduce his little maid to her new home alone. But my plan was frustrated, for even as I paused for the last glance round I heard a four-wheeler drive up to the gate, and immediately the front door was flung open as a voice cried out quickly:



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"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! Where are you?"

I scarcely recognized the voice. There was an imperious ring in it quite new to me. Even the listless landlady seemed to become suddenly conscious of the change, and roused herself accordingly.

"I am here, sir," she said respectfully, as she hurried forward to meet them.

"Please show Miss Barbie up to her room, and then—let us have tea as soon as possible!"

Then followed a slight swish of skirts, and a bright young voice said, laughingly:

"Yes, I am desperately hungry. I shall not be two minutes taking off my hat and things."

I still hoped that I might make my exit unseen, but the old man came straight into the room, rubbing his hands gleefully, and uttering a pleased little chuckle as he entered.

He glanced at the table, and gave a cry of surprise and pleasure. Then he caught sight of me as I stood undecided, embarrassed.

"Why," he exclaimed, "your kind hand must be the wand that has transformed my dull little room!"

"I hope you will forgive my intrusion," I faltered. "I meant to have left before you came."

He laughed joyously.

"Intrusion, indeed!" He held out his hand. "It was like your kind heart, dear lady. I am so glad you are here. Going to slip off before we came, indeed!" He led me courteously towards a chair. "You will stay and have tea with us, and—meet my little maid. You must," he continued imperatively, as I uttered a feeble protest.

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I looked at him in amazement. Was this the same worn, broken-down old man who had sobbed out his pitiful story to me only a few days ago?

His head was held proudly erect, his manner brisk and alert, while his eyes seemed to sparkle with gladness.

Before I could enter a further protest the door was flung quickly open, and a tall, slight, beautiful girl came impetuously into the room, and then paused slightly as she caught sight of me.

A proud light shone in the old man's eyes as he took her hand and led her towards me, saying:

"This is my little Barbie, and this"—with a slight movement in my direction—"is the lady who was so kind as to listen to the unburdening of an old man's heart!"

The girl put up her sweet face impulsively and kissed me, saying brightly: "Thank you a thousand times for your kindness to my dear, unselfish grandad!" She looked at him with shining eyes, then turned to me and said softly: "He has told me—everything!"

"Not quite everything, Barbie, dear," he broke in quickly. "There is one thing I have not yet told either of you."

"Hush!" interrupted the girl impetuously. "I will not hear any further confession!" She laid her small hand gently upon his arm. Then turning to me, she said earnestly: "Does not the fact that he has sacrificed even the last of his savings for me atone for—everything?"

He looked at me and smiled.

"You see, you were right, after all—my fears were groundless; she still loves me—in spite of everything."

"I should think so, indeed!" cried the girl quickly. She linked her arm in his again, and glanced towards me half defiantly. "And I am proud of him, too! Would you not be, if anyone had sacrificed as much for you?"

"I am sure I should," I said heartily.

He shook his head doubtfully. "I fear you are both too generous in your judgment of me. But, Barbie, I have no further confession to make—I think you both know the worst of me now. But I have some good news I have not told either of you yet." He turned to me apologetically. "I did not know it myself until this morning, when I got a lawyer's letter telling me that I was no longer a poor man. It seems that an old friend, to whom I had once been able to do a good turn, and whom I had lost sight of for years, has recently died and has left me a considerable fortune."

I held out my hand. "I am so delighted! My heartiest congratulations!" I cried.

"Thank you." He smiled, then turned to the startled girl.

"Barbie," he began; but she sprang suddenly forward and, seizing him by the shoulder, shook him playfully.

"You dear old fraud!" she cried. "Leading me to believe that you were a poor man!" She turned to me in mock despair. "And here are all the wonderful plans I had formed for helping my darling Gran crushed at one blow, and I am to become a useless member of society, after all!"

He placed his arm lovingly about the girl and said proudly:

"My little Barbie's love has stood the test well, and I am glad that she has proved it when she only knew the worst." She tried to laugh, but her sweet lips quivered sensitively, and her eyes were wet as she turned her head away, saying lightly:

"I believe the tea is waiting, and—I had almost forgotten how hungry I was. Please take your seats."

She waved us towards the little table, and taking her own place behind the old black teapot, she presided over us with a sweet, shy graciousness very pretty to see.

When shortly afterwards, I left them alone with their happiness, there was a mist before my eyes and a warm glow in my heart that the story which had promised so sad and tragic an ending should have been turned to one of joy, and that the brave old heart was at rest at last—rejoicing in love.

As one passes middle life the fires burn more slowly, the appetite is lessened, the digestive powers lowered, and the supply of both fuel and nitrogenous foods must be in accordance with the constitution, not enough to choke these slow-burning fires. The capacity for action, of course, is diminished, so that the demand for repair material is correspondingly diminished. Stimulating foods, such as meats, must be taken in very small quantities, or the aged will suffer. While the enduring quality of the body depends upon the adjustment of its several parts, it now requires greater attention to produce a healthy old age. Thompson tells us that he finds those persons who go back to almost the food of young childhood have a more comfortable ending than those who stimulate the nervous system with nitrogenous foods. In the economy of Nature, death comes early to those who disobey her laws.

Excess Baggage

By S. Dike Hooper.

ELI Bumps, rancher, stage owner, and prominent citizen of Wild River, was busily engaged in his early-morning duty of making out-way bills for the "down" stage, when he became slowly aware of an impending interruption. That is, the presence of a thus far silent intruder in the tiny, box-like, barn office forced itself upon his unwilling consciousness.

"Mr. Bumps."

"Well, what is it, Bub," he asked somewhat testily, correctly divining the sex and approximate age of the caller without so much as glancing up from his books.

"I want to apply for the job of stage driver between here and the Springs this summer."

Mr. Bumps threw down his much chewed pencil and wheeled about in astonishment. There, facing him, stood a lad of perhaps sixteen years. A clean, resolute face looked out from beneath the brim of a very much battered felt hat. The applicant wore the familiar Oregon woodman's shirt, with short tails hanging outside, and a faded pair of blue denim overalls cut off just below the tops of his high logger's boots, completed his attire, all of which was decidedly the worse for hard service.

The owner of the stage line broke into a loud, though not unkind laugh.

"Why, Howard," said he, recognizing the lad, "I couldn't give you that job."

"Why not?" The troubled blue eyes looking squarely into his own demanded an answer.

"Because you're only a kid. I've got to have someone who can drive that team to the Springs after dark, and get 'em there on time; and light out of there before daylight, and pull in here on time. You see I'm liable to Uncle Sam for a fine if the mail is late, and I can't afford to put no 'excess baggage' in the driver's seat."

"I can handle a team, and I know the road right good," said the boy, a note of disappointment creeping into his voice. "I drove a freight wagon for Mel Haggett all last summer."

"That's all right, son," replied Mr. Bumps, in a kinder tone, "but a stage isn't a freighter. You stick to freighters for a few years longer, and then maybe we'll see." And with an air of finality the magnate turned to his books.

As Howard left the barn his face wore a troubled frown. The world looked pretty cold and cheerless to him. There was no freighting to be done, and Eli Bumps must have known that. Since his father's death, in the fall, he had managed to take care of his mother's and his own simple wants by trapping. All through the cold rains and snows he had persistently fought his way far up the mountain sides to make the rounds of his traps, but the season had come to a close, and he must find work.

Thus it was that when the down stage pulled out half an hour later Howard might have been seen occupying a small portion of the rear seat. There must be plenty of work in the city, sixty miles down the valley. A great many people lived there, and they must all have some means of making a living. He was strong and willing, and could no doubt easily find work. And so the lad reasoned to himself during the long day. And many were the regretful looks he cast behind at his beloved mountains as the valley broadened, and the hills upon either hand diminished in size finally to be swallowed in the great, rolling wheat fields. But work he must, and there was no work to be had in the mountains. As the last familiar peak faded into the soft purple haze of the falling night he sighed, and squared about, manfully, drawing his rough shirt closer against the unfamiliar dampness.

It must have been about a week later, on a blustering, rainy morning, that the driver of the up stage overtook Howard shortly after daylight some ten miles from the city. He was headed for the mountains on foot, and as there were no passengers he gladly availed himself of the driver's invitation to "Climb up and rest his boots." It would have

seemed good to be perched up beside the stage driver at any time, and as Howard was both hungry and foot-sore he found it doubly agreeable.

He made non-committal replies to the driver's inquiries about his doings in town, and feeling sorry for the boy the driver did not press him with questions. His search for work had been fruitless. Positions were scarce at best, and if the truth were known, his clothes combined with his total ignorance of the ways and work of a city had counted heavily against him.

"Better crawl into my extra slicker, Howard. It's settling in for a right bad spell of weather. What I don't like is this wind. Driving through timber in the wind is bad business."

The words had scarcely left his lips when Howard shouted a warning. A flying limb was sweeping through the air directly towards the horses. The driver set the brake and brought his horses to a standstill just as the great branch struck, butt foremost, directly behind the leaders. Terrified, the leaders commenced to buck and kick frantically, throwing themselves into a frightful tangle. At every move the pricking of the rough fir needles increased their ungovernable panic, which had communicated itself to the wheel horses.

driver in his plight, Howard quickly realized that the older man's judgment was best. It was clearly the only thing to do, and every moment's delay prolonged the poor man's suffering. Running back to the stage he hastily drew forth two heavy waterproof lap-ropes, and made the driver as comfortable as possible. A few moments' work on the deranged harness, and he swung into the driver's high seat, picked up the lines and kicked the brake free. In a twinkling the nervous horses were off at a gallop. Chance had given him the longest for opportunity to drive stage, if only for a single day, but this was farthest from his mind. His chief concern was for the wounded driver, and he let the horses have their heads until he recalled the first ranch house. The ranchmen only waited to learn of the whereabouts of the injured driver before starting for the barn on the run. There was no further need for haste, and Howard pulled his team down to a jog trot which they could keep up for mile after mile, and devoted himself to the work of slinging off mail sacks as he passed the crude mail boxes of settlers along the road. Fortunately, he had made the trip so many times in a freight wagon that he knew the names of every single scattered rancher, and whether he got his mail at a hollow cedar, an oil can nailed to a post, or simply "on the ground."

He pulled into the noon stop right on



Turn about is fair play

"Take the lines," shouted the driver. "I must get that limb out of there before those leaders break the wheel horses' legs."

Howard grasped the lines with a thrill of pleasure, and slipping his foot on to the brake began to speak to the horses in firm, reassuring tones. Fortunately the leaders had swung apart, and were kicking out in the clear, yet to get in behind them, and in front of the wheelers was to expose one's self to imminent danger. Running forward, the driver watched his chance, and slipped in safely. Grasping the limb he was in the act of backing out when the near leader swung in ever so slightly, and feeling the limb behind him struck out with terrific force. With a low cry of horror, Howard involuntarily threw his arm across his eyes. When he looked down the driver lay huddled in a heap at the side of the road. For just an instant a sensation of deathly faintness swept over Howard, and he reeled in the seat. It was but momentary. Drawing himself together he leapt down. The poor driver lay as he had fallen, and Howard firmly and gently rolled him on his back, loosening his shirt at the neck, and allowing the rain to beat down upon his upturned face. He revived almost immediately, but at the first attempt to move he lay back with a groan of agony. His right leg was broken above the knee.

"No use, Howard. You leave me here and send the people from the first house you pass back after me."

Though reluctant to abandon the

time, and drove proudly through the big barn, swung his horses in a small circle, and drove back again, just as he had so often seen the regular drivers do it. The stable men who stood in readiness to unhitch the tired horses and substitute four fresh ones grinned up at him as though it was a joke to see him in the driver's seat.

"Hello, kid; where's the stage driver?" asked one.

"I am the stage driver," replied Howard, quietly, feeling himself grow red about the ears.

"Well then, where's your son that usually drives?" persisted the joker. At this sally the men broke into a roar of laughter in which Howard good naturedly joined, and as they proceeded together to the Half Way Ranch house to dinner he briefly related the events of the morning to sympathetic listeners.

When he returned to the barn fresh horses were already harnessed to the stage. He walked once around the rig, rapidly glancing over the whole outfit, and mounted to the seat.

"All right," he called, taking in the lines until he could feel every horse on the bit. The boys stood back from the horses' heads. Howard spoke sharply, and three of the horses responded together, but the off leader only planted his feet firmly together on the rough barn floor, and settled back in the harness, laying his ears flat against his head. The men commenced to grin. Howard set the brake, leapt down, and commenced to unharness the balky animal.

"Hold on, kid. You'll have to work him to-day. The regular is lame."

"I intend to work him," replied Howard, coolly, "but I want him on the wheel. I got Uncle Sam's mail on this stage, and no time to fool with bunch-grass horses in the lead."

"All right, 'Uncle Sam,'" responded the speaker, good humoredly, going to his assistance. The change made, the youthful driver pulled a stout rope from the boot of the stage, and knotting it firmly about the balky horse's girth, carried the end forward and made it fast to the end of the pole.

Again he picked up the reins and spoke. A quick response, a sharp struggle, and out of the barn they flew, the balky horse dragging on all fours. Once outside the barn his stubborn mood left him, and he threw himself forward into the collar, none the worse for his shaking up.

"Hooray there, Uncle Sam, you're all right," shouted one of the men after him. He slipped down, removed the rope, and waving them a cheery farewell, turned the leaders' heads into the storm.

Long before Howard reached his destination he felt sore in every bone and muscle of his body. His arms fairly ached from the constant strain of handling the heavy horses on the rough mountain road. Nevertheless he grew even a little bit elated as the afternoon wore on. He was where he had longed to be, and better still he was in his own mountains again. A sudden thought flashed across his mind that made his heart fairly leap with joy. Perhaps if he got in on time, and his horses were in good shape Mr. Bumps would give him a trial on the stage to the Springs.

At exactly four-twenty p.m. a very wet, and if one might judge from outward appearances, a very much shrunken driver pulled in his steaming horses, set his brakes, and brought his stage to a stop in front of the Wild River Post Office.

"Suffering sailors," gasped Eli Bumps, as he gazed up at the serene, diminutive figure perched on the driver's seat, enveloped in a great slicker.

"Won't have any fine to pay Uncle Sam to-night, Mr. Bumps," said Howard, cheerily, the while tugging at a buckskin thong, and finally proudly drawing from the neck of his shirt a very large watch, the hands of which designated the hour at which the stage was due. He then briefly acquainted the stage owner with the particulars of the regular driver's mishap. While he was listening Mr. Bumps' practised eye ran quickly over the horses, and came to rest on the off wheeler.

"Son," said he, solemnly, "how'd you get that 'bunch grasser' out of the barn?"

"Hitched a line to him and hauled him out," replied Howard, calmly. "Well, here comes the mail, I must be a going." "Go in' where?"

"Springs," was the brief rejoinder. "Look here, Howard, that's a hard run. Don't you want me to go along with you?"

"Nope," replied Howard, stowing the mail sacks with his feet. "I got to make time, and I don't want to be bothered with no 'excess baggage' in the driver's seat."

Whereupon Eli Bumps found himself face to face with the Postmaster, the stage having drawn out from between them.

"Henry," Mr. Bumps spoke slowly, emphasizing his words with his pudgy forefinger. "Henry, go back into that store and lay out a first class outfit for that boy, from underclothes to slickers, and set it down on the books against my name."

In preparing a sauce for rice do not make the very common mistake of making it too elaborate—so elaborate that it hides the flavor of the rice. Rich cream, with the addition of sugar, or some kind of fruit juice, is more satisfactory on this account than a sauce.

Use **PURITY FLOUR**
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(See Back Cover)

The Missionary Calliope

By Miss Margaret Bemister

THE lounging figure asleep on the bench outside the Western Hotel door did not stir as the rays of the sun grew hotter and more direct near noon.

Neither did the shunting of the long train disturb him as it sullenly puffed its way backwards after standing in front of the low station for an hour.

Now, as a heavy hand was thumped down on his shoulder and a hearty voice shouted in his ear, "Hi! there! wake up! Don't you know there's a circus come to town!" he only muttered something and settled down more comfortably in his seat.

But Sam Wilkins was not to be put off so easily. Taking hold of Larry's shoulder, he pulled him unresistingly to his feet and turned him towards the steps.

Larry shuffled down them mechanically after his companion and joined the group making its way to the rear of the long train now on the siding.

"Where're we going?" he questioned vaguely at last. "What're ye all talking about?"

"About the circus, of course," rejoined some one near him, "can't you see the cars?"

Looking in the direction indicated by the latter's finger, he became aware of several gaily painted cars, from which, down slanting gang planks, the circus was being rapidly unloaded.

A huge tent had already been erected near the track and to it, in a steady procession, the heavily-laden circus hands were making their way.

"They're gettin' ready for the parade," said Sam, "it's goin' to be at twelve o'clock sharp."

"It's—it's a real circus, ain't it?" murmured Larry in dazed tones. "I ain't seen one since—since years ago."

"I guess you ain't the only person that hasn't seen one since he came West," put in Sam. "They don't grow wild on the prairie, circuses don't. Lucky thing as there's that washout ahead so they can't go on. They're going to give us a parade now and a show tonight and I guess we won't turn out to a man, eh?"

Larry did not answer him; in fact, he had not even heard for he had pushed into the group surrounding the end car from which several impatient elephant trunks were restlessly waving to and fro.

Each joyous shout from the small boys crowded close to the car made his bleared eyes glow and his mouth tremble with excitement and he pushed and elbowed with the rest to obtain a better view of the animals.

Suddenly every one's attention was diverted by the sound of voices. Near them stood the Manager and an angry-faced man in hot dispute. Encircling them curiously, the crowd was just in time to hear the finish: "You do as I tell you or quit," said the Manager in firm tones.

"Then I quit," retorted the other, flinging down his cap and coat and turning defiantly away.

"It's the man who plays the steam calliope," whispered Sam to Larry. "I wonder what the fight's about?"

"Keep quiet," commanded Larry. "He's sayin' something."

It was the Manager who was speaking. "Can any one here play a steam calliope?" he asked. "If so, will he please come forward. I am anxious to start the parade on time and a volunteer will be liberally paid."

There was utter silence in the crowd as they looked from one to another expectantly, but no one moved to accept the invitation.

"Is there any one here who is accustomed to an organ?" urged the Manager. "If so, just kindly step forward and I think you will find you can manage the calliope alright."

Again there was silence, each eagerly scanning the faces of those around him. Then there was a slight stir and a man began to push slowly to the front.

They fell back quickly to make way for him and turned with ill-concealed grins when they saw who it was. But Larry Moore, his old cap in his hand and a strange, eager look on his face, never noticed them. He edged his way through until he stood in front of the Manager.

"Can you play an organ?" the latter asked, his keen eyes seeming to penetrate Larry so deeply that he trembled.

"Yes, sir," he stammered awkwardly. "I—I used to play the organ lots when—when—before I came here."

"Then come and try the calliope," replied the Manager, turning with a quick decisive movement and walking towards the tent. Larry followed him, still unmindful of the jokes and laughter of the crowd behind him. Near the tent, the parade was beginning to form.

Some distance down the line stood the huge shining instrument, ready with steam up, needing only some one to draw forth its music.

"It always makes me want to laugh and cry and holler at one time to hear one of them playin'," said Larry hoarsely, "and I never thought I'd try to play on one myself."

"Oh, you'll manage alright," returned the Manager encouragingly. "Now, here

is your seat and all you have to do is to play on the keys the same as on an organ. We'll attend to the rest for you."

Larry seated himself fearfully and gazed for a moment at the key-board before him. Then half-timidly he stretched forth his hands and laid them on the keys, bringing forth a whistling discord.

"Go on, try," urged the Manager, standing beside him, and Larry slowly began some melody he had learned long years before. Faint and tremulous, but true, the brass pipes gave out the sound, and when Larry heard it, a sudden change came over him.

His drooping shoulders straightened with a jerk, and into his eyes there leaped a light that had not shone there for years. Rapidly and surely his fingers pressed the keys and the great responsive instrument sent forth a stirring march that made every one drop into step instinctively.

"Good!" declared the Manager, clapping

Larry on the shoulder. "You'll do alright. Now, we'll get everything in line and make a start. Right on time, too!"

For the next fifteen minutes all was a systematic confusion of gaily decked horses and riders, ponies harnessed by twos and fours, wild animals in cages, elephants and camels on foot, Grecian chariot-drivers, negro minstrels and clowns. Gradually, they resolved themselves into a long, orderly line and stood ready for the signal.

When it was given, the parade started, crossing the track and turning up the main street of the little town.

From his place Larry had a good view of the sidewalks crowded with eager faces. Many of them smiled at him, either with encouragement or derision, but their approval and their scorn were alike unheeded. He was hearing only the music as it throbbed around him—he was seeing only the scenes of long ago as they rose before his



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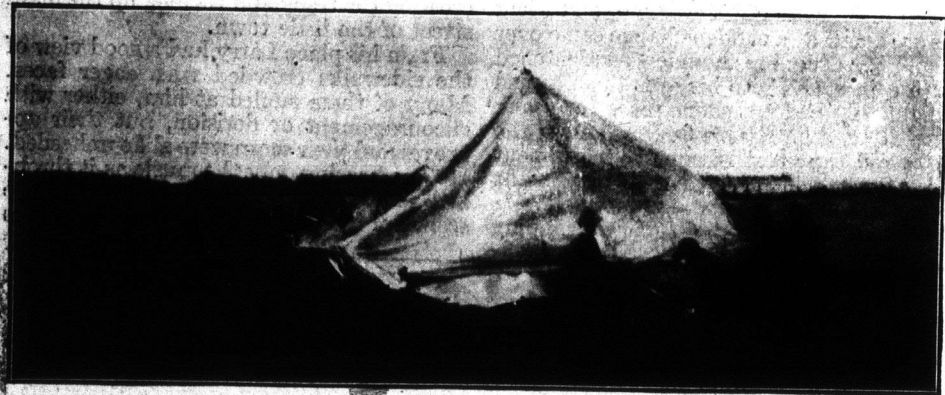
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memory. The free, merry days full of work and play, full of friends and laughter, the tender glad days filled with a deep joy and a great responsibility. He could see again the cottage home, the waiting figure at the door, the gleam of the supper table. He could hear again the girlish voice singing the old ballads while he accompanied her on the little organ and the soft twilight deepened around them both and shut them in. Unconsciously his fingers

looked startled and dismayed and attempted to speak but Larry interrupted her. "Charlotte, woman, I'm going to make a fresh start today. I want you to come home and stay and I'll try to earn the living for us both instead of you doing it. I hope you'll forgive me."

His voice was very husky as he finished, but every word reached her ears like a trumpet blast. With a smothered cry, she buried her face in her apron and her



Boy Scouts wrestle with tent in a high wind

strayed into the old time tunes and he was far away from the circus parade, living once more those fair days, when suddenly the music trailed off with a hissing whistle of steam, and stopped. The parade was passing the Rectory corner where a fresh washing hung on the line. Near the clothes basket a tired woman stood with a strange, bewildered look on her face. It was she whom Larry saw and yet not she, for in that breathless moment, he saw as in a vision—the truth. This was Charlotte, this round-shouldered, faded wash-woman! This was the girl-wife of his cottage home—this was the gentle sweetheart of long ago.

"Come, come, what's the matter here?" exclaimed the Manager, riding up quickly. "What's wrong, steam run out?"

"No, sir," proffered the boy at the fuel box. "The steam's alright—I guess the guy has got tired of his job, that's all."

The Manager looked sharply at Larry. "Look here," he said, taking him firmly by the shoulder. "You'll have to brace up. Go ahead and play those tunes again—they're fine, come on now, you were doing splendidly, start up again."

But Larry only shook his head and tried to get to his feet, muttering, "It's no use—I'm no good now—no good for anything."

"Yes, you are, you're alright, and we need you. The steam calliope needs you badly. Hurry and start now, every one is noticing," insisted the Manager, but Larry's bent head did not lift and his limp hands made no movement toward the keys. Then something made him look again at the woman in the yard. She had come close to the fence and was gazing at him with expectancy and doubt and fear all blended on her nervous, eager face. For one second, their eyes met, then into hers came a glow of faith which was answered by a sudden flash of determination in his. His head lifted and his fingers reached for the keys and gripped them with a new-old touch that made the woman's face flush warmly.

"That's right—now you've got the idea. That tune is great," applauded the Manager and the slow-moving procession quickened its steps to the challenging, ringing notes of the music. Up one street and down another they passed until at length the parade crossed the track again and stopped at its starting-point, where at once the long line dissolved as if by magic.

As Larry stepped stiffly down from his seat, the Manager handed him an envelope, saying cordially, "Thank you again for your splendid assistance. You will find your remuneration in this. I hope it will be quite satisfactory."

Satisfactory! Larry could scarcely believe his senses. Within lay a crisp, five-dollar bill! Five dollars for an hour's work. No, not work but happiness! He looked up feeling sure there must be a mistake but the Manager had disappeared. Stupidly, he turned and began to walk away. Several spoke to him but he did not hear them. He had only one idea—he must go home—he must talk to Charlotte. Reaching the Rectory, he entered the back gate. Charlotte had seen him coming and met him with a half-shy pride that made her resemble the happy girl of long ago.

"I want you to come home now," Larry explained, somewhat brusquely but with a touch of his former masterfulness. She

thin body shook with sobs. Larry stood for a moment, then awkwardly slipped his arm around her quivering shoulders and waited. Charlotte Moore was not given to self-indulgence so in a few moments she smiled into his relieved face and then turned towards the house, saying, "I'll be ready in a few moments, Larry—to go home with you."

Late that night she stood at the door watching the lights of the long train glide swiftly across the prairie and begin to grow smaller and fainter. She waved her checked apron towards it in the darkness and murmured something in a low voice.

"What's that you were saying?" asked Larry as he came up close behind her in



Scouts crossing the river with trek cart

the narrow doorway. She turned to him with an unsteady, little laugh. "I was just bidding goodby to a missionary," she answered, "the steam calliope, Larry, your helper—and mine."

He clasped her hands tightly in reply, and as they stood and watched, the train rounded the curve with a shrill whistle and disappeared.

A collier came to me, says Dr. Campbell Morgan, at the close of one of my services, and said: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot believe that he will forgive them if I just turn to him. It is too cheap."

I looked at him, and said, "My dear friend, have you been working to-day?" "Yes, I was down in the pit as usual." "How did you get out of the pit?" "The way I usually do. I got into the cage and was pulled to the top." "How much did you pay to come out of the pit?" "Pay? Of course I didn't pay anything." "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in that cage? Was it not too cheap?" "Oh, no," he said, "it was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft."

Without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.

Gladstone Scouts

By G. W. Barlett

Among the "going concerns" of the town of Gladstone, not the least interesting is the Boy Scout Troop, the holders of the McKenzie Shield for Northwestern Manitoba, and the pioneer troop of the Yorkton branch of the C.P.R.

The accompanying snap-shots give an idea of some of the lines of scout work they undertake. Last fall they undertook a travelling camp, which gave them a good deal of fun, and some "roughing it," which they endured with a smile and a whistle, as is the manner of the good scout. One evening they pitched their camp in the cosy shelter of a poplar bluff, but woke next morning in the midst of a driving snowstorm, which, after leaving an inch of "the beautiful" on the ground, turned to a bitter drizzling rain. The boys were unprepared for such a turn of the weather, but they scrambled around and made their breakfast cheerfully in the cold, and tried to persuade each other that the experience was "the best fun ever."

One of the snaps shows the scouts wrestling with the tent in a high wind, which gave them a lively tussle before they got it securely set.

The other view shows a patrol pulling their trek-cart through the White Mud River at Arden by means of a rope tied to the cart-tongue. The boys do not look as if they had spent two nights and days in the cold and wet, and were marching on in a cold October morning with wet feet and clammy garments. Take a good look at the brand of smiles they wear. It's the kind that won't come off.

A Hero

There is no end to the heroism and varied daring of our submarines. The rescue men from sunken ships, they re-

his bayonet, and a bomb, and swam with these to land, having arranged that he should whistle, on his return, to summon friends to his assistance. On attempting to land, he found himself beset by steep cliffs, and had to push off, again and swim to a point from where, after a long walk, he reached the railway. Far away stood an important viaduct, and it was at that he meant to swim.

Creeping slowly along with his heavy bomb, he was disappointed to find three Turkish soldiers on guard, right across his line of advance. He therefore crept away, and reached the viaduct by a circuitous route. On the way he fell into a farmyard and aroused the poultry, but luckily he escaped detection and came to within 300 yards of the bridge. There was a watch-fire burning near the end, an engine puffing just beyond, and many men were moving.

The lieutenant decided that it was impossible to carry the heavy bomb to the bridge, so he returned and found another point of attack, a low brickwork support of the line, built over a small hollow. Here he placed his bomb, and set the time-fuse, but in doing so he was heard by the three soldiers he had seen. They were only 150 yards away, and they gave chase. But his bomb was planted, and he could afford to run now. He fired his revolver to check the pursuit, but failed to hit the enemy; so away he raced. He could not go by the way he had come, but made a dash for the sea at the nearest point, and after a mad race he succeeded in reaching the water. As he plunged in he heard the roar of the bomb, which hurled pieces into the water over a mile away.

Five hundred yards to sea he swam, then he blew a long blast on the whistle to call friends to his aid. But they were in a small bay and did not hear. Day was breaking rapidly, so he swam back to land, rested a while, then set out to swim to the bay. It was a long, long pull, but at last he rounded the point of the bay. He whistled again. This time shouts came from the cliffs, and enemy rifle-shots rang out, directed at the submarine there.

When excitement and hope were at their height, he saw what appeared to be three armed rowing boats advancing. Once more he swam back to the shore and hid and watched. And what do you think the three boats were? The three were one, the faithful little submarine, backing stern first out of the misty bay. He realized his mistake, whistled afresh, and plunged in. The boat came up just in time to save him, for his tremendous exertions had exhausted him.

An Appropriate Dream

A poor working man told his wife, on awakening one morning, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming towards him four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the last rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what evil might follow, as he had understood that to dream of rats denoted calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house you go to so often, the two lean rats are my mother and me, and the blind rat, father, is your self."

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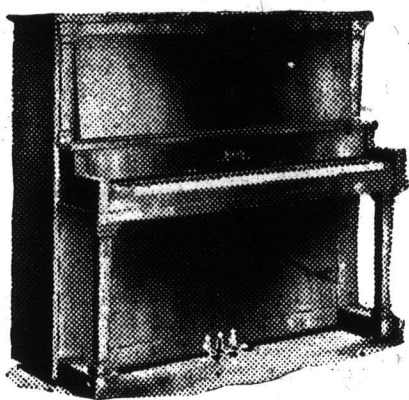
In order to concentrate our capital and energies on the manufacturing end of the business, we are retiring from the retail trade.

That's the whole story—only to add that as the lease on our present showrooms expires on April 30th, the disposition of our extensive high-grade stock must be made in extra quick fashion. Doherty Pianos are too well-known the country over to require any elaboration at this time. Under ordinary conditions they have sold readily at their standard prices. But we are facing extraordinary conditions—and we meet them with phenomenal prices.

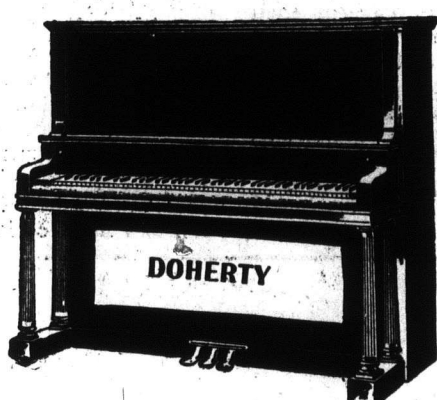
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We will still maintain an office and staff to look after those with payments to make from the sales of the past few years. We make this intimation to assure our patrons, past and prospective, that they can rely on as close attention to their requirements as if our showrooms were wide open as usual. Our different previous sales in Winnipeg have always meant much in a value-getting way for our customers—but this, the last, will be the best.

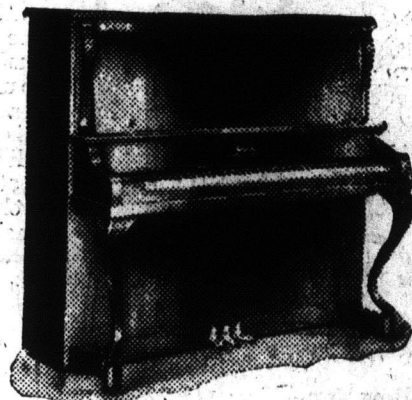
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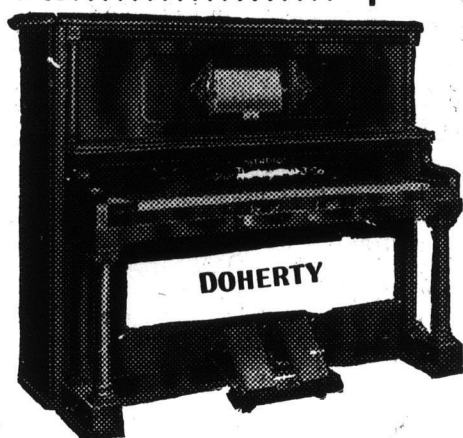
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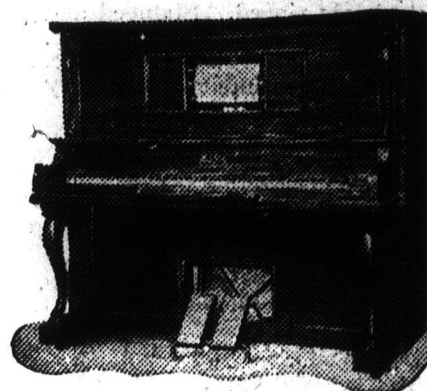


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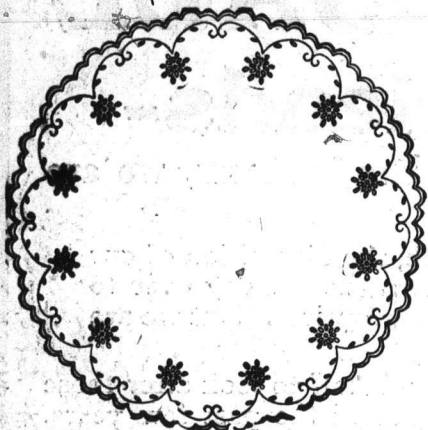
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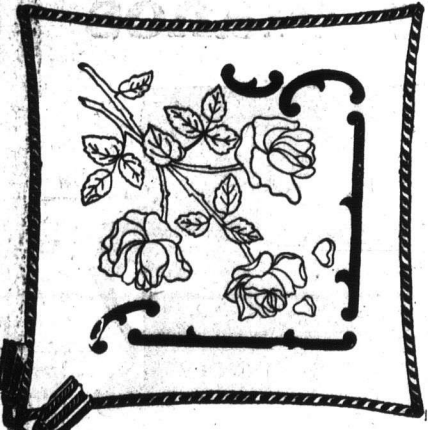
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0336—Pillow Top—Size: 22 x 22 inches. A handsome pillow top in the ever popular and much loved rose design, to be embroidered in solid embroidery stitch. The leaves, if preferred, need not be filled in solid, but simply tipped. Stamped and tinted in colors on Aberdeen crash, 30c. Art cloth back, 15c. Pillow Girde 35c. Perforated pattern, including all necessary stamping materials, 15c.



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Household Hints

Vegetarianism is Coming into Favor.

Veal and pork are the most indigestible of the meats, requiring five hours for perfect digestion. It is, always a question whether or not man, either in idleness or occupation, can afford to tax his digestive organs for five hours, to digest that from which he receives at the end very little income. For this reason beef and mutton have grown to be the most popular meats; the after-taste of the digestive organs is by them satisfied more quickly. After half a pound of rump steak the man feels—in fact, he "knows that he has dined;" and it is this that causes the craze in favor of flesh eating. The thinking man, however, knows that a bowl of porridge, with half a pint of milk, fits him better for his morning's work than white bread and beef. Vegetarianism is coming into favor—not as a matter of religious belief, nor for economy's sake, but from convictions of an entirely different character.

The laboring classes can, without inconvenience, eat a much larger quantity of meat than the affluent and less busily occupied. In constant labor the former consume more of the iron work in daily wear and tear than the man in idleness, but if one watches carefully he finds that the wealthy man will take meat three times a day, while the poor man is satisfied with a slice for dinner.

Fish may take the place of meat, although red fish is more difficult of digestion. Salmon approaches meat more nearly than any other fish. Many of the white fish, in a mixed diet, occupy important places. The fibre being more dense than that of meat requires more thorough mastication. Fish is indigest-

the cheap cuts may be utilized in this way.

The meat from the neck is more nutritious than that from any portion of the carcass; it is rather tough and for this reason is used simply as mince meat by many. However, it is excellent eating when properly cooked as stew beef, soup meat or pot roast; it requires long cooking over a moderate heat. If a pot roast is desired remove broth from kettle when meat is tender and add butter to meat and allow meat to brown nicely on all sides, turning it often until done; then remove to a warm platter, add the broth to the fryings in the kettle and make a nice gravy by thickening it with a little flour mixed smooth with water. The neck cuts may be made to serve for two dishes by cutting off the thick portions of meat, grinding in the meat cutter and forming into balls for frying and stewing the bony pieces for soup stock.

Tongue may be stewed very tender, sliced warm and served with its own gravy or sliced cold and the broth used for making soup; it is also nice potted by being stewed until very tender, minced fine, adding four ounces butter to each pound of tongue and seasoning with salt, pepper, a little cloves and allspice, then pressing it firmly in a jar or dish and pouring a little melted butter over. This is nice sliced cold for lunch.

Roast beef heart is a nice change. Cut the heart in two, wash, take out the strings, rub with sufficient salt and pepper to season, fill with stuffing of bread and a bit of onion or sage, put the heart together so it will hold stuffing and tie firmly with cord, place in roasting pan with hot water to baste and roast one and a half hours; when done make a nice gravy with liquor in pan. If any is left chop fine, stew, make gravy and pour over buttered slices of toast.

Beef liver is good fried or baked. Do not slice for roasting; leave in a large piece, season, lay a few slices pork or bacon in to make it rich, add a few slices of onion if liked, add hot water and roast till tender.

Meat stew may be made from odd bits of beef or from any of the cheap cuts, ribs, etc.; stew until tender, then add raw potatoes, cut in small pieces, onions if liked, or other vegetables, or instead of a vegetable stew a good pot pie may be made.

Left over pieces of cold beef makes an appetizing meat pie; chop, line a dish with biscuit dough, add meat and cold potato, chopped if liked, add gravy or milk, season, cover with biscuit dough and bake until nicely done and brown.—Mrs. Cora Belle Williams, Ohio.

Thorough Cooking of Meat is Essential.

Overdone meats are robbed of their nourishment and ease of digestion; underdone or raw meats are dangerous. The germs of disease usually found in meats are not easily killed below a temperature of 212 deg. Fahrenheit—the boiling point of water. Pork is the source of trichina; for this reason it should be cooked thoroughly. Raw ham is most dangerous, though, perhaps, not so indigestible as when it is cooked thoroughly, but we had better spend more time in digesting it than to run the risk of a deadly poison. Hogs are almost always fattened so as to be actually diseased before killing, and we find here also a common source of tuberculosis; it is also generally believed that pork eating is a common source of scrofula. Persons who indulge freely in pork have very unhealthy, rough and easily-irritated skins. Veal (equally indigestible with pork) may not contain the dangerous germs of the mature ox; the fibre, however, is dense and difficult of digestion. Unless it be thoroughly boiled and chopped rather fine it had better not be eaten at all. It should never, under any circumstances, be given to children.

Cooking Cheaper Cuts of Beef

Many a savory dish may be prepared from cheap cuts if they are carefully cooked and seasoned. Flank of beef is deemed undesirable by many, but it is very good prepared in the following manner:

Take a flank piece weighing three or four pounds, wash clean, roll it up firmly and wrap securely with cord to keep roll in shape; then place in a kettle with water to cover, add salt to season not too salty, bring to a boil, remove scum and boil gently until very tender, remove to a platter; put some butter or fat from the cooking of the meat in a skillet, lay the meat in it and brown on top of stove or roast in oven till brown on all sides, then take it out, add the broth from the kettle and thicken with flour as usual. Or the roll may be set away to cool for slicing cold and the broth used for making soup with the addition of noodles or rice and potatoes. If served cold do not remove the cord until meat is cold, then slice thin and serve with mustard or catsup.

Flank also makes good pressed meat if boiled very tender; pick it into bits, season with salt, pepper and allspice, put into a dish and put on a heavy weight. This makes nice sandwiches or is nice served with mashed potatoes. Any of

A tasty jellied oatmeal may be made by cooking the oatmeal with an additional cup or cup and a half of water, and when done turning into cups to mold. Serve with hot cream.

Poultry Chat

H. E. Vialoux

DURING the gay and festive season of the bonspiel in Winnipeg, two splendid exhibitions were held—the big annual poultry show at the Industrial Bureau and the unique show, of a magnificent herd of ostriches at Eaton's, that had come from the Panama Exposition. During the same convention week, a "poultry congress" was held for 3 days at the Manitoba Agricultural College, where poultry experts from both east and west, lectured on timely poultry topics to a great many interested farmers and poultry raisers.



A 1st prize barred cockerel at the Winnipeg Poultry Show, Feb., 1916

Prof. Baker, of Saskatoon, gave the opening address, on "Some Poultry Problems," the keeping of profitable utility birds of a good bred-to-lay strain was urged rather than investing in show birds of fine type and feather, but uncertain egg production. J. E. Burgey, of the M. A. C. followed with an excellent talk upon "Poultry Farms," their success and failure. He considered good management the keynote of success in chicken farming; choosing a poor locality and lack of a good experience in poultry raising, were common causes of failure. The speaker considered Manitoba offered many facilities for success in poultry. A good market could be secured for broilers, roasters and fresh eggs. In an interesting way, John Guest, manager of the T. Eaton Co.'s meat department, Winnipeg, traced the growth of the industry of buying market poultry for the past nine years from farmers in the country. Many changes had come about and great improvement in dressed birds was noticed, especially since the city had altered the bylaw, which had demanded only drawn birds were to be exposed for sale. The day of dark colored, scalded poultry was past, and farmers were fattening and finishing their stock better, thanks to Professor Herner and his department. There is need, however, of much missionary work yet among the growers, too many poorly fleshed birds flood the market in early winter.

The egg marketing problem was the subject discoursed upon by Messrs. Hare and Allen, Dominion Poultry Department, Ottawa. It is interesting to hear that Canada which was importing eggs in 1913, now has enough eggs for home consumption and exported several million dozen in 1915. This present time, when Great Britain has many sources of her supply cut off, will prove a golden opportunity for Canada in advancing her egg trade, providing a gilt-edge article is exported to England and inferior eggs kept at home. Canadian eggs now stand fourth on the list in the English market, Danish first, then Dutch and Irish, then Canadian. The Canadian eggs sell for 4 cents per dozen more than the American egg at present. Mr. Allen is in this province organizing co-operative poultry and egg associations. Egg circles will be formed in several centres and better prices will be realized by the producer of a strictly first class article. "Great success had attended the co-operative fattening of poultry at the college this winter," said Professor

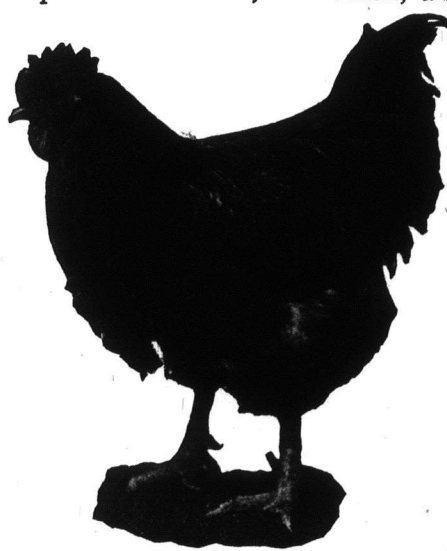
Herner, who told of the working of the scheme. Sixteen hundred birds of the heavier breeds had been sent in by farmers to be fattened for 3 weeks at the college. These sold from 16 cents to 25 cents per lb. when dressed. The professor also stated later on egg circles and co-operative fattening stations could be linked up and the stations which should handle 3,000 birds could secure feed grains direct from the farmer. The cost of handling birds runs to 12 and 15 cents each, feed costing 7 to 10 cents per head.

This is all good news to both the producer and consumer and surely the time is coming for systematic handling of both dressed poultry and eggs. The statistics of Canadian eggs, the kind used for home consumption, is not pleasant reading, 33 per cent are fresh, 40 per cent slightly stale, 17 per cent very stale, 5 per cent broken and 5 per cent bad. These figures were given by Messrs. Hare and Allen at the congress.

The annual poultry show took place from Feb. 15th to 19th in the Central Farmers' Market. Over 1,000 birds of most aristocratic connection and pure lineage were exhibited and how proud and grand they looked in all their fine feathers.

The show was a splendid success from every point of view with an attendance very gratifying to the hard-working officers of the association. Such magnificent birds, some of the finest ever shown in Winnipeg, were well worth a visit to the show. One pleasing feature to western people was that the greater number of the prize winners were reared in this country, showing that our rigorous climate is no hindrance to the growth of fine stock. The largest exhibit was in the Buff Orpington class, 130 birds, chiefly shown by Winnipeg fanciers and such beauties they were. F. J. G. McArthur won any number of prizes and honors with his splendid Buffs, headed by his champion cock whose photo is here pictured.

Mrs. Cooper, of Treesbank, was on hand with a grand string of Barred Rocks, and also won many prizes. This lady, whose fame as a breeder of high class "Bred-to-lay Barred Rocks," has extended far and wide throughout the western provinces has been breeding up "The Busy Bee" strain of Rocks for 15 years and has reason to be justly proud of her success. Mrs. Cooper follows nature very closely in breeding and clings to the use of the old hen for hatching when possible and has at the four shows at which she has exhibited this past winter won about 35 prizes. Geo. Wood, of Holland, also



A valuable Orpington that has won many first prizes during the past year. Property of Ex-Controller McArthur of Winnipeg

showed some grand birds in this class, winning a number of prizes.

The dainty little white Leghorn was a very large exhibit and seems a prime favorite.

The snowy white Wyandottes made a pretty picture. I never saw such fine ones before, extra large for that breed, one hen weighed no less than 15 lbs. in the exhibit shown. All the other breeds were well represented, including water-fowl, dear little Bantams and pigeons by the dozen.

The dressed fowl were a fine exhibit, showing that a wider knowledge of killing and dressing chickens correctly is



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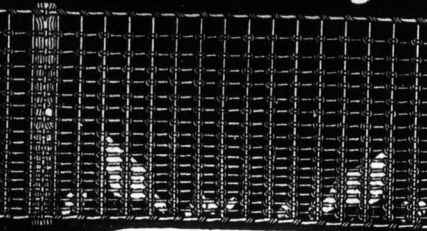
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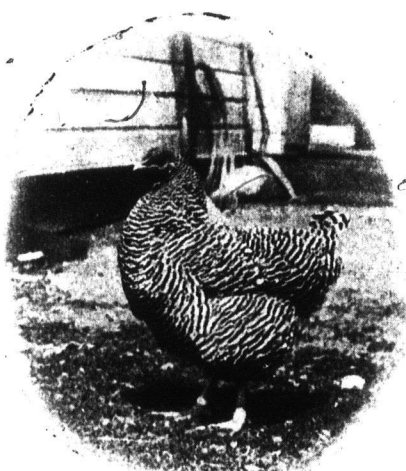
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being taught. Tempting plates of new-laid eggs were displayed in competition. It is curious to note the different shades in color in eggs, from white to deep brown, prizes were given for best weight, color and shape. All the eggs laid during show week were sent to the Soldiers' Convalescent Home, a dainty breakfast for returned soldier boys. The big auction sale of pure bred birds at the close of the show was an interesting feature. Each exhibitor donated one or more birds to be thus sold for the Returned Soldiers' Association. Premier Norris opened the sale, buying a fine Orpington at a fancy figure. Rumor hath it, he named him "Robinson" because he "crew so." Prices ran from \$5 to \$30 and the Returned Soldiers' Association benefited to the extent of a cheque for \$250 after the sale. 'Twas a splendid idea.

The T. Eaton Co. donated 2 ostrich eggs, laid during the ostrich show. These were knocked down to Mayor Vaughn, who had the names of the donors of auctioned fowl inscribed upon the mammoth eggs which he gave to the Returned Soldiers' Association as a souvenir to be placed in the club rooms.

The other big show at Eaton's, the magnificent herd of 28 ostriches drew such crowds daily, men and women and kiddies by the thousands came to gaze at these strange creatures, whose owner had brought them from the Panama Exposition. Some of the monster birds stood 8 to 10 feet high. Eggs were on view and an incubator filled set for hatching, as well as chickens of various ages. The ostrich is plucked the first time at 6 months of age and afterwards should be plucked every 8 months. These birds on exhibition were valued at \$40,000.

My space is nearly filled, but I must keep to my promise in regard to the rearing of chicks to get back to domestic fowl. After the chicks are nest ripened, that is kept in the nest 24 hours, move them to a clear, roomy coop without any floor placed on the green sward, or in early spring, put the coop over fine litter in which the chicks will delight to scratch and delve for their feed, of course, the hard boiled eggs and bread crumbs makes a fine feed for the little chicks, but, I find good chick food can be given from the first day of feeding, quite safely. I take the mother hen aside, when moving to the coop, and



A 1st prize barred hen at the Winnipeg Poultry Show, 1916

give her all she will eat of wheat and a drink. The poor thing is always hungry, ravenous, in fact. Then when satisfied she will carefully brood her family. They need little food the first day in the coop, afterwards five small feeds is ample. Cracked wheat or corn is good after a few days, also rolled oats now and again. Never feed anything damp or sloppy or sour. Curds made from milk are better than any meat for chickens. When the little chaps have a run on the grass, where they snap up insects, they grow like weeds and keep well. Lettuce or other green foods are relished if chicks are kept on bare ground. Grit and water are needed and the mother hens should be dusted with insect powder once a week. When two weeks old, I prefer to let the good dame go in and out at will; fastening her in the coop at night, however, safe from rats or other marauders.

(Next month I will include the rearing of chicks.)

How I Care for My Turkeys

By Mrs. H. E. Jackson.

I have been raising turkeys for 15 years and have had what I call good luck every year.

I am now going to give you my plan for raising turkeys. One important object is to always get the eggs while fresh. I have gone as many as three times a day to get the eggs before they have chilled. Always keep the eggs in a warm place and turn them every evening.

When the litter is laid and the hens get broody and want to set I then fix them a nest near the house, generally a barrel turned down on the side with wire across the top to hold it steady, and then I make a large nest of straw inside. I say large because I raise large turkeys, the Mammoth Bronze.

I then go to the old nest and get the turkey and place her in the barrel on three or four hen eggs for the night, so she will shape the nest.

Then next morning I remove the hen eggs and place 18 turkey eggs under her. Then I put the end gate of husband's cotton frame at the end of the barrel so nothing can disturb her. I keep her thus for about two days and then let her out at her will. They will hardly ever go back to their old nest more than once, sometimes not at all.

I do not bother any further than to water and feed the old hen, when she comes off, until about the 27th or 28th day I look to see what is there.

During the day I make them a pen of the cotton frames in a nice grassy place, being sure that no place is left large enough for a little turkey to get out. Fixing a shelter for them at one end now I take them off and put them in the pen, which I have prepared, and feed and water them. The first food I give them is corn bread dampened a little and some black pepper sprinkled over it.

From that day on I feed them as much as they can get, four times a day, of corn bread and tender onion blades, chopped fine. I never give a turkey raw dough.

I often let them eat from my hand, as they like it better. They are unlike chickens—they always want clean food and water.

About the 10th day, if weather is good, I turn them out for the first time. The old turkey will not go far the first day, but wander about for a while and then come back to her pen. The next morning when the dew has dried away I turn her out.

For a few nights I always see that she is at home. Now I consider my trouble is over, for the old hen will do the rest.

I put them in the poultry yard every night. After they "show the red" I give them corn or chops. I break up all the pieces of crockery for them, letting them pick them up at will. I raise a fair percent of what I hatch. They generally hatch about the first of June. Early in the fall I begin to feed them new corn, milk, vegetables and other fattening foods.

As soon as they begin to climb upon their pen to roost I know they want to go higher, so I fix them a way up to the roost. My work is now finished until time to catch them for market.

I never sell my turkeys locally. I either get a friend in a city to sell them for me or ship to a reliable commission merchant. I get the top of the market prices for them. I make two shipments, Thanksgiving and Christmas. The checks I receive in return make me wish there was a Christmas or Thanksgiving in every month and turkey-raising season lasted all the year.

In my 15 years' experience I have never lost one, only by accident. I have never had one to drop and die.

I may not have used good English, but I have told you "how to care for turkeys."

Old Grouch: "It's no use whining to me: I can see through you."

Beggar: "So yer ought, mister, when I ain't had 'nuff t' eat fer a week."—Boston Transcript.

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His Face Was Covered With Pimples.

Pimples are not a serious trouble, but they are very unsightly.

Pimples are caused wholly by bad blood, and to get rid of them it is necessary to purify the blood of all its impurities.

Burdock Blood Bitters has made many remarkable cures; the pimples have all disappeared, and a bright, clean, complexion left behind.

Mr. Lennox D. Cooke, Indian Path, N.S., writes: "I am writing you a few lines to tell you what Burdock Blood Bitters has done for me. Last winter my face was covered with pimples. I tried different kinds of medicine, and all seemed to fail. I was one day to a friend's house, and there they advised me to use B.B.B., so I purchased two bottles, and before I had them taken I found I was getting better. I got two more, and when they were finished I was completely cured. I find it is a great blood purifier, and I recommend it to all."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for the past forty years, and is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

Sleep, the uncomfortable bird that broods over the troubled sea of infants, whose mothers and fathers refuse to learn or to do what is best for them, is the most conciliatory of all the much courted physical debutantes.

This strange state of being, senseless to feel and with sealed eyes to see, hovers like angels around a baby's head, yet faulty food, irregular feeding, home remedies, soothing syrups, rocking, bouncing, walking the floor, and showing a child off to relatives and visitors, all make for such a disturbance of nature's own rhythm, that the gentle thing disappears and the monster, sleeplessness, takes its place.

Infants should always sleep alone, and in a crib. Not only does this calm their daylight spirit and ruffled nature, but it obviates the chance of bad habits, such as rocking, contact with others, contagious diseases and similar things. Systematic regularity of the child's bed-time; feeding at the precise turn of the clock's hands; absolute quiet between times, and exact moments for the youngster's toilet.

If the baby is very young, it should be prepared for a full night's sleep at 5.30, before every feeding. If it has had a full morning bath, a thorough sponge and wash may be given it and all its linens changed. Then it is fed or nursed and put to bed.

At ten o'clock at night, or according to the age of the infant, it should be again fed, after which the child should sleep until six or seven a.m.

Most infants, unless their power of sleeping has been interfered with by parents, relatives, or faulty foods, will sleep all night. Contrary to most notions about babies, darkness and quiet at night are conducive to sleep. If the waiting and crying of a well child is not catered to, if the healthy infant is not taken up to feel the warm flesh of the mother or nurse, it soon acquires the ability to make the best of its uncomfortable situation and falls soundly asleep.

It is no uncommon experience to find babies of ten and eleven months in well-trained homes, so thoroughly established in its nocturnal habits that it sleeps from early evening until six or seven in the morning. Indeed, it is a reflection upon the knowledge, the will and the energy of the mother and guardians.

It is considered best to have infants sleep after the morning bath and the ten a.m. feeding. This time should be set aside for sleeping. The crib should be fresh and clean, the room, previously well aired, now dark and as quiet as night. Begun at birth and steadily continued, it will be found that the little bambino, if correctly fed, will sleep three hours.

There is no more certain antidote to irritability, muscular restlessness, twitchings, crossness and other so-called nervousness in children, than regular hours of sleep. To blame a child of such temperament upon "inheritance" or similar hazy causes, when the origin lies as close at hand as lack of food or lack of sleep, is to lose the best means to cure.

Insomnia in a baby is a vicious circle. Not only does ill health sometimes produce it, but once present it is responsible for many physical and mental ailments. Given a mother, who watches over her infant's every move; who seeks the newest knowledge; who provides the proper food, a comfortable bed and a room that is dark and quiet, then there will be babies that sleep as they should.

Next to noise, a light in a room is one of the worst enemies to the god Morpheus. The closed eyelids do not sufficiently protect the eyes from light. If one is left burning in the room, it will either keep the little one dreamy, restless and a bed-tosser, or the youngster will unconsciously depend upon it, and awaken when the light is dim and low or out.

Furthermore, this very fact is manifest in a disagreeable way in the wee small hours in the summer. The dawn breaks often as early as four o'clock. Unless the curtains are drawn, the blinds down, and the room darkened, either the morning light awakes the little one, or it starts some pestiferous, lonesome fly to buzzing and thus startles the child from its much-needed sleep.

In homes, where paterfamilias or mother must arise early, even in the winter, to make a fire or cook breakfast, each tiny light or creaky floor is exaggerated almost into volcanic eruptions. The much-lamented "my baby wakes up every

For Swollen Veins



That Absorbine, Jr., would relieve Varicose Veins was discovered by an old gentleman who had suffered with swollen veins for nearly fifty years. He had made many unsuccessful efforts to get relief and finally tried Absorbine, Jr., knowing its value in reducing swellings, aches, pains and soreness.

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600,000

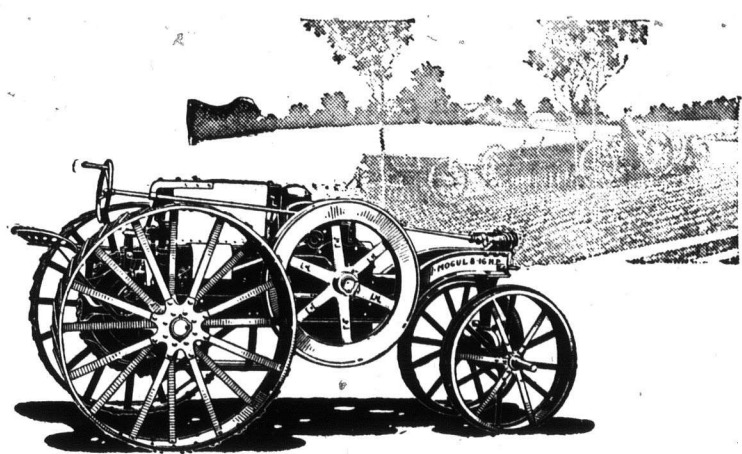
Seedlings and Cuttings for Sale

this spring, and in order to encourage apple growing I will give away free this spring 1,000 Hibernal Apple and 1,000 Transcendent Crab Grafts. These are grafts and should grow two feet this season. I will also give away free 500 Iris, one of our most beautiful and hardy perennials. My price for Willow cuttings is \$4.50 per 1,000; \$8.00 for 10,000, express prepaid on all orders of \$3.00 and over.

I have a fine stock of trees, shrubs and fruits. Anything that is not satisfactory may be returned at once and I will refund the money. My prices are 35% less than agents' prices. Send me your address and I will send you my price list with full printed instructions.

John Caldwell Est. 24 Years Virden, Man.

Mogul 8-16--An Everyday Tractor



Last season eighteen Mogul 8-16 kerosene tractors went into one neighborhood. Sometime later we made a thorough canvass of the owners to find out what kinds of work they were using their tractors for, and to get figures on the comparative cost of kerosene and horses as farm power producers.

You will be interested in the report of that canvass. Those eighteen farmers, among them, had used the Mogul 8-16 for every kind of farm work they had ever used horses for, except cultivating a growing crop. That proves the everyday usefulness of the Mogul 8-16.

The report on comparative costs showed the net profits of every farm increased by the use of Mogul 8-16. The little kerosene tractor did its work cheaper than the best records of gasoline tractors, and at much less cost than horses.

The big advantage of Mogul 8-16 is that it uses low grade, low priced, kerosene, benzine, naphtha, or motor spirits for fuel. The farmer who owns a Mogul 8-16 is always sure of a plentiful supply of low priced fuel. Because of this feature, and because of its general usefulness on small and large farms, Mogul 8-16 is selling fast in Canada.

A line to the nearest branch house will bring you full information. Write for it now and have your tractor for the spring work.



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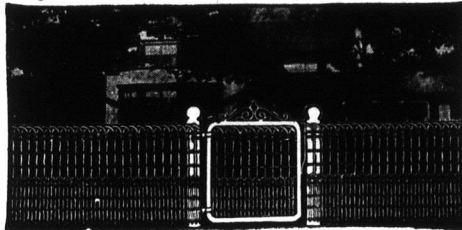
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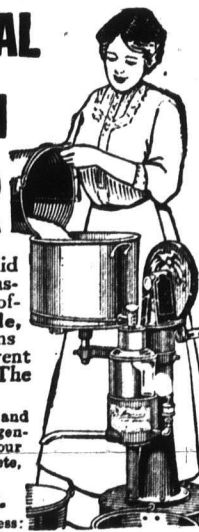
is made of strong, stiff, galvanized wire that will not sag. In addition to galvanizing, every strand is given a coating of zinc enamel paint, thus forming the best possible insurance against rust. Peerless Ornamental Fence is made in several styles. It's easy to erect and holds its shape for years.



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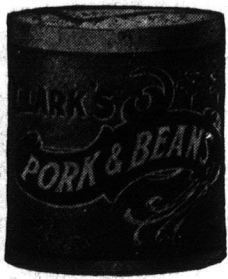
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are trust-worthy. They are clean, vigorous, selected seeds, true to type, sure to grow. What's the use of taking chances, when by simply insisting on Ewing's you can get seeds that are sure to turn out satisfactory? Your dealer should have Ewing's Seeds. If he hasn't, write for our illustrated catalogue and order 39 from us direct.

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morning at six o'clock, and will not go to sleep again," is thus unhappily explained. Once such an iniquitous habit is initiated, it will be the devil to check.

"Putting" a baby to sleep is an abomination. There is no such thing as "putting" a baby to sleep in well regulated families, where mothers read, study and learn, and refuse to be cajoled by grannies, aunts and neighbors who "know more than all the books and doctors" about babies.

Correctly reared, a child will fall asleep, if left alone in its crib, in a dark room, where all the air a solemn stillness holds. Bouncing, rocking, lullabying, lighting and walking a babe is "putting" it to sleep. In other words, it is the foundation of a need for a particular set of tissues to be moved before the sandman is willing to weigh down with his weighty bags, the eyelids that must steal together upon the eyeballs.

Is The Child A Member Of Society?

The ignorance, stupidity, and hysterical temperament of the father and mother descend with compound interest upon the child. Small minded slave-men, who are, through their own mediocre lives, deprived of all authority, command and power in the world outside their own front doors, rail, rant, browbeat, bulldoze, threaten and thrash the children of their own household, often merely because they have the parental right to do so. All of which gives rise to the query: "When is a child not a child?"

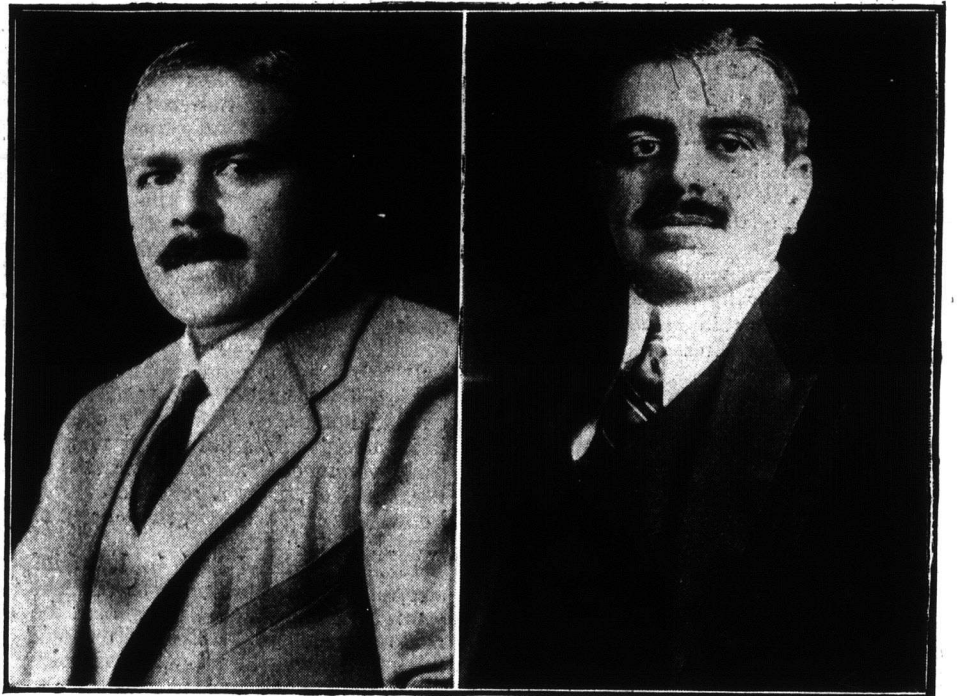
Usually, there are other symbols and cross-road marks that show the child deserves admission into the star-chamber of adult punishments, rather than of infantile ones. Babies of two and three occasionally indicate that they can be made to obey as well, if not more so, by rewards and evidences of approval by non-physical insults, instead of the rod and whip, as punishments.

One little boy of two years exhibits his capacity to be a social mason in this fashion. When he begins to cry for or to have his way about something, he is told: "Stop your crying; it will get you nothing," or "You may cry all you want. It will do you no good." He now understands this, and ceases to cry. His tears failed to bring the results expected.

When he spills buttons or candies or other small objects over the floor, he is told to pick them up. At first, he spontaneously developed an obstreperous "I won't." When deprived, however, of some pleasure or given a cookie, he acquired the knack of picking things up. Now without rewards, he offers to pick up anything dropped by anyone. Such a child may be said to be more than a society prospect.

In other words, when a child has an understanding and appreciation of a deal, an exchange, a bargain, and covenant of agreement, it may be said to be psychologically a constituent of a circle wider than the hearth.

Contrary to the belief of many "authorities" on child study, children that are



From the Himalayas to Cape Comerin, messages of loyalty and proffers of assistance have been pouring in on the Viceroy of India. These letters and messages came from princes representing millions of Indian natives. Millions of dollars were sent by these princes to help swell the British exchequer. Great Britain accepted the Indian offer because it could not be refused. To have declined it would have been in the circumstances an error of sentiment and statesmanship that would have chilled and humiliated every Indian under British rule. On the left is the Rajah of Pudukota, who offered all his possessions to King George for the war, and returned to India to raise a regiment of his subjects. On the right is His Highness the Agha Khan, whose great loyalty to the King is well known. He offered his services in the war in any capacity. The influence of His Highness extends, it is said, over 50,000,000 people.

"When does it have rights beyond its blind duty to a useful opinionated parent?" "When is it a full fledged member of society?"

The solution of these questions depends upon several things. There are so many fathers and mothers incapable of inspiring love, respect and reason in their own children, that the latter at times never became physically, morally and intellectually a part of the social fabric.

"I have my own opinion about rearing a family," said a father recently, who was rebuked by me for his illogical, almost criminal habit of horse-whipping two fourteen and fifteen year old daughters—obedient, docile, lovely girls.

The answer to such imbecile remarks is the definition which fits most opinions: "An opinion is a theory held by fools, who willfully ignore the facts of nature and the light of reason."

A child is a member of society in good standing at any age that it exhibits the power to appreciate the wiser, for the worse way. When a child realizes that it accidentally knows a truth that its parents do not know, and can light heartedly, without any sense of superiority, say so in a home, where the parents are big enough to learn from the child without a sense of sacrifice of false pride, authority and dignity, the child is a qualified member of society, and the parents socially above such parents as fear to learn from or be corrected by a child.

natural imitators and followers of adults are the exceptions and not the rule. Infants of one and two weeks of age learn by sensations of comfort and discomfort, just as older ones and even adults, learn by pleasure and pain, success and failure.

The baby that cries and is picked up, thereafter cries to be picked up, because she has been thus taught that a pleasant warmth follows her wailing. The child that kicks and stamps and thus effects its purpose, because the Bryan-like errors of its parents demands "peace at any price," unconsciously appreciates the lesson and thenceforth belligerently gets what it wants by warring on peace.

Plainly, from all this, some children are born "in society," others thrust themselves into it, others again have society thrust upon them, and no man can say when a child is not the equal of its parents. Thus nature, exerting an unwearied power, forms, opens and gives scent to every flower; spreads the fresh verdure of the field and leads the dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Pamplee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and cathartics are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

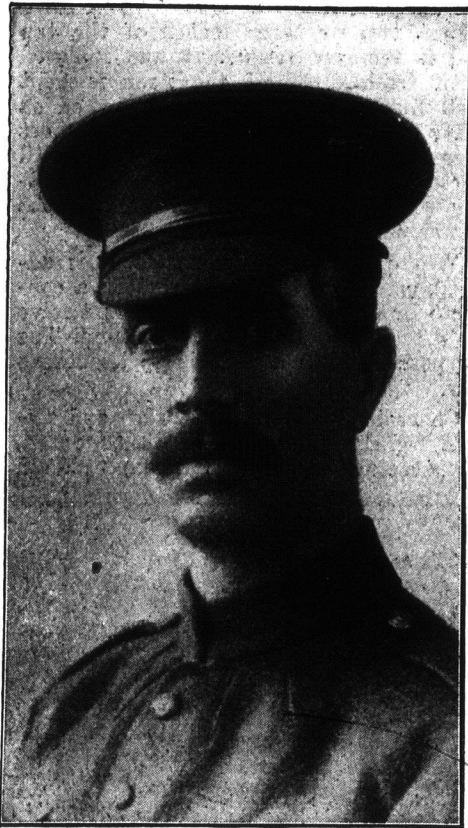
About the Farm

Cow Gives Nine Quarts Daily

Fifteen years ago an assistant in the dairy department of the University of Missouri began to keep record of the milk and butter production of a small Jersey cow. This assistant has gone and others have come and gone, but the Jersey cow is still on the job. In 15 years she has produced 108,968 pounds of milk and 5,000 pounds of butter fat, or 5,833 pounds of butter. Her best year's record was 13,322 pounds of milk and 730 pounds of butter.

During the 15 years this cow, Grace Briggs, has given birth to 12 calves. Her last calf sold for \$300, and the average for the 12 is about \$200. About \$2,400 was obtained from the sale of all the calves. Figuring the entire milk production for 15 years at eight cents a quart, the total would be \$4,358.72. The approximate cost of keeping her was \$50 a year, or a total of \$750.

The average daily production of milk for the 15 years was a little more than nine quarts. During her best year she produced a little more than 18 quarts a day. If the butter was sold instead of the milk, at the price of 35 cents a pound, the total for the butter production from Grace Briggs would be \$2,041.55.



A Patriot

Private Henry Drysdale, a successful farmer of Pine View, Man., and police magistrate in that district for several years is now to be found in the ranks of the 144th. Mr. Drysdale is not unknown to many of the readers of this magazine, for he has been one of our very progressive agents. He is a Scot, with all the fighting instinct of his race, and has two sons now on active service. James J. in the trenches in France with the 43rd and Henry W. with the 108th. Mr. Drysdale's farm, at Pine View is a model stock one, and for eight years he has done well with it on the English system of farming.

Advantages of a Clean Stable

One can not produce clean milk in a poorly lighted, poorly ventilated, filthy stable where the milk is exposed to all sorts of noxious odors. Furthermore, one can not lawfully sell milk produced under unsanitary conditions or manufacture it into butter and sell it as an article of food. But even from the standpoint of economy in managing a dairy herd it pays to have the stable clean and wholesome. The following points should be considered in building a new barn or in remodeling an old one, according to the Wisconsin State Dairy and Food Commissioner:

1. Keep the barn clean, well ventilated, well lighted, and free from dust.
2. Whitewash the barn at least once a year. It will add to its appearance, increase its value, lighten the dark corners, and make it more sanitary.
3. It is desirable to have dairy cattle in a barn by themselves. The odor from horse stalls, filthy calf pens, or

hog pens is objectionable, because it will taint the milk when it is drawn.

4. When constructing a new barn, or if the old one is remodeled, see that the walls are smooth and that the ceiling is tight. The floor and the base of the walls should be constructed of cement in order that the liquid manure may be saved and removed.

5. Give the cow a chance to keep clean. She can not do it if the stall is too long or too short or not high enough. Cow stalls should be so constructed that the cows will lie with their heads in the manger, otherwise they will be compelled to step backward before lying down, in which case they have no chance to keep clean. A large gutter and adjustable stalls that line all the cows up to the gutter are important factors in keeping the cows and floor clean.

6. An abundance of bedding in the cow stalls makes for clean milk, clean, contented cows, clean floors, and the saving of the liquid manure. If bedding or other absorbents are placed in the empty gutter, the liquid manure will be absorbed and held at the bottom. To some extent that practice prevents the cows from soiling themselves.

7. The manure should be removed daily and the manger kept clean. Cobwebs should be swept down and be-spattered walls washed.

8. Manure should not be placed against the barn or where the cows will be compelled to wade through it in going to and from the barn.

9. Even when the cows live out of doors in summer and are in the barn only at milking time, failure to clean the floor and gutter regularly will result in foul odors.

10. During the summer months cows should not be kept in the barnyard over night. They should have a clean place to lie.

Raise Things

If we agree that blood is the basis of all profitable animal husbandry then the logical thing to do is to use that blood for the purpose of producing our stock. There are several ways of doing this, but the cheapest and the easiest way is to buy and use pure-bred sires of the same breed generation after generation. This is not an expensive process of improvement. A pure-bred sire bought when young will often sell for enough at maturity to return his purchase price. If he does not his progeny have returned it long before his usefulness in the herd or flock ceases. If anyone doubts this let him try to buy, for the feed-lot, for the dairy or for market, stock which shows breeding and stock which fails to show it. Now and then somebody bobs up and tells us how much money he has made handling "common" stock. Note that he "handles" it, does not raise it. And he makes money on it because he can buy it cheap. The man who raises it loses money on it because he must sell it cheap. Let us raise the kind that excites competition among buyers, for which they are able and willing to pay a decent price. The other kind may profit somebody, but not the man who raises them.

Oats as a Green Food

Sprouted oats are considered by almost all poultrymen to be the best green food that can be produced during the winter season. It is a most excellent egg producer and the fowls are very fond of it. The cost is small for a bushel of oats when sprouted will make about four, thus making the cost at about ten cents per bushel of feed.

It is not necessary to have an oats sprouter as they can be sprouted any place where there is enough warmth. A cellar will answer the purpose very well although they should have a little light or sunshine as this causes them to be greener. In preparing them take a quantity and soak for twelve hours in water that is slightly warm. Then pour off the water and place in trays or boxes which have holes in the bottom of them so as to let the water drain off. Then water the oats with a sprinkling

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If ordered together we send both machines for only \$13.90 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Five year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural color showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of \$13.90 is for both Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time. Write us today. Don't delay.

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A copy will be sent to you free of charge, immediately upon receipt of coupon below.

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can night and morning but stir them with a stick or hand before watering. As soon as they begin to sprout they should be spread out in boxes to a thickness of about an inch. Then continue to water the same as before but do not stir after they begin to sprout. They should be up two or three inches before being fed which requires about ten days or two weeks according to the warmth of the place where they were kept. A block about three or four inches square will answer very well for a pen of ten fowls. This can also be fed to young chicks but should be fed at the time when the oats are just beginning to sprout, or they should be cut fine. After a few days use one should be able to tell when to start a new amount so as to have some for each day's feed. O. M. A.

Feeding for Eggs

Supply Substitute for Foods Available in Summer

"The whole philosophy of successful feeding for eggs," says William A. Lippincott, professor of poultry husbandry in the Kansas State Agricultural College, "consists in the substitution of something which will take the place of the bugs and worms of the spring and summer and of the green food which is available then. Either commercial beef scrap or skim milk may be substituted for the bugs and worms.

"Commercial beef scrap is a product cooked from the trimmings of the packing houses," continued Professor Lippincott. "It can be purchased at from \$50 to \$60 a ton.

Milk Should Be Sour

"Skim milk should always be fed sour as the milk sugar contained in sweet milk cannot be digested by chickens. After this sugar has been changed to lactic acid, however—which is the case when milk sours—it is then available for food. Besides furnishing protein for the birds, sour milk acts as a corrective and helps to keep the digestive tract in good tone.

"Nothing seems fully to take the place of actual green feed for the

hens. Where possible, sprouted oats, mangels, or cabbage should be fed during the cold months. If this cannot be done, among the best substitutes are silage, leaves of alfalfa hay cured green, or steamed cut alfalfa. Once a day the birds should be given all the green feed that they will clean up in a half hour."

Mash for Laying Hens

Mr. Lippincott recommends for laying hens a mash to be kept in hoppers placed in the hen house, the hoppers being opened at noon so that the hens will have access to them during the afternoon. The mash consists of 60 pounds of corn meal, 60 pounds of wheat middlings or shorts, 50 pounds of meat scraps, 30 pounds of wheat bran, 10 pounds of linseed oil meal, 10 pounds of milled alfalfa, and 1 pound of salt.

This mash is to be fed in connection with a scratching feed consisting of 2 parts of wheat, 2 parts of corn, and 1 part of oats, all by weight. A small handful of this feed should be scattered

in the litter in the morning for six birds in the pen. About 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon the dry mash hoppers should be closed and twice as much grain should be scattered in the litter as in the morning.

Grit, oyster shell, and charcoal should be kept before the hens at all times. The grit is necessary to the grinding of the food in the gizzard, the charcoal keeps the system in good condition, and the oyster shell supplies the necessary lime for making the egg shell. In cold weather luke-warm water should be given to the chickens in preference to cold water.

If the birds are kept busy scratching all the time and care is taken that they are not being overfed, you will be sure to get eggs during the winter months. Watch the fowls closely. If they do not run to meet you when you come to feed them it is a sure sign that they are being overfed. Cut down on the feed immediately and await results.

Time to Buy

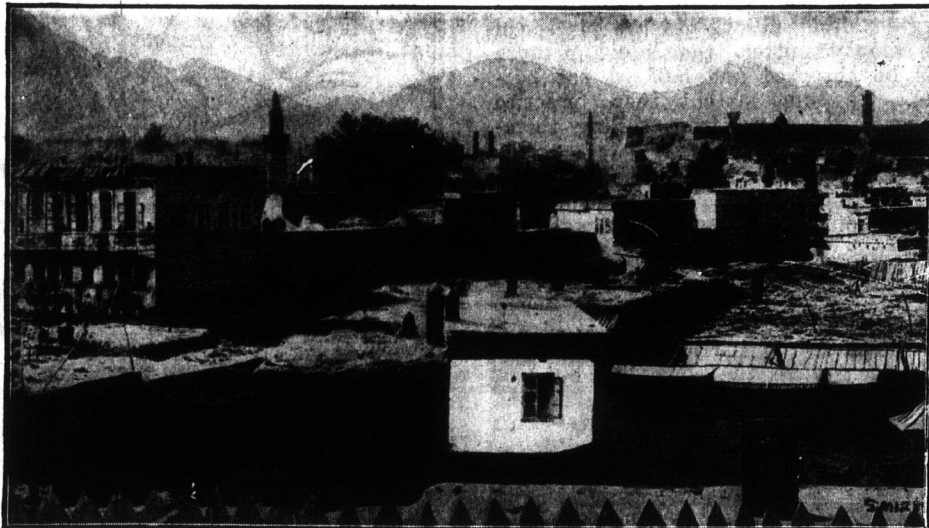
When hogs are high there is a big demand for pure-bred stock. Breeders get more money then because the pork value of their hogs makes them independent of the cheap buyer and because the demand is sufficient to take all their stock at good figures. When hogs are low the demand for pure-bred stock falls off, and breeders are compelled to sell it for less than when market hogs are commanding good prices. So when the pork market is low, when the demand is least for breeding stock, is the best time to invest in pure-bred hogs. Just now hogs are cheap and breeders have a surplus for sale at reasonable prices. And now is the time to "go to it" and stock up with pure-bred hogs. Don't wait till everybody wants them. Get them now and be ready with a surplus of your own for the time when everybody wants them. That time will come as surely as night follows day.

The Poultry-House Floor

Provided the floor is kept covered with litter, as it should be, it really does not make a great deal of difference what kind of floor is in use. A floor of dirt will give as good results as any, if the dirt inside the house is raised at least six inches above the soil outside the building. Many claim that a dirt floor will be unhealthful unless two or three inches of the top soil is removed frequently and replaced with fresh dirt. If the floor is kept well littered and the litter renewed as often as it becomes reduced to short lengths, very little of the droppings will become mixed with the earth. The litter will absorb the greater part of the liquid portions of the droppings.

Where earth floors are used, it is advisable to have the house rest on a concrete or stone wall that extends twelve or fifteen inches under the ground. The purpose of such a wall is to keep rats out.

Concrete floors are extensive and unless rightly built will likely be damp. Concrete for poultry-house floors should



Erzerum, Turkish Stronghold, Falls to Czar's Forces

Erzerum, the chief city of Turkish Armenia, has fallen before the assault of the Russians, and is now occupied by the victors. Grand Duke Nicholas, in chief command of the Russian forces, in the Caucasus, has telegraphed the Czar of the victory. The capture of Turkey's northern stronghold is considered of great strategic importance. From the city, roads radiate in all directions, and it is thought that with Erzerum as a base of supplies the Russians will be able to come to the relief of the besieged British in Kut-el-Amara. The city is reported in flames.

Your crops are in danger!

It is claimed that the amount of grain destroyed in the west every year by gophers is greater than the entire quantity of cereals consumed as flour and required for seed and feed

WHY?

Because the old methods of gopher poisoning HAVE FAILED. They were expensive and DID NOT exterminate. The enormous increase of the pests has proven this.

"SUREDETH"

the NEW poison positively exterminates. It is the result of years of experimenting which have proven its efficiency.

It contains the odors of grasses and roots that attract the gopher. It is so deadly—a gopher cannot taste it and live. It does not require any sweetening or drugs to disguise the taste as it is tasteless.

It is positively guaranteed to kill five times as many gophers as any other poison for the same price

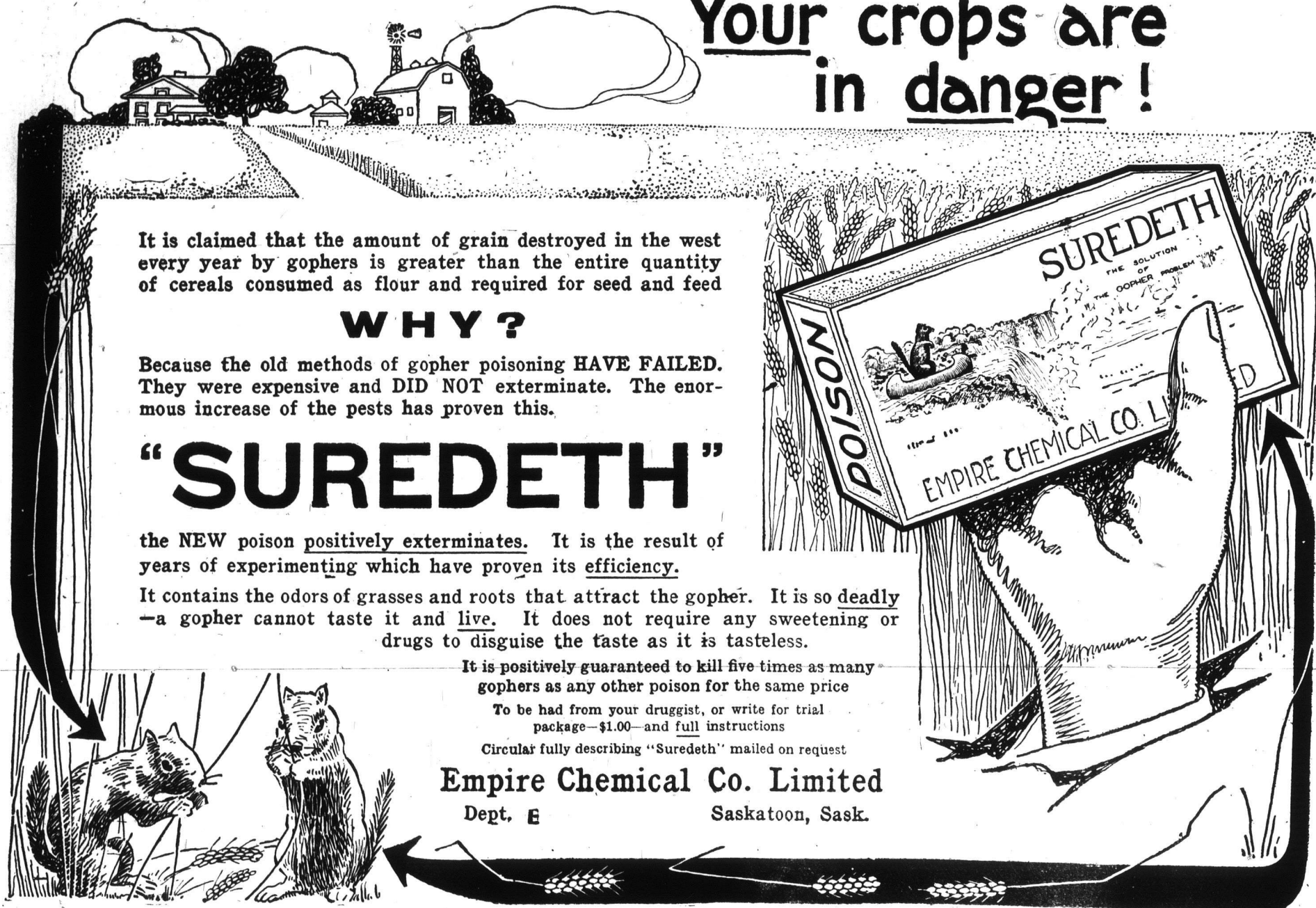
To be had from your druggist, or write for trial package—\$1.00—and full instructions

Circular fully describing "Suredeh" mailed on request

Empire Chemical Co. Limited

Dept. E

Saskatoon, Sask.



be laid on a good foundation of coal cinders. The cinders absorb and hold the moisture that works up through the ground. Concrete is hard and cold on the fowls' feet and should always be covered with several inches of sand of fine garden loam.

When hens are confined, they should be given a place in which to dust themselves. Wallowing in dust is the hen's natural method of ridding herself of vermin. If the poultry-house floor is of earth, the best method is to set aside a sunny corner as a dusting place for the hens. This corner should be boxed off from the rest of the floor with ten or twelve-inch boards to prevent the hens scratching it full of litter.

Road dust, dry garden loam or sifted coal-ashes make good dusting materials. The dust, as a killing agent, is greatly improved if a pound or two of tobacco dust, sulphur or Persian insect powder is occasionally mixed with it. T. Z. R.

Soils Lose Food

The farmers are fast recognizing the fact that each crop which is harvested removes from the soil certain plant-food elements which must be replaced if crop yields are to be maintained. If care is not taken to keep the soil fertile by putting back these forms of plant food that have been removed, it has been found that smaller and smaller crops will be obtained.

The four elements removed by growing crops which oftentimes exist in such limited quantities that they must be replaced, if the crops are to continue to do their best, are nitrogen phosphorus, potassium, and calcium, or lime. The nitrogen is found in the humus, or decaying vegetable matter of the soil, while the other elements are found principally in mineral combination. The following figures show the amount of plant-food which is removed from the soil by the different crops, the value of this plant-food being measured in terms of what it would cost if purchased as a commercial fertilizer.

An Appeal from the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture of Manitoba

Winnipeg, March 8th, 1916.
Editor, Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg

Dear Sir, — At the present moment one of the most acute problems before the farmers of Manitoba is the securing of a sufficient supply of farm laborers to meet the demands of the season just opening. Believing that the most promising, and almost the only, outside source of supply at present is in the United States, the Manitoba Department of Agriculture and Immigration is seeking, through its St. Paul agency, and through an active advertising campaign in various parts of the United States, to stimulate a northward movement of just as many farmers' sons and experienced farm laborers as possible.

In this connection I wish to appeal to all those citizens of Manitoba who, having come from the United States or otherwise, having formed an acquaintance south of the international boundary line, can help us to get into touch with experienced farm helpers there who might be induced to come to Manitoba this season. I have no doubt that many of our people could supply the names of such persons; and in all cases where this is done, my Department will see that an appeal is made to them, and if possible they will be induced to come to this province. I would ask all such correspondents to kindly address their letters to the Immigration Branch, Department of Agriculture and Immigration, Winnipeg.

Sincerely yours,
V. WINKLER,
Minister of Agriculture and Immigration.

Twenty bushels of wheat will remove from the soil 25 pounds of nitrogen, 12.5 pounds of phosphorus and 7 pounds of potash, with a fertilizer value of \$4.91. The straw removes 10 pounds of nitrogen, 7.5 pounds of phosphorus, and 28 pounds of potash, with a fertilizer value of \$3.33. The entire wheat crop, unless the fertility removed is replaced, takes fertility out of the soil valued at \$8.24, nearly one-half of it being removed by the straw.

In a similar way, a fifty-bushel oat crop will remove fertility worth \$11.06, sixty-five bushels of corn contain plant-food worth \$7.96 in the grain and worth \$7.94 in the stalks, or nearly twice the total amount removed by the wheat crop. Two tons of clover hay will remove plant food worth \$4.56. This is the commercial value of the potassium and phosphorus removed, for the clover plants, through the medium of tiny bacteria living in nodules on the rootlets, leave the soil richer in nitrogen. It is an error, however, to believe that clover is the remedy for an exhausted soil if more than nitrogen is needed, for it cannot turn back the phosphorus and potassium which has been removed by preceding crops. A crop of 150 bushels of potatoes will remove plant-food worth \$11.05. The average yield of flax, which is supposed to be harder on the soil than other crops, removes plant-food worth \$10.80.

Certain general figures can be drawn from the above estimates. The crop which removes the least plant-food—according to its commercial value—is the two-ton clover crop, which removes potassium and phosphorus \$4.56. The 65-bushel corn crop and the stover remove from the soil plant-food worth \$15.90, the largest amount taken out by any of the crops mentioned. It all proves how necessary it is for the farmer to carefully conserve every bit of fertility on his farm, if he is to keep his soil productive.

A system of grain farming, when not much live-stock is kept, depletes

the supply of fertility in the soil. It has been proved that such a system of farming cannot be continued, because the yields will eventually fail to pay expenses and the interest on the investment. When all crops are fed on the farm and only milk and live-stock is sold, there will be only a small loss in fertility each year if all the manure is returned carefully to the fields. A small amount of mill-feed purchased and fed to swine, or dairy cows, will usually supply the fertility lost by selling the milk and live-stock.

The farmer must learn to conserve the fertility of the soil if permanent success is to be obtained. It is as necessary for him to do this, as it is for the manufacturer to keep the machinery and system of organization in his factory at its highest point of efficiency. If he does not do this, he cannot hope to succeed permanently. —Ralph Hoagland, Minnesota University.

Start with Good Ones

The poultry business is not difficult to acquire if one pays attention to the work. Many editors and writers on poultry subjects have discouraged many who would have entered this business by warning them of the difficulties of the undertaking. Like any other business there are certain rules that must be obeyed and certain principles that govern the successful management of the enterprise.

The profits from the poultry business are based upon the care, the knowledge and the intelligence of the operator, not upon the fowls per capita. Without the application of an intelligent system of breeding, housing, feeding and care the fowls could not be kept with profit to their keeper. Success depends upon the display of business acumen. Although the fowls may lay well and the broilers grow well, the roasters fatten well, profit or success is not assured unless such products are sold well.

"METALLIC" covered buildings defy the elements

THIS is a strong but a true statement. "Eastlake" Galvanized Shingles on the roof, "Empire" Corrugated Iron or "Metallic" Siding on walls, and the building will last for generations. And it will do more than just "last,"—it will be always fireproof, stormproof, lightning-proof, neat in appearance, and dry inside. Thirty years of successful use all over Canada prove these statements.

"Eastlake" Shingles
have already stood over 30 years. They make your building safe from fire. Easily laid yet no storm can lift them, no sleet or rain can drive underneath. Fit snug and tight in the valleys. "Eastlake" heavily galvanized shingles are the original and best, their patented features can never be equalled. Get our prices.

"Empire" Corrugated Iron
is always uniform in gauge and size, therefore it is easily and quickly laid by even inexperienced labor. Has deep, snug-fitting corrugations and makes a strong, rigid fireproof wall that needs no paint or repairs. All

"Metallic" goods are heavily galvanized. Our prices will interest you.

"Metallic" Siding
Is fire-proof, neat, easily laid, inexpensive and durable. It saves you insurance, protects the lives of your family—your stock—your goods—from the fire fiend. Our Rock, Brick and Clap-board patterns are sharply embossed and very popular. Write for prices and illustrations.

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Are famous for beauty, sharp embossing, ease in laying and durability. They banish the wall-paper problem and free you from cracked plaster and peeling wall-paper. Quite in-

USE THIS COUPON TO-DAY.
Put a cross opposite the "Metallic" line you are interested in, clip this out and mail to us with your name and address and we'll send you pamphlets, prices and full particulars.

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KILL-EM-QUICK—The Time-Tested Gopher Poison



Kill 'Em All At One Time

Don't "fuss around" all spring and summer to get rid of gophers. Clear them out once for all. Just give Mr. Gopher something he likes and see him gorge himself. He doesn't like grain poisoned with strychnine, it's hard to get him to touch it. But there is a poison he likes, a poison that attracts by its pungent odor, a poison so sweet no gopher will spit it out, a poison so deadly to gophers that the tiniest particle kills instantly.

Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison

Certain Death

It never fails to kill all the gophers where it is used. Its odor attracts. Its sweet taste pleases. They always find it.

Easy to Use

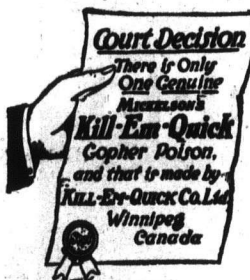
Simply soak oats or ground feed over night, drain off the water and stir in Kill-Em-Quick. Drop into or near holes and within a day all the gophers will be dead.

The Safest Gopher Poison

Safest, no danger in mixing or handling. Safest, because it absolutely protects your crops and profits from gopher damage. No farmer can afford to be without it.

Get Genuine Kill-Em-Quick

It's the best, safest, most economical. There is none so thoroughly proven, none you can be so sure of. Don't be misled. Avoid imitations, if you want to get rid of gophers. 3 sizes, 50c, 75c, \$1.25; enough for 40, 80, 160 acres. Get it from your druggist. If he can't supply you, we ship direct upon receipt of price. Send for FREE Gopher Book.



KILL-EM-QUICK CO., Ltd.

Successors to
Mickelson-Shapiro Co.

Dept. G

WINNIPEG,
CANADA



Same Old Package
Same Old Name
Same Fluffy, White Powder
Same Certain Death

Established 1856

Our handsome Spring Catalogue now ready. A copy will be mailed free on request.

SOW SIMMERS' SEEDS

J. A. SIMMERS
Limited
Bulbs, SEEDS, Plants
Toronto, Ont.



HAWK BICYCLES

An up-to-date High Grade Bicycle fitted with Roller Chain, New Departure or Hercules Coaster Brake and Hubs, Detachable Tires, high grade equipment, including Mudguards, Pump, & Tools \$22.50. Send for FREE 1916 Catalogue, 60 pages of Bicycles, Sundries and Repair Material. You can buy your supplies from us at Wholesale Prices.

T. W. BOYD & SON,
27 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

Dr. McTaggart's Vegetable Remedies for these habits are safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business and positive cures. Recommended by physicians and clergy. Enquiries treated confidentially. Literature and medicine sent in plain sealed packages.

Write for FREE Booklet.

DR. McTAGGART'S REMEDIES,
123 Bay St., Toronto, Can.
Established 20 Years.

Every business has its disadvantages and unpleasant features and in this respect the poultry business is no exception; but I believe, for a man of small means with a liking in that direction, that it offers greater opportunities than almost any other line of work. It pays to be a little enthusiastic over what one is doing. All the great successes and all the really great things that have ever been accomplished have been made possible through enthusiasm in the work being done. The man who cannot get up a little enthusiasm over his birds had better not attempt breeding poultry. Any one who intends raising a few fowls had best begin right by buying first-class stock. Not Madison Square Garden winners but healthy, well-matured, pure-bred stock. My advice to the beginner is to start with one breed and stick to it. Listen to what you hear and observe whether it tallies with your experiences and observations. In making a start it is very seldom that one can procure the sort of flock he needs, but he can soon get it by breeding right and feeding right. Get the shape by right breeding, then keep up the vigor and health by right feeding.

C. E. Morrison.

Green as a Gosling

"H'm! I paid a quarter apiece for the eggs. They made full-grown geese by Thanksgiving, but they didn't lay the next spring, nor the next, nor the next, and if I don't have a big flock another year, I'll chop their heads off."

The irate woman gazed balefully anent her beautiful Black Africans taking a bath in her wash-water, then sent a barrel stave at the nearest swan-like neck.

It was exasperating to pay a dollar for four goose eggs, and waste the vacation of her biggest White Wyandotte to sit on them four weeks, then wait four seasons for the second generation of goslings. The trouble was, she hadn't acquainted herself with goose habits, or she would have known that mature geese are much more profitable than young ones, and that their productivity increases with age. That trio of geese and their gander would by another year yield her an income to exceed that of her best scrub cow, for each goose, instead of being allowed to sit, could be forced to lay a second and third clutch of eggs for hens to incubate, and once goslings are out of the shell they call for little care and after the third week little short of crushing can kill one. The goslings, as she said, would bring full-goose prices by the holidays, and in most places they could be marketed unplucked for target practice.

It is wise for the impatient to purchase geese rather than eggs, and to select a laying strain, like the Toulouse, although the African type, crossed with full-blooded Embden, grows to monster size and gives a fair number of eggs, the cross resulting in an individual unsurpassed for grace outside the swan parks. Preferably, stock up in the fall, that the home-loving mother-geese may become accustomed to her new quarters, a straw-lined box or barrel, no matter what or where—and deposit her eggs there.

Geese will winter on next to nothing, even in our frozen northern climes. A bunch of hay, thrown down fresh every mealtime, or fed from racks, that they may not run over and foul it; a root or two, a handful of grain to prevent their losing flesh, is all that is necessary. They will pull through on hay alone, cutting it off short, a spear at a time, but so lean a diet is not profitable. But bear in mind that geese fatten the easiest of any fowl, and corn stuffs are heating and fattening for any flesh. So feed any grain—oats for choice—as the reproduction season approaches in March, or they will quickly become too fat to lay. The goose will hide her egg in the feather-lined straw of her nest, so when feathers betray her, find the egg and save it until there are four or five to hatch under a hen. Ducks drop their eggs anywhere. Not so the goose. Shut her out of her nest when she shows a tendency to remain in it, and she will "break up" in a week or so and begin laying again. She may in this way be

induced to lay twice or thrice. For the first three weeks keep the goslings and their mother-hen in a yard, or they may get stepped on or drowned in pails or casks into which they clamber and remain undiscovered until "exhausted or chilled; or they may get upset in a cow-track and, unable to right themselves, come to grief by larger creatures. Feed mixed meal with water and furnish pans for drinking and bathing. After that, they may wander at will and turn up in the old quarters at night. The goose is the only farm stock that can take care of and feed itself at that age. Three or four weeks before slaughtering, feed with more meal which is the quickest fatterer.

It is curious that goose farms on a large scale are not more frequent. Once flocks of geese are matured, the profits are large and sure, the stocks take no trouble, and slight feeding cost. They do demand grazing pastures, preferably marshy places unfit for other uses, and ample chance for bathing. They need to be fenced away from gardens; and they will pick on other poultry if housed with them in flocks. But they do not call for warm quarters, only reasonable shelter, with a chance for daily winter outings and drinking and bathing, water unfrozen. Invest in a peaceable breed, like the above mentioned, and the ganders will not be cross. Thoroughbreds of any breed are more even-tempered than mongrels. To be sure of fertility, provide a gander for every three geese, at the most.—C. H. Trott.



Clearing the sea of one of its deadliest secret dangers. A mine-sweeper's flotilla, with its "admiral" leading.

How to Prevent Destruction by Cut Worms

The advertisement of Mr. H. A. Gibson on page 15 of this issue shows a handy little contrivance for preventing the ravages of the cut worm. Not only does the paper cylinder protect the plant completely from the worms, but in the earlier stages of its growth it is a protection from frost. Indeed, in extreme weather, the top of the cylinder can be pinned together, thus making a complete hood for a tender plant. It will permit of garden plants being put in much earlier than hitherto. In fact, it is a real good thing which has been brought into being by the necessity of fighting cut worms on the gardens and farms this year.

Miss Gibson, who has an interest in the instrument, recently gave a demonstration of its use at Eaton's, Winnipeg, where it was most favorably commented on and where it is now on sale.

John Grier Hibben, President of Princeton University, said at the Lake Mohonk arbitration conference: "The day is not yet come when violence and oppression will melt away before right like the plumber's bill. Like, I repeat, the plumber's bill. For a plumber, you know, once presented to a millionaire a bill of \$100 for mending a pipe. But the millionaire handed the plumber a dollar note and said serenely: 'Receipt that bill of your's in full.'"

As a vermifuge there is nothing so potent as Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and it can be given to the most delicate child without fear of injury to the constitution.

Fashions and Patterns

When ordering patterns be sure to state size. When no size is specified we reserve the right to send medium as, owing to the small amount involved, it is not possible for us to write and ask remitter for further information. Address all order to Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

WHILE there are many novel details, smart and attractive features among the new styles, it appears that Spring and Summer fashions are following closely in the footsteps of the Winter modes. We still have the short wide skirt and the fitted bodice. Capes and cape collars are more in evidence, and there is much ribbon trimming. Striped taffeta, handsome brocade silks, are among the lovely fabrics woven by American looms for American women.

In woolen materials, checks seem to be popular, and even the sheer summer fabrics show designs on the cross bar and check order. Some lovely simple gowns are made up in striped silk, and are real smart in spite of their simplicity.

With summer dresses this cape will look piquant and be useful for furbishing up or trimming a bodice otherwise plain and unattractive.

In taffeta, these capes are usually black and topped by a choker collar, or a high collar turned back.

At first glance there seems little difference between the styles for young folks and their elders. The loveliest pastel shades, daintiest laces and tulle, so true to youth, are found in every department where women's clothes are shown. They are fine for afternoon and evening frocks for misses as well as women.

While, some seasons past, silk was not permissible for young girls' wear, one finds now, gowns for misses in taffeta,



A brown and tan stripe, for instance, in satin and taffeta has a vest of tan, and trimming in folds on the skirt to match. Wide regular stripes are shown in almost all materials in bright colors with white.

Linens, lawns, voiles, chiffons, radiums, mohairs all show stripes. One can make an inexpensive dress of striped voile or lawn with a simple trimming of frills or ruffles.

Among the pretty colors for Spring, are greens, porcelain blues and lovely grays.

In taffeta, a soft gray could be combined with white organdy of cream batiste or chiffon.

Bolero effects are stylish, not only on suits but also on dresses.

Horsehair lace is being used to distend and hold out the skirt fullness at the waistband and over the hips. A narrow strip of horsehair may be sewed into the foundation of the skirt to have it stand out in smart, though perhaps unbecoming, style.

Single capes, double capes, short and long capes, some with and some without collars are shown, and while they do not suit all figures, they are at least picturesque. They may be made up in cloth and worn over a thin frock, or of silk, lace, embroidery separate or as part of a dress.

radium silk, crepe de chine and several ribbed weaves. In some instances, Georgette crepe and silk, or broadcloth or serge are combined. For party wear, it is quite correct for a young girl of sixteen to wear a lingerie frock of embroidered linen, dotted net, tulle or mousseline de soie. With a sash of color and a touch of embroidery this is charming.

Junior frocks are shown in shepherd checks and in plain colors of serge, also plaids in wool and silk.

There are Norfolk ideas in suits, and Russian blouses, double breasted reefers, and half-fitted coats with peplums.

Combination dresses, showing a white blouse of lawn or linen, and a skirt of serge, cambrie and gingham are nice for growing girls.

One piece pique dresses retain their popularity. Sometimes these are embroidered in color, but white alone is preferred.

1644—Child's Rompers, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—Percale, galatea, gingham, drill, linen, flannelette and crepe are best for this style. The sleeve may be finished at wrist length with a band cuff, or in elbow length with a turn-back cuff. The neck may have the neat

Now Remember!

When I ask for cocoa I want the best — and everyone knows that the best is

COWAN'S COCOA
"Perfection Brand"

It is a well-known fact that in every home where quality is appreciated, this delicious cocoa may be found. It is pure and wholesome and manufactured from the best cocoa beans procurable.

See that the boy brings it.



HORROCKSES' FLANNELETTES

(Made by the Manufacturers of the celebrated LONGCLOTHS, TWILLS & SHEETINGS)

are made from carefully selected COTTON

The nap is short and close. No injurious chemicals are used. Quality, designs and colourings are unequalled.

If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE, obtainable from the leading stores, they would appreciate the comfort and durability which inferior qualities of Flannelette do not possess.

See the name "HORROCKSES" | ANNUAL SALE upwards of on the selvage every two yards. | TEN MILLION yards.

Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

For information as to the nearest Store where procurable apply to Agent. John E. Ritchie, 417 King's Hall Chambers, St. Catherine Street West, Montreal

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.



For All Woods and All Finishes

Use O-CEDAR POLISH on all furniture, on floors, on all painted, varnished, stained or enamelled woodwork of all kinds. Always use it as directed on the bottle—with water—half and half—and you will be delighted.

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(Made in Canada)

is more than a polish. It does not cover up the dirt or grease. It cleans as it polishes and brings out the original beauty of the wood. A high, hard, dry, lasting lustre is obtained—the O-Cedar result.

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Keep Your Skin Clean

by the use of a good reliable cream and this you will find in my "Ideal" Velvet Cream which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It will not grow hair on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other. Price 50c per jar. Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

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You'll Like It BLACKWOODS TEA

Choicest of choice brands to be obtained of your grocer

Blackwoods Limited
Tea Importers and Packers
WINNIPEG

collar or be cut in cool, low outline as illustrated. The pattern is in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 3 yards of 27-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1632—Ladies' Apron—One of the most practical features of an apron is the protection it affords. The design here shown has this good point and some others. It has deep arm openings, and is cut with sufficient fulness. It is held to position at the back with a belt. Gingham, percale, drill, lawn or linene are good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1638—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—White linen, embroidered in blue, would make this a smart morning dress. Checked gingham, striped seersucker, figured lawn, drill, cotton repp or poplin is also nice. The style is simple and pleasing. The right waist front is crossed over the left. A shaped collar facing outlines the neck. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or short length. The skirt is cut on new lines, with panels stitched in tuck effect. This desirable model is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1652—Girl's Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths, and Collar in Either of Two Outlines—As here shown, brown and white gingham was used, with trimming of white linen. The right front of the dress overlaps the left at the closing. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or with the turn-back cuff in short length. The skirt is a three-gore model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1636—Ladies' Dress—Gray broadcloth with piping in a darker shade of satin, and fancy buttons complete this charming effect. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing in unique outline. The neck may be finished in high collar style, with smart pointed tabs, or in low outline, by rolling collar and fronts as shown in the small view. The skirt is a three-piece model, with lap tuck at the centre front, where the closing is effected. Satin, nun's veiling, gabardine, voile, cashmere and serge, gingham, linen and drill are also good for this model. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3¼ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1650—Girl's Dress with or without Over Blouse, and with Two Styles of Sleeve—This would make a very attractive dress for party or best wear, for graduation or for dancing school. Silk and crepe or crepe de chine could be effectively combined in this model, also chiffon and net or tulle. The dress may be finished without the overblouse. The sleeve in wrist length has a new cuff. In short length the sleeve is in puff style with gathered ruffle. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size for the dress, with 1½ yard for the overblouse. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Waist 1658—Skirt 1659—Composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern, 1658, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 1659—As here illustrated, white linen embroidered in self color was used. The waist is smart and up-to-date, with the surplice vest portions. The skirt may be finished with or without the drapery. Serge, jersey cloth, taffeta, voile, batiste, crepe, gingham, tub silk, gabardine and nun's veiling are all nice for this style. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22,

24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7¼ yards of 44-inch material for the entire gown for a 36-inch size. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

Waist 1637—Skirt 1657—Composed of Ladies' Shirt Waist Pattern, 1637, and Ladies' Skirt, 1657—As here illustrated, butchers' linen was used for the waist and checked suiting for the skirt. The waist is made with a pointed yoke, which extends over the front. The skirt has plaited side sections and jaunty pockets. Serge, taffeta, linen, gingham, nun's veiling and crepe are nice for both skirt and waist, if one desires a dress of one material. Crepe batiste, lawn and madras are good for a separate waist. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure, and requires 4 yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size. The skirt measures about 3¾ yards at the lower edge, with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

1642—Ladies' House Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths—As here shown, blue and white checked gingham was used, with white linene for trimming. In gray striped seersucker, figured lawn or plain linen, this style would be equally effective. The band/trimming could be omitted. The pattern is also nice for serge, wash silk, taffeta, gabardine or voile, in which materials it will surely make a serviceable business or afternoon dress. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3¾ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1655—Junior Dress, with or without Bolero; with Sleeve in Either of Two Styles, and with Round or Square Neck Edge—Dimity in a pretty floral design is here combined with white batiste. The bolero may be omitted. The style is good also for challie, for lawn, nun's veiling, silk, gingham, crepe, silk chiffon and crepe de chine. The sleeve in wrist length has becoming fulness at the outer seam and is finished at the lower edge with smart points. In short length a neat cuff forms a pretty trimming. This still would be nice in tulle over china silk or chiffon, for a dancing frock or graduation dress. The neck edge may be finished round or square. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 yards of 44-inch material for a 16-year size; without the bolero it will require ¾ yard less. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1629—A Popular "Twenty Minute" Apron—Just the thing to make "in a hurry" and to find convenient and comfortable ever after. This style is nice for gingham, seersucker, alpaca, sateen, lawn, linen, drill and percale. The body portion has ample fulness, and the strap extensions secure the back over the fronts. In warm weather, this style will be much appreciated, for it does away with any superfluity of material, and at the same time secures ample protection for the dress beneath, and is comfortable. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5½ yards of 27-inch material for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1633—Ladies' Kimono Sack (In Either of Three Styles)—This practical model may be made with the fronts in pointed outline, or tied in fichu style, or as is also illustrated, in surplice effect. The mode is nice for silk, crepe, challie, cashmere, dimity, lawn or batiste, flannel and flannel-ette. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 2¼ yard, of 44-inch material for a Medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

1653—Girl's Dress, with or without Pockets, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.—Striped seersucker and white pique are here combined. Gingham, percale, galatea, repp, poplin, linen or line are also nice for this model. The dress is closed above the belt, but the closing may be finished to the hem. The sleeve in wrist length has a neat band cuff. The short sleeve has a smart turnback cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 1/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1639—A Dainty Dress for Party or Best Wear.—Blue batiste embroidered with white dots is here illustrated. The model is exceedingly becoming and effective. The waist portions are in Empire style, with the skirt portions gathered or plaited. The bolero is shaped in attractive outline. The sleeve may be in wrist

Jack was to go on, always conquering, in the great battles of life.

Dazed, John Brooks turned away, and entered his library. He closed and locked the door. "He can't die!" he said, doggedly. "I can't let him die!" He had a curious feeling that there was something he could do about it, if he could only collect himself and think clearly. He, too, was accustomed to conquer whatever opposed him.

"All that medical skill can do has been done," he said to himself. "Is there anything else?"

Of course there was! Had he not known all his life that there is a God in Israel? A God to Whom nothing is impossible? What could be more natural or right than that he should ask God to save his boy, whose life the world must surely need? He would pray as the saints of old prayed, with invincible determination; with a per-



length, finished with a band cuff, or in shaped kimono style at elbow length. For low neck effect, the waist could be cut out on a line with the bolero. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/8 yards of 44-inch material, with 1 3/8 yard of 27-inch material for the bolero and collar. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

"De Profundis"

"To speak frankly, the symptoms as the crisis approaches are not as favorable as I had hoped for." It was hard for John Brooks to realize that the great specialist was speaking of Jack—Jack, his first-born, whom he had watched through babyhood and boyhood, and through love of whom he had been brought to a new sense of God's goodness; Jack, who had been his pride all these twenty years, and in whom were centered his dearest hopes for the future. Jack had been sick before, but he had always thrown off sickness in the same easy, masterful way in which he had conquered everything else that he had had to face. To his father, it had seemed certain that

sistence that could not be denied, and God would grant his prayer.

He fell upon his knees. But before he could frame the words, he seemed to hear a Voice speaking. He listened.

"Your prayer is granted. Your son's life will be spared. But I had a different future for him. There is work elsewhere that he can do. There are dangers threatening here that he can never avoid. There are heights elsewhere that he would have reached. I had my plan. You may now have yours."

John Brooks rose trembling from his knees. "Not my will," he sobbed, "dear God, not mine!" Out in the hall the physician came from the sick-room to meet him.

"It's all right," the doctor whispered, as he grasped the father's hand.

"It's always all right!" said John Brooks from his heart.

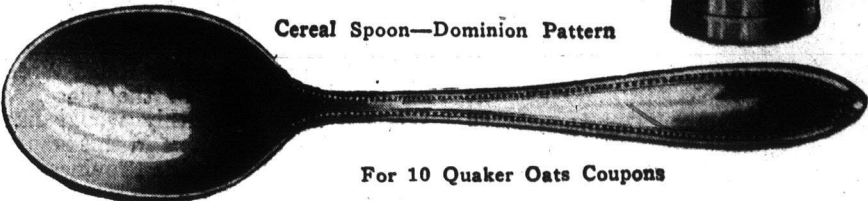
It is not generally known that a layer of sliced onions placed on the top of a roast of beef and allowed to cook there will give a delicious flavor to the meat, while their distinctive flavor will not be noticeable.

Quaker Oats Premiums

Silver Plate Jewelry, Aluminum

We are offering many premiums to Quaker Oats users, in Silver Plate, Jewelry and Aluminum Cooking Utensils. A circular in each package illustrates them.

This takes the place of large advertising, and gives all the saving to you. Each 10c package contains one coupon. Each 25c round package contains two coupons. Each coupon has a merchandise value of 2c to apply on any premium. We make very attractive, very liberal offers. Note them in the package.



Cereal Spoon—Dominion Pattern

For 10 Quaker Oats Coupons



To Make Folks Love Oats Better

To Revel in This Vim-Food

This is to mothers who are anxious to make a dainty of this energizing oat.

The way is this: Get the large, white luscious flakes. Get them unmixed with smaller flakes, for little oats lack flavor.

Serve none but Quaker Oats.

On some oats Nature lavishes enjoyments. Some oats in the same field she neglects.

We pick out those favored oats for Quaker, discarding all the rest. Only ten pounds are obtained from a bushel. It is worth the pains to get these queen oats. It brings a double welcome to this spirit-giving dish.

And you pay no extra price.

Quaker Oats
All the Little Grains Omitted

Some things we know, and some we don't know, about oats.

But we don't know why they so excel in vim-producing power.

We know they are rich in phosphorus and lecithin, the brain and nerve constituents.

In this respect for all the ages, oats have stood supreme. And oats will always be the king food where vitality is prized.

We know they are 75 per cent energy food, and 15 per cent nitrogenous. And that two per cent is mineral food we need.

That's why we urge this method of making oats delightful.

Regular Package, 10c. Large Round Package, 25c
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Ont.

Saskatoon, Sask.

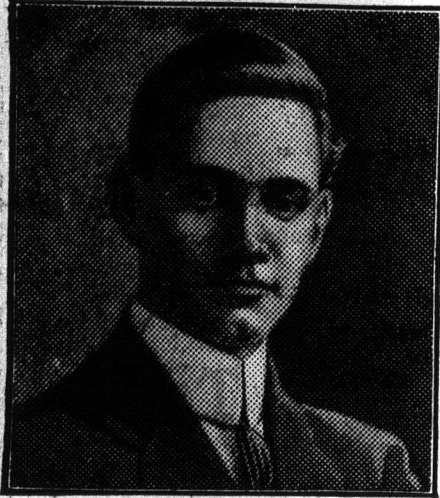
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New Round 25c Package

This season we bring out a new large package of Quaker Oats. It is a round package, insect-proof. A permanent top protects it until the last flake is used. This package contains two premium coupons with a merchandise value of 4c. Ask for it—price 25c. We still continue our large 80c package with china. Also our 10c. package.

TOOK THE ADVICE OF HIS FRIEND

Stomach Trouble and Rheumatism Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. L. LABRIE

594 Champlain St., Montreal.

"I have been restored to health by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'. For two years, I was a miserable sufferer from Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble. I became very weak, had frequent dizzy spells and when I took food, felt wretched and sleepy. I suffered from Rheumatism dreadfully, with pains in my back and joints and my hands swollen.

A friend advised me to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and from the outset, they did me good. After I had started the second box, I felt I was getting well and I persevered in the treatment. I can truthfully say that 'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine that helped me.

LOUIS LABRIE.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" is the famous medicine made from fruit juices. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Stop Using a Truss

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO
STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps or buckles attached—no obnoxious springs. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and reported most obstinate cases cured. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—responsive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely free. Write today, PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Bldg. 119 St. Louis, Mo.

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by Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by Western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills \$1.00 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills \$4.00 Cutter's Blackleg Pill Injector 1.50
Discounts: 250 doses, 10 p. ct.; 500 doses, 20 p. ct. Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. Every package dated, unused pills exchangeable for fresh after date on package. Do not use old vaccine (ours or any other), as it affords less protection than fresh. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. Send check or M. O. we pay charges and ship promptly. Vaccine and injectors pass duty free. THE CUTTER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.

Correspondence

What is your community doing to help the Empire? At this period of national crisis, The Western Home Monthly desires to encourage the formation of local societies whose aim and objects are the furtherance of Imperial ideas and the helping of the boys in the trenches. Everyone cannot go on active service but we can all do our bit in other ways and thereby help win a war, which is Canada's, to the finish. The appended letter shows that some country points are already engaged in this praiseworthy work, but every town and village should have a well-organized society capable of providing War Relief Work for all the inhabitants of the place. The Western Home Monthly would like to hear what is being done in this respect in other parts of the Prairie Provinces.

Morden, R.R.1, Man.,
February 12th, 1916.

Dear Sirs,—I have been a reader of your paper for many years and have always found something in each paper that was very helpful and now I would very much like to have you tell us more ways to make money for the Willing Worker or the Red Cross Work.

We are the Dunston Willing Workers with thirty members, and having only organized five months ago, we have done very well, for out in the country, but if it is possible we would like to have other

number, the thought came "Am I of use?" and I decided to pen these lines and maybe they could be used for His service.—
One Willing to Serve,

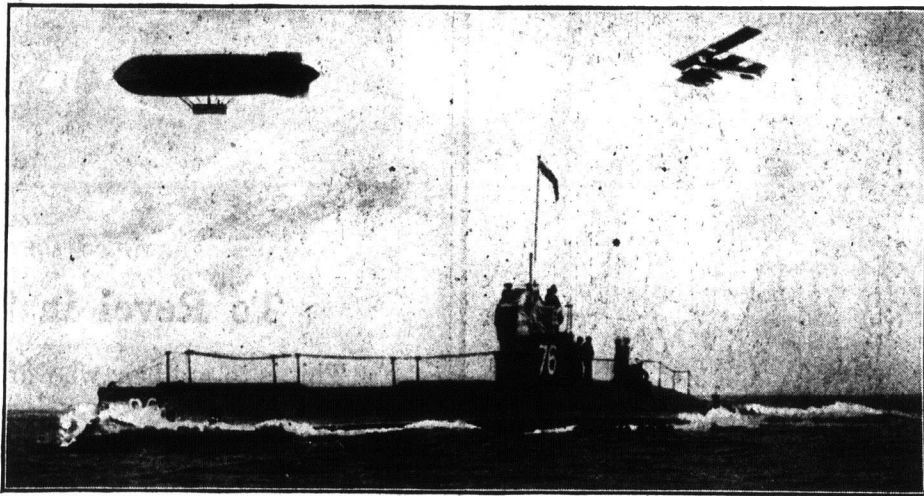
Think of the Lonely Soldiers

B. C., Feb. 1916.

Dear Editor,—May I come in for a chat? It seems a long time since I made my bow to the page, but reading the letters tempted me to write. The Western Home Monthly is improving every month. I still think it the best.

I see the bachelors are still stoutly proclaiming their independence and bewailing their loneliness in the same breath, but there are others more lonely than they. A short time ago I read an account telling how much the men in the trenches long for a letter from home. One soldier told of sharing his home letters with some of his comrades who had no one to write to them, or whose people were careless in writing. So you girls and boys who read this paper, if you have friends in the trenches, don't forget to write, and write often. I have no one there and no one to go, but if I had, I believe I would write to them every day. The least little bit of home news is welcome and it is so little to do for the dear brave chaps who are doing so much for us.

Now, I am going to indulge in a growl. Where are all the correspondents of mature



England has added 1,000,000 tons to her navy since war began. At the outbreak of the war the British naval tonnage was 2,714,106. To-day it is 3,714,106. This statement was made by Mr. A. J. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons. The photo shows the British submarine No. 76 tearing through the seas while a British airship hovers over it, while protecting the two there soars an aeroplane high above in the air.

places tell us what they have done and where they got the best satisfaction sending their money and sewing and knitting. We all think it would be very helpful to know what more country places are doing, as we can always find out what they are doing in the city. Yours faithfully,
Ella Boulton.

The Higher Ideals

Sask., Feb. 1916.

Dear Editor,—We surely enjoy The Western Home Monthly, and it is read from cover to cover, especially by the writer, who is somewhat of an invalid. I am pleased to see some of the writers urging the readers to a higher life and aim than just talking frivolous nothings. Dear readers, life is all too short to be spent in just having a "good time". Some day the Death Angel will knock at the door and we will have to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Let us be up and doing while it is day, and may our lives be pure and holy, and may our aim be, not how many beaux we can have on the string, but how many we can win to a higher and better life. So many say they see no harm in smoking, and girls I tell you as long as we say that, men will smoke and use tobacco. Some say there isn't anything in the Bible about tobacco. Well, there are plenty of other things that are not mentioned that we know are wrong. The Bible is a Book of Principles and God expects us to be honest enough to apply those principles. Now, dear readers, get your Bibles and turn up these passages and see what you think of them in regard to tobacco: Isaiah 55:2; Ezekiel 36: 25, 29; Zachariah 9: 7; 1 Corinthians 6: 19; 1 Corinthians 3: 17; 2 Corinthians 7: 1; 1 Corinthians 10: 31.

Now, I suppose, someone will say: "She is a religious, fanatic, long-faced old maid," but no, dear readers, I am just a humble follower of Jesus, and as I read the letter from "One of Them," in the February

age gone? Have they forgotten to write, or have they felt like me, that the young folk have crowded us "young oldsters" out? I would like correspondents from Alberta and Manitoba and if they would like news of snow-bound British Columbia, I will be pleased to give it if I can. I will answer all letters. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success.
Yours very truly,
Eileen Alannah.

Talk About Red Cross

Nova Scotia, Feb. 16.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time but this is my first attempt to send a letter to the Correspondence Page.

I do not see many letters in the Monthly from Nova Scotia, so I have some hope of seeing this epistle in print.

This is a lonesome place at least for me. I live almost by myself. My sister left for Boston a short time ago and I had to leave school and help my mother at home for the present.

Several of the boys around here have enlisted and some are at the front, but neither of my two brothers have enlisted yet.

I would like for correspondents to talk about what the Red Cross, and other societies are doing to help our men in the war, instead of such "piffle" as the "City Girl" calls it.

If any of the girls or boys will write to me, I will be very thankful and promise to answer them all. Wishing the Monthly every success.

A Nova Scotian.

Certain morbid conditions must exist in the stomach and intestines to encourage worms, and they will exist as long as these morbid conditions permit them to. To be rid of them and spare the child suffering, use Miller's Worm Powders. They will correct the digestive irregularities by destroying the worms, conditions favorable to worms will disappear, and the child will have no more suffering from that cause.

Suffered Awfully

FROM

BILIOUS HEADACHES.

When the liver becomes sluggish and inactive the bowels become constipated, the tongue becomes coated, the stomach foul and bilious headaches are the upshot.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will stimulate the sluggish liver, clean the foul-coated tongue, do away with the stomach gases and banish the disagreeable bilious headaches.

Mrs. J. C. Kidd, Sperling, B.C., writes: "I have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for bilious headaches. I suffered awfully until I started to take them. They were the only thing that ever did me any good. I never have any bilious headache any more."

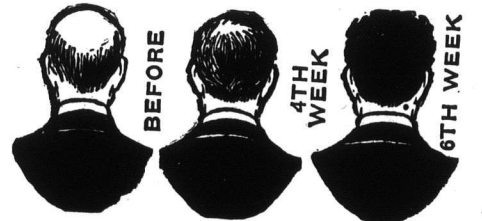
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c per vial, 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

You Can Grow Your Hair



Successful Scientific Treatment FREE OF CHARGE

Do you suffer from loss of hair?—Does your hair get prematurely gray?—Is your hair straggly, sticky or matted?—Do you suffer from dandruff, itching or eczema of the scalp?—Are you bald-headed or about to become so? If you suffer from any of the above-mentioned hair troubles do not neglect it, but try to relieve the trouble at once. Delays are dangerous. Write at once for our illustrated booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness."

FREE TREATMENT
We want to prove to you at our own risk that the Calvacura Hair Treatment stops the falling of the hair; destroys dandruff and eczema of the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair. We will send you a \$1.00 box of Calvacura No. 1, together with the above-mentioned booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness," if you send us your name and address, together with 10 cents in silver or postage stamps to help pay the distribution expenses.

Cut out this coupon below and send to-day to Union Laboratory, R. 31, 142 Mutual St., Toronto, Ont.

Please find enclosed 10 cents to help pay the distribution expenses. Kindly send me at once your \$1.00 Calvacura No. 1 and your booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness." (Enclose this coupon in your letter.)—Adv.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Hopes Things Will Improve

Palmer, Sask., Jan. 1916.
Dear Editor,—As I have seen no letter from this district, I will write a few lines. I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper for five years. It is a fine paper, most excellent in many ways. Times are pretty dull around here just now. The weather is rough and the roads bad, so we do not go very far from home.

Many of the boys are away to enlist, and more would like to if it was possible. Perhaps after seeding, there will be a chance for some to get away.

"Just a Boy" has spoken the truth. There are many complaints of the wickedness of man, but it seems they like the fast traveller. I have known some nice girls to turn down the steady going fellow and go with the sport. Of course, I don't say all girls are alike. There is no doubt that many a young man would forsake some of his bad habits if his lady friend had the right influence over him.

Now, all bachelors are not dirty and many are excellent cooks, but I've had almost enough of it, baching over five years now. If things don't soon improve, I will have to try something else. Girls don't care to come out on the farms these times, they seem to have too good times in the city, and the farm is dull for them.

I would have left the farm myself, only I hate to leave my horses and other animals, they are old chums of mine. It is like leaving some old friends. I love animals, they seem to understand man pretty well, too.

Anyone caring to write, I will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.
I am,
Starlight.

This Column for Bachelor Maids and Men

Sask., Feb. 15th, 1916
Dear Editor,—I notice in the February issue an appeal for a more practical type of letters for this column. Surely some space can be spared for the nonsense of bachelor maids and men. "Valley Flower" thinks a long term of baching will make a man cranky. I think she is mistaken. If anyone does know how to appreciate a good wife and home it is a man who has bached and homesteaded, as "Single Handed" points out. What does any other man know about the trials of a housekeeper? Being a homesteader and bachelor, I can confirm the statement of "A Happy Rube," who says country boys like brainy and sympathetic girls. At least ambitious ones. I expect in the future to be able to provide a home for some such girl.

As for that type of girl which refuses to recognize a man in overalls, my respect for them rapidly sinks, as I have discovered that they are the ones who generally make fools of themselves. They apparently think they are a gold mine and every one is after them (delusion). Most of my acquaintances are different, I am glad to say, and are ladies in the true sense of the word. However, I do know a few high-headed ones.

As my homestead is about forty miles from town, I sometimes get rather lonely. A few correspondents gained from your pages would help some, so I will live in hopes and leave my address with the Editor.

Rocky.

Why Women Should Vote

Manitoba, Feb. 2, 1916.
Dear Editor,—There is one part of the letter from "Prairie Nurse" that I can't quite agree with and that is where she says woman shouldn't have the vote. There is one question I would like to ask: "What harm is there in it?" Why should a woman not have some thing to say about the laws that are to govern her children after they have grown up and gone out into the world? Don't you think that a woman knows more about what a man or woman needs? Now some people say that a woman wouldn't know what she was voting for. Now, that is not quite true. At any rate she has more pride in her than to sell her vote as some men do.

I guess I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. I will be pleased to answer all letters.

A Beulahite.

A Powerful Medicine.—The healing properties in six essential oils are concentrated in every bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, forming one of the most beneficial liniments ever offered to the use of man. Thousands can testify as to its power in allaying pain, and many thousands more can certify that they owe their health to it. Its wonderful power is not expressed by its cheapness.

"City Girl" in Trouble Again

Sask., Feb. 1916.
Dear Sir,—The article written by the person signing herself "A City Girl" is a little too much for me to swallow and keep quiet.

In regard to readers being forced to read such piffle—I was not aware of the fact that anyone was forced to read the Correspondence or any other article that does not suit them—there is plenty of good reading in The Western Home Monthly, and different kinds of reading to suit different people. I was under the impression that the correspondence column was more for country people, as the city people have their opera houses, picture shows, dance halls, skating rinks, and many other places for social gatherings, while some of us "poor bachelors" and country people are deprived of these pleasures and we have all the long winter months to put in with scarcely anything to do, except read

and write. Our work is practically at a stand-still from the time the ground freezes until it thaws out again. Therefore, the correspondence column becomes a kind of a "get together," so to speak, or "new way to get acquainted," as "Yankee" puts it. We can spend many pleasant hours during the long winters corresponding with different people whom we have never had the pleasure of meeting and possibly some of us "bachelors" might find a chance to make a change and do something for our Country that would be just as beneficial as talking about War Relief, Red Cross Work, etc.

I have been baching for over eight years and up to the last year I have not been away from the place for more than one night at a time, as it is hard to find a man that I would trust with my stock—I have 490 acres of land and consequently have to keep some stock. My greatest pleasure is in corresponding. My letters

may not suit every one, but I hope that no one will be forced to read them, although I would like to write a personal letter to "A City Girl." I'll bet two pins that she is a chronic old maid.

Chronic Kicker.

Why Silent So Long?

Sask., Feb. 1916.
Dear Editor,—After being a silent reader of your interesting paper for the past 18 months, I feel it my duty not to remain silent any longer. I can fully say I appreciate The Western Home Monthly, especially the correspondence column. I live in the well-settled district and good farming community of Ceylon. May I be allowed to say I fully appreciate the letters in the columns, especially "Valley Flower."

I very often laugh over different comments brought forth, and think it fine for the young ladies to have their say as well as the grown up women. Come along,



OPERATIONS FOR APPENDICITIS

And How They



Can be Avoided

Operation Ordered

For Appendicitis—Used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Was Completely Cured.

Mrs. J. A. Ballantyne, Sturgeon Falls, Ont., writes: "My husband was treated for appendicitis and the doctors ordered an operation. But he would not consent to an operation and began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since doing so he has had no need of an operation or even of a doctor, as the trouble has completely left him. I cannot find words to speak our gratitude for his cure. Dr. Chase's Medicines have proven of wonderful benefit in our home, as the Ointment cured my little girl of a severe burn, when nothing else would bring relief."

Dr. David H. Reeder writes as follows of appendicitis:—"In considering the treatment of any condition of sickness it has always been my rule to first find the cause. To my mind, it's the only logical way. Many people seem to think that if they have had an operation for appendicitis they are forever immune, and need have no further fear along that line, but I say emphatically, and I think you will agree I am right, that after an attack of appendicitis, even though you have been successfully operated upon and the appendix removed, your troubles have only just begun unless you remove the cause. What was the cause of the appendicitis?"

"The thoughtless will say inflammation in the appendix. No, inflammation in the appendix is appendicitis, but what caused the inflammation? Constipation, yes, that is the prime cause. If you were never constipated you would forever be safe. Appendicitis is only one of the results of the retention of fecal matter in the colon for too long a period."

There is no longer any question that the real cause of appendicitis is constipation. By keeping the bowels regular you not only prevent appendicitis, but also a host of other ills, some of which are even more dangerous than appendicitis. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are recommended to you in this connection, not as a mere relief by effecting the movement of the bowels, but rather as a positive cure for constipation. As is well known, the bile secreted by the healthful action of the liver is Nature's cathartic. So long as the bile flows freely into the intestines there is no constipation of the bowels and no clogging of the excretory organs. Hence the wisdom of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to ensure regular working of the liver, kidneys and bowels. You thereby save yourself much inconvenience from the minor ills of life, and ensure against such fatal diseases as appendicitis and peritonitis.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

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Gentlemen—Send me absolutely free and prepaid, your new Jewelry Book and full particulars of your Free trial, easy payment plan.

NAME

ADDRESS

now, girls give us some good reading for the rest of the winter months. There is one thing I am proud of and that is, that if the women can't have their say in the laws of the country, they can say all they want through The Western Home Monthly.

I am a bachelor of 20 years, and fully believe that women will get the vote ere 1917 comes along. I am English by birth, and am fully experienced in cooking, etc., and a first class housekeeper. Fully intend having the house scrubbed three times a week and every day brings its duties along just the same to me as it would to a woman. Well, now, I can just see some of these nice girls smiling and saying: "He's a dandy." Believe me, he is alright, one of the West's best.

Well, now, dear friends, as this is my first letter, I hope to see it in print and shall be pleased to write more if this one meets with success. I will sign myself
Poor Love Sick Boy.

The Oasis in the Literary World

Sask., Feb. 1916.
Dear Editor,—With due respect to your desire to raise the standard of the letters in the correspondence Column, I beg permission to say a few words about "A City Girl's" letter. She should remember that The Western Home Monthly is not a book composed of hard facts and figures, but it is, as it were, an oasis in the desert of hard work and dry reading. I believe to fill this column with facts about War and the every day routine of life, would spoil it for many of its readers. After reading the war news and the agricultural papers and the editorials on political corruption, I always relieve and quiet my mind with a story from The Western Home Monthly, before retiring for the night. This war is too dreadful for us to spend all our time thinking about it; we must have some relief from war and work. Country people as a rule, have but little, and those of us who live entirely alone, have none except what we find in books and papers. This may be a hard fact for city people to grasp, but, nevertheless, it's true.

"Mere Bachelor" may have been rude, but I believe he is truthful. The last homesteads were taken up in this settlement about ten years ago; but there are still a few homesteaders left—myself included.

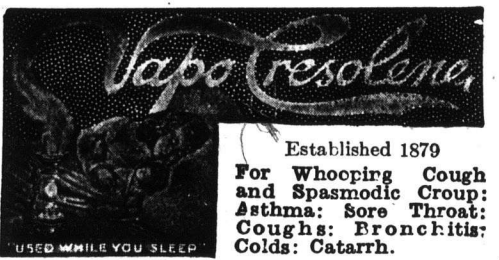
If "Augusta" or any of the fair sex feel sufficiently interested in homesteaders to write, I will give them as good a description of myself and surroundings as it is possible for a bashful bachelor of forty to do.
A Country Boy.

Was Not Much of a Believer in Patent Medicines

But Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Are All Right.

Mrs. Wm. McElwain, Temperance Vale, N.B., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right. Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would waken up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He gave me a box, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years. The testimony of the [users should be enough to convince you that what we claim for them is true. H. and N. Pills are 50¢ per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all druggists or dealers, mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup: Asthma: Sore Throat: Coughs: Bronchitis: Colds: Catarrh.

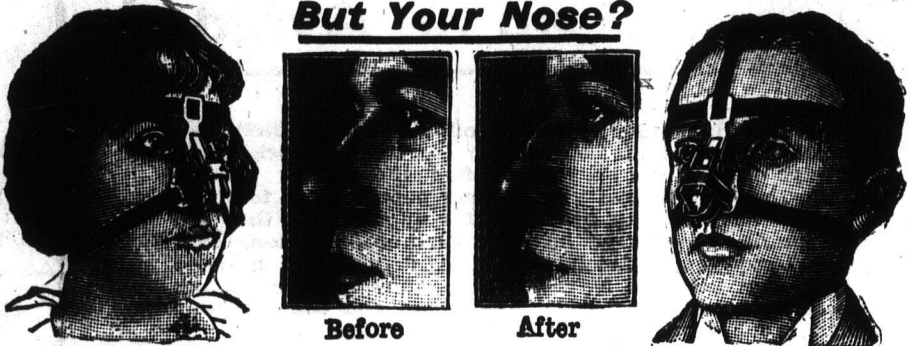
A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the spasmodic Croup at once. It is a BOON to sufferers from asthma. The air-carrying antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE But Your Nose?



In this age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times: Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trados" (Model 22) corrects now ill shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night. Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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FREE Valuable book "How to Get the Best Service from your Shade Rollers". Send for it today and learn why it pays to look when buying shade rollers for this signature:

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

The "1900" GRAVITY Washes Clean—Try it at our Expense

This is the washer with the perfectly ideal action—ideal, because it does wash clothes clean, yet does not tear or wear them. Up and down, and out and in among the fibres and meshes of the fabric, the soapy water is vigorously forced. It's the tub and the water that are agitated—not the clothes—they are held stationary, so they cannot be injured. Even filmy lace will not tear—buttons won't come off—edges won't fray. It takes just six minutes to wash a tub full of very dirty clothes.

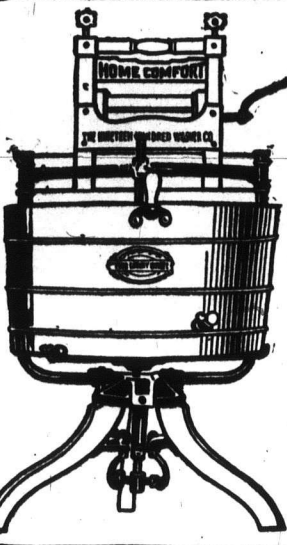
Gravity plays a big part in its action, making it the easiest operated machine on the market.

You need this machine—it will remove the heaviest burden of the housework. We know what it can do—we want you to know too. We want you to try it at our expense for 30 days before you decide to buy it. We will send it prepaid. Do as many washings as you like with it, within that time. Then if you find you do not want it—send it back at our expense. Come any offer be more fair than that? Fill in the coupon—or write to-day for book that tells all about the "Gravity" Washer.

E. M. MORRIS, Manager, 1900 WASSHER CO.
257 Yonge Street, Toronto
Send me particulars of free trial offer.

Name

Address



A New Correspondent

Dear Editor,—I have been reading your paper for the last year and like the reading very much, especially the correspondence page.

I am a young fellow living on a ranch out West. As this is my first letter to The Western Home Monthly, I will not make it a long one.

I would like to correspond with some of your readers. My name is with the Editor.

Sun-Set.

"Lone Star" Sympathizer
1033 North Park St.,
Victoria, B.C.
Jan. 11, 1916.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your fine paper and I am quite nervous about starting, but I guess I'll start an argument and get over that part of it.

What does everybody think about the "Ford Peace Expedition?" I think it's the greatest joke I've heard for a long time, especially since Ford has returned. I really pitied "Lone Star" when I read his letter. If there are no young ladies where he lives, life must indeed be hard to bear without them.

I would like to shake hands with Kentish Hog. If she would write, or any others that would care to, I will try and answer all letters. My address is with the Editor if anybody will write.

A Daughter of the Maple Leaf.

Has Good Opinion of Girls

Dear Editor,—I have been a reader of the Western Home Monthly for about two years and enjoy it very much.

I live in a very small town, and it's very hard sometimes to find something to pass away the time. But this winter I am quite a bit like "Shy Boots," work from nine in the morning till nine at night. I am clerking in a store.

Now I wish I was personally acquainted with "Just a Boy." He makes an awful

CANCER

R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.



R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

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This BIG BUDGET of FUN and GAMES is a WONDER in the Amusement Field—will entertain the whole family.

300 Great Jokes and Riddles, How to tell Gypsy fortunes, 12 Model Love Letters, 175 Ways to Flirt, How to make others obey you, Marriage Looking Glass, Husband and Wife Commandments, 396 Popular Songs, 100 Fine Parlor Games, Fox and Geese, Chess, Checkers, Dominoes, 9 Men Morris, Authors, Chinese Puzzle, Star Puzzle, 55 Prize Puzzle, 13 Puzzle, Roman Cross, 7 Wonders of the World, 16 Comic Cards, 48 Magic Tricks, 79 Puzzles, 49 Experiments, 174 Dreams, Parlor Magic, How to Throw Your Voice, How to Hypnotize and \$10.00 in stage money. All this great collection and 500 other things to amuse for 10 cents, postpaid.

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noise for just that. I can assure him that I know a good thing when I see it. I hope he was not the young man that was left behind by the girl who preferred a boy that could take a glass of liquor. I think he must be a "tight-wad" the way he puts down "Spends all his money on her."

"Lone Star" has my sympathy, for I think that anyone who lives out on the ranch must find it lonesome. I would not mind corresponding with him if he will only write first. "One of the 68" may hear from me before long, so as to help him pass the winter evenings in the barracks. I will let "Western Sport" know what we do to help our soldiers at the front. I have learned how to knit and have helped mother making three pairs of socks. I have also made knap-sacks for the soldiers and have taken part in the concerts given here for the Red Cross Society. There is a "Five-hundred Card Party" to be given to-morrow night for the Red Cross Society, and we furnish the lunch.

Lonely Brown Eyes.

P.S.—My address will be with the Editor and will be pleased to answer any letters.

Skating Preferred

Dear Editor,—I have been reading The Western Home Monthly for quite a while now and I like it very much. I think most of the stories in it are very interesting.

It is pretty cold up here in Alberta these days. It keeps up between 30 and 40 below zero every day. I am very fond of sport. I like hockey about the best of all. I go to a dance now and again, but I like skating better than dancing. I am a quiet young man of seventeen and I would like to hear from some of the correspondents if they would take the trouble to write. I would like to make the acquaintance of "Shy Boots." I will close, hoping to see this letter in print. My name is with the Editor.

A True Westerner.

No one need endure the agony of corns with Holloway's Corn Cure at hand to remove them.

Against Liquor and Tobacco

Dear Editor and Friends,—We have had The Western Home Monthly in our home for a number of years and I must say we would not be without it for anything, and the correspondence columns are the first pages I turn to.

Well, I am one of those boys of the middle West who live away out on the broad open prairie of Saskatchewan. Now let me tell you, dear readers, those of you who are in Ontario and who have never been in Saskatchewan, if you could just come out here and live for a year or two, I don't believe you would want to go back to Ontario to live for anything. Well, I must not dwell on this great West of ours much longer, but I must say I think all these Westerners are proud of these great plains.

Well, friends, I am between 20 and 25, tall, and have light hair and blue eyes, so now I think you can guess that I am not bad looking. I am very proud to say I do not use tobacco or liquor in any form, and you who indulge in these bad habits, just put them under your feet. Now, Mr. Editor, I think you will agree with me. And I say, girls, stay with the boys who can avoid these bad habits. I quite agree with what "Just a Boy" says in January issue on this subject.

Isn't this an awful war which is raging now in Europe, and if it wasn't for my farm and mother I believe I would be at the front right now.

Well, I must close now, hoping to see this in print, and would be glad to hear from anyone who would care to write.

Prairie Lad.

An Outdoor Sport

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have at last taken courage to write to your most interesting columns and hope to see my letter in print.

We have taken The Western Home Monthly for a long time, but although I always read the letters first, I certainly enjoy all the paper.

My, we are having such a lot of snow this winter, and more yet to come I guess. Christmas is past once more and I suppose you all received something. I got a lovely wrist watch for one thing and I like it best of all.

I think the "Country Girl's" letter, in your December number, comes up to my views exactly. I certainly am not ashamed of my father in his overalls. I can imagine I see him out working around the stable in his good clothes. Some of the people around towns dress worse than the farmers.

For myself I like nothing better than a good long horseback ride, on good roads, in overalls and leggings. I think when I get dressed in men's clothes I am just about "it." I have been seen by nearly all my friends and I don't think they think any the less of me. I am fond of all outdoor sports and it is much handier to ride in overalls than with skirts flying, I think. But, of course, everyone has their own opinion.

I cannot skate very good, neither can I dance, but intend to learn.

It is very quiet around here in winter time, as there are not many young people, but we try to put in the time some way. We have the telephone in around here and you can often have as much fun on it as if you were altogether.

Well, I guess I had better close for this time. I will give a slight description of myself. I am tall and brown hair, hazel eyes, fair complexion and am considered fairly good looking, but will leave that part for others to judge.

Isn't this war terrible? I know several boys that have gone. Some were back here for Christmas and they seem to think soldiering is alright. If I was a boy I would certainly enlist. My, I hope it will soon be over.

A Soldier's Admirer.

Although well known, it is worth reminding lamp users that chimneys which have been boiled will not crack easily, that is, put on in some cold water and brought gradually to the boil.

HONESTLY BELIEVED HE WAS GOING INTO CONSUMPTION.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup CURED HIM.

Mr. Frank E. Anthony, 69 Ellen Street, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Having taken several bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, during the past few weeks, to relieve a chronic cough and general throat trouble, allow me to express my unbounded satisfaction and thanks as to its sterling qualities. A short time ago I became suddenly subject to violent coughing fits at night, and directly after rising in the morning, for about an hour, and found I was gradually losing weight. All my friends cheerfully informed me that I looked as though I were going in consumption, and I honestly believed such was the case. However, after having taken several bottles of 'Dr. Wood's' I am pleased to relate that the cough has entirely disappeared, along with all the nasty symptoms, and I have since regained the lost weight. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as a sure cure for all those troubled in a like manner."

When you ask for "Dr. Wood's" see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

NURSE'S KIDNEY DISEASE

Was in Frightful Pain and 2 Operations Failed--Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Two years ago Nurse Dowdeswell, of 37, Alfred-street, Gloucester, England, wrote to say that Dr. Cassell's Tablets had cured her of acute kidney trouble, and saved her from operation. Seen recently by a special representative, she said:—

"I am pleased to say that I have had the best of health since I told you of my cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets some two years ago. People remark on how well I look. When I think of what I suffered before I knew of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I feel I can never sufficiently praise your splendid medicine. Kidney trouble had reduced me to such a state of helplessness that I

could not walk alone. I had undergone two operations, and taken endless medicine; but nothing helped me. Often I was in frightful pain, pain that lasted for hours at a time. I was also a martyr to dyspepsia, and so weak and spiritless that I used to wish I could die and be done with suffering. Although, as I have said, I was twice operated on for kidney trouble, I got no relief at all. I was urged to undergo a third operation for the removal of a stone on my left kidney, but by that time I was taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the benefit was so apparent that I refused the operation and persevered with the Tablets. After that I passed no fewer than ten stones at various times. Then I mended rapidly. I had no more pain; the dyspepsia, too, was cured, and I began to gain flesh. In a remarkably short time I was thoroughly well and strong. Now, if ever I feel a little run down—and my work as a nurse is sometimes very trying—I just take a dose or two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they never fail to set me up again. They are just splendid."



Nurse Dowdeswell



DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmotic, and of Great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognized modern home remedy for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Nerve Paralysis
- Spinal Paralysis
- Infantile Paralysis
- Rickets
- St. Vitus' Dance
- Anaemia
- Sleeplessness
- Kidney Disease
- Back Pains
- Dyspepsia
- Stomach Catarrh
- Brain Fag
- Headache
- Palpitation
- Wasting Diseases
- Vital Exhaustion
- General Debility
- Loss of Flesh
- Premature Decay

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life. Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city, send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, who will see you are supplied. One tube 50 cents, 6 tubes for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per tube.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents, for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Woman and the Home

At Easter

A different feeling in the air, a lightening of the heart;
 A warmer fervour in the sun, a softer, wandering breeze;
 Blue violets on sloping banks, a babbling stream full brim;
 A greening cover for the earth, a budding of the trees.

A joyful tone to pealing bells, and glad birds jubilant
 With songs that tell of all sweet things, and garden places gay
 With flame and gold and crimson blooms, and planted rich with seeds—
 All this is born anew each year when comes the Easter Day.

A song of praise for mournful chant; anthem and jubilate
 To ring through lofty, sacred domes, and for our penitence
 A pardon, and for doubt and fear a hope that lights the way;
 For sombre robes and draperies, the white of innocence.

Punishing Children

By Margaret Whitney.

"Here, Ralph, come back from the street. Don't put that stick in your mouth and let that dog alone." This was a series of commands that were rapidly uttered by a young woman. She was speaking to her little son, less than three years old; and she emphasized her last command with a vigorous shaking which lifted the child entirely off his feet. Just at that moment one of her neighbors who had witnessed similar scenes many times before and who along with other neighbors had been indignant at the treatment this child received, took a hand in the affair. She was braver than any of the others or the child would not have had the championship that this lonely woman, who had no home and only a few persons whom she could call relatives, now gave him, for she plainly told the mother that she should explain things to the boy, who really was a good little fellow, but who would never know what to do or not to do because his mother simply uttered a series of commands and never talked to him or tried to teach him why he should do certain things and not do some others.

Everyone who has had any experience with children knows that even with the most careful training they will occasionally do things they ought not and which they very well know are wrong, and for which some sort of punishment should be inflicted. But as sure as there are degrees of wrong doing so there are degrees of punishment, and one should be careful not to punish in the same manner for every misdemeanor whether large or small. There are in fact very few cases where a child should be whipped though it may sometimes be necessary.

A common thing among children is quarreling. There are very few families where the boys and girls always get along harmoniously, and occasionally the thing becomes monotonous. Now it will be very easy to stop this by simply forbidding those who quarrel to play with the others. As soon as they are denied the privilege of playing together they will think more than once before beginning a quarrel and learn to get along more pleasantly together.

If a child says something that you have taught him is wrong make him say that he has done wrong. Do not make him say he is sorry if he is not, and so encourage him to tell what is not true, but see that he acknowledges that he has done wrong, and he will be more careful about doing the same thing the second time. If a boy gets into the habit of saying things he ought not, wash his mouth with soap and let him know that if the thing is repeated he will receive the same treatment.

A little girl who sometimes was fussy at the table was very easily conquered by being turned away from the table. After a few minutes of this sort of thing she was glad to smile and be good if they allowed her to turn back with her face to the rest of the family. A boy who ran off was cured by being taken

home and put to bed for a half day every time he went away without asking.

But do not get the mistaken notion that children are continually looking for an opportunity to do something they ought not, for with very few exceptions children mean to be good; and they only need to be taught what is the right and the wrong in order that they may choose correctly. And in most cases where children fail to do what is right their parents are at fault rather than the children because they have failed to teach their sons and daughters what they should do, or have not had sufficient patience, to help them back to the right, after a failure had been made.



Fern Glen, Kildonan Park, Winnipeg, Man.

Kildonan Park, Winnipeg, Man., is a most natural attractive place of about 100 acres, over two-thirds of which carries large trees—bush as it would be known back east. Sections of it are named after special features to be found thereat. Above picture gives a small corner of what is known as "Fern Glen," a section of more than an acre carrying the finest of ferns in season, many of which stand nearly as high as the individual when at their best.

Woman Creates the Home

Man supplies the material, but to woman we are indebted for the creation of the home. The first homes were cheerless caves. Time passed, and woman presided in a tent. She searched for wood that was old and seasoned, and thus solved the fuel problem. To woman we are indebted for the chimney, the kitchen, the dining-room, the living-room and the sleeping-rooms, resulting, not only in good taste, but morality.

A home is not necessarily a house, neither is a house a home. Many a woman, poor in this world's goods, sits in the shade of her humble abode sewing tiny garments, and singing to her babies, as truly a home-maker as she who may have every possible convenience.

Do we ever pause, I wonder, and consider the great difference in homes, which viewed as houses, look almost exactly alike? It is not always necessary to enter the houses either. A

beautiful house contained a big, wide chimney that suggested an open fire one cold, dreary day in November. When the corner was turned and the chimney viewed from a different angle, the fact was revealed that the chimney was not for use at all—just for outside show; a vine that had not yet succumbed to the frost had never been wilted by heat. After hurrying home and putting the horse in the barn, the very common heater that would hardly pass muster for the dining-room another winter looked good.

One cold January day, when passing through a mining district, the car window was on a level with the cabins of the miners. A dreary outlook it was. The cabins contained one, or possibly two, small rooms, and the uncurtained windows stared drearily at one,

the children, and elbow room for themselves. One lonesome day or night of waiting in a depot of a great city sometimes plays havoc with the city microbe. A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.

The Measure of "A Man"

An incident came to my knowledge lately which pleased me much. A young man, a mere lad when last I saw him who has a great talent for electrical matters, left his southern home a few months ago and went to a distant city to perfect his studies in that branch of learning. His advancement has been rapid, so much so, that already, by request, he has given several lectures to large audiences on wireless telegraphy. After one of these lectures, the president of an electrical association gave him a free ticket to a banquet held at one of the hotels. On taking his seat at the table, his first act was to turn down the wine and champagne glasses that were beside his plate and were then removed by the waiter.

Several of the city dailies referred to the matter, but I have not a doubt but what those present who had their own glasses filled, had more respect for that young man, because he had principle enough to defy custom, and dared to let it be known in that fashionable assemblage, just how he stood on the temperance question. Such young men as these are what the world needs, those who dare to do right, because it is right. The father referring to his son's rapid progress in his studies added, "but his mother and I were more pleased at his turning down his glasses, at that wine and champagne dinner, than anything else." Mabs.

Washing Clothes

My last idea was given to me, and I am grateful to the giver. It is to sit down to wash dishes. Strange that so simple a thing had not dawned on me. But so it was. When fatigued with the labor of running back and forth fifty times across the kitchen, I still thought it my duty to stand while washing the piles of dishes that accumulated at each repast. I had got so wrought up about it as even to wish we were back to the days of eating from leaves or out of one iron pot. But thanks to the dear woman from whom I got the hint, I dropped at once from a state of toil and trouble into delightful ease—and a chair. So shall the disagreeable work of washing dishes become quite comfortable and refreshing. "Oh," says one, "how can you bear to be so shiftless?" But I hold that we are more truly economical in the old-fashioned New England way, if we are very saving of our strength in common things (that is, if we do them equally well), and spare these vital forces for higher uses.

Broken Friendship

Oh! how oft, friends lifelong and sincere,
 Will part, and parting cause each other pain.
 They would undo a thousand times again—
 And often from the slightest cause, a mere
 Cold look, a hasty word, or given ear
 To idle talk; a rasping tone again,
 May cause a heart to smart all day with pain—
 Thus starts the breach for which we pay so dear.
 For if not healed with that great balm of old,
 We call forgiveness, it will grow
 And widen ever wider, day by day:
 Till hearts once loving, now grow calmly cold.
 So let us ever guard ourselves, for oh!
 Life is too short, and friends too dear to
 barter thus away.

Laura Leigh.

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